

POETRY.

Selected.

BEFORE THE DRAWING ROOM. I must be presented to-day, Lady Susan I must be presented to-day. I must be presented, or what will my cousin, The bride, Lady Mackintosh, say? [son She married a man who was knighted last sea- For carrying an address: Reason If she's a great Lady, you'll own there's no My Lady—why I should be less? I must be presented to-day, Lady Susan I must be presented to-day.

Now pray Lady Susan, do't say that you're poorly.

'Tis plain that you wish to withdraw: You married my brother, and I've a right, surely,

To go with my sister-in-law! And though you consider us vulgar relations, Some proper repayment there'll be, For brother Bob's diamond and pearl presen- tations

In this presentation of me. I must be presented to-day Lady Susan, I must be presented to-day.

Look at me, my Lady,—'tis silly to quarrel, You'll own that I'm fit to be seen: My yellow silk petticoat, loop'd up with laurel, (So elegant, yellow and green?) My train of blue satin! (Judiciously chosen 'Twill make a pelisse in the spring)

And then my red feathers; I'm sure, Lady Susan, I must be remarked by the King. I must be presented to-day Lady Susan, I must be presented to-day.

A train may look very magnificent, flowing, Behind one in folds, I dare say, But as for a hoop! Oh, I could not bear going To court in that round about way! My lappets? nice lace!—what's the use now of buying

Three yards?—it is quite a take-in! And why did you laugh when you saw I was trying

Them gracefully under my chin? I must be presented to-day Lady Susan, I must be presented to-day.

And what's to be done when I stand in the presence? Pray tell—I rely upon you: Must I civilly say, as I make my obeisance "Your Majesty, how do you do?" To be kiss'd by the King! Lady Susan as- sist me

I shall not be fit to be seen! What! Kiss me in public! Oh! when he has kiss'd me

I shan't dare to look at the Queen! I must be presented to-day, Lady Susan, I will be presented to-day.

T. H. BAYLEY.

MISCELLANEOUS.

OLD ENGLAND.

Extract of a letter from a gentleman on board one of the American Packets, dated off the coast of France.

I have amused myself at times in watching the porpoises that jump out of the water, and dash by the bow of the ship. I am already out of books, and have read all I could borrow, even the monstrous volume of Vidocque through and through. It is amusing to mark the many ways our passengers contrive to kill time. Chess and checkers soon grow tame.—Mock marriages are got up. Police reports are made. The ladies give fetes. The gentleman smokes, (such as take a fancy to making their mouths a steam engine,) or doze over a bottle of wine, or discuss the merits of a mint julep. Then there are prom- nades, plays, and parts to be acted. All is done that can be done in, so limited a theatre, and yet time hangs heavily on our hands. The truth is, we begin to be weary of each other—not that we dislike one another, but that we have talked each other, and each other's topics all out, and hence we sigh for new scenes, new objects, and new faces. Fancy is picturing out of the happiness we shall have on shore—the fine treats, the fine prospects, and the fine dishes that Old England will give us in this her golden season of the year, I think I should leap in a ecstasy of joy, if I could see but a single human being from the shore, or look at one green field.—Here, on the Bay of Biscay, at times we amuse ourselves with watching the water craft of the Frenchman as they sail from the shore, or the galliots of the Dutchman who is making to or from the Mediterranean, or the black- sided hulks that gather wealth for Eng- land from every isle of the ocean. I see no ships like our American ships, here on this thoroughfare of Europe. We test our superiority, at least in one case, as we rapidly pass by everything. Our captain insists that naval architec- ture is better understood by our coun- trymen than by any other nation.—and judging from the specimen that conveys us, there can be no doubt of the fact.

