

POETRY.

Selected.

THE OUDALISKI'S SONG.

BY THE HONORABLE MRS. NORTON.

They said that I was fair and bright,
And bore me far away—
Within the sultan's hails of light,
A glittering wretch to stay;
They bore me o'er the dreary sea,
Where the dark wild billows foam—
Nor heard the sighs I heaved for thee,
My own—my childhood's home!
They deck my arms with jewels rare
That glitter in the sun,
And braid with pearls my long black hair—
I weep when all is done!
I'd give them all for one bright hour
Free and unwatched to roam;
I'd give them all, for one sweet flower
From thee—my childhood's home!
They bring my low-toned harp, and bid
My voice the notes prolong—
And oft my soul is harshly chid
When tears succeed to song;
Alas! my lip can sing no more,
When o'er my spirit come
The strains I heard in thee of yore,
My own—my childhood's home!
For then, the long lost visions rise
Of happy sinless years—
I dare not hide my streaming eyes,
Yet cannot cease from tears;
I see the porch where wearily
My mother sits and weeps—
I see the couch where rosiest
My little brother sleeps.
I see the flowers I loved to tend,
Lie tangled on the earth;
I hear the merry voices blend—
Mine own companions' mirth!
Oh! what to me are gilded halls,
Rich vestments, jewels rare?
I'd rather live in cavern walls,
And breathe the mountain air.
Here the hot heavy winds are still,
The hours unweary pass;
Oh! for the sunshine on the hill—
The dew upon the grass!
Oh! for the cold resounding shore,
The dark blue river's foam?
Shall my sick heart ne'er see them more?
—Woe! for my childhood's home!

VARIETIES.

A CHINESE BALLAD, 1500 YEARS OLD!

From the N. Y. Constellation.

We copy the following beautiful and touching ballad from the Chinese Repository, a Magazine published in Canton, and what adds much to the interest of this antique literary gem, is the fact that it was written more than fifteen hundred years ago! in A. D. 250.

Exceedingly cold and distressed, San-neang approached the village well, weeping as she went to draw water from the crystal spring. Her bare feet were cold, and on her shoulder she carried a broken pitcher. See the birds loath to quit their nests, or sheltered remain among the mountain trees. And on the adjoining river, the aged angler has desisted from his occupation. In the adjoining forest there was a deep silence except of the wind whistling the 'sleet. And the thick fog joined heaven to earth. For several days the north wind had penetrated the weak frame of San-neang, as she went backwards and forwards, proceeding with difficulty to draw water. At a distance, the abode of gay and luxurious worldlings were to be seen; whilst near her were lumps of cold ice on hills and the streams. At times the snow flakes filled the air like the clippings of the stork's white wings, or fell on the ground like myriads of butterflies alighting on the mud.

She exclaimed:—"To day my life is a burthen to me, because of my distress. I shall perish with cold in the midst of the snow. O heaven! tell me who will pity me? My husband has gone far from me, in search of the honors of war. He promised soon to return; but my eyes are consumed by looking with anxious expectation. My infant son too—for whom unassisted, I big the natal chord,—he is far away. Nor sound nor letters have I heard or received from either. My husband returns not! My son I see not; O painful destiny! All my hopes are disappointed. Tell me how to recover my husband! how to effect the return of my son." Making this lamentation, she approached the well to draw water; when unexpectedly a young officer and his attendants passed by the lonely village, on a shooting excursion, urging their ways through the hills and woods in pursuit of white too. This trifling circumstance was so ordained by imperial heaven. The officer urged on his horse to pick up an arrow which he had just shot, and which fell near the railing around the well. On seeing there a female, with big pearls tears falling down her cheek, with dishevelled hair and naked feet, drawing water from the crystal fountain, he approached and addressed her,—"May I ask why you, good woman, are weeping so profusely; and why amidst the snow-storm, you are here drawing water? I suppose you are some slave, or one betrothed to be a concubine. Has the marriage yet taken place? Tell me the truth."

