

Poult's Corner.

TAKING HIM IN HAND.

"Isaac," said George, "why don't you take that fellow in hand; he has insulted you almost every day for a week."

"I mean to take him in hand," said Isaac. "I would make him stop if I had to take his ears off."

"I mean to make him stop."

"Go and flog him now. I should like to see you do it. You can do it easily enough with one hand."

"I rather think I could; but I shall not try it to-day."

This conversation took place between two boys as they were on their way home from school. At this point in the conversation their roads led them in different directions.

The boy alluded to was the son of an intemperate man, who was angry with Isaac's father in consequence of some effort to prevent his obtaining rum. The drunkard's son took up the cause of his father, and called Isaac hard names every time he saw him pass, and as he did not do any thing by way of retaliation, he went farther and threw stones at him.

Isaac was at first provoked at the boy's conduct. He thought he ought to be thankful that his father was checked in any measure in procuring rum, the source of so much misery to himself and family. But when he thought of the way in which he had been brought up, his ignorance and wretchedness, he pitied him, and ceased to wonder or to be offended at his conduct. He resolved, indeed, to "take him in hand," and to "stop him," but not in the sense in which his school-fellow understood those terms.

The boy's name was James, but he was never called anything but Jim. Indeed, if you had called him by his true name, he would have thought you meant somebody else.

The first opportunity Isaac had of taking him in hand was on election day. On that day, as Isaac was on his way home, he saw a group of boys a little off the road, and heard some shouting and laughing. Curiosity led him to the spot.

He found the group were gathered around Jim and another boy a good deal larger than he was. This boy was making fun of Jim's clothes, which were indeed very ragged and dirty, and telling how he must act to become as distinguished a man as his father. Jim was very angry, but when he attempted to strike his persecutor, he would take hold of Jim's hands, and he was so much stronger that he could easily hold them. Jim then tried kicking, but as he was barefoot, he could not do much execution in that line; besides, while he was using one foot in this way, his tormentor would tread on the other one with his heavy boot.

When Isaac came up and saw what was going on, he remonstrated with the boys for countenancing such proceedings; and such was his influence, and the force of truth, that most of them agreed that it was too bad, and that they were such an "ugly dog," they said, that he was hardly worth pitying.

The principal actor, however, did not like Isaac's interference, but he soon saw that Isaac was not afraid of him, and that he was too popular with the other boys to be made the object of abuse. As he turned to go away, he said to Jim: "I'll keep my eyes upon you, and when you go home I'll go with you. It is on my way, and I may as well keep off the crows, lest they hurt you; so don't cry any more."

"Come, Jim, go home with me; I am going now," said Isaac.

Jim did not look up or make any answer. He did not know what to make of Isaac's behaviour towards him. It could not be because he was afraid of him and wished to gain his good will, for he would not have been afraid of one that was much stronger than he. He had never heard of the rule, "Love your enemies; do good to those who hate you," for he had never been to Sabbath school nor learnt to read the Bible; he did not even know his letters.

He followed silently and sullenly, pretty near to Isaac, till he reached home, if that comfortable name can with propriety be applied to the wretched abode of sin and misery.

He parted from Isaac without thanking him for his good offices in his behalf. Isaac did not wonder at this, considering the influences under which he had grown up. That he parted with him without abusing him, Isaac considered as something gained.

The next morning George and Isaac met on their way to school. As they passed the drunkard's dwelling, Jim was at the door, but he did not look up or say anything as they passed. He looked very much as if he had been whipped. George did not know what had taken place the day before. "What keeps Jim so still?" said he.

"Oh! I've had him in hand."

"Have you! I'm glad of it. When was it?"

"Yesterday."

"At election?"

"Yes."

"Anybody see you do it?"

"Yes; some of the boys."

"Found it easy, I suppose? Did you give him enough to stop him?"

"I think so; he is pretty still this morning, you see."

