

## POETRY.

### Selected.

#### AFTER THE DRAWING ROOM.

The Drawing Room is over, and I have seen the King!  
I'm sure my very head is turn'd, and won't come right this spring;  
I positively can't take off my feathers and my train;  
I never look'd so well before, and never may again.  
I heard a lady to a lord complaining of the crowd,  
And say "What common people come! I wonder they're allowed!"  
Of course that was't meant for me, though father did sell cheese:  
Since brother made a noble match, I'll go there when I please.  
And I was ornamented too, nobody look'd so fine,  
I didn't see one gown or train that look'd the least like mine;  
I'm sure I had more colours on than any body there,  
Green, red, and yellow mingled, and blue feathers in my hair.  
Then some one came and took my train, and spread it out behind,  
Just as the peacock spreads his tail—I thought it very kind.  
And seeing 'twas a nice young man, dress'd out in gold and blue,  
I said "I thank you kindly, Sir—I'd do as much for you."  
They led me to his Majesty—I thought I would have dropp'd—  
He held his hand out friendly like, and kiss'd me when I stopp'd;  
And then the King and I were standing, face and face together,  
I said "How is your Majesty?—it's mighty pleasant weather."  
And then the people push'd me on! I didn't half like that—  
I'm sure the King had half a mind to stop and bid me chat;  
But looking on, I saw the Queen! I'm sure—I hope and trust,  
She didn't see the King kiss me! and yet I think she must.  
I curtsied to her Majesty, the proper thing to do,  
And seeing ladies standing round, I curtsied to them too:  
I honour Maids of Honour so, I wish'd to be polite,  
And the Queen and all the ladies smil'd, which prov'd that I was right.  
(Though as'er at Court before!) I well knew what I was about—  
Of course I didn't turn my back, but tried to sidle out;  
But sidling so—I tripp'd and fell—(they make them trains so big!)  
And, catching at the first thing near, pull'd off a lady's wig!  
And then I faint'd dead away!—a dreadful thing to do—  
Until I found myself at home, no earthly thing I knew!  
I've grac'd a Court! indeed, I'll add, by way of being witty,  
'Twas in a Court that father liv'd—a back court in the city!

T. H. BAYLEY.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### RANDOM SHOTS.

A NEW WORK BY CAPT. KINCAID.

We will give a few more specimens. A billet of troops in Portugal to begin with, and to show that there are pleasures in campaigning in spite of its disagreeables.  
"The company to which I belonged, and another, had a deserted farming establishment turned over for our comfort and convenience during the period that it might suit the French marshal to leave us in the enjoyment thereof. It was situated on a slope of the hill overlooking the bridge of Santarem, and within range of the enemy's sentries, and near the end of it was one of the finest aloes I have ever seen, certainly not less than twelve or fourteen feet high. Our mansion was a long range of common thatched building; one end was a kitchen, next to it a parlour, which became also the drawing and sleeping room of two captains with their six jolly subs—a doorway communicated from thence to the barn, which constituted the greater part of the range, and lodged our two hundred men. A small apartment at the other extremity, which was fitted up for a wine-press, lodged our non-commissioned officers; while in the back-ground we had accommodation for our cattle, and for sundry others of the domestic tribes, had we had the good fortune to be furnished with them.  
"The door-way between the officers' apartment and that of the soldiers showed (what is so very common on the seat of war,) when a door is not a door," but a shovel full of dust and ashes, the hinges had resisted manfully by clinging to the door-post, but a fiery end had overtaken the timber, and we were obliged to fill up the vacuum with what loose stones we could collect in the neighbourhood; it was, nevertheless, so open, that a hand might be thrust through it in every direction, and, of course, the still small voices on either side of the partition were alike audible to all. I know not what degree of a-

musement the soldiers derived from the proceedings on our side of the wall, but I know that the jests, the tales, and the songs, from their side, constituted our greatest enjoyment during the many long winter nights that it was our fate to remain there.

A skirmish, and a recollection of the gallant Napier. This took place at Casa Nova.

"At the commencement of the action, just as the mist of the morning began to clear away, a section of our company was thrown forward among the skirmishers, while the other three remained in reserve behind a gentle eminence, and the officer commanding it, seeing a piece of rising ground close to the left, which gave him some uneasiness, he desired me to take a man with me to the top of it, and to give him notice if the enemy attempted any movement on that side. We got to the top, but if we had not found a couple of good-sized stones on the spot, which afforded shelter at the moment, we should never have got any where else, for I don't think they expended less than a thousand shots upon us in the course of a few minutes. My companion, John Rouse, a steady sturdy old rifleman, no sooner found himself snugly covered, than he lugged out his rifle to give them one in return, but the slightest exposure brought a dozen balls to the spot in an instant; and I was amused to see old Rouse, at every attempt, jerking back his head with a sort of known grin, as if it were only a parcel of school-boys on the other side threatening him with snow-balls; but seeing at last that his time for action was not yet come, he withdrew his rifle, and, knowing my inexperience in those matters, he very good-naturedly called to me not to expose myself looking out just then, for, said he, "there will be no moving among them while this shower continues."