On hearing this she desisted from her tears and said:—"The name of your slave (meaning herself) is Le.* I am

* Besides their *sing*, or 'surname, the Chinese usually have several other names; (1.) *joo ping*, the breast name, which is given to children in infancy; (2.) *shoo ming*, book name, the name given to a boy when he first goes to school; (3.) *kwan ming*, official name, which is given by government to literary graduates, and other persons who have concerns with the government; (4.) *tsze*, a name or character which is taken at the time of marriage; and (5.) *hau*, a name or title which is taken by men at the age of fifty.

suffering the bitterest ill usage. My father's native place was Sha-tau. During the life-time of my parents they formed for me a happy connection. I was married to an excellent man named Lew-che-yuen. Our home, however, at the melon-gardens, was broken up. He grasped his sword, joined the army, and devoted himself to war. I know not if the valiant hero has yet obtained a dukedom. Here I am wearied with waiting, and my eldest brother, a wife ill-uses me, with a design of forcing me to marry again. She bids me put off the shoes from my little feet, cloth myself in coarse garments, and come hither to draw water from morning till night. And when night comes, I am required, sleepless, to grind corn with the hand-mill. Thrice every day I get a scolding and a beating. It seems to be thought that my heart is as hard as iron or stone. I was compelled to trust my infant son,—but three days from his birth,—to Tow-yuen, who took him to Funchow, in search of his father; hoping he would soon provide a whip to drive home his horse; but sixteen years have elapsed, and I have not heard the least report of either husband or son. Mother and son were separated never more to see each other! Alas! hundreds of hills, and wilds, and clouds and fogs lie between us; and in my distress, although I should write a letter, I have none to carry it."

The young officer having heard this recital, seemed stupefied with astonishment, and said:—"Your brother's wife is an unfeeling person. Her behaviour is exceedingly wrong. But since you know how to write, if you will write a letter now I will take it for you to Funchow, and enquire for your husband and son, and I dare say I shall find them out. In three ten days at the longest, or perhaps in half a month, I warrant you, you will hear of their return; and you shall never bear the ill-treatment of your sister; nor support your sorrowful head with your hand, whilst grinding at the mill; nor no longer endure cold and grief." So saying, he ordered his people to supply her with the four precious implements of writing! She made a bow, profound as the sea; and for a moment ceased to weep. Having taken up the pencil, her tears again flowed; and she wrote:—"Oh my husband, our separation was easily effected; but how difficult has it been to bring us again together. Since we parted at the melon-gardens, thousands of clouds and myriads of hills have intervened. Husband, you have staid at Funchow seeking worldly honors; I alas, have been here, by the side of this well, shedding rivers of tears. Hasten in three days to return with your son if you delay I shall have entered the barred gates to Hades, and be among the sand tears flow.—Having finished the letter, she closed it carefully, and sprinkled the envelope with her tears.

The young officer took the letter, and secretly wiped away the tear which had stolen upon the side of his cheek. He then said:—"Draw your water and go home. I pity your being so thickly clad in the midst of this intense cold. Ere long you will meet with your kindred again. Trust to me and cease from your sorrow." So saying he whipped his horse and went off at a gallop; but often looking back ere he was out of sight. The woman bowed to the officer; drew the water; and returned so light on foot as scarcely to touch the snow; saying to herself:—"May he soon find out those I seek—may my anxious gaze on the azure sky in earnest expectation, soon be terminated. Oh my husband and son! How do I sigh for you! When shall I be reunited from my distress! When shall I see my husband and son—then my countenance will expand!"

That young officer was her son. Her husband Lew-che-yuen, became the king of Tsai, and raised the afflicted snow-mitten water-carrier, San-neang to be the partner of his throne. He became the Hwang-te, the great emperor of the How-han-dynasty, and received many good lessons from the empress, who had learned wisdom in the school of affliction.

ADVANTAGE OF A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE.

