

POETRY.

The following beautiful lines are from the pen of Mr. JOSEPH CLINCH, a scholar of King's College, Nova Scotia, and a native of Trinity in this Island. They afford strong indications of future excellence in this department of literature, and bear evidence of a chaste and powerful mind."

TO LIGHT.

Joy of the Universe sublime!  
Thy beams have lit the waves of Time,  
Ere since the Almighty's hand  
With worlds' unnumber'd spangled space,  
And urged them on their rapid race,  
A bright and glorious band,—  
Yet 'twas not with the splendid sun  
That thy bright being was begun;  
For ever hath thy ray  
Of glory canopied the throne  
Of the Eternal Three in One,  
In one unceasing day.  
'Twas not, when Night in fear beheld  
A brilliant universe impelled  
Through all her wide domain,  
And flew in panic from her post  
Before that grand and glittering host,  
That wide and mighty train;  
It was not then thy being bright  
First flashed to view, O favouring Light!  
Not then commenced thy race;  
"For God is light," and Heaven would be  
No Heaven, nor beam, deprived of thee,  
No envied resting-place.  
When Night's dark curtains were unfurled,  
And robe-like wrapped the new-born world,  
And, on the wrathful deep,  
Slept in a dark and grim repose  
Until that mighty voice arose  
Which bade thee burst their sleep;  
How grand, how glorious, was the sight,  
When thou awak'st, triumphant light,  
Upon that curtain'd sea,—  
Poured forth the ocean of thy rays,—  
And wrapped all Nature in the blaze  
Of thy divinity!  
And now, although the stream of years  
So long had rolled, thy beam appears  
As fair, as pure, as bright,  
As when the joyous Ocean gave,  
To meet thy smile, his first-born wave  
With foaming mantle white:—  
Yes! now thou art as fair to view—  
When o'er the morning billows blue  
By Zephyrs gently tossed,  
Or o'er the mountain's misty side  
Thou pour'st the splendour of thy tide—  
Fair Light, as then thou wast,  
Most glorious Light! how glad thy ray  
To him who treads a trackless way  
Through forests wild and high;  
When Night di plays no planet's gleam  
To cheer him with its dubious beam,  
And bless his anxious eye!  
Or when, upon the midnight wave,  
(His vessel's and his comrades' grave,  
The sailor braves the sea,  
And, grasping some precarious hold,  
Prays, with his wild eye heavenward rolled,  
For safety and for thee.  
And glorious art thou, when thy rays  
Play on the prisoner's startled gaze,  
Dejected, sunk, and wan;  
When, from the dungeon and the chain,  
Freedom to thee and life again  
Restores the wretched man;  
Or when, upon the couch of woe,  
Sickness with many a bitter thro,  
And dim and wakeful eye,  
Counts the long night, and raptur'd sees  
Thy first ray touch the dewy trees,  
And gild the casement high.  
Soul of Creation! thou dost fill  
Space as its vital principle;—  
Parent of life and heat!  
Robe of the angels of the Lord!  
Pavilion of the One adored—  
The Eternal's glorious seat!  
Thyself Eternal,—for although  
Systems and suns should cease to glow,  
And all creation die,  
Whilst life, whilst Heaven, whilst God remain,  
Thou, Light, shalt hold thy glorious reign,  
The favourite of the sky.

DISPUTE BETWEEN TWO GIANTS.

The following characteristic conversation was recently overheard by a gentleman in Regent-street, early in the morning. Being ill in bed, he did not see the parties, so as to be able to describe their appearance. He informs us it was preceded by the noise of a heavy carriage, which made a dead halt under his windows, and which went rapidly on again after the conference ended.

Gas.—Hallo! Mr. Steam, where are you posting away in this new sort of vehicle, puffing and blowing at such a rate, that you can't stop to civilly say "good morning" to an old acquaintance; I thought you were usually at Tower Stairs about this time.

Steam.—I have much more important business on my hands just now than to waste my time in gossiping with a fellow who does nothing but stand about on the pavement all night.

Gas.—Much obliged to you for the compliment, though I would have you remember it is possible that those who make the least noise may yet do the most work. Philosophers rank me greatly your superior in power and capacity.

