

POETRY.

The following beautiful lines are by the Honourable St. George Tucker, of Virginia, on his being asked why he had ceased to court the poetic muse:—

Days of my youth,
Ye have glided away.
Hairs of my youth,
Ye are frosted and grey.
Eyes of my youth,
Your keen sight is no more.
Cheeks of my youth,
Ye are furrow'd all o'er.
Strength of my youth,
All your vigor is gone.
Thoughts of my youth,
Your gay visions are flown.

Days of my youth,
I wish not your recall.
Hours of my youth,
I'm content you should fall.
Eyes of my youth,
You much evil have seen.
Cheeks of my youth,
Bath'd in tears have you been.
Thoughts of my youth,
Ye have led me astray.
Strength of my youth,
Why lament your decay.

Days of my age,
Ye will shortly be past.
Pains of my age,
Yet awhile ye can last.
Joys of my age,
In true wisdom delight.
Eyes of my age,
Be religion your light.
Thoughts of my age,
Dread ye not the cold sod.
Hopes of my age,
Be ye fix'd on your God.

ON A LADY WHO DIED IN CHILDHOOD.
The breath which you surrender, I receive:
I enter on a world—'tis yours to leave:
My cares are all to come—yours are all past;
And my first moment proves my mother's last:
My life, your death—your pangs, my power supply:
I kill in birth—and you in bearing die."

THE FRENCHMAN AND PIGS.

A Frenchman in a luckless hour
Sought shelter from a sudden shower
Beneath a gateway, where he viewed
A sow with all her motley brood
Of little pigs: "Ah! ah!" quoth he,
"O colour quel diversité!
Beaucoup I admire dese little ting,
Ma foi, dey thought of eating bring;
En vérité, as I'm one sinner,
'Twould make a magnifique grand dinner!
But den de English laws so strick,
Dey people hang for such a trick;
And though de hunger be bad ting,
Me rather dat dan take one swing;
But no one see, and if I scape,
And no fear come from my neck cape;
Oh den 'twould be a charmant treat,
Like gourmand, roasty pig to eat;
Ma foi, ma foi, as I'm one sinner,
'Twould make a magnifique grand dinner!"
The point thus argued, one he seized,
And place beneath his coat, well pleased:—
When piggy squeaked so long and loud,
As soon alarmed the neighbouring crowd;
The mother sow loud grunted too,
And piglings, to their brother true,
Soon gave the Frenchman cause to rue.
Swift off he ran but closely follow'd;
Stop thief! stop thief! the people halloo'd!
In vain, alas! was all confession,
The pig was found in his possession;
Examined straight, and guilty found,
The culprit humbly bowed around,
And said—"Messieurs, attendez-vous,
To what I now parlez to you—
'Tis true each word vat I shall say,
Me be one gentilhomme François;
Me nor know vat you call deef,
Hear de affair, and den belief;
De mama pig, and children six,
Me own, did my attention fix;
So to dis little pig—I say
Come live wid me a month, I pray;
Then English me did tink he spe k;
For he cried out—a week! a week!
Well I reply, de time's but small,
I take you for a week, dat's all."

THE MERCHANT OF BALSORA;
OR, THE MAGIC RING.

Had a wise man owned this same ring,
he would no more have thought himself justifiable in criminality, than if he owned it not.

Many centuries ago, in the city of Balsora, there dwelt an honest and industrious tradesman, named Bonbec. He had a son

called Conloffe, whom he had educated with the greatest tenderness and to the utmost of his means. As the young man grew up, his progress rewarded his father's exertion; and his amiable disposition relieved the old merchant's parental anxiety. Bonbec had amassed a sum sufficiently large to support his family with credit; and to enable him to leave his son the means of acquiring wealth and consequence.

Conloffe was given to retirement and reflection; in his solitary moments he mused on the actions of men, as he saw them displayed in the course of his daily avocations. He beheld the merchants defraud each other, whenever they could do it undetected; the Cadi was not inaccessible to corruption; and the Caliph himself, the Prophet's viceroy, was surrounded by false and interested courtiers, whose representations blinded the eye and closed the ear of the monarch; whose machinations polluted the fountains of justice. O holy Mahomet! he would exclaim—if thy servant had but an atom of thy power and a ray of thy intelligence, how would he expose these hypocritical believers!

