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A Simile — A powerful oarsman was seen urging his little boat against a strong current, and as he addressed himself to his work with all his muscular energy, he was advancing slowly but surely against the opposing force. Casually attracted by some neighboring object, he missed a single stroke of the oar; the boat swung round, and was swept down the current, fell into the rapids, and was only by the intervention of friendly aid, that the final peril was escaped, and the boatman was dragged to the shore, exhausted alarmed, drenched, and bruised. So the Christian rows against the current of the world this progress depends on his unceasing vigilance and labour; any relaxation or mismanagement of his oars, will jeopard his safety and if he does not retrive himself immediately, he may be wrecked and ruined. The very supposition that there is any period, this side of heaven, which does not require effort to overcome hostile forces, is in itself perilous. While the world the flesh, and the devil are in the field, no Christain can safely slumber on his arms.—[Presbyterian.]

An Extraordinary character.—U. States paper mention the death of a Captain G. Y. Francis, recently at New Orleans, whose life had been eventful more than the lives of most men:

"He was in very early life attached to the navy then to the stage — and travelled over the fore quarter of the globe —was for two years a prisoner in the great Desert of Arabia—afterwards a slave to the Bashaw of Tunis—then lieutenant of a Guerilla party in Spain, and master of a Dutch lugger trading to the Malaccas. He was subsequently overseer of a sugar estate in Jamacia—then engaged in cutting logwood in the forest of Campeachy—was for three months a prisoner among a banditti in Mexico—then a captive among the Camances— was ransomed by some fur traders from the Oregon —was employed by the Governor of the Russian settlements to command a brig in the wheat trade with Chili—finally revisited his native State and married, and was extensively engaged in Texan operations when death arrested him still in the prime of life.

A DOSE OF PHYSIC.—We have heard many enquiries made respecting the family of our worthy Governor General the Right Hon. Poulett Thomson, as to whether it is, what is called in England, good; i e. of noble blood or descent; that is to say, whether he can trace his descent from the pure unadulterated aristocratic blood of William the Conqueror. Now, we happen to know from the best authority, that this is not the case, but that he lays claim to a descent much more honorable to him as a member of the great human family, being the son of no less celebrated [illegible] than the founder of the [illegible]stem of Medicine, [illegible] of re-[illegible]

termination, to apply the principles of his illustrious predecessor, the founder of the Thomsonian system, to the body politic and corporate of Toronto; in other words that he will administer sweats, purges, and cayenne pepper to our officials in that city, until he reduces the political system of Upper-Canada from its present unhealthy state, to a more healthy one.—*Kingston Whig.*

An Extraordinary Verdict.— At an inquest held at Stockton on Monday, on the body of a man who was killed in attempting to cross with a waggon a portion of the railway between Stockton and Darlington. The verdict was—"That the deceased was not accessory to his own death; that Matthew Appleton (the engineer) is guilty of Manslaugter: deodand upon the engine Fourteen Hundred Pounds.

Mr. Landsowne Moore, the poet's son is now senior ensign of the Twenty-second R.— *Limerick Chronicle.*

The Queen has paid all the debts of her late father the Duke of Kent and the creditors presented an address to her Majesty, through Sir Henry Wheatly, expressing their gratitude for this act of royal justice and liberty.

James Bryan, the Scotchman who recently figured before the Kensington Magistrates as a lover of the Queen, went to Windsor on Sunday last, to behold her Majesty when walking on the terrace. His costume was a mixture of the Stuart, Graham, and Macgregor plaids. He was closely watched by a constable, but gave no trouble. As the Queen passed, he raised his "bonnet," and bowed with a smiling countenance. He remarked to a bystander, that "Victoria was a bonny lassie, but that it was now the fashion amongst gentlefolk to wear such long petticoats, that he had never yet been able to see her Majesty's ankles he did not think her handsome, but still he thought she was a very good looking comely lassie." It is said that the silly fellow's "siller" is nearly spent and that he will soon trudge back to Ayrshire.

In a certain village in Pennsylvania, three men were brought before a Dutch Magistrate, accused of drunkenness. His honor began with the first—

You rascal! pe you kilty or pe you not guilty?

Prisoner—Guilty.

J.—Vat you get trunk on?

P. Blackstrap.

J. Den dis pe mine everiastin sentence, dat you be fined forty shillings.

The second culprit likewise answered guilty.

