

POETRY.

Selected.

THE BRIDE OF THE SLAIN.
From "The Bard of the Sea-Kings," by
Mrs. Montagu.

She sat beside his glorious dust,
And watch'd it till the dew was laid,
And the warm blood had turn'd to rust
Upon the now neglected blade:
His head upon her knee reposed,
His cold hand locked within her own—
Thus 'till the night's first shadows closed
She watch'd the dreary corpse alone.

She heeded not the coming light,
Though now the dusky shades were gone,
And the last hour of weary night
Slept in the bosom of the dawn:
For her no light was in the morn,
No glory in the living day;
Her glory from her heart was torn—
Her light to darkness waned away.

If from the fields—no longer green,
Unto the heavens she rais'd her eye,
The Vulture's wing moved dark between
Her vision and the peaceful sky;
Her cold ear, dull to earthly sound,
Yet heard the one unbroken roar
Where the dun wolves went prowling round,
Their eager fangs now-steeped in gore.

Yet swept the Vulture's wing afar,
Or hovered o'er another prey;
Those sable waving plumes of war
Her marble beauty scared away.
The ravening wolves along the plain
The magic of her silence fled,
And turning to the unguarded slain,
In awe resigned her nobler dead.

They found her fallen and faded there,
Her head low drooping in its rest;
One sheltering arm lay coldly fair
Across her martyr'd warrior's breast,
And one, half-lifted to the day,
Rose, though the birds of air were gone,
As if, the last wing scared away,
Her spirit too had with them flown.

They bore her on her soldier's bier,
And laid her in the ancestral tomb,
To sleep beside his gleamy spear
And light his folded banner's gloom:
There does her sculptured presence rest,
Fair pictured as her vassals found her;
Her white arm guards her lover's breast—
Her hero's glory moves around her.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THINGS IN ENGLAND.

SCENERY, &c.—By an American.
JUNE, 1835.

Every heart beat quicker and louder,
As we sailed along the channel with Old
England itself on one side, and the Isle
of White on the other. This is England
then! With what joy does an American
visit the land of his fathers, in whose
glory, in whose triumphs over man and
matter he shares! Shakespeare is ours
as well as theirs, and so is Milton, and
that by gone host of the mighty dead,
who in a foretime have consecrated al-
most every hill and glen that dots or
marks the surface of old England. An
American more than all other strangers,
is just the man to feel and share in all
the pride of England, and so is an Eng-
lishman, if he would shake off his nar-
row political prejudices, the very man
to love us and ours, as we are bone
of their bone and flesh of their flesh. A
community of language and of literature
makes us thoroughly understand each
other. But what adds more to the
charm, is, that an American wherever
he goes, exchanges the new for the
old, and an Englishman, the old for the
new. We step from the forest, the
mighty river, and the terrific cataract,
to a scenery as unlike ours as one can
fancy,—so soothing, so quiet, so culti-
vated, so deliciously beautiful that I
would hardly exchange all mere enjoy-
ments of years for the one single day of
unutterable delight, that the eye alone
had when I first put foot upon the Eng-
lish shore. I did not believe that I saw
nature. I fancied that I was in a fairy
land. It was so unlike for miles and
miles, as I rode on an outer seat of the
coach from Portsmouth to London, the
scenery we have, that it did not seem to
me possible that ever nature herself
could cover the earth in such beauty.
The lawns were so verdant; the parks
of the nobles and gentry so beautifully
adorned with trees and walks and brid-
ges; the cottages so tastefully inwreath-
ed in flowers and ivy; all, and all na-
ture in such a holiday attire, that mov-
ing as we did more than ten miles an
hour over a road as perfectly made as
Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington,
or the McAdamsed way in front of the
old Stage House, in Boston—in a
stage coach with twelve persons out-
side and four in, that I could not per-
suade myself it was ought else than de-
lusion, and even now I enjoy all over
again in the mere narration. The very
horses as they galloped over the well
watered road, (and here is a luxury for
the traveller, and the roads are kept
sprinkled for miles, on some lines sixty
miles out of London, from wells, filled
with iron pumps by the way side,) the
very horses (so superbly groomed!) as
they shook the flowers that festooned
their heads, did indeed in their light
trappings, "share with their master the