—The mysteries of magnetism should be unfolded to the sailor, above all men, since he is the one of all others whose safety depends on its phenomena. He should be told that on electro-magnetic principles he would materially influence the march of the needle by wiping the glass which screens it—especially with silk. It is some years since a fact was communicated to me, which may be adduced in illustration; it was that of a ship which arrived at Liverpool, after having been for several weeks the sport of the winds and waves; the mariner's compass having been washed overboard in a storm, their voyage was dreary and procrastinated—much caution being necessary, and despite of which, their fate, but for a fortuitous circumstance, might have been inevitably sealed. Now, had the simple fact of the extreme ease with which a mariner's needle might be made, been known to any on board, the peril might have been avoided. A sewing-needle, or the blade of a penknife, being held in an upright posture, and struck by a hammer, and subsequently floated by a cork on water, or suspended by a thread without torsion would become a magnetic needle, and point N. and S.; or the end of a poker held vertically, and passed over its surface from one extreme to the other,

† These, four precious implements, are paper, pencil, ink, and a stone on which to rub the ink: those the Chinese call *woo-keo-poo*, an invaluable jewel.

would impart magnetism, and which, if the needle be of steel, would be of a permanent character.—*Mechanics Magazine.*

SIR DARBY MONAGHAN.

The Duke of Rutland, when Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, frequently indulged himself in incoherent rambles, with a few boon companions, through the meaner parts of Dublin, in the course of which he occasionally met with strange adventures.

One evening, his Grace, Colonel St. Leger, and one or two others, having entered into a public house in the Liberty, they found the landlord to be so comical a blade, that they invited him to sit down to supper with them.—Darby Monaghan, who knew his Grace by sight, took good care that the entertainment should be such as to give every season to his guests, and he contrived to season it with such an abundant flow of native wit and drolery that they were quite delighted with him. His wine and whiskey punch were so good, that by two in the morning they were all quite jolly, and ready to saunter out into the street in quest of adventures. This, however, was prevented by the police Darby, who contrived by the humour of his songs, and the waggery of his jests to fascinate them to the spot, until, one after another, they fell drunk under the table.

During their libations, and after Darby had said several good things in succession, the Duke in a fit of good humour, and by way of a joke, turned round to him, and said, "By Jove! landlord, you are a glorious fellow, and an honour to your country." "What can I do for my boy?" (hiccup again) "Your Grace's high commands shall be obeyed," said Darby, kneeling. The Duke drew his sword, and, although Colonel St. Leger endeavoured to prevent his carrying the joke too far, he struck him over the shoulder, and uttered the ominous words, "rise up Sir Darby Monaghan!" Darby having humbly thanked his Grace, and sworn fealty to the King of England in a bumper, this was filled and refilled, until at length the whole party became blind-drunk, as before stated.

The weather being warm, and the great quantity of punch which they had drunk, prevented the toppers from feeling any inconvenience from the hardness of their couch, and they slept as soundly as they would have done on a down bed, either at the Castle or the lodge. Darby who from long seasoning, was soon enabled to overcome the effects of the whiskey, rose betimes, and having bustled about, soon prepared a comfortable breakfast of tea, coffee, and chocolate, for the sleeping partners of his debauch.

When all was ready, not liking to rouse them by shaking or otherwise, he stepped into the room on tiptoe, and gently opened the window-shutters. The sun shining in full upon them, they soon awoke from their slumbers, wondering where they were. The landlord, who was listening at the door, speedily put an end to their suspense, by thrusting in his black head, and nodding to his Grace, assuring them that they were safe and sound, and not a bone broke in Darby Monaghan's own comfortable and fashionable Hotel; also that if his Honour's Grace and the other Gentlemen would just wait a moment, he would bring them a glass of cold spring water, they might fall to without any more delay, for their was a breakfast fit for a lord laid out for them in the next room.

This intelligence was received with much pleasure by the party, who, having put themselves in decent trim, adjourned to the breakfast room, where they found every thing of the best laid out in homely style; but what pleased them the most, was Darby's attention in bringing in a bottle of whiskey under one arm, and a ne of brandy under the other. Pouring out several glasses, he presented them to each, according to their choice, taking the blessed Virgin to witness that a glass of good spirits was the best maid's cure ever invented for weakness of the stomach, after straitching it with punch the overnight.

