Poetry.

(ORIGINAL.)

The Broom Sellers.

An Epigram, versified from Joe Miller.

TOM.

How comes it, Phil, your brooms you sell,
Where'er you choose to take 'em,
Cheaper than I, how strange to tell!
Who steal the wood to make 'em?

PHIL.

Indeed! the secret's OUT at once,
You don't, Tom, know your trade;
While you steal wood to make 'em, dunce,
I steal 'em ready made.

FITZSAMUEL.

To Eve.

WRITTEN IN WINTER.—BY JOHN C. MOSSIE

The clock strikes four!—
Art thou, my love, awake,
To pray like me,
That the blessed dawn would break?

I murmur thy sweet name
Through the long, sleepless night,
And it leaps to my lips in joy
To hail the morning light!

Life of joy heart! wak'st thou,
To weep that the hour would come
When we for aye, both night and day
Shall share one hope and home!

The clock strikes four!—
Art thou, my love, awake,
To pray, like me,
That the blessed dawn would break?

A Rustic Ballad.

A bee, while lay sleeping young Dolly,
Mistook her red lips for the rose;
There honey to suck were no folly,
No flower so sweet ever blows.

It tickled, and wak'd her; when clapping
Her hand on the impudent bee,
It stung her, and Dolly, caught napping,
Come pouting and crying to me.

Said she "take the sting out, I pray you!"
What wry I was puzzled to try,
And a trifling wager I'd lay you
You'd have been as much puzzled as I.

I'd heard about sucking out poison—
A sting is a poisonous dart—
So I kiss'd her, the act was no wise one;
The sting found its way to my heart.

Things in Venice—and on the Road.

Well! well! as a Yankee says, when he knows not what else to say—"whootah!" "hallos!" "This beats all nater, all to nothing!" "whip me if it doesn't!" Downingville is nothing to it, nor any other *ville* upon which I ever laid my eyes, anything to it. The traveller now and then, even when his senses become quite callous to nuvelties, will have his spasms, and thus here I have one over this Venice—this oddest of all odd cities—this rich pearl of the ocean, that lays upon the bosom of the Adriatic, like some bright gem upon the bosom of some eastern queen. If it were proper to whoop upon paper, I would whoop through a column of periods—for thus alone can I impart an impression of that wild, strange feeling that comes over every man when in his gondola, his eyes first discern in the distance, the towers, the marble piles starting like sea palaces from the ocean—the coral houses, as it were, of the fabled deities of the deep, where Nelads held their court, and Tritons worshipped. Whoop! whoop! but whooping will not do on paper, even for a North American savage, as half of Europe believe all Americans are. You describe, you must describe, the law says, for no *scripts*—it is true—according to rule, in well-built periods and chosen words, the Beckfords or Byrons say. But I am wonder-struck. I am "dumb-founded," as John Bull would have the phrase, I must have a "flare up"—for how can I describe what the best writers of the world have so often described, and a city too that artists, the best artists of the world have painted and engraved in almost every variety of views, so that letters and the arts have struggled to impart the most vivid impressions of its novel and beautiful position! Whoop! whoop! whoop! I *will* whoop, for thus, like a surcharged Mississippi steamer, when shivering in every timber under the pressure of her battery of boilers, can I let off in such *puffs* as these the spasms of the entree.

No streets, no horses, no carriages—miles from the main land, and no bridges to it—men, women and children floating about on gondolas—the hackmen metamorphosed into boatmen, awaiting your pleasure—the gondolas peeping out from under the palaces—the front door opening upon the canal or broad lagune—the "how do you do, sirs?" said in a boat—trading, flirting, done on the water—what a divine land for mermaids and mermen, but how unfit for men and women! You go a shopping in a gondola; you go to the theatre in a gondola; you visit in a gondola; without a gondola in short, you cannot go far at all. What amagnificent *Hotel des Invalids* all Venice might be—what a capacious abiding place for the maimed, the wounded legless! for sure this is the only place in the world where legs are not necessary, and where they are as often an incumbrance as a blessing, unless I except an American stage coach with nine persons in it. How do they live without streets? you ask. They go by water, I answer; and they have little narrow alleys to go here and there in on foot, and with some hundred of bridges over the little canals, under which the gondolas and the boats pass with ease. And how do they go without horses? you demand—and with it, and in it, they go where they choose, whether it be on the small canal, or on the broad lagune that leads to the ocean or to the main land.—*Brooks' Letters, Sept. 23, 1835.*

Sneezing.