MAY 31. This evening we saw a re- volving light off L'Orient in France. Our strong eyed passengers during the way have had some views of Belle Isle, All I have seen of it as yet is its history, which I have just read in the Gentle- man's Magazine. But the revolving light all of us could see distinctly, and as the new moon sunk below the hori-

zon, the light was clearer and clearer. This was something, even to see a light that was kindled up on the land. But yet we have a long course to run, before we shall reach Portsmouth, in the Eng- lish Channel. The winds have driven us very far south from our regular route. Ushant is to be doubled; and as what wind there is, is dead ahead, we make but slow progress, going three miles or more to advance one. During the day, a line was put out, as we were on sound- ings, to catch fish, but in vain, while the French fishermen seem to be doing good business at a distance.

JUNE 2. Calmer and calmer the wea- ther is. We are now in the English Channel, yet off the Coast of France. An English vessel hailed us,—and we cried out for news. Lord Melbourne we were told was Prime Minister,— and the French stocks (with a sarcasm) were the same. By the way, we did not know but what the Frenchmen might take us prisoners of war and carry us to some port of France, for how matters had gone was quite unknown to us. Anon a French Pilot boat came along, and offered to take us into Havre, were we don't chose to go; we asked the Frenchman who were the Ministers in France, but asked in vain, even after he had consulted the almanac, of course for nought. All of us now were eager to see a newspaper—so long had we been without knowledge from this side of the water. But our Frenchman had none of them. I began to make ready for shore, as the English boats began to heave in sight, warning us of our proximity to England. Pounds sterling, shillings, pence, crowns and sovereigns, have been an anxious object of study, for nothing is more vexatious than not to know how to reckon with a people among whom you are going. By the way, the exchange be- tween England and America is now a serious draw back upon the purse of a man who takes out money to England. A sovereign that costs 487 in New York brings but 444 in England, the value of a pound sterling. The rate of exchange was nearly ten per cent. when I left, and this reduces a man's money about one tenth. There is no sport in thus disposing of money one knows hardly how, and without return.

JUNE 3. It is remarkable that the first land I should see in England was that of Portland, so famous for the Port- land stone. Here an English pilot came on board with newspapers which we read most eagerly. I stretched my eyes well to mark its chalky cliffs in the distance,—but nearly all I could see was the shore and the lighthouses, for the excellence of which the English channel, and the whole of England in fact has so great a reputation, surpassing all others in the world. This evening we are anchored off the Isle of White, in its narrow channel, a dead calm making it necessary, so as to prevent our being drifted upon the shore. For the first time then, I am near Eng- land, and never did a man look more anxiously for the shores of another country than I have looked for these. But it is darkness now, and the lofty banks of the Isle of Wight can be seen only by the pale light of the moon.

JUNE 4. I rose by daylight, which was soon after 3 A. M. Old England is in full sight. The British flag is fly- ing all around us. The fishermen and boatmen in myriads beset our ship. The people, it is true, speak the same language that we speak,—but how many things are new! How odd the idea of being a foreigner where one's own language is spoken, and spoken too, 3000 miles or more from home! What a magnificent conception even this gives of the extent of territory where the English language is spoken, and how it is magnified when we add the wide spread colonies of the Eng- lish themselves! What a vast people have sprung from the loins of our Eng- lish forefathers!—What a sway one little island has exercised over this mighty earth! Can it be so? I often exclaim, that England has this power,—this island on my map, this but a speck in the ocean, peopling all quarters of the globe spreading the British renown every- where, and carrying the English lan- guage every where, with British arms. If I were not an American, I would next to that proud claim, be an Eng- lishman,—for England with all her faults and insults, an American must ever love as the land whence his fathers came. What a people she drove from her, when she alienated us! What ties of af- fection and sympathy were then sum- mered!

Our anchor is up. The signal of a line packet is at our mast head, and a boat will meet us off Portsmouth, as soon as it is seen. A merry breeze is carrying us forward. Already are the laws, and castles, and the palaces of England within sight, I am too overjoy- ed now with the beauty, the surprising

beauty and grandeur of every thing a- bout me, to trust my pen to paper. All I see is a garden, a paradise on earth. A single hour of the delicious enjoyment I have this day received by the eye alone, in silence and apart from the crowd of our ship, amply and dou- bly repay me for all I have suffered in getting here.

