

POETRY.

(Selected.)

THE DAISY IN INDIA.

FROM THE LONDON MAGAZINE FOR JUNE 1823.

Supposed to be addressed by the Rev. Dr. Carey, the learned and illustrious Baptist Missionary, at Serampore, to the first plant of this kind, which sprung up unexpectedly in his garden, out of some English earth, in which other seeds had been conveyed to him from this country. The subject was suggested by reading a letter from Dr. Carey to a botanical friend in England.

Thrice welcome, little English Flower!
My mother-country's white and red;
In rose or lily, till this hour,
Never to me such beauty spread;
Transplanted from thy Island-bed,
A treasure in a grain of earth;
Strange as a spirit from the dead,
Thine embryo sprang to birth.

Thrice welcome, little English Flower!
Whose tribes beneath our natal skies
Shut close their leaves while vapours lower;
But when the sun's gay beams arise,
With unabashed but modest eyes,
Follow his motion to the west,
Nor cease to gaze till day light dies,
Then fold themselves to rest.

Thrice welcome, little English Flower!
To this resplendent hemisphere,
Where Flora's giant offspring tower
In gorgeous liveries all the year:
Thou, only thou, art lilies here,
Like worth be-friended or unknown;
Yet unto my British heart more dear
Than all the torrid zone.

Thrice welcome, little English Flower!
Of early scenes beloved by me,
While happy in my father's bower,
Thou shalt the blithe memorial be:
The fairy-sports of infancy,
Youth's golden age and manhood's prime;
Home, country, kindred friends with thee
Are mine in this far clime.

Thrice welcome, little English Flower!
I'll rear thee with a trembling hand:
O for the April sun and showers,
The sweet May-dews of that fair land,
Where daisies, thick as starlight, stand
In every walk!—that here might shoot
Thy scions, and thy buds expand,
A hundred from one root:

Thrice welcome, little English Flower!
To me the pledge of hope unseen:
When sorrow would my soul o'erpower
For joy that were, or might have been,
I'll call to mind, how—fresh and green,
I saw thee waking from the dust,
Then turn to heaven with brow serene,
And place in God my trust.

J. MONTGOMERY.

VARIETIES.

A MISER.

(FROM THE DUMFRIES COURIER.)

An extraordinary scene occurred at Landis, parish of Newabbey, in the immediate neighbourhood of the Abbot's Tower, and at a short distance from the finest ruin in the south of Scotland, on Tuesday last the 6th July. On the morning of that day, Robert Farries, better known by the name of "the Master," a man of learning, and for many years a public teacher, was seen tottering across his own threshold, and though immediately supported by his kind neighbours, sank from exhaustion to the cold ground, and expired, after a brief struggle, in the 76th year of his age. In many respects he was a remarkable character, and we hazard very little when we say, that a more intense miser never existed. Such were the misery and destitution of his dwelling, that a common beggar would have been ashamed to live in it—such the general poverty of his appearance, that he has been known to wear his stepmother's petticoats, and flich a hat or doublet from the scare-crows in the field. Externally, his domicile looked like other cottages; internally, it was filled with all sorts of rubbish, and contained fewer articles of furniture than the poorest cabin, and altogether looked more like a den for wild beasts than the abode of an intelligent human being. Acquisitiveness, however trifling the object, seemed to be the chief business and pleasure of his life; what others threw away he carefully picked up, and if there be any truth in the doctrines of phrenology, there must have been as great a discrepancy between certain bumps on his head as there is between Criffel and Glenhill. For a quarter of a century, he was a sedulous gatherer of sticks, rags, needles, pins, rusty nails, twine, cord—wool found adhering to a thorn bush—feathers dropped by fowls at the moulting season; and had stowed these articles so industriously away that by a little more labour in the same way, he must have built or thrust himself out of his dwelling. The passages that led to his bed and fire-place seemed, on a first glance, as impenetrable as a thicket, and no one durst attempt to thread his way through either without adopting precautions for the safety of his eyes. But the experiment was very seldom made, and the miser's cottage bore at least this resemblance to the monarch's palace, that the right of entrance was enjoyed by few. The owner of the mansion kept a key, and was so well aware of its use, that it was perhaps the only article in his possession that was permitted neither to rest nor rust. And yet the hearth, thus jealously guarded, was the inhospitable looking spot we ever beheld; two crazy chairs, a pot, cleek, hand-basket, horn spoon, bacon ham, and three or four herrings, as antique as smoke and dust could make them, were the only articles that spoke of the commissariat; behind, before, above and around, huge piles of fire-wood hid the walls and every thing else; and, if Mr. Farries' visitors at any time attempted to rest, they must have resembled persons seated in a mail coach, whose knees come into absolute and frequent con-

