

**POPE'S CORNER.**  
**CONJUGATION LINES.**  
Written by the Right Hon. George Canning, when a young man, and left by him on the table of a young Lady, on the morning of her marriage, she having, a few days before, presented him with a piece of plush to make a pair of Shooting Breaches.  
When all on this auspicious day,  
Well pleased their grateful homage pay,  
And sweetly sing, and softly say,  
A thousand civil speeches;  
My muse shall spread her trembling wings,  
Nor cease the lay her duty brings,  
Though humble to the theme she sings,  
A pair of shooting breaches.  
Soon shall the tailor's subtle art  
Have made them neat, and strong, and smart,  
And fortified in every part  
With twenty thousand stitches;  
Mark, then, the moral of my song,  
Oh may your loves but prove as strong,  
And wear as well, and last as long  
As these my shooting breaches!  
And when to cease the load of life,  
Of private care, of public strife,  
The gods shall grant to me a wife,  
I ask not rank nor riches;  
For come, like these, alone I pray,  
Temper like these, serene and gay,  
One formed, like these, to give away,  
Nor wear herself the breeches.

**MISCELLANY.**  
**HENRY SAINT PIERRE:**  
**A TALE.**  
**CHAPTER I.**  
"Midst fears instinctive, wonder drew  
The holdest forward, gathering strength,  
As darkness lur'd ancestral minds blew,  
To where the rain stretch'd his length."  
*Bloomfield's May Day with the Muse.*

In the autumn of 1700, near the suburbs of the city of Lyons, some peasants, proceeding from the market to their rustic homes, heard, from a group of trees near the road side, the groans of some one apparently in distress. With the spirit of unsophisticated humanity they proceeded to the spot, and found on the ground the senseless and bleeding body of a man. They raised it from the earth, applied such restoratives as occurred to them at the moment, and soon had the satisfaction of observing signs of returning life. The stranger, a young man of very swarthy and forbidding countenance, whose dark malignant eyes even in the flash of pain seemed to deny the thanks to which his tongue had given utterance, faintly and briefly stated that he had been wounded by some secret assassin from the neighbouring copse, who fled as soon as he saw his purpose was effected. He declared his ignorance of the person of the assassin, and pointed to a neighbouring hut as the house of his father. While four of the humane peasants bore the bleeding youth in their arms, two of their body proceeded forwards to impart to the parent this dreadful event. They found the old man cowering with great minuteness, an old pistol, and his change of colour at their entrance seemed to anticipate their tale of woe. Antoine, the elder of the peasants, in the rude caution of untutored simplicity broke the dreadful relation to the horror-struck father. "Where," exclaimed Bampierre, (for that was his name,) "where was the deed committed?" "It was," replied Antoine, "in the copse." "Lightnings! within the wood of Basque!" furiously interrupted the old man;—"may its branches be the gibbet on which the Lyonese may hang fill the birds of the wood devour them." The peasants started at his vehemence, and Bampierre added, with a degree of softness very different from his former manner, "I know my boy was gone to that accursed wood, and there I doubt not has he found his death."

At this moment the rest of the peasants entered with the younger Bampierre, to whose wounds they assisted to apply alleviations, which appeared to revive and relieve him. The father then led them to the outward room, and setting before them refreshment, returned to his wounded son. Their conference was long, and the low murmuring of their voices alone told the humane villagers it was not the chamber of death. At length the old man re-appeared, his face was pale, and his brow was gloomily knitted. "My kind friends," said he "to whose benevolence I owe the life of my son, accept my thanks; I have with him been endeavouring to guess at the assassin. He states that the figure was well known to him; it is that of an old companion. You will not leave the work unfinished which you have begun. Come with me to the house of the assassin, ere his flight shall shield him. In the cottage of Henry Saint Pierre you will find the murderer! St. Pierre is that assassin! my son declares it—he has seen him—he knows him well—and he must not be left to escape."

The peasants were aghast. Henry St. Pierre was well known to them; his virtues were the subject of every tongue; the hamlets round about resounded with the generous acts of St. Pierre. He could not be a murderer! What! the generous friend of the weak, the support of the poor, the father of the orphan,—he could not be a murderer! But the young peasant asserted he was so, and justice required he should be listened to.

