

POETRY.

Selected.

LAGNENT FOR THE OLDEN TIME.

The wassal cup of olden times
Lies shattered in the Hall;
The village laugh, the village chimes
Are silent, silent all.
And Christmas comes without a smile
Aldimly on, as tho'
The weary heart were child the while
With winter's wretched snow.

The Banquet room no more resounds
With friendship's honest shout;
Nought breaks the stillness of its bounds,
Save the rude wind without;
Yet there will sudden memory gaze,
In solitary care,
Dreaming the mirth of by gone days
Has left its echo there.

Where, where are all the happy forms
That circled round the Board?
The voice of nature speaks in storms
They ne'er shall be restored:
Where is the holly bough that blushed
As if with Summer's glow,
And th' honest cheeks that warmly flushed
Beneath the mistletoe.

The fretted roof looks dark and cold,
And totters all around,
The carved work of ages old
Drops withered on the ground:
The casement's antique tracery
Is eaten by the Dew,
And th' night breeze whistling mournfully
Creeps keen and coldly through.

Who would survive the by gone times,
The carols wildly trolled,
The village songs, the village chimes,
The happiness of old?
Deep sighs the wild bird, when her nest
Is ravished of its young,
But man's once loved, now lonely breast
Is far more deeply wrong.

VARIETIES.

MAGNIFICENCE OF ENGLAND.

Any one after having traversed England by the routes and in the manner we have, would not hesitate for a moment I should think in pronouncing it, in the highest perfection of its agriculture, in the extent, beauty, and taste of its ornamental exhibitions of park pleasure grounds, and domains, and in the cultivated and artificial aspect of its whole surface to be, as a nation, the very garden of the world. While the unnumbered palaces and mansions of its nobility and gentry, scattered thickly around in every part, the perfection of elegant keeping, and varied evidences of splendid life presented by them, the unrivalled excellence of her roads, her canals, her railways and her bridges, her edifices of science, of religion and of philanthropy, and an almost universal neatness and comfort in the cottages of her peasantry and her poor, equally claim for her the epithet and the standing of the most magnificent section of Christendom.

These fruits of the wealth, which for a century or more, has been pouring and concentrating in her bosom, from all parts of the globe, and the refinement and high state of civilization, in the superior grades of society which have accompanied it, are manifest to the most careless observer, and acknowledged by all. Most imposing and distinctive exhibitions, are of course, to be found in the classes constituting the aristocracy of the land. Of these, from the little opportunity I have had of forming an opinion, I am disposed to think, that we Americans, as a people, generally entertain a mistaken sentiment. The English, are too much inclined to believe that as republicans, we must unavoidably be destitute of all refinement, polish, and elegance of character and habits, and on the other hand, the Americans are equally ready to imagine, that the necessary results of hereditary aristocracy must be, and are, a degeneracy of mind and body, and a corruption of character and heart. The impression in either cases, I believe to be equally erroneous and unsupported by facts. I could prove, I think, to entire satisfaction, a truth which is now daily being demonstrated in our country, that the direct and necessary tendency of a republic, enjoying the moral and intellectual blessings which we possess, is to a refinement of national character, more general and more entire, than can, or ever will exist, in any nation where equality of rank, and the descent and distribution of property are not the same. The fact, our friends here are slow to receive; and those across the Atlantic, I am persuaded, will be equally incredulous of the truth, that we find little evidence of any general and characteristic degeneracy here, mental, moral, or physical, among those possessing the privileges and hereditary distinctions of the peerage.

There is no question, that there are not only individuals of both sexes, but circles of those of the highest rank in the kingdom, who are corrupted in principle and habits to a most lamentable, and, what in the United States would

be thought, a most disgraceful degree. But the mass of the nobility and gentry, I am persuaded, do not differ in morals or in character from the classes of worldly and fashionable people in our own country, who hold a similar standing in wealth and influence; while no inconsiderable portion of them of all grades, exemplify in their whole manner of life, many of the most attractive and delightful qualities of our nature, and blend the purity and spirituality of Christian piety, with the polish and gracefulness, the mental culture and accomplishments incident to the affluence and leisure at their command.

General conclusions cannot be drawn either very correctly or very justly from such wide extremes. A foreigner passing one or two seasons in London, almost exclusively among the ultra fashionable peers and peeresses of the west end, a witness only of the rounds of dissipation, intrigue and vice, which may exist there, would draw a picture of society, very different in its outlines and colouring, from that which would be sketched by one whose chief intercourse had been with circles of the same grade, but of habits of life and character as widely different, as well can be.