Steam.—You my superior! blockhead. Look to your sooty origin and disagreeable smell; born in a coal-pit, and carrying the tale of your extraction wherever you go.—Your power, such as it is, is often mischievously employed. 'Tis you who have so endangered the coal mine, that a naked candle cannot be used there, and but for Sir H. Davy's safety-lamp, the poor miners must have either worked in the dark, or at the peril of their lives.

Gas.—Not quite so fast, Mr. Steam, with your abuse. If my origin is obscure, there is, as Dr. Rock says, the more merit in rising into eminence. When your daily work is done, you sink into your native well, while my character once raised is ever sustained, for I am, as Sir H. Davy says, a perfect being, a permanently elastic fluid, not the mixed animal you are, who, but for the heat with which these despised coals supply you, would have no power at all, or scarcely existence. In charging me with a disagreeable odour, you, who have so often exhibited yourself at the Mechanics' Lectures ought to know that, when pure, I have none, it being in my case, what logicians call an accident, not a property; to reproach me, therefore, on this account, is as unreasonable as to find fault with a labourer because he has not always his Sunday clothes on.

Steam.—Not idle display, Mr. Gas, but utility is the test of value. How can you have the assurance to compare yourself with me, who am the grand factotum of modern labour, and rapidly superseding, in my various character, all power beside. I perform almost every description of work of man, in the steadiest and cheapest manner, so that he prefers me to wind, water, and even animals. What indeed is there which I cannot, and am not doing for him? I weave his garment, grind his corn, cook his victuals, wash his clothes, row and tow his vessels, and, as you see, have begun to draw his carriages. I am a blacksmith, sawyer, pumper, distiller, refiner, &c.; and by the testimony of the shampooing Mahomed of Brighton, the best Doctor for half the ailments man is subject to. Besides, I never tire, want no rest, and work equally well in all climates. Now, Mr. Perfection, what do you do, in the useful way, comparable to all this. You light up the streets and shops, yes, and at a great expense, and not without the assistance of flame. Then such is your ungovernable spirit and dirty habits, that you risk by explosion, or tarnish by smoke, the persons and property of those who admit you into their houses. In my opinion, you are only fit to stand at the corners of the street as a link boy, to light gentlemen across the street.

Gas.—You appear Mr. Steam, ready to burst with vexation, at the bare idea of my superiority; but that reproachful tongue happily acts as a safety valve. You are a drudge, I grant, and this boasting but reminds me of the organ-blower who, because he worked the bellows, claimed the merit of the music. A fig for your steadiness, when Mr. Watt was obliged to make so many contrivances (as governor, throttle-valve, damper, and fly-wheel,) to secure your working with any regularity, and not flying off at the first opportunity. Don't tell me of your convenient applications for the quantity of coals you consume, while the room you take up is such an obstacle to your employment on board ship, for long voyages, that Mr. Perkins, the engineer, expects that I might perform all the work you do, at half the expense and inconvenience.

Steam.—And at ten-fold the risk! Do you expect that any man in his senses would put to sea with such a scape-grace workman as you are, who would presently turn mutinous and be ready to break through all restraint? Mr. Perkins, Sir, is better employed in contriving a cannon, in which my powers are to be employed for discharging balls one hundred per minute.

Gas.—You do but compliment my extraordinary power, Mr. Steam, (so much more expansive than yourself,) when you allude to my violence. The fact is, I am impatient of confinement, of working in the menial way you do, and therefore seek my liberty. I delight to serve man in a nobler manner: in my illuminating splendour, I make up for the absence of the sun, turn his darkness into day, and aid in detecting and preventing crime. Neither am I, as you allege, dependent on flame for utility, nor is man afraid to trust himself with me on a much more critical element than water. Carrying him aloft in the balloon, I add wings to his grovelling body, transport him with ease and

celerity to distant spots, and aid his sublime discoveries.

Steam.—Expeditions more remarkable for foolhardiness than utility; that is to say, you tempt men, at a considerable expense, to break their necks in an uncommon way. My boats defy wind and wave, but your machine is at the mercy of whatever gale may blow.

