

(Selected.)

BY THE REV. W. L. BOWLES.

But all is desert now ! silent the bell  
That heard at dawn, from yon sole turret high,  
Warn'd the cowl'd brother from his lowly cell ;  
Silent the Virgin's Hymn—the Litany,  
Sung to the painted Rood ; forsaken lie  
These fragments—pillars—mullions—arches grey !  
Whilst hollow winds amidst the ivy sigh,  
As if to mourn the shrines long rent away,  
And e'en the hallow'd tomb where BRITAIN'S  
ARTHUR lay :

And such is Glastonbury !—What of Wells ?  
Calm shines its Minister in the morning air ;  
The chaunt is heard within—and still the bells  
Peal out on holidays, or toll to prayer.  
Shall mould'ring Time reverse the fabric fair ?  
Yes ! for the living God is there ador'd,  
And Heav'n in the venerable pile shall spare,  
Because our Fathers have not left thy word,  
Nor sought for other guide, but only thee, oh Lord

\*Insula Avalonia was surrounded at that time by water.

**AWFUL DEATH.—BURIAL AT SEA.**

When we think ourselves in the greatest security we are oftentimes on the brink of destruction. The night was cloudy and dark, the breeze fresh, the ship under the guidance of an experienced pilot, and secured from rocks and shoals, we progressed rapidly by the islands. About midnight the pilot expressed himself thirsty, and went to the scuttle-butt, which stood just before the mainmast (for in those days we had those lumbering articles, to which was chained a tin pot) in order to gratify his desire. He had scarcely lifted the water to his lips when a peal of thunder roared over our heads, and the pilot was a corpse. He was struck dead by the lightning ! The vivid flash nearly blinded us, and the noise of the fall alone announced the calamity. He never sighed or spoke—he was dead in a second. The ancients considered a man struck by lightning as a favourite of the Gods, but the watch on deck evinced great doubts as to the favour bestowed ; and the second peal had rattled over our heads, before a sailor could be found valiant enough to remove the poor pilot from his sudden death-bed. On examining the corpse the next day, it was with the utmost difficulty the smallest spot could be discerned ; at last a little black speck, about the size of a pin's head, on the left side of the body was discovered, and it was settled by the surgeon that the pilot was dead, and that this same spot was the place where the electric fluid had entered the body. We buried him the next day after the following manner :—The sail-maker undertook to place the shroud in the shape of a hammock round the head of the unfortunate man, and cut the canvass to suit the figure of the body. DONNA he sat upon the corpse with all the non-chalance that a Spaniard would exhibit as he placed himself on a cushion at the feet of his adorable Donna Francesca. The body was enveloped in its last vestments ; the canvass stitched tightly round ; and two shot attached to the feet. I have heard it said that it was customary to run the needle in the last stitch through the nose of the corpse ; some may do it, but I certainly never remarked it myself. The bell tolled at eleven o'clock. Of all the sounds on board a ship the usual toll of the bell is the most melancholy ; and, although a ship does not afford those spurs to holy meditation like the aisle of a church where, seated in profound silence, the congregation wait the first burst of the organ to rise in solemn adoration ; still there is a profound solemnity when that bell tolls its unusual toll to summon us to the attendance of our last duty to a fellow-creature. Placed on a grating, the corpse was removed to the gangway or entrance part of the ship, and was covered with a Union Jack, the corner of which was fastened to the grating, and the grating was secured by a rope. The officers stood behind the Captain on the quarter-deck, while the crew assembled on the gangways and on the after-part of the booms ; the messmates of the deceased placed themselves by the side of the corpse, and, when all was silent, the bell stopped. The officers and ship's company uncovered, and the burial service was read. This fell to the lot of the purser, for the Captain rarely officiated ; indeed, with us in that ship the Captain was seldom called to the unpleasant attendance, for we were healthy, and never lost a man even in action while I was in her. At the part—"Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God," &c., the following words are altered to—"We therefore commit his body to the deep." A slight bustle occurred from the sailors' anxiety to catch a last glimpse of their fellow-creature ; a pause ensued in the service until the messmates of the deceased performed the final service by launching the corpse, grating, colours, and all, into the sea. It fell with a deep and solemn splash as the water rolled over the dead, enlarging its circles, the emblem of that eternity to which the body had been committed. The rustling noise of the water, as the grating was dragged through it by the motion of the ship, alone disturbed the solemn silence of the moment. The service was finished, and the ship's company retired to their usual avocations. It is certainly strange that in so small a com-

munity the death of one seems so little felt and so easily forgotten. The sale of the dead man's clothes, which usually follows on the first opportunity, erases him from the memory, and his name only lives on the ship's book and in the purser's accounts. The common sailor has an opinion, not easily removed, that the first occupation of the purser, after he has replaced his prayer-book on the shelf, is to charge to the dead man's account some few extra pounds of tobacco, and this idea I believe to have had its foundation in reality; for, in the early ages of the navy, all sorts of tricks were practised to swell the debit side of a sailor's account, and to place money in the purser's pockets. Hence the saying of the sailors, speaking of the talents of a purser, "Oh yes," says Jack, "he is a clever fellow, for he can make a dead man chew tobacco."—*Metropolitan Magazine*.

