

POETRY.

Selected.

FROM FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

THE REVEILLE.

Ye gentlemen of England, uprose! uprose ye now,
Let noble daring steel each heart, and firmness
every brow;
Your land is menaced from without, while discord
in her burns:
Ye gentlemen of England, to you fair England
turns.
Ye gentlemen of England, there was a glorious
day,
When at your country's voice upreared, all
other fled away;
But now that voice is silent, or, if but raised,
it brings
A burst of scornful laughter, with which all Eu-
rope rings.

Ye gentlemen of England, for many a year ye
stood
A bulwark of true piety, a landmark for the
good;
But now your church, by foes despoiled, is
hardly left a name,
And all but in the hands of those who glory in
their shame.
Ye gentlemen of England, 'twas once your
country's boast,
That in St. Stephen's hall she showed of wealth
and pride a host;
But now her ancient enemy her nobles from
her draws,
And cattle-men and pugilists are left to frame
her laws.

Ye gentlemen of England, 'twas once a Brit-
on's pride,
That fighting in a lady's right he cheerfully
died;
But by a dastard press abused our sovereign
we have seen,
And prostitutes unchecked insult our England's
future queen.

Ye gentlemen of England, there is a cruel
band
Of ruffian slaves, and bankrupt knaves, whose
lives are in their hand;
On blood and plunder they are bent—nor these
their aim alone,
But level with the dust to lay the altar and the
throne.

Ye gentlemen of England, on you we all de-
pend—
It rests with you, and you alone, how all these
ills shall end:
A strong, a firm, a daring band, and ye may
save us all;
But hush,—and ye yourselves, and we, and
England too, must fall!

Ye gentlemen of England, assume a bearing
high,
Flash forth your weapons in the sun, and bid
your pennons fly!
Shout "God for England and her king!" and
sternly charge ye down
On every foe to England's peace, to England's
church and crown.

Ye gentlemen of England, ye shewed your
strength before—
At France's threat our leaped your blades, and
guarded Albion's shore;
And will ye now inactive stand, or from your
station roam,
When menaced by a direr foe, a maddened
mob at home!

Ye gentlemen of England, 'tis you the factions
hate;
Should they prevail, your blood alone their
thirsty rage can satiate;
Your homes will blaze, their victims must your
wife and daughters be,
For nought can soothe their grovelling souls
when once from terror free.

Ye gentlemen of England, the tiger's self is
awed,
When face to face the savage meets creation's
haughty lord;
And thus the mob, more brutish far, will shriek
and steal away,
When England's pride in arms they meet,
drawn up in firm array.

Ye gentlemen of England, but once your stand-
ard rear,
And round you all will rally who hold their
country dear;
Shall England to her foreign foe, or rebel chil-
dren, bow?
O! gentlemen of England, 'tis you must save
her now!

STANZAS.

I love the memory of that hour
When first in youth I found thee:
For infant beauty gentle threw
A morning freshness round thee;
A single star was rising then,
With mild and lovely motion;
And scarce the zephyr's gentle breath
Went o'er the sleeping ocean.

I love the memory of that hour—
It wakes a pensive feeling,
As when within the winding shell
The playful winds are stealing;
It tells my heart of those bright years
Ere hope went down in sorrow,
When all the joys of yesterday
Were painted on to-morrow.

Where art thou now? the once loved flowers
Their yellow leaves are twining,
And bright and beautiful again
That single star is shining,
But where art thou? The bent grass
A dewy stone discloses,
And life's bright foot-steps print the ground
Where all our peace reposes.

Farwell! my tears are hot for thee
More warm to deplore thee;
Or, faintly, in the absence here,
Gaze on the angel half adored thee,
The days were few and quickly told—
Thy short and mournful story
Hath faded like the morning star,
That melts in deeper glory.

THE HISTORY OF LIFE.

BY HARRY CORNWALL.

Day dawn'd. Within a curtain'd room
I lay to faintness with perfume,
A lady lay at point of doom.

Day clos'd. A child had seen the light,
But for the lady fair and bright,
She rested in undreaming night!

Spring came. The lady's grave was green,
And near it often times was seen,
A gentle boy, with thoughtless mien.

Years fled. He wore a manly face,
And struggled in the world's rough race,
And won at last a lofty place.

And then he died! Behold before ye,
Humanity's brief sum, and story,
Life, Death, and all that is of—Glory.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE BAFLED TRAVELLER.

