

TO-MORROW.

In human hearts what bolder thought can rise,
Than man's presumption on to-morrow's dawn?
Where is to-morrow! In another world.
For numbers this is certain; the reverse
Is sure to none; and yet on this perhaps,
This peradventure, infamous for lies,
As on a rock of adamant we build
Our mountain hopes; spiu out eternal schemes,
And, big with life's futurities, expire.—Young.

HIGHLAND PUGILISM.

An English prize fighter had challenged or insulted the regiment, and the Highland officers wished to put Ian Moor against him. A bet was accordingly laid upon his head, and one of his officers sent for him, saying, 'you are to be my man, Ian; and I think it will be no hard thing, for you shouldered the six pounder, to pound this boasted puck-pudding.' 'Troth, na,' said Ian, shaking his head; 'te pock-pudden no due her no ill—fat for wud she be fighten her? Troth, her honor may e'en fight to man her-sel, far her nannessell wull no be doing nae siccan a thing.'

'Fat! nonsense man,' said the officer; 'you must fight him, aye, and kick him too; and you shall not only carry off the honor, but shall have a handsome purse of money for doing so.' 'Na, na, said Ian; ta man na dane her na ill ava, an she'll no be fighten for any body's siller but King Shorge's.'

'Sure you are not afraid of him,' said the officer, trying to arouse his pride. 'Hout na!' replied Ian Moore, with a calm and hamored smile; she na be feart for na man living.—By a stratagem, and taking advantage of the kindness of his heart, Ian was brought to face the bully. 'Come away, Goliath! come on!' cried the Englishman, tossing his hat into the air, and his coat to one side. Ian minded not. But the growing and intolerable insolence of the bully did the rest; for presuming on Ian's backwardness, he strode up to him, with his arms a-kimbo, and spit in his face. 'Fat is she do that for?' asked Ian simply, of those around him. 'He has done it to make people believe that you are a coward and afraid to fight him,' said the Highland officer who backed him. 'Tell her not to do that again,' said Ian, seriously. 'There! said the boxer, repeating the insult. Without showing the smallest loss of temper, Ian made an effort to lay hold of his opponent; but the Englishman squared at him and hit him several blows in succession, not one of which the unpractised Highlander had the least idea of guarding. 'Ha!' exclaimed the Highland officer, 'I fear you will be beaten, Ian.' 'Poo!' cried Ian coolly; she be a strikin her to be sure, but she be na hurten' her. But an' she disna gie owre, an' her nannessell gets one stroke at her, she'll warrants she'll no seek nae inair.'

The Englishman gave two or three more hard hits, that went against his breast as if they had gone against an oaken door; but at last Ian raised his arm, and swept it round horizontally, with a force that broke through all his antagonist's guards; and the blow striking his left cheek, as if it had come from a sledge hammer, it actually drove the bones of the jaw quite through the opposite skin, at the same time breaking the skull to fragments.—The man fell like a log dead on the spot; and horror and astonishment seized the spectators.—'Ooh bone! och bone!' cried Ian Moor, running to lift him from the ground, in an agony of distress; 'she's dootin' she kilt ta poor man. Ian fell into remorse and despair upon this catastrophe; and to mitigate unavailing sorrow, he obtained his discharge, and returned to Rooshire.

PEDESTRIANISM.—In consequence of some difference of opinion respecting the physical powers of the human frame, and what might be accomplished if a man felt inclined to exert himself as a pedestrian, Edward Bryant, of the Pottery, Parson's Green, Middlesex, undertook, for a considerable bet, to walk sixty miles in twelve successive hours, and yesterday was appointed for the performance of the feat, on the King's private road, Che'sea, from Mr. Steed's, the Man in the Moon Tavern, to Stanley-bridge, a distance of half a mile. Previous to the event coming off, as it is termed, this match excited an unusual degree of interest throughout the sporting circles, in all parts of the metropolis and the suburban districts, but among betting men it afforded "numerous events" to lay out their money upon, according to the best calculations they could make on the subject. The qualities of Bryant operated so strongly upon the feelings of his friends that they felt satisfied that he could win, although, at the same time, they were ready to admit that such an Herculean attempt, from the intense heat of the weather, was enough to try the constitution and strength of a giant. Eight o'clock was the hour named for starting, and at that period there was a pretty strong muster of the admirers of pedestrianism, which increased towards the completion of the match. The preliminaries for starting were soon settled between the parties appointed to watch the proceedings of the match. The chronometers of the umpires being set and locked up, Bryant prepared to start, and was dressed in light white trousers, dispensing with the incumbance of his coat and waistcoat. The 18 miles he accomplished in three