Darby's courtesy was taken in good part; and after he had retired, the conversation turned upon his extraordinary humour. At length Col. St. Leger, seeming to recollect himself, said, "I am afraid, my Lord Duke, your Excellency made a blunder last night; you conferred the honour of knighthood on this same landlord. 'Did I, by H—n?' exclaimed his Grace. "That you did," replied the Colonel. Bless me, how unfortunate! why didn't you prevent me?" I endeavoured to do so with all my might, but your Excellency's arm was too potent; and I preferred seeing your weapon laid upon his shoulder, rather than have it thrust into me. "What an unfortunate affair!" exclaimed the Duke, rising "but I suppose the fellow doesn't recollect the circumstance more than myself; let us call him in. I wouldn't have such a thing reported at St. James's for the world. I should be recalled, and be the laughing stock of every one at Court.—Zounds!" to night the landlord of a common punchhouse! the thing is surely impossible.

Both possible, and true, replied the Colonel; but let us ring for him, and hear what he himself says about the matter. Darby, who was in attendance on the outside of the door, heard all that passed, and resolved to resist every attempt at depriving him of his newly acquired honours. On his entering the room, the following dialogue took place.

Duke of Rutland.—I say, landlord, we were all quite jolly last night?

Darby Monaghan.—Your honour's noble Grace may say that same; we drank thirteen whacking bowls of punch between five of us?

Duke.—Ahl so we did, I believe—thirteen to the dozen—and you supped with us?

Darby.—Many thanks to your Grace's Excellency, Darby Monaghan did himself that same honour.

Duke.—No honour at all, my good fellow.—But I say, Darby, do you recollect any thing, particular that I did, in the way of joke; you know; some foolish thing, when we were all as drunk as fiddlers?

Darby.—Certainly, your Dukeship may say that, any how.—I dare say the Colonel well remembers you filling up the last bowl from the whiskey jug, instead of from that containing the hot water. By the powers! I could not stand that; it set me off, whizzing like a top, and I don't recollect one single thing after we emptied it.

Duke.—(Laughing.)—Oh, then, I suppose you don't remember my drawing my sword, and threatening to run you through the body?

Darby.—The Lord above for ever preserve yer Dukeship's Highness from cruel murder and sudden death all the days of yer life! I don't remember any such thing; but I remember well the whack yer Excellency's Royal Highness gave me with that same sword over the shoulder, when ye bid me "rise up Sir Monaghan."

ar, better time?—No do! oh! But that was all in

jest, you know, Darby; and so we must think no more about it.

Darby.—Long life to your Highness! but I look it in right earnest; more by token that my shoulder aches at this moment with the blow; but I mustn't mind that, for it was given upon an honourable occasion, and I resolved with good will—so, thanks to yer Excellency for all the favours, now and hereafter.

Duke.—But you surely don't presume to suppose, my good fellow, that I actually conferred upon you the honour of knighthood?

Darby.—By the powers! your Highness, but I do. Sure I wouldn't be after doing your Highness such discredit as think ye meant to break yer royal word to man or mortal.

Duke.—Oh, the d—!—whispering.—I say, Colonel, what is to be done?

Colonel.—(Whispering.)—Give him some birth, and make him promise to say nothing about the frolic.

Duke.—Well, Darby, I don't mean to act scurvily towards you. I can give you a tide-waiter's place, or something in the excise, that will bring you in about one hundred and fifty pounds a-year, and make you independent for life.

Darby.—(Kneeling, and kissing the Duke's hand.)—Let me go on my merry bones once again, to thank yer Royal Highness for being so good and merciful to poor Darby Monaghan! He'll never forget to remember to pray for yer Excellency to the blessed saints, on Sunday or Holiday.

