

POETRY.

FAREWELL.
BY HEBER.

When eyes are beaming
What never tongue might tell,
When tears are streaming
From their crystal cell;
When hands are link'd that dread to part;
And heart is prest by throbbing heart,
Oh! bitter, bitter is the smart
Of them that bid farewell!

When hope is chidden
That fan of bliss would tell,
And love forbidden
In the breast to dwell;
When fetter'd by a viewless chain,
We turn, and gaze, and turn again,
Oh! death were mercy to the pain
Of them that bid farewell.

CANNING AND BROUGHAM.—Canning chose his words for the sweetness of their sound, and arranged his periods for the melody of their cadence; while, with Brougham, the more hard and unmouthable the better. Canning arranged his words like one who could play skilfully upon that sweetest of all instruments, the human voice; Brougham proceeded like a master of every power of reasoning, and of the understanding. The figures and allusions of the one were always quadrable by the classical *formule*; those of the other could be squared only by the higher analysis of the mind; and they soared and ran, and pealed and swelled on and on, till a single sentence was often a complete oration within itself; but still, so clear was the logic, and so close the connexion, that every member carried the weight of all that went before, and opened the way for all that was to follow after. The style of Canning was like the convex mirror, which scatters every ray of light that falls upon it, and shines and sparkles in whatever position it is viewed. That of Brougham was like the concave speculum, scattering no indiscriminate radiance, but having its light concentrated into one intense and tremendous focus. Canning marched forward in a straight and clear track; every paragraph was perfect in itself, and every coruscation of wit and genius was brilliant and delightful; it was all felt, and it was felt at once; Brougham twined round and round in a spiral, sweeping the contents of a vast circumference before him, and uniting and pouring them onward to the main point of attack. When he began, one was astonished at the wideness and obliquity of his course, nor was it possible to comprehend how he was to dispose of the vast and varied materials which he collected by the way; but as the curve lessened, and the end appeared, it became obvious that all was to be efficient there.

Such were the rival orators, who sat glancing hostility and defiance at each other during the early part of the session for 1823. Brougham, as if wishing to overthrow the Secretary by a sweeping accusation of having abandoned all principle for the sake of office; and the Secretary ready to parry the charge, and attack in his turn. An opportunity at length offered; and it is the more worthy of being recorded, as being the last terrible personal attack previous to that change in the measures of the cabinet, which, though it had begun from the moment that Canning, Robinson, and Huskisson came into office, was not at that time perceived, or at least admitted and appreciated. Upon that occasion, the oration of Brougham was, at the outset, disjointed and ragged, and apparently without aim or application. He careered over the whole annals of the world, and collected every instance in which genius had degraded itself, at the footstool of power, or principle had been sacrificed to the vanity or the lucre of place; but still there was no allusion to Canning, and no connexion, that ordinary men could discover, with the business before the House. When, however, he had collected every material which suited his purpose, when they had become big and black, he bound it about and about with the cords of illustration and argument; and when its union was secure, he swung it round and round with the strength of a giant and the rapidity of a whirlwind, in order that its impetus and its effects might be the more tremendous; and while doing this, he ever and anon glared and pointed his finger to make the aim and the direction sure. Canning himself was the first that seemed to be aware where and how terrible was to be the collision; and he kept writhing his body in agony, and rolling his eyes in fear, as if anxious to find some shelter from the impending bolt. The House soon caught the impression, and every man in it was glancing fearfully, first towards the orator, and then towards the Secretary. There was, save the voice of Brougham, which growled in that under tone of muttered thunder which is so fearfully audible, and of which no speaker of the day was fully master but himself, a silence as if the angel of retribution had been flaring in the faces of all parties the scroll of their personal and political sins. A pen, which one of the secretaries dropped upon the matting, was heard in the remotest part of the House; and the voting members, who often slept in the side galleries during the debate, started up as though the final trump

had been sounding them to give an account of their deeds. The stiffness of Brougham's figure had vanished; his features seemed concentrated almost to a point; he glanced toward every part of the House in succession; and sounding the death-knell of the Secretary's forbearance and prudence, with both his clenched hands upon the table, he hurled at him an accusation more dreadful in its gall, and more torturing in its effects, than ever had been hurled at mortal man within the same walls. The result was instantaneous,—was electric. It was as when the thunder-cloud descends upon some giant peak,—one flash,—one peal,—the sublimity vanished, and all that remained was a small and cold pattering of rain. Canning started to his feet, and was able to utter only the unguarded words, "It is false!" to which followed a dull chapter of apologies.—*By the Author of the Attic Fragments.*

