

Youth's Corner.

THE TOWN PUMP TALKING TO ITSELF.

'Noon, by the north clock! Noon by the east! High noon, too, by these hot sun-beams, which fall, scarcely astlope upon my head, and almost make the water bubble and smoke in the trough under my nose. Truly, we public characters have a tough time of it! And, among all the town officers, chosen at March meeting, where is he that sustains, for a single year, the burden of such manifold duties as are imposed, in perpetuity, upon the Town Pump? The title of 'town treasurer' is rightfully mine, as guardian of the best treasure that the town has. The overseers of the poor ought to make me their chairman, since I provide bountifully for the pauper, without expense to him that pays taxes. I am at the head of the fire department, and one of the physicians to the board of health. As a keeper of the peace, all water drinkers will confess me equal to the constable. To speak within bounds, I am the chief person of the municipality, and exhibit, moreover, an admirable pattern to my brother officers, by the cool, steady, upright, downright, and impartial discharge of my business, and the constancy with which I stand to my post. Summer or winter, nobody seeks me in vain; for, all day long, I am seen at the busiest corner, just above the market, stretching out my arms, to rich and poor alike; and, at night, I hold a lantern over my head, both to show where I am, and keep the people out of the gutters.

'At the sultry noontide, I am cup-bearer to this parched populace, for whose benefit an iron goblet is chained to my waist. Like a dram-seller on the Mall, at muster day, I cry aloud to all and sundry, in my plainest accents, and at the very tip top of my voice. Here it is, gentlemen! Here is the good liquor! Walk up, walk up, gentlemen, walk up, walk up! Here is the superior stuff! Here is the unadulterated ale of father Adam, better than Cogniac, Holland, Jamaica, strong beer, or wine of any price; here, it is by the hoghead or the single glass, and not a cent to pay! Walk up, gentlemen, walk up, and help yourselves!

'It were a pity if all this outcry should draw no customers. Here they come. A hot day, gentlemen! Quaff, and away again so as to keep yourselves in a nice, cool sweat. You, my friend, will need another cup full, to wash the dust out of your throat, if it is so thick there as it is on your cow-hide shoes. I see that you have ruffled half a score of miles today; and, like a wise man, have passed by the tavern, and stopped at the running brooks and well-curbs. Otherwise, betwixt heat without and fire within, you would have been burnt to a cinder, or melted down to nothing at all, in the fashion of a jelly fish. Drink, and make room for that other fellow, who seeks my aid to quench the fiery fever of last night's potations, which he drained from you cup of mine. Welcome, most rubicund sir! You and I have been great strangers hitherto; nor, to confess the truth, will my nose be anxious for a closer intimacy, till the fumes of your breath be a little less potent. Fill and tell me, on the word of an honest toper, did you ever, in cellar, tavern, or any kind of a dram shop, spend the price of your children's food for a svig half so delicious? Now, for the first time these ten years, you know the flavour of cold water. Good bye; and whenever you are thirsty, remember that I keep a constant supply, at the old stand. Who next? Oh, my little friend, you are let loose from school, and come hither to scrub your blooming face, and drown the memory of certain laps of the ferule, and other school boy troubles, in a draft from the Town Pump. Take it, pure as the current of your young life. Take it, and may your heart and tongue never be scorched with a fiercer thirst than now! There, my dear child, put down the cup, and yield your place to this elderly gentleman, who treads so tenderly over the paving stones, that I suspect he is afraid of breaking them. What! he limps by without much as thanking me, as if my hospitable offers were meant only for those who have no wine cellars. Well, well, sir—no harm done, I hope! Go draw the cork, tip the decanter; but, when your great toe shall set you roaring, it will be no affair of mine. If the gentleman love the pleasant titillation of the gout, it is all one to the Town Pump. This thirsty dog, with his red tongue lolling out, does not scorn my hospitality, but stands with his hind legs, and laps eagerly out of the trough. See how lightly he capers away again! Jovial, did you ever have the gout? Here comes a pretty young girl of my acquaintance, with a large stone pitcher for her fill. May she draw a husband while drawing her water, as Rachel did of old. Hold out your vessel, my dear. There it is, all to the brim; so now run home, peeping at your sweet image in the pitcher as you go; and forget not, in a glass of my own liquor, to drink—SUCCESS TO THE TOWN PUMP!

Twice-told Tales.

NEW YEAR'S LETTER TO SUNDAY SCHOLARS. From a Clergyman since dead; see Berean of April 17th.

