

POETRY.

Selected.

From the Montreal Gazette.

SONG.

Here's to thee, my Scottish lassie! here's a health to thee,
For thine eye so bright, thy form so light, and
thy step so firm and free;
For all thine artless elegance and all thy native
grace,
For the music of thy mirthful voice, and the
sunshine of thy face;
For thy guileless look and speech sincere, yet
sweet as speech can be;
Here's a health, my Scottish lassie! here's a
hearty health to thee!

Here's to thee, my Scottish lassie!—though my
glow of youth is o'er;
And I, as once I felt and dream'd, must feel
and dream no more;
Though the world, with all its frosts and
storms, has chilled my soul at last,
And genius, with the fondful looks of youthful
friendship past;
Though my path is dark and lonely, now, o'er
this world's dreary sea,—
Here's a health, my Scottish lassie! here's a
hearty health to thee!

Here's to thee, my Scottish lassie!—though I
know that not for me
Is thine eye so bright, thy form so light, and
thy step so firm and free;
Though thou with cold and careless looks, will
often pass me by,
Unconscious of my swelling heart, and of my
wistful eye;
Though thou wilt wed some Highland love,
nor waste one thought on me,—
Here's a health, my Scottish lassie! here's a
hearty health to thee!

Here's to thee, my Scottish lassie! when I meet
thee in the throng
Of merry youths and maidens, dancing light-
somerly along,
I'll dream away an hour or twain, still gazing
on thy form;
As it flashes through the baser crowd, like
lightning through a storm;
And I, perhaps, shall touch thy hand, and share
thy looks of glee,
And for once, my Scottish lassie! dance a gid-
dy dance with thee.

Here's to thee, my Scottish lassie!—I shall
think of thee at even,
When I see its first and fairest star come smil-
ing up through Heaven;
I shall hear thy sweet and touching voice, in
every wind that grieves,
As it whistles from the abandoned oak, its win-
tered autumn leaves.
In the gloom of the wild forest, in the stillness
of the sea,
I shall think, my Scottish lassie! I shall often
think of thee.

Here's to thee, my Scottish lassie!—In my sad
and lonely hours,
The thought of thee comes o'er me like the
breath of distant flowers;
Like the music that enchants mine ear, the
sights that bless mine eye,
Like the verdure of the meadow, like the azure
of the sky,
Like the rainbow in the evening, like the bloss-
oms on the tree,
Is the thought, my Scottish lassie! is the lonely
thought of thee.

Here's to thee, my Scottish lassie!—though my
muse must soon be dumb,
(For graver thoughts and duties, with my graver
years, are come.)
Though my soul must burst the bonds of earth,
and learn to soar on high,
And to look on this world's follies with a calm
and sober eye,
Though the merry wine must seldom flow, the
revel cease for me,—
Still to thee, my Scottish lassie! still I'll drink
a health to thee.

Here's a health, my Scottish lassie! here's a
parting health to thee;
May thine be still a cloudless lot, though it be
far from me!
May still thy laughing eyes be bright, and open
still thy brow,
Thy thought as pure, thy speech as free, thy
heart as light as now!
And whatever my after fate, my dearest
toast shall be,—
Still a health, my Scottish lassie! still a hearty
health to thee!

HINTS TO CHARITABLES.

The Rules of the Road, are a paradox quite,
As the carriages jog it along,
For if you go to the left, you are right,
And if you go to the right, you are wrong.

MISCELLANEOUS.

COBBETT ON THE MINISTRY.

From the Political Register, December 13.
CONTINUATION OF HIS LETTER TO MR. HUME.
West Lodge, 8th Dec. 1834.