From the Cincinnati Mirror.

We hope we may not be branded presumptuous if, in the matter of sneezing, we pretend to be connoisseurs. As a proof of our taste, we hate one of our own sniveling, dry, half-frightened to death sneezes—but for one of your full, clear, sonorous, resounding, reverberating explosions—one of those reports that set the wine glasses on the sideboard a jingling, and wake puss—we say for one of those earthquake sneezes, we have a love infinite only to that which we bear for woman and—our favourite dog. A sneeze, to be in good taste, should crack like a rifle on a clear morning. A recipe for a sneeze of this genius is as follows:—When you feel a tickling at the root of your proboscis, just jump up if you be seated, run to the window, through which the sun shines, throw your head back until the bump of philoprogenitiveness presses on your coat-collar, open your mouth, snarl like a half-starved Hyena at a piece of fresh meat, inhale a deep breath, and then—blaze away! The effect will be prodigious—an echo will salute you from the house-top over the way—the good housewives will order the clothes to be taken in—your game cock will cock up the red of his eye at the sun—and you will have the best assurance that you have not sneezed in vain.

We commend you to a pinch of sunbeams, and away with your macaboy, if you would sneeze above the vulgar. Snuff is not the thing—a natural way, touched off by a torch of sunbeams, gives a report worthy the nose of one of a great and free people. Away with your squibs, which hiss, and your sneezes which flash in the pan, and only burn priming, and give us a salute which shakes the head to its foundation. Why, our dog aforesaid has been taught to do a sneeze up in a more manly way than that. He does not, like other dogs, grin and jerk his head like a whiplash, and sneeze as if it were only some of the vertebræ of his neck which were cracking, but he points his snout towards the sun, and breaks forth into an utterance which is only surpassed by the melody of his own unrivalled bark, or the thunder of his unsurpassable growl.

We knew an old gentleman once, who was a most famous sneezer—in fact his nose was just the thing to intimate the flourish of a trumpet with, or what we like better, to utter a sneeze, which, like Napoleon's generalship was without a parallel. Anthony Van Corlear might beat him at a regular martial tune whose inspiring tones heartened the Dutch burghers in the hour of battle, but the flexibility of Anthony's would never have admitted of the superlative rush of thunder for which our friend's nose was remarkable. One such report as we have heard him utter, would have scattered a common nose in lacerated fragments over an acre of ground. His nose when viewed in front, resembled a Macedonian phalanx, it was a solid column, bold and utterly impregnable, and his sneeze, as councellor Phillips said of Bonaparte, was "without a shadow." Well our friend was an early riser, and every morning, just as the roosters were crowing away their bragging orisons, he would open the back door and inhale a little fresh air. Planted firmly in the doorway, he would grasp hold of each side with his hand, raise his nose towards the zenith, and fire away. It was the morning gun for the neighbourhood; and its deep echoes used to bound merrily through the streets falling on the ear less distinct, until they were finally gone too far off to hear. It was the signal for the good folks round about to get up by; and when they heard it, they would scratch open their eyes and start from their recumbent postures to begin the business of the day. When our old friend died, the neighbourhood got into the bad habit of oversleeping itself, and from the briskest it became the laziest in town—alas! the sneezer and his sneeze were hushed!