pleasure and the pride." What could
be fresher or more novel than all this to
an American,—and my delight was
doubly increased by the contrast, for
when I left New York, a tardy spring
had hardly warmed the earth or leafed
the trees, and a long stretch of ocean
had prepared me for the full enjoyment
of a summer that burst upon us as if by
magic. I could not have selected a
happier time to enjoy such a contrast
for it was, as it were, awakening from
the frosts of rough and surly winter to
the sudden warmth of a Lapland sum-
mer.

I have said that Englishmen and Am-
ericans are the very men to feel in
the highest degree, the peculiarities of
each other's homes. I have in part
told you why, and as I have now seen
England quite thoroughly, Scotland and
Ireland some, I will tell you why. The
horror—the utter detestation I have of
much that is done here in manners and
matters, no language can express. Of
them I will speak anon—and I can very
well see in what way as "well bred Eng-
lishman" must be shocked every step he
takes in the United States. But I am
now going to speak only of the first im-
pressions of scenery and associations—the
delightful part of travelling which it
is well only to think of, forgetting its
afflictions as much as one can. I have
said that an American when he visits
England, exchanges the New for the
Old,—but here antiquity has one charm
for an American that no European can
feel. The old is not only old to us, but
it is new also,—something fresh, and
for the first time seen and felt.—We
have a new sensation all at once, a new
soul as it were, and ideas that never be-
fore thronged the brain through there
now. We have not grown up among it
as the European has, and lost the novel-
ty of the sight by a constant gaze,—but
we have come from a far off land,
whose Cathedrals are the arched forests
of a thousand years, with an antiquity
beyond the stretch of History,—the
builder of whose temples has been God
himself,—working for ages in sublimity,
and silence, and terror amid the Moun-
tain, Lake and River,—and we ex-
change this magnificent luxuriance of
Nature, for what has History,—for the
land where the Briton, the Saxon, the
Roman and Norman dwelt,—for the
Gothic pile, the lofty battlement, over-
grown with the yew and the elm, and
the tower buried in ivy—for a scenery
beautiful, soothing and quiet as I have
said, but as far removed from the awful
grandeur of ours as the sun from the
least twinkling star. I have laughed
till it was painful, at English waterfalls,
kept for show (sights sold at sixpence!)
over which it is fashionable to have spas-
modic enthusiasms—and I have been
sad and cast down at the pitiful ambi-
tion of man, as I have wandered over
ruined Abbeys, and the broken open
stone coffins of great men and kings,
which the peasant now kicks from his
pathway. Oh what lessons for the
young American—how fruitful with
moral instruction, and how solemnly
impressing upon him the meanness of
vulgar ambition.

The peculiar charm of English scenery
in an American eye, is its cultiva-
tion.—What we dislike most, an Eng-
lishman loves most. The trees that
we hew down with barbarian reckless-
ness, he plants with assiduous care.
Forests that are bores to us, are as
mines of gold to him. With just as
much avidity as we (of the north) seek
to build on the road, he seeks to build
from it. As we of the cities dislike
country, so he loves it. As we cluster
together in villages, so he avoids them.
As we seek the heart of a town, so he
abhors it. These facts and the posses-
sion of landed property in few and no-
ble hands, lead to some remarkable dif-
ference in the two countries.—Hence
though we may say in America, with a
semblance of truth, that "God made the
country and man made the town," he
cannot say it here with any truth at all.
—Man here has had as much to do in
making the country as in making the
town. Wealth seeks it, and lavishes
there its possessions.—The chief ambi-
tion of almost every merchant is to
have his country seat. One is quite
necessary to a nobleman's rank. Thus
even the humblest farmer catches the
most delightful taste. His cottage is of-
ten covered all over with flowers. The
hedges are often beautifully trimmed
about it. Fine walks are laid out. All
that is unpleasant in farming life, is
concealed as much as possible from
public view,—and it would be a dis-
grace for a farmer to have such front
doors, and such public barn yards as
two thirds of our farmers have. By the
way, this is important, and the farmer
who will reform, will do great service to
his neighbours—important I say, for
such a taste has more influence upon
the character of a people, than many
suspect. Hence too, there is a love

for the country all over England,—and
with it there is a taste for and an ap-
preciation of cultivated scenery, of land-
scape that we have not.

