

POLYMETRY.

A BOUQUET OF SONGS.
FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.
THE WORLD'S PHILOSOPHY.

Go! but hearken to my preaching!
Cast aside thy youthful folly,
Be by times thy young soul teaching,
Of mortals the immortal folly:
Calm and cruel—calm and strong,
Like one who does not suffer wrong,
Live from love and passion free:
Thou must swim or thou must sink,
Thou must venture or must shrink,
Thou must serve, or thou must reign,
Thou must lose, or thou must gain—
Hammer on an anvil be!

MORTAL BLISS.

Wherefore doth mortal bliss but seem
A fleeting summer dream?
Friendship's tender hours
Die like the taper's ray—
The drooping of pale flowers
Fading away!
We hope, we long, we scarce enjoy
Life's transitory gleam,
When a despairing sorrow
Overtakes our jubilee,
Our brief and anxious hour
Becomes eternity.

THE LOVED ONE IS NEAR.

I think on thee when the sunlight wanes dimmet,
And the day declines;
I think on thee when the pale moonlight's glimmer
On the ocean shines;
I gaze thee, when far on the mountain ridge
The dust clouds rise—
In the dark night, when o'er the trembling bridge
The wanderer lies.
I hear thee, when, soft as thy sweet voice, yonder
The light brooks leap;
In the still forest, dreaming on thee, I wander,
When all things sleep.
I companion thee still; wert thou ever so far
To me thou art near;
The sun sinks—soon lights me the evening star—
O! wert thou here.

A TRAGICAL EVENT.—Captain Owen, in the narrative of his voyage on the coast of Madagascar, relate the following melancholy account of the murder of two of his officers by the natives:—On the 22d we got sight of the first island, situated about three miles from the main, where a heart-rending tragedy was enacted, which, during the remainder of our voyage, called forth the most painful recollections. Two midshipmen were ordered to the island, for the purpose of obtaining some angles requisite for the survey. Mr. Bowie, the eldest, was a gentleman who had passed his examination for a lieutenant, and had only lately joined the ship; the other, Mr. Parsons, came out with us from England, and was about eighteen years of age. While taking their observations, Mr. Bowie, who had charge of the boat, imprudently despatched the crew round a projecting foreland in search of shells. They returned once on the fire of a musket, and found the two officers in the boat conversing with a native, many of whom are daily in the habit of resorting to these islands for shell-fish, although they do not inhabit them, from a fear of being entrapped and carried off as slaves. The crew were absent a second time about half an hour, and then commenced their return. The man who was in advance of the rest, on gaining the height of an intervening sandy point, suddenly gave an alarm that the officers were missing from the boat. It was immediately anticipated that some fatal accident had happened, and all hastily rushed towards the spot. As they approached, something was observed rolling in the surf that beat heavily on the shore;—it was the lifeless body of Mr. Parsons. They picked it up, and swam to the boat, where the first object that met their view was Mr. Bowie, stretched over the table, with no other indication of life than a slight pulsation in the wrist, which in a few minutes ceased.—An exclamation of horror burst from all.—A consultation was held whether to go in pursuit of the blood-thirsty savages, or return to the ship and report the melancholy fate of their officers, when the latter course was determined on; so, laying their remains at the bottom of the boat, in mournful silence and with heavy hearts, the grapple was weighed, and, favoured by the strong sea-breeze that had just set in, they soon reached the brig, which was at anchor near the second island. It was fortunate that they quitted without delay, as they had scarcely left the beach, when a body of armed natives were seen hurrying down to the spot they had left, in all probability with the intention of plundering and destroying the boat, in order to prevent the crew from escaping, after having murdered their officers. The feelings of all on board, upon seeing the bleeding lifeless bodies of our poor messmates hoisted up the ship's side, may easily be imagined; a general cry of distress and indignation was heard, while an anxious wish was expressed to go on shore and take revenge upon the perpetrators. But captain Vidal softened in some measure this feeling of revenge, by representing how certain it was that in