An old chiffonnier (or rag picker) died in Paris in a state of the most abject poverty. His only relation was a niece, who lived as servant with a green grocer. The girl always assisted her uncle as far as her slender means would permit. When she learned of his death, which took place suddenly, she was on the point of marriage with a journeyman baker, to whom she had been long attached. The nuptial day was fixed, but Suzette had not yet bought her wedding clothes. She hastened to tell her lover that her marriage must be deferred, as she wanted the price of her bridal finery to lay her uncle decently in the grave. Her mistress ridiculed the idea, and exhorted her to leave the old man to be buried by charity. Suzette refused. The consequence was a quarrel, in which the young woman lost at once her place and her lover, who sided with her mistress. She hastened to the miserable garret where her uncle had expired, and by the sacrifice not only of her wedding attire, but nearly all the rest of her slender wardrobe, she had the old man decently interred. Her pious task fulfilled, she sat alone in her uncle's room weeping bitterly, when the master of her faithless lover, a young, good-looking man, entered. "So, my good Suzette, I find you have lost your place!" cried he, "I am come to offer you one far life—will you marry me?" "I, sir! you are joking." "No, faith, I want a wife, and I'm sure I can't find a better." "But every body will laugh at you for marrying a poor girl like me." "Oh! prologues are negligent; and even Johnson's celebrated prologue wants in vividness what it possesses in dignity. Yet of so great an ornament of English poetry as Dryden, nothing should be said but in the spirit of reverence for his shade. If he were often careless of his powers, how much of this must be attributed to circumstance! If he were found degenerated into levity, where the subject demanded seriousness, or angry where he should have been only grave, large excuses must be found in a life of literary toil; in the disgust which a man of ability feels for a thankless task, and in the haste with which that disgust urges him to its completion. Dryden's perpetual outcry is rest; his dread is that of being "compelled to die in the literary harness." His prologues were written for the hour; and beyond the hour he neither expected nor desired them to live; he had already done enough to ensure his fame, and he might justly leave the lighter labours to chance. If there be a temple of poetic immortality, he had fixed his nobler conceptions there, in shapes as imperishable as bronze or marble; and none can blame the head of the genius, if it suffer its lighter caprices, like the clays of the sculptor, to dissolve into the dust of which they were made. It is said of the play that Addison himself was weary of it long before it was finished; for his critical accuracy must soon have told him that the drama was not his province. In the first ardour of composition he wrote four acts; he then threw it aside, and in this state of neglect he left it for three or four years. At length, apparently determined to disembarrass himself of the subject, he applied to Hughes, the author of the Siege of Damascus, for a fifth act. But the infinite feebleness of the Siege of Damascus probably awoke Addison to recollection; for Hughes had scarcely completed his task, when he was met by the author with his fifth act in his hand. Addison's nervousness was proverbial; and during the first performance of Cato, he is said to have sat in a fever of apprehension; but Steele, who knew the world, had packed an audience, and stimulated a violent party; its success was corresponding and complete, and Addison was thenceforth fixed at the head of the degenerate drama of England.

DINNER ANECDOTE.—The capabilities of a boiled edgebone of beef may be estimated from what happened to Pope the actor, well known for his devotion to the culinary art. He received an invitation to dinner, accompanied by an apology for the simplicity of the intended fare,—a small turbot and a boiled edgebone of beef. "The very things of all others that I like," exclaimed Pope; "I will come with the greatest pleasure;" and come he did, and eat he did, till he could literally eat no longer; when the word was given, and a haunch of venison was brought in, fit to be made the subject of a new poetical epistle:—

"For finer or fatter
Never rang'd in a forest, or smok'd in a platter;
The haunch was a picture for painters to study,
The fat was so white, and the lean was so ruddy."

Poor Pope divined at a glance the nature of the trap that had been laid for him, but he was fairly caught, and after a puny effort at trifling with a slice of fat, he laid down his knife and fork, and gave way to an hysterical burst of tears, exclaiming, "A friend of twenty years' standing, and to be served in this manner."—*Quarterly Review.*

APOTHEGMS.—APPETITE.—A relish bestowed upon the poorer classes, that they may like what they eat, while it is seldom enjoyed by the rich, because they may eat what they like. * * *Audience.*—A crowd of people in a large theatre, so called because they cannot hear. The actors speak to them with their hands and feet, and the spectators listen to them with their eyes. *Bait.*—One animal impaled upon a book, in order to torture a second, for the amusement of a third. * * *Plagiarists.*—Purloiners, who fetch the fruit that others have gathered, and then throw away the basket. *Saw.*—A sort of dumb alderman which gets through a great deal by the activity of its teeth.—N. B. A *bona fide* alderman is not one of the "wise saws" mentioned by Shakespeare, at least in "modern instances." * * *Speculation.*—A word that sometimes begins with its second letter. * * *Tinder.*—A thin rag—such for instance as the dresses of modern females, intended to catch the sparks, raise a flame, and light up a match.—*The Tin Trumpet.*

