

Worth's Corner.

THE UNTIDY GIRL.

From "A Gift for my Daughter," an unpublished work, by the Author of the "Young Lady's Guide." The untidy girl leaves her things scattered about her room. She never has a place for anything; or if she has, she does not keep any thing in its place. She leaves a thing where she happens to be using it. Her room, of course, is all confusion. If she wants any thing, she never knows where it is, but must hunt till she finds it; and thus much precious time is wasted. If she goes into another's room, whatever article she lays her hands upon is misplaced. She never thinks of putting it where she found it; but either throws it carelessly down, or puts it in the wrong place. If she goes into the library, and takes down a book, she either puts it up in a different place, and thus disarranges the shelves, or she lays it down on the shelf in front of the other books, for her father or mother to arrange; or if she puts it in the right place, it is turned the wrong end up, or the back is put inward. Her school books are torn and dirty, disfigured with pencil marks, blots of ink, grease spots, finger prints, and dog's ears; and if she borrows a book from the library, or of a friend, it is returned with some of these her marks upon it. If she goes into the kitchen, she will be sure to put the tidy house-keeper in a passion; for whatever she lays her hand upon is out of place. Nor does her own person appear to any better advantage. Her dress is adjusted in bad taste. It seems to hang out of shape. You would say her garments were flung upon her; and you feel an involuntary anxiety lest they should fall off. You do not perceive precisely what is the matter, but there is an evident want of neatness and taste. Her hair wears the same air of negligence; her face often discovers the lack of soap; and her finger nails and her teeth want attention. These are only a few of the effects of untidy habits. The habit once formed, will run through every thing. And the untidy girl will make an untidy woman; the untidy woman will make an untidy house; and an untidy house will spoil a good husband. A man of taste cannot enjoy himself where every thing is out of order; and he will seek that pleasure abroad which he finds not at home.—Youth's Cabinet.

HORRIBLE DEATH OF A CRIMINAL.

Col. Monroe Edwards, whose crimes have given him a reputation far more wide than enviable, died at Sing Sing State prison, New York, at an early hour on Friday morning.—He has been declining in health ever since his incarceration, but for the last two years he has failed so perceptibly as to cause general remark among those acquainted at the prison. His disease, it is said, was consumption. For a number of weeks past he has been delirious at times; when, however, he conversed, he was eloquent upon the history of his past life, and his plans for the future; he would not contemplate the fact he was about to die. The Chaplain of the institution conversed with the sick man when on his death-bed. Edwards paid no regard to what he said, appearing to be in a state of listless inanity until the Chaplain mentioned the crimes of which he had been convicted, when, for a moment, he appeared to come partially to his senses, and protested that he did not commit the forgeries. On Thursday night, the hospital was locked up as usual, and the patients left in charge of attendants. Towards morning it became evident that the sick man could not long survive; indeed, he appears to have suffered death while yet alive, that is, he imagined that he had ceased to exist, and appealed to his attendants to know if it was not so. They told him no, he was not dead; but this he refused to believe, and began to bite his finger, which he said was without feeling, and hence he argued he must be dead; and again appealed to the attendants, asking them to feel his flesh, and tell him if he were not really dead. The physician to the prison was not with him when he died, nor indeed at any time during the night. The nurses describe the death scene as being horrible to witness. The dying prisoner protesting that he was dead, yet filled with the dread of the fearful transition, and all the while endeavouring to bite his fingers or tear his flesh, not so much with the intent to injure his person, as to convince himself that the appalling change from life to death had taken place, and he had it not to suffer again—and so he died! What could be more dreadful! But he is gone; and charity may now, at least, claim light judgment upon his memory. He was guilty, but he expiated his crimes in those close gloomy cells, where for four years he suffered most poignantly; as a haughty, active man might be expected to suffer, when brought under the lash of the overseer, and confined within the narrow limits prescribed by prison rules. His stubborn spirit at first refused to give way, but was at length broken by the stern discipline of the institution within whose walls he found himself; and at length yielding to temptation, which, in a new form, followed him even to this seclusion, Monroe Edwards died a most horrible death in the hospital of Sing Sing State prison. He might have been a great man, if he had sought greatness in the path of rectitude; but he defied the laws of his country, and his country, in the vindication of its laws, crushed the offender.

[We find the above in a religious American publication, which does not give its authority. It cannot be original from the paper which furnishes it to us, else it would not contain the wretched assertion of the prisoner's expiating his crimes in those close gloomy cells. Ah! how dreadfully will the impotent find that no sufferings by them endured on earth—any more than fancied good works performed—have power in them to expiate offences in the judgment of a heart-searching God!—Ed.]

NOT HERE! NOT HERE!