During the rage of the continental
war in Europe, occasion—no matter
what—called an honest Yorkshire squire
to take a journey to Warsaw. Untrav-
elled and unknowing, he prepared him-
self with no passport; his business con-
cerned himself alone, and what had for-
eign nations to do with him?—His
route lay through the states of neutral
and contending powers. He landed in
Holland, passed the usual examination;
but insisting that the affairs which bro't
him there were of a private nature, he
was imprisoned—and questioned—and
sifted; and appearing to be incapable of
design, was at length permitted to pur-
sue his journey.—To the officer of the
guard who conducted him to the fron-
tiers he made frequent complaints of his
treatment, and of the loss he should
sustain by the delay; he swore he was
uncivil, unfriendly and ungenerous; five
hundred Dutchmen might have travelled
through Great Britain without a ques-
tion: they never questioned any stran-
gers in Great Britain—nor stopped them
—nor regarded them. Roused from his
native phlegm by these reflections on
the policy of his country, the officer
slowly drew the pipe from his mouth,
emitted the smoke therefrom.—"My-
neer," said he, "when you first set your
foot on the land of the seven united
provinces, you should have declared
that you came here on affairs of com-
merce;" and replacing his pipe, relap-
sed into immovable taciturnity. Released
from this unsocial companion, he
soon arrived at a French post, where
the sentinel of an advanced guard re-
quested the honor of his permission to
ask for his passports; and on his failing
to produce any, he was entreated to
pardon the liberty he took of conducting
him to the commandant, but it was his
duty, and he must, however reluctantly,
perform it. *Monsieur le commandant* re-
ceived him with cold and pompous po-
liteness; he made the usual inquiries,
and our traveller determined to avoid
the error which had produced such in-
convenience to him: replied, that com-
mercial concerns drew him to the con-
tinent. "*May foi*," says the command-
ant, "*c'est un negotiant un bourgeois*;
—take him away to the citadel, we will
examine him to-morrow, at present we
must dress for the Comedie—*Allons!*"

"*Monsieur*," says the sentinel, as he re-
conducted him to the guard room, "you
should not have mentioned commerce to
Monsieur le commandant; no gentleman
in France disgraces himself with trade;
we despise traffic. You should have
informed *Monsieur le commandant* that
you entered the domain of the *grand*
Monarque for the purpose of improving
yourself in singing, or in dancing, or in
dressing; arms are the profession of a
man of fashion, and glory and accom-
plishments his pursuits—*Vive le Roi!*"
He had the honor of passing the night
with a French guard, and the next day
he was dismissed. Proceeding on his
journey, he fell in with a detachment of
German chasseurs. They demanded his
name, his quality, and his business in
that country. He came he said to learn
to dance—and to sing—and to dress.
"He is a Frenchman," said the corporal.
"A spy," cries the sergeant. And he
was directed to mount behind a dra-
goon, and carried to the camp. The
officer whose duty it was to examine
prisoners, soon discovered that our tra-
veller was not a Frenchman, and as he
did not understand a syllable of the
language, he was totally incapable of
being a spy; he therefore dismissed
him, but not without advising him no
more to assume the frippery character of
a Frenchman. "We Germans," says he,
"eat, drink and smoke; these are our
favorite employments, and had you in-
formed the party that you followed
no other business, you would have
saved them, me and yourself, trouble." He
soon approached the Prussian domi-
nions, where his examination was still
more strict:—and on answering that his
only designs were to eat and to drink
and to smoke.—"To eat!—and to drink!
—and to smoke!" exclaimed the officer
with astonishment. "Sir you must be
forwarded to Potsdam; was is the only

business of mankind."—But the acute
and penetrating Frederick soon com-
prehended the character of our travel-
ler, and gave him a passport under his
own hand. "It is an ignorant and in-
nocent Englishman," says the veteran;
the English are unacquainted with mili-
tary duties, when they want a general
they borrow him of me." At the bar-
riers of Saxony he was again interroga-
ted: "I am a soldier," says our traveller
"behold the passport of the first warrior
of the age!" "You are a pupil of the de-
stroyer of millions," replied the sentinel;
we must send you to Dresden; and
hark ye, sir, conceal your passport, as
you would avoid being torn to pieces
by those whose husbands, sons and
relations have been wantonly sacrific-
ed at the shrine of Prussian ambi-
tion.—A second examination at
Dresden cleared him of suspicion.
Arrived at the frontiers of Poland, he
flattered himself that his troubles were
at an end; but he reckoned without his
host. "Your business in Poland?" in-
terrogated the officer. "I really don't
know, sir, replied the traveller. "Don't
know your own business sir?" resumed
the officer. "I must conduct you to the
starost."—"For the love of God," says
the wearied traveller, "take pity on me,
—I have been imprisoned in Holland
for being desirous to keep my own af-
fairs to myself; I have been confined
all night in a French guard-house, for
declaring myself a merchant; I have
been compelled to ride seven miles be-
hind a German dragoon, for professing
myself a man of pleasure; I have been
carried fifty miles a prisoner in Prussia,
for acknowledging my attachment to
ease and good living, and have been as-
saulted in Saxony, for avowing my-
self a warrior: and therefore if you will
have the goodness to let me know how
I am to render such an account of my-
self as may not give offence, I shall
consider you as my friend and preser-
ver."—*North American Magazine.*

THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMUR.