SPLendid DISCOVERY.—We have received the following communication from a gentleman, on whose judgment and veracity we can place the greatest reliance. Appended to the notice is the following remark from our correspondent: "I pledge myself to the truth of the foregoing statement, and could have said much more, for I have seen it."—Mr. Rutter, of Lynton, already known as the author of a Treatise on Gas Lighting, has obtained a patent for a new method of producing heat, which is certainly one of the most useful discoveries of modern science. In large furnaces and manufactories, it will almost entirely supersede the use of coal; but its greatest advantage will be found in its applicability to steam navigation. The principal ingredient employed for fuel in this new process is water!!! The only material required besides is something in a liquid form, which contains a large portion of carbon; whale oil, tar, or almost any thing of a similar kind will answer the purpose. As these materials are introduced into the furnace simultaneously, and in combination with each other, the one yields its carbon, while the other gives out its hydrogen, and a small portion of atmospheric air is the only thing that is then required to keep them in a state of perfect combustion. The whiteness and intensity of the flame thus produced can hardly be imagined by any one who has not seen it, and yet it is so completely under management, that in one second it can be reduced or augmented as occasion may require. It is almost unnecessary to add, that it yields no smoke, and consequently the hideous funnel now used in steam-packets may be laid aside. But the greatest advantage of all is, that steam navigation may henceforth be employed in cases where till now it was altogether impracticable. A vessel may be so constructed as to take on board, without inconvenience, a supply of fuel which would enable her to circumnavigate the globe. The process has been in successful operation at the Gas Works in Lynton and Salisbury during the last three months.—*Devoport Independent, and Plymouth and Stonehouse Gazette.*

THE GLORIOUS FIRST OF JUNE.—I was received on board the Firebrand frigate, Capt. Tudor, where I remained until after the glorious 1st of June; the Firebrand had the honor of first discovering the foe, for on the evening of the 31st May, we gave signal of an enemy's fleet ahead, and crowded all sail to keep them in view. As they carried no lights during the night, we thought we had lost them, but at dawn we found ourselves in the wake of one of their largest ships; for as the sun cleared away the fogs aloft, we beheld the ensign and maintop-sail of their Admiral piercing, as it were, the very clouds. This was rather awkward, as a single broadside from her would have sent us down to Davy. Our Capt. flew to the helm, crying, "Hard alee, helmsman—raise your foretacks—lay all aback—lee-tacks and bow-lines—forward! forward! there, there, she heels—she heels—haul up your mainsheets—reef your headsails—hard, hard a weather, helmsman—haul abroad your main-tack, boys, close to the wind—closer yet—cheerly, my hearties—cheerly—round she goes!"—and round she went, your honors, in less time than I have been telling you how it was done. Ah! poor Tudor was a hardy blue. The morning mist hardly concealed us from their view, and them from us, save their maintop, which shooting through the fog, was gilded by the rising sun; we were not more than 30 fathoms distance, and the strong rough Cambrian voice of Capt. Tudor alarmed the monstrosities; a shot was fired from their stern-chasers, that bore away our spritsail-yard.—We tacked, and wore away; the fog sheered off, when we found ourselves about a league ahead of our fleet, and about the same distance from the enemy, with the Garonne, a 36 gun frigate, within ten fathom of us. We carried only 28, but all's one for that, your honors. Old Taffy, who had fought up from a *mid*, waved his cock and pinch above his head, and hurling it at the Garonne, histed every ensign, jack, and union flag aboard; save you, *eh*, the little Firebrand looked like a farmer's pony, on May-day morn! I think I see the hardy old Welshman on the quarter, the wind shaking his thin white locks, crying—"Clear the decks—stow the hammocks—lay the hatches!—well done, boson—sling the yards, stopper

topsail sheets!—bravo, my mates!—marines, to your station! bear ahead upon her weather beam!—well done, helmsman!"—[Here Joe rose up, the Firebrand was in action, and he scorned to skulk.]—Loose your guns—out with your tompons—run out your muzzles—level—fire! Crash, crash, crash and cry!—down went their mizen by the board, and down came our spritsail-yard and jack flag, striking our captain of marines overboard. Box haul—ware about, my hearts steady, well wore, helmsman!—rake her fore and aft, brave, lieutenant! double shot your guns—cripple her rudder, run out, fire!