destroying the guilty we must shed the blood of innocence. On examining the body of Mr. Bowie, it was found pierced with five wounds; a severe one in the arm was apparently received while he was endeavouring to defend himself. Three were mortal, and the whole seemed to have been dealt by a spear or a strong knife. Mr. Parsons had four deep gashes in the back, and the deadly weapons must have been impelled with much force, as a rib was severed in two by a spear, which then passed through the chest; they were separately mortal, and were probably received while the unfortunate young man was attempting to effect his escape.—The appearance of the bodies, and the ideas connected with them, were so distressing to us all, that as soon as the surgeon's examination was concluded they were conveyed on shore, and interred with military honours in a grave on the island, adjoining that in which the corpse of one of our seamen was buried who had died the day previous of a consumption. The spot were this melancholy incident took place Grave Island, while that from which the perpetrators came received a name in accordance with their nature, Murderers' Bay; and they are thus recorded in our charts.

SUFFERINGS OF A SHIPWRECKED PARTY IN NOVA ZEMBLA.—Snow storms soon blocked up their hut, and the cold became so intense they could barely endure it. Linen froze in an instant when taken out of warm water.—The closeness of the hut nearly suffocated them from the smoke; and if the fire became low the walls were soon covered with thick ice; even the beds were lined with it. Except when employed in cooking, they lay constantly in their beds. Oftentimes they heard tremendous noises like thunder break the fearful stillness of the unbounded frozen waste around them—it seemed like the bursting asunder of mountains and the dashing them into atoms. This sound was probably caused by the fracture of the ice at sea.—Their clock stopped in consequence of the cold, but they managed to know how the time went, by a twelve-hour glass. On the 6th December they found the cold so intense they had no expectation of surviving it. They could keep themselves warm by no resources they could command. Their wine froze, and they were obliged to melt it every two days, when half a pint was served out to each man. They knew not day from night, the moon shining brightly; there was no distinction at the time their clock stopped, and they were perplexed to know what time of the 24 hours it might be when they set their hour-glass. On the 7th December they went on board their ship for some coals, and made up a good fire in the evening, which gave them much comfort. They had a narrow escape, however, from the vapour; for, closing every aperture of the hut to keep in the heat as much as possible, a seaman who was indisposed first complained of not being able to bear it, and then they were all attacked with vertigo and could scarcely stand, until the door was opened, when the first who reached it fell down faint on the snow. On the 19th December the seamen's shoes were frozen so hard that they could not be worn, and they made themselves slippers of skins, and put on several pairs of socks together to keep their feet in heat. The ice was an inch thick on the sides of their hut, and when they went out in clear weather their clothes became white with frost and ice. They had stormy weather till about the 15th January, during which they confined themselves to their hut. They heard the foxes running over their heads, but could not catch them, which they regretted, as their provisions were beginning to run short. The intense cold absorbed every other sensation. They applied hot stones to their feet and bodies to keep them warm, comforting themselves that now the sun was about returning to them, with a little patience he would warm and gladden them again with his beams. Even sitting before their fire their backs would become white with frost, while their stockings would be burned before they could feel the heat to their feet.—*Shipwrecks and Disasters at Sea.*

EDMUND KEAN.—He had never yet disappointed a London audience, but on one occasion The circumstances of this one he often related to me. He had gone to dine somewhere about ten miles from town, with some friends of early days, players of course, fully intending to be at the theatre in time for the evening's performance. But temptation and the bottle were too strong for him; he outstayed his time, got drunk, and lost all recollection of Shakspeare, Shylock, and Drury-lane, and the duties they entailed on him. His friends, frightened at the indiscretion they had caused, despatched Kean's servant with his empty chariot and well-prepared story, that the horses had been frightened near the village where Kean had dined, by a flock of geese by the road side; that the carriage upset, and the unfortunate tragedian's shoulder dislocated. This story was repeated from the stage by the manager, and the rising indignation of the audience (who had suffered the entertainments to be commenced by the farce) was instantly calmed down into commiseration and regret. The following morning Kean was shocked and bewildered at discovering the truth of his