The Lord Keeper Ashton (of the story)
was the first Lord Stair,—a man,
who by extensive legal knowledge, and
by bowing to every body, and bending
to every blast, raised himself from a
very low origin to the highest offices in
the law, and finally to that of Lord
Keeper. His wife was of the family of
Ross, in Galloway, an equally noble
house with that of Douglas, to which in
the novel she is said to be allied. In
Galloway she was commonly known by
the name of Maggie Ross, and was
considered, as in those days every ro-
markable woman was, to be a witch.
Many stories are yet current in Galloway
respecting Maggie Ross. One of these
was a prediction, said to have been
made by her, that her family would
prosper as long as she should stand up-
right. In accomplishment of this it
was believed that she caused herself
to be buried in an upright position,
and in pulling down an old church, in
Galloway, a few years since, a coffin
was found in that position, which was
universally believed to contain the re-
lics of Maggie Ross.

Her daughter, like Lucy Ashton,
was engaged to a young nobleman
of the neighbourhood, in reduced pec-
uniary circumstances; and during his
absence abroad, to retrieve his affairs,
Lady Stair, who was anxious to secure
the representation of the county in
Parliament for her son, forced her
daughter to receive the addresses of
some one who had it in his power to
promote her schemes. The most mag-
nificent preparations were made for
the marriage, and (said Mrs. Grant)
the present Lord Galloway recollects
hearing his grandmother, who was pre-
sent at it, say that so splendid a wed-
ding had never before been seen in
Galloway.

The unhappy victim of maternal ty-
ranny rode behind her younger brother
to church, and he afterwards said that
he felt her heart beating against his side
all the way they went. When she was
standing before the altar, and not, as in
the story, at the signing of the marriage
articles, Lord Rothmore, her first lov-
er, rushed into the church, and con-
jured her, if she were there by her own
free will, and voluntarily consented to
relinquish all their past love, to remain
silent; but if she were there by com-
pulsion, and constrained to pronounce
vows which her soul abhorred, to speak
but one word and no power on earth
should separate them. Her lips mov-
ed to speak, when her cruel mother,
shaking her by the arm, whispered in
her ear, "For your life you durst not."
Lord Rothmore rushed out of the
church, and the fatal ceremony was
concluded. The bridal party returned
home, and the day was spent by the
numerous guests in mirth and festivity.
The next morning, neither the bride
nor bridegroom appearing, the family
became alarmed, and when eleven o'clock

arrived determined on breaking
open the chamber door. On opening
it, the first object they beheld was the
bridegroom lying dead upon the floor,
strangled by the supernatural strength
which the frenzy of despair had given
to the unhappy girl. She was nowhere
to be seen. They searched the room
in vain, and concluded that she must
have escaped through the window,—
till some one, accidentally lifting the
valance of the bed, discovered the
poor creature stretched beneath it,
with her hands clasped in a paroxysm of
madness. They forced her out, when
she burst into an insane laugh, and
exclaimed, "Ah, but you have taken
away your bonnie bridegroom!" These
were the only intelligible words she
uttered. The next day her death com-
pleted the tragedy of this "lower true
tale."

MUSICAL STENOGRAPHY.

A professor of the stenographic art in
Paris has invented a system of musical
stenoigraphy, which, it would appear
from his description, is so perfect that
through its instrumentality musical com-
positions may be written down while be-
ing played or sung, in a manner similar
to that in which the shorthand writer
follows a speaker.—*London paper.*

When we see this machine our-
selves, and find that it effects what is
reported of it, we must, of course, be-
lieve what is here stated; but our opin-
ion is, that the time has not yet arrived,
if ever it should come, when music shall
be picked down as it is played. Earl
Stanhope spent many years in making
experiments to accomplish this mecha-
nical desideratum, but although he was
a gentleman of unwearied energy and
perseverance, and of high inventive
powers, we may take it for granted that
he did not succeed, or the musical world
would now have been in possession of
such an ingenious and useful a ma-
chine. Earl Stanhope's object was to
record the extemporaneous effusions of
men of genius, which oftentimes surpass
in beauty and originality their more stu-
died compositions. The mode by which
it was proposed to register those fugi-
tive effusions was a revolving barrel,
like that of a barrel organ, covered with
writing paper. This was placed imme-
diately beneath the keys of the organ or
harpsicord, and small black lead pencils
or crayons, affixed to the under side of
each key, which, when the key was
pressed, brought the point of the pencil
into contact with the surface of the cy-
linder, and left a mark on the music
paper corresponding in length to the time
which the finger was kept on the key.

