

POETRY. Selected.

This celebrated song is printed in several collections of poems published in the 16th century. There are many variations in each of the copies. The following version is that given by Ritson in his "English Songs," with the exception of the last stanza, which is from a manuscript in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. In the manuscript, the poem is ascribed to Sir Edward Dyer, a friend of Sir Philip Sidney.

My mind to me a kingdom is;
Such perfect joy therein I find,
As far exceeds all earthly bliss,
That God for Nature has assign'd,
Though much I want that most would have,
But still my mind forbids to crave.

Content I live this is my stay;
I seek no more than may suffice,
I press to bear no haughty way;
Look what I lack, my mind supplies.
Lo! thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my mind doth bring.

I see how plenty-suffices oft,
And hasty-climbers soonest fall;
I see that such as sit aloft
Mishap doth threaten most of all;
These get with toil and keep with fear;
Such cares my mind could never bear.

No princely pomp, nor wealthy store,
Nor force to win a victory;
No wily wit to slay a score,
No shape to win a lover's eye.
To none of these I yield as thrall;
For why? My mind despiseth all.

Some have too much, yet still they crave,
I little have, yet seek no more;
They are but poor though much they have,
And I am rich with little store.
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
They lack, I lend; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's loss,
I grudge not at another's gain;
No worldly wave my heart can toss,
I brook what is another's bane;
I fear no foe, nor fawn no friend;
I loathe not life, nor dread mine end.

My wealth is health and perfect ease,
My conscience clear, my chief defence;
I never seek by bribes to please,
Nor by desert to give offence.
Thus do I live, thus will I die—
Would all would do as well as I.

I joy not in no earthly bliss—
I weigh not Cressus' wealth a straw;
For care, I care not what it is;
I fear not fortune's fatal law.
My mind is such as may not move
For beauty bright or force of love.

I wish but what I have at will,
I wander not to seek for more;
I like the plain, I climb no hill;
In greatest storms I sit on shore,
And laugh at them who toil in vain
To get what must be lost again.

I kiss not where I want to kill,
I feign not love, where most I hate,
I break no sleep to win my will,
I wait not at the mighty's gate,
I scorn no poor, I fear no rich—
I feel no want, nor have too much.

Some weigh their pleasures by their just,
Their wisdom by their rage of will;
Their treasure is their only trust—
A cloak of fear their store of skill,
But all the pleasure that I find,
Is to maintain a quiet mind.

The above beautiful production reminds us of some lines on the same subject, by Campbell entitled "My Mind is My Kingdom."

VARIETIES.

ADVENTURE WITH A PIRATE.

It is about three years since I first became acquainted with a young Englishman, named Ord, who having on the death of his father, come into possession of some valuable estates in the West Indies, was at that time engaged in examining the value and management of his patrimony. In the prosecution of this object he visited Cuba, where my father, whose mercantile transactions were connected with his, resided, and where Ord remained for some weeks. He had a complete passion for the sea, and in the course of many pleasure trips among the neighbouring islands, in a fine little schooner which he had brought from England, we became the most intimate friends. There was a noble, almost a wild enthusiasm about his character, which, though it harmonized well with his athletic and handsome appearance, would have appeared Quixotic, had it not been borne out by his utter contempt of danger, when danger really existed. I will give one instance out of many. We were beating up against a stiff south-east breeze off Cape Tiburon, in Hispaniola, when one of the men, who had gone aloft to take in a reef in the fore-top-sail, sung out to those below that a piratical galley was bearing down upon us with all sail set. Ord and I were at that time in the cabin, and having exhausted every social subject of amusement, half devoured with ennui, were engaged separately and almost silently: I, in turning over a set of engravings of sea fights, and Ord, cursing these "piping times of peace," in lazily setting up a few of the ropes of a frigate, which he was making as a model. Immediately, however, that the man, entering the cabin, doffed his cap and smothering down his hair, told his story, Ord uttered a whoop of delight, and springing up with a haste which snapped half the spars in his beloved frigate, rushed on deck.