A great sensation has prevailed in the town of Ripon during the last few days in consequence of the sudden disappearance of two young persons of the names of Andrew Roy and Elizabeth Meadley. It appears they were strongly attached to each other, and that their intimacy had existed for two years. On Thursday evening, the 18th, this young couple were present at, and took part in, a dance at a pub-

ice house, along with the girl's parents, and some other friends of the parties; they all left the inn about 12 o'clock.—Roy accompanied his sweetheart home, and went into the house; he was rather intoxicated, and wished to remain there all night; the girl's father, who was also in liquor, objected, and urged him to go home. At this treatment, as well as from the disinclination of the young woman's friends to the match, he felt offended, and muttered something as he went away; before he quitted the house he asked to speak to Elizabeth—"only for three minutes" privately; her father reluctantly yielded to the joint entreaties of Roy and his daughter, and allowed her to go to the door. She then went out with her bonnet; after waiting for some time for her return, her mother went in search of them, but in vain. Nothing was heard of the parties on Friday or Saturday; still it was hoped that they might have gone off for the purpose of being married. On Sunday morning, however, a leather case, containing two flutes, was found in the river Ure, close by the town; these flutes were known to have been in Roy's possession, and used by him on the Thursday evening. The most painful apprehensions now began to be felt, and their parents were a prey to the most distressing fears. The river was dragged on Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday; hand-bills were distributed, and every inquiry set on foot by the Magistrates, and by the police under their directions; but all were fruitless till the afternoon of Tuesday, at four o'clock, when the body of the young woman was found, entangled by her long hair in some reeds and sand, about three miles down the river, betwixt Ripon and Boroughbridge. The next morning (Wednesday) the body of Roy was found near the spot where it is supposed they had gone into the river. A Coroner's inquest sat upon the bodies; but no evidence, except the substance of what has already been related, was adduced to throw any light on this mysterious affair, and a verdict of "Found drowned" was recorded. Roy, who was one of the band of the Yorkshire Hussars, was a fine looking man, about twentyseven years of age, and by trade a cabinet-maker.—The ill-fated young woman was about twenty-one very prepossessing in her appearance, and of unimpeachable character; she was a mantua-maker. Her father has excited the deepest sympathy among all classes. The funerals took place on Wednesday evening, and were attended by thousands; and the feeling exhibited by the assembled crowd was creditable to their humanity. One grave received the remains of the two lovers. It is difficult to find even the shadow of a reason for this act of desperation: Roy was in liquor, doubtless, and probably highly exasperated at the supposed unkind treatment of the girl's father, in urging him to go home; he had been drinking, too, for the last three or four days, as it had been the annual feast at Ripon, so that he had scarcely known what he did; and yet, from the house of Elizabeth's parents to the waterside is only about a mile. Elizabeth, whose fidelity was worthy of a better fate, would not, it is supposed, see him perish alone, and, in a momentary delirium, plunged in after him. It may be remarked that the parents of the young woman have been most unfortunate as regards some of their children, as three of them, previous to this melancholy circumstance, have met an untimely death—by drowning and by fire.

The following particulars are furnished by a correspondent :—

"I have known Roy from his childhood—his habits have been very irregular for some time—and his indolence has become such as to occasion sharp rebukes from his own father; he was fond of music, and of a romantic turn—given to company, and of a high ungovernable temper, which could not brook any opposition—his indolence and expensive habits kept him poor, and he seemed dissatisfied with himself and every thing about him. The poor girl, who I also knew personally, was very respectable in her situation—her father has excited great commiseration. Some think she would never go into the water without compulsion—and I did incline to that opinion; when, however, I was told how much she loved Roy, I came to the conclusion, that, seeing him madly resolved on self-destruction, she chose to perish with him! Near to the place where they had gone into the river, stands a fine

tree, under which they had spent many hours, and the spot being secluded and picturesque, it had been a favourite resort of the parties. One of our constables, who assisted in searching for the bodies, and who, indeed, was the man that found Roy, told me that he saw Roy and his sweetheart sitting under this tree about two months since, and coming up to them, he said jokingly; 'Bessy, this is a dangerous place to be in with a faithless lover, the water is close and very deep, take care he does not drown ye.'