situation. But how must his embarrassment be increased on learning that several gentlemen had already arrived from town to make anxious inquiries for him! He jumped out of bed, and to his infinite affright saw amongst the carriages those of Sir Francis Burdett, Mr. Whitbread and others of his leading friends, whose regard for him brought them to see into his situation in person. Luckily for him, his old associates, the actors, had, with great presence of mind and practised effrontery, carried on the deception of the preceding night. The village apothecary lent himself to it, and with a grave countenance confirmed the report; and Kean himself was obliged to be a party, *volens volens*, in the hoax. His chamber was accordingly darkened, his face *whitened*, his arm bandaged. A few of the most distinguished inquirers were admitted to his bedside—no one discovered the cheat; and to crown it completely, he appeared in an incredibly short time, on the boards of old Drury again, the public being carefully informed that his respect and gratitude towards them, urged him to risk the exertion, notwithstanding his imperfect convalescence, and to go through the arduous parts of Macbeth, Richard, and Othello, on three successive nights, with his arm in a sling.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

MISS HARRIETT MARTINEAU.—We learn, from an auto-biographical letter by this lady to the French translator of her "Illustrations of Political Economy," given in the *Monthly Repository*, that her family is of French origin, her grandfather, a surgeon, having quitted France after the revocation of the edict of Nantes, and settled at Norwich, where he married a French lady, who had also emigrated. Her father, the youngest of five brothers, was the proprietor of a crane manufactory, at Norwich, where he was born, and had eight children, of whom this lady was the sixth. She was born in June, 1802; her health was exceedingly delicate in childhood, and since then she has been "afflicted," to use her own words, with an infirmity (deafness) which, without absolutely depriving her of all intercourse with the world, has forced her to seek occupations and pleasures within herself. The first exercise she published was a little volume entitled "Devotional Exercises," in 1822. The origin of the "Illustrations" was an engagement by a country bookseller to compose a tale of fiction; she thought of joining the useful with the agreeable, and in order to shew the folly of the populace of Manchester, produced the story of "The Rioters;" and next year another on wages, called "The Turn-out." She adds here, naively enough, "I was far from suspecting, while I wrote them, that wages and machinery had any thing to do with political economy. I do not even know whether I ever heard the name of that science. It was not till some time afterwards that, reading Mrs. Marcet's "Conversations on Political Economy," I perceived that I had written political economy, as M. Jourdain spoke prose, without knowing it." In 1830 she published "Traditions of Palestine," and wrote various articles for the *Monthly Repository*, essays, critiques, tales, parables, and poetry. The association of Unitarian Dissenters, to which Miss Martineau belongs, printed three of her essays, which had obtained prizes, and were addressed to the Catholics, the Jews, and Mahomedans. The plan of the "Illustrations of Political Economy" were offered to and rejected by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. The intention was at first to publish 24 tales, but the plan has been enlarged by the addition of six more. Miss Martineau resides in town, and her brother James, whom she calls "the steadiest friend and the best guide she ever had in literature and philosophy," lives in Liverpool.

A HINT FOR BRIDES.—A few days since a couple went to Thame church to be married. The ceremony went on as usual very well until it came to the words "with this ring I thee wed," when the bride essaying to take her glove off her maiden hand for the last time, could not effect it. Whether it was agitation or heat, nervousness or perspiration, the leather clung to her hand like man and wife ought to do, and would not part company. The bride blushed and pulled, but in vain. The bridegroom (bold man) laughed outright; so did the father, so did the mother, so did the bride's maids, so did all the spectators except the clergyman, and he (the Rev. Mr. Lee,) exclaimed, "I do not come here to be laughed at," and, shutting his book, left the ceremony half finished, the bride half married, and the glove-half off. We add, for the satisfaction of the sympathisers, that the bride went to church next day with her hand uncovered, and the nuptial knot was then tied "as tight as a glove."—*Bucks Herald.*

A PREDICTION.—Wo to England the day when her electors become too honest to sell themselves, and her senators too wise to buy her voters—a revolution will then be near at hand; and the elements which England contains within her own bosom, and which a disorganizing faction reserves for the terrible work, are not less formidable than those which for forty years have agitated France.—*Great Britain, by Baron D'Haussez.*

LANDER'S NIGER EXPEDITION.