PHRENOLOGY AT FAULT.—We have examined the heads of Lacenaire and Avril, and these are the results. The face of Avril expresses nothing but a stupid ferocity. His skull presents the following peculiarities. The forehead is very low, and strongly inclining backwards, being otherwise rather open. A marked projection commences on a level with the external orbitary apophysis of the coronal, extending and enlarging till it reaches the auditory conduit, where it is considerably developed. This, in craniology, is a decided indication of a thief and murderer. Phrenologists will no doubt avail themselves of this as evidence of the truth of their system. To this, however, the head of Lacenaire, whose cold-blooded cruelty and want of feeling, under the most frightful circumstances, has astonished and disgusted all France, was phrenologically endowed with all the qualities of a good, kind, sensible and religious man; holding injustice and robbery in horror, and a hundred thousand leagues from being an assassin. This would be what we should be taught by phrenology, if we had not facts to correct the conclusions it would lead us to. Thus, there is a marked development of all the interior and superior parts of the cranium, and as remarkable a smoothness of the two sides, and particularly in those parts which are said to correspond with robbery and murder. The organs of goodness and theosophy are remarkably prominent.—*Gazette Medicale.*

A BEAUTIFUL REFLECTION.—It cannot be that earth is man's abiding place. It cannot be that our life is cast up by the ocean of eternity to float a moment upon its waves and sink into nothingness. Else why is it that the high and glorious aspirations which leap like angels from the temple of our heart are forever wandering about unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off and leave us to mourn upon their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars who hold their "festival around the midnight throne" are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory! And finally, why is it that brighter forms of human beauty are presented to our view, and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in alpine torrents upon our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth; there is a realm where the rainbow never fades; where the stars will be spread out before us, like islands that slumber on the ocean; and where the beautiful beings which here pass before us like shadows will stay in our presence for ever.—*Bulwer.*

THE BRAIN.—It appears from chemical analysis, that in every 100 parts of brain there are about eighty parts of water, about fifty of fatty matter, seven of albumen, one of peculiar animal principle derived from muscular fibre, called osmozome, one and a half of phosphorus, and the remaining portions consist of different salts and acids. When these component parts of the brain are reduced to their known elements, very nearly the whole mass is found to be composed of hydrogen, oxygen, carbon and nitrogen, in different combinations.—*Backwell's Natural Evidence of a Future Life.*

SPECIMEN OF THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE.—Kean, when in the United States, one night got into a row, which led to his being sent to the watch-house. On his being brought up from whence in the morning, the following evidence was detailed against him:—"I was going through Valley of Death, (a place so called) cause there aint no directer line to my store, when I was sudden strik, I driv back considerable—I'm not capable to say which done that—I falls slick down—for it was over slithery, as it were considerable. Then this varment, (Kean) speaking to I, says 'Get up and I'll lick you elegant'—to which I was no ways given, but when John Adams and another come, I ris. Then this varment fetches me an almighty blow on the nose, and John Adams had t'other's stick *pokes* in his eye."—*New Monthly Magazine.*