The gentleman here seeks for his
house a prospect as well as a founda-
tion. The mountain and the little lake
he always looks for when he can. A
rivulet that he would think nothing of,
I have often seen made every thing
that is beautiful. The cliff that would
be wild forever with us, is often adorn-
ed with walks, and flowers, and hedges.
Even the little cascade is fashioned and
shaped to make it yet prettier than it is.
Wealth luxuriates in such a taste.—The
poor here are not driven as with us into
the suburbs of towns, for wealth seeks
the suburbs, there to build its walks
and its gardens—and the heart of the
town is left for the poor. Let then the
setting sun, or the mid day sun as soft-
ened and mellowed by the overhanging
cloud of an English sky, fall upon a
landscape thus ever kept verdant and
thus richly cultivated,—and an Ameri-
can can hardly believe that he sees
anything else than a mighty picture. Fan-
cy struggles hard with fact. We en-
joy such things more than all other peo-
ple when we see them here, because
our country is new, and the contrast is
so great. What an ecstasy of delight,
then, an Englishman must feel, rocked
and cradled in a scene so quiet, so
soothing, so mild,—when taken from
his little rivulets and brooks that he
calls rivers,—his hills that he calls
mountains, and fells and pipes, his ponds
that he calls Lakes and Loches—his
woods and parks that he calls forests,
his cascades and bubbles that he mis-
names waterfalls; what depth of emo-
tion he must have when going from
home, he sees what is a River, a Lake,
a Mountain, a fall of water. The Fa-
ther of Waters, or the roar of Niagara
are wonders to him which we can hard-
ly share with him, born as we are with-
in their influence. Some scenes in
Western Virginia, which by the way, I
think the most impressive of all our Am-
erican scenery, or many in Maine in
her woods and fastnesses that I could
mention,—which by and by will be "the
Lakes George" of America, would be
fortunes, immense fortunes as mere
shows in England. By the by, we dif-
fer as a people from the English, just
as our scenery and our localities differ.
A curious essay, I think, might be writ-
ten upon this; but I am, at what ought
to be the end of a letter, lost already in
the mist of an essay in doors, and a
London coal smoke, if I go out. I will
send you letters enough and to spare
anon.

WRECK OF THE ROYAL GEORGE.—Mr.
Deane's newly invented diving appar-
atus has enabled him successfully to ex-
amine the state of the relics of the Royal
George, and to recover some portion
of its more valuable material. He has
recently brought to upper air several
of the great brass guns with which this
noble vessel was armed, each of which
is upwards of one hundred pounds value.
One of these is now to be seen at the
Exhibition room, 209, Regent street,
with all the marks of its ocean residence
upon it. It is in a surprisingly perfect
state of preservation, having suffered
scarcely any injury from corrosion.
For this, it is partly indebted to the oys-
ters, which took a special liking to it,
and made it the seat of a regular colony.
Their shells adhered to it, and deposited
all over the surface a strong incrusta-
tion. Many other relics from the
Royal George, the Boyne, and the En-
deavour, (a merchant vessel, wholly
saved by Mr. Deane) are also to be
seen at the exhibition. Mr. Deane's ap-
paratus is very simple, consisting of an
Indian rubber dress, a large helmet, or
air receiver, with glasses in front, and a
tube to communicate with an air pump
above water. Thus accoutred, he de-
scends by a ladder into the domains of
father Neptune, and despatches at large
amongst the marine hills and valleys.—
London Paper.