SIR—I now come to some of the heads
of complaint against the King; for you
will observe the complaints are against
the King, disguise the thing how you
may. And I shall, to prevent a division
of my matter into several articles, ad-
vert to your speeches at recent meetings
in London, and also to the speeches of
your companions at those meetings.
One complaint is, that the King has
chosen a military man, and great mouth-
fuls are made of this. One of your
companions observing that "Cromwell
had turned out a Parliament," leaving
the inference to be drawn by his hear-
ers. "If a turning-out is what you are
afraid of, my really honorable colleague
expressed his hope, amidst the accla-
mations of twenty thousand industrious

men at Manchester, that the King would
turn out this Parliament; and I beg you
to recollect that there are a million of
the King's most valuable subjects within
a circuit of forty miles round the spot
where that speech was delivered; aye,
and those, too, the best informed as well
as the most industrious and most valua-
ble part of his subjects. To be sure,
Cromwell was a soldier; and he actual-
ly did bundle the House out by the hands
of soldiers pushing them at their backs,
but an act of greater justice never was
done in this world; for it was a set of
men who were traitors, rebels, murder-
ers, and the most savage robbers of the
people that had ever existed before that
day; it being that set of matchless vil-
lains who invented the excise in Eng-
land; and it is truly curious that that set
of villains first laid the duty upon the beer,
which duty continued, frequently chang-
ing its amount, but always continuing,
until it was taken off by the Duke of Wel-
lington. So that, in this respect Crom-
well's character of soldier was not very
mischievous. However, Cromwell was
upon the whole, a very bad fellow, though
a wise statesman. But was not Wash-
ington a soldier? Was not Jackson a
soldier? Both of them generals. Monroe
was a soldier. All of them engaged in
many battles. All of them chosen by
the free voice; chosen twice over, by a
most sensible people; a people so tena-
cious of their liberties and rights, a peo-
ple among whom the suffrage is universal,
and the voice as free as air. So that
Colonel Evans might have spared him-
self the trouble of giving pretty broad
hints of the unfitness of soldiers to be
ministers: he might have recollected
these instances, furnished us by Amer-
ica; and it is worth his while to con-
sider, and worth your while, and the rest
of your companions at Westminster,
Finsbury, and elsewhere, to settle the
point, whether it be not as fitting for the
King to choose a soldier to assist him
in executing the laws, as it is for the
people of Westminster to choose him to
assist in making the laws; very well
worth the while of you all to remember
that about twenty red coats crowded
into the house about two o'clock in the
morning from a hall at Lord Grey's, I
believe, to vote for the Whigs against
you and me, and some others; very
profitable for you to remember, that the
first address which the reformed Parlia-
ment carried to the King was moved by
a young lord sitting at the back of Lord
Althorp, decked out in uniform, with
double epaulettes, gorget, and sash, and
a long sword by his side; very well
worth remembering, that I found fault
with this, but you held your tongue; very
well worth while for you to consider,
whether it be decent to carp at the
King's choosing a soldier, whose rank
and whose estate no king and no minis-
try and no parliament can touch, while
you sit cheek-by-jowl with about seventy
or eighty military naval officers, who
are making laws in company with you,
and whose rank, and even whose bread,
can be taken from them at any moment
that the minister of the day shall please.

I would here dismiss this subject of
complaint; but there was something ut-
tered at the Finsbury meeting of "that
meeting of two hundred thousand peo-
ple," assembled in one room at White
Conduit house. There was something
uttered there, which, because it was
uttered by Mr. Wakeley, I will notice. I
have great respect for Mr. Wakeley. He
is a very clever man, and very able to
do good service to his country; but I
have a greater respect for sense, and
especially for truth, than I have for Mr.
Wakeley: and though it gives me great
pain to animadvert with any degree of
severity on his conduct, I must say, in
the first place, that it did him little cre-
dit to give countenance to this partial,
packed, and every way apparently sense-
less assemblage. Having taken the first
step, however, he seems to have pursued
the usual course of frailty, and to have
concluded, at last, with this ridicu-
lous specimen of rhodomontade and
bombast:—"We use not arms, we re-
sist not by physical force; we under-
stand our duty but too well, and are not
to be driven by a wily antagonist from
an impregnable position. I say we de-
sire not these things; we hope they will
not be forced upon us (cheers.) But it
is said, that the use of the arsenals has
been threatened; it is whispered, that
the duke would not hesitate to plant
cannon in our streets. I hope such things
will not be; but if they must, why they
must be, and woe on them that bring it
about: for, let but one musket be fired
in the quiet thoroughfares of this peace-
ful kingdom, and in its pealing echo
will be heard the funeral knell of every
Tory in England. (Great cheering.)