"P. S. I am told that old Meadley and Roy had some very sharp words on the evening of the 18th, after the dance. Roy urged his wish to marry Miss Meadley, but her father repeatedly refused to give his consent, on the grounds that he could not support a wife and family. This refusal the impetuous young man resented with menaces, and amongst other intemperate expressions he exclaimed 'You will repent this.'"—*Leeds Mercury*.

ANECDOTES OF MR. ABERNETHY.—He received a visit from a lady one day who was well acquainted with his invincible repugnance to her sex's predominant disposition, and who therefore forebore speaking, —salutation was conducted during three visits in the following manner:—First day—Lady enters and holds out her finger—Abernethy, 'Cut?' Lady, 'Bite.' A. 'Dog?' L. 'Parrot.' A. 'Go home and pulitice it?' Second day—Finger held out again—A. 'Better?' L. 'Worse.' A. 'Go home and pulitice it again.' Third day—Finger held out as before—A. 'Better?' L. 'Well.' A. 'You're the most sensible woman I ever met with.—Good bye—Get out.'

As a proof of his humane and kind hearted feelings, which his eccentricities could not conceal, the following may stand as one among many instances :—A widow lady from a remote county brought up her daughter to consult our professor upon a chronic case which occupied many weeks to relieve, and a great consumption of regularly-tendered fees was entailed. It was obvious that the lady's affection for her daughter, and confidence in her medical adviser, were beyond all pecuniary considerations, although it was equally obvious that her means were scarcely equal to the widow's expenditure on the occasion of her town visit. When the period arrived for the parties to return into the country, Mr. Abernethy presented the young lady with a small parcel to take home with her, in which he informed her was a little present to reward her good behaviour under bodily affliction. On opening the parcel, it contained all the fees which the mother had given the professor by which delicate mode of proceeding, he avoided the ostentation of conferring an obligation, and obviated the embarrassment which the widow's feeling would otherwise have been exposed to, in continuing to receive gratuitous advice for her daughter from a professional character upon whom she had no claim.—*Metropolitan*

PORTRAIT PAINTING IN ENGLAND.—Daniel Mytens, when he painted "The Spinster Queen Elizabeth," then vain, fantastic, wrinkled, and old, was charged by her Majesty, on his allegiance, to be careful not to put any shadows in her face. The obsequious painter obeyed, and enlarges. It would almost appear that Sir Thomas Lawrence had received a like injunction; for the last portrait of his illustrious patron is represented with a face that might suit one of the *vision Kings* in Macbeth, whilst his royal dandy wig is corporeally visible, and the most prominent feature of the elegant composition. The renowned Lord Chesterfield happened to have a very large head. He was sitting to a tyro for his picture. Few Noblemen possessed a finer understanding, or a more refined taste than his Lordship, but vanity predominated over his judgment in this affair of limning. "Mr. Cust, said his Lordship, "is it not rather strange, and indeed worthy your notice that all but the few very celebrated portrait painters, should have drawn their figures, with preternaturally large heads? Now, Sir, you are a rising artist, and I would advise you as a friend, if you wish to obtain patronage, to err the other way and design your heads rather too small than too large." Young Mr. Cust bore his wife about him, and instead of giving a proportion of the head of an ox, substituted the size of that of a full grown calf.—"If wise men and connoisseurs play the fool on these occasions," said Gainsborough, "it may be asked of critic declaimers, how is the portrait painter, if he wish to live, to live and be honest?"—*Library of the Fine Arts.*

**Acoustics.**—Beneath the Suspension Bridge across the Menai Strait, close to one of the main piers, is a remarkably fine echo. The sound of a blow on the pier with a hammer is returned in succession from each of the cross-beams which support the road way, and from the opposite pier, at a distance of 576 feet; and in addition to this, the sound is many times repeated between the water and the road way. The effect is a series of sounds, which may be thus described: the first return is sharp and strong from the road way over head; the rattling which succeeds dies away rapidly, but the single percussion from the opposite pier is very strong, and is succeeded by a faint palpitation repeating the sound at the rate of twenty-eight times in five seconds; and which therefore corresponds to a distance of 184 feet, or very nearly the double interval from the road way to the water. Thus it appears, that in the repercussion between the water and the road way, that from the latter only affects the ear, the line drawn from the auditor to the water being oblique for the sound to diverge sufficiently in that direction. Another peculiarity deserves especial notice, namely, that the echo from the opposite pier is best heard when the auditor stands precisely opposite the middle of the breadth of the pier, and strikes just on that point.