tact. The whole cottage was filled with combustibles, dried almost to the state of tinder; and it certainly redounds to the owner's credit that he lived among touch wood, and never seathed—nay, almost among gunpowder, and never was blown up. Nothing, in fact, but the greatest care could have prevented him from being burnt out of house and hall. With galore of billets of all sorts and sizes, and a store of peats he was careful to keep up, he was exceedingly sparing in the use of either, even if extravagant, his stock would have lasted many years; and it is a remarkable fact that the bottom of his peat-stack was risen from a moss time out of mind, and formed part of his moveables, when he emigrated from Lochruton thirty-eight or forty years ago. The fire on which he cooked his potatoes, though little bigger than a goose nest, was carefully covered up at other times; and though he sometimes used a taper to enable him to clout his duds, or darn his hose, he grudged even to see a spark wasted, and was so cautious in the management of the bit of dried fir, that he never once was menaced with the appearance of fire—Such, in fact, was his passion for accumulation, that it was impossible to pay the last duties to his corpse until the neighbours, by handling spades and mattocks, had cleared the premises of cart loads of rags and other lumber. During this process, his body, though covered, lay near the threshold; and we never shall forget the vivid terms in which the notary employed to write his will, and who arrived with it an hour too late, described the feelings excited in his mind when he glanced within the dismal den, and without at a still more repulsive spectacle. That nothing might escape him, the penurious old man was in the habit of carrying a staff, shod with sharp iron, and on the morning of the day on which he died, he gave a striking example of the "ruling passion strong in death." It so chanced that the sister of his landlord had purchased and made a new gown a patch or two of which the housemaid had removed among other sweepings; and though poor Farries could hardly crawl, he kept doubling with his long staff at the fragment of cotton or worsted, and seemed almost ready to ban the innocent wind, that for a time tossed it to and fro. At that period he was known to be very ill, and when the servants observed how he was occupied, they laughed, and remarked "the master's no fey yet—he's at his auld trade of hunting shapings."

Having described the miser's residence, we must next give a sketch of his history, habits and general character. He was born in the parish of Urr, of poor but respectable parents, in the year 1754, evinced a taste for learning from his earliest days, fought his way to scholarship by teaching others, attended College one or two seasons, became a private tutor, acquitted himself very creditably while in that situation, and from merit alone was appointed parochial schoolmaster of Lochruton more than half a century ago. From Lochruton he was translated to the beautiful village of Newabbey, and acted in the same capacity under different clergymen, from Sept. 1792, till May, 1806. From all we can learn, he was qualified, in addition to the more common branches of learning, to teach Latin, Greek and French correctly, had some knowledge of Italian, and was deeply, or at all events extensively read, in history, general literature, and controversial divinity. But his peculiarities militated against his usefulness. In the detection of these most children are proverbially quick, and when the urchins discovered that nothing precipitated him more than such trifles as pins, needles or quills, they ceased to cherish that respect for his character which is deemed essential to the ends of teaching. For years he struggled against the stream, lost his authority more and more, and at last was so annoyed by a set of froward youths or boys, that he quitted the noisy mansion, retired to a cottage on the farm of Landis, and betook himself to other methods of money saving and meal getting. This occurred in 1806, but to the last he retained the office of parish precentor, with the salary of £3 a year, officiated as an elder, taught a Sunday school, and kept the books of a bank for savings. For the long period of 38 years, he never was absent from the church but once, that was the last Sunday he lived; and though confined to the house by a severe indisposition, he employed himself in learning a new tune. While resident in Newabbey, "the Master's" house, however poorly kept, afforded shelter to his father and stepmother—the matron whose garments, after her decease, he cut up and made available in various ways, besides saving and covering threadbare breeches. Though these individuals must have been more or less burdensome and though the wages and fees of parochial teachers were alike inconsiderable 40 years ago, he contrived to amass a sum little short of 1,000l.—a sum which he afterwards unfortunately lent on what he deemed competent security. But the friend he confided in became a bankrupt—a tremendous blow to the miser's hope, which many persons predicted would drive him mad. But his sufferings were confined to his own breast, and with the remnant of his fortune, he began the world anew.