But this is not exactly the point I intended scribbling upon, when I took my pen. The manners and forms of life, rather than morals of the aristocracy, were in my mind's eye. I say, "of the aristocracy," meaning by it, the most polished society—the manners of ladies and gentlemen, not those of any person of either sex, whom I casually have met, and might choose to make the original of the Sketches transmitted to you.

On this point, I find no very distinctive traits. The grand difference here existing between this country and our own, is that in England, they have in large and entirely separate masses, what in America, is found only in more limited and widely scattered numbers. The rules of good breeding and the usages of polished life, are in both nations the same, but where there is one individual or one family, in the United States, trained and habituated to the highest refinement of manner, there are in England a hundred, and while with us, there is unavoidably in general society, a mixed association of the most polished with those who are less so, here the exclusiveness of the higher grades prevents in a great degree, any mingling in social intercourse of those habituated to different modes of life.

The exterior movements and address of individuals of higher circles, differ as variously here, as on the other side of the Atlantic, from the most polished and graceful, to the most unbecoming and awkward, but if called upon to make any general comparison in the manners of the same classes in the two countries, I would unhesitatingly say, that there is less of the *suaviter in modo*—something more abrupt and blunt—in the address and manner of the English gentleman, and frequently blended with a decided awkwardness of movement, and in the ladies, a manifest greater precision and formality than in those of the same standing in America.

The distance and stulteness of a first intercourse—so often made the characteristic of English manners—with those upon whose courtesy you are not particularly thrown; only continues for a short time; and in more cases than one, where these have been most manifested on a first introduction, we have in a short time, found the greatest affability. A period of formality, appears in some to be a settled kind of probation through which all must go, before any intercourse more grateful can be indulged in. So much has this been the case, that Captain Bolton and myself, after finding ourselves just as we have been taking our leave, delighted with the intelligence and agreeableness of character of those, who for a day or more previous, had been our fellow-guests, with the interchange of scarce a word beyond the salutations of civility, have laughingly come to the resolution, that in any after visits we may make, we will at once say to those we meet under the roof of our hosts, "my dear Madam, or my dear Sir, we must be off in a day or two, and have not an hour to give to unbending—therefore, let us be friends at once, that we may not have to lament just as we must bid you adieu, that we did not sooner discover you to be the affable, intelligent, and delightful persons which you really are."

I have said that there is a greater precision of manner in the ladies, than with us—more stiffness of air, and a more mechanical movement of figure; but with it, there is a propriety of attitude and action which is never in fault, and which more than counterbalance any disadvantage arising from the former. Whatever else may be said of the English ladies, those we have seen have

exhibited the clearest proof in their manners, that they believe, with Hannah More, that "propriety is the first, the second, and the third highest quality of the sex."—*Stewart's Sketches of Society in Great Britain and Ireland.*

From the London Literary Gazette.

AFRICAN SURVEY.

MURDER OF CAPTAIN SKYRING.
We have more than once noticed the survey of the coast of Africa, which has been carried on under the instructions of the Admiralty, and upon which his majesty's ships *Etna* and *Raven* have been employed. About four months since, on the return of Capt. Belcher in the *Etna* to England, he was superseded in the command of that vessel by Capt. Skyring an able, officer, of distinguished scientific acquirements, and of great amiability of private character. It is now with extreme sorrow, that we have to record the melancholy death of that gentleman, who has been cruelly butchered by the natives, while peacefully carrying on his scientific operations. Having landed in the neighbourhood of Cape Roxo on the morning of the 24th of last December, attended by a midshipman (Mr. Medley*) and half a dozen sailors, he proceeded to take observations; and the boat was (as it appears to us, somewhat incautiously) hauled up on the beach, so that it could not readily be launched. Shortly after Capt. Skyring had established himself on some rising ground about half a mile distant from the shore, and was engaged in his work, he perceived a small body of natives assembling, who were armed with spears, and exhibited indications of hostility. Another small body, amounting in number to ten or twelve, contrived forcibly to seize a musket or two from the men left in charge of the boat; which Capt. S. observing, he immediately determined on concentrating his men and descending to the shore.—Upon this movement a still more hostile disposition was manifested by the natives, whose force had in the mean time, been increased by others armed with spears, bow and arrow, and knives. By means of an interpreter our countryman contrived to come to a pacific understanding with them, and as it was now noon, resumed his observations on the beach. While thus employed, one of the natives broke through the circle of his men which he had formed around him and prescribed as the bounds beyond which the Africans were to keep, and (besides taking possession of the Captain's glass) catching hold a musket, shot one of the seamen, whose death was instantly avenged by Captain Skyring's despatching the murderer with a pistol. This was the signal for a general attack; and the gallant commander was soon wounded by a spear. Leaning for support upon one of the sailors, he attempted to make his way to the boat through a shower of spears and arrows, and was laid in by his men; but the number and ferocity of the assailants compelled his defenders, whose ammunition was exhausted, to retreat. The natives now rushed forward but instead of pursuing the fugitives, directed their rage towards the boat and its unfortunate occupant, the former of which they plundered of every thing, and the latter they destroyed by a multitude of wounds, literally cutting him to pieces with their knives.