ADDRESS ON RAILWAYS.—At the last meeting of the Institution of Civil Engineers, the subject of "adhesion on railways" was considered. A great increase in the power of the engines in drawing loads after them, was stated to arise now from the use of *wrought* iron rails, and wheels hooped with *wrought* iron, instead of *cast*. The Planet engine was instanced, weighing 7½ tons, and drawing after her 150 tons. The proportion of ordinary weight between the engine and the load, might be called one to seven, though one to eleven was a fair representation of the power of traction as a maximum in favourable weather upon a level. Case-hardening had been proposed for the rails, but had been abandoned in consequence of the chills which answered perfectly at first, losing their effect by the repetition of the process, so that the case hardening was not equally effected. The greater endurance of work, by wrought iron, in the wheels of common carriages was noticed, and it was stated that where cast iron wheels on railways would last only six or eight months, wrought iron would serve, at the same work, three or four years. The Firefly engine had run 80 days, 120 miles a day, without a change of tire. The wear on the Manchester and Liverpool line was stated 1-120 of an inch in depth per annum. The flanges rarely come into contact with the rails; one of the oldest wheels being taken off a carriage, the marks of the turning tool were found on the flange. The compressive wear of wheels on common roads and on pavement, was mentioned, being greater on the former, as the pavement presented part of the advantages of a railway, the action on it being chiefly in successive blows, while the flinty particles of a common road caused a constant grinding.—*Athenæum.*

The numbers of French electors entitled to vote at municipal elections are 2,672,080, being about one-eleventh of the population. Of these, 2,701,191 enjoy the franchise by right of their professions, independent of their wealth.

PROFESSORSHIP AND SUBSCRIPTIONS TO CREEDS.—Among other improvements, we hope subscription to the articles of the national church will be done away with, as to all clerics, except those which belong, or are closely allied, to theology. Why should a Baptist, an Independent, an Episcopalian, or even a Catholic, if otherwise the best qualified person, be rendered incapable of giving lectures on Medicine, Mathematics, or Chemistry? A striking example of the absurdity of this narrow exclusive spirit has recently occurred. Mr. George Moir, advocate, was nominated to the professorship of Rhetoric here (Edinburgh) in the beginning of last summer, when Sir Robert Peel was in office. The University Commission, in their report, (1831,) recommended the abolition of the chair, and, as we think, wisely; but, though the Tories in power have recently filled it up with one of their own partisans, we admitted, in our allusion to the subject, that they had selected a gentleman excellently qualified. For many years past, —we believe, for the course of a generation,—the formality of subscribing the articles has been quietly dispensed with, except in cases where the person elected lay under strong suspicion of infidelity; and a number of our professors are now avowed Episcopalians. The church, however, has become Argus-eyed of late. Mr. Moir has refused to subscribe a confession of faith as an Episcopalian, and, with a scrupulosity rare in these times, has refused to subscribe a doctrinal formula, differing, in some few points, from that to which he has attached himself. He is yet a young man, and might well be proud to hold a professorship dignified with the name of Blair, or bestowed on him, as we have heard, without solicitation. Every upright mind will honour him for the sacrifice he has made at the shrine of principle: but it is scarcely possible to place the narrow sectarian spirit which has occasioned his exclusion in a more odious point of view. Here is a man of fine taste, of great attainments, of excellent moral character, excluded from the chair literally *because he is a religious and conscientious man*; for had he been unbelieving, or lax in belief, he would have regarded the difference betwixt Episcopacy and Presbytery as of no consequence, and swallowed the test without hesitation. The chair, be it remembered, is a chair of rhetoric, where nothing is taught but what a Jew or Mahometan might teach: We know not whether there is any rule which renders the nomination void within a certain time, if the candidate does not submit to the conditions imposed, and accept; but we hold that the University will be disgraced if this talented and most unexceptionable individual is rejected for his Episcopacy, while it has already a number of Episcopalians in its ranks. If the nomination falls, only one course, we think, is open to the Government, who are the patrons. They must abolish the office. To fill it up would be a recognition of the miserable spirit of bigotry and intolerance which has produced the vacancy.