The whole party proceeded to the cottage of Henry. He was from home. A lovely girl, who on the morrow was to become the partner of his future life, and the venerable Maurice, her father were alone in the cottage. Where was St. Pierre? He had been gone from the cottage since the setting of the sun towards the wood of Basque. A solemn silence was observed by the peasants.—They would await his return, they said, but they were not communicative. After waiting some considerable period, footsteps were at length heard approaching the cottage, and in a few seconds St. Pierre entered. His countenance was pale as death, a cold perspiration had settled on his brow, and his eyes wandered anxiously around as if searching for some absent individual. A pistol, recently discharged, was in his right hand; in his left he bore the hat of the younger Bampierre. These were circumstances which left but little doubt of his guilt. He was seized, bound, and dragged to the prison of Lyons. His assertions of innocence were disregarded; the frantic screams of the lovely Annette were unheeded; the more reasonable expostulations of the aged

Maurice were rejected and despised. Traces of footsteps were in the wood of Basque; and they corresponded with the shoes of St. Pierre. He had been seen in the outskirts at the decline of day, by a youth from a neighbouring hamlet; a portion of his dress was found adhering to the bushes near the spot on which the murder was attempted. The pistol too had been recently discharged, and but little doubt could remain of his guilt. St. Pierre did not deny his having been in the wood, but solemnly declared he had not discharged the pistol; he refused, however, to account for its being in his possession; it was not, he affirmed, the weapon of murder: this was mysterious, but he refused to explain. The peasants shook their heads doubtfully, for his tale the most credulous could not believe. They all agreed his motive was obvious. Young Bampierre had been his rival, and although an unsuccessful one, jealousy, that monstrous passion, had doubtless urged St. Pierre to aim at the life of his opponent. Further parley was therefore thought useless, and Henry St. Pierre, the friend of the poor, the host of the houseless, became the tenant of the gloomy dungeons of the criminal.

(To be continued.)  
[From the New Monthly Magazine.]

**ILL-TEMPER, ILL-NATURE, AND ILL-HUMOUR.**  
An ill-tempered man impatient of trifling annoyances, is roused by petty provocations, to hasty and unmeasured language and actions, but is generally so easily appeased, his fire being like that of straw, as evanescent as it is sudden. Such an individual, when the sorrows of irritability are not trodden upon, may be gay, cheerful, and benevolent. In general, however, he is an unsafe companion; and to converse with him is to inhabit over a volcano.  
An ill-natured man is one who has a perverse pleasure in the misfortunes of his fellow creatures; one who enjoys all the vexations and disappointments of his neighbours; not because they afford materials for laughter, but because they give pain to the victims.  
The ill-natured man may be just, generous, and upon great occasions compassionate and friendly; but in his ordinary intercourse with society, he overflows with an unceasing stream of bitterness. All his remarks are severe, harsh, and annoying; and in the moments of his relaxation, in the hour of social enjoyment, he is morose, snappish, and insolent.  
The ill-humoured man differs from the ill-natured in this, that he does not rejoice in his neighbour's misfortune, but takes pleasure only in seeing his friends uncomfortable; and he has no delight even in this measure of annoyance, if he himself is not the author of it. Again, he differs from the ill-tempered man, because the latter must have some one to be angry with; whereas the ill-humoured man is at odds with himself; the ill-tempered man must have external occasion for excitement, the ill-humoured man goes out of himself to seek for the food of his humour.

This last modification of disposition is decidedly English; and whether it be attributable to "the broadsword of Angletown," to the beef and pudding, the narrow money-getting, or other causes peculiar to England and Englishmen, it is rarely to be met with on the continent, in the same intensity in which it prevails at home. Individuals, indeed, of all nations, may be subject to occasional fits of spleen and discontent; but it is among Englishmen exclusively that we find ill-humour an *état, a manière d'être*, which clings to a man at all periods of life; and is either mitigated by the successes of love, of vanity, or of ambition, or requires to be awakened by disappointment and vexation. "The humour of the body," says a moral writer, "imperceptibly influences the will, so that they enter, for a large part, into all our actions, without our being aware of it;" and thus it is that the ill-humoured man punishes, in his friends, the outrages of some peevish nymph circulating in his own veins; and revenges himself nobly on society for the offences of his liver or pancreas.  
An ill-humoured man is the basis of his family, with a spider in the centre of its web, its watchful and unceasing malice against all around him. No sooner does a burst of cheerfulness explode in his presence, than he hastens to repress it by a sarcasm or a rebuke. He studies the weaknesses of his friends in order to play upon them with more effect; and as the hackney coachman "makes a raw" on his horse's shoulder to flog his callous hide to better purpose, so the ill-natured man delights to awaken an outraged feeling, to notice an imperfection, to shock a prejudice, and, in one word, to say to every individual the most unpleasant and vexatious things that recur to his recollection.

