

THE LIVING AND THE DEAD.

In London and other larger commercial cities, I have always found myself remarkably impressed by peculiar circumstance—the contrast between the bustling streets, full of living faces and to-day objects of all kinds, and the quiet and ancient churchyards which are generally found situated in the midst of them. But five yards, perhaps off a thoroughfare which for centuries has borne the press of breathing men—where the luxuries and conveniences of life are presented in infinite variety, to attract and fix the attention of the passenger, and where men and women seem so much engaged in the affairs of this world as hardly to be conscious there is any other—you find the silent and cloistered precinct of the old parish church, paved with the memorials of past generations, who once passed as gaily and thoughtlessly along the ways of the city as those you have just seen, but have long retreated to this narrow place, so near, yet so different from all their former haunts. The transition, in your own case as a visitor, as well as in theirs who pass in this space from life unto death, is the most sudden and rapid that can be imagined—yet how different all the attributes of the two scenes! In the first, now neat, how fresh, how perfectly of this world, everything looks!—in the other, how dismal, and in general, how neglected. Here you have, at one moment, perhaps the most animated and cheering scene in the world; there, at the next instant, your gaze is turned upon the most torpid and gloomy. At one twinkle of the eye we find life and all its affairs exchanged for death and all its circumstances, and pass, at a single step from the lightest to the gravest of reflections.

I am not aware of any place where this contrast is presented in a more striking manner than it is from an eminence which rises above the north-east suburbs of the great mercantile city of Glasgow. After fluttering for hours through the crowded streets, amidst numberless beings to whom death seems the remotest of all ideas, you are led perhaps to this ornamented hill, whence you command a view of the far-spread town, with its spires peering out here and there, to mark the extent of a waste of houses which would otherwise be hardly distinguishable, while close beneath your feet you see the dark and huge cathedra, surrounded by its extending and extensive cemetery—a city of the living and a city of the dead being thus brought into immediate comparison, and weaving out of their separate influences the most impressive of all lessons. The place of the living is, as you can see and hear, one of the busiest scenes of men's labours. It contains hundreds of thousands of industrious human beings—all toiling on from morn to eve in their various pursuits, some for mere subsistence, others for loftier objects, but all animated by human motives and in general, thinking of nothing in the meantime beyond the bounded horizon of mortal life. How many hearts are there bending anxiously over accounts, in which their own welfare, and that of all who are dear to them, is concerned! What numberless modes are there assumed, of gaining that surplus of value called profit, on which so much of the comfort of individuals depends! How keenly are even pence, in many cases, there aimed at and lugged for—what emotions of the soul, what lightnings of the eye, what contentions between man and man, there arise from considerations of money, and of the almost infinite benefits which money can purchase! The whole vast space is covered to the uttermost nook with human creatures, whom the common doom has compelled, for the sake of bread and other sublimary enjoyments, to narrow their souls to the affairs of lucre, while they every moment tend onward to a fate more glorious or more terrific than imagination can picture, and are even now capable of thoughts and sentiments far above this world. And all this too, is only a detachment of that trifling section of the human race called the present generation. On or near the same ground have men toiled and moiled as anxiously as these for many centuries; and what is it all, and what will it all come to?—To the little fold which we see directly beneath—a space not large enough to contain the lodgings of a hundred living families, but which has received into its bosom thousands after thousands of the more easily accommodated dead, and will in time absorb multitudes as great, and yet never cry enough.

Yes, as the poet sings—"the paths of glory lead but to the grave." That small spot, of which so few are now thinking as they pace the streets of the busy city, is the real termination of all the journeys they are making. Go they east or west, north or south, be business or be pleasure; their immediate object, to this dismal scene must they arrive at last. Not a step do they take which does not bring them nearer to this ultimate point, although they may seem for a time to lead them in a different direction.—Every effort which they are making to exalt themselves in this world, only renders them the richer spoil for the daily hecatomb here

offered up to death, and in which sooner or later, they must bear a part. Every improvement which they can make in their circumstances, while they live, gives them but the chance of a more secluded spot in this gathering place of the departed, or a monument which will longer continue to tell its unmeaning and unregarded tale. In a few short years, they and all their joys and sorrows, their greatness or their lowliness, will have shrunk into this cold and uncomely scene, while their various walks of business and labour are occupied by others, to whose pursuits a similar bourn will in time be assigned.

It is not perhaps to be desired that reflections of this solemn kind should often or permanently fall upon the minds of men; for, if we were to be perpetually brooding over the gloomy view which the end of life presents, we would embitter that life to a degree rendering us quite unfit for the proper management of either our temporal or spiritual concerns. In general, however, human beings, or at least that portion of them called men of the world, are in little danger of suffering from this cause. It is more frequently observed that a constant commerce with the world hardens the heart towards all beyond the world—if not also too much in the world, regarding which it is desirable that we should keep our feelings awake. It cannot but be salutary, then, for all who are in danger of falling into this insensibility, to turn their minds occasionally to the affairs of mortality, and seeing the uselessness of all acquisitions after death, the vanity of all terrestrial glory, and the community of destiny which overhangs the various orders of the human race, open their hearts more freely to the claims of their fellow-creatures around them, and otherwise lay up those stores which will stand in good stead when they and the world have alike passed away.