"When the shower ceased we found that they had also ceased to hold their formidable post, and, as quickly as may be, we were to be seen standing in their old shoes, mixed up with some of the forty-third, and among them the gallant Napier, the present historian of the Peninsula war, who there got a ball through his body which seemed to me to have reduced the remainder of his personal history to the compass of a single paragraph; it nevertheless kept him but a short while in the back-ground.

"I may here remark that the members of that distinguished family were singularly unfortunate in that way, as they were rarely ever in any serious action in which one or all of them did not get hit.

"The two brothers in our division were badly wounded on this occasion, and, if I remember right, they were also at Busaco; the naval captain (the present admiral of that name), was there as an amateur, and unfortunately caught it on a spot where he had the last wish to be distinguished, for, accustomed to face broadsides on his native element, he had no idea of taking in a ball in any other direction than from the front, but on shore we were obliged to take them just as they came."

The storming of Ciudad Rodrigo was, as every body knows, followed by some excesses which can hardly be repressed in the enthusiasm of such scenes. At the time, the storming of a fortress was a new achievement for our armies, and it was not surprising that the officers were not sufficiently impressed with their responsibility. A slight anecdote will illustrate the circumstances.

"The moment which is the most dangerous to the honour and the safety of a British army is that in which they have won the place they have assaulted. While outside the walls, and linked together by the magic hand of discipline, they are heroes—but once they have forced themselves inside they become demons or lunatics—for it is difficult to determine which spirit predominates.

"To see the two storming divisions assembled in the great square that night, mixed up in a confused mass, shooting at each other, and firing in at different doors and windows, without the shadow of a reason, was enough to drive any one, who was in possession of his senses, mad. The prisoners were formed in a line on one side of the square—unarmed, it is true—but, on my life, had they made a simultaneous rush forward, they might have made a second Bergen-op-Zoom of it—for so absolute was the sway of the demon of misrule, that half of our men, I verily believe, would have been panic-struck and thrown themselves into the arms of death, over the ramparts, to escape a danger that either did not exist or might have been easily avoided. After calling, and shouting, until I was hoarse in endeavouring to restore order, and when my voice was no longer audible, seeing a soldier raise

his piece to fire at a window, I came across his shoulders with a musket-barrel which I had in my hand, and demanded, "What the devil, Sir, are you firing at?" to which he answered, "I don't know, Sir! I am firing because every body else is!"

A glance at the breach when all was over, and a gathering of the fragments of the regiment, would form an illustrative note to Leigh Hunt's poem of "Captain Pen and Captain Sword."

"As soon as a glimpse of daylight permitted, I went to take a look at the breach, and there saw a solitary figure, with a drawn sword, stalking over the ruins and the slain, which, in the grey dawn of morning, appeared to my astonished eyes like a headless trunk, and concluded that it was the ghost of one of the departed come in search of its earthly remains. I cautiously approached to take a nearer survey, when I found that it was Captain M'Nair, of the 52d, with his head wrapped in a red handkerchief.

"He told me that he was looking for his cap and his scabbard, both of which had parted company from him in the storm, about that particular spot; but his search proved a forlorn hope. I congratulated him that his head had not gone in the cap, as had been the case with but too many of our mutual companions on that fatal night.

"When our regiment had reformed after the assault we found a melancholy list of absent officers, ten of whom were doomed never to see it more, and it was not until our return to the camp that we learnt the fate of all.

"The wounded had found their way or been removed to their own tents—the fallen filled a glorious grave on the spot where they fell."

"The first tent that I entered was Johnson's, with his shattered arm bandaged; he was lying on his back-cloak fast asleep; and coupling his appearance with the recollection of the daring duty he had been called on to perform but a few hours before, in front of the forlorn hope, I thought that I had never set my eyes on a nobler picture of a soldier. His whole appearance, even in sleep, showed exactly as it had been in the execution of that duty; his splendid figure was so disposed that it seemed as if he was taking the first step on the breach—his eyebrows were elevated—his nostrils still distended—and altogether, he looked as if he would clutch the castle in his remaining hand. No one could have seen him at that moment without saying, 'there lies a hero!'"