"It is said," Now, who says that
the arsenals are to be used against the
people? "It is whispered." By whom,
Mr. Wakeley, is it whispered that can-
non is to be planted in the streets? Ah,
Mr. Wakeley, this is not the road to

lasting fame; and this is not the way to
merit the confidence of the people; and
without really meriting it, no man will
have it long. Look at Brougham! Hear
his shouts for "cheap bread" in York-
shire; and behold him now! See in him
the fate of one who builds his fame up
on the practising of delusion! Arsenals,
cannons, muskets! Do you know, that
there are not, in Great Britain, as many
soldiers as there are parishes? Do
you know, that there is not one single
soldier to every parish in England and
Wales, and Scotland? If you do know
it, this is as scandalous a piece of delu-
sion as was ever attempted to be prac-
tised upon a people; if you do not know
it (which I believe to be the case,) you
ought to have been silent upon the sub-
ject.

Now, Mr. Hume, I come to one of
the great standing objections to the con-
duct of the King in making this choice.
The jobbers of the city take the lead in
making this objection; and I see it has
been echoed at all the miserable meet-
ings of silly creatures that the bands of
commissioners have been able to muster
up. The objection is, that we all know
what the Duke did before; and that we
must conclude of course that he will do
the same again. My constituents and I
say "God send he may," only a little
more of it!" So widely do we differ in
opinion from you. The Duke repealed
the Test and Corporation Acts; the Duke
gave Catholic Emancipation, complete and
entire; while the Whigs, when they were
in power, brought in a bill to give about
one half what the Duke gave, and with-
drew the bill upon a threat of being turned
out if they persevered in it. The Duke
abolished completely and entirely the Ex-
cise on Beer, and thus released the drink
of the working people from a tax which
had been laid on it by the accursed Whigs
a hundred and eighty six years before;
and had been kept on it from that day to
the day when the Duke swept it away;
and these present Whigs have been do-
ing every thing that they can to lessen
the benefit of that measure. This is
what the Duke did before; and if he
be likely to do the same sort of things
now, what ground is there here for
carping at the choice which has been
made by the King?

BIRD OF PARADISE.

This elegant creature has a light,
playful, and graceful manner, with an
arch and impudent look; dances about
when a visitor approaches the cage, and
seems delighted at being made an object
of admiration: its notes are very pecu-
liar, resembling the cawing of the raven,
but its tones are by far the more varied.
During four months of the year, from
May to August, it moults. It washes
itself regularly twice daily, and after
having performed its ablutions, throws
its delicate feathers nearly over the
head, the quills of which feathers have
a peculiar structure, so as to enable the
bird to effect this object. Its food, dur-
ing confinement, is boiled rice, mixed
up with soft egg, together with plantains,
and living insects of the grasshopper
tribe; these insects, when thrown to
him, the bird contrives to catch in his
beak with great celerity; it will eat in-
sects in a living state, but will not touch
them when dead.

I observed the bird, previously to eat-
ing a grasshopper, given him in an un-
mutilated state, place the insect upon
the perch, keep it firmly fixed with the
claws, and divesting it of the legs, wings,
&c. devour it with the head always plac-
ed first. The servant who attends on
him to clean the cage, give him food,
&c. strips off the legs, wings, &c. of the
insects when alive, giving them to the
bird as fast as he can devour them. It
rarely alights upon the ground, and so
proud is the creature of its elegant dress,
that it never permits a soil to remain
upon it, and it may frequently be seen
spreading its wings and feathers, and
regarding its splendid self in every di-
rection, to observe whether the whole
of its plumage is in an unsullied condition.
It does not suffer from the cold weather
during the winter season at Macao,
though exposing this elegant bird to the
bleak northerly wind is always very par-
ticularly avoided.

The sounds uttered by this bird are
very peculiar; that which appears to be
a note of congratulation resembles some-
what the cawing of a raven, but changes
to a varied scale in musical gradations
as he, ho, ho, haw, repeated rapidly and
frequently, as lively and playfully he
hops round and along his perch, des-
cending to the second perch to be admir-
ed, and congratulate the stranger who
has made a visit to inspect him; he fre-
quently raises his voice, sending forth
notes of such power as to be heard at a
long distance, and as it would scarcely
be supposed so delicate a thing could
utter; these notes are *whock, whock,*
whock, whock, uttered in a barking tone,
the last being given in a low note as a
conclusion.