The remnant of the boat's crew fled along the shore in hopes of obtaining assistance from a second party which they believed had landed from their ship, but had not proceeded far when they saw a second body of natives approaching them. They, however, succeeded in concealing themselves in the bush; where they remained hid for some hours. At length they ventured out, and provisionally their signals of distress were seen by a boat belonging to the *Raven*, which, as the natives were coming down, with difficulty effected their rescue.—Upon the melancholy intelligence being communicated to the *Etna*, all her available force were landed, and they had the sad satisfaction of bringing off the mutilated remains of their beloved and lamented commander.

FIELD DAY AT AUCHINGILLOCH.—To commemorate the sufferings of our forefathers in persecuting times—a congregation met on Sabbath the sixth of July at Auchingillock—a noted mount of the Covenanters, and a sequestered glen in the extensive tract of Moorland where join the parishes of Muirkirk, Avondale, and Lesmahago. The morning being delightful, and the season at its prime, number stood to the hills at an early hour, and by 10 o'clock, it was truly a spirit-stirring sight to see the

* This mere youth acquitted himself admirably.

gathering of the people from all directions. As far as the eye could reach on all sides hundreds were seen coming through the mosses, over the hills, or winding up the glens—men with coats under their arms, and females in white muslin—disturbing many a covey of the heath-fowl, and giving a sprinkling of life and vivacity to the mountain scenery altogether new. On one side of the famed glen of Auchingillock stood a tent fitted up with hay forks and herds' plaids, quite in keeping with the season and the scene—and which was entered at eleven o'clock by the Reverend Mr. Logan of the old light Burghers, Lesmahago—who gave out the psalm, "One thing I of the Lord desire," and the glen for the first time these hundred and fifty years resounded to the tone of Colerhill—sung with spirit by perhaps upwards of a thousand worshippers. Mr. Logan preached from the text, "These are they which have washed their robes and made them white," &c. He contrasted with the happy times in which we live with that of our forefathers when liberty of conscience and the right of private judgment were denied on religious matters to poor persecuted Scotland, and gave some touching sketches of church history—and on the whole displayed a very retentive memory joined to much energy of manner. Throughout the whole service, consisting of two lengthened discourses, he was listened to apparently with great attention. Though the place of meeting was in one of the wildest districts of the country, we were pleased to see amongst the far gathered crowd a portion of the fair sex among whom the parasol and even the ostrich feather were not altogether wanting. At the conclusion of the service a collection was made for the purpose of erecting a monument on the spot to the memory of the Martyrs who, while in this breathing world, had often met in that very glen. The meeting broke up in the greatest good order, and on going home each in a friendly way partook of the little store from the pocket and satisfied their thirst from the pure mountain spring. The solemnity of the occasion, the loveliness of wild nature, and the invigorating mountain breeze, altogether rendered it such a remarkable day that the youngest who was there will never while in life forget the field day at Auchingillock.—*Ayr Advertiser.*

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS IN GERMANY.