"In April, 1812, one of our officers got a musket ball in the right ear, which came out at the back of the neck, and though, after a painful illness, he recovered, yet his head got a twist, and he was compelled to wear it looking over the right shoulder. At the battle of Waterloo, in 1815, (having been upwards of three years with his neck awry), he received a shot in the left ear, which came out within half an inch of his former wound in the back of the neck, and it set his head straight again! The individual so wonderfully cured of stiffness is stated to be Lieutenant Worsley, still living, a prosperous gentleman, in Nottinghamshire."

Mixed up through the narrative are many practical observations upon discipline, which prove that the captain is a true soldier—if, indeed, we failed to discover that fact in the martial spirit that distinguishes every page of the work.

The late John Philpot Curran instanced to the writer of this, as true and genuine specimens of the Irish Bull, or confusion of mind, the two following:—

Curran was one day proceeding to a grand drawing room at the Castle. Upon that occasion there was much confusion and jostling amongst the carriages. Suddenly, Curran let down one of the front glasses of his chariot, and cried out to his coachman—"stop, stop! the pole of the carriage behind us has just forced in the back of ours." "Then be easy, your honor; it's all right again; our pole has just gone into the back of the carriage before."—Such of the inhabitants of the villages and small towns distant from Dublin as can afford to purchase shoes, prefer to get themselves supplied with that article of costume from the capital. For this purpose each person has a last, (or, as they call it, a form,) made of the exact size and shape of his foot; and one in want of shoes will take advantage of a journey to Dublin, by any friend or neighbour, to send a form, in order that a pair may be fitted to it. Curran's servant happened to be going to Dublin on business for his master, and was charged by several of his acquaintances with commissions of this nature, each furnishing him with his form accordingly.

"And be sure," said Curran to his man, "be sure you buy shoes for your-

self at the same time; I shall be very angry if you don't, for you are much in want of them."

"Sure and I will, your honor," was the man's reply.

On his return home, Curran enquired whether he had bought himself shoes.

"No, and indeed, but I didn't, your honor."

"And why did you not, sirrah? Didn't I give you positive orders to do so?"

"And please your honor, and didn't I go to Dublin and forget to take my form along with me!"

It need hardly be remarked upon this, that it had never occurred to the poor fellow that his own foot would have served his purpose at least as well the model of it.

TRAVELLING.—The increased spirit and competition among the proprietors of the Glasgow and Inverness steam vessels have opened up facilities for visiting the magnificent scenery of the Western Highlands and Islands which never before existed; and which would have staggered the faith even of those gifted seers, who, a hundred years ago, prophesied truly, that ships would sail where the broom and heather then grew in the Great Glen of Scotland. The summer tourist may leave Inverness on Wednesday morning, sail along the course of the Caledonian Canal, with its trio of lakes, pass through the lordly Loch of Linnhe, then, embarking on the "deep, deep sea," circumnavigate the Island of Mull, and return again to our Northern Capital on the afternoon of Saturday. In this trip of about three days and a half, he may see the greatest waterfall and the highest mountain in Britain, namely the Fall of Foyers and Ben Nevis; he may explore the wonders of that great temple of Neptune, the Isle of Staffa; he may meditate among the ruins of Iona, and listen to the sound of the whirlpool of Corrieveek, like the sound of innumerable chariots; he may sketch or scan a dozen old castles and fortresses, where Kings and island princes once held savage state; he may tread on not a few battle fields and spots memorable in Scottish story; and finally, he may gaze with never sated delight on the green shores, silent bays, promontories, and mountains, and the wide spread archipelago of islands, constituting part of the Hebrides, that here stud the broad bosom of the Atlantic, in endless variety and succession, as far as the eye can reach.

LONGEVITY.—For a few days past, there has been exhibiting at Niblo's Saloon, in the city, a person of colour, who has arrived at the vast age of one hundred and sixty-one years. Her name is Joice Heath. A circumstance which, in addition to her unparalleled longevity, adds interest to this antique personage, is, she was the nurse of George Washington.

She was born in the Island of Madagascar, on the coast of Africa, in the year 1674. She was once, apparently, a woman of full common stature and proportions, but now she weighs but 46 pounds. Her left hand and arm have been much injured and crippled, no doubt by sheer neglect since the helplessness of old age came upon her; she is perfectly sightless, and has been so for seventy, perhaps ninety years. Her finger nails have grown to an enormous length, some of them we presume project an inch beyond her flesh; and the nails of her toes, which have grown thick rather than long, have assumed the conical form of a thimble, and the roughness and colour of a piece of bark from a sturdy oak. Indeed she is a mere skeleton covered with skin, and her whole appearance very much resembles a mummy of the days of the Pharaohs, taken entire from the catacombs of Egypt. Some physicians, as we were informed by the gentleman who waited on us, have given it as their opinion, that if after death she were to be eviscerated, her body would not turn to putrefaction. And yet she enjoys perfect health, and has a remarkable appetite. She eats three or four times per day and hearty food, as ham is her choice.