Gas.—Though man cannot, and probably never will be able to guide the balloon so as to be of extensive use in travelling, he may yet avail himself of the wind's direction, as river craft do of the tide, in pursuing his course. Besides having taken extensive surveys, he has ascertained many important natural facts in regard to the constitution of the atmosphere; that its density and warmth diminish with elevation in the ratio of various attractions; that air, collected from the highest regions, no way differs in constitution from that inspired in the closest quarters of a crowded city; that—

The temperate Mr. Gas would doubtless have gone on philosophizing, but Mr. Steam hot with impatience, and probably jealous of the pleasurable life his rival led, hastily interrupted him by saying he could stay no longer. He therefore jumped up into his tug carriage, with Mr. Gurney, in the Regent's Park, while Gas quietly took himself off to the Eagle Tea Gardens, being also wanted by Mr. Green, to inflate his balloon for an ascent in the evening.

THE TRICKER OUT-TRICKED.—The Glasgow Courier gives the following original anecdote of a certain eccentric Nobleman of high rank:—

One morning his Grace, dressed in a short jacket and armed with a hedge-bill, was amusing himself in lopping off some of the overgrowing branches from the trees around the ducal residence he observed a boy enter the park, driving a cow before him, which had been pursued by one of his Grace's people, from a south country farmer—but Brownie either naturally cross grained, or intoxicated with the richness of the pasture on which she had entered, took to her heels, and with her tail on her rigger passed the Duke, leaving the breathless driver considerably in the rear. On seeing his Grace whom Tammy supposed to be one of the foresters or gardeners he bawled out, "man, will ye help me to catch that cow—I dinna ken what ails the mad camstrary brute to stend that way—she's ower weel and watsna."

"Where are you going with her, my boy?" replied his Grace. "You may easily ken that I'm just gaen down to the brow house there, and if you'll help me to get Brownie down till it, I'll gie ye the half of what I get—and my master tell me naeboddy gaed there without gettin' plenty." "A bargain be it," replied the Duke. Accordingly joining Tammy in the pursuit, Brownie was soon secured, and by the boy delivered over to one of his Grace's cowkeepers. In the meantime the supposed forester slipped round the palace, and entered without his rank being discovered to Tammy, who having got his cow was taken to the palace and feasted like a prince. Having stowed away as much within as possible, he got his pockets stuffed with as much bread and beef as they could hold, that there might be no lack of fodder by the way in returning. Meanwhile his Grace sent down a sovereign to Tammy by one of his servants, and slipping out of the palace, and placing himself in the way by which his little partner in the droving line had to return, re-commenced the operation of pruning. Tammy was not long in making his appearance, and a happy man was he. "Well," said his Grace, "how have come on down bye—you seem to be well pleased." "Come on man," returned the boy laughing. "I never came sae weel on in a' my life—besides being stuffed out and in, I got a guid white shilling," and ye shall have the half o't—can ye gie me a saxpence for I've nae—and ye're welcome to the half o't that's in my pouches," and instantly commenced to empty their contents on the green sward before them. "But are you sure," enquired his Grace, "that you got no more than a shilling—they would surely give you more than that?" "As sure's death man, I didna get a fardin mair—and I think I was weel aff. I'll turn out a' my pouches, and let you see if you think I'm leeing." "Would you know the man again who gave you the shilling?" "Oh, man that I wad finely," answered Tammy, for he was a terrible red faced chap. "Well, well remarked the Duke come back with me, and we'll get change for the shilling that I may get my sixpence." Away they accordingly set together, and soon found the servant who had been employed to administer his Grace's bounty to Tammy. "Well John," said the Duke to his servant, "how much did you give this lad?" "I gave him a shilling my Lord Duke." "Why did I not hand you a sovereign to be given to him?" "Yes, and please your Grace," replied the self convicted domestic, "but I thought a shilling was quite enough for a boy." "Think, Sir!" said the indignant Duke; "What-right had you to think in the matter? I have only to say Sir, that I have no further occasion of your services; though I must admit that

your last service has been the best I have received from you, for it has taught me that it is not among such gentry as you that I must look for honor and honesty, but to such as the humble boy before me, who would be glad to eat of the crumbs that fall from your table, and whom I had wronged in my mind—for he has this day exhibited a trait of character worthy the imitation of every rank in life." We need not add that Tammy got his sovereign which by the fraud of the unjust steward turned into a guinea.