J. Now tell me you trunken scamp what you get drunk on?

P. Gin sling.

J. Vat, you get trunk on sling, you graceless wagabone! Den my darnel sentence is, you pe fined twenty shillins.

The third and last prisoner was now brought forward, and like the others pleaded guilty.

J. Vat you get trunk on?

P. Punch.

Ah! you dippier you! I [illegible] shust notting at all, vor I [illegible] oll pu[illegible] mineself.

[illegible]disputants are often-

POETRY

ORIGINAL.

The following lines are communicated to comfort and console the bereaved husband, parents, and the whole circle of relations and friends of the late much respected

MRS WATSON.

She has gone from among us, her trials are o'er,
The places which knew her, shall know her no more;
But in memory, she lives like the rose's perfume,
Which embalmeth its ashes though wither'd its bloom.

She has gone from among us no more shall we hear
That voice which was once to our bosoms so dear;
No more will the glance of that eloquent eye,
Gather light from a spirit that never can die.

But her sou(illegible) the beauty of holiness pass'd,
Displaying its banner of hope to the last;
No shadow of darkness, of doubt, or of fear,
E'er shaded her brow, or extracted a tear.

Say then, shall we mourn that her rest hath begun?
That this life she exchanged for an eternal one?
O no! through our faith consolation is giv'n,
Though she's lost to us here, we shall meet her in Heaven.

E B.

TO MISS J. W.

Fair, maid, on thee my thoughts do rest,
At the setting of the sun,
Thy heart's a lodger in my breast
Tho' by another won.

How oft beneath the spreading tree,
I mourn my late undone,
Thy blooming charms are nie to me
Tho' by another won.

How often have I walked with thee,
ebore my woes begun,
And kindly would you smile on me,
Tho' by another won.

Since fate has ordered, that I through
This world alone must run,
What pleasure can I find since you
Are by another won.

St. Georgs, Dec. 26, 1839.

ADDRESS OF A LADY,
HARD TO PLEASE.

I do not like a man th t's tall,
A man that's little's worse than all.
I much abhor a man that's fat,
A man that's lean is worse than that
A young man is a constant pest,
An old man would my room infest
Nor do I like a man that's fair,
A man that's black I cannot bear.
A man of sense I could not rule,
And yet I should not love a fool.
A sober man I would not take,
A drunken man my heart would break.
All these I most sincerely hate,
And yet I love the marriage state.

BY-GONE HOURS.

Those by-gone hours—those by-gone hours!
How sweet the thoughts around them twin'd;
Life then was bright, and friendships flowers
Shone with the gentle, good and kind

Sweet happy hours! calm delight!
No[illegible] yet find my heart the [illegible]
[illegible] —as bright
As [illegible] was born of heavenly [illegible]—

A hope, that when these hours have fled,
And all their soft enchantment's gone,
That sweeter once may o'er us shed
A brighter eve, and brighter moon.

ON TIME.

(Written on the conclusion of the year)
BY THE LATE REV. J. MARSDEN.

Rolling on, with march sublime,
Lo! I hear the wheels of time;
Twelve o clock, I heard the bell!
'Tis the last year's funeral knell!

Seasons change, and, as they pass,
Cry aloud, 'All flesh is grass!'
Human pomp but blooms an hour;
Man is an ephemeral flower!

Stately temples, shrines of gold,
Perish like a story told!
Time, unfaithful to his trust,
Writes their record in the dust!

Minutes roll, and pulses beat;
Teach me, sacred Paraclete,
While the flight of time I sing,
Round the bleeding Crose to cling!

O how short man's woe or bliss;
Life is a parenthesis
Two eternities between;
One to come, and one has been.

From the birth-hour of this ball,
To the final end of all,
Time is but a few short pages
In the tomb of endless ages.

For should thousand ages run,
Measur'd by yon flaming sun,
Still they are as but a mite
In duration infinite!

REPENTANCE.

