

# The Weekly Observer.

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## THE WEEKLY OBSERVER.

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### Weekly Almanac.

SEPTEMBER—1834.	SUN	MOON	FULL
	Rises.	Sets.	Rises.
17 WEDNESDAY	5 51	6 9	rises 11 14
18 THURSDAY	5 53	6 7	6 49 11 43
19 FRIDAY	5 54	6 6	7 10
20 SATURDAY	5 56	6 4	7 30 0 12
21 SUNDAY	5 57	6 3	7 53 0 41
22 MONDAY	5 59	6 2	8 13 1 12
23 TUESDAY	6 1	5 59	8 48 1 47

Full Moon 17th day, 6h. 39m. evening.

NEW-BRUNSWICK  
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.  
Office open every day, (Sundays excepted), from 11  
to 12 o'clock.

JOHN J. W. MOY, ESQ., PRESIDENT.  
R. F. HAZEN, DANIEL ANSLY, JOHN HAMMOND.  
All Communications, by Mail, must be post paid.

**CORONER'S SALE.**  
On Monday the 26th day of January next, at 12  
o'clock, at the Coffee House corner, will be Sold at  
Public Auction, to the highest bidder:  
ALL the right, title and interest of the Honorable  
HARRY PETERS, having privilege of His Majesty's  
Council of New-Brunswick, to the following  
described Premises in the City of Saint John, viz.:  
Lots No. 1272 and 1274, situated on the south  
side of Britain-street, being each 40 feet front by 100  
feet deep.—Also: That part of Lot No. 54, bounded  
on the west by Prince William-street, on the north  
by Church-street, on the east by a small alley-way  
leading from Church-street, and on the south by Property  
belonging to JOHN BENTLEY, Esquire, together  
with all Buildings thereon, with the appurtenances.—  
The said Property having been taken in Execution  
to satisfy a Judgment recovered in the Supreme  
Court against the said HARRY PETERS, at the  
suit of James Chaplin, James M. Chaplin, and John  
Shepherd. JAMES T. HANFORD,  
St. John, 21st July, 1834. Coroner.

**The Garland.**  
HOMEWARD BOUND.  
BY MRS. ARDY.

(From the Metropolitan Magazine.)  
Land! is proclaimed 'tis a joyful sound,  
Ye gallant vessels is Homeward Bound;  
See on the deck, gay numbers pour,  
Seeking a glimpse of their native shore,  
They think on the friends of changelous truth,  
And the peaceful homes of their only youth,  
Smiles of enjoyment are beaming round,  
O! light are the hearts of the Homeward Bound.  
Look at you group of gentle girls,  
The sea-breeze plays with their golden curls,  
Their blue eyes glance o'er the billowy foam,  
As they gaily carol the songs of home;  
How the mother who nursed them on her knee,  
Will triumph their finished forms to see!  
Thou distant lands have their graves crown'd,  
Their hearts have ever been Homeward Bound.  
You thoughtful youth left his native clime,  
Stain'd with the withering touch of crime,  
But contrition has worked his soul within,  
And loosen'd the glittering bonds of sin;  
He has mourn'd for his first and last offence,  
In fasting, in tears, in penitence,  
And the friends who once on his wanderings frown'd,  
Have pardon in store for the Homeward Bound.  
That blooming maiden her land forsook,  
Pale as a drooping lily in look;  
She left not her home for dazzling wealth,  
She sought for the smiling stranger—Health;  
Now her cheek is glowing with rose-laid dyes,  
And sunshine laughs in her hazel eyes,  
Her lover dwells upon British ground,  
How will he welcome the Homeward Bound!  
Near her two prattling children stand,  
Telling gay tales of their own fair land,  
Of the winter fire, and the fall of snow,  
And the hedge where the scarlet berries grow,  
And the banks where the purple violets fling  
Their lavish stores in the lap of Spring;  
O! dear is each early sight and sound  
To the thoughts of the youthful Homeward Bound.  
Best are they all in the vessel's speed,  
And to outward changes they give not heed;  
Bright sunbeams flash on the emerald deep,  
The sea-birds skim and the fishes leap;  
Now the dancing clouds begin to lower,  
And break in a sudden and plashing shower;  
But little they reckon of the scenes around,  
Their minds and their feelings are Homeward Bound.  
O! should not the thought before us come,  
That like them we sail to a distant home?  
May not that bright and beauteous shore,  
The loved and lost to our arms restore?  
And though perchance we may feel inclined  
To sweep for the friends we leave behind,  
Soon shall their steps in our track be found,  
For their course, like ours, is Homeward Bound.  
And should we have strayed like the wandering youth,  
From the ways of duty, the paths of truth,  
O! in repentance, in faith and prayer,  
Let us flee from the specious show and snare;  
In the Book of Life let us humbly trace  
The blessed tidings of saving grace,  
Our hopes on that rock of ages found,  
Nor tremble to think we are Homeward Bound.  
**TO THE BACCHANAL.**  
I know that the goblet is tempting and bright—  
But why should I peril my soul?  
They tell me there's joy in its flattering light,  
When 'tis written "There's death in the bowl!"  
Ye tell me a charm is concealed in its smile,  
To lull all my sorrows to rest;  
When I know that a serpent is circling the while,  
To sting with distraction the breast!  
Nay, nay, take ye goblet away from my sight,  
And demons lurk 'neath its warm smile;  
There are vapors as damps the charnel-house breath,  
Concealed in the wine-cup's deep guile.  
I have stood where the revellers crowded at night,  
And seen them with eagerness quaff;  
And lo! were their curses of fiendial delight,  
And wild was their maniac laugh.  
Oh! Think not to win me my soul to destroy,  
By pleasures so wretched as this;  
I ask not to sip at your fountain of joy,  
If such be the Bacchanal's bliss.  
Then take ye the goblet away from my sight,  
And leave me my cool limpid wave;  
For the pleasures that smile in its treacherous light,  
Are but rose-buds adorning the grave.