On removing to Landis, a beautiful spot, his step mother went with him; and as long as she lived, managed to keep his cottage tolerably rid, spread more comfort round the hearth, and applied a broom occasionally to the floor. At her death he learnt to do every thing for himself; cooked, washed and mended by turns; filled the old woman's bed with all sorts of lumber; carried home logs that seemed a fitter load for a horse than a man; seemed to indicate by his zeal in carrying sticks, his fears that the trees around Landis would sink into the earth or be swept into the sea before he had tilted them to the full bent of his inclination. Though a hermit when at home, he went much abroad for the double purpose of saving and society. In a number of families he was a welcome guest, and rendered himself acceptable in a variety of ways; taught little boys to read, discussed the news and other topics with the farmers, gossiped with their wives, sons and daughters, visited the sick, administered spiritual consolation, and attended funerals far and near. During his winter migrations, he carried a lantern and after tea or supper received,

as one of his perquisites, the rag end of a candle to light him home. But "the Master" could walk very well in the dark, and before he had proceeded many paces, he was so careful to extinguish and husband the taper that among other items of "world's gear," he had accumulated a whole chestful of douds! To one gentleman he performed the office of amanuensis, was received as an accredited parlour guest, and beside cast clothes, which enabled him to enact the dandy on Sundays, was treated to a supper and a glass of toddy as often as he chose to repeat his visits. After sermon, 52 times a year, he officiated as chaplain in two different families—in the one case after tea, and the other after supper.

From Mrs. Sprout, Landis, received daily milk and bread—(potatoes he had always within himself) enjoyed divers other privileges, and in return aided his friend in harvest, faring like others during the whole period. In this way his outgoings were limited to his rent and the halfpenny he dropped into the plate at church, and it is believed by one who knew him well, that he hardly spent in addition a groat a year. Among other things he was a diligent collector of manure by the way side and other places, and as often as he helped to fill his neighbours' carts with dung, walked through the most attachable part of the heap, and carefully cherished what adhered to his clogs, until he could deposit the same on the crown of his own dungstead. This species of industry enabled him to plant such a breadth of potatoes, that, in addition to supplying his own wants, he sold every year a ton or more. Though frequently offered the use of a cart, the produce was raised and carried home by himself, that the neighbours might not know how much he had; and every time he retired with a basketful, he carried home his grape at the same time, lest by any accident it should chance to be lost! The surplus he sold late in the season, when he was sure to obtain the highest price. On one occasion a female villager called on him with the view of purchasing a cwt. of potatoes. The cost, according to her reckoning, was 2s.; but our hero had learnt from the Dumfries papers that the price had advanced to 2s. 2d. A haggling battle of course ensued, and "the Master," at last, so far relented that he credited the villager the odd twopenny. The woman was honest, and though she took a little credit, ultimately paid the odd money, and "the Master," again deviated so far from his usual habit, that he rewarded her punctuality by the magnificent present of three odd potatoes! At the risk of being thought dull and tedious, we must lengthen the list of these anecdotes. On another occasion Mr. Sprout, tenant of Landis, borrowed his friend's gimlet, failed to return the article, forgot that he had it, and sent for the same little implement a second time. "My gimlet," said the Master, "I'll soon tell you about that, and, turning to his day-book, exclaimed pettishly, "he borrowed it two years past in March, and never sent it back." With his shoemaker, whom he paid on the principal of barter, he was, if possible, still more particular. From the old nails he collected he manufactured spindles and other articles; and having visited his friend with a pair of shoes to be shod with iron, he waited till the operation could be properly completed. Before setting out, he counted the spindles, but failed to do so on quitting his friend's shop. This oversight he discovered the moment he returned home, hurried back to the village, and insisted on knowing what had become of the other three spindles. On a late occasion, when he felt himself unwell, he purchased a whole penny worth of epsom salts. While returning home he met with a friend, who furnished him with a small parcel of senna, and counselled him to compound, the two medicines. Well said Thompson, "a penny saved is a penny got," and "the Master" accordingly took the senna by itself, returned the salts, and got back his money.