As it deviates to one or the other side, the return is proportionately fainter, and is scarcely heard by him when his station is a little beyond the extreme edge of the pier, though another person, stationed (on the same side of the water) at an equal distance from the central point, so as to have the pier between them, hears it well.

**EXECUTION.**—Richard Lewis, alias "Dick Penderin, whose case has excited, and still continues to excite, an unusual degree of public interest, was executed on Saturday the 13th inst. at Cardiff. He ascended the platform with a firm step; and declaring, as he walked up the ladder, "*I am going to suffer unjustly, God, who knows all things, knows it is so.*" When on the drop, he repeated his solemn protestations that he was innocent of the crime laid to his charge, and prayed ardently that God would receive his soul, and have mercy on those who had falsely accused him.—As the Minister of religion returned from the fatal scaffold, they heard Lewis Lewis, the revivified companion of Richard in the sentence of death, crying bitterly in his cell, and one of them went to him and remained with him some time alone, Lewis Lewis, with agonized earnestness, then said, "Richard is innocent for I know him not to have been there. I was by the soldier. If I had been sharing the same fate, I would have disclosed it on the scaffold." It is also particularly worthy of remark, that Richard, the day before his execution, being urged to make a full confession, as all hopes of mercy were gone, replied, "One way to obtain mercy is to *speak the truth*, and in asserting my innocence I do speak the truth." At the same time he freely admitted his criminality in participating in the wicked and riotous proceedings at Merthyr, but evidently considered himself unjustly treated in being singled out as the solitary victim, where so many were, at least, equally guilty. It will be remembered that the alleged crime for which he suffered was "stabbing Donald Black, one of the 93d Regiment of Highlanders, at Merthyr, on the 31st of June," *Cambran*.

LORD CHANCELLOR — WOLSEY's love of pageantry was on all occasions singularly ostentatious, and jars wonderfully with our modern notions of the deportment truly becoming a Judge. Those who have been accustomed to observe the exceedingly plain attire and simplicity of bearing of Lord Brougham, as he wended his way on foot to Westminster-hall, might well amuse themselves by contrasting it with their "mind's eye" the ludicrous pomp of the ancient Cardinal. When he issued out of his house for Westminster-hall he was apparelled all in fiery crimson satin, wearing upon his head a round pillbox. He had also a tippet of fine *sables* about his neck, holding in his hand a large orange, the meat of which was taken out and filled up again with a sponge soaked in vinegar. There was also borne before him, first, the Great Seal of England; and then his hat, by a Nobleman, *bare headed*. Then followed his Pursuivant-at-Arms with a great mace of silver, gilt; half a dozen footmen with gait poll-axes in their hands; and, when arrived near the door of the Court, his Gentlemen Usher used to roar out — "On, my Lords and Masters; on before; make way for my Lord's Grace!"

A very curious little ship of 64 guns, completely rigged, and but four inches long, executed by an officer in the navy, was shown the other day to his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, who has since recommended it to his Majesty, which he has been most graciously pleased to accept, esteeming it worthy of being placed in his Royal cabinet of curiosities. The materials of which it is composed are gold, silver, steel, brass, copper, ebony, ivory, hair, &c. The hull, masts, yards, booms, jack and ensign, are of ivory, and executed with singular minuteness; the guns, anchors, blocks, dead-eyes, &c. are silver, the 64 guns weighing only 50 grains.

**CHILD KILLED.**—Yesterday afternoon a fine little boy, between 3 and 4 years old, named John Stacey, son of a mason residing at Eldon place, Larkhall, had accompanied his father to work at Welcot New Church, for the purpose of having his protection during a temporary absence of his mother from home. The child had not been long in the building before it went unperceived, to a part where some masons were engaged above him in sawing through a block of freestone, part of which fell on him, and instantly crushed him to death.

Mr. Lawrence, silversmith, of Birmingham has obtained a patent for a piece of mechanism of great importance to equestrians. It is very compact, yet possessing great power; its object is to keep the saddle-girths in continual tension, with the capability of expansion or compression.

It is a curious circumstance in the war of the Scheldt, that the brother of our present, and the Uncle of our future Queen, were opposed to each other as commanders of the contending armies.

**KING'S COLLEGE.**—A very general opinion prevails that the managers of this institution are falling into the same error which has been so injurious to their rival—that of making it too exclusively a medical school. What was wanted and expected was a good school or college, at which all the higher branches of education might be obtained at a moderate rate; instead of being confined, principally, to a branch of science in which the metropolis already superabounds.

