

The Watchman.

"I HAVE SET WATCHMEN UPON THY WALLS O! JERUSALEM THAT SHALL NEVER HOLD THY R PEACE, DAY NOR NIGHT."

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Poetry.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

BY J. G. WHITFUR.

On these pale lips the smothered thought,
Which England's millions feel,
A fierce and fearful splendor caught,
As from his forge, the steel.
Strong armed as Thor! a shower of fire
H' smitten anvil flung:
God's curse, Earth's wrong, dumb Hunger's ire—
He gave them all a tongue!

Then let the poor man's horny hands
Bear up the mighty dead,
And Labor's swart and stalwart band
Behind, as mourners, tread.
Leave cant and craft their churchyard bounds,
Leave rank its minister floor;
Give England's green and daisied grounds
The Poet of her poor.

Lay down upon his Sheaf's green verge
That brave old heart of oak,
With fitting dirge from sounding forge,
And pall of furnace smoke!
Where whirled the stone its dizzy rounds,
And axe and sledge are swung,
And, timing to their stormy sounds,
His stormy lays are sung.
There let the peasant's step be heard.
The grinder chant his rhyme;
Nor patron's praise nor dainty word
Befit the man or time.
No soft lament nor dreamer's sigh
For him whose words were bread—
The Runic rhyme and spell whereby
The foodless poor were fed!

Pile up thy tombs of rank and pride,
Oh, England! as thou wilt;
With pomp to nameless worth denied,
Emblazon titled guilt!
No part nor lot in these we claim,
But o'er the sounding wave,
A common right to Elliott's name,
A freehold in his grave

Miscellany.

THE DEATH ON THE CROSS.

The Head, the Hope, the supporter of those who gave their bodies to be burnt, drank himself of a bitter cup. Of all the devices of cruel imagination, crucifixion is the master piece.—Other pains are shorter for a time, but none are at once so agonising and so long. One aggravation however, was wanting which, owing to the want of knowledge in painters, is still, we believe commonly supposed to have belonged to the punishment. The weight of the body was borne by a ledge, which projected from the middle of the upright beam and not by the hands and feet which were probably found unequal to the strain. The frailty of man's frame comes at last to be its own defence, but enough remained to preserve the pre-eminence of torture to the cross. The process of nailing was exquisite torment, and yet worse in what ensued than in the actual infliction. The spikes rankled, the wounds inflamed, the local injury produced a general fever, the fever a most intolerable thirst, but the misery of miseries to the sufferer was, while racked with agony, to be fastened in a position which did not permit him even to writhe. Every attempt to relieve the muscles, every instinctive movement of anguish, only served to drag the lacerated flesh, and wake up more and acuter pangs, and this torture, which must have been continually aggravated, until advancing death began to lay it to sleep, lasted on an average two or three days.—*Quarterly Review.*

THE IDLE EXPOSED TO TEMPTATION

Set a narrow mouthed glass near to a beehive and you soon shall perceive how busily the wasps resort to it, being drawn thither by the smell of that sweet liquor wherewith it is baited, and how eagerly they creep into the mouth of it, and fall down suddenly from that slippery steepness into that watery trap from which they can never rise, but, after some vain labor and weariness, they drown and die.

Now there are none of the bees that so much as look that way, they pass directly to their hive without any notice taken of such a pleasing bait. Thus idle and ill-disposed persons are easily drawn away with every temptation.—They have both leisure and will to entertain every sweet allurements to sin, and wantonly prosecute their own wicked lusts, till they fall into irrecoverable damnation, whereas the diligent and laborious Christian, that follows

hard and conscientiously the works of an honest calling, is free from the danger of those deadly enticements, and lays up honey of comfort against the winter of evil.—*Bishop Hall.*

FORGIVENESS.

She went up to her husband, and, as it seemed, spoke lovingly, saying, that she would defer to him in everything, and would consult his wishes and obey them; and they might be very happy if he would be gentle with her. He answered with an imprecation, and—with a blow! Yes; stern truth against the base-souled villain—with a blow! No angry cry, no loud reproaches. Even her weeping and her sobs were stifled by her clinging around him. She only said, repeating it in an agony of heart, "How could he—how could he?" and lost utterance in an agony of tears. Oh, woman, God-beloved in old Jerusalem! the best among us need deal lightly with thy faults, if only for the punishment thy nature will endure in bearing heavy evidence against us on the day of judgment!—*Dickens.*

PARSIMONY NOT ECONOMY.

Sir Walter Scott tells of a kinsman of his, says the *North British Review*, who, on being told that a family vault in the parish churchyard was decaying and like to fall in, and that £10 would make the repairs, proffered only £5. It would not do. Two years after he proffered the full sum. A report was then made that breaches were now so much increased that £20 would scarce serve. He hesitated, hemmed and hawed for three years more, then offered £20. The wind and rain had not awaited his decision, and no less than £50 would now serve. A year afterwards he sent a check for £50, which was returned by post, with the intelligence that the aisle had fallen the preceding week.

