

POETRY.

PARAPHRASE

OF THE SECOND CHAPTER OF SOLOMON'S SONG.

I.
As when in Sharon's field the blushing rose
Does its chase bosom to the morn disclose,
Whilst all around the Zephyrs bear
The fragrant odours thro' the air;
Or as the lily in the shady vale,
Does o'er each flow'r with beauteous pride pre-
vail,
And stands with dews and kindest sun-shine blest.
In fair pre-eminence, superior to the rest:
So, if my love, with happy influence, shed
His eyes bright sun-shine on his lover's head,
Then shall the rose of Sharon's field,
And whitest lilies to my beauties yield,
Then fairest flow'rs with studious art combine,
The roses with the lilies join,
And their united charms are less than mine.

II.
As much as fairest lilies can surpass
A thorn in beauty, or in height the grass,
So does my love among the virgins shine,
Adorn'd with graces more than half divine;
Or as a tree, that, glorious to behold,
Is hung with apples all of ruddy gold,
Hesperian fruit; and beautifully high,
Extends its branches to the sky;
So does my love the virgin's eyes invite:
'Tis he alone can fix their wand'ring sight,
Among ten thousand eminently bright.

III.
Beneath his pleasing shade
My wearied limbs at ease I laid,
And on his fragrant boughs reclin'd my head.
I pull'd the golden fruit with eager haste;
Sweet was the fruit, and pleasing to the taste;
With sparkling wine he crown'd the bowl,
With gentle ecstasies he fill'd my soul;
Joyous we sat beneath the shady grove,
And o'er my head he hung the banners of his love.

IV.
I faint! I die! my labouring breast
Is with the mighty weight of love oppress'd;
I feel the fire possess my heart,
And pain convey'd to ev'ry part,
Thro' all my veins the passion flies,
My feeble soul forsakes its place,
A trembling faintness seals my eyes,
And paleness dwells upon my face:
Oh! let my love with pow'rful odours stay,
My fainting lovesick soul, that dies away;
One hand beneath me let him place,
With t'other press me in a chaste embrace.

V.
I charge you, nymphs of *Sion*, as you go
Arm'd with sounding quiver and the bow,
Whilst thro' the lonesome woods you rove,
You ne'er disturb my sleeping love.
Be only gentle Zephyrs there,
With downy wings to fan the air;
Let sacred silence dwell around,
To keep off each intruding sound:
And when the balmy slumber leaves his eyes,
May he to joys unknown till then arise.

VI.
But see! he comes! with what majestic gait
He onwards bears his lovely state!
Now thro' the lattice he appears,
With softest words dispels my fears;
Arise, my fair one, and receive
All the pleasures love can give,
For now the sullen winter's past,
No more we fear the northern blast;
No storms nor threatening clouds appear,
No falling rains deform the year.
My love admits of no delay,
Arise, my fair, and come away.

VII.
Already, see! the teeming earth
Brings forth the flow'rs, her beauteous birth,
The dews, and soft-descending show'rs
Nurse the new-born tender flow'rs.
Hark! the birds melodious sing,
And sweetly usher in the spring.
Close by his fellow sits the dove,
And, billing, whispers her his love.
The spreading vines with blossoms swell,
Diffusing round a grateful smell,
Arise, my fair one, and receive
All the blessings love can give:
For love admits of no delay,
Arise, my fair, and come away.

VIII.
As to its mate the constant dove
Flies thro' the covert of the spicy grove,
So let me safe in thy lov'd arms be laid,
Where no intruding hateful noise
Shall damp the sound of thy melodious voice;
Where I may gaze, and mark each beauteous grace:
For sweet thy voice, and lovely is thy face.

IX.
As all of me, my love, is thine,
Let all of thee be ever mine:
Among the lilies we will play,
Fairer, my love, thou art than they;
Till the purple morn arise,
And balmy sleep forsake thine eyes;
Till the glad beams of day
Remove the shades of night away;
Then, when soft sleep shall from thy eyes depart,
Rise like the bounding roe, or lusty hart,
Glad to behold the light again,
From *Bether* smountains darting o'er the plain.

THE MERCHANT OF BALSORA;
OR, THE MAGIC RING.

[Concluded.]