St. George's Rectory, Jan. 1st, 1844. My dear Young Friend,—By the kindness of our Heavenly Father we have been spared through another year. In every month since my last New Year's letter, my dear children, as well as the aged have gone down to the grave,

and their souls have returned to God who gave them. We know not how soon any of us may be travelling the same road. This is a season when it is proper for us all to thank God for his preserving goodness, and for all his other countless mercies, and to resolve that we will show our thankfulness by our love to the Saviour, our devotion to his service, and our obedience to all his precepts. Especially, my dear young friend, should it now be your delight to call to mind all the past instructions you have received in the Sunday-school, the many precious lessons from the Bible that you have recited to your teachers, and the kind words of explanation which you have listened to from their lips.

I hope too that you love your church; and find both pleasure and profit in the duties of public worship, and that you will pay such good attention to all its services, and have religion so impressed upon your heart that you may, if the Lord preserves your life, at some future time be able to become a teacher yourself, and do the same good to others that you are now receiving. It is my earnest prayer for you and all the dear children and youth of our Sunday-schools, that the Lord may impress you early with his Holy Spirit, incline your hearts to the love of his dear Son, and give you strength to walk in the way of his commandments; so that whether you are called out of this life in the days of childhood or youth, or permitted to remain until advanced years, you may receive from your heavenly Judge the sentence of "Well done, good and faithful servants, enter ye into the joy of our Lord." Farewell, dear pupil. May the Lord bless you and keep you, and if we should not meet to exchange our good wishes for each other on another New Year's day, may we die with the joyful hope that we shall meet in a better world, and this happy welcome be ours when we appear before our heavenly Judge.

O glorious hope! O blest abode! Thus to be near, and like our God: And flesh and sin no more control The sacred pleasures of the soul."

From your affectionate Pastor JAMES MILNOR.

THE GREAT ORGAN AT FREIBURG IN SWITZERLAND.

Described by Mr. Lowell Mason, of Boston.

Mr. Mason relates that he heard of the reputation of this instrument in the course of his journey, and stopped at Freiburg to see it. For this purpose he attended service at the Cathedral, where he heard the instrument, and finished the account of his first hearing by saying, that he found the organ to be nearly what he had expected, a very excellent instrument, but by no means superior to others in Germany and England. Being introduced, however, to the organist immediately after service, he was invited to go into the organ loft and hear the instrument again, which he did.—He describes its external appearance. It had four rows of keys, and sixty-four registers. "The registers do not draw out, as is common, but slide to the right and left. The outside appearance is very beautiful. The case is of black walnut, very tastefully and richly ornamented with carved and gilt work. There are about ninety front pipes, all of which retain their natural colour, like the organ at the Odeon. It is so with almost all the European organs.—The organist played an introduction and fugue by Bach. The rich tones of the noble instrument rolled through the lofty arches of the Cathedral with great power and grandeur.

"After this he played an orchestra piece, in the manner of an overture in which the various powers of the instrument were made to appear to admirable advantage.—The flute, oboe, horns, trumpets, violins, &c., all being heard in their turn, and all blending in the richest harmony in the tutti passages."

The rest we quote from the author's own description:—"The third piece was in military style.—It was an admirable representation of a military band, in which clarionets, bassoons, horns, trumpets, and trombones, are in the hand of the most perfect master of those instruments.

"But to the fourth piece. This was a Motetto by Haydn—a vocal piece. The moment the introductory symphony commenced, the peculiar style of the inimitable composer was obvious. Haydn is always so tasteful and elegant in melody, and so chaste and rich in harmony, that he cannot be mistaken. It seemed almost a pity that such a piece of music, requiring voices, should have been selected for the organ, and especially as a piece designed to exhibit the power of the instrument. But when, the prelude drawing to a close, the organist came to a vocal passage, what was my astonishment to hear a choir as it appeared at the time to be, commence and sing. It was entirely distinct from the organ which all the while had the accompaniment. The voices were heard—distinctly heard—it seemed as if there could be no mistake. No one was in the organ loft but the organist and myself. I looked around for the choir—removed from one position to another—put my ears close to the instrument and the key-holes of the panels, and endeavoured to ascertain from whence came the vocal

