

POETRY.

A PRETTY FOOT.

There's magic in a pretty foot,
And well the ladies know it—
And she who has a pretty one
Is pretty sure to love it.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Dr. Leggo, of Leicester, England, on the Zulu War.

And he shall judge among many people, and rebuke strong nations afar off: and they shall beat their swords into plowshares...

I have selected these words as a motto appropriate to the address I mean to deliver on the solemn occasion which has brought us together. They speak of the judgment or rebuke of many nations providentially, by man or otherwise; they speak of a change produced in the spirit of men by the influence of the gospel—a change which after war shall assure peace to all the world...

But apart from all considerations of the characteristics of war and its various consequences, good or evil, in the order of providence I beg to say that circumstances may arise when it is inevitable, from the first and highest laws of our nature. When God gave us being, he empowered us to contend for its preservation and well-being against every possible assailant, by all means, and come what might; and not to do so were virtual suicide.

The time for this, however, has not yet arrived. And the awful justice, which, I believe, presides in the universe, employs the sword as it does the plowshare, and the pestilence as the minister of its wrath upon impious and wicked men.

the South as the dull and muddy river of the Steppe overflows its marshy borders. Slowly, slowly, irresistibly, the dark and filthy flood overpreads its weak banks; and the varied fluvial carpet becomes obscured by one vast monotonous sheet of mere ditch water, still drifting slowly in obedience to the impulse of the higher stream.

It is to me a matter of deep satisfaction, that we have not sought this war, but have striven to avoid it by all honorable means; and our hands it is allowed to be just and necessary, and we have, in consequence, no misgiving in breaking our report to Heaven. "May God send the right!" It is not a war to extend our territories, nor to exert our dominion over the fortunes of other nations; it is a war to resist our weak ally, against the strong oppressor—to protect ourselves and our rights from a barbaric encroachment in every way and every land—to guard the interests of humanity itself against a dire crime that is the crime of the past, and which it would be improper for me in this place, neither have I time, to enter largely into detail on these points; but the occasion demands that I should roughly tell you what I think of the Ottoman and the Czar.

Our Government has been long in close alliance with the Sultan of the Ottomans, and has not only pledged to stand between him and the menacing aggression of the Emperor of the East, but has, upon the latter's side, after long protestations and resolutions, in 1854, by the invasion of his provinces, and the atrocious massacre of his troops at Sinope, that he means nothing less than the extinction of the latter—it has, only too tardily, I think, declared war against him. Some religious dreamers, and others, say, what is this to us? Is not Turkey doomed by prophecy? No doubt it is as a Mohammedan power. But as such the prophecy is already fulfilled. The best authorities warrant us in affirming, that in Europe, at least, the ascendancy of the Mussulman is at an end; and that, England excepted, there is no country in Europe that displays so much of the spirit of toleration, or has in it so many of the elements of social progress. I for one pour scorn on these religious dreamers as well as on our ecclesiastical statesmen. In comparison of the Latin and Greek priests at the holy places in Jerusalem, who do nothing but deceive the people and brawl one with another—in comparison of Nicholas of St. Petersburg, the Turk, who believes in the divine mission of our Lord Jesus Christ more than many a Quaker and Unitarian, is a perfect gentleman. It is no religious war, however, that our Government is waging—the infancy of that pretext remains with the Russian; it is on behalf of the Sultan a war of honour and justice. But again, I said, it is a war to protect ourselves and our neighbours from a barbaric ascendancy in every sea and every land. Since the days of Peter the Great, the policy of the Russian court has been one of aggression. A dream of universal conquest such as might have been indulged by Nebuchadnezzar, (and in point of fact, our Ethnologists believe that the whole Sclavonic race is lineally descended from the ancient Assyrians,) a dream of universal conquest possessed the capacious mind of that wonderful wicked man, which he embodied in a kind of last will and testament to his successors, the possession of Constantinople was to be their first aim—the subjugation of the German powers would follow as the second—and then all Western Asia and Hindostan—Whether his leaving such a document is fact or fiction, such from his days has been the policy of Russia. Its empire was then enormous in territory: it has since pushed its frontiers 650 miles towards Stockholm by tearing Finland from the Swedes—700 miles towards Berlin by the absorption of Poland—590 miles towards Constantinople by seizing on the Crimea, Bessarabia, and the coast of the Black Sea. 1000 miles towards Teheran and Calcutta, by robbing the Georgian, the Tartar, and the Persian. And now the Czar wishes to have Constantinople and the mastery of the Mediterranean sea and the route to India; even our Cotton States might see the meaning of that. It is thus that the power which prosecutes such designs, and which I shall immediately show is a barbaric power—it is thus that the power which so recently crushed Hungary, and enabled Austria to repel the hordes of the Emperor of Italy—should be met and told—That far, no farther.