The man at the helm was waiting for the expected order to put the vessel about, and the crew were at the sheets and braces ready to execute the manœuvre; but Ord, singing out "steady" seized a spy-glass and ran up the shrouds to examine the pirate. In a minute or two he came down, with a joyous expression of countenance, and seeing that his men were whispering discontentedly to each other, well knowing the bloody dispositions of these pirates, he addressed them thus:—

"My lads! there are just a score of strapping negroes in the galley bearing down upon us; of course they will be well supplied with cutlasses and small arms, but they have not a single piece of metal among them; now you all know well enough that the little Petrel (the name of our schooner) has the legs of these luffards, and my wish is to send a message from our long Tom in a friendly way among them; we can run when we can do no better—so all you who are willing to stand by your captain will draw off to the weather side, and if there are any of you who are afraid of a few naked blacks, in a long boat, with a log sail, keep your present stations."

Our crew consisted of four Englishmen, a Scotchman, a Dutchman, and three or four negroes, and it was curious to observe the effect of our captain's speech upon them. The Englishmen gave three loud cheers, and sprang to the weather side of our little craft; the Scotchman, more slowly, but quite as determinedly, followed, muttering that "it was by nae means prudent, but hang him if he would crawl the dunghill crew;" while the Dutchman, without uttering a word, turned his quid in his cheek, squirted the juice deliberately over the lee bulwark, and hitching up his trousers walked after his companions. The negroes alone remained standing; they seemed utterly terrified at the idea of attacking these bloody and remorseless pirates, of whose atrocities they had seen and heard so much, and cast fearful glances towards the nearing galley, as if they felt their long knives already at their throats.

A good dram, and a threat of keelhauling them, however, presently put them all right, and they bustled about with great alacrity to get the "long Tom" (a long barrelled gun which we carried, and which was generally stationed amidships) placed astern with the muzzle depressed, and covered with a tarpaulin. For my own part, as I was more familiar than Ord with the barbarous cruelties of our pirates, I confess that I did not enter into the affair with the joyousness which he seemed to feel; I knew that a moment of irresolution, a chance shot, or a sheet missing stays, might place the pirate alongside of us, and then there was nothing for us but torture and death. However, I had every confidence in the excellence of our seamen, in Ord's coolness, and, above all, in "long Tom." The crew seemed also to consider the gun as their principal defence, for every glance at the approaching pirates was followed by one directed to the manœuvres of one of their companions, who, under cover of the tarpaulin, was cranking "long Tom" with what he called his "grub," being several pounds of grape shot, old spike nails, and so forth.

We were still standing off on the starboard tack, and the pirates not at all expecting the warm reception we were preparing for them, bearing down with a flowing sheet upon us, when Ord, hailing them through a speaking trumpet, ordered them to stand clear or he would fire upon them. The only answer to this summons was a loud discordant laugh, which, coming down the wind to us, sounded as if they were already alongside. Turning round with a calm smile on his face, Ord nodded to his men, who, having before received their instructions, rounded the little Petrel on the heel, and swept away on the larboard tack with a celerity which could hardly have been surpassed by the sea bird whose name she bore. But, though the manœuvre was performed with the most admirable dexterity, it placed the galley of the pirates for a moment within a hundred yards of us; and as, with our sheets close hauled, we stretched away from them, a shower of bullets discovered their vexation on being thus baffled. Most of the balls fell short, though two or three rattled through the cabin windows, and one, whizzing between Ord and the man at the helm, snapped off one of the spokes of the wheel, and buried itself in the main mast. "That's a Spanish rifle," said the helmsman, with great sang froid, "and you thundering thief in the bow of the boat fired it; I can see the long barrel shining yet; none of their clumsy muskets could have sent a ball as far into a spar of the little Petrel;" and he passed his hand down the splintered wheel-spoke, as a person might examine the wounded limb of his friend. "Never mind," said Ord, "we'll return their civility presently;" and lifting his hat he cheered on the pirates, who had got their boat round, and with sails and sweeps were labouring in our wake.