Upon the strength of this conversation, George circulated a report that Isaac had flogged Jim. This created a good deal of surprise, as it was not in keeping with Isaac's character. The report at length reached the ears of the teacher. He inquired about the matter of Isaac, and laughed heartily when he learned in what manner George had been deceived, or rather had deceived himself. He warmly commended Isaac for his new mode of taking his enemies in hand, and advised him to continue to practise it.

A few days afterwards, as Isaac was on his way to school, he met Jim driving some cattle to a distant field. The cattle were unruly, and Jim made very little headway with them. First one would run back, and then another, till he began to despair of being able to drive them to the pasture. He burst out crying, and said, "Oh dear! I can't make them go, and father will kill me if I don't."

Isaac pitied his distress, and volunteered to assist him. It cost him a good deal of running, and kept him from school nearly all the morning. When the cattle were safe in the pasture, Jim said, "I shan't stone you any more."

"I do not think you will," said Isaac, smiling.

When he reached the school-house, he showed signs of the violent exercise he had been taking. "What has Isaac been about?" was the question which went whispering round.

When put to him he replied, "I have been chasing cattle to pasture." He was understood to mean his father's cattle.

After school, he waited till all the pupils had left the school-room, before he went up to the teacher to give his excuse for being late at school.

"What made you so late?" said the teacher.

"I was taking Jim in hand again, sir," and he gave him an account of his proceeding, adding at the close, "I thought you would excuse me, sir."

"Very well; you are excused."

Reader! if you have enemies who annoy you, take them in hand in the same way that Isaac did, and you will be certain, if you persevere, to stop them.—*Rev. Joseph Allen, D. D.*

[We have made a few verbal alterations in the above story, to prevent our young readers learning bad English from good Isaac, in whom we wish them to feel much interested. It is certainly better our young friend should "think" than that he should "guess," and that boys say "not" once in a while, instead of "n't."

A remark we must also throw in, respecting the secrecy which Isaac observed in speaking to George of his mode of dealing with Jim. It would have been better if he had so explained himself as to prevent the misunderstanding which made George spread the report that Isaac had beaten Jim. A great deal of mischief might have been done, if that report had not been corrected by the teacher who found out the real state of the case; and indeed the story does not say that it was corrected; only we may suppose that the teacher did not allow the false impression to continue among the boys. The writer probably did not wish to make Isaac appear as if he took credit to himself for his forbearance; but he makes him go very near telling a falsehood. His answers are such as he knows will convey a meaning to George quite contrary to the truth;—this is on no account to be commended.—*EDITOR.]*

A VERY ILL USED LITTLE MAN.

A Paris letter writer says:—"We have here in black coat, patent leather boots, and straw-coloured kids, he pays visits to the *elite* of his countrymen, and is overjoyed with their reception of him and their generosity. On the other hand he makes bitter complaints against the speculators, to whom he has sold the right of exhibiting him; 200 francs do not appear to him adequate compensation for all his fatigue; and the immense vogue which he ascribes to himself, is not in the least commensurate with his meagre salary. 'To treat in this way,' does he say, drawing himself up, 'a man who is shorter by two inches than Tom Thumb. What indignity! what injustice!' Don Francisco is forty years of age, and has no carriage. He travels in a basket, just like an unpretending piece of pie-crust, on the shoulders of two men. Has he not just grounds of complaint?"—*A. York Christian Intelligencer.*

CONSTANTINOPELE.
Fancy and Reality.