Certain it is, that whether we look into the parlour, the nursery, or the saloon, whether we examine the dinner party or the family circle, whether we follow the people into their domestic interior, or accompany them in their public amusements, there is in England infinitely less cheerfulness, good humour, and ease in the social intercourse of the people, than are to be found in the society of any other of the European nations.

With respect to that general decay of vision, which Time commonly produces in eyes, in every respect perfectly organised, it may be remarked, that those perceptions of colour, which are active and perfect in youth, are commonly preserved through life, with no other change than that general diminution of their vividness and intensity which the natural decay of the energies of the retina may be supposed to produce. But we are by no means certain, that Time produces in eyes, imperfectly constituted in those interesting relations, analogous changes; whether age, in depriving them of the enjoyment of the minute impressions of light, contributes to alter or modify their perceptions of colour, in any other way than the general diminution of its brilliancy and power. This, it may be said, can only be determined by correct observations, made at different periods of life; and perhaps Mr. Dalton is the only philosopher capable of affording any experimental information on the subject; since, in early life, he examined particularly into the peculiarities attendant on his own remarkable perceptions of colour, and, no doubt, attention for which he has remarkable, whatever changes may have taken place in his vision, during his useful and brilliant career. In the case recorded in the Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, the subject of it is not aware of his present perceptions of colour differing in any material degree from those which characterized his yearly youth; but this may possibly have arisen from his being accustomed to habits of philosophical observation, and that refined and delicate tact by which so many beautiful and interesting truths are discovered. It may not be impossible, however, in the instance of the young man alluded to by the writer of the article in question, to discover, by analogous observations and experiments performed at distant intervals of years, whether his perceptions of colour undergo any peculiar change. Time is an element too often neglected in our philosophical investigations; and we are apt some times to abandon an inquiry when the materials for its prosecution are only to be obtained by observation made at distant intervals of life.

**Laughter.**—A witty writer says, in praise of laughter—"Laughter has even dispated disease and preserved life, by a sudden effort of nature. We are told that the great Erasmus laughed so heartily at the satire by Reuchlin and Von Hutten, that he broke an imposthume, and recovered his health."—In a singular treatise "on laughter," Joubert gives two similar instances. A patient being very low, the physician, who had ordered a dose of rhubarb, countermanded the medicine, which was left on the table. A monkey in the room, jumping up, discovered the goblet, and having tasted, made a terrible grimace. Again putting his tongue to it, he perceived some sweetness of the dissolved mucus, while the rhubarb had sunk to the bottom. Thus emboldened, he swallowed the whole, but found such a nauseous potion, that after making strange and fantastic grimaces, he grinded his teeth in agony, and in a violent fury threw the goblet on the floor. The whole affair was so ludicrous, that the sick man burst into repeated paroxysms of laughter, and the recovery of cheerfulness led to health.

**A Proud Man** is a fool in fermentation, swelling and boiling like a porridge pot. To see his feathers like an owl, to swell and screech bigger than he is. He is troubled with an inflammation of self-conceit, that renders him the man of pasteboard, and a true buckram knight. He has given himself sympathetic love-powder, that works upon him to deluge, and transforms himself into his own mistress, making most passionate court to his own dear perfection, and worshipping his own image. All his upper stories are crammed with masses of spongy substances, occupying much space; his feathers and cotton will stuff cushions better than things of more compact and solid proportions.—*Beltingbrooke.*

The late Admiral Colpoys, who rose to the highest rank and honours in his profession, from his own merit and exertions alone, used to be fond of stating, that on first leaving a humble lodging to join his ship as midshipman, his landlady presented him with a Bible and a guinea, saying—"God bless and prosper you, my lad, and as long as you live never suffer yourself to be laughed out of your money or your prayers!" advice which he sedulously followed through life.

The learned Dr. Parry, in his recent elaborate *Treatise on Diet*, observes that "the gratification which attends a favorite meal, is, in itself, a specific stimulus to the organs of digestion, especially in weak and debilitated habits." The London epicures exult in this acknowledgment of the Doctor; one of them calls it "a gratifying and glorious doctrine."

