

POETRY.

Selected.

A SERENADE, BY HENRY NEELE.

Wake, lady, wake—the midnight moon
Sails through the cloudless skies of June;
The stars gaze sweetly on the stream,
Which, in the brightness of their beam,
One sheet of glory lies.
The glow-worm lends its little light,
And all that's beautiful and bright
Is shining on our world to-night,
Save thy bright eyes!

Wake, lady, wake—the nightingale
Tells to the morn her love-lorn tale!
Now doth the brook that's hushed by day,
As through the vale it winds its way,
In murmure sweet rejoice;
The leaves, by the soft night-wind stirr'd,
Are whispering many a gentle word,
And all earth's sweetest sounds are heard,
Save thy sweet voice!

Wake, lady, wake—thy lover waits:
Thy steed stands saddled at the gates:
Here is a garment rich and rare,
To wrap thee from the cold night air;
The appointed hour is flown—
Danger and doubt have vanished quite,
Our way before is clear and bright,
And all is ready for the flight,
Save thee alone!

Wake, lady, wake—I have a wreath,
Thy broad, fair brow shall raise beneath;
I have a ring that must not shine
On any finger, love, but thine—
I've kept my pledged vow.
Beneath thy casement here I stand,
To lead thee by thy own white hand,
Far from this dull and captive strand,
But where art thou?

THE SENSITIVE PLANT.

Nay little trembler, shrink not thus,
As though a foe were nigh;
I would not harm the smallest leaf,
Then let thy terrors fly.

Alas! 'mongst human kind, there be,
Hearts sensitive as thou,
Who hear in every tone reproof,
See frowns on every brow.

Oh may I ne'er such dark distrust
With needless caution blend!
But rather view, till else I've prov'd
Each stranger as a friend.

VARIETIES.

DEATH OF RICHARD LANDER.

(From the London Literary Gazette.)

We mentioned a fortnight ago, that one of the companions of our unfortunate countryman at the period of his assassination had returned home; and we have now the melancholy satisfaction of stating the particulars of that mournful event as collected from an eye witness, and a party to the contest. It is a sad, and a party to the contest. It is a sad, and a party to the contest.

Richard Lander and his associates entered the Brass River, and began ascending it in excellent spirits. With them were two or three negro musicians, who, when the labours of the day were over, cheered their countrymen with their instruments, at the sound of which they danced and sang in company, while a few Englishmen belonging to the party amused themselves with angling on the banks of the stream, in which, though not very expert, they were tolerably successful. In this pleasing manner, stemming a strong current by day, and resting from their toil at night, Richard Lander and his little band, totally unapprehensive of danger, and unprepared to overcome or meet it, proceeded slowly up the Niger. At some distance from its mouth, and on his way thither, they met King Jack-el, a relative of King Boy, and one of the heartless and sullen chiefs who rule over a large tract of marshy country on the banks of the Brass River. This individual was hailed by our travellers, and a present of tobacco and rum was offered him; he accepted it with a murmur of dissatisfaction, and his eyes sparkled with malignity as he said in his own language, "White man will never reach Eboe this time." This sentence was immediately interpreted to Lander by a native of the country, a boy, who afterwards bled to death from a wound in the knee; Lander made light of the matter, and attributed Jack-el's prophecy, for so it proved, to the petulance and malice of his disposition. Soon, however, he discovered his error, but it was too late to correct it, or evade danger which threatened him. On ascending as far inland as sixty or seventy miles, the English approached an island, and their progress in the larger canoe was effectually obstructed by the shallowness of the stream. Amongst the trees and underwood which grew on the island, and on both banks of the river in its vicinity, large ambuscades of the natives had previously been formed; and shortly after the principal canoe had grounded, its unfortunate crew, busily occupied in endeavouring to heave it into deeper water, were saluted with irregu-