The African entered a door, artfully concealed in the side of one of the buildings. With the swiftness of light, Conloffe followed him; he entered a suit of apartments, plainly furnished, from appearances belonging to some inferior tradesman. Here he lost sight of the slave, in the obscurity of a gallery, now lit only by the fitful radiance of the moon, which rode at the noon of night, in solemn majesty. Uncertain as to what measures he should adopt, Conloffe discovered a dim light at a distance, penetrating the crevices of the door. Thither he proceeded with a light step, and slowly entered the apartment. A taper was burning in the room, and in a recess he beheld a couch, overhung by rich drapery. Led by an irresistible curiosity, Conloffe approached; he glanced through the foldings of the curtains, and was struck dumb with rapturous wonder. There the light covering of the bed revealed to his view a form, with which the amorous believer's ardent vision of the dark-eyed maids of Paradise, could not bear any comparison. Sleep hung upon her eyelids; but the smile that played around her lips was an irradiation of immortal beauty. Her darkly flowing tresses had escaped from their sparkling braid; and the entrancing negligence in which every perfection was displayed in its voluptuous fulness, completed the spell in which the Mussulman was bound.

"And this," thought Conloffe, "is Mirgehan's daughter. O! let him keep his treasure, a thousand times told! I ask but this; and I will fly for him to the farthest corner of the earth, and risk every hope of life or happiness, for the faint dream of possessing Ghulendam!—And Ghulendam is she not here?—alone, unprotected,—I have a charm that can always deliver me—Perish the unhallowed thought!—But yet!"

Fain would history draw a veil over the conclusion of Conloffe's reflections. He was young; the prize was within his grasp; he was carried away by the torrent, and the evil principle triumphed.

The first blush of morning saw Conloffe in his father's habitation, musing on the scenes of the night. His delirium began to dissipate; and the gigantic form of conscience again rose up, in all his terrors. He had forgotten Mirgehan—everything but Ghulendam. "But," thought he, "my ring makes me a husband for a princess. Wealth is laid bare before me; the machinations of enemies I can read in their conception. Ghulendam shall be mine, and then none have I injured." So saying, he bethought him of returning to the house; for he had nothing certain to communicate to Mirgehan about its inhabitants.

Still invisible he again found himself in the apartment of the lady. She was now dressed; but Conloffe's heart, in despite of his resolution, again smote him with remorse and despair, as he beheld the flower his grasp had blighted, lovely in its decay, bowing to the earth with sorrow and shame. Drowned in tears, Ghulendam was leaning on her arm; and often she raised her dark appealing eyes to heaven, as if to demand what crime she had committed—that He who alone beheld the deed, would permit its perpetrator to live in triumph.

A man entered the apartment, and Ghulendam, struggling to conceal her emotions, rose to receive him. From the description of Mirgehan, Conloffe knew him to be the noary traitor he was in search of. His blood boiled within him, as he saw the robber fold his Ghulendam to his breast. "Joy, joy, my love," he cried, "our friend has succeeded; the baffled wretch is arrested, and we may depart." Ghulendam

replied with her tears. Her conduct was constrained; and when the old man prest her to his bosom, she would start back and shudder. Conloffe read in her conduct the struggles of fear with disgust; the triumph of injustice, which this arch villain announced, and the consequent barriers presented to his hopes, united with the indignation kindled by the scene before him, drove him almost to madness:—and, when the old man, meeting with no reply to his transports but sobs and tears, began to reproach Ghulendam, the wrath of Conloffe was fanned into fury. He passed his sword through the false merchant's body. He reeled and fell. "Azrael has struck me, my child!" he cried—"Oh my father!" said Ghulendam, "leave me not, my father."

At this moment a voice without, which Conloffe knew to be his father's, called out, "Joy! Mirgehan—we have caught the lying knave Hassan; and he is now tearing his hair and his beard with vexation, instead of hypocrisy." So saying, Bonbec entered the chamber. The blood flowed copiously from Mirgehan; and Ghulendam, who had thrown herself upon the body, appeared to have lost all power of action. "My father!" was all that she uttered; and at every pause in her exclamations, a fresh shower of tears mingled with the sanguine torrent, in which her parent was weltering. "Who has done this?" said Bonbec. "Do I behold in Ghulendam a parricide?" At these words the lovely mourner started from the ground; she threw a glance on the interrogator, which seemed the last flash of expiring reason, and fell back into Bonbec's arms. That question seemed also to recall the parting spirit of the dying Mirgehan. "The blow came from a hand unseen," he uttered faintly, and again relapsed into the shadows of death.