**Marborough-street.**—Two men and a woman, all of "the peasantry," were charged by the watchman with rummaging at a late hour on Saturday night. The youngest of them, *The Wick*, said that he had just said his mother-in-law, now beside him, to the house of the other male prisoner, *Pat Murphy*, to be spending the evening with him. That he (*Wick*) just went out for some beer, and had he stopped out five minutes longer his mother had been smothered.—*Judy Welsh*.—"And sure enough I was smothered yesterday," said *Pat*, pointing to his proboscis, which showed powerful proofs of *Judy's* handy work. *Judy*.—"Yes, but he wanted to be rude to me, and when I cried shame on ye *Pat*, he put his hand on my mouth—he hit me in the heart here (pointing to her right shoulder), and I can't tell yer worship what more, for I did not know myself.—At this charge, the "gay deceiver," *Pat Murphy*, "smiled, scratched his head, and said nothing at all."—*Mr. Roe*, however, advised a settlement, which was at length effected.—*London paper.*

**King of Portugal's Diamond.**—From the statement of the weight of the largest diamonds known in Europe, it will be seen, that the King of Portugal possesses the very largest. The diamond of the Emperor of Russia weighs 106 carats; that of the King of France, 136; that of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, 139; that of the Great Mogul, 279; that of the King of Persia, 493; that of the King of Portugal, 1680 carats. The value of this last is estimated by the Portuguese jewellers at 200 millions of pounds sterling; by the French jewellers at 1200 millions of French livres; and by English and Dutch jewellers at 56,787,300 pounds sterling.—*Hamburgh Paper.*

**NOTICE.**  
THE Co-Partnership heretofore existing between the Subscribers under the Firm of KNOWLES & HAYWARD, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. All persons indebted to the said concern, are requested to make payment to *William Hayward*, and those having claims will present the same to him within three months from this date.  
**MARMADUKE KNOWLES,**  
**WILLIAM HAYWARD.**  
July 1, 1826.

**THE Brass Foundry, Copper and Lead Manufactory,** hitherto carried on under the Firm of KNOWLES & HAYWARD, will in future be conducted by the Subscriber, who respectfully solicits a continuance of that preference so long experienced by the Firm.  
He will cast Rudder Braces, Dove Tails, Rings and Spikes, &c. Ship Bells and Cow Bells, Mill and Machine Brasses of the best composition, Hawse, Scupper and Deep sea Leads, Sash Weights and Fancy Fan Lights, &c.—The whole done in the best manner, with the utmost despatch and on the most reasonable terms.  
**WILLIAM HAYWARD.**  
July 4, 1826.

**DEALS,**  
400 M. Feet Superficial Dimension different British Markets.  
1 1/2 Inch spruce Flooring,  
1/2 Inch Boards,  
3/4 Inch Lathing ditto,  
For Sale by the Subscriber.  
June 13.  
**ROBERT PAYNE.**

**NOTICE.**  
THE Co-partnership heretofore existing under the firm of *WILMOT & KIRK*, expires this day. They therefore beg all claims against the said firm may be rendered immediately for Settlement, and those indebted are requested to make speedy payments to either of the Subscribers.  
**JOHN M. WILMOT,**  
**JAMES KIRK.**  
May 2.

**CHEAP GOODS,**  
BY the recent arrivals from *London, Liverpool and Greenock*, the Subscribers have received a large assortment of **BRITISH GOODS**, which along with their former stock including West India and American GOODS, they are now selling at very low rates for Cash, or other approved payments,  
**G. MATTHEW & Co.**  
Who have for sale clear and other LUMBER, as usual.  
June 28.

**NEW GOODS.**  
THE SUBSCRIBER  
Has just received per the ship *Forth*, Captain *Sturson*, a part of his  
**FALL SUPPLY,**  
Which are open, and will be sold cheap for Cash.—  
(The remainder hourly expected.)  
STORER, that well known stand, formerly the Bank of New-Brunswick.  
JOHN SMYTH,  
October 3.

**NEW GOODS,**  
By the *Forth*, from *Greenock*, the Subscribers have received part of their Spring supply of  
**GOODS**  
Which they are now opening, and offer for Sale.  
**G. MATTHEW & Co.**  
Nelson-street  
May 16.

**JOHN S. MILLER,**  
*Silk, Cotton, Woollen and Linen Dyer.*

(Next door to the residence of Mr. D. Smith, Brussels Street.)

**BEGS** leave to remind his friends that he continues to Dye and Finish in the best manner—  
*Lustrings, Silk and Cotton, Silk & C. Suits, Crapes, Worsted Cords, Hosiery & Gases, Plush, Camels Hair, Ribbons, &c.*  
ALSO—Ladies' and Gentlemen's Garments of every description cleaned, and Stains removed from Cotton and Linen Goods of all kinds, as well as carpets cleaned, and Blankets cleaned and red.  
Having imported a new apparatus for the purpose of cleansing Gentlemen's clothes by Steam, he flatters himself, that this improvement will enable him to finish his work in a style far superior to any heretofore done, and to the satisfaction of those Ladies and Gentlemen who may be pined to favour him with their commands,  
St. John, August 29, 1826.