hours, and at various times of the day he halted for the purpose of taking refreshment. At 25 minutes past seven o'clock he came in, having completed this unrivalled performance in 11 hours and 25 minutes, and 35 minutes to spare, without being in any way distressed; and so fresh was he at the termination of the undertaking, that he could have walked another 10 miles without the slightest difficulty; and bets to this effect were offered, but there were no takers.—*English paper.*

THE QUEEN.

The following description of the appearance of the young Queen on the day of the dissolution of Parliament, is given by Mr. Leigh Hunt in the second number of the enlarged series of the Monthly Repository:—"Most courteously, and with a face of good-humoured pleasure, she kept bowing to the exclamations of 'God bless the Queen,'—'God save your Majesty,' uttered in tones more fervent than loud; and so the huge couch went heavily on, putting 'hats off' as it proceeded, and shining in the distance amidst a sea of heads and gazing windows, with the gilt crown on the top of its great gilt self. It was the first time we had seen the Princess since she was a child, walking prettily, hand-in-hand, in Kensington Gardens, with a young lady of her own age (like any 'private' child with another, as Mr. Pepys would have phrased it) and followed by a most majestic footman, in scarlet and gold, with calves in his white stockings as big and radiant as a couple of chaise lamps. Instead of a child somewhat formal in countenance, we now saw before us a fine grown young woman (woman is a higher word than lady), of the order of figures called buxom, but not inelegant; handsome, indeed, in face (the person we could not so well see); smiling, self-possessed, but highly pleased; looking healthy (for she had not the pale look so often attributed to her); and crowned, besides her diadem, with a profusion of light brown tresses: altogether presenting an aspect luxuriant, good humoured, and highly agreeable. It was the Guelph face under its very best aspect, and improved, if we mistake not, with a straightness and substance of forehead, certainly not common to that portion of her race. We had fancied her darker, from the recollection of her when a child, though, at the same time, more like her father than another. She now appeared still like her father, with a mixture of something more gladsome and open-mouthed (the upper lip, we believe, shows the teeth white speaking); but her crown seemed to rest on a forehead derived from her mother and maternal uncle (Leopold, and we thought looked all the securer and happier for it."

"One great change, good for her and for every body (from all that we ever understood of occasions like the present), we noticed with delight in the behaviour of the multitudes assembled; and that was, the mixture of fervent goodwill with the absence of mere slavish noise and gratuitous enthusiasm. We have mentioned the expressions used by the crowd. They were deep and general in the quarter where we stood, and therefore, we conclude, elsewhere. But there was no hurraing; no violent outbreak of any sort. The feeling, as clearly as it could be expressed both by sound and silence, was to this effect:—'We love you, and wish you well with all our hearts; but we expect that you will maintain love with love, and be the proper sovereign of this era, which knows the rights of the people as well as sovereigns, and has broken up the delusion which sacrificed the many to the few.'—This is what the popular feeling said: and this is what we say ourselves, with all loving respect.

GERMAN VOTARIES OF TOBACCO.—Every man, without exception, is smoking; each table has its lamp (though it is broad day light) for the sole purpose of lighting the pipes and cigars, and so unremitting are the votaries of tobacco, that yonder is an old gentleman actually eating and smoking at the same time, the long pipe being pushed into one corner of his mouth so as to leave an entrance in front for the spoon or fork. At the table just below us are two ladies, both young, and both pretty, and opposite are seated two gentlemen, each with a cigar in his mouth. Now another man has joined the party, and the smoke of the three cigars is directed full into the ladies' faces: the last puff has gone right under the pink bonnet of one of them, and is curling round the roses and blonde, and among her glossy ringlets.—*A Summer in Germany.*