The sun had not yet risen, and the air was fresh and invigorating; while, upon the white, heavy, oily sea, was a slight fog, which the breeze was dispersing in flakes. Around us a quantity of porpoises were either splashing in the midst of the waves or floating like buoys upon the surface. The most profound silence reigned upon the deck of the steamer. Wet with the night dews, the half-slumbering seamen of the watch were seated in a circle near the funnel: while numberless Turks, rolled up in their yellow coverlets striped with red, were sleeping forward beneath the netting; the steersman at the wheel and the man on the look-out were alone really wide awake. Suddenly I perceived dawning in the east a greenish light, which became yellow as it ascended in the heavens; the low and flat shore appeared like a black line upon this luminous background, and by degrees the sea resumed its azure tint. An hour afterwards we were within cannon shot of the Seraglio; but alas! a thick fog covered the city. Constantinople was invisible—and I was deploring the mischance, which was depriving me of a long-anticipated pleasure, when suddenly the sun shone forth brightly, and the fog acquired as if by enchantment a wonderful transparency. The continent was, as it were, torn to bits, and from all quarters at once there appeared to my dazzled eyes forests of minarets with gilded peaks; thousands of cupolas blazing in the light, hills covered with many-coloured houses, surrounded by verdure; an immense succession of palaces with grotesque windows, blue-roofed mosques, groves of cypress trees and sycamores, gardens full of flowers, a port filled as far as the eye could discern with ships, masts and flags; in a word the whole of that enchanted city, which

resembles less an immense capital than an endless succession of lovely koisks, built in abundance back-ground, forests for thickets, fleets for boats,—in fine, an incomparable spot, and at the same time so grand and elegant that it seems to have been designed by fairies and executed by giants. During the hauling of the vessel to the quay, I scarcely knew upon what to fix my eyes, attracted as they simultaneously were by a thousand different objects. Here was the golden horn, with its numberless ships, the cypress trees of Galata, and the seven hills of ancient Byzantium covered with mosques; there the blue waves of the Propontis, and the glittering banks of Scutari.

Giddy with enthusiasm, and intoxicated with admiration, I attempted, as our caïck approached the landing-place, to be the first to leap upon the quay, when, just as I was in the act of springing, my foot slipped, and I fell headlong into the miry stream. Such was my entrance into Constantinople. As soon as I gained footing, splashed with mud from head to foot, I remained a moment motionless, and almost petrified with astonishment. All was changed around me: the enchanted panorama had disappeared, and I found myself in a small filthy crossway, at the entrance of a labyrinth of narrow, damp, dark, muddy streets. The houses which surrounded me, built as they were of disjointed planks, had a miserable aspect; time and rain had diluted their primitive red colour into numberless nameless tints. One of these minarets which from afar appeared so slender and so beautiful, now that it was close to me, proved to be merely a small column devoid of symmetry, while its covering of cracked plaster seemed on the point of falling to pieces. The Turkish promenaders, whom from a distance I had taken for richly attired merchants, proved to be a set of miserable tattered demagogues with ragged turbans. Behind the porters who crowded to the landing-place, were butchers embowelling sheep in the open street; while the pavement was covered with bloody mire and smoking entrails, around which several scores of hideous dogs, of a fallow colour, were growling and fighting. A fetid stench rose from the damp gutter, which neither air nor light ever penetrated, where corruption of all sorts amassed, and where one is continually in danger of stepping upon a dead dog or rat. Such is without exaggeration, the aspect of the greater part of the streets of Constantinople, and in particular those of Galata. This contrast between the misery of what surrounds you, and the incomparable beauty of the same spot when seen from a distance, has never yet been sufficiently remarked upon by travellers who seek to describe Constantinople. Perhaps they have been unwilling to cool the enthusiasm of their readers in dirtying with these hideous, but true details, their gold and silver-plated descriptions.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

FIRST IMPRESSIONS IN EGYPT.

It was now too late to go on shore and look up lodgings in a strange city. We waited until morning, and then landed with the Captain at the custom house. The moment we set foot on shore, we needed no further conviction, that we had left Europe and were now in the oriental world. We found ourselves in the midst of a dense crowd, through which we made our way with difficulty,—Egyptians, Turks, Arabs, Copts, Negroes, Franks; complexions of white, black, olive, bronze, brown, and almost all other colours; long beards and no beards; all costumes and no costume; silks and rags; wide robes and no robes; women muffled in shapeless black mantles, their faces wholly covered except peep-holes for the eyes; endless confusion, and a clatter and medley of tongues, Arabic, Turkish, Greek, Italian, French, German, and English, as the case might be; strings of huge camels in single file with high loads; little donkeys, bridled and saddled, each guided by a sore-eyed Arab boy with a few words of sailor-English, who thrusts his little animal *nolens volens* almost between your legs;—such is a faint picture of the scene in which we found ourselves on landing in Alexandria.