Duke.—Well, then, Darby, it is settled that you give up the title, and that nothing shall ever be said about last night's adventure?

Darby.—Give up the title! yer Grace? and not be called Sir! after all? I thought the hundred and fifty pounds a-year was to keep up my style as a true and loyal knight.

Duke.—No, faith, you shan't have place and title too—so choose without delay.

Darby.—(Pausing.)—Well, yer Grace, if yer Excellency pleases, I'd rather keep the title; for I've see, it'll be such a wonderment for a punch-house to be kept by Sir Darby Monaghan, that I'll soon have all the custom of Dublin city; and that'll be better than a tide-waiter's place, any how.

Duke.—(Laughing.)—Well, then, without more argument about the matter, you shall have a place of about two hundred and fifty pounds a-year, and you must give up your knighthood this instant.

Darby.—(Going out.)—Praise your Excellency, then, I'll just step up stairs, and ax his Ladyship's advice; and, I daresay, she'd rather have the money. So, I'll inform your Honour's Grace in a twinkling.

Her Ladyship was accordingly consulted on this important question; and she wisely, and without any hesitation, voted for the income of two hundred and fifty pounds, which they enjoyed for many years. The title, too, stuck by them till the last; for, after the Duke's departure from his viceroyalty, the affair was bruited abroad, to the great amusement of the middle and lower classes in Dublin, who never failed to address the fortunate couple by the appellations of "Sir Darby and Lady Monaghan."—*Clubs of London.*

IRISH BENEVOLENCE.

From the Wesleyan Methodist Magazine for September, 1833.

In the way to-day from Ballycastle to Coleraine, says Dr. Adam Clarke, in the second volume of his *Literary and Popular Miscellany*, we stopped at a village called Moss-Side, to feed our horses. As there was no stable in the place, we fed the horses in the street. Curiosity led me to step into one of the cabins: it was a small one, where I saw nine persons, chiefly young women, spinning; and one reeling the produce of their labour. There was a bed in the place, in which a young lad of about fourteen years of age lay, who had received a hurt in his ankle several weeks before, and was still confined to his bed.

On asking them if they all belonged to one family, I was answered, "No." One who spoke for the rest said, "We are only neighbours of this poor woman: her son has got a hurt several weeks ago, by which he has been rendered unable to work: our neighbour being distressed, and getting behind-hand, (that is, incapable of maintaining herself and family,) we have agreed to give her a day's work." They were all spinning as hard as they could, in order to make the most possible profit for the poor family by their day's work. There was not one of the nine who did not herself appear to be in the most abject poverty; and they now conjoined their labours to relieve one who was only more miserable than themselves. This was one of the finest specimens of philanthropy I had ever seen. I had admired the ruins of Dunluce Castle, the wonder of the Giant's Causeway, the impressive appearance of Plaisance, and the sublime grandeur of Fair Head; but all these were lost in the scene now before me. Those were the wonders of the God of nature; these the works of the God of humanity and mercy; and to witness this sight the poor labouring for and in order to relieve the poor, and those to whose poverty was added affliction, read me a lesson of deep instruction. All was voluntary; all was done cheerfully; and as the day was dedicated to the relief of deep distress, they endeavoured to make the most of their charity by labouring with all their might. Myself and companions said, "Verily these shall not lose their reward;" we therefore each gave them a piece of silver, equal to double what they could have obtained by their labour at home. "Ye gave some also to the poor woman herself; and to several others who came in to see the strangers from another country: reaping ourselves ten-fold advantage in the high satisfaction we had in viewing this diligent exercise for the relief of distress and misery." S. B.

LOOK AT T'OTHER SIDE JIM.—When a boy, as I was one day passing through the market with my brother Joe, I spied a beautiful orange on the top of a basket full of the same kind of fruit. I immediately enquired the price, and was proceeding to buy it, when my brother exclaimed with a shrewdness which I shall never forget—look at t'other side, Jim. I looked, and to my astonishment, it was entirely rotten.