sounds—but in vain. Mr. Veit saw my surpris and smiled. I repeatedly moved from side to side and listened in every position, not being willing to believe, what at last proved to be true, that the sounds I heard were instrumental only, and not vocal. At the conclusion of the vocal passage the organ was again heard alone in the symphony, and at the close of this the voices were resumed again—sometimes in solo, or duet, treble and altos responding to tenors and bases vice versa—in figurative, fugato, or plain counterpoint.—Still I could be hardly satisfied that there was no deception—that there were not voices concealed in, or behind the instrument. But the organist having concluded the piece, left the organ, and gave opportunity for others to touch the keys. When I found that the touch of my own fingers produced the same quality of tone, all my infidelity ceased, and I believed that it is possible for an organ to be made so exactly to imitate the human voice, that the difference cannot be easily distinguished. Finally, Mr. Veit played a storm piece in which the elements appeared to rage, and the lightnings to flash, the thunder to roar, the rain to descend in torrents, and the very pillars and high arched dome of the minster to shake. It grew dark, and wet, and cold.—We hastened out of the tempestuous cathedral into the open air, and were met by the sunshine of a summer's day in Switzerland."

At a subsequent hearing, Mr. Mason was confirmed in his high opinion of the instrument, and closes his account of it with the following statement:

"This organ was built by Moser, now about 75 years of age. He will not make another or suffer this to be examined. The King of France lately sent to Moser to build an organ for him on the same plan, but he declined; saying that he wished his own native city of Freiburg to possess the only instrument of the kind in the world."—American Paper.

A MORAVIAN SETTLEMENT.

Described by an American.

I spent the last sabbath at the Moravian Settlement two miles out of the pretty village of Ballymena, and a charming spot it is. Such an exquisite neatness, order, and quietude pervade the place! The ground seems holy; and yet one sees upon every face those traces of business habits and of thinking common sense, which show that an intercourse with the rest of the world is still kept up, as well as that serenity of expression which proves that it costs no happiness and brings no harm. Two large boarding schools are kept by the Brethren, and frequented from all parts of the realm. Then there's a Savings Bank, a small church, teacher's dwellings, and houses where the single men, and the single women and widows severally live, all built of a fresh neat stone; and then two little parallel streets, of tenements of humbler members, with small gardens and patches of flowers belonging to each. An excellent inn is also kept up by this Society which commands a view of the whole village, including the beautiful play-greens of the school. Back of the church, and less public, is the grave yard—a level of stainless velvet verdure spotted with shade. The stones are all flat and alike. They lie in long rows, bedded in the grass, with roses sometimes waving in wild clusters over the stone. The men and women occupy different sides of the principal aisle, and the rows are regulated again according to age, marriage, and so on. The yard is rather full, for the brethren have been here, I think, some 70 years.—What a singular, and what a beautiful life is this to lead. Even those who would not fancy it for themselves, cannot but admire its result, as exhibited in scenes like these.—The habits of these men are first rate. In business they are accurate, punctual, staunch, steady, and fair. Their neighbours universally like dealing with them. But they do not carry business too far. They do not live for it, but by it. They neglect nothing. All their affairs, like their houses, are in perfect order. The flowers they cultivate are not more flourishing than the trade they drive. And yet they have plenty of leisure. They have time to be well informed, benevolent, serene, religious. They do nothing in a hurry. They do every thing well.

What a blessing is such a settlement to its neighbours! What a precious example is it of business mixed with the higher pursuits to which that is subservient, of the equitable, conscientious, wholesome discharge of all the duties of society and life! I could see their influence in all their vicinity. I saw it in neater farms and yards, and cleaner cottages and happier faces. The verdure that springs by the line of the rivulet tells not the course of the little stream more truly than these things speak of the example and efforts of those who produce them. And yet who would be a Moravian? The scheme of the sect is suited to old stagnant communities, or half-barbarous new ones, and not to ours. It cannot live in such an atmosphere. No caucuses, no Change, no stocks, no fortunes lost and won, no great fires, or riots or bloody murders, no scandal even!—nothing in a word "going on," except by clock-work, with a regular monotonous click, click, click. Why fresh letters were read at the evening meeting, dated

in Greenland a year ago! This would never do for us, I fear.—Christian Register.

STRICT INTEGRITY.

Why is a man obliged to pay his debts? It is to be hoped that the morality of few persons is lax enough to reply—because the law of the land compels him. But why then is he compelled to pay them? Because the moral law requires it. A vicious or corrupt legislature might resolve to cancel debts, and the payment of them could not be enforced by the law of the land then; but the moral law would bind the obligation upon the debtor as securely as before.