"Hurra!" cried Joe, quite blown; "God love your honors," her mid-deck was swept of hands as clear as my palm, and she looked like a beef cask on the water, with both heads out. Old Leathersides, as the men called the gallant old Cambrian, called out to the Frenchman to haul down, but he replied with a shot from his pistol. This was too much, your honors, for mercy itself to endure; so roaring out, "Board, boson, follow me, lads, clear them off, stem and stern, the Spitfire for an empire!" he leaped on the quarter, followed by the crew; and in five minutes we mastered her main-waist, hoisted the British jack above her tri-coloured flag amid the cheers of the whole fleet, who witnessed the action.

This affair irritated the French Commander who, waring round, sought to release the Garonne; but ere he could near us, Lord Howe brushed alongside, crying, "Bravo, Tudor—well done, Firebrand—a good omen this," and bore down upon the Admiral, who, finding himself forecast in his manoeuvre, discharged his forecastle guns at us; and as our Captain was about to reply to his Commander, a swivel-shot struck him in the breast, and down he went, like a statue broken from its pedestal. Lord Howe then bore down on the French Commander Villaret, poured in his broadside, and wore round to bring his other guns to bear. Then, followed by the Audacious, Leviathan, and Belleophon, engaged the four ships of the enemy's centre. The Revolutionaire was quickly disabled, and struck, falling out of the line. Her antagonist then turned her guns upon the La Vengeur, the crew of which fought until she settled to her second deck; and after her lower guns were under water, continued to fire her upper tier, and as she sunk, the air resounded with, "*Vive la republique—vive la liberte—Vive la France.*" It was a beautiful and terrible sight, your honors, to see fifty men-of-war engaged, broadside to broadside, within pistol-shot, the men upon the yard-arms endeavouring to grapple with each other. The Garonne, our antagonist, heeled, and went down a minute after the Vengeur. The crew of the Firebrand then called upon the Lieutenant to lead them against the foe.—This request was complied with, and we took our station on the bows of La Montagne who was already warmly engaged with the Belleophon. We opened a passage through her length, keeping our station till she struck, having five hundred men killed and disabled in less than an hour. Eleven more of the enemy were the trophies of this glorious day—quite another thing, your honors, to the hanging of these poor shamrock souls. The whole fleet regretted the fate of poor Tudor. The first Lieutenant succeeded him, and who, happening to say something extra to Joe Denman, I had the honor of clenching naves with Lord Howe; and soon after was promoted to the Venerable, the flag-ship of Lord Duncan, where I had the good fortune to steer clear of the mutiny at the Nore and Spithead, and the satisfaction of drubbing the Dutch at Camperdown.—*Water Queen and other Tales.*

AN AMERICAN GENTLEMAN.—The first impression made by an acquaintance with the better educated order of American gentlemen is certainly very pleasing. There is a sort of republican plainness and simplicity in their address quite in harmony with the institutions of their country. An American bows less than an Englishman; he deals less in conversational forms and expressions of civility; he pays few or no compliments; makes no unmeaning or overstrained professions; but he takes you by the hand with a cordiality which at once intimates, that he is disposed to regard you as a friend. Of that higher grace of manner, inseparable perhaps from the artificial distinctions of European society, and of which even those most conscious of its hollowiness, cannot always resist the attraction, few specimens are of course to be found in a country like the United States; but of this I am sure, that such a reception as I have experienced in New York is far more gratifying to a stranger than the farce of ceremony, however gracefully it may be performed.—*Men and Manners in the United States.*

A PENNSYLVANIAN DEBTOR.—I write now to cousin Williams to press the payment of the bond. There has been forbearance enough on my part; seven years or more, without receiving any principal or interest. It seems as if the debtor was like a whimsical man in Pennsylvania, of whom it was said that, it being against his principle to pay interest, and against his interest to pay principal, he paid neither one nor the other.—*Franklin.*