BLOWING UP OF THE EARL GREY STEAMER.

On Friday evening, a few minutes before six o'clock, a dreadful accident took place, occasioned by the bursting of the boiler of the Earl Grey steamer, while she was lying at the steamboat Quay, on her way from Dunoon to Glas- gow. The Earl Grey had been moored at the Quay about 15 minutes, and was just on the point of starting, the bell having been rung, when an explosion happened of so dreadful a nature that the boiler was rent completely round, the roof forced up into a perpendicular position, the upper flues driven into the cabin, and the lower part of the boiler and under flues removed from their situ- ation, blowing the deck completely off from the funnel to within eight or nine feet of the stern. The unfortu- nate persons who were standing on that part of the deck were blown into the air; two of these, Mr. Hugh Watson, shoemaker, Dunoon, and Angus Wil- kie, of Tarbert, belonging to the vessel, fell upon the quay, both of whom died immediately after, the rest fell into the sea. The water from the boiler was thrown nearly to the west end of the Steamboat Quay, over the shed, on board two vessels, the Jean and the Rebecca; the rope which fastened the steamer's stern to the quay was blown on the top of the shed, also camp stools, large pieces of wood, &c. A part of the boiler, 6 or 8 feet square, was driven by the force of the steam, a dis- tance of 100 feet and upwards. A great number of persons standing on the quay were much injured by the scalding water and by pieces of coal, wood &c., falling on them.

By this melancholy event six persons have lost their lives, fourteen been se- verely injured, and twelve slightly, but it is impossible at present to state the precise number of the sufferers by this dreadful occurrence, as it is believed that some of those thrown into the wa- ter have not been found. The steward says, that before the accident he count- ed 27 persons on the quarter deck, and considers that there were about 40 persons on board at the time of the explo- sion.

The steward of the Earl Grey while standing on the paddlebox was knock- ed overboard by a large piece of coal, but got out little injured. Excepting the steward, and one seaman who was killed, no other person connected with the vessel was hurt. A young lady, Miss Stevenson, had gone on board the vessel accompanied by her sister and a young gentleman, a few minutes before the accident took place. The young man had gone forward to the bow, leav- ing the two young ladies standing abast the funnel, at the moment the explosion occurred. When the steam and smoke had cleared away, he discerned one of the Misses Stevenson in the water at a considerable distance from the vessel, and although an indifferent swimmer, he plunged overboard and saved her. The body of the other sister was got out of the water an hour and a half after the accident, by the boats which were employed in trawling, but no other body has yet been found.

Mr. Matthew King, of Port Glasgow, who with Mrs. King were blown over- board, saved himself by clinging to a block attached to a rope which hung over the vessel's side. While in this situation he saw Mrs. King floating; he immediately got hold of her, and while supporting himself with one hand, and holding his wife with the other, some person seized hold of the rope Mr. King was clinging to, and nearly pulled it from his hand. Mr. King with great difficulty got him to desist until a boat came to their assistance and rescued them just in time, as Mr. King had become completely exhaust- ed. Mr. Hugh Watson, who is men- tioned among those killed, was on the deck at the time of the explosion, the force of which blew him and Angus Wilkie, who was loosing the stern line at the moment, a great height into the air. They both fell on the quay, and the bruises they received from this, to- gether with the effects of the steam and scalding water, caused almost instant death in both cases.

Mr. Peter Somerville, of Glasgow, one of the passengers, who saved him- self by his singular activity and presence of mind, described to us, in the follow- ing manner, the circumstances connect- ed with the blowing up of the vessel as far as his own observation had extend- ed. He had gone on board the Earl Grey, at Gourrock, with the intention