### Miscellaneous.

#### INTERESTING EXTRACT.

At the period of the reign of terror, when France was covered with scaffold, Princess Fanny Labomaska, a Polish lady, who was celebrated for her beauty as she was illustrious by birth, resided at Paris. She had with her her only daughter, Rosalie, who was then five years of age; and for her safety she confidently relied on the sacred law of nations. She was however denounced to the Revolutionary Committee, on the charge of conspiracy against the Republic, and arraigned before that sanguinary tribunal—to be suspected, accused, and condemned to death, was in a few days the fate of the unfortunate victim.  
During her imprisonment in the Conciergerie, she was separated from all her servants; but she was allowed to have her daughter with her, and the day on which she was carried to the scaffold she recommended Rosalie to the care of some of her fellow prisoners. But the latter, in their turns, speedily experienced the same fate as the princess, and left Rosalie as a dying bequest to their companions in misfortune. The poor child was at length assigned to the charitable care of the laundress of the prison, whose name was Betrot. The poor woman, though she had five children of her own to maintain, generously took charge of the poor orphan, and reared her from the prison to her own obscure lodging.  
Rosalie, who was now consigned to a sphere of life very different from that which fate had marked out for her, was alike remarkable for her beauty and amiable disposition. She diligently assisted her benefactress in her domestic occupations, and her adopted mother cherished the same affection for her as for her own children.  
The reign of blood had ceased, and the list of the victims, which was at that period published throughout Europe, informed the friends of the Countess, that in a country which was called free, an illustrious Polish lady had paid the forfeit of her head, for her imprudent confidence in a misguided people. On being made acquainted with the horrible intelligence, Count Rozewowski, the Princess's brother, hastened to Paris, where, with the assistance of the magisterial authority, he actively endeavoured to discover the daughter of his unfortunate sister. For several weeks, however, his efforts were unavailing; advertisements, promises of reward, nothing had been neglected. But the advertisements never reached the eye of the poor laundress,—and the gaoler of the Conciergerie, the only person who could give him any account of the orphan, was dead, and had two successors. The Count almost relinquished every hope of attaining his object, and began to fear that misery had hastened the death of his niece. However, Rosalie's trials were drawing to a close.—It happened that the laundress of the Conciergerie also washed for the Hotel Grange Batelliere, where the Count had put up on his arrival in Paris.  
One morning, when Rosalie, accompanied by her adopted mother, brought home some linen to the Hotel, the Count saw her as she crossed the courtyard. He was struck with her beauty, and thought he could trace in her features some resemblance to those of his sister. "What is your name, my little girl?" said he. "Rosalie," "Rosalie!"—repeated the Count with surprise. "My good woman," continued he, addressing himself to the laundress, "is this your child?" "I might say she might be," replied the woman, "for I have brought her up since she was five years old; however, I am not her mother; she is the daughter of a lady who died a prisoner in the Conciergerie, and she has now neither father nor mother." "A lady who was a prisoner in the Conciergerie!" "Yes, sir, and a lady of quality too; but she was guillotined, like many others, by Robespierre."—The Count no longer doubted that his niece stood before him. He immediately addressed Rosalie in the Polish language, the accents of which revived all the impressions of her childhood. She burst into tears, and running into the arms of the Count she exclaimed, "I understand you, sir, I understand you; this is the language which my mother used to speak." The Count pressed the child to his bosom, saying, "Have I at length found thee, Rosalie!—the child of my beloved sister?" Then turning to the laundress, who stood motionless with surprise, he said, "Betrot, continue still to be her mother—she shall not leave you. She has been a part of your family,—you shall henceforth be a part of hers. Rosalie shall now begin to share her better fortune with you. With these words he put into her hands a purse of gold, and desired her to remove with her children to the Hotel Grange Batelliere. A few days afterwards he left Paris to return to Poland, whither Betrot and her family accompanied Rosalie.  