Numerous steps were now heard on the stairs, ascending to the apartment. There was a fire in the brain of Conloffe. He rushed past the entering multitude and wandered, he knew not whither, or how long.

The first return of memory and reason found him in the valley, where, on the preceding evening, the Dervish had breathed his last. There stood the solitary palm; it frowned on him dark reproof. The stream rolled on with its murmuring waters; and Conloffe thought he heard the deep voice of eternity, summoning him to his last fearful audit. The parting beams of the retiring sun, as they lingered on the grave of Atalmulc, brought back the Dervish's dying counsels, and reminded Conloffe how soon he had disregarded them.

"Thou baleful legacy! pernicious ring!" he exclaimed, "that sun has seen but one revolution, since thou hast made me guilty of three of the blackest crimes, that can cry for vengeance, on earth and in heaven. Robbery—the violation of innocence—murder!—The murder of him, her father, on whose helpless hours I stole, darker than the fiend of the charnel house—I stand accursed before God and man. I am branded with a burning character. Demons will hunt me through the earth; and when my unpardoned soul shall tread the sable arch, that spans the caverns of the damned, those caves shall yawn to receive me, and Heaven will rejoice at my destruction."

So saying, he seized a fragment of a rock, and erecting the ring, threw the mass upon it. A clap of thunder was heard in the serene air, and the Dervish Atalmulc stood before him. Not as he last beheld him, bending with years, and bowing to the grave; he knew him by the intelligence of his face, and by the fire of his eye—but they were now radiant with heavenly glory.

He stood, "the centre of a cloud," in form a youth; his white locks were changed into luxuriant curls; his vesture was dipped in the tints of Heaven. Conloffe prostrated himself upon the earth; and the Dervish thus addressed him:—

"Allah, O youth! has made me the instrument of an awful lesson to you. The ring I gave you was found in the evening of my days, and even then I feared to use it. Men cannot wield the thunder which spirits tremble at as they hear. Listen—Mirgehan and your father were friends in their youth. They agreed that, when their children should grow up, the friendship of the parents should be sealed by their union. For this purpose, Mirgehan came to Balsora. A villain followed him, and, allured by his promises, a venal Cadi favoured his scheme. Mirgehan secreted his treasure, his daughter, and himself. The first you delivered to his enemy, who is now in prison, and from whom his prize has been recovered. Learn a deep lesson of wisdom, and you may yet be as happy as it is permitted to mortals to be. The wound of Mirgehan is not fatal, and under the roof of Bonbec you will find him, with your Ghulendam." And Conloffe returned to the city; and it was as the Dervish had said.

ANECDOTE.

During the American Revolution, when the British troops were in possession of Philadelphia, there were two young Ladies that attended the public Assemblies, whose Fathers had made, what was call'd, handsome fortunes in America at that time, and kept their Carriages. One a Rope-maker, and the other a Baker. Both liv'd in style, but the Baker still carried on his profession on a large scale. One evening at the assembly, the Baker's Daughter drew one number above the Rope-maker's; which ann'y'd the Rope-maker's Daughter very much. When they stood up to dance, the R. M. D. look'd at the other with much contempt; snuff'd up her nose, and said, "I smell bread, I smell bread!" the Baker's Daughter, who took it with much sweetness, turn'd to her and said, "likely you do Miss, my Father had just bak'd a large oven full of Biscuit before I left home, and I put two in my pocket, one of which is at your service if you will accept it." "Indeed," says the other, "it is high time that people who frequent public places like this, should wear badges of distinction, that we may know who and what they are." "True," says the other, with much mildness "I should not have the smallest objection on my own account, but I should feel extremely distressed on yours, Miss, for you would be obliged to wear a rope round your neck."

Now was I to choose a wife, I would sooner take the Baker's Daughter with one biscuit, than the other if she possess'd Cordage enough to rig the whole British Navy.

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