She has been the mother of fifteen children, the youngest of whom died two years since at the advanced age of 114.

She retains her intellectual faculties beyond what could be expected, converses freely, sings numerous hymns, relates many anecdotes respecting the Washington family, and often laughs heartily at her own or other's remarks.

She was baptized in the river Potomac, and received into the Baptist church one hundred and fifteen years ago. This is ascertained from the fact that she was baptized the year her youngest son was born, whose age was known as above stated. She spends much time in silent prayer, takes pleasure in conversing with ministers and other reli-

gious persons. The last Lord's day she was desirous of commemorating the death of our Lord and Saviour; accordingly, a few christian friends, with a clergyman of the Baptist Church, were convened by request, and this interesting ordinance was administered. The sermon was one of uncommon interest to the parties. At the close of the service, the old lady commenced an antiquated hymn, and waving her time-withered hand, with great animation sang, "There is a land of pleasure, Where joy and peace forever roll," &c.

Upon the whole, Joice is an interesting spectacle. She has outlived five generations of her fellow beings, and is now waiting with longing expectation herself to go the way of all the earth, but she "dare not," in her own phrase, "be impatient against the handwork of God."

We would add, that there are documents of an unquestionable character, which prove her to be as old as stated, principal of which is a bill of sale, by which it appears that Washington's father sold her in the year 1727, and that she was then fifty-four years of age. A copy of this bill has been found upon the public records in Virginia.

The latter part of her life, until within the last ten months, has been spent in great neglect and destitution in the State of Kentucky.—American Baptist.

BEAUTIFUL LAUNCH.—Yesterday, at half past twelve, the fine ship *Owanungah*, of nearly five hundred tons, owned by Mr. Stephen White, was launched at East Boston, it being the first ship that was ever built at that place. The name of this vessel, as we are informed, was the Indian name of Grand Island, which is situated in the river between Lakes Erie and Ontario and a few miles from the Falls of Niagara, whence was brought every stick of the timber, which is white oak, of which this vessel is constructed. The *Owanungah*, which has the appearance of being a very superior vessel, was built by Messrs. Brown and Bates, at their new ship yard, at East Boston, and the timber was selected by Mr. Bates, summer before last, at Grand Island, whence it was transported down the canal to Albany, and thence shipped to Boston. Grand Island, as we are informed, is owned by the East Boston Company, and contains an inexhaustible supply of white oak, comprising 18,000 acres of well timbered land. There is opened, through the enterprise of a few individuals, a new branch of business, and a new source of revenue to Boston, and we have but little doubt from what we have already seen, that in the course of a very few years East Boston will be to this city what Brooklyn is to the city of New York—a place of great commercial importance, and an elegant resort for its enterprising citizens. After the launch, which was in every respect one of the handsomest we ever witnessed, a number of ladies and gentlemen from the city partook of an excellent collation at the invitation of Mr. White. The keel of another ship is very shortly to be laid in the same place.—Boston Gazette.

LUCIFER MATCHES.—A friend of ours who was bound up the North River a few days ago, happened to be early on board the Ohio, and sat himself down in the back part of the boat to read a book. As the bustle increased, and just as the boat was starting, a porter threw down a trunk at his feet, took his two shillings of a countryman for his trouble, and hurried off. Directly our friend discovered an impression of fire on his olfactory nerve; and looking about, beheld the countryman's trunk smoking like a coal pit. On being opened it exhibited a doleful mass. In addition to a quantity of Lucifer matches, the countryman had furnished himself with a quantity of small torpedoes, which had also exploded, so that the silks and crinolines for the ladies, and the sugar-plums for the children, were all in ruins. The affair was hardly over, when our friend walked to another part of the boat, where several gentlemen of his acquaintance were regaling themselves with segars, and beheld the pocket of one of them was smoking almost as much as the countryman's trunk. "Mr. —," said he, "your pocket is on fire,"—and the gentleman pulled out his linen cambric handkerchief, which, on coming to the air, blazed up beautifully. The friction of throwing a bunch of matches back into his pocket after taking one to light a segar, had been sufficient to produce an explosion. The countryman's matches were exploded by the concussion of throwing down the trunk. In Germany, severe laws have been passed against the having making or using Lucifer matches.

Blanks of various kinds for Sale at this Office.