A man becomes insolvent, pays his creditors ten shillings instead of twenty, and obtains his certificate. The law of the land, therefore, discharges him from the obligation to pay more. But he receives a large legacy, or he engages in business again and acquires property. Now he is able to pay the other ten shillings of his debts; does the legal discharge exempt him from the moral obligation to pay them? No: and for this plain reason, that the duty to pay at all was not in the first instance founded on the law of the land, and so that law cannot warrant him in withholding any part of what he owed, if he have the means to pay.

It may be said that the creditors have relinquished their right to the remainder by signing the certificate. But did they do so voluntarily? It would be preposterous to affirm it. They accepted half their demands, because they could not get the whole. They signed the certificate, because it could do them no good to refuse, and would have been an act of gratuitous unkindness to the debtor. They relinquished their right to invoke the law of the land against him for the remainder of the debt, but the moral law remains on their side as fully as ever. The debtor's subsequent moral duties are in no wise affected by the legal discharge; he is protected by it in his endeavours to obtain the means of fulfilling them, and when he has the means, he ought not to take advantage of the legal protection for the purpose of leaving his moral duties unfulfilled.

If it should be urged that when a person entrusts property to another, he knowingly undertakes the risk of that other's insolvency, and that he has no just claims on his debtor, if the contingent loss happens, the answer is this: the debtor always engages unreservedly to pay, and not 'to pay if he can.' The plea here advanced would completely alter the relation between the parties, and throw them into partnership, when the transaction was entered into only as a loan of money. And the partnership would be a defective one, for the borrower would not have let his creditor share in his gains, if they had turned out beyond his anticipations, though he makes him bear the loss when his business proves a failure. His obligations are enforced by morality, however knowingly and unwarrantably his creditor may have run into risk by furnishing him with funds.

It is plain, therefore, that the man who has failed of paying his debts ought always to live with frugality, and carefully to economise such money as he gains. He is a trustee for his creditors; and all the money which he needlessly expends is not his but theirs.

Tried by these principles, the wrongs perpetrated under cover of insolvency will be found the most extensive of all species of private robbery. The profligacy of some cases is extreme. He who is a bankrupt to-day, riots in the luxuries of affluence to-morrow. Of such conduct we ought not to think without detestation. There is a wickedness in some bankruptcies to which the guilt of ordinary robbers approaches but a distance; and the legal impunity with which it is practised does not alter the moral complexion of the case. A sound state of public opinion ought to step in and supply the deficiency of the law. It should effectually reprove the insolvent who, with the means of paying, retains the money in his own pocket, relying upon the force of the legal discharge which he has received. Over the character of every insolvent who possesses property a shade would thus be thrown which nothing but payment could dispel. The principle here laid down is, indeed, officially recognised by a religious community whose record of it deserves the most mature attention by all who are anxious for the prevalence of a rectified state of public opinion in this matter. It is found among the official documents of the yearly meeting of the Society of Friends, in these words:—"Where any have injured others in their property; the greatest frugality should be observed by themselves and their families; and although they may have a legal discharge from their creditors, both equity and our Christian profession demand that none, when they have it in their power, should rest satisfied until a just restitution be made to those who have suffered by them. And it is the judgment of this meeting, that monthly and other meetings ought not to receive collections or bequests for the use of the poor, or any other services of the society, from persons who have fallen short in the payment of their just debts; though legally discharged by their creditors: for until such persons have paid the deficiency, their possessions cannot in equity be considered as their own."—Condensed, and interspersed with original matter, from Dymond's Essays on the Principles of Morality.

THE THAMES TUNNEL SURPASSED.—We find the following extraordinary account in the Debats:—"There has long been believed to exist, at Marseilles, a tunnel passing from the ancient abbey of St. Victoire, running under the arm of the sea, which is covered with ships, and coming out under a tower of Fort St. Nicholas. Many projects for exploring this passage have been entertained, but hitherto no one has been found sufficiently bold to persevere in it. M. Joyland and M. Matyras, an architect, have, however, accomplished this task. Accompanied by some friends and a number of labourers, they went to the Abbey, and descended the numerous steps that led to the entrance of the passage. Here they were the first day stopped by heaps of the ruins of the abbey. Two days afterwards, however, they were able to clear their way to the other end, and came out at Fort St. Nicholas, after working two hours and twenty minutes. The structure, which is considered to be Roman, is in such excellent condition that in order to put it into complete repair a cost of no more than 500,000f. will be required; but a much larger outlay will be wanted to render it serviceable for modern purposes. The tunnel is deemed much finer than that of London, being formed of one single vault of sixty feet span, and one-fourth longer."—Prot. Churchman.

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