of proceeding to Glasgow, and on the vessel's arrival at Greenock, he had stepped ashore for a few minutes. On his return to the quay he found the steamer preparing to start, and he went on board and descended to the cabin just as the vessel was about to leave the port. On entering the cabin he found only one individual in it—a gentleman who was sitting, apparently asleep, at the end of the cabin nearest the engine. Mr. Somerville was surprised at per- ceiving the cabin to be full of steam, and becoming apprehensive that some- thing was wrong, he advanced to the farthest end, where he had only time to lay down his hat and umbrella, when a hissing noise which he heard convin- ced him that an explosion was about to take place, and he sprung suddenly out at one of the cabin windows, breaking the glass, a pane about fourteen inches square. Instantaneously as this was done, the explosion occurred before his legs were quite out of the window, and his feet were scalded by the hot water or steam rushing into the cabin. Fortu- nately Mr. Somerville succeeded in catching hold of an iron rod projecting from the stern, by which he hung until the stern boat had been lowered, when he was drawn up to the deck of the ves- sel. While thus hanging by the steam- er's stern, Mr. Somerville looked down into the water, in which he thinks he observed about thirty persons, many of whom appeared to have been hurt by the explosion and were streaming with blood. He saw six or seven couples clinging to each other. On being haul- ed up on the stern, Mr. Somerville found that the greater part of the deck had been torn up. On the only portion of which it now remained—namely, a few feet at the stern, he observed an old gentleman evidently much hurt, and a lady of apparently about 40 years of age, who was either dead or had swoon- ed. All the other cabin passengers ap- peared to have been blown off the deck by the violence of the explosion.

The quay at which the vessel was lying at the time of the accident was in an incredibly short time crowded by persons of all descriptions.

The excitement was much increased by the wounded sufferers being borne along the streets to the Infirmary, and various other places. The steamboat quay, about seven o'clock, presented a scene of horror happily never before witnessed here—mangled and bleeding bodies carried to places where aid could be administered—the boats employed in trawling for the bodies rowing back- wards and forwards, anxiously watched by the spectators whenever the men a- board hauled up the creepers, to which in almost every case, were hanging pieces of clothes, shirts, handkerchiefs, &c. But the most fearful spectacle of all was the vessel herself—the roof of the ponderous boiler poised in mid-air, over which the funnel lay crushed and broken—the uptorn decks exposing the cabin, into which the upper flues of the boiler had forced their way; while hats and portions of male and female attire were strewn around, telling too truly of the fearful destruction that had taken place. It may be consoling to the friends of those who were injured to know that every thing which humanity and skill could devise was done to alle- viate the agonies of the unhappy suf- ferers.

Great praise is due to the medical gentlemen of this town, for the activity and zeal they displayed in rendering assistance, and it is but justice to men- tion, that Dr. McNaught, of Helens- burgh, who was on board the Clarence steamer, which was lying at the quay at the time of the accident, was the first to give assistance to those who were hurt, and that his active exertions in relieving the sufferings of the injured, excited the admiration of all present. We understand that before returning to Helensburgh, he left his address at the Tontine Inn, with instructions to the landlord to attend to the wants of some of the sufferers who were left, and that he would be accountable for any expense which might be incurred.—Greenock Intelligencer.

Sir Robert Peel's regard for the Sabbath.—The London Globe lately stated that Sir R. Peel's health was sinking under the accumulation of care and anxiety imposed upon him by his office of Prime Minister, and especially by the virulent and unceasing at- tacks of O'Connell, Buxton, Lord Russell, and his other political opponents. The Lon- don Standard replies to the Globe in an article from which we make the following ex- tract, on account of its testimony to the good effects of a proper observance of the Sabbath.

It is impossible to conceive a case of patriotism presenting stronger claims to the admiration and gratitude of a people, than that which the Globe would describe. Here is a gentleman completely happy in domestic life; at the head of an irreproachable and affectionate family; enjoying all those means of happiness, too, which abundant affluence