NATURAL BOOTS.—They are without seam or a single stitch—the leg, foot, and sole are all of one piece; and we are told, fit most admirably. The following is the receipt for making them:—

"Take a horse, cut off his hind legs considerably above the heels; pull the skin down over his hoofs, just as if you were pulling off a stocking; when off, scrape the hair from the skin with a sharp knife, and remove every particle of flesh that may have adhered to the inside; hang the skins to dry, and in the process of drying draw them two or three times on your legs, that they may take their shape, form, and figure. The upper part (about twelve inches above the hock) becomes the mouth of the boot; the round projecting part of the hock the heel; the foot terminates at the fetlock joint, where it is cut to the required length.

Women are treated by good men as friends by libertines as playthings, and by cowards as slaves. Women who desert the vindication of their own sex, are like soldiers who forsake their own cause on the field of battle, and standing between two armies, are exposed to the fire of both. Beauty and spirit are women's weapons of defence; without them they have nothing to shield them from being ill-treated.

A young lady mentioning to a friend of hers that her papa had been in a bath which exceeded the proper heat, the friend replied, "Then they boiled your papa?"—"No," said she, sharply, "he was only par-boiled!"

The Mayor of an English city put forth an advertisement previous to the Races, that no gentleman would be allowed to ride on the course except the horses that were to run.

FROGS.—A single frog spawns about 1300 eggs; were it not for their numerous enemies, and their not being fit to propagate till they are three years old, the country would soon be overrun with these reptiles.

EARWIGS.—Upon the incontestable statements of two distinguished observers of insects, Frisch and De Geer, the female of the common earwig sits upon her eggs. This circumstance, however, seems to have escaped the notice of other naturalists, though her attention to her young ones is often witnessed.

ANAGRAMS.

Partial-Man.....Parliament.  
Mind his map.....Midshipman.  
Into my arm.....Matrimony.  
Great help.....Telegraph.  
Best in prayer.....Presbyterian.  
Yes Milton.....Solennity.  
Spare him not.....Misanthrope.  
Queer as mad.....Masquerade.  
Rover eat Pig.....Prerogative.  
Lim in a pet.....Impatient.  
Sly ware.....Lawyers.  
Neat Tailors.....Alterations.  
Nine Thumps.....Punishment.  
Red-nuts and gin.....Understanding.  
O poison Pit.....Opposition.  
It cut onion last.....Constitutional.  
Russ Palace.....Paracelsus.

"KNOCK HIM DOWN."—There is something peculiarly harsh and stunning in those three, hard-wirey-sturdy-stubborn monosyllables. Their very sound makes you double your fist if you are a hero; or your pace, if you are a peaceable man.

The common toast at all festive meetings in Sukirshire is—  
"Green hills, and waters blue,  
Grey plaids, and tarry woo."

A country carpenter nailing up a board to forbid vagrants trespassing, placed it with the inscription upside down. "Beggars are accustomed to reverse," observed a passenger.

CORNS.—A piece of tobacco moistened with water and bound about the corn acts, as an effectual cure. We have tried it and found it so—have recommended it to others who have found the same relief. If you are afflicted bind on the weed, and do not ape the Chinese, and we will warrant you free from corns in six months.

CONUNDRUMS.

Why might Brutus' ghost have been a cook?—Because it went to Phillippi (fill a pie).

Why is a gallows like the word of a man of honour?—Because you may depend upon it.

When is cheese like music?—When it is sound.

CONTO

Packet

JAM that and sup to-solic in futur and con Carban sidera superior &c. The tice stat of Most tively a leave 8 DAY. T in orde Cove a —74 April

ED respect has pun which, ted ou and PO BOAT one ad berths cabin men, he trus begs to able c shall b every 2 The for the Satur and th Wedn Man le Mornin Af For Let Par weigh The anv St N.I receiv St. Ho Kriety Mr Jo Car St. Jo

TH EXP at Ni and P return this v most passe be ca be ke propr other Or Child ble d their

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