Meantime we got "long Tom's" nose, as the seamen jocosely called it, levelled, and ready for being thrust out on the larboard quarter, the carpenter, with his axe, standing ready to smash the bulwark, which yet concealed the gun from our pursuers. They were soon so near us that we could perfectly distinguish every individual of their crew, and fierce, bloody looking wretches they were as ever I beheld. Most of them were nearly naked to the waist, where a belt, at which hung pistols and a cutlass, girded their brawny frames. A tall, grey-headed negro stood at the bow of the boat, holding with one hand by the forestay, and the other resting upon the long, Spanish barrelled gun, which our steersman had before noticed. "I could hit him now, sir, if you would but trust me with your rifle for a moment," said the man, casting another glance at his partially shattered wheel. Whether Ord was pleased with that congenial pride in his vessel, and that desire to revenge an injury done to her, which every true seaman possesses, and which the wish of the helmsman discovered, I do not know; but putting his rifle into the man's hand, and taking his place at the wheel, he simply desired him to make sure. Never did I see gratitude more

forcibly developed than in the expression of the helmsman's face, nor did I ever behold more intense agony displayed in human features than a moment produced in his. The gun which he was raising dropped from his grasp upon the deck, and his arm, shattered at the elbow, quivered convulsively at his side. A glance at the old pirate's rifle showed the cause of this sudden injury; while it gave proof of the quickness and deadliness of his aim. At this moment the men cried out that other galleys were making from the shore, which we were now at no great distance from; and looking around, we saw two or three large boats pulling lustily out of a creek, where they had been concealed by the spreading cocoa-nut trees and thick tangled underwood.

It was now that Ord's perfect coolness and resolute courage displayed themselves; he put the helm into my hands, and giving the word "ready about," to his men, took up the rifle which the wounded seaman had dropped. The old negro was loading his piece, and we could even hear his chuckling laugh at the success of his late exploit. Immediately when Ord presented himself over the rail there was a general volley fired at him by the crew of pirates, amid which he stood as unmoved as a rock, until catching his opportunity, as our vessel hung on the top of a wave, he fired, and the old negro tumbled headlong among his companions, while his gun was discharged by the shock, shewed that the Petrel and her steersman were fully avenged. "About ship," cried Ord, as he laid his rifle carefully down on the deck, and looked at me with a half-suppressed smile of triumph. Every thing was so silent that the creaking of the ropes and flapping of the wet canvases, as our sails gybed, were heard distinctly but in an instant the little craft was about, and getting hold of the wind, began to skip over the waves for the offing. The pirates were now on our larboard quarter, and within a few oars' length of us, when Ord, with a hand as steady as if he were writing an invitation for dinner, took the apron off "long Tom" with one hand, received a lighted match from a seaman with the other, then nodded to the carpenter, who broke away the obstructing bulwark with one blow of his axe. I still think I see the horrified countenances of the pirates, and their quick dilated glances as they discovered the gun, and their confused oaths, and the rattling of the oars and cordage as they attempted to escape the range of the shot. At this moment of unutterable anxiety, when our lives depended upon the coolness of our captain, and the success of our discharge, I caught a glimpse of his features. He was, with his head turned from the gun, blowing gently at the match to keep it clear from ashes; his countenance was, I thought, pale, but calm and resolved; the next instant it was shrouded in the smoke, as kneeling he stretched forward and applied the match to the touch hole. We were not an instant in doubt. Ord had seized the moment when the partial confusion of the pirates had placed their galley within twenty feet of us, her huge sail shivering, and herself almost motionless on the crest of a wave. Before that wave had lifted the little Petrel, before the smoke of the gun had drifted by—the crash and the plunge, and the horrible yells of the scattered and mangled wretches, assured us of their destruction. The boat, and great part of her slaughtered crew wheeled down into the deep at our very stern, while a few, who had not been wounded, struggled for a little time, and went down "one by one" as their strength failed. A stiff breeze and a flowing sheet soon placed us out of hearing of their dreadful cries for help, and out of the sight of their still more dreadful features, convulsed with agony, and their eyes turned up white in the last death wrestle. The next morning we entered St. Jago, to place our wounded man under proper care.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

FURTHER PARTICULARS OF THE METEOR WHICH HAPPENED ON MORNING OF SUNDAY, 19th INSTANT.