THREE FAULTS IN NURSES.

1. To lisp in a baby style, when the same words, in an endearing tone, would please as well; the reverse should be—the voice clear, emphatic, and each syllable distinctly articulated for imitation.
2. To tell witches, ghosts, and goblins; such superstition, impressed upon young minds, are rarely got rid of.
3. To direct a child to act like a man; whereas it is not often becoming, for a little boy to ape the man, but only to conform demeanour to his age every age has its own peculiar decorousness.

WONDERS OF ART.

There is a man in London, who has a glass eye and spectacles, a wig, one arm, and both legs of wood, a nose which is fastened to the skin of the forehead, a lower jaw of silver an artificial set of teeth, a part of the skull of caoutchouc, and a plate and both ears of the abdomen. We learn that he was formerly employed in supplying a steam engine with coal, and, in an explosion of the boiler, was almost by a miracle, in saving his life, and made him what he now is—almost an artificial, yet breathing man.

THE SEVEN SACRAMENTS.

When Christ feasted that great multitude with five loaves and two fishes, it is observed that the five loaves were of the baker's making, and the two fishes of God's making. The papists stiffly maintain seven sacraments in their church—viz, Baptism, the Eucharist, Matrimony, Orders, Penance, Confirmation, and Extreme Unction. But most sure it is, that the two first only are of God's making; in the other five appears the knavery of the baker. They are of the Pope's making, and not of God's.—*John Boys.*

HOW TO TAKE PLEASURE SAFELY.

He that handles a hedgehog, takes him by the heel and not by the head otherwise he may chance to beshrew his fingers, for though it seem to be but a poor, silly creature, not likely to do any great harm, yet it is full of bristles or prickles, whereby it may annoy a man very much. Thus must we take pleasures not by the head, but by the heel; considering not the beginning, but the ending of them, for they may seem to be little or nothing dangerous at the first, yet afterwards, as with bristles or prickles, they will pierce through the very conscience with pains intolerable.—*Claudius Vermontius.*

CHRIST FULLY REVEALED IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.

"The bunch of grapes," says Luther, "that the spies of the children of Israel carried from the land of promise, was borne by two strong

men upon a pole or staff. He that went before could not see the grapes, but he that was behind might both see and eat them." So the fathers, prophets, and profits of the Old Testament did not, in like manner, see the bunch of grapes—that was the Son of God made man—as they that came behind; the Evangelists, apostles, and disciples under the New Testament, both saw and tasted of it after John had showed this grape: Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world."—*John Boys.*

A WONDER.

That ever the spirit of man—a responsible, intelligent being; God's own offspring; and whereto he is not only a maker, but a parent styled the Father of spirits—should be degenerated into so horrid, so unnatural a monster! What! to be a hater of God—the most excellent and all comprehending good! and thine own Father! "Hear, O heavens and earth, saith the Lord, I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me." Be astonished, O ye heavens, at this, and be horribly afraid!—be ye very desolate: as if all the blessed inhabitants of that upper world should rather forsake their glorious mansions, leave heaven empty, and run back into their original nothing, than endure such a sight. An intelligent spirit hating God, is the most frightful prodigy in universal nature! If all men's limbs were distorted, and their whole outer man transformed into the most hideous shapes, it were a trifle in comparison with this deformity of thy soul.—*Howe.*

ORIGIN OF CHURCH MUSIC.

On the general wreck of literature that followed the irruption of the Northern barbarians upon the Western empire, music found an asylum in the Church. Flavinus, Bishop of Antioch, in the middle of the fourth century, first established a regular choir. He divided it into two parts, and made each to sing the Psalms of David alternately. This practice, which began in Antioch, spread far and near, and was styled *anti-phonial* singing, and out of it grew harmony in fugue. Pope Gregory was the first who applied the same Roman letters to every octave, so he reduced the number of letters to seven, the same as we have at the present day. These letters, however, were not the names of notes, the same as in modern music, but the letters were the notes themselves. To denote the different octaves the forms of the letters were changed. They were written over the syllables to which they were sung, and also placed higher and lower in the page obviously to assist the imagination in reading. Next there were seven lines drawn, very likely in imitation of the strings of the lyre, and points put upon them.—Afterwards Guido, in the eleventh century, placed the points upon both lines and spaces, and reduced the lines to four, which is still the staff used in the chants of the Roman Church. Then a letter was placed at the beginning of the staff, determining the notes—the names of them on the lines and the spaces. This was the origin of clefs, which we are told are nothing but Gothic letters disfigured. The same Guido was the inventor of singing with syllables, such as *sol la*, &c. He was a monk of St. Benedict, at Arezzo in Italy, and flourished in the beginning of the eleventh century. In consequence of Guido's improvements, a revolution in music took place, and the learning of it became accessible to all classes. It is somewhat striking that although music, as a practical science, was making astonishing advances in the age we are writing of, it is looked upon as one of the darkest ages since the Christian era. Guido has generally been said to have been the inventor of *counterpoint*. The word "counterpoint" is indeed derived from Guido's notation, which sounds to be sung simultaneously were signified by points or notes placed opposite one another in the same staff. The organ was introduced into the Church in the year 600, and was pretty general throughout Europe in the ninth century. Many have given their verdict against instrumental music in the Church without discussing the matter; but it does seem a very strange thing indeed, when we consider that the redeemed saints who surround the throne of the Eternal in Heaven, have every one of them *harp's* in their hands when they are singing their glorious song, that it would be unsuitable or improper for the saints on earth to have hearts soothed and cheered with the mellow and subduing sound of the organ. That instrument was first used as a unison accompaniment to the human voice, but the facility with which it sounds two notes would soon lead to the observation of the agreeable effect of certain sounds being used together. And