We made our way at length to the Frank quarter, in the S. E. part of the city, through narrow, crooked, dirty streets and lanes, running between dead walls or ill-built houses with flat roofs. The Frank quarter is near the eastern port, and consists of a broad street or place, surrounded by large houses in the Italian style. We paid our respects to Mr. Gliddon, Consul of the United States, to whom I had an official letter; and he immediately sent his Kanwās or Janizary to procure us lodgings, and to pass our luggage at the custom-house. During our stay in Alexandria, and afterwards in Cairo, we were greatly indebted to the courtesy and kind offices of Mr. Cliddon; and I take pleasure in this opportunity of tendering to him my grateful acknowledgments.

It was now the third day of the great festival of the Muhammedans, (the Lesser Bairam of the Turks), which follows the fast of Ramadan, and continues three days. All was of course joy and rejoicing among the population; bands of jugglers were exhibiting their feats in the open places of the streets; the ships of war in the harbour were gaily decked with flags and streamers; and at noon the thunder of their cannons proclaimed a salute in honour of the day. This was the first and only Muhammedan festival, which we had an opportunity of seeing.

Of ancient Alexandria, that renowned city, which contained 600,000 inhabitants, and was second only to Rome itself, scarcely a vestige now remains. The hand of time and the hand of barbarism have both swept over it with merciless fury, and buried its ancient glory in the dust and in the sea. Her illustrious schools of theology, astronomy, and various other

sciences; her noble library, unique in ancient history; her light-house, one of the seven wonders of the world; all have utterly vanished away, and 'the places thereof know them no more.' Her former site, thickly strown with fragments of bricks and tiles, showing that even the materials of her former structures have perished, has been dug over, and the foundations of her edifices turned up, in search of stones to build the modern navy-yard and other works of the Pasha.—The only surviving remains of the ancient city are, a few cisterns still in use; the catacombs on the shore west of the city; the granite obelisk of Thothmes III, with its fallen brother, brought hither from Heliopolis, and usually called Cleopatra's Needles; and the column of Diocletian, more commonly known as Pompey's Pillar. This last is upon the highest part of the ancient site, between the modern city and Lake Mareotis. There it stands towering in loneliness and desolation, the survivor of that splendour which it was intended to heighten; while near at hand the straggling and neglected tomb of a Muhammedan cemetery only serve to render the desolat ion more mournful. The catacombs are nearly filled with earth, and are difficult to be explored. They consist of halls and apartments with niches for the dead, and with ornaments in the Greek style of architecture. But they are chiefly interesting as being the first Egyptian sepulchres which the traveller meets.—The population of the modern city is reckoned by the best judges at about 40,000.—*Robinson's Researches in Palestine.*

THE JEWS' PLACE OF WAILING AT JERUSALEM.

I went with Mr. Lanseau to the place where the Jews are permitted to purchase the right of approaching the site of their temple, and of praying and wailing over its ruins and the downfall of their nation. The spot is on the western exterior of the area of the great mosque; considerably South to the middle; and is approached only by a narrow crooked lane, which there terminates at the wall in a very small open place. The lower part of the wall is here composed of the same kind of ancient stones, which we had before seen on the eastern side. Two old men, Jews, sat there upon the ground, reading together in a book of Hebrew prayers. On Fridays they assemble here in greater numbers. It is the nearest point in which they can venture to approach their ancient temple; and fortunately for them, it is sheltered from observation by the narrowness of the lane and the dead walls around. Here, bowed in the dust, they may at least weep undisturbed over the fallen glory of their race; and bedew with their tears the soil, which so many thousands of their forefathers once moistened with their blood.