Our private letters from the Eastern Townships, received by last mail, furnish us with additional particulars, at once interesting and important. A friend in Sheffield writes us, that he was awakened towards break of day Sunday, about three o'clock, by a most remarkable and brilliant display of light, of the grandeur of which he was incapable of giving any description. The whole eastern heavens were filled, as it were, with blazing torches. The light had disappeared ere our informant could remove the curtain of his window. Not a cloud was then to be seen but he noticed a column of smoke emanating a little east of the zenith, and extending to the earth, somewhat of a conical shape, the lower part of brownish color, and changing to grey as it approached the earth. Towards the base it was rather of a spiral form. This column he regards as the path which had been traversed by the meteor, the brilliant light of which had attracted his notice. This beautiful blaze was succeeded in about a minute and a half after, by a loud report, resembling the noise of heavy cannon, producing a sensible tremor throughout the house, and shaking doors and windows. The column already noticed remained stationary for about half an hour, exchanging its color for one a few shades lighter, when it spread, then separated into small fleecy clouds, and received from the rising sun tinges of great beauty. Judging from the difference of time between the first appearance of the light, and the report, the explosion must have taken place nearly nineteen and a half miles distant, yet the tremendous motion produced in the house was greater than that which would be caused by a heavy

cannon, a quarter of a mile distant. Some persons who saw the meteor, described it as being nearly as large as a punchoon, though of an irregular shape. This appearance, our friend says, has been noticed under substantially the same circumstances, the whole route from Stanstead to Chamby, and the different descriptions given, all agree in the same prominent features. Connected with the meteorological phenomenon, it may be proper to state that the weather, during the previous week, up to the afternoon of Thursday, had been cold, and the quantity of snow probably without a parallel in the history of the country. On Friday it became more moderate, but still cold, and by Saturday morning, the snow had disappeared. That day was warm for the season, and the evening rather unusually so.

Another friend who writes us from Lennoxville, and from whose able pen we hope to be favoured with many important letters on the state of the Eastern Townships, has commenced his series by a notice of the Meteor of Sunday, as seen there. He makes the following observation: "The shock apparently of an earthquake, the most violent ever known by any of the inhabitants, was experienced, about day light, a little before four o'clock on Sunday. A flash of light had been previously noticed, which by some was considered as an explosion of electric fluid from a thunder cloud; it was accompanied by a deep rumbling sound like distant thunder, or that of a heavy carriage on a pavement, lasting for several minutes. This was succeeded by the appearance of a vapour resembling fog, which gradually disappeared as daylight increased. The sky was clear at the time, with the exception of a small hazy cloud which hung over Lennoxville, and stars of the first magnitude were visible. The tremendous motion of the earth was so great as to cause a clattering of the windows, resembling that produced by a violent gale of wind, although it was perfectly calm at the time. In Eaton, fourteen miles to the eastward, the general appearance was the same; and at Sherbrooke, four miles distant, the convulsion was sufficiently great to throw down articles in several houses. As it occurred at an early hour, few persons had arisen from their beds, and it therefore was not observed with the attention that could have been wished."—*Montreal Gazette.*