lar, but heavy and continued discharges of musketry. So great was Lander's confidence in the sincerity and good-will of the natives that the destructive fire, by which he was literally surrounded, was any thing more than a mode of salutation they had adopted in honour of his arrival! But the Kroomen who had leaped into the boat, and who fell wounded by his side, convinced him of his mistake, and plainly discovered to him the fearful nature of the peril into which he had fallen so unexpectedly, and the difficulty he would experience in extricating himself from it. Encouraging his comrades with his voice and gestures, the traveller prepared to defend himself to the last; and a loud and simultaneous shout from his little party assured him that they shared his feelings, and would follow his example. Meanwhile several of the savages, having come out from their concealment, were brought by down by the shots of the English; but Lander, whilst stooping to pick up a cartridge from the bottom of the canoe, was struck near the hip by a musket-ball. The shock made him stagger, but he did not fall; and he continued cheering on his men. Soon finding, however, his ammunition expended, himself seriously wounded, the courage of his Kroomen beginning to droop, and the firing of his assailants, instead of diminishing, become more general than ever, he resolved to attempt getting into the smaller canoe, afloat at a distance, as the only remaining chance of preserving a single life. For this purpose, abandoning their property, the survivors threw themselves into the stream, and with much difficulty, for the strength of the current was incredible, most of them succeeded in accomplishing their object. No sooner was this observed by the men in ambush, than they started up, and rushed out with wild and hideous yells; canoes that had been hidden behind the luxuriant foliage which overhung the river, were in an instant pushed out into the middle of the current, and pursued the fugitives with surprising velocity, while numbers of people, with savage antics and furious gesticulations, ran and danced along the beach, uttering loud and startling cries. The Kroomen maintained, on this occasion, the good reputation which their countrymen have deservedly acquired; their lives depended on their energy and skill, and they impelled their slender bark through the water with unrivalled swiftness. The pursuit was kept up for four hours; and poor Lander, without ammunition or any defensive weapons whatever, was exposed to the straggling fire, as well as the insulting mockery of his pursuers. One incident which occurred in the flight deserves to be recorded. A white man named T—, completely overpowered by his fears, refused to fire on the savages who were within a paddle's length of him, but stood up in the canoe with a loaded musket in his hand, beseeching them by his gestures, to take him prisoner rather than deprive him of his life. While in the act of making this dastardly appeal, a musket ball from the enemy entered his mouth, and killed him on the spot. The others behaved with the greatest coolness and intrepidity. The fugitives gained on their pursuers; and when they found the chase discontinued altogether, Lander stood up, for the last time, in the canoe, and being seconded by his remaining associates, he waved his hat and gave a last cheer in sight of his adversaries. He then became sick and faint from loss of blood, and sank back exhausted in the arms of those who were nearest him. Rallying shortly afterwards, the nature of his wound was communicated to him by Mr. Moore, a young surgeon from England, who had accompanied him up the river, and whose conduct throughout this disastrous affair was most admirable; the ball could not be extracted, and Lander felt convinced that his career would soon be terminated. When the state of excitement to which his feelings had been wrought gave place to the languor which generally succeeds powerful excitement of any kind, the invalid's wound pained him exceedingly, and for several hours afterwards he endured with calmness the most intense suffering. From that time he could neither sit up, nor turn on his couch, nor hold a pen; but while he was proceeding down the river in a manner so melancholy, and so very different from the mode in which he was ascending it only the day before, he could not help indulging in mournful reflections; and he talked much of his wife, his children, his friends, his distant home, and his blighted expectations. It was a period of darkness, and distress and sorrow to him; but his natural cheerfulness soon regained its ascendancy over his mind,

and, freely forgiving all his enemies, he resigned himself into the hands of his Maker, and derived considerable benefit from the consolations of religion. The traveller's arrival at Fernando Po, and the account of his death, have already been made known to the public.

A THRILLING PASSAGE.

THE DEATH OF CHATELAI.

Extract from a powerful article in the last number of the American Magazine, under the title of 'Passage in the life of Mary Stuart.'

An hour had scarcely elapsed before the lights were extinguished through the vaulted hall of Holyrood—the guards were posted for the night, the officers had gone their rounds, the ladies of the royal circle were dismissed, and all was darkness and silence. In Mary's chamber a single lamp was burning in a small recess, before a beautiful painting of the virgin, but the light was not sufficient to penetrate the obscurity which reigned in the many angles and alcoves of that irregular apartment, although the moonbeams were admitted through the open casement.