WORKS OF FICTION.—Many works of fiction may be read with safety, some even with profit; but the constant familiarity even with such as are not exceptionable in themselves, relaxes the mind that needs hardening, dissolves the heart which wants fortifying, stirs the imagination which waits quelling, irritates the passions which want calming, and, above all, disinclines and disqualifies for active virtue and for spiritual exercises. Though all these books may not be wicked, yet the constant habit performs the work of a mental atrophy—it produces all the symptoms of decay; and the danger is not less for being more gradual, and therefore less suspected.—*H. More.*

REFLECTION.—There is one sure way of giving freshness and importance to the most common-place maxims,—that of reflecting on them in direct reference to our own state and conduct, to our own past and future being. No object, of whatever value, but becomes foreign to us as soon as it is altogether unconnected with our intellectual, moral, and spiritual life. To be cured, it must be referred to the mind either as motive, or consequence, or symptom. He who teaches men the principles and precepts of spiritual wisdom, before their minds are called off from foreign objects, and turned inward upon themselves, might as well write his instructions as the sibyl wrote her prophecies, on the loose leaves of trees, and commit them to the mercy of the inconstant winds. In order to learn, we must attend; in order to profit by what we learn, we must think, i. e. reflect. He only thinks, who reflects.—*Colridge.*

DEATH FROM TIGHT LACING.—On Monday a fine young woman, named Ann Addison, died suddenly, after having taken a long walk on the previous evening. On the same day a post mortem examination of the body took place, when it was found that she had caused a pressure on the lungs and viscera, from lacing her stays tightly to procure a thin waist, which circumstance had caused a predisposition to acute inflammation. The disease had been brought on by the exertion of the walk, and had terminated fatally.—*Nottingham Journal.*

EXTRACT.—When we reflect on the condition of women and their relation to society, we cannot help perceiving the immense influence they possess and exert in all civilized nations. "Men make laws, but women make manners," has long since become an adage; and if it is true that laws are ineffectual, where the manners and customs of a people are opposed to them, we shall see the high value we should set on female education.

HOPE is itself a species of happiness; but, like all other pleasures immoderately enjoyed, the excesses of hope must be expiated by pain, and expectation improperly indulged must end in disappointment. If it be asked what is the improper expectation which it is dangerous to indulge, experience will quickly answer, that it is such expectation as is dictated, not by reason, but by desire; expectation raised, not by the common occurrences of life, but by the wants of the expectant: an expectation that requires the common course of things to be changed, and the general rules of action to be broken.—*Johnson.*

FRIENDS SCARCE.—"Who goes there?" said an Irish sentry of the British Legion at St. Sebastien. "A friend," was the prompt reply. "Then stand where you are," said Pat, "for by the powers, you are the first I've met in this murdering country."

CARD.

MR. WM. F. TEULON, Practitioner in Medicine, Obstetrics, etc. having now spent one year in Halifax, returns thanks for the attention and favors which he has experienced from the public during this term. At the same time he is obliged to acknowledge that owing to the healthy state of the Town, and other causes his support has been very inadequate,—he therefore requests the renewed exertions of his friends, as having with a family of seven experienced great difficulties; but which might soon be overcome if he had a sufficiency of professional engagements. Having practised the duties of his profession three years in this peaceful Province, and nine years in a neighbouring colony, previous to which he had assiduously studied for several years in the metropolis the human system; normal and diseased, and the arrangements of Divine Providence in reference to the preservation and regeneration of health in the respective functions; he has obtained a habit, confidence, and a love of the science and art of healing, which he would not willingly exchange for any of the gifted acquirements of life, but to give these efficiency he must secure the favours and confidence of a number. With this laudable object before him he respectfully invites their attention, and promises to use his studious endeavours to emulate the conduct of those worthy members of the profession, who have proved its ornaments, and not that only, but the ornaments of civil and scientific life; and also of Humanity.

W. F. Teulon, General Practitioner; next House to that of H. Bell, Esq. M. P. A. Aug. 18.

STOVES—SUPERIOR CAST.

An assortment of Franklin, Hall, Office and Cooking Stoves, just received, ex Brig Acadian from Boston, sale at low prices—by

J. M. CHAMBERLAIN.

October 14—3m.