THE DUKE AND THE DENTIST.—The Duke of Wharton, who was remarkable for his imprudence, his eccentricity, and, at last for his misfortunes, being offended by the great dentist of that day, projected and executed a whimsical project of revenge. Having previously instructed his coachman what to do when he gave the signal by stamping upon the carriage with his foot, drove up to the dentist's door, with a handkerchief to his mouth, as if he had been in great pain. When the door was opened, after a thundering knock, the dentist was ordered to speak to the Duke at the carriage door, as his Grace was too ill to alight. The paving of all the streets in London was at that time very bad, very filthy, and as it was bad weather, flooded with dirt. The dentist, who was a finished coxcomb, was dressed in the extravagance of the fashions of the day, saw all this and stood bowing at his door, but the Duke continuing to beckon with violence that he should come to the carriage door, which, with much reluctance and delay, he did. His Grace, still preserving the appearance of being in pain, with handkerchief at his mouth, muttered, in a voice scarcely audible, that he must examine a bad tooth, which troubled him, and to facilitate the examination, laid his chin upon the carriage door, at the same time keeping his mouth muffled, so that he could hardly speak intelligibly; when he directed the dentist to put his finger to his mouth, to examine the tooth: while this was doing, the patient with well-dissembled fear, held the hand lest too much pressure should be made to give him pain. He manœuvred this till every thing was prepared, when, at the same moment he clenched the finger between his teeth, grasped the wrist firmly with both hands, and held it with all his strength against the carriage door; then gave the appointed signal, stamping as if he was in great pain. The coachman set off at full trot; the Duke held fast with teeth and hands while the devoted victim, roaring with pain, trotted by the side of the carriage through the mud, up one street and down another, till the Duke, no longer able to keep his countenance, let go his hold, threw himself back in the carriage to laugh at the mischief he had done, and the devoted sufferer was left to find his way home as he could.

AWFUL CALAMITY.—We copy from the *Killamning Gazette*, the following account of a most distressing occurrence: On the night of Friday the 18th, the house and barn of Captain John C. Kissinger were consumed by fire, and what is most shocking to relate nine of his children perished in the flames! the parents were absent on a visit to Mrs. Kissinger's father's a distance of about eight miles. Out of eleven children, two only are left—one, an infant which the parents have with them, and the other a daughter eight years of age, who was away from home. The way the fire originated is not known, and it was not discovered till about nine o'clock the following morning. One horse and a large quantity of grain were consumed; in short, nothing was left in or about the house or barn that was not consumed. The sufferers were from nineteen years of age downwards. So far as could be observed, the bones were in the same relative position in which they slept, which leads to the belief that they were smothered in their beds by the smoke be-

fore the flames reached them. One only had gone to a different part of the house. Awful as was the agent of their death, it was probably attended with but little suffering. The unhappy parents were at first (and very probably too) only informed of the destruction of their property. The father returned on Saturday, but the mother remained at her father's until the next morning, still ignorant of the extent of her loss. When she arrived, she surveyed for a moment the smoking ruins, and then asked for her children. Let the reader imagine, if he can, the effect of the shocking disclosure. It is a remarkable circumstance, and one calculated to heighten, if possible, the distress of these parents, their oldest child was burnt to death some years since. A horse and a yoke of oxen were burnt. A dog that lay in the barn, was burnt, and his bones were found in the place he was accustomed to lie. Two large hogs were consumed in the pen, although the door was open. On Sunday, the bones of the children were collected, deposited in a coffin, and buried, in presence of a large concourse of sympathizing friends and neighbors. An impressive discourse was delivered at the grave, by the Rev. Mr. M. Garraugh.

COOL SAGACITY.—It has already been stated that during one of the affrays at the New York election, the High Constable was among the sufferers. He was knocked down with a bludgeon, and for the moment put out of the fight. But it is said that he followed the ruffian who did the mischief with his eye, until he attacked another gentleman, who making some resistance, Hays came up and arrested him, good naturedly asking the ruffian to be kind enough to assist in taking him to the police. The gentleman complained that he should be arrested, when he had done nothing but defended himself. But the High Constable was inexorable, until the parties arrived at the police office, when begging the gentleman's pardon he dismissed him, saying that it was the other man whom he would detain.

HOUSE FOUND IN A BOG.—Mr. Mudge, at a recent meeting of the Society of Antiquarians, commenced a description of an ancient house discovered in Drum Relin Bog, in the parish of Inver, county of Donegal. It was formed of rough oak logs and planks, the mortices being apparently more bruised than cut, as if with a stone chisel, and an instrument of that description was in fact found in the house. Any conjecture at the age of this building must be extremely difficult, if not impossible. It appeared to have been overwhelmed by some sudden calamity, and probably the bog turf had grown considerably over it, the top of the roof being about sixteen feet below the level of the surface.

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Frederickton, May 13th, 1833.

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