Her garb of ceremony laid aside, her lovely shape scanty veiled by a single robe of spotless linen, her auburn tresses flowing in unrestrained luxuriance almost to her feet: if she had been a creature of perfect human beauty when viewed in all the pomp of royal pageantry, she now appeared a being of supernatural loveliness. Her small white feet, unsandaled, glided over the rich carpet with a grace, which a slight degree of fancy might have deemed peculiar to the inhabitants of another world. For an instant, ere she turned to her repose she leaned against the carved mullion of the window, and gazed pensively, and it might be sadly, upon the garden, where she had so lately parted from the unhappy youth whose life was embittered by that very feeling which, above all others, should have been its consolation. Withdrawing her eyes from the moonlight scene, she knelt before the lamp and the shrine which it illuminated, and her whispered orisons arose, pure as the source from which they flowed; the prayer of a weak and humble mortal, penitent for every trivial error, breathing all confidence in him who can alone protect or pardon the prayer of a queen for her numerous children; and, last and holiest of all woman's prayer, for her unfortunate admirer. Yes she prayed for Chatelai, that strength might be given to him from on high to bear the same crosses of a miserable existence, and that by divine mercy the hopeless love might be uprooted from his breast. The words burst passionately from her lips, her whole form quivered with excess of emotion, and the big tears fell like rain from her uplifted eyes. While she was in the very flood of passion, a sigh was breathed, so clearly audible, that the conviction flashed like lightning upon her soul, that this most secret prayer was listened to by other ears than those of heavenly ministers. Terror, acute terror, took possession of her mind, banishing by its superior violence every engrossing idea. She snatched the lamp from its niche, waved it slowly around the chamber, and there, in the most hallowed spot of her widowed chamber, aspy upon her unguarded moments, stood a dark figure. Even in that moment of astonishment and fear, as if by instinct, the beautiful instinct of purely female modesty, she snatched a velvet mantle from the seat on which it had been cast aside, and veiled her person even before she spoke, 'Oh, God it is de Chatelai!'

Sweet Queen, replied the intruder, 'bright beautiful ruler of my destinies, pardon—'

'What ho! she screamed in notes of dread intensity, 'a moi a moi mes Francois! My guards! Seton, Carmichael, Fleming! will you leave your queen alone! alone with treachery and black dishonor! Villain! Slave! she cried, turning her flashing eyes upon him, her whole form swelling as it were with the fury of injured innocence, 'didst thou think that Mary, Mary the wife of Francis, the anointed Queen of Scotland, would brook thine infamous addresses: nay, kneel not, or I spurn thee, What ho! will no one aid me in my extremity?'

'Fear nought for me,' faltered the wretched Chatelai; but with a voice like that of some inspired Pythianess, she broke in, 'fear thou that thou couldst fear a thing, an abject coward who would exult in the infamy of one whom he pretends to love? Fear thee! by heavens if I could have feared, contempt must have tormented thee!'

Nay, Mary, hear me! hear me but one word, if that word cost me my life!

'Thy life! hadst thou ten thousands lives they would be but a feather in the scale against thy monstrous villainy. What ho! again she cried stamping

with important anger at the delay of her attendants—'Treason! my Guards, treason! At length the passage rang with the hurried footsteps of the startled inmates of the palace, with torch and spear, and brandished blades they rushed into the apartment, page, sentinel and chamberlain, ladies with dishevelled hair and faces blanched with terror. The Queen stood erect in the centre of the room, pointing with one white arm bare to the shoulder, towards the wretched culprit, who with folded arms and head erect, awaited his doom in unresisting silence. His naked rapier, with which alone he might have foiled the united efforts of his enemies, lay at his feet; his brow was white as sculptured marble, and no less rigid, but his eye glared wildly and his lips quivered as though he would have spoken. The Queen, still furious from the wrong done her name, marked the expression. 'Silence!' she cried 'degraded! wouldst thou meanly beg thy forfeited life, wert thou my father, thou shouldst die to-morrow. Hence with the villain! Bid Maitland execute the warrant. Oursell; ourself will sign it, away! Chatelai dies at daybreak.'

'Tis well,' replied he calmly, 'it is well, the lips I love the best pronounce my doom; and I die happy since I die for Mary. Wouldst thou but pity the offender, while thou dost doom his offence, de Chatelai would not exchange his shortened span of life, and violent death, for the brightest crown in Christendom. My limbs may die, my love will live forever. Lead on minions, I am more glad to die than yet to stay! Mary, beautiful Mary, think hereafter upon Chatelai!'

The guards passed onward: last of the group, unfettered and unmoved, de Chatelai stalked after them. Once, ere he stopped beneath the low browed portal, he bowed; placed both hands upon his heart, bowed lowly, and then pointed upwards, as he once again chanted the Pensez a moi, Noble Dame, Pensez a moi. As he vanished from her presence, she waved her hand impatiently to be left alone, and all night long she traversed the floor of her chamber in paroxysms of the deepest despair. The warrant was brought to her; silently, sternly, she traced her signature beneath it; not a sigh of sympathy was on her pallid features, not a tremor shook her frame; she was passionless, majestic and unmoved. The Secretary left the chamber on his fatal errand and Mary was again a woman. Prostrate upon her couch she lay, sobbing and weeping as though her very soul was bursting from her bosom, defying all consolation, spurning every offer of remedy. 'Tis done! she would say, 'Tis done! I have preserved my fame and murdered mine only friend.'

The morning dawned slowly and the heavy bells of all the churches elapsed the death peal of Chatelai.