One beautiful, but keenly cold evening in January, a young gentleman entered Dr. C's office, (with whom I was spending a vacation) and hurriedly inquired where he should find the doctor.

Not being able to inform him, he requested me to accompany him down street to H's hotel, as there was a young lady in the ball room, very ill.

Supposing it a fainting fit, I clapped a bottle of hartshorn, together with a lancet, in my pocket, and accompanied him.

On the way he informed me, as I already knew, that a ball was in progress at the hall, and had been interrupted by the unfortunate illness of one of the belles of the evening.

Arriving at the hotel we were somewhat surprised by the rapid filling and driving away of the carriages at the door.

We caught now and then an exclamation, which betokened extreme terror, but heard nothing sufficiently distinct to admit of forming a conclusion, as to the cause of the apparent confusion.

Passing up the stairs we encountered numbers of young ladies, with their mantles thrown carelessly about them, with cheeks as pale, and lips as bloodless as though themselves were the subjects for whom aid was summoned.

They were hurrying away as from contamination, the hilarity of the occasion having been suddenly exchanged for mute terror.

Hurrying through the crowd, we entered the ball room. It was very spacious and brilliantly lighted, but deserted of its occupants, save a group in the centre who seemed horror-stricken by the sight humanity compelled them to witness.

On a sofa which had been drawn from the side of the room, sat a young lady, in a stooping posture, as though in the act of rising, with one hand stretched out to take that of the partner, who was to have led her to the dance.

With the smile upon her lip, and eyes beaming with excitement, death had seized her. The smile of joy was transformed to a hideous grin, the beaming eye now seemed but a glazed mass protruding from the socket.

The carmine, added to give brilliancy to her complexion, now contrasted strangely with the sallow hue her skin had assumed, while the gorgeous trappings, in which fashion had decked her, seemed but a mocking of the habiliments of the grave.

Death under such circumstances was horrible. No wonder the pale mother as she knelt beside her child, groaned out, 'Not here! not here! Let her die at home!'

We had arrived too late to render aid. The spirit had fled, and all that could be done was to remove the body, and strip it of its senseless paraphernalia. This horrible catastrophe was one of these striking acts of providence by which we are forewarned that death claims all seasons for his own. When the young and beautiful, surrounded by the consolations of religion, depart in the triumphs of a Christian's faith, we bow ourselves to the stroke, and believe that a scrap has passed from among us, to mingle with the pure above.

But a sudden dispensation like the one above, leaves a shadow upon the hearts of survivors, no after scene can disperse. Do they mingle with the merry dancers? In the midst of their festivity comes the awful phantom of the past.

In the silence of their own chambers, they weep for the departed, and seek in vain, in memory's store-house, for some fond message whispered from the bloodless lips as the spirit sighed itself away.

'Not here! not here!—let her die at home!' would be the exclamation of any mother, were she to stand, thus, by her only child: while the only response vouchsafed would be found in the soul-harrowing exclamation of those around, 'dead! dead! dead! and in a ball room!'—Northern Budget.

ORIGIN OF METRICAL PSALMODY.

The leading feature of the Reformation was the rendering the expressions of devotion in a language the people could understand. Luther, who was enthusiastically fond of sacred music, and who composed both hymns and tunes, appears to have entertained the notion of a metrical translation of the Psalms into the vernacular language of his countrymen. The credit, however, of taking the first decided steps in introducing metrical psalmody, belongs to a widely different character. About the year 1540, Clement Marot, a valet of the bed-chamber to Francis 1st, and the favourite poet of France, tired of the vanities of profane poetry, and probably privately tinctured with Lutheranism, attempted a version of David's Psalms in French rhymes.—The author had no design of obtruding his translation into public worship, and even the ecclesiastical censors so little suspected what followed, that they readily sanctioned the work, as containing nothing contrary to sound doctrine. Marot, thus encouraged, dedicated his psalms to his royal master, and to the ladies of France. After a sort of apology to the latter, for the surprise he was prepared to expect they would evince on receiving the "sacred songs" from one who had heretofore delighted them with "love songs," the poet adds in fluent verse, "that the golden age would now be restored, when we should see the peasant at his plough, the carman in the streets, and the mechanic in his shop, solacing their toils with psalms and canticles; and the shepherd and shepherdess reposing in the shade, and teaching the rocks to echo the name of the Creator."

There was much more prophecy in these lines of Marot than he probably intended—certainly much more than those who first read them anticipated. In short, Marot's psalms soon eclipsed the popularity of his madrigals

and sonnets. Not suspecting how prejudicial the predominant rage of psalm singing might prove to the ancient religion of Europe, the catholics themselves adopted these sacred songs as serious ballads, and as a rational species of domestic merriment. They were in such demand that the printers could scarcely supply copies fast enough. In the festive and splendid court of Francis, of a sudden nothing was heard but the psalms of Clement Marot; and with a characteristic liveliness of fancy, by each of the royal family and the principal nobility of the court, a psalm was chosen and fitted to the ballad tune which each liked best. Prince Henry, who delighted in hunting, was fond of "Like as the heart desireth the water brooks;" the king sang "Stand up, O Lord, to revenge my quarrel;" the queen's favourite was, "Rebuke me not in thine indignation," which she always sung to a fashionable jig.