so we find from an old manuscript written about the time of Guido, by John Cotton, that singing with two voices and different notes, was called *organum*; because the human voice was sounding double notes. The harmony of this period which has been preserved, is very meagre, consisting principally of fourths and fifths. The idea, however, was suggested of sustaining one note while another sung away at pleasure. This is what is vulgarly called amongst violin players, a "bum bass."—*Thomas Cockburn, jun., Dunse.*

THE GOVERNMENT OF THE TONGUE.

Socrates, the ecclesiastical historian, relates, that one Pambo, a plain ignorant man came to a learned man, and desired to be taught a psalm. He began to read to him the 39th Psalm: "I said I will take heed to my ways that I offend not with my tongue." Having passed this first verse, Pambo shut the book and took his leave, saying, that he would go learn that point first. When he absented himself for the space of some months, he was demanded by his reader when he would go forward. He answered that he had not yet learned his old lesson; and he gave the very same answer to one that asked the like question forty-nine years after. Such a hard thing it is to rule this unruly member, the tongue, that it must be kept in with a bit and bridle, bolts and bars. It was David's "glory," and it is our, shame. It is now held to be a piece of religion to be offensive with the tongue; to slander, revile, and backbite their neighbors. Nay, such a sinful liberty have men taken to themselves, as to speak evil of authority, to throw dirt in the face of supreme authority, forgetting that of St. James: "He that seemeth to be religious, and refraineth not his tongue, that man's religion is vain."

THE LIGHT OF THE SUN.

Dr. Wollaston computes the light of the sun to be nearly a million of times greater than the light of the moon. He reckons the solar light to equal that of 5,563 candles placed at the distance of twelve inches; and the light of one of these, at this distance, to correspond with that of 144 moons. He therefore inferred the sun to exceed the moon in brilliancy 801,072 times.

A LITTLE THING.

"O, mother, I'm so glad you've come home—I've been a good boy all the while you've been away, and now please to tell me a story" said Henry.

"I will my son," said the mother; "for I have seen something which grieved me exceedingly, and led me to think how sadly I should feel if that lad were my child!"

"What was it, mother—was the boy sick?"

"No, he was not sick, he had a full, bright eye, an animated countenance, and was very active and sprightly in his appearance. At first sight I was pleased with him, and thought 'The mother of that son must be happy in being blessed with one so interesting in his figure.' Very soon, however, my feelings were changed. As he passed a fruit stand, I saw him slyly put forth his hand, and take a nut or two. The keeper of the fruit did not see him, and he went on as gaily as before. He probably thought it was but a 'little thing,' and therefore of no consequence. He never supposed it was just as much stealing, and he was as much a thief, as though he had taken a bag of gold. But my dear child, never forget, it is the intention, and not the amount, which constitutes a breach of the command, 'Thou shalt not steal.' That boy, in the sight of a holy God, is a thief, because he took the nut with the design of concealing the fact from the owner, and if he continues the practice of thus pilfering 'little things' in his youth, he will probably end his days, either the wretched inmate of a state prison, or the degraded criminal upon the gallows.—One whose career had been a series of theft, robbery and crime, was recently thus executed in Paris. In this confession, previous to the awful scene which closed his life, he said, 'All the crimes which have so deeply stained my past life, were in consequence of my stealing an apple in my childhood, in which I was not detected.' This 'little thing' emboldened him to do another, and another, and still more, until 'little things' gave place to greater, and the hand of justice finding him, closed his career. Beware, then, dear child, of these 'little things' which are wrong. They are the entrance to a pathway which will surely terminate not only in the wretchedness and sorrow here, but and misery indescribable hereafter."—*Well Spring.*