SLAVES IN ANCIENT TIMES.

It is difficult for a modern to conceive the number of slaves that existed in the most populous Greek and Italian cities. The city of Corinth, the most commercial and most opulent of Greece, possessed within her walls forty-six myriads, or 460,000. When Demetrius Phalareus took a census of the population of Athens, free, servile, and foreigners, there were found 21,000 citizens, 10,000 domiciled foreigners, and no less than 400,000 slaves. Nicias had 1000 slaves which he hired out to work in the silver mines of Thrace, at an abolus, or 1½d a day. The Æginates, a trading people, possessed, according to Aristotle, 470,000. Some of the citizens of Dardanus possessed more than a 1000 slaves. Many Roman families had 10,000 or 20,000, or even more, and these were kept and maintained by them not always for gain, but sometimes for mere show and attendance. Smindyridas, a native of Sybaris, a town celebrated for its voluptuousness and accomplished luxury, took along with him, when he went to his marriage, 1000 slaves, as ministrants to him some of them cooks, some poulterers, some fishers, &c. An immense number of slaves was maintained by the free inhabitants of Sicily; they frequently mutinied against their masters, and threw the whole island into bloodshed and confusion: upwards of 100 myriads are calculated to have there perished in these dreadful conflicts for emancipation. The servile war in Italy was nearly as destructive. At one time 120,000 slaves were marching upon Rome; who were headed by one Spartacus, a Thracian slave, who avenged the injured rights of nature upon his enslavers, and made the supremacy of Rome herself to totter under the force of his infuriated attacks. At the close of the servile war, no less than 6000 slaves were hanged up all the way from Rome to Capua. In Attica, the slaves wrought at the mines with their feet shackled. The city of Ephesus was founded by 1000 slaves, who ran away from Samos. It is said that Julius Caesar crossed into Britain with but three slaves officiating as servants, and it is a strange coincidence that his body was carried home by three servants from the senate house where he was murdered. Cato was wont to ride from Rome to the country, in the most simple manner, with but one slave, sometimes no attendant at all—riding gently with his walis under him for a saddle, somewhat in the style of a modern decent Antiburgher minister.

JOE MILLER.—Mr Matthews in his celebrated Monopolylogue, entitled *Mathews' dream or Theatrical Gallery*, gives the following curious and not generally known anecdote of the well-known Joe Miller, for the veracity of which he pledges himself:—"It is a fact not generally known," says he, "that Joe Miller, who has fathered all our jests for the last half century, never uttered a jest in his life. Though an excellent comic actor, he was the taciturn and saturnine man breathing. He was in the habit of spending his afternoons at the Black Jack, a well known public-house in Portugal Street, Clare Market, which was at that time frequented by most of the respectable tradesmen in the neighbourhood, who from Joe's imperturbably gravity, whenever

any risible saying was recounted, derisively ascribed it to him. After his death, having left his family unprovided for, advantage was taken of this *bandinage*. A Mr Motley a well known dramatist of that day, was employed to collect all the stray jests then current in town. Joe Miller's name was prefixed to them; and from that day to this the man who never uttered a jest has been the reputed author of every jest, past, present, and to come."

EPIGRAM.

'Tis a very good world we live in,
To spend, and to lend, and to give in;
But to beg, or to borrow, or to ask for our own,
'Tis the very worst world that ever was known.

POETRY

THE WRECK.

All night the booming minute gun
Had pealed along the deep,
And mournfully the rising sun
Look'd o'er the tide-worn steep.
A bark, from India's coral strand,
Before the rushing blast,
Had veiled her topsails to the sand,
And bowed her noble mast.

The queenly ship!—brave hearts had striven
And true ones died with her!
We saw her mighty cable riven,
Like floating gossamer!
We saw her proud flag struck that morn,
A star once o'er the seas,
Her helm beat down, her deck upturn,—
And sadder things than these.

We saw her treasures cast away;
The rocks with pearl were sown;
And strangely sad, the ruby's ray
Flashed out o'er fretted stone;
And gold was strewn the wet sands o'er,
Like ashes by a breeze,
And gorgeous robes,—but oh! that shore
Had sadder sights than these!

We saw the strong man, still and low,
A crushed reed thrown aside!
Yet, by that rigid lip and brow,
Not without strife he died!
And near him on the sea-weed lay,
Till then we had not wept,
But well our gushing hearts might say,
That there a mother slept!

For her pale arms a babe had pressed
With such a wreathing gasp,
Billows had dash'd o'er that fond breast,
Yet not undone the clasp!
Her very tresses had been flung
To wrap the fair child's form,
Where still their wet, long streamers clung,
All tangled by the storm.