JAMES O'DRISCOLL.—On my visiting Paisley, I heard that Mr. Smith, the composer of "Jessie," was residing there, and I proceeded to his residence; and, notwithstanding its low situation, its close, noisy entrance, and long flight of stone steps, I felt as much reverence as if I was about to encounter the shadow of some renowned hero of antiquity.—I knocked at the door with a trembling hand, and found not Mr. Smith, but Mrs. Smith, most unromantically situated, being in the act of washing the stockings of the composer of "Jessie." I subsequently saw Mr. Smith, a stout good-humoured looking gentleman, but had not an opportunity of speaking to him. However, I learned that he had presented upon Stevens, a music seller, in Glasgow, to accept the song of "Jessie," in lieu of 30s. which he owed him and found it inconvenient to pay. That was all the remuneration he ever received for it, although Stevens made sufficient by it to enable him to retire from business with an independency. Tannahill, the author of the poetry, was still worse off, having given the song to Mr. Smith, glad that any one should so far honour him as to set his words to music; and consequently he did not gain one farthing by it.—Poverty, misery, and disappointment were the portion of poor Tannahill. He was a weaver by trade, and with extreme difficulty supported life. Once he left his native town (Paisley) and tried his fortune at Bolton, near Manchester, but was equally unsuccessful. At that time "Jessie" was the rage throughout the kingdom, and frequently met people of all ranks humming the record of his disappointed love, when he had been wandering disconsolate, despised, unknown and penniless. Poor Tannahill put a premature close to his misery by drowning himself in a canal near Paisley. Tradition assigns various reasons for his committing the fatal act. The generally received opinion is, that disappointed love occasioned it; others allege that it was in consequence of not being able to finish a song to his satisfaction that, up to the last verse, had surpassed his former efforts. Poverty is assigned as the cause by others, which probably weighed heavier with him, although his affection for Jessie, which he could not conquer, might have assisted the depression. "Gloomy winter's now awa," and other songs by him, will probably never be forgotten while the Scottish lyre has power to charm. Some sixteen or seventeen years ago, I had occasion to visit Dumblane; and finding my host communicative, I inquired if he ever knew anything of Jessie. To my astonishment, he told me that if I did not mind the expense of a mutchkin or two of whisky, he would send for her, as a dram of *dew* was at any time an introduction to her acquaintance. I had some difficulty in reconciling my idea of Tannahill's flower with the elderly female smoking a black cutty-pipe, drinking whisky and *pissing* my health in broad Scotch; but all the angels sung by love-sick poets have undergone similar change, if we except the pipe and pot. She seemed flattered by the notoriety bestowed upon her by the poet, yet "*Daft Rob* Tannahill" seemed to hold no mean place in her estimation when he had in life. I afterwards learned that her beauty had gained her admirers of a wealthier class than the poor poet, and probably this song increased the number; the consequence was, a numerous offspring, but no husband.—*Musical Magazine.*

THE AURORA BOREALIS.—As the expedition I commanded in 1819 did not sail later in the Arctic regions, my observations during that voyage were confined to the months of September and October, during which time the ships were moving in a southerly direction from the latitude of 71° to 58° north, when it was observed, that from the latitude of 70° until 63°, the phenomenon was seen to the *southward*, perfectly at right angles; but when the ships had passed to the southward of the latitude of 63°, it was seen to the *northward*. In several instances the Aurora was distinctly observed to be between the two ships, and also between the ships and the icebergs; proving unquestionably that it could not be at that time beyond the atmosphere of the earth. This, I consider, is the only fact that I completely established during the voyage, but which was a conclusion that led me to inquire how its proximity to the earth was to be accounted for. Both at the observatory in Scotland, and during my late and long protracted residence in the Arctic regions, my attention has been particularly directed to this interesting subject, and my conclusions are, that the splendid phenomenon, called the Aurora, is entirely occasioned by the action of the sun's rays upon the vast body of ice and snowy plains and mountains which surround the poles. The rays of the sun, in the first instance, are reflected, from uneven, plain, or variegated surfaces, of the coloured, icy, or snow clad surfaces, which are observed by the clouds of incidence by the rotation of the earth, and passing over the poles reach and illuminate clouds which are only rendered visible to us by such illumination. These clouds having positive, negative, and reflecting qualities, possess the power of producing all the surprising effects which have been observed by the striking rays they have received; and as they possess them, in every direction, and according to the state of the atmosphere, give an additional variety to the original colours as reflected from the point of incidence; and farther, if due regard is paid to the properties of light, its connexion both with magnetism and electricity may be satisfactorily explained.—*Captain Ross' Appendix in Search of a North West Passage.*