This touching custom of the Jews is not of modern origin. Benjamin of Tudela mentions it as connected apparently with the same spot, in the twelfth century; and very probably the custom has come down from still earlier ages. After the capture of Jerusalem under Adrian, the Jews were excluded from the city; and it was not till the age of Constantine that they were permitted to approach, so as to behold Jerusalem from the neighbouring hills. At length they were allowed to enter the city once a year, on the day on which it was taken by Titus, in order to wail over the ruins of the temple. But this privilege they were obliged to purchase of the Roman soldiers.—According to Benjamin, as above cited, the Jews in his day regarded this portion of the wall as having belonged to the court of the ancient temple.—*Robinson's Researches in Palestine.*

THE SMALLEST REPUBLIC EXISTING.—The Republic of San Marino has just experienced a change. This little country, hemmed in on all sides by the states of the Church, has always preserved its independence. It contains about 7,000 inhabitants, all engaged in agriculture. Its Government is composed of two Captain Regents, charged with the executive power, a Secretary of State for foreign affairs, another for home matters, and a Council of State. The latter body has just been converted into a Chamber of Representatives, named by all the inhabitants, and it has declared that its deliberations are to be public.

GREAT YIELD OF CORN.—We were last week presented with a couple of ears of Indian corn, grown in Compton, the present season. One of them is a little over a foot in length, the other a trifle shorter, but contains the most kernels, viz., 600, there being 50 kernels in a row. The seed was obtained in Bolknap, N. H. It was planted on 6½ square rods of ground, which had been a sheep pasture for two or three years, broke up last Spring. It was planted 2½ by 3 feet apart, four kernels in a hill, manured with about one-third of a shovel full to each hill, or half a cart load on the whole piece. At the second time of hoeing about a pint of leeches ashes were put about each hill. The quantity of shelled corn produced on the six and a half rods, was seven bushels and ten qts., or at the rate of one hundred and eighty bushels to the acre! About half a bushel of it was soft, the remainder hard and bright, of a beautiful golden yellow. It was about two weeks longer in coming to maturity than the small corn usually planted in this country.—*Sherbrooke Gazette.*

INCREASED SPEED ON RAILWAYS.—We are glad to observe that the maintenance of high speed, with safety, upon a line of the narrow gauge dimensions is at length accomplished. The inventor of the engine, by which this desirable advantage is accomplished, is Mr. Crompton. The peculiarities of the engine consist chiefly in a disposition of the wheels, which permits them to support the wear and weight of locomotive apparatus of far greater power than any previously used, while at the same time the weight of it is so distributed that the centre of gravity is placed much lower than

usual. To these advantages are added the corresponding power of using driving wheels of any diameter together with the great collateral advantage of bringing the largest portions of the entire weight of the engines to bear upon the extreme wheels. Mr. Crompton considers that an engine built upon such principles will, in travelling at high speed, enjoy a perfect freedom from those lateral oscillations and vertical jumps which, in engines of the ordinary class, occasion so much discomfort, and oftentimes danger to express travellers on the narrow gauge, to say nothing of the injuries thereby inflicted upon the "permanent way." As an illustration of the power of Mr. Crompton's engine, we may observe that the "London" works the trains regularly on the London and North-Western Railway, and in no instance has it lost time with either the express, mail, or third class trains. The express has been taken fifty-two miles and a-half, including two stoppages, in sixty-two minutes, and over bad gradients, and it has run thirty miles in thirty-three minutes, including the times lost in "getting up speed," and in slowly coming to rest. Many of these miles were gone over at the rate of sixty-five miles per hour. A mail train of sixteen carriages, weighing together about eighty tons, was taken from Camden Town to Tring, up hill near the whole way, a distance of thirty miles, in forty minutes, including the stoppages, or at an average speed of forty-five miles per hour, which is equal to about fifty-three miles per hour average speed on a level. A third-class train, stopping fifteen times in fifty miles, was performed at an average velocity of twenty miles per hour, with thirty-six carriages, or about 160 to 170 tons.—*European Times.*

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