The children of the laundress were brought up under the eyes of the Count. The boys were placed in the University of Wilna, and afterwards, having entered the Polish army they became Aids de Camp of Prince Poniatowski, and the girls, to whom handsome portions were given, married Polish gentlemen.  
The beautiful Countess Rosalie married her cousin Count Rozewowski. Since happiness spread its golden veil o'er her destiny, her benefactress, the estimable Betrot, continues to reside with her, and the Countess, who loves her as a mother, calls her her Providence.  
**TEA DRINKING.**—Tea drinking is a pleasure almost exclusively English. In no other nation has the practice been carried to any considerable extent. So exclusively is this taste confined to persons of British origin, that any one who is desirous of giving a characteristic definition of an Englishman, might justly describe him as "an animal delighting in tea and port wine." In the love of coffee and sugar, and some of us, we are much like our neighbours, and some of them have the taste for these articles more strongly developed than ourselves. But in the love of tea and port we are unrivalled, and the taste for those luxuries or necessities has become so deeply rooted that it will scarcely be eradicated so long as there is a tea plant in the Celestial Empire, or a vine on the banks of the Douro. Wherever the English have gone or settled they have carried these tastes with them. On the shores of the Hudson, the St. Lawrence, and the Ganges, at the "Cape of Hope," and in the wilds of Australia, wherever, in fact, the English name and nature have penetrated, the love of tea has penetrated also.—the colonists have carried it as the ancient carried their Pentecost to the most distant parts of the globe, and have erected urns (not funerals) in honour of it, from "the rising to the setting of the sun."  
The attempt to introduce the love of this beverage among nations not of English origin has been attended with very indifferent success. While the English consume annually upwards of thirty millions of pounds, the Russian, with their population of fifty million of souls, consume only about five millions, and the Dutch not much more than two millions. The French, the Italians, and the Germans appear to hold it in absolute contempt.—Thirty or two million Frenchmen, consume about two hundred thousand pounds annually, which is perhaps not more than is consumed in the town of Liverpool alone. Seven million Neapolitans and Sicilians consume about nine thousand pounds; four million Sardinians, about five thousand; and all the subjects of his Holiness the Pope not much more than four thousand.  
The habit of tea drinking has sprung up in this country within the last hundred and fifty or sixty

years. In the memoirs of Popsy, written soon after the restoration of Charles the Second, the author mentions his having drunk a cup of "the Chinese drink called Te," as a remarkable event. At the time when Pope wrote the Rape of the Lock, tea drinking had become common, at least among the higher ranks; and twenty or thirty years after, Dr. Johnson was able to say that no washer woman sat down to her breakfast without "tea from the East Indies and sugar from the West."  
It is not very easy to tell why the English are so much more addicted to this beverage than other nations. Something perhaps is owing to climate. The dreary, foggy, and oppressive evenings of an English winter, which render all outdoor amusements impossible, have compelled us to invent what we call comfort, as a substitute for pleasures which are unattainable. Now, the "bubbling and loud hissing urn" is as necessary an accessory to English comfort as the blazing fire and the cheerful hearth. It is the great exhilarator and heat of all possible promoters of conversation. It is the spring of cheerfulness. Unlike other stimulants, it neither produces present feelings of repentance. It neither injures our health nor our character; it neither renders us soft or headstrong. It is, in fact, just the kind of beverage in which sober, decent, orderly people may safely indulge.—*Liverpool Advertiser.*