NE SUTOR ULTRA CREPIDAM.—In the year 1550, the royal professors having begun to introduce a purer pronunciation of the Latin tongue, there were other professors, especially those of the Sorbonne, who took it highly amiss that one unaccustomed to the authority of use by the French, should be disapproved, and could not bear to be obliged to unlearn, when they were old men, what they had learnt when they were boys. The first dispute of this kind was about the sound of the letter C. The royal professors pronounced it as it ought to be, with the following vowel u, Q nisquis, Quanquam; but the Sorbonne adhered to the custom then in use, Kisdis, Kankam. The members of the Sorbonne had endeavoured to deprive a clergyman of very ample revenues for making use of the genuine pronunciation of the ancient tongue before the parliament of Paris, and there was great danger that the unfortunate man would be deprived of the benefit of his theological studies for a grammatical heresy, as they called it. But the royal professors, and among them, Peter Ramus, assembling together in a body, flew to the court, and having exposed the strangeness of their proceedings, that lawyers, whose business it was to dispute on the king's laws of grammar, they so prevailed upon the judges, that they not only acquitted the divine, but by a tacit consent established for ever an impunity, to all controversies about critical pronunciation.—*Bayle.*

[Are the senators and lawyers of Paris singular in unwilling out of the way of their vocations? Have we no senatorial or legal scribblers of our own, who sometimes venture beyond their last?]

SALT LOVE.—A beggar about the skirts of Madrid, used to ask alms with great dignity: one passing by said to him, "Are not you ashamed to follow this scandalous trade, you who are able to work?" "Sir," answered the beggar, "I ask you for money, and not for advice;" then turned his back upon him with all the stateliness of a Castilian.—Don was a lofty beggar indeed; his vanity soon took pat. He could ask alms out of self love; and from another kind of self love would not bear reproof. A missionary in India met a Fakir loaded with fetters, and said to him as he passed, "Poor wretch, while his conscience is at ease, I pity you." "Stop, stop him for his alms, and as the alms may stop, ping him some farthings." "What self denial is this, what abasement!" said one of the spectators. "Self denial, abasement!" answered the Fakir; "I would have you know, that I consent to be flogged in this world, only to give you pain in the other, when you shall be horses and I the rider." Thus they who have affirmed self love to be the basis of all our sentiments and all our actions, are much in the right, in India, Spain, and all the habitable parts of the earth; and as there is no occasion to demonstrate that men have a face, as little need there is of proving to them that they are actuated by self love. This self love is the means of our preservation; and like the instrument of the perpetuation of the species, it is necessary, it is dear to us, it gives us pleasure, but still is to be concealed.

PRICE OF PICTURES IN THE OLDEN TIME.—Charles I.—To *Sir Anthony Vandyke*, for divers pictures, viz: our own royal portraiture; another piece, of Monsieur, the French King's brother; another of the Archduchess, at length, at £25 a piece. One of our royal consort; another of the Prince of Orange; another of the Princess of Orange; and another of their son, at half length, at £20 a-piece. One great piece of our royal self, consort and children £100. One of the Emperor Vitellius, £20; and for mending the picture of the Emperor Galiba, £5. [illegible] Charles I.—To *Sir Anthony Vandyke*, £444 for nine pictures of our royal self and most dearest consort the Queen; £40 for the picture of our dearest consort the Queen, by him made, and by our command delivered unto our right trusty and well-beloved cousin and counseller the Lord Viscount Wentworth, our Deputy of Ireland. [illegible] Charles I.—To *Sir Peter Roberts*, Knight, £3000 for certain pictures from him sold unto us.

PRICE OF A SNACK.—We find the following novel law case in the *Sandy Hill Herald*:—A court of special sessions was held in this town last week, for a trial of a man by the name of Mills, charged with *forcibly taking hold of Mrs Brayton with the intent to kiss her*. After a long trial, the cause was finally submitted to the jury; which, after deliberating upon the important fact disclosed on the trial, could not agree. There were five for acquitting and seven for convicting the prisoner. Under such circumstances, the jury were discharged, and a new venire made out, when the prisoner, not desirous of another investigation, and no doubt feeling somewhat guilty of the charge, concluded to plead guilty, and throw himself upon the mercy of the court; and was fined TWO *whole* DOLLARS. Thus the price of kissing a lady is legally fixed *at two dollars*—cheap enough, in all conscience, for kissing a pretty lady—and certainly Mrs Brayton is one of this class, and we have no doubt that the prisoner, if he did kiss her, considered well be satisfied with the price fixed by the court and pay the same cheerfully.