About this time a caravan arrived at Balsora. They had been absent two years from the city; during which period, they had taken an extensive circuit in their journey to and from Mecca, and had met many other companions traversing the desert. They brought with them the pearls, the perfumes, and the silks of Arabia, the delicate tissues of Cashmere, and the glittering treasures of Ormus. Many philosophers were in their company, travelling to observe mankind, and enrich their own country with the observations which they gleaned in the regions they visited.

Conloffe was engaged for several days, in exchanging and trafficking with these merchants. In the course of his negotiations, his attention was frequently arrested by a company of Dervishes who arrived with the caravan and conversed in the bazaar on the state of the city and of others which they had seen. Conloffe fancied that one of their number took particular notice of him. This was a venerable old man, whose white hairs proclaimed him of an extended age; but his complexion had not lost its bloom. His eyes were grey, and flashed with intelligence. He leaned on his staff and surveyed the lively tumult around him, with air of one who had seen mankind in all their different aspects and attitudes.

Conloffe was one day surprised by the Dervishes advancing towards him. The old man measured the youth with a steady glance, and bade him follow. Conloffe bowed and obeyed in silence. The Dervish trod with a firm and quick step, through the streets and suburbs of the city. They came at length to a plain, at the extremity of which they descended into a deep, green valley. Here grew a solitary gigantic palm, at the foot of which murmured a clear and narrow streamlet. The Dervish seated himself there, and thus addressed his eager companion—"On this spot, a century ago, I was born. It is now what it then was; while revolutions have shaken empires, and levelled the mightiest cities. From this valley I shall never go more. Azrael has received his commission; I hear the rustling of his pinions. Of all the discoveries of a life, spent in examining the nature of men, gentils and angels, and exploring the mysteries of nature, this ring on my finger is the most valuable and dangerous. It has the power of rendering its owner invisible, by turning the diamond towards the palm of the hand. Providence has thrown you in my path; you were destined from the beginning of time to inherit this magic legacy, by which you may do much good, or bring ruin on yourself and

others, as you are guided by prudence, or hurried away by rashness or passion. You will find, O my son! that you have desires, which have hitherto been buried within you, as that jewel was in the flaming centre of earth, before I descended into the tremendous cavern from whence it was torn. Be cautious and discreet. And now my hour is come. Take this bequest; inter me beneath the shadow of this palm, where my mother felt for me the pains of woman. There in its last tenement, whether my soul is destined to reanimate another mass, or shall pass into the world of spirits, and the communion of the prophet, there will lie all that then is left, of the wisdom and fame of the Dervish Atalmulc."

The old man leaned back against the palm, closed his eyelids and uttered no other sound. Conloffe laid his hand upon his heart; but it had ceased to beat. With awful reverence, he dug up the earth from around the foot of the palm, wrapped the Dervish in his long vestments, and laid him in the grave he had chosen. Having replaced the sod, he marked the situation of the valley, and retraced his steps towards the city.