We have already stated that Mr. Farries was a regular attendant at funerals. On these occasions, he made a practice of glauing at the biggest pieces of bread, and fullest glasses of wine, and though a regular man in every thing else, was no enemy to a multiplicity of services. This propensity occasionally led him into awkward scrapes. Not contented with pouching more than was seemly, he has been observed hiding a large piece of bread, by holding his hand under the table, and if called on to officiate when thus engaged, such dogs as happened to be near the spot, beset him, gurred and bit his fingers. Scenes such as this occurred more than once in the house of mourning, and as nothing short of the power of a vice could induce him to relax his miser hold, a severe struggle ensued between a feeling of pain and a sense of duty—between the besetting sin, decency, and a regard to outward appearances.

But, though no friend to dogs, Mr. Farries was a patron and a fancier of cats. As his house was well furnished with scraps, the mice were bold enough to enter in, and to trespass their incursions, he at one time had two grimalkins on his establishment, which he named after some Roman or British hero, and treated better than he treated himself. When unwell he nursed them tenderly and kindly, and when they died, buried them in some sunny nook, and planted a stone to distinguish their graves. Afterwards he reduced his establishment to one solitary cat, and as the feelings of avarice entwined themselves more closely round his heart, flayed his favourites the moment they died, and covered an old hat with the skin, preserving even the parts that had furred the legs, ears, and tail, and which dangled most curiously, like so many tassels from his every day chapeau. As to that charity which consists in giving money it was at all times up hill work with our hero; to him his purse was as dear as his heart strings, and on a late occasion, when a most distressing case occurred in the parish he declined to give any thing, much to the disappointment of the respectable householders, who went round to receive the offerings of benevolence. Still he was charitable in his own way, and frequently wrote letters for his poorest acquaintances, and even lent them a hand while digging their gardens. During the last fortnight of his sin-

gular life, the deceased was unable to retire to a bed—as difficult of access as the walls of Troy—feeling night and day on the piles of fire wood with which his house was filled, and only saw a doctor once. When advised to make his will, he grudged the expense, but at last yielded to the influence of a much valued and most respectable friend, and in devising his effects, evinced equal judgment and gratitude. But it was too late. As already stated, he breathed his last before the deed could be signed, and in place of rewarding those who were kind to him, his property, amounting to between 300l. and 400l. will be claimed by, and conceded to, every distant relation, to whom he never intended to bequeath a farthing.