#### THE YOUNG SOLDIER.

(FROM THE FRENCH OF THE ABBE DE LAMENAIS.)  
Young soldier, whither goest thou?  
I go to fight for God and the alms of my country.  
May thy arms be blessed, young soldier!  
Young soldier, whither goest thou?  
I go to fight for justice, for the holy cause of the people, for the sacred rights of mankind.  
May thy arms be blessed, young soldier!  
Young soldier, whither goest thou?  
I go to fight, that I may deliver my brethren from oppression, break their chains, and the chains of the world.  
May thy arms be blessed, young soldier!  
Young soldier, whither goest thou?  
I go to fight against wicked men, in favour of those whom they cast down and trample under foot; to fight for the slaves against their lordly masters; for liberty against tyranny.  
May thy arms be blessed, young soldier!  
Young soldier, whither goest thou?  
I go to fight that the many may no longer be the prey of the few; to raise the heads that are bowed down, and to strengthen the feeble knees.  
May thy arms be blessed, young soldier!  
Young soldier, whither goest thou?  
I go to fight that fathers may no more curse the day when it was said to them, "a son is born to you;" nor mothers the hour in which they pressed the first-born to their bosom.  
May thy arms be blessed, young soldier!  
Young soldier, whither goest thou?  
I go to fight that the brother may no more be grieved at seeing his sister fade like the herb to which the earth refuses nourishment; and that the sister may no more weep at parting with her brother, who is never to return.  
May thy arms be blessed, young soldier!  
Young soldier, whither goest thou?  
I go to fight that every one may eat the fruit of his labour; to dry the tears of infants who ask for bread, and are told there is no more bread for them, because the oppressors have taken away all that was left.  
May thy arms be blessed, young soldier!  
Young soldier, whither goest thou?  
I go to fight for the poor, that they may no more be robbed of their share of the common heritage.  
May thy arms be blessed, young soldier!  
Young soldier, whither goest thou?  
I go to fight to chase away hunger from the cottage, to restore to families abundance, security, and joy.  
May thy arms be blessed, young soldier!  
Young soldier, whither goest thou?  
I go to fight, that those whom the oppressors have immured in dark dungeons may again breathe the wholesome air, and behold the light of heaven, so needful and so precious.  
May thy arms be blessed, young soldier!  
Young soldier, whither goest thou?  
I go to fight, to cast down the barriers which separate people from each other, and prevent them from embracing as the children of the same father, destined to live together united in love and affection.  
May thy arms be blessed, young soldier!  
Young soldier, whither goest thou?  
I go to fight, that thought, word, and conscience may be freed from the tyranny of man.  
May thy arms be blessed, young soldier!  
Young soldier, whither goest thou?  
I go to fight for the eternal laws which descended from heaven; for that justice which protects the rights of mankind; for that charity which softens the ill inseparable from humanity.  
May thy arms be blessed, young soldier!  
Young soldier, whither goest thou?  
I go to fight, that all may have in heaven a God, and on the earth a country.  
May thy arms be blessed, seven times blessed, young soldier!

**WOMEN.**—The modest virgin, the prudent wife, and the careful matron are much more serviceable in life than petticoated philosophers, blustering heroes, or virago queens. She who makes her husband and her children happy, who reclines the one from vice and trains up the other to virtue, is a much greater character, than ladies described in romance, whose occupation it is to murder mankind, with shafts from their quiver or their eyes. Women are not formed for great cares themselves, but to soften ours. Their tenderness is the proper reward for the dangers we undergo for their preservation; and the ease and cheerfulness of their conversation, our desirable retreat from the fatigues of intense application. They are confined within the limits of assiduity, and when they stray beyond them they move out of their proper sphere, and consequently without grace.  
Virtue is certainly the most noble and secure possession a man can have. Beauty is worn out by time, or impaired by sickness—riches lead youth rather to destruction than welfare, and without prudence are soon lavished away; while virtue is alone the only good that is ever durable, always remain with the person that has once entertained her. She is preferable both to wealth and noble extraction.