Mr. Richard Lander, whose fate so generally and deeply interests his country, arrived at Fernando Po on the 1st of May, from the Quorra steam-boat, which he left afloat in deep water near the River Tchadda.—From her, he descended the Niger in a native canoe; and arrived on board the brig Columbine, which was lying in the Nun River, having been thirteen days on his passage. During this period our gallant traveller stopped to sleep every night at a native village on the banks of the Niger. At Fernando Po, Mr. Lander was evidently very ill, though he was rapidly recovering from an attack of dysentery; with which he had been afflicted for some months. His object in returning alone to this place was to procure medicines, as well as tea and other condiments, for the use of the invalids on board the steam-boats. We lament to have to confirm the reports of the grievous mortality which had prevailed; the number of deaths on board the vessels of which the expedition is composed had been, indeed, frightfully great. No fewer than 25 had perished before Mr. Lander undertook his journey to the coast, including, we regret to add, most of the officers and engineers. We have now to relate what chiefly led to this lamentable result. The vessels were unfortunately detained at a place called Attah—why, we are not able to ascertain—until Mr. Lander, accompanied by one or two of his associates, went to see the king. They were very hospitably received by his sable majesty, who was equipped in silk velvet, and attend by about three hundred well-dressed youths; all of them eunuchs, and forming a kind of body-guard to their prince. This delay was followed by another still more vexatious.—The larger steam-boat was forced, by the strength of the current, on a sand bank, where she was fixed for several weeks; till lifted into deep water (as we have stated) by the swelling of the river. Here she was examined, and found to have sustained no damage; but owing to this unseasonable accident, as well as to the detention at Attah, and, above all, to the deplorable loss of life which had ensued on board the vessels, the party had it not in their power to cultivate their mercantile speculations either to the extent or so successfully as they wished, or as their friends anticipated. Still, however, when Mr. Lander left the Quorra, they might be said to have only begun to trade with the natives: and as there was unquestionably an abundance of ivory in the country, we have reason to hope, even yet, that the adventure will be as prosperous in this point of view, as its spirited and enterprising proprietors can reasonably desire. On the 18th of May, Mr. Lander left Fernando Po, in a native canoe, as before, in order to rejoin his companions; no doubt anxiously awaiting his return. Earnestly do we pray that the next accounts may be of a more favourable character; and above all, that this brave and interesting individual may bring home his remaining fellow-travellers in safety, to enjoy their reward in an approving country.—*Literary Gazette.*

CUVIER ON NATIONAL EDUCATION.—Give Schools before political rights; make citizens comprehend the duties that the state of society imposes on them; teach them what are political rights before you offer them for their enjoyment. Then all ameliorations will be made without causing a shock; then each new idea, thrown upon good ground, will have time to germinate, to grow, and to ripen, without convulsing the social body. Imitate nature, who, in the development of being acts by gradation. The infant remains nine months in the body of its mother; man's physical perfection only takes place at twenty or thirty, and his moral completion from thirty to forty. Institutions must have ages to produce all their fruits; witness christianity, the effects of which are not yet accomplished, notwithstanding a thousand years of existence.—*Memoirs of Baron Cuvier.*

A BULL.—Lord Brougham, in his corporation bill, provides that quarter sessions shall not be held quarterly, or once in the quarter, as heretofore, but oftener, according to his Majesty's pleasure, from time to time. Had an Irishman said this.—*Dublin Evening Mail.*

On the 25th of February the foundation stone of a Scotch Presbyterian church was laid at Buenos Ayres. This is the first Scotch national church erected in South America.—*Liverpool Journal.*

The proprietors of a stage coach on one of the roads in Ireland, having, in order to signify their readiness for action and their determination to put down opposition, caused the well known motto, "Paratus ad arma," to be painted on the panels of the coach. The inscription was thus spelled over and construed by an Irishman, whose eye it happened to catch:—'P-a-r-a-t-u-s,—Praties at Armagh, is it? Sure, where's the use of telling us that? Isn't there praties every where?'

The Government of Bolivia has declared Port Lamar, in the Pacific, a free port.

Printed and Published by D. E. GILMOUR, at the Star Office, Carbonar, Newfoundland, to whom all Communications must be addressed.—Subscription, ONE GUINEA PER ANNUM payable half-yearly.