And beautiful, midst that wild scene,
Gleam'd up the boy's dead face,
Like slumbers, trustingly serene,
In melancholy grace.
Deep in her bosom lay his head,
With half-shut violet eye;
He had known little of her dread,
Nought of her agony!

Oh, human love! whose yearning heart
Through all things vainly true,
Stamps upon the mortal part,
Its passionate adieu!
Surely thou hast another lot,
There is some home for thee,
Where thou shalt rest, remember not
The moaning of the sea!

TIME.

Time speeds away—away—away;
Another hour—another day—
Another month—another year—
Drop from us like the leaflet sear;
Drop like the life-blood from our hearts;
The rose bloom from the cheek departs;
The tresses from the temples fall;
The eye grows dim and strange to all.

Time speeds away—away—away;
Like torrent in a stormy day,
He undermines the stately tower,
Uproots the trees and seaps the flower;
And sweeps from our distracted breast,
The friends that loved, the friends that blest
And leaves us weeping on the shore,
To which they can return no more.

Time speeds away—away—away;
No eagle through the skies of day,
No wind along the hills can flee,
So swiftly, or so smooth as he,
Like fiery steed—from stage to stage,
He bears us on—from youth to age;
Then plunges in the fearful sea
Of fatherless Eternity.

Notices

CONCEPTION BAY PACKETS

St John's and Harbor Grace Packet.

THE EXPRESS Packet being now completed, having undergone such alterations and improvements in her accommodations, and otherwise, as the safety, comfort and convenience of Passengers can possibly require or experience suggest, a careful and experienced Master having also been engaged, will forthwith resume her usual Trips across the BAY, leaving *Harbour Grace* on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY Mornings at 9 o'Clock, and *Port-au-Coc* on the following days.

FARES.
Ordinary Passengers 7s. 6d.
Servants & Children 5s.
Single Letters 6d.
Double Do. 1s.
and Packages in proportion

All Letters and Packages will be carefully attended to; but no accounts can be kept for Postages or Passages, nor will the Proprietors be responsible for any Specie or other Monies sent by this conveyance.

ANDREW DRYSDALE,
Agent, HARBOUR GRACE.
PERCHARD & BOAG,
Agents, ST. JOHN'S.
Harbour Grace, May 4, 1835.

NORA CREINA

Packet-Boat between *Carbonear* and *Portugal-Cove*.

JAMES DOYLE, in returning his best thanks to the Public for the patronage and support he has uniformly received, begs to solicit a continuance of the same favours.

The NORA CREINA will, until further notice, start from *Carbonear* on the morning of MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY, positively at 9 o'clock; and the Packet Man will leave *St. John's* on the Mornings of TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, at 9 o'clock in order that the Boat may sail from the Cove at 12 o'clock on each of those days.

TERMS.

Ladies & Gentlemen 7s. 6d.
Other Persons, from 5s. to 3s. 6
Single Letters 6
Double do. 1

And Packages in proportion.
N.B.—JAMES DOYLE will not himself account for all LETTERS and PACKAGES given him.
Carbonear, June, 1835.

THE ST. PATRICK

EDMOND PHELAN, begs most respectfully to acquaint the Public, that he has purchased a new and commodious Boat which at a considerable expence, he has fitted out to ply between *CARBONEAR* and *PORTUGAL COVE*, as a PACKET-BOAT; having two Cabins, (part of the after cabin adapted for Ladies, with two sleeping berths separated from the rest). The fore-cabin is conveniently fitted up for Gentlemen with sleeping-berths, which will he trusts give every satisfaction. He now begs to solicit the patronage of this respectable community; and he assures them it will be his utmost endeavour to give them every gratification possible.

The St. PATRICK will leave *CARBONEAR* for the Cove, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 9 o'clock in the Morning, and the Cove at 12 o'clock, on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, the Packet-Man leaving *St. John's* at 8 o'clock on those Mornings.

TERMS.
After Cabin Passengers 7s. 6d.
Fore ditto, ditto 5s.
Letters, Single 6d
Double, Do. 1s.
Parcels in proportion to their size or weight.

The owner will not be accountable for any Specie.

N.B.—Letters for *St. John's*, &c., &c. received at his House in *Carbonear*, and in *St. John's* for *Carbonear*, &c. at Mr Patrick Kieley's (*Newfoundland Tavern*) and at Mr John Cruet's.
Carbonear,
June 4, 1835.

TO BE LET

On Building Lease, for a Term of Years.

A PIECE of GROUND, situated on the North side of the Street, bounded on East by the House of the late Captain STABB, and on the east by the Subscriber's.

MARY TAYLOR,
Widow

Carbonear, Feb. 9, 1835.

BLANKS of various kinds for Sale at the Office of this Paper.
Harbour Grace.