A drawing of the bird, of the natural
size, was made by a Chinese artist. This
was taken one morning to the original,
who paid a compliment to the artist, by
considering it one of his own species.
The bird advanced steadfastly towards
the picture, uttering at the same time
its cawing congratulating notes: it did
not appear excited by rage, but pecked
gently at the representation, jumping
about the perch, knocking its mandibles
together with a clattering, and
cleaning them against the perch, as if
welcoming the arrival of a companion.

After the trial with the picture, a look-
ing glass was brought to see what effect
it would produce upon the bird, and the
result was nearly the same; he regarded
the reflection of himself most steadfastly
in the mirror, never quitting it during
the time it remained before him. When
the glass was removed to the lower,
from the upper perch, he instantly fol-
lowed, but would not descend upon the
floor of the cage when it was placed so
low.

It seemed impatient, hopping about
without withdrawing its gaze from the
mirror, uttering the usual cawing notes,
but with evident surprise that the re-
flected figure (or as he seemed to regard
it, his opponent) imitated so closely all
his actions, and was as watchful as him-
self. There was, however, on his part,
no indication of combativeness by any
elevation of the feathers, nor was any
irritation displayed at not being able to
approach nearer to the supposed new
comer from his own native land. His
attention was directed to the mirror dur-
ing the time it remained before him, but
when removed he went quietly and com-
posed himself upon the upper perch, as
if nothing had excited him.

This bird was preserved in the Avi-
ary of Mr. Beale at Canton, which ap-
pears to be the most excellent establish-
ment of the kind in existence.

MISS FANNY KEMBLE BUTLER.—
This spirited and popular lady seems
to have placed herself in rather an awk-
ward predicament. It has long been
well understood that the pretty little
scraps of poetry from the pen of Miss K.,
which had adorned the columns of the
Mirror, were not her only compositions
since her sojourn amongst us. Her
travels were written out, and copies
thereof placed simultaneously in the
hands of London and Philadelphia pub-
lishers. We do not know that the
change in her destiny, by reason of
which her father departed alone and
dissatisfied, had any thing to do with
the appearance or non-appearance of
her book; but certain it is, that the
American edition has been suppressed;
and rumour says, that the fact of
the lady's taking up her abode amongst
us to work great and surprising changes
in her views of American society and
manners. It is also whispered that the
orders to suppress the London edition,
until the revised substitute should be
received, did not reach the British
capital soon enough. At all events,
portions of the lady's printed journal
are said to have been received both in
this city, and in Boston, and the tone
of her remarks upon some of the most
respectable citizens by whom she was
kindly received and entertained, but
ill corresponds with the polite atten-
tions bestowed upon the niece of John
Phillip Kemble and Mrs. Siddons.—
We know not that these things are so;
but the specimens which we this even-
ing publish from the Boston transcript,
look very like it.—N. York Commercial
Advertiser.

INTERPRETING IN THE LITERAL SENSE.
—"Byrne," inquired our friend—who
thought it high time that the driver as
well as the horse should be "trotted
out,"—"what pretty blunder was that
you made about the books Miss Caro-
line told you to bring from the Water-
ford circulating library?" "Oh, don't
thread on my corns before the En-
glish quality entirely, master honey!"
"very well Byrne; they will certainly
hear the story in Bannow." "Then
I may as well tell it at once," said Mat-
ty, "and so the mistake was all on
her side; for I'll go bail what I brought
her was more value than what she
wanted.—"Any command, Miss, for
Waterford? says I. "Yes," says she;
"go to the library, and bring me Hogg's
Tales: I want them very much." "To
the library to fetch hog's tails!" says
I; that's a queer place to get them.
"Not at all," says she, "at the English
library, where else would you get
Hogg's Tales? Oh! very well, Miss,"
says I, as it's the English library, I
suppose they keep all sortings there.—
"To be sure they do," says she; "you
won't forget." Did I ever forget any-
thing you bid me? says I, "when I
do," says I, "it'll be time enough for
you to be backbitching me," says I; which
is a thing no young lady ought to do
to a decent man." And off I went in

a buff. Well the bustle of the town
and one thing or another, bothered me
so, that I forgot where she said I was to
get the hog's tails; so I walked on to
the shambles, and haunted every stall in
the place, but never a man there would
cut off the tail of his pig for me, be-
cause they all said that the tail was
the beauty of the baste. So, when I
couldn't get the tails, I bought two of
the prettiest bacon faces you ever saw,
thinking they'd do for Miss Caroline
as well as the hog's tails! And to be
sure the laugh they riz agin me, for
it turned out that what she wanted was
a story book, written by one Mister
Hogg—and sure that's a queer name
for a Christian!—Mrs. S. C. Hall.