**DREAMS.**—Dreams are sometimes exceedingly obscure, and float like faint clouds over the spirit. We can never resolve them into nothing like shape or consistence, but have an idea of our minds being filled with dim and impalpable imagery, which is so feebly impressed upon the tablet of memory, that we are unable to embody it in language, and communicate its likeness to others. At other times, the objects of sleep are stamped with almost supernatural energy. Indeed, they are usually presented with far greater strength and distinctness than events which have had an actual existence. The dead, or the absent, whose appearance to our waking faculties had become faint and obscure, are depicted with intense reality and

truth. We see them stand before us, and even their voices, which had become like the echo of a forgotten song, are recalled from the depths of oblivion, and speak to us as in former times. Dreams, therefore, have the power of brightening up the dim regions of the past, and presenting them with a force which the more efforts of unassisted remembrance could never accomplish in our waking hours. In speaking of the dead, we have a striking instance of the absence of surprise. We are almost wonder at beholding individuals whom we yet know in our dreams, to have been buried for years. We see them among us, we hear them talk, and associate with them on the footing of fond companionship. Still the circumstance does not strike us with wonder, nor do we attempt to account for it. Frequently, however, we are not aware that the dead are not when they appear before us as if they were still alive, as when they walked on earth, only their qualities, whether good or bad, are exaggerated by sleep. If we hate them while alive, our animosity is now exaggerated to a double degree. If we loved them, our affection becomes more passionate and intense than ever. Under these circumstances, many scenes of most exquisite pleasure often take place. The slumberer supposes himself enjoying the communion of those who were dear to him than life, and has far more intense delight than he could have experienced, had these individuals been in reality alive, and at his side.—*Macaulay's Philosophy of Sleep.*

**POPULAR LITERATURE.**—Immoral publications have the same tendency with bad examples, both in propagating vice and promoting infidelity; but they are still more pernicious, because the sphere of their influence is more extensive.  
A bad example, though it operates fatally, operates comparably within a small circumference. It extends only to those who are near enough to observe it, and fall within the reach of the contagious infection that spreads around it; but the contagion of a licentious publication, especially if it be (as it too frequently is) in a popular and captivating shape, knows no bounds; it flies to the remotest corners of the earth; it penetrates the obscure and retired habitations of simplicity and innocence; it makes its way into the cottage of the peasant, into the hut of the shepherd, and the shop of the mechanic; it falls into the hands of all ages, ranks, and conditions; but it is peculiarly fatal to the unsuspecting and unguarded youth of both sexes; and to them its "breath is poison, and its touch is death."  
What then have they to answer for who are every day obtruding those publications on the world, in a thousand different shapes and forms, in biography, in poems, in novels, in dramatic pieces; in all of which the prevailing feature is *universal philanthropy and indiscriminate benevolence*; under the protection of which the hero of the piece has the privilege of committing whatever irregularities he thinks fit; and while he is violating the most sacred obligations, insinuating the most licentious sentiments, and ridiculing every thing that looks like religion, he is nevertheless held up as a model of virtue; and though he may perhaps be charged with a few little venial foibles, and pardonable infirmities, (as they are called) yet we are assured that he has, notwithstanding, the very best heart in the world. Thus it is that the principles of our youth are insensibly and almost unavoidably corrupted; instead of being inspired, as they ought to be, with a just detestation of vice, they are furnished with apologies for it, which they never forget, and are even taught to consider it as a necessary part of an accomplished character.—*Bishop Porteus.*

**DEATH BY HANGING.**—A notion has with some persons prevailed, that criminals who are hanged die from the spinal marrow being injured by dislocation of the neck, but this seldom or never occurs under the hands of an expert executioner; the act being simply made the cord compress that prominent cartilage in the front of the neck, called the thyroid cartilage, or vulgarly, "Adam's apple." The noted Henry Fauntleroy, who was, it will be remembered, hanged for extensive forgery, and some other criminals, with the view of expediting their death, engaged men to seize hold of their legs at the moment of execution, with a jerk, and hang all their weight upon them; but although by such jerking and drag-weight the bones of the neck may be dislocated—a fact exemplified in the skeletons of some criminals preserved in Dublin—Death by hanging is physiologically induced in the way above described; therefore, if a tube be introduced into the windpipe below the cord, life will still be preserved; nay, instances have occurred of persons who have escaped the ordeal of hanging from the ossification of the windpipe, which has prevented its being closed even under the ligature. A case of this kind happened a century ago in Edinburgh, where a woman, having been executed as usual, and cut down under the supposition of being dead, her body was handed over to her friends, who placed it in a cart for the purpose of carrying it to a place of interment a little distance out of the city. They had not proceeded very far—shortly they discovered that she had escaped the doom to which she had been condemned. This woman lived many years after, supporting a family by crying and selling salt through the city.—*Chambers's Journal.*