can afford; enjoying no less those means of happiness open to a refined taste and highly cultivated understanding; in short, with whatever earth presents of enjoyments com- pletely within his grasp. And yet the Globe tells us, that he tears himself from so many allurements, of not merely blameless but virtuous and honorable enjoyment, to main- tain the post in which he is placed by the commands of his sovereign, and for the security of his country—to maintain it with a prospect of being talked to death by the O'Connells and the Buxtons, the Shields and the O'Dwyers, the Wilds and the Tal- foulds! The truth, however, is best to be told. Of one half of his merit we certainly cannot allow Sir R. Peel to be divested; the sacrifice of happiness is indisputable, but we are gratified to believe that there is no sacri- fice of health, and that there is no danger of any such sacrifice. Our experience may be taken for something—for a newspaper edi- tor's life is no life of idleness; and we hold it to be an incontrovertible fact, that no man ever suffered in his health by the hardest conscientious labour, during six days of the week. But, we will add, for the instruction of the young and studious, to whom we particularly address this remark, that during many years observation of intellec- tual laborers, we never knew a man to work seven days in the week, who did not kill himself, or kill his mind.

We request our young friends to make inquiry upon this point. We will not give man to surviving friends by pointing to some of the later victims of seven days la- bour; it is more gratifying to refer to the multitude of instances in our biographical records of life preserved, and mind pres- erved, among those who have respected the Sabbath ordinance. We believe that the dull English Sunday, as it is called by those too idle to know that the mere cessation of labour is enjoyment, and too careless to feel that religious worship invigorates body and mind—the dull English Sunday, as it is stigmatized by fribbles and by fools, is, in our judgment, the principal cause of the superior health and longevity of the Eng- lish people.

Now this, we own, is our ground of re- liance, under the care of Providence, as to the health of the Prime Minister. He works hard, no doubt, during six days of the week, but he resigns Sunday to its own duties. Instead of holding Sunday Cabinets, regu- larly, like his immediate predecessors, he has never held a Sunday Cabinet since he came into office; on the contrary, every Sunday finds him on his knees at public worship, with his family about him. This is no extraordinary merit in a Christian country, whatever it may be in a Prime Minister; and it is not as a plea of merit we use it; but as a proof that Sir Robert does not work seven days in a week, which, to us is full assurance, that his work will not im- pair his health.

EXTRAORDINARY CIRCUMSTANCE.—On Monday of last week, the hands employed in the quarry of Mr. Herman Lydaeker, si- tuated under the high range of mountains, below Slaughter's Landing, in this county, were alarmed by the cry of murder! pro- ceeding from a female voice, but were total- ly unable to discover the source from whence it came. At the same moment the crew of the sloop Henry Edward, which was passing down the river, saw something suspended at the side of the mountain, re- sembling a female form. With commenda- ble promptitude they immediately put about, dropped anchor, and jumping into the small boat, rowed to the shore. On ar- riving at the foot of the mountain, they found it to be a young girl, aged about 16, hanging by one foot in a cedar bush, about one hundred feet from the base, and sixty feet from the top of the perpendicular rock. To reach her from the bottom was impos- sible, and providing themselves with a rope, they hastened around to the top, from which they lowered it. The unfortunate girl was yet able to fix it around her waist, and by this means was drawn from her perilous situ- ation, and rescued from impending and al- most certain death.

She proved to be Miss Phebe Wells, a niece of Mr. Benedict Wells, who had left his residence without the knowledge of his family, with a view of going to New York to see her friends. Unacquainted with the passage of the mountains, it is supposed she was unaware of the danger until she found herself descending the precipices, and the rock being nearly perpendicular, the fall could only have been broken by the slight shrubbery which projects from the side of the cliff, until, luckily for her, she struck the cedar bush, in which her foot fortunately caught. Her situation here may be ima- gined—it cannot be described: hanging by one foot to a slender bush, and a yawning gulf of rocks and stones one hundred feet below—unable to extricate herself, and for aught she knew, far beyond the reach of human call. It is not at all probable that in five hundred thousand cases, one could have passed the cliff she did, and not have been dashed to pieces long before reaching the bottom. She was not materially injur- ed, and was conveyed to her friends in New York by the sloop Henry Edward, the cap- tain and crew of which are entitled to the highest commendations for their prompti- tude and humanity.—North River Times.

THE ROYAL GAZETTE.

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