A main might thus be represented—
Crotchets ————
Quaver ————
Semiquaver ————
Demisemiquaver ————
Any of our mechanical readers, who un-
derstand what we have here endeavored
to render as intelligible as possible will
at once perceive that although the prin-
ciple of the contrivance is correct, the
result in operation must be very imper-
fect, as the slightest deviation from true
time will be recorded with unlucky fi-
delity. The pencil points, too, must be
apt to get out of order, especially in
making the sharp dots indicative of
quicker time than the demisemiquaver.

DESTROYING COCKROACHES.

There need not be a greater annoy-
ance in any house than these vermin;
and it only requires attention to the fol-
lowing rules to effect their complete de-
struction:

1. They will be found to lodge in the
ash-hole on the top and sides. Remove
the ash-hole cover at night, and throw
scalding hot water from a basin. If this
is done carefully, great numbers will be
killed. Afterwards put in a handful of
slayings and set them on fire; this tends
to complete the destruction, and smother
many in their nests. The same
process will have to be repeated at in-
tervals of two or three days.

2. As these vermin creep about most
in the dead of the night on the floors
and passages below stairs, many may
then be killed by striking them with a
long brush or mop.

3. Set on the chamber and kitchen
hearth stones, and under tables, at night,
a shallow earthen dish, containing a
cupful or two of water and treacle; this
serves to attract and drown them. Two
or three broad slips of stiff paper should
be placed outside the dish or basin for
them to crawl up; or on a hearth—the
dish may be sunk in the ashes.

4. Stop up with plaster of Paris all
little holes, cracks, and crannies in the
walls and floors, especially in the
kitchens.

5. Be constant in attention to the
three first rules, and do not trouble
yourself with the less successful expedi-
ents of cockroach traps, hellebore, and
poisoned waters; these are all well
enough to catch an odd one in a twelve-

month, which is the most they will do.
It will be found that these trouble-
some vermin nestle most in the kitchen
fire place, and are abroad at night when
the family has retired to rest, and it is
on these observations I raised the pre-
ceding rules and practised them to the
extermination of a great quantity that
infested my own house.

EXTRAORDINARY DELUSION.—Last
week a middle-aged man, of gentlemanly
appearance and deportment, attired in
black, who, from his manner, appeared
to have mixed in the best society, ap-
plied to Mr. Combe, Thames Police Office,
to solicit his advice under what he de-
scribed to be very strange circum-
stances. The applicant, who conversed
in the most rational manner, said
that he left the West Indies about three
years ago, and in that part of the world
a custom prevailed among sailors,
which would be scarcely believed in
England, where civilization had made
such rapid strides. The applicant said
that he was afraid his veracity would
be doubted, as the custom of which he
had to complain was unknown here.—
It was the custom of obtaining posses-
sion of a person's breath, and making
him miserable during the remain-
der of his days. Three sailors belong-
ing to the ship had got hold of his
breath, and left him without any in his
body. The consequence was that he
had been a very great sufferer, and he
wished the magistrate to bring the
parties to justice.—Mr. Combe,
after putting a great many questions
to the applicant, which he answered
in a very collected manner, said he
would direct the officers to look after
the sailors. The applicant then asked
when he should call again, for he
found the loss of his breath was a
source of great inconvenience to him.
Mr. Combe—Oh, you may come in few
days. The unfortunate gentleman then
bowed and withdrew.—It is somewhat
singular that a fine black man, named
Pierre, was, during the previous week,
delivered into the custody of Mr. Evans,
by the captain of the West Indian man,
to be conveyed to the hulks under a
sentence of transportation for twenty
eight years by the authorities of Gren-
ada, where he had been convicted of
the crime of "Obium," and pretending,
by means of certain charms, to obtain
possession of the breath of others.

CURIOUS MACHINE.—There has late-
ly arrived from America a curious de-
sign of an amphibious machine, which
combines all the properties of a steam-
boat and a land carriage. When on
the land, it runs upon four wheels; and
on arriving at the bank of any river or
lake which it is necessary to cross, the
wheels stop, and a paddle placed un-
der the middle begins to play, and car-
ries it over the water without any diffi-
culty. It is the invention of an en-
gineer named Whiston, and is in the
form of an alligator or American croc-
odile. Its construction is very simple,
of small expense, and all is easily taken
to pieces and quickly put together a-
gain.—*French Paper.*

ANTIQUARIAN CURIOSITY.—A lady, on
a visit to the British Museum, asked the
person in attendance if they had a skull
of Oliver Cromwell. Being answered
in the negative, "Dear me," said she,
"that's something very strange, they've
one at Oxford."—*Provincial paper.*
Another version of this old Joe that we
recollect is, in our opinion, a great im-
provement upon the foregoing. When
another lady observed that it was strange
that there could be one skull of Oliver
in the British Museum and another at
Oxford, the keeper of the Museum ac-
counted for this phenomena by observing
that the skull at the latter place was that
of Cromwell when he was a boy.

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