The tramp of the cavalry defiling from the palace gates struck on her heart as though each hoof dashed, on her bosom. An hour passed away, the roar of a culverin swept heavily downwards from the castle, and all was over! He had died as he lived, devoted! 'Mary, divine Mary!' were his latest words, 'I love in death as I love in life, thee and thee only.' The axe drank his blood, and the Queen of Scotland had not a truer servant left behind than he whom for a moment's phrenzy she was compelled to slay, yet was his last wish satisfied, for though the Queen might not relent, the woman did forgive, and, in many a mournful hour did Mary think on Chatelai.

THE OXY-HYDROGEN MICROSCOPE.

The proprietor of this extraordinary instrument is, by a further engagement with the managers of the Liverpool Theatre, enabled to continue this amusing and intellectual exhibition for another fortnight.

The subjects selected for inspection are of almost infinite variety: and such are the magnifying powers of the microscope, that the structure of the minutest animalcule, whatever element it may be created to exist in, is rendered plain and intelligible. Many of these objects possess powers of volition that are beyond our comprehension, until we see displayed the adaption of the means to the end. The same may be said of vegetable life, the organization of which is fully developed by the exhibition of the great variety of woods and plants, so as to show the internal arrangement,—the air vessels, the sap vessels, and other contrivances for carrying on the process of vegetation.

On Wednesday night several scientific, professional, and literary gentlemen attended after the public, a private exhibition of some subjects which are intended for the inspection of the public generally. These consisted of the circulation of the blood in the foot of a

living frog, which being distended and magnified, exhibited the arterial and venous circulation terminating in an almost unimaginable number of minute vesicles. The crystals of various salts were seen in the act of formation and aggregation. The most beautiful of these were the bichromate of potash. A few drops of salt petre, and a variety of other salts, were controverted from a fluid to a crystallized state. To these, Mr. Murray, of the Royal Institution, is about to add a few very rare and curious petrifications, which will also be exhibited.

By the higher magnifying powers of the microscope a bug was increased to the enormous length of seventy-five feet!—a full grown bedfellow of course—and in a piece of cheese too small to tempt even a hungry mouse was seen the active and mighty operations of those living things which we are in the habit of swallowing by millions at a mouthful.

A visit to the microscope is almost a lecture on divinity; no one can quit without feeling that the least are almost the greatest of the creator's works; and we should imagine that the man lives not, with a head so obtuse and the heart so void of feeling as to depart from it with any other conviction than that these things are not the work of chance, and that they do display, in an eminent degree, the powers of Him who created all things, and having done so, pronounced them to be "very good."

WHAT O'CLOCK IS IT?—When I was a young lad, my father one day called me to him that he might teach me how to know what o'clock it was. He told me the use of the minute finger and the hour hand, and described to me the figures on the dial plate, until I was pretty perfect in my part.

No sooner was I quite master of this additional knowledge, than I set off scampering to join my companions at a game of marbles; but my father called me back again; "Stop Humphrey," said he, "I have something more to tell you."

Back again I went, wondering what else I had got to learn, for I thought I knew all about a clock, quite as well as my father did.

"Humphrey," said he, "I have taught you to know the time of the day, I must now teach you how to find out the time of your life."

All this was strange to me, I waited rather impatiently to hear how my father would explain it, for I wanted sadly to go to my marbles.

"The Bible," said he, describes the years of man to be three score years and ten, or four score years. Now life is very uncertain, and you may not live a single day longer; but if we divide the four score years of an old man's life into twelve parts, like the dial of a clock, it will allow almost seven years for every figure. When a boy is seven years old then it is one o'clock of his life, and this is the case with you; when you arrive at fourteen years it will be two o'clock with you; and when at twenty-one years it will be three o'clock, should it please God thus to spare your life. In this manner you may always know the time of your life, and looking at the clock may, perhaps, remind you of it. My great grandfather, according to his calculation, died at twelve o'clock; my grandfather at eleven, and my father at ten. At what hour you and I shall die, Humphrey, is only known to Him to whom all things are known."

Never since then have I heard the inquiry, 'What o'clock is it?' nor do I think that I have looked at the face of a clock, without being reminded of the words of my father.

I know not my friends, what o'clock it is with you, but I know very well what time it is with myself; and that if I mean to do any thing in this world, which hitherto I have neglected, it is high time to set about it. The words of my father have given a solemnity to the dial plate of a clock, which it never would perhaps have possessed in my estimation, if these words had not been spoken. Look about you, my friends, I earnestly entreat you, and now and then ask yourself what o'clock it is with you.

THE ROYAL GAZETTE.

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