ASCENT OF THE SPIRE AT STRAT-
FORD.—I entered the church with
the intention of climbing to the top of
its spire; but gave it up on listening
to the sacristan's account of the ascent.
My son, however, who is not easily
discouraged by threatened fatigue, per-
severed in his determination, and ach-
ieved the enterprise, but confessed,
when it was over, that it was neither
easy or agreeable. About half the tre-
mendous height (500 feet) is scaled
by steps on the outside of the spire;
and though these are protected by a
rail, it is so slight and its supports are
so distant from each other, that it takes
but little from its horrors. It is on re-
cord that three females having been at
different times so overpowered by the
giddy eminence which they had reach-
ed when climbing it, that they have
thrown themselves off in a momentary
fit of delirium and had been dashed to
atoms. The latest of these awful acci-
dents occurred within the last ten years;
and the man who recounted the tale
to Henry, while he was standing on
the self-same pinnacle, told him that
he had himself witnessed it. He said
that the unfortunate creature was quite
a young girl, and the first symptom
she gave of her senses wavering, was
excessive mirth. She laughed and
shouted as if in extacy; and having
reached a point where nothing inter-
cepted her view of the abyss below,
she sprang off, screaming wildly as she
fell.—Mrs. Trollope.

A copper coin (a cent) was recently
dug up in a garden in Washington,
which bears a curious relation to a part
of our American history. It had on
one side a head of George the III, and
the words "Georgius III, Rex,"
around the edge. On the opposite
side are represented the coats of arms
of England, Scotland, Ireland, and
Virginia, quartered; and on the edge
the words and figures "Virginia 1773."
The following historical facts are here
distinctly referred to. During the us-
urpation of Cromwell, the Colony of
Virginia refused to acknowledge his au-
thority and declared itself independent.
Shortly after finding that Cromwell
threatened to send a fleet and army to
reduce Virginia to subjection, and
fearing the ability of this feeble state
to withstand this force, it sent over in
a small ship, a message to Charles II,
then an exile at Breda, in Flanders.—
Charles accepted the invitation to
come over to be King of Virginia, and
was on the eve of embarking, when he
was called to the throne of England.—
As soon as he was restored to the
crown of England, in gratitude for the
loyalty of Virginia he caused her coat
of arms to be quartered with those of
England and Scotland, as an indepen-
dent member of the Empire. The
above coin is clearly confirmatory of
these facts. Hence the origin of the
phrase, "Old Dominion," frequently
applied to Virginia.—Washington Re-
porter.

THE ROYAL GAZETTE.

TERMS—16s. per Annum, exclusive
of Postage.

Advertisements not exceeding Twelve
Lines will be inserted for Four Shillings
and Sixpence the first and one Shilling
and Sixpence for each succeeding In-
sertion. Advertisements must be ac-
companied with Cash and the Insertions
will be regulated according to the amount
received. Blanks, Handbills, &c. &c.
can be struck off at the shortest notice.

AGENTS FOR THE ROYAL GAZETTE.

SAINT JOHN,	Mr. Peter Duff.
SAINT ANDREWS,	Mr. G. Miller.
DORCHESTER,	E. B. Chandler.
SALISBURY,	R. Scott, Esq.
KENT,	J. W. Weldon, Esq.
MIRAMICHI,	Edward Baker, Esq.
KENT (CO. OF YORK),	Geo. Moorhouse, Esq.
WOODSTOCK, and	Mr. C. Raymond.
NORTHAMPTON,	James Tilley, Esq.
SHEFFIELD,	Doctor Barker.
GASTOWN,	Mr. W. F. Bonnell.
KINGSTON,	Mr. W. Davidson.
HAMPTON,	Mr. Samuel Hallet.
SUSSEX VALE,	J. C. Foul, Esq.