MILITARY PIETY.—Brantome says of De Montmorenci, constable of France, "Every morning, whether he was at home or in the army, on a march or in a camp, he never neglected to recite and hear his *paternosters*. But it was a saying among the soldiers, 'Take care of the paternosters of Monsieur the Constable; for while he was muttering them over, he would throw in, by way of parenthesis, as the occasions of discipline or war demanded, 'Hang me that fellow on the next tree—pass me that other through the pikes—bring me hither that man and shoot him before my face—burn that village—set fire to all the country for a quarter of a league round.' And all this he would do without the least interruption to his devotions, which he would have thought it a sin to defer to another hour, so tender was his conscience."

THE POOR MAN'S BAROMETER. Both the *convolvulus* and the *pimpernel* (anagallis) fold up their leaves on the approach of wet weather. The latter is called the *poor man's weather-glass*. In the same manner the different species of *trefoil* contract their leaves at the approach of a storm, and they have been named the *husbandman's barometer*. Chickweed is another plant which answers the same purpose. When the flower expands boldly and fully, no rain will happen for four hours or upwards; if it continues in that open state no rain will disturb the summer's day. When it half conceals its miniature flower, the day is generally showery; but if it entirely shuts up or veils the white flower with its green mantle, let the traveller put on his great coat, and the ploughman with his beasts of draught expect rest from their labour. But these, and an multitude more of such observations, are of no use, and can give but little pleasure to the inhabitants of large and crowded cities. Perhaps, indeed, after the reviving effects of pure air, and a clear sky, the dwellers in thronged and close pent up streets suffer no greater privations than the want of every opportunity of observing the numerous little facts which are connected with the habits of vegetables, insects and animals.—*Thief.*

HOW TO SAVE YOUR CELLAR.—One countryman reading to another, from a magazine the account of an old lady in Cheshire, who always bargained with her male servant, that he should whistle while he went into the cellar to draw beer; his awkward auditor, who had listened attentively, suddenly exclaimed,—"Ecod, but I would have diddled her, I know, for I wud ha' bought a *wusle-ste-pipe*." "Ah!" said the other, "but how would ye ha' got one to ha' meade a noise like yer wone wuslin." Thus the two wises argued for some time, and actually discussed the topic, and settled the dispute, without reflecting it was precisely the same thing whether a man whistled himself, or blew into a whistle-pipe, either of which would have answered the old lady's purpose equally well, and have kept her servant's mouth out of mischief.

REST FOR THE BONES.—An Irish bricklayer's laborer fancying his happiness incomplete without a partner to alleviate his cares, breathed the soft tale of love in the ear of an Irish woman, who picked up a miserable existence, by plying with a basket in Covent Garden market. She heard his tale,

And all
In sweet disorder lost, she blush'd consent.
The nuptials celebrated, we will suppose her the following morning, about her usual time of rising, still in bed, and contemplating on the late happy change in her situation, her satisfaction was so exquisite, that she could not help exclaiming, "Thank God, I'm married,—for now I'll rest my bones!" "By *ge*, then," says Murphy (who was just clapping the hod to his shoulder), "it will be your *jaw-bones* though."

ANECDOTE OF GEORGE THE SECOND.—He was strongly attached to etiquette; but on many occasions, as in the following instance, he appears to have liberated himself, almost unconsciously, and with amusing oddity, from its trammels. One afternoon, a person who had been passing an hour or two with some of the royal servants, in an upper apartment in the palace, on his return, slipping down a flight of steps, burst open the door of a room at the foot of them, with such involuntary violence, that he fell, completely stunned, on the floor. When he recovered his senses, he found himself extended on the carpet, in a snug apartment, under the hands of a neat little old gentleman, who washed his head very carefully with a towel, and applied sticking plaster to the cuts which he had received in his fall.—When this was done, the little old gentleman picked up the intruder's wig, and placed it properly on the head of its owner; who now rose, and was about to express his gratitude for the kindness which had been shown to him, but his benefactor, with a dignified frown, pointed to the door, and the man retired in amazement. The room into which he had fallen was the royal closet; and the good Samaritan, it is scarcely necessary to add, was the king himself.—*Georgian Era, vol. I.*

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