AN ECDOTE OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.—Nothing adds more to high rank than affability, of which we give the following as a specimen:—A citizen of Glasgow, while on a recent visit to London, having a strong desire to see the interior of the House of Lords, applied to a plainly-dressed person, but who he understood was a Peer, for an order, apologizing for the liberty he had taken—that he was a stranger, and at the same time presenting his card to the Nobleman, who politely remarked as he wrote the required order on the back, "From Scotland, I think?" "Yes, my Lord"—"Good morning, Sir." To the surprise of our countryman he read the order—"Admit the bearer, WELLINGTON."—*Edinburgh Advertiser.*

**THE LATE ILLUMINATION OUTRAGES.**—Mr. Lee, the High Constable of Westminster, attended *pro forma* at the Marlbo

rough-street Police-office on Thursday, relative to the immense damage done by the "mobility" at the late illuminations. The Petty Sessions which were held about two months since at Westminster hall were adjourned until Thursday, and the Magistrates, having consulted with each other, again adjourned until the 12th of October. There are four actions already commenced, two of which are at the instance of the Duke of Wellington and the Marquis of Londonderry. The Magistrates very judiciously allow the cases to stand over until a decision is made in the higher Courts.

**A BARGAIN NO BARGAIN.**—At the Marlborough-street Police-office, on Wednesday, two individuals were charged with creating a disturbance in Oxford street. One of them, a groom, was riding a mare down a gateway, when the other who was rather well dressed, asked what he wanted for his oss. The groom replied, "Ten guineas to you;" and I wouldn't give more than five," responded the interrogator. The groom thinking the other could not post so much of the needful, observed he should have him. The person produced five guineas, then laid hold of the mare, and would not part with his bargain. The Magistrates would not interfere.

**AN ACTUAL FACT.**—Between a Protestant clergyman and a Roman Catholic lawyer, who had very little good feeling towards each other, the following occurrence took place—"If (asked the clergyman) a neighbour's dog destroy my ducks, can I recover damages by law?" "Certainly" (replied the lawyer) you can recover; pray what are the circumstances?" "Why, Sir, your dog, last night, destroyed two of my ducks." "Indeed! then you certainly could recover the damages, what is the amount?" "I'll instantly discharge it. The demand of four shillings and sixpence was made and instantly paid, when the lawyer immediately made a demand of his fee, 6s. 8d., which, unless instantly paid, he should adopt legal means to recover." This singular fact illustrates the state of English law, by which, to gain is to lose. *Bath Journal.*

Lord JOHN RUSSELL was prepared for the University by the Rev. Mr. Smith, of Woodnesborough, near Sandwich, his Lordship's noble father selecting - what is termed a private education for Lord John on account of the noble lord having from his infancy exhibited symptoms of a delicate constitution, and the sea coast being considered infinitely more salubrious than the more confined halls and precincts of Eton, Winchester, or Westminster. Among the distinguished persons who imparted the rudiments of a College education with his Lordship at Woodnesborough were the Duke of Devonshire, the Duke of Leinster, and the Earls of Clare and Mountcharles.

The peasantry of this neighbourhood appear determined that threshing machines shall not again this year be used. On Saturday last a considerable number of the assembled together in the Wingham district, and forced all they met to join them. Among others, two young men who were at harvest at Rattingford were compelled to go with them, in order to save them selves from personal violence. One complaint is, that some of the farmers have mowed the wheat instead of reaping it.—*Kentish Chronicle.*

**HYDROPHOBIA FROM THE BITE OF HORSE.**—A Mr. Clarke, living about five miles from Cincinnati, Ohio, had a mare and colt bitten by a mad dog in January last. Both became mad, and died. The mare bit Mr. Clark on one of his fingers, but the wound healed up, and he thought little of it. On the 12th of July, Mr. Clarke was seized with a dreadful paroxysm, and was put into a boat to be conveyed to the city to receive medical assistance; but so great was his distress caused by the water, that they were obliged to carry him by land. After his arrival, the stein doctors put all the steam they could raise in requisition to cure him, but he grew worse—raved, foamed, and was convulsed all night. The next day, however, he was better, and hopes were entertained of his recovery.—*American Poppr.*

The Curate of Prez-en-Pail, in the department of Mayenne, having refused to celebrate a service for the victims of July the Mayor, the national guards, and the public functionaries, went in a body to the Church, and performed a funeral ceremony with great decency. The Bishop of Man's has, in consequence, placed the church under interdiction.—*French Paper.*

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