The first thing which makes the stranger stare, and not unfrequently laugh, is the novel appearance of manners and customs. The very first stage coach that I entered, stopped after going a few miles, merely that the driver might give his horses some bread and brandy! This however, is not the general practice; it is resorted to only in cases of haste. Of the German style of cookery, I will only say that it has combinations and mixtures which we simple hearted Americans should think grossly out of taste; for instance, *beer soup*, which one might mistake for salt; cinnamon in tea, pork with a sweet sauce and raisins, &c. Sugar tongs I have seen but once in Germany, and that with an old bachelor, professor of the University, who had been in England, and therefore provided himself with them for the benefit of his English guests. It was curious to see how the Germans used this strange instrument; they would take the tongs from the sugar dish, lay them carefully on the table, and then help themselves with their fingers. Here an American is obliged to begin life again, and even learn how to go to bed. He is conducted to a room where he sees a narrow frame, with a feather bed and sheet, and over this merely another feather bed in a linen case. I was so fortunate as to have a fellow traveller who occupied an adjoining room, and was soon relieved from my perplexity. The fields in this country have no fences; shepherds and herdsmen, with their whistles and well trained dogs, are every where to be seen leading their flocks and herds, and carry the mind of the traveller back to the simplicity of the primeval ages. I might prolong this enumeration of German customs indefinitely; but the subjects are too trifling, and belong only to those accidental circumstances which externally distinguish nation from nation.—*Prof. Sears, N. Y. Baptist Register.*

THE PATRIOTIC SHOEMAKER.

—Mr. Timothy Bennett, a Shoemaker, residing in the Village of Hampton Wick, near Richmond, in Surrey. The first passage from this village to Kingston-upon-Thames, through Bushy Park, (a royal demense) had been shut up from the public. This honest Englishman, "unwilling" as he said, "to leave the world worse than he found it," consulted a lawyer upon the practicability

of recovering this road, and the probable expense of a legal process. "I have seven hundred pounds," said this honest patriot, "which I should be willing to bestow upon this attempt. It is all I have and has been saved through a long course of industry." The lawyer informed him that no such sum would be necessary to produce such result; and Timothy determined accordingly to proceed with vigor in the prosecution of this public claim. In the meantime Lord Halifax, ranger of Bushy Park, was made acquainted with his intention, and sent for him. An excellent engraving of Mr. Bennett is still extant, which represents him of a firm and complacent aspect, sitting down in the attitude of his conversation with his lordship. The inscription beneath the engraving is, "Timothy Bennett, Hampton-Wick, near Middlesex, shoemaker, aged 75." "And who are you?" inquired his lordship, "that have the assurance to meddle in this affair?" "My name, my lord, is Timothy Bennett, shoemaker of Hampton-Wick. I remember, an't please your lordship, when I was a young man, sitting at my work, the people cheerfully passed by to Kingston market; but now, my lord, they are forced to go round about, through a hot, sandy road, ready to faint beneath their burdens, and I am "unwilling" (it was his favorite expression) to leave the world worse than I found it." "This, my lord, I humbly represent, is the reason of my conduct." "Begone, you are an impertinent fellow," replied his lordship. However, upon more mature reflection, being convinced of the equity of the claim, and anticipating the ignominy of defeat, "Lord Halifax, the nobleman, non-suited by Timothy Bennett, shoemaker," he desisted in his opposition, and opened the road, which is enjoyed without molestation to this day. He died in 1756. Such a disinterested instance of public virtue is highly worthy of being recorded; and though it may not be in the power of every one to suggest valuable improvements, or to confer lasting benefits on posterity yet each may like the patriotic Bennett, endeavor at least, not to leave the world worse than he found it.—(Crispin Anecdotes).

The Hamburg Correspondent of the 17th instant, has the following from Hanover, dated the 14th:—"The friends of astronomy will be pleased to learn that Sir John Herschel has written from the Cape of Good Hope, to his aunt, Miss Caroline Herschel, resident here. He had already fixed his astronomical instruments, especially his twenty foot telescope; and ere now has begun his observations. His last letter is dated the 28th March. He alludes again to his prosperous voyage, and to the safe conveyance of his valuable instruments; he resides in the country, about five miles from Cape Town, near the table Mountain, in an enchanting valley, lofty trees rare and beautiful shrubs, and flowering plants surround his dwelling; his eyes gaze upon clear and cloudless skies, studded with those innumerable stars, that are the objects of his elevated pursuits. He is sanguine in his hopes of making important discoveries.—The astronomers of Europe do not often find the nights suitable for their researches at the Cape; Herschel finds that out of five nights, three are perfectly bright and clear."

CURIOUS DISCOVERIES IN GREECE.

—A letter from Athens states, that during some recent excavations on the field on which the battle of Charonea was fought, there had been found the colossal lion which the Thebans erected to the memory of their countrymen who perished in the conflict. Several curious monuments of antiquity have also been discovered at Kydnos and Delos, and have been deposited in the Greek Museum.—

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