**Anecdote from a Scotch Paper.**—A country clergyman, who on Sundays is more indebted to his manuscript than to his memory, called unceremoniously at a cottage, while it was a pious parishioner—was engaged (a daily exercise) in perusing a paragraph of the writings of an inspired prophet. "Weel John," familiarly inquired the clerical visitor, "what's that ye're about?" "I am prophesying," was the prompt reply. "Prophesying!" exclaimed the astonished divine, "I doubt ye are only reading a prophecy." "Weel," argued the religious rustic, "if reading a preachin' be prophesying, is na reading a prophecy prophesying?"

**MARRIAGES.**—At Lawrence-street chapel, in Birmingham, on Sunday last, after the service was over, the congregation was desired to stay, when four Dissenters took the marriage affair into their own hands, in a very short manner. Charles Bradley rose up and read the following document:—  
"Before this congregation, I, Charles Bradley, jun., give you, Emma Harris, this ring to wear as a memorial of our marriage, and this written pledge, stamped with the impressions of the 'United Rights of Man and Woman,' declaring I will be your faithful husband from this time henceforward."  
(Signed) "CHARLES BRADLEY, JUN."  
"Emma Harris then in turn read as follows:—  
"Before this congregation, I, Emma Harris, receive this ring, to wear as a memorial of our marriage, and give you, Charles Bradley, this written pledge, stamped with the impressions of the 'United Rights of Man and Woman,' declaring I will be your faithful wife from this time henceforward."  
(Signed) "EMMA HARRIS."

"The same ceremony was gone through by Roger Hinesworth and Mary Louisa Bradley, after which the papers were signed by several witnesses, and thus the marriage contract was made without the intervention of either priest or clerk.—*Nottingham Review.*

### READING.

When the business of the day is over, how many men does the evening hour find comfortably seated in their easy chairs, reading to themselves, or to some fair friend, or happy group! In how many pleasant homes, when the ladies are seated at their morning employments, or amusements, or whatever they may please to call them, does some glad creature read aloud, in a voice full of music, and marked by the sweetest emotion of a young pure heart, a lay of our mighty bards, or a story of the truth of nature with the splendour of the truth of nature with the splendour of the splendour of earth and mind! Publishers may tell us, 'poetry don't sell; critics may cry 'poetry is a drug,' thereby making it so by the frivolous and unreflecting, who are the multitude,—but we will venture to say, that at no period were there ever more books read by that part of our population most qualified to draw delight and good from reading; and when we enter mechanics' libraries, and see them filled with simple, quiet, earnest men, and find such men now sitting on stiles in the country, deeply sunk into the very marrow and spirit of well-learned volumes, where he used to meet them in riotous and reckless mischief, we are proud and happy to look forward to that wide and formerly waste field, over which literature is extending its triumph, and to see the beneficent consequences that will follow to the whole community.—*William Howitt in the Monthly Repository.*

#### TEMPERANCE PLEDGE IN 1837.

MR. EDITOR,—I have found the following temperance pledge written on the blank leaf of an old English book, which has been handed down from parent to child for several generations; but appears at the time when the pledge was dated, to have been the property of good old Robert Bolton, Bachelor in Divinity, and preacher of God's word at Broughton, in Northamptonshire, England. It shows that temperance principles were properly appreciated, by some, at least, in olden times.  
A. P.  
*Manicla, Ohio, July 3d, 1834.*  
Broughton, 1837.—From this day forward to the end of my life, I will never pledge any health, nor drink a whole carousal in a glass, cup, bowl, or other drinking instrument whatsoever; whosoever it be, or from whomsoever it come, except the necessity of nature do require it. Not my own most gracious king; nor any the greatest monarch or tyrant on earth. Nor my dearest friend, nor all the goulds in the world, shall ever enforce me or allure me. Not an Angel from Heaven (whose I know will not attempt it) should persuade me. Not Satan with all his old subtillties, nor all the powers of Hell itself, shall ever betray me. By this very stone, (for a sin it is and not a little one,) I do plainly find, that I have more offended and dishonoured my great and glorious Maker and most merciful Saviour, than by all other sinnes that I am subject unto; and for this very sinne I know it is that God hath often bene strange unto me. And for that cause, and no other respect, have I thus vowed; and I heartily begg my good Father in heaven of his great goodness and infinite mercie, in Jesus Xpi. to assist me in the same, and to be favorable unto me for what is past.—  
Amen!  
April 10, 1687. R. BOLTON.