In passing through life, I have been frequently benefited by this little admonition. When I hear the tongue of slander levelling its venom against some fault or foible of a neighbour, I think, look at t'other side Jim. Be moderate, have charity.—Perhaps the fault or foible you talk so much of, is almost the only one in your neighbour's character, and perhaps you have as great or greater ones in your own.

It may be, this is your neighbour's weak side, and except this, he is a good citizen, a kind neighbour, and an affectionate father and husband, and a useful member of society. Others may listen to the story of

calumny, but remember they will fear and despise the calumniator. Learn to overlook a fault in your neighbour, for perhaps you may some time wish them to pardon a fault in you.—*West Jersey Gaz.*

GENERAL WOLFE.—The minds of some men are so elevated above common understanding of their fellow creatures, that they are by many charged with enthusiasm, and even with madness. When George II. was once expressing his admiration of Wolfe, some one observed that the General was mad: "Oh he is mad, is he?" said the King with great quickness, "then I wish he would mix some others of my generals."

WRITING WITHOUT INK.—Mr. De la Rue has invented a very neat and very useful memorandum book, which has its claims to distinction for more than its neatness and utility. The leaves are chemically prepared, so that any liquid produces a deep blue tint on the paper by its application. Hence if a person wish to commit to his book a memorandum of consequence, he is not obliged to use a pencil, which makes a very short lived impression, or to wait till he can procure pen, ink, and paper. He may moisten a pen with his mouth, and write freely and indelibly in a moment. An admirably manufactured steel pen accompanies the book; and thus the means of note taking, either in short hand or in the common form are always ready. We have tried the book, and find it perfectly answers the purpose; therefore we recommend it.

An eminent lawyer had some years ago a case stated to him for an opinion. The case stated was the most preposterous and improbable that ever occurred to the mind of man, and concluded by asking, whether under such circumstances, an action would lie? He took a pen and wrote—"if the witness will lie too; but not otherwise."

CUTTING PATTERNS.—Please sir, said a snub nosed girl fourteen years of age to a country dealer in dry goods, to send ma'am the patterns of your calicoes, and put 'em cheap, for she is going to get a new gown soon, and wants to see as what'll wash.

Shopkeeper. Who is your ma'am?
Girl. My ma'am is aunt Olly Dee, sir.
Shopkeeper. Your sister was here yesterday and took patterns of the kinds I have.

Girl. Yes sir, I know that—but then she sewed them all up for patchwork, and wouldn't give me any, but told me to go shopping myself.

ATTRACTIONS OF A CHINESE BOAT.—A Canton paper announces the sailing of the steamboat Kingta, bound for Pekin.—"She has on board a cow, a surgeon, an orchestra, and an elegant furnished cabin where passengers may play at cards, smoke opium and snore."

NO JOKE.—A country schoolmaster having been employed a few days ago to draw up a petition to the chief magistrate of the borough, whose circumference cannot be less than five or six feet, headed it, by mistake, of course, thus—"To the Mare and body corpulent."

TREATMENT OF FRUIT TREES.—It is owing more to the digging and manuring the border in which they are planted, than to any other circumstance, that there are so many failures of fruit trees. I have seen the method of gravelling the borders to walk upon practised on a small scale and am not aware of a single failure. I have often noticed that in the formation of borders to vineries or greenhouses where vines were to be planted, after much expense and labour, it has ended in disappointment; the cause of which I consider to be the planting of the borders with vegetables in the kitchen garden, and with flowers in the flower garden. Many persons who are very particular about promising their vines in the autumn it, to prevent their bleeding, will, nevertheless, delay digging the borders till February or March, when all the roots within the reach of the spade are sure to be cut and made to bleed without being observed.—In many cases where prepared borders have failed to produce fruitful vines or other trees, it is often to be seen that a tree or vine planted against a building merely for the sake of hiding, seldom fails to produce a crop of fruit, although it has nothing below but the natural soil, and this covered over with gravel or other materials, to form a walk.—*Gardener's Mag.*

THE ROYAL GAZETTE.

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