The sun threw his last golden beam upon the plain, as the eyes of Atalmulc closed in their eternal sleep. As Conloffe traversed the plain, the uncertain shadows fell thicker around him. He descried two men at a distance, moving with cautious steps, and apparently bearing a burden. He determined to try the virtue of his ring, turned the jewel inwards, and advanced towards them. Their conduct showed that they did not observe him, and he continued to watch their movements. He now perceived that they were slaves, and were supporting a chest, which they carried with extreme carefulness. When they arrived at the centre of the plain, they cast their eyes round with much anxiety; perceiving no object near them, they commenced turning up the sand, and soon came to an iron door. This they raised, and having struck a light, descended, concealing their taper. Conloffe followed them. He saw nothing but a small square excavation, in which the two slaves deposited their chest, and immediately quitted the place and closed the earth over the vault. Conloffe secured the materials with which they had lit their taper: he watched them until their forms were lost in darkness, and prepared to re-examine the place. "Innocence," said he, "loves not all this mystery; there is something wrong in this business, and Allah wills that I should detect it." Making these reflections, he again entered the subterranean chamber; he broke open the box with much difficulty, and his sight was dazzled with the splendor of jewels—larger and more brilliant than any he ever before had beheld. His eye sparkled with transport as he gazed on the treasures before him. "It were," said he, "a dowry fit for the daughter of the great Caliph, or his Queen-Zodiade." But he checked his exultations; for conscience suggested that he had no right to what he saw. It was the property of another, which he was anxious to secure. "And yet," exclaimed he, "why this anxiety, if it was gained by honest industry? No—it is probably the wages of crime; it was stolen from some unfortunate merchant, or wrung by the withered fingers of avarice, or the iron grasp of tyranny, from starving misery, or hopeless servitude." He gazed again on the treasure; and seizing the precious box, quitted the chamber, replaced the earth, and proceeded to the city. As he lingered on the verge of the plain, conscience again told him, that, by whatever means the jewels were obtained, he had no more right in them than any other man, and was guilty of a crime

at least as great as their possessors. His first impulse was to return; but, thought he, robbers are now prowling; and though unseen myself, I cannot open the cave without observation. I will keep this treasure, as a sacred deposit, until I discover the true owner. Thus silencing the deep voice within him, he regained his home unnoticed, and secured his prize in a private apartment. He then entered the streets in search of farther adventures.

As Conloffe passed through the streets his attention was arrested by a great crowd assembled round the door of the Cadi's house. His curiosity was excited, on beholding such a collection, at so unusual an hour; he advanced through the midst of the populace into the room where justice was administered, and perceived a man, wringing his hands, and tearing his hair, with every expression of grief, that refused all consolation. "My daughter! my daughter!" he exclaimed, "the villain has ruined my child, and villain has ruined my child, and will leave her to perish." "Every possible search has been made, Sir," said the Cadi "to-morrow we will renew our investigation; meantime the gates of the city shall be doubly guarded." After many vehement imprecations and bursts of grief, the merchant departed, and the mob dispersed.

Conloffe followed the stranger until they were free from observation; then revealing himself, told him he had heard his complaints, and thought he might prove of service to him. "My name," said the merchant, "is Mirgeban; I am a merchant of Damascus, and was preparing to travel to this city, in the course of my business. An aged villain, whom I had considered as my friend, took advantage of the bustle of my affairs, carried off my daughter, the pride and hope of my old age, with all my treasure; which, for the convenience of transportation, I had converted into jewels. He then joined the caravan, which has lately arrived in this city, took my name and personated me. I followed as soon as I had discovered his black treachery, and after many perils in the journey, after having been attacked by robbers, who deprived me of the painful remnant of my property, and of the documents I had brought to prove my identity and assert my rights, I reached Balsora. But my destroyer has taken his measures effectually. I have reason to believe him in one of the narrow streets, in the opposite extremity of the town; but the search of the officers has proved unsuccessful; friendless and unknown, my truth suspected, my rights unsupported, I am left to die in a distant country."—"How were your jewels packed?" asked Conloffe:—"In a black chest," replied Mirgeban, "bound with iron, with a verse from the Koran inscribed upon them, which the impious wretch disregarded."—"Allah be praised," exclaimed the youth, "I have already been the instrument of performing one act of justice." He bade the merchant await his return, flew to the house of Bonbec, and soon restored the box to Mirgeban. The latter could not express his gratitude; he offered to divide the contents with Conloffe, if he would meet him at his caravanerai on the next morning. The youth rejected the offer, and the merchant was lost in wonder at his disinterested behaviour. Conloffe inquired the name and situation of the street, where the false friend was supposed to have concealed himself; and left Mirgeban promising to meet him the next day. Making himself invisible, he traversed the city, and gained the spot to which he had been directed. All was now silent around. The shops were closed, and the Mussulmen had retired to their couches. He had not been waiting long, before he espied a man advancing towards him, with cautious and apparently anxious steps. He soon recognised the person of one of the slaves, whom he had before seen on the plain.

To be Concluded in our next.

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