COMPARISON OF SPEED.—A French scientific journal states, that the ordinary rate in a second:—

Of a man walking	4 feet
Of a good horse in harness	12
Of a rein-deer in a sledge on the ice	26
Of an English race-horse	43
Of a hare	88
Of a good sailing ship	19
Of the wind	12
Of sound	1038
Of a 24 pounder, cannon ball	1800
Of the air, which, so divided, returns into space	1300

The number of vessels which passed the Sound during 1835 was less by 350 than in the preceding year. The falling off is observable in ships of all nations, except the French, which increased upon the year by 51.

Lower Canada.

Office of the Secretary of the Province,
Quebec, May 4, 1836.

His Excellency the Governor-in-Chief has been pleased to make the following appointments, viz:—

Edward W. Carter and Edmund Pool, Esqrs. to be Commissioners for the Summary Trial of Small Causes for the Parish of St. Thomas de Sorel, in the County of Richelieu, under 5, Wm. IV. cap. 17.

We were yesterday shown the most complete plan of a portable baudotte, intended for the Hudson's Bay Company, and invented and manufactured by Mr. George Gray, cabinet maker of this city. It is so admirably contrived in hinges and hooks as to become a most portable article. A few seconds erects it, and a few more reduce it to little more than the size of an umbrella. It is peculiarly adapted for steamboats and voyageurs; and in private families as well as hotels, would be found on an emergency a most useful and convenient article.—*Irish Advocate.*

The canoes of the Hudson's Bay Company, six in number, left Lachine for the interior on Saturday and Sunday last. The gentlemen who have gone up this season are George Simpson, Esq., Governor of the Territory, and Messrs. W. Deane, Swanston and Macintosh.—*Gazette.*

Letters from Three Rivers state that the ice of Lake St. Peter passed there on Tuesday. It was observed on Wednesday afternoon to fill the large vacancy of the St. Lawrence above the River Carouge, and gave the final ice a violent push, which drove part of it from fifty to seventy-five feet high among the rocks, where it settled again, to take its departure before next summer's trade. At Three Rivers the ice rose to a height which it had never been known to attain before; the ice did some damage to several stores, and the water had gone into the lower stories of many houses.—*Serious loss.*

Several places.—*Quebec Gazette, May 6.*

Major-General Sir John Colborne is expected at Quebec soon after the opening of the navigation, to make the half-yearly inspection of the troops in this garrison.—*Ib.*

An express was sent off yesterday afternoon with despatches from the Royal Commissioners to be forwarded by the 16th May New York packet.—*Ib.*

THE SEASON.—It seems generally admitted that the soil is as dry and vegetation as much advanced as in the average of seasons. Some patches have been sown, and the gardens are generally dry, and seeds of various kinds in the ground. The hotbeds are also at forward as usual. The labours of gardening have commenced, and those of the field, with the weather, will commence at the beginning of the coming week.—*Ib.*

The Ice Bridge is at length broken, the river is now displaced, and the dark line which the old river has moved in several distinct and insulated portions a considerable distance from its original position. It is supposed that last night's tide will open the channel, and that the tides are now falling off, the ice on the shores will remain for a longer period.—*Quebec Mercury, May 7.*

A square rigged vessel, from sea, is spoken of this morning, and in this instance proves to be a "phantom-ship," as was the case in one of yesterday's announcement, but the real ship, the good ship *Canada*, James Allen, from Greenock, with 311 M. bound for Montreal. She came to anchor at noon, off the east end of Goose Island, about 40 miles below Quebec.—*Ib.*

Mr. Patterson, a passenger, had a Gossamer, on the 3d April—no news reported.—*Ibid.*

Two vessels in the river. A third beating up, —*Ib.*

ROLLO CAMPBELL, PRINTER.

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