Some are satisfied if their conscience does not accuse them with positve and manifest transgressions, others are still more satisfied, if in addition to this, they can boast of an outward attention to public religious duties; it is satisfaction is heightened in others, if in addition to all this, they are conscious of a daily observance of private prayer and reading the Scriptures; and yet this satisfaction may be delusive; it may consist with impenitence. The true penitent and believer has something beside all this. His slightest omissions of duty are a matter of grief to him; he has a painful sense of his short comings; he laments that the love of Christ does not more inflame his heart, that he does not obtain more evident triumphs over his corrupt nature; that he does not keep his mind in a more spiritual frame; and in a word, he repents daily of things, which a formalist in religion would regard as very innocent, or at least very excusable.—*Presbyterian.*

Sensitive Hair.—In the hospital of the Royal Guards at Paris, was a private soldier who had received a violent kick on the back of his head from a horse. The excitement of the hair produced was extreme, and could only be kept under by almost continued bleedings, both local and general. Amongst a series of phenonena produced by the state of preternatural excitation, the sensibility acquired by the hairs of the head was not remarkable. The slightest touch was felt instantly and cuttiug them gave exquisite pain, so that the patient would seldom allow any one to come near his head. Baren Larrey to put him to the test, gave a hint to an assistant, who was standing behind the patient, to chip off some hair with out his perceiving it. This was done with great dexterity, but the soldier broke out in a volley of oaths, succeded by complaints, and it was some time before he could be appeased.—*French Paper.*

Dancing is Power.— A country newspaper having given an account of a chartist meeting, at which plum-cake and dancing were the chief entertainments, observes—"Such congregations as these must convince both the dissembling Whigs, and the ultra church-and state Tories, that the working classes are alive to their own interests, and that a political change is inevitable." Who could object to a political change produced by dancing and plum-cake.

Extent and Effect of Agricultural Improvements in Scotland.—Since the conclusion of the American war, in 1782, improvement has proceeded with singular rapidity in every district; and while the rental rolls of proprietors have been doubled, tripled quadrupled the condition of the tenantry, and of the lower ranks, has been ameliorated almost in a proportional degree. These circumstances are sure tokens of agricultural prosperity, and demonstrate in the most favorable terms, that husbandry is a main pillar of the state; and that the happiness and welfare of the community depend greatly upon the manner in which the art is executed. No nation, whose husbandry is feeble and imperfect, can be regarded as really prosperous, however considerable may have been the advances they have made in other arts, because, when the art of raising food is neglected, all others must ultimately be forsaken.

Honor and honesty in humble life—At the great fair of Ballinasloe, October, 1839, an Austrian Officer (Count Weiper) who attended to purchase horses, set up at "Craig's Hotel" and upon the morning of the day that he intended to make th se purchases he breakfasted in the "long room," where, several tables were laid, and many persons in succession took their hurried meal and started off to the fair, Count Veiper in the throng. After he had left the room, a young man who superintended and received the money from the numerous waiters in that room, perceived a pocket-book on the floor, took it up, and found therein several bank notes. Immediately he immediately informed his employer, and they (together) counted 40 notes, of the Bank of England of £100 each; then closed and laid by the pocket-book. Shortly afterwards Count Weiper rushed in almost distracted. The young man after a few questions, to the Count's inexpressible joy restored to him his lost treasure, and in presence of the "maitre d'hotel" (Mr. Craig) requested the count to examine the contents He did so, and found "all right." With gratitude the count offered him £50 which the honest and honourable young fellow declined to accept.—"Excuse me Sir, I do not feel entitled to a reward for doing my duty," was the reply. The grateful count earnestly requested the young man to accompany him, and he would get him a commission in the Austrain service; but the young fellow remembered his widowed mother, who since his father's death had, by honesty industry and great prudence, supported and educated him and her other children—he would not desert her! Even that promotion, so flattering to the son of a soldier, could not tempt him to swerve from the path of duty. The high-minded and truly honorable youth is the son of George Macdonald, of Caithness, formerly colour sergeant in the 42nd, whose manly form and soldier-like bearing induced the late Lady Cambermere to have his likeness taken at full length, as a perfect model of "a brave Highland Soldier."

Lord Hill has issued a "general order" calling attention to one issued on the 18th of January 1810, prohibiting officers from receiving any compliment "by means of presents of plate, sworhs," &c. from soldiers serving under them. The occasion of this order was the presentation of an address by the Sergeants of the First Battalion of Royal Fusileers, to Captain Ow, when that officer was promoted from an adjutancy to a company.

The camp at Borodino was broken up. The troops commenced their march to quarters on the 15th A portion of them, amounting to 65,000 men were to proceed to the southern Governments, and to form the grand reserve of the Army of the South.

The death of the Earl of Mount Edgecombe makes a vacancy in the Lord-Lieutenancy of Cornwall; which, it is said, will be supplied by Mr. Pendarves.

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