FEMALE EMIGRATION.—The arrival
of the *Sarah*, has presented a novel
feature in emigration. The whole of
the passengers by this vessel have ar-
rived without the least disturbance, with-
out the least stain upon their character.
Such a body of female emigrants are,
indeed, valuable to the Colony, and if
women are sent out, as these have been,
then will colonists have cause to thank
the Committee, gentlemen or ladies,
which ever they may be, under whose
arrangements they may be forwarded.
When we record the fact, that at the
present moment we have upwards of
24,000 males, and only 10,000 females,
such a party as that by the *Sarah*,
must be beneficial not only to the com-
fort, but to the morals of the colonists.
By this vessel, we believe, about one
hundred and forty single women have
arrived, and about twenty with families

The first day they were landed, up-
wards of forty were engaged in good
services, and the second day the num-
ber was increased. Persons who may
require servants of any description, will
be fortunate in obtaining those arriving
by this vessel. The superintendent,
Mr. Noble, is deserving of the highest
praise, and every one of the passengers
speak of him in a manner which must
be truly gratifying. It is to be hoped
other vessels may follow, with female
emigrants of a similar description. The
only fault found; the only complaint
made during the whole voyage, was,
that one or two of the young women
were occasionally a little noisy, and the
severest punishment inflicted was, the
depriving these noisy ones of their wine
after dinner.—Van Dieman's Land Col-
onial Times.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON'S CONJECTURES
RESPECTING COMETS.—In the efforts by
which the human mind labours after
truth, it is curious to observe how of-
ten that desired object is stumbled upon
by accident, or arrived at by reason-
ing which is false. One of Newton's
conjectures respecting comets was, that
they are the alimant by which suns are
sustained; and he therefore concluded,
that these bodies were in a state of pro-
gressive decline upon the suns round
which they respectively swept; and
that into these suns they from time to
time fell. This opinion appears to
have been cherished by Newton to the
latest hours of his life. He not only
consigned it to his immortal writings,
but, at the age of 83, a conversation
took place between him and his nephew
on this subject, which has come down
to us. I cannot say, said Newton,
when the comet of 1680 will fall into
the sun: possibly after five or six revolu-
tions; but whenever that time shall
arrive, the heat of the sun will be raised
by it to such a point that our globe
will be burned, and all the animals up-
on it will perish. The new stars ob-
served by Hipparchus, Tyche, and
Kepler must have proceeded from such
a cause, for it is impossible otherwise
to explain their sudden splendour. His
nephew upon this, asked him, Why,
when he stated in his writing that comets
would fall into the sun, did he not also
state those vast fires which they must
produce, as he supposed they had done
in the stars? Because, said the old
man, the conflagrations of the sun con-
cern us a little more directly. I have
said, however, added he smiling, enough
to enable the world to collect my op-
inion.—Edinburgh Review.

THE FORCE OF LOVE.—A young Hi-
bernian, who was desperately in love
with a fair English belle, was so unfor-
tunate as to fail in his suit, though he
urged it with all the warmth of his coun-
trymen; swearing unalterable faith by
St. Patrick, &c. In revenge for the
lady's neglect, he resolved to drown
himself, and went to a pond, where
stood one of his own countrymen unper-
ceived. The lover plunged into the
water, but, in spite of all his efforts, the
water being too shallow, he was unable
to accomplish his wish. He was now
put to his wits ends, when, espying a
tree at some distance, and recollecting
that his garters were long and strong,
in the sight of the Irishman, who re-
mained a tame spectator, he strung him-
self up. When he had dangled in the
air for some time, his countryman, who
had remained a passive looker-on, be-
gan to alarm the neighbours, and relat-
ed what he had seen; and on being
asked why he had suffered the unfortu-
nate gentleman to make away with him-
self? He declared in his defence—
"That by St. Patrick he thought the
gentleman had a mind to bathe, and
then, as he was wet, want to hang for a
little bit, in order to dry."