**BRASS FOUNDRY.**  
THE Subscriber begs leave to inform his Friends and the Public, that he has commenced the *Brass Foundry and Plumbing Business* on his own account, and as he has hitherto given general satisfaction, his Braces having proved to be vastly superior to some cast heretofore in this City, he now assures his Friends and the Public in general, that he still will endeavour to merit that liberal support and patronage he has already experienced, by casting his Braces without mixing Lead in them, and by charging as low as the most spurious kind can be got. He will also furnish force and common Pumps, and other Hydraulic Engines, Hawse, Scupper, and Deep Sea Leads, Mill and Machine Brasses, Fancy Fan Lights, Candlesticks, Cow Bells, and Chandlers, with Brass Cocks of all sizes on the most reasonable terms.  
**JOHN BARRY.**  
Cash given for Brass, Copper, Pewter, and Lead.  
August 1.

**TO LET,**  
TWO excellent Dwelling Houses, head of Duke-street, at present in the possession of Messrs. M'Clure, Garrick, and Brown. Each house contains six rooms, with four fire places, a kitchen, frost proof cellar, yard, wood-house, &c.  
Possession may be had on the first day of November, next ensuing.—Apply to Mr. John M'Clure, on the premises, or to  
**SAMUEL STEPHEN.**  
St. John, October 17.

**TO LET.**  
EITHER the upper or lower flat of a HOUSE, pleasantly situated in an agreeable neighbourhood, and in an eligible and commodious part of this City.—The accommodations are particularly well adapted for single Gentlemen, to whom the terms will be given.—Any application made at 10, 11, or 12, reference to the above, will meet with a ready answer.  
September 5, 1826.

**STAMMERING.**  
THE subscriber has been qualified at Mrs. Ligon's Dr. YATES' Institution, for the correction and cure of Impediments of Speech, in the city of New-York, and has by them been appointed an Agent to conduct an Institution on a similar plan in the city of St. John. From the undoubted fact of daily cures being performed by Mrs. Ligon and Dr. YATES, on persons from different parts of the United States, and from the fact of those cures being radical and permanent, the subscriber feels warranted in assuring the public that STAMMERING in all its varieties, can be cured by a strict application to the Institution. Various systems had for years been pursued, both in Europe and America, to relieve impediments of speech; but from a want of knowledge of the primary cause of Stammering, no radical cure of inveterate Stuttering was ever effected until Mrs. LIGON lately discovered that cause, which has led to the successful treatment of the complaint ever since.  
The proof of the success of her system are too well authenticated to need the aid of numerous certificates. To persons of enlightened understanding, no better evidence need be adduced than the following opinion of gentlemen of the first science and literature in the United States, and who would be the last to lend their names to a deceptive or doubtful system.  
For further particulars, at present, apply at the Office of  
**CHRISTOPHER Y. WEMPE,**  
St. John, September 5, 1826.

N. B. Persons desirous of being cured of stammering will do well to call as soon as possible, as he shortly intends leaving the City.

New-York, April 12th, 1826.  
Having received from Mrs. LIGON, an explanation of her theory for the correction of stammering, and other impediments of speech, and having studied her Institution, it is with pleasure we offer to the public our testimony in her favor.  
From the many instances we there saw of cure, even when the habit had been of very long standing, as well as from the assurance of many respectable persons, of the great advantage they had derived from her instructions, we sincerely believe it will prove a public benefit; and we hope that Mrs. LIGON may obtain the patronage her ingenuity and persevering patience so well deserve.  
We do not hesitate further to add our conviction, that an adherence to her rules on the part of the pupil, is all that is required to effect a cure.  
(Signed) **SAMUEL L. MITCHELL, M. D.**  
Professor of Materia Medica and Botany, in the University of New-York.  
**JOHN M'VICKERS, D. D.**  
Professor of Moral Philosophy, Columbia College.  
**JAMES R. MANLY, M. D.**  
President of the New-York State Medical Society.  
**JOHN WATTS, Jun. M. D.**  
Physician to the New-York Hospital.

**MR. O'FLANAGAN** returns his most unfeigned thanks to the inhabitants of Saint John, and its vicinity, for their long and continued favors, and takes this method of informing them that being under the necessity of repairing his Academy for the comfortable accommodation of his pupils during the winter season, it will be reopened on Monday 23d inst. for the reception of young Ladies and Gentlemen, as usual.

N. B. An EVENING SCHOOL will be opened on the first Monday in November, for those whose avocations prevent them from deriving the advantages of a Day School education.—Terms made known on application at the School Room.  
October 17th.