Mr. Farries' funeral took place on Friday last, when we attended, among others, chiefly, we fear, from motives of curiosity. After his remains were decently interred, his repositories were opened, in presence of a considerable number of persons. The scene was singular in a high degree, and every body wondered how a man could live so long in such a close, unhealthy, dirty and dismal looking den. To hunt for his effects was like digging in the ruins of Herculaneum. At last, various valuables were ferreted out, including a bond, a bill and 2l. in silver. To describe the motley assembly of articles, mouldy or moth-eaten, would require a volume, such as pots of butter, become rancid from over economy, webs of linen, cloths, blankets, and sheets, carefully excluded from sun and wind; nicknacks without end; a bottle or two of weak whiskey and blashy wine that had figured at a funeral 16 years ago; a barrel half filled with mouldy bread; a supply of horring brine that had served as salt; a ham that had hung in the chimney ten years; hering and flounders, nearly equally and cient; hundreds of walking sticks, trimmed and polished, which were carried off as relics by all and sundry; and last, though not least, probably, ten thousand tooth picks, of all sorts and sizes from a crow up to a swan quill. But we must hasten to the close of this lengthened and hasty article. Mr. Farries had only one fault; and that fault, was intense avarice. In every other respect he was a quiet, inoffensive, pious man, of good talents and considerable learning, willing to instruct the young and illiterate, a lover of order and good neighbourhood. Still we think it right, where we can hardly wound the feelings of any one, to exhibit his character fully and fearlessly; not certainly in the spirit of idleness or wantonness, but on the broad moral principle, and the exposure of every flagrant vice or failing tends to shame it out of countenance, loosen its hold, and weaken its influence.

BYRON'S ENTRANCE OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

He was then just come of age, or about to be so; and one of his objects in this visit to the metropolis was, to take his seat in the House of Lords before going abroad; but, in advancing to this proud distinction, so soothing to the self importance of youth, he was destined to suffer a mortification which wounded him as deeply as the sarcasms of the *Edinburgh Review*. Before the meeting of Parliament he wrote to his relation and guardian, the Earl of Carlisle, to remind him that he should be of age at the commencement of the session, in the natural hope that his lordship would make an effort to introduce him to the house; but he was disappointed. He only received a formal reply, acquainting him with the technical mode of proceeding, and the etiquette to be observed on such occasions. It is therefore not wondered that he should have resented such treatment; and avenged it by those lines in his satire, for which he afterwards expressed his regret in the third canto of *Childe Harold*. Deserted by his guardian at a crisis so interesting, he was prevented for some time from taking his seat in Parliament, being obliged to procure affidavits in proof of his grandfather's marriage with Miss Trevannion, which having taken place in a private chapel at Carhaiis, no regular certificate of the ceremony could be produced. At length, all the necessary evidence having been obtained, on the 13th of March, 1809, he presented himself in the House of Lords alone,—a proceeding consonant to his character, for he was not so friendly nor unknown but that he might have procured some Peer to have gone with him. It however served to make his introduction remarkable. On entering the House, he is described to have appeared abashed and pale.—He passed the wheelbarrow without looking round, and advanced to the table where the proper officer was attending to administer the oaths. When he had gone through them, the chancellor quitted his seat, and went towards him with a smile putting out his hand in a friendly manner to welcome him; but he made a stiff bow, and only touched with the tip of his fingers the chancellor's hand, who immediately returned to his seat. Such is the account given of this important incident by Mr. Dallas, who went with him to the bar; but a characteristic circumstance is wanting. When Lord Eldon advanced with the cordiality described, he expressed with becoming courtesy his regret that the rules of the house had obliged him to call for the evidence of his grandfather's marriage. "Your lordship has done your duty, and no more," was the cold reply, in the words of Tom Thum, and which probably was the cause of the marked manner of the chancellor's cool return to his seat."

MATRIMONIAL ANECDOTE.—Lady Nelson was a widow at the time of her union with the "Hero of the Nile," and had a son by her first husband. This son Captain Nesbitt, resided with her after Lord Nelson's demise; and her daily prayer to him was, that he would marry. "Now, my dear son, do marry. There is Miss Oke, and Miss Ducazel, and Miss Turquand all fine girls and fine fortunes;—my dear Josiah, why don't you marry? I beg and intreat you will marry." To this strain there was a daily *de capo*; but to apparently in vain. The captain was proof against all the blandishments which his mother contrived should be brought to play against him, and held on the even tenor of his course in single blessedness. One evening, however, the Viscountess turned from the persuasive mood to the authoritative,

and after dwelling at some length on her favorite subject, rose into this noble peroration:—"Josiah, I, your mother, lay my commands on you to marry."—"Madam, they are obeyed," pointing to a very pretty girl, her ladyships companion, who sat blushing by her side. "Lady Nelson, there is Mrs. Nesbitt. Fanny, my love, kiss your mother."