A NEW EASTERN WONDERMENT.—
The good people of Massachusetts are
undoubtedly the *cute*st of the whole Yan-
kee nation after all; for though the
Connecticut folk may have made more
important discoveries in the matter of
gun flints, and especially in the myste-
ry of domestic nutmegs; yet take them
all around, the Massachusetts men
must be considered as more thoroughly
and quintessentially the *beau ideal* of
true Yankeeism, than any of their neigh-
bours. We do not like to flatter them,
but we must say if they go considerably
a head of all others in that regard. They
make the best "tea parties," and they
raise the only authentic sea serpents.
They are at least a century in advance
of their contemporaries in every thing
relating to infidelity and codfish; and it
is quite clear that none of the sister
States can contest with them the su-
premacy in the science of somnambu-
lism. Withcraft settled earlier in the
Bay State, than any where else in
North America, and holds on longer.
Sleep walking and sleep sermonising

seemed to be brought a year or two
since to the very acme of perfection in
the neighbourhood of Northampton,
and we did not think that Jane Ryder
would ever find a competitor for fame
in that branch of Yankee invention. We
were mistaken, however. A damsel
bearing the rather ominous name of Jill-
son, and living in Uxbridge, a south-
western town in the county of Worces-
ter, is displaying somnolent excellen-
cies never even dreamed of by the North-
ampton girl. This wonderful artiste
can read books which she never saw in
her life, with leaden caps and a thick
quilting of cotton bats upon her eyes!
She can see through the thickest plank
partition, and tell the positions of peo-
ple separated from her by walls. It is
not so stated in the newspapers yet, but
such are the wonderful properties of her
vision which are stated, that we have
no doubt she can look considerably far-
ther into "a millstone" than any body
else. Indeed her sleeping exploits are
so very extraordinary that the Uxbridge
people have divided into parties on the
subject. One faction religiously main-
taining the genuineness of the marvel,
and the other being of opinion that it is
nothing more or less than a humbug.
We confess there is a tendency in our
minds to take ground with the latter of
these parties, but we have concluded
on the whole to remain non-committed
a little longer.—*Courier and Enquirer*.

FALL OF A BRIDGE.—A few years
ago, his Grace the Duke of Buccleuch,
in accommodation to his tenants, erect-
ed an iron suspension bridge, of 109
feet span, upon a new principle, over
the Scaur, near to the manse of Keir.
Hitherto the bridge had answered the
purpose very well, but on Saturday last,
as three of his Grace's servants were
returning from the lime works with 6
horses and carts and while two of the
men and four of the horses were yet on
the bridge, in consequence of the pres-
sure being too severe at one end, it fell
with a tremendous crash into the river,
together with the men, horses, and carts.
It seems almost incredible that both
men and horses were not instantane-
ously killed. The men escaped with a few
slight bruises. One of the horses had
its fore-leg broken. So rapidly was the
intelligence communicated, that in a
short time, numbers of people assem-
bled from various quarters to witness
the wreck, and continued to do so dur-
ing the rest of the day.

AN INFERENCE.—A servant had liv-
ed many years with a Clergyman, and
his master took occasion to say "John,
you have been a long time in my ser-
vice; I dare say you will be able to
preach a sermon as well as I." "Oh
no, sir," said John, "but many an in-
ference I have drawn from yours."
"Well," said the Clergyman, "I will
give you a text out of Job; let me hear
what you infer from it; 'And the asses
snuffed up the east wind.' "Well," re-
plied John, "the only inference I can
draw from it is, that it would be a long
time before they would grow fat upon
it."

TOASTING A FRIEND.—A young no-
bleman, who was very profligate, being
in company with some gentlemen who
were quite the reverse, he desired leave,
with a view to bore them, "to toast the
Devil." "We can, at least I can,
have no objection," said a gentleman
who sat next his lordship, "to toast any
of your friends!"

PERILOUS DINNER.—During the siege
of Oporto by the forces of Don Miguel,
in which 23,000 lives were sacrificed,
"in one of the most exposed angles of
the place (says Col. Badcock) and
where the shot was continually touch-
ing the parapet, I was amused by an
artillery officer and his wife dining to-
gether, she sitting full dressed in the
Moorish style, with a gold chain, ear-
rings and other ornaments, as if for a
grand entertainment."

A boy once complained of his bed-
fellow for taking half the bed—"And
why not?" said his mother, "he's en-
titled to half, aint he?" "Yes, mo-
ther," said the boy, "but how should
you like to have him take out all the
soft for his half? He will have his
half right out of the middle; and I have
to sleep both sides of him."

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