The late Duke of Kent was a most determined enemy to drunkenness, and wherever he found a sober man he was his sincere friend. In Nova Scotia, where rum is so cheap that ardent spirits with water is the common beverage, one morning when his Royal Highness was entering the royal barneck gate, the sentry of course presented arms to him; he stopped suddenly, and said to the sentry, "You have been drinking rum, Sir, I smell it." "I have not," said the soldier. The sergeant of the guard was called, and ordered to smell the sentry's breath; he did so, but could not say he smelt rum. His Royal Highness insisted that he had rum about him. He took off his cap, examined his cartouch box, and every part of the man's dress, but could find no rum. "It does not signify," said his Royal Highness, "tell me where the rum is, and I give you my word I shall take no further notice of it."  
The poor fellow knew the Royal Duke's word was every thing, opening the man of his musket, and pointing to a little plug in the touchhole, said, "It is in the barrel of my firelock, and when I want a drop I take out the plug, and sup a very little from the touchhole." His Royal Highness smiled, and told him to empty it out upon the ground, and bade him take care he did not catch him at this trick again.

**THE CONJUGATING DUTCHMAN.**—Two English gentlemen once stepped into a coffee-house in Paris, where they observed a tall, odd-looking man, who appeared not to be a native, sitting at one of the tables, and looking round him with every object, gravity of countenance upon every object. Soon after the Englishman entered, one of them told the other that a celebrated dwarf had arrived at Paris.—At this the grave-looking personage above-mentioned opened his mouth, and spoke: "I arrive," said he, "thou arrivest, he arrives, we arrive, you arrive, they arrive." The Englishman, whose remark seemed to have suggested this mysterious speech, stepped up to the stranger and asked, "Did you speak to me, Sir?" "I speak," replied the stranger, "thou spakest, he speaks, we speak, you speak, they speak." "How is this," said the Englishman, "do you mean to insult me?" "The other replied, "I insult, thou insultest, he insults, we insult, you insult, they insult." "This is too much," said the Englishman, "I will have satisfaction; if you have any spirit with your rudeness, come along with me." To this defiance the imperturbable stranger replied, "I come, thou comest, he comes, we come, you come, they come;" and hereupon he arose with great coolness, and followed his challenger. In these days, when every gentleman wears a sword, duels were speedily dispatched. They went into a neighbouring alley; and the Englishman, unsheathing his weapon, said to his antagonist, "Now, Sir, you must fight me." "I fight," replied the other, drawing his sword, "thou fightest, he fights, we fight,"—here he made a thrust—"you fight, they fight," and here he disarmed his adversary. "Well," said the Englishman, "you have the best of it, and I hope you are satisfied." "I am satisfied," said the original, sheathing his sword, "thou art satisfied, he is satisfied, we are satisfied, you are satisfied, they are satisfied." "I am glad every one is satisfied," said the Englishman, "but pray leave off quizzing me in this strange manner, and tell me what is your object, if you have any, in doing so." The grave gentleman, now, for the first time, became intelligible. "I am a Dutchman," said he, "and an learning your language; I find it very difficult to remember the penultimates of the verbs, and my tutor has advised me, in order to fix them in my mind, to conjugate every English verb that I hear spoken. This I have made it a rule to do. I don't like my plans to be broken in upon while they are in operation, or I should have told you this before." The Englishman laughed heartily at this explanation, and invited the conjugating Dutchman to dine with them. "I will dine," said he, "thou wilt dine, he will dine, we will dine, you will dine, they will dine, and all it dine together." This they accordingly did; and it was difficult to say whether the Dutchman ate or conjugated with most perseverance.