FORTUNATE SPORTSMAN.

Sir John Shirley's celebrity as a first rate shot and breeder of sporting dogs (in which he is wholly unrivalled) is already well established. It may not, however, be so generally known that at one time he was considered the greatest winner of public money upon the turf—keeping the least number of horses of any member of the Jockey Club, from two to six horses each year (from 1802 to 1821) comprising his entire stud. Under James Edwards, his trainer, at Newmarket, he won the following:—

1809	£1749 00	1816	£1732 10
1810	1302 10	1817	1622 10
1811	5523 00	1818	1522 10
1812	5150 10	1819	2712 10
1813	2917 00	1820	4224 10
1814	218 00	1821	942 05
1815	6500 10		

Thus clearing a sum of 43,316l. 10s. inclusive of the vast sums won by the private bets which Sir John was accustomed to make when encouraged by his trainer, and the price for which his race horses have been sold. It is confidently asserted that he netted 20,000l. by his famous horse Phantom [Bells Life in New York.]

DESTRUCTION OF GAME BY CROWNED HEADS.

Charles III. of Spain, a little before his death, boasted to a foreign ambassador that he had killed with his own hands 539 wolves, and 323 foxes! and this he was enabled to tell accurately, as he kept a diary of this important matter.

When the King of Naples (the greatest sportsman in Europe) was in Germany, about the year 1792, it was said in the German papers, that in the different times he had been shooting in Austria, Bohemia, and Moravia, he had killed 5 bears, 1820 wild boars, 1968 stags, 13 wolves, 354 foxes, 15,350 pheasants, 1121 rabbits, 16,354 hares, 1626 she goats, 1625 roebucks, and 12,435 partridges.

The following is an account of the destruction of game in Bohemia by a hunting party of which the King of France made one, in 1755. There were 23 persons in the party, 3 of whom were ladies; the Princess Charlotte of Lorraine was one of them. The chase lasted eighteen days, and during that time they killed 47,950 head of game and wild deer; of which 19 were stags, 17 roebucks, 10 foxes, 18,245 hares, 19,649 partridges, 949 pheasants, 114 larks, 353 quails, 454 other birds. The Emperor fired 1798 shots, and the Princess Charlotte 9010; in all there were 16,910 shots fired.—[ib.]

John Sheeler, who swore in Montreal that he saw a man murdered by three brothers named Young, but who established their innocence, has been convicted, of perjury, sentenced to imprisonment and stand twice in the pillory. Rotten eggs are too good for him.

Love-letter paper is made in New Jersey, scented with rose and geranium. The scent will last for years, and is safely warranted to outlast half the love inscribed upon it.—*N. Y. Paper.*

FRENCH POLITENESS.—The following compliment was lately paid by a Parisian dentist to a lady. He had made several ineffectual attempts to draw out her decayed tooth, and finding at last that he must give it up, he apologized by saying, "The fact is, madame, it is impossible for any thing bad to come from your mouth."

At the close of the American revolution, when Washington took leave of Lafayette, his parting words were—"You have served an apprenticeship to liberty in America, now go to France and set up for yourself!"

Great preparations are making in Cutch to celebrate the marriage of the young Rao, who is now between 13 and 14 years old; he is to marry four wives at once. The preparations are in a style of magnificence befitting the occasion.—*Bombay Gaz.*

A few days since a potatoe root was dug up in a garden at Greesh St. Michael, near this town, with the astonishing number of 150 fine potatoes attached, besides others which were injured in the digging. The potatoes were of the species called "the Farmer's Glory."—*Taunton Courier.*

LAST NOTICE!

THOSE Persons who are indebted to the Subscriber are hereby requested to make payment forthwith, or call and settle by Note of Hand, either with himself or the Agents for the Gazette, otherwise their Accounts will be put in suit.

GEO. K. LUGRIN.

June 21, 1830.

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GEORGE K. LUGRIN.

August 11, 1829.

THE ROYAL GAZETTE.

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