In fine, I said that this is a war to guard the interests of humanity against a dire crime that is the crime of the past, and which it would be improper for me in this place, neither have I time, to enter largely into detail on these points; but the occasion demands that I should roughly tell you what I think of the Ottoman and the Czar. Our Government has been long in close alliance with the Sultan of the Ottomans, and has not only pledged to stand between him and the menacing aggression of the Emperor of the East, but has, upon the latter's side, after long protestations and resolutions, in 1854, by the invasion of his provinces, and the atrocious massacre of his troops at Sinope, that he means nothing less than the extinction of the latter—it has, only too tardily, I think, declared war against him. Some religious dreamers, and others, say, what is this to us? Is not Turkey doomed by prophecy? No doubt it is as a Mohammedan power. But as such the prophecy is already fulfilled. The best authorities warrant us in affirming, that in Europe, at least, the ascendancy of the Mussulman is at an end; and that, England excepted, there is no country in Europe that displays so much of the spirit of toleration, or has in it so many of the elements of social progress. I for one pour scorn on these religious dreamers as well as on our ecclesiastical statesmen. In comparison of the Latin and Greek priests at the holy places in Jerusalem, who do nothing but deceive the people and brawl one with another—in comparison of Nicholas of St. Petersburg, the Turk, who believes in the divine mission of our Lord Jesus Christ more than many a Quaker and Unitarian, is a perfect gentleman. It is no religious war, however, that our Government is waging—the infancy of that pretext remains with the Russian; it is on behalf of the Sultan a war of honour and justice. But again, I said, it is a war to protect ourselves and our neighbours from a barbaric ascendancy in every sea and every land. Since the days of Peter the Great, the policy of the Russian court has been one of aggression. A dream of universal conquest such as might have been indulged by Nebuchadnezzar, (and in point of fact, our Ethnologists believe that the whole Sclavonic race is lineally descended from the ancient Assyrians,) a dream of universal conquest possessed the capacious mind of that wonderful wicked man, which he embodied in a kind of last will and testament to his successors, the possession of Constantinople was to be their first aim—the subjugation of the German powers would follow as the second—and then all Western Asia and Hindostan—Whether his leaving such a document is fact or fiction, such from his days has been the policy of Russia. Its empire was then enormous in territory: it has since pushed its frontiers 650 miles towards Stockholm by tearing Finland from the Swedes—700 miles towards Berlin by the absorption of Poland—590 miles towards Constantinople by seizing on the Crimea, Bessarabia, and the coast of the Black Sea. 1000 miles towards Teheran and Calcutta, by robbing the Georgian, the Tartar, and the Persian. And now the Czar wishes to have Constantinople and the mastery of the Mediterranean sea and the route to India; even our Cotton States might see the meaning of that. It is thus that the power which prosecutes such designs, and which I shall immediately show is a barbaric power—it is thus that the power which so recently crushed Hungary, and enabled Austria to repel the hordes of the Emperor of Italy—should be met and told—That far, no farther.

Japan is about the latitude of Southern Europe, and yet it is as cold, or colder, than Great Britain. The highest mountains are covered with snow much of the year, and snow often lies for several days in the country at large. There are not many mountains, nor large rivers, and lakes in the country. The mountains that exist are generally volcanic in their origin. Almost every acre of the soil is made productive, though not especially so by nature. The hills are generally cultivated to their tops. It is acknowledged to be one of the best cultivated countries in the world. This has become necessary, in order that so dense a population may be supported; as they have had previous food, commerce, they must raise their own food, or starve. Rice is a staple production. Aside from rice, they raise wheat, Indian corn, vegetables, and many other articles that are produced in this country.

Japan is a very wealthy country, as it abounds in gold and silver, copper and other valuable metals. Besides, the people are very industrious and enterprising, and often merchant princes, as well as other nations. In education and civilization they are beyond most Asiatics, and are more like the Europeans. The Japanese are more like the Portuguese in their general appearance. They dress very richly as well as gaudily. They shine in gold.—Cur. Jour. Cur.

LONDON GROCERIES.
Leading ex Barque "Glasgow" from London.—
10 CASKS WHITING,
25 Cases STARCH,
1 Case Patent Groats and Barley,
10 Cases SPERM CANDLES,
2 Cases old Brown Windsor and Honey SOAP,
10 Cases SALAD OIL, in fasks and bottles,
1 Chest PEARL SHALLOTT,
20 Kegs Ground GINGER,
14 Boxes Italian MACARONI & VERMACELLI,
3 Cases ISINGLASS,—refined LACRIGNE,
1 Case and JERSEY,
1 Barrel PAPIOCA,
20 Cases Valenta RICE,
15 Fine Old CHESTER CHEESE,
70 Dozen Lazenby's PICKLES and SAUCES,
1 Case INDIGO; 10 bags Black PEPPER,
1 Case NUTMEGS.—For sale by
JARDINE & CO.

14th March 1854.
Landing for the Subscribers, ex "Themis," from Boston.—
100 BAGS GROUND SALT;
2 cases finest Elonged Rice, and dried PEAS in jars,
10 dozen Half Boxes and BATHS,
To arrive ex "Fidell," from Boston.—
10 dozens Clover SEED,
Ex "Benjamin Franklin," from New York.—
100 barrels Mess Pork. For sale by
JARDINE & CO.

DR. MARCHISI'S UTERINE CATHOLICON.
THE DISCOVERY OF THE ABOVE PREPARATION HAS ESTABLISHED A NEW ERA IN THE HEALING ART.
ISAAC BARNY'S Superior Toilet Soaps.
CATHETER CREAM OF SOAP, PANARISTON SHAVING SOAP, PANARISTON SHAVING SOAP FOR MEDICAL USES, AND SHAVING POWDER.

PERMANENT COMPLAINTS.
And comprise all the derangements to which females are liable from the period of their menarche to the close of their life.
DEVIN'S Compound Pitch Lozenge.
An appeal to matter of fact, and common sense.
The Road to Health.
Holloway's PILLS.
CURE OF A DISORDERED LIVER AND BAD DIGESTION.

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HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.
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