Meanwhile, Luther was proceeding in Germany with his opposition to the discipline and doctrines of Rome; and Calvin was laying at Geneva the foundation of a system of church polity more rigid and unadorned even than that contemplated by his illustrious fellow reformer. Both appear to have been disposed to supersede the old psalms, which were superstitious and unedifying, with some kind of singing in which the congregation would bear a part. The publication of Marot's psalms taking place at the precise juncture when contemplating the introduction of some kind of hymns in the vernacular language, in connection with plain melodies easy to be learned by the common people, the French being the language of the canton, the reformer forthwith commenced the use of the French Psalm Book in his congregation at Geneva. Being set to simple and almost monotonous music, by Guillaume de France, they were presently established as a conspicuous and popular branch of the reformed worship. Nor were they only sung in Geneva congregations. They exhilarated the convivial assemblies of the Calvinists, were commonly heard in the streets, and accompanied the labours of the artificer. The weavers and the woollen manufacturers of Flanders, many of whom left the loom and entered into the ministry, are said to have been the capital performers of this science. Thus was the poetical production of Clement Marot, relative to the popularity of his psalms, literally realized. By this time, too, the catholics had become painfully sensible of the danger of allowing the people to indulge in the sweetness of religious themes taken from the Scripture, to be sung in the vulgar tongue. At length the use or rejection of Marot's psalms became a sort of test between Catholics and Protestants. Those who used them were considered heretics; those who rejected them, were esteemed faithful.—Holland.

[To the above extract, which we find in an exchange-paper, the following particulars respecting the French poet to whom it refers, drawn from two Cyclopaedias at hand, may be advantageously subjoined, &c.]

CLEMENT MAROT distinguished himself chiefly in the epigram and other light kinds of poetry. He was born at Cahors, in the year 1405, and came to Paris at an early age, where, like his father, he became Valet de chambre to Francis I., and page to Margaret, Duchess of Alençon. In 1525, he followed his royal master to Italy, and was both wounded and taken prisoner at the battle of Pavia. On his return to France he fell under suspicion of having embraced the doctrines of Luther, and suffered imprisonment: from this the King's interposition released him, but persecution did not suffer him to enjoy peace; and in 1543 he found it advisable to make his escape to Geneva. He subsequently proceeded to Turin, where he died in the year 1544.

Under a grave and philosophical aspect, Marot possessed an agreeable and fertile imagination and lively wit. We possess, from him, letters, elegies, ballads, sonnets, and epigrams, and a metrical version of Psalms, which was long continued in use in the French Protestant Churches. It is, like all the rest of his poetry, composed in a style of simplicity and artlessness which, under the name of style marotique, forms a peculiar branch of poetic composition among the French.

FAMINE AND FREIGHTS AND SELF DENIAL IN 1801.

In the year 1801 the ship Manhattan, belonging to Frederick Rlineclander, was put up for freight to Liverpool. Jonathan Ogden put on board 400 boxes of Havana sugar at two guineas freight per box, and Daniel Ludlow six thousand bls. of flour at one guinea, or 21s. freight per bl. William Pitt was then Prime Minister of England, and a famine raged in that country. The Prime Minister issued an order engaging to pay £1. 10s. or \$21 per barrel for every barrel of American flour which should be brought to England, with full liberty to the importer to get a higher mercantile price if possible. The bakers of England were prohibited from selling bread on the day it was baked, because stale bread was thought more nutritious than new. At that time the entire British army, and gentlemen generally; wore their hair in queues or clubs, and highly powdered. The Duke of Bedford, who was considered the richest subject in England, set the example of cutting off his hair to save the flour wasted in powder, and the example was followed by general orders through the whole army. This we get from the "oldest inhabitant," and it shows that there is nothing new under the sun.—N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

JAPAN.

This remarkable country cannot long resist the spirit of the age. Nations are intermingling for purposes of commerce, the world over, and Japan cannot maintain her separation from the rest of mankind. Our readers will be pleased to learn that two ships of the U. S. Navy recently made a visit to Japan, for the

purpose of introducing measures for commercial intercourse. The object of the visit was not accomplished, but a step was taken towards it, which will facilitate future operations.

Commodore Riddle, (brother of the manager of the United States Bank) in the Columbus, eighty-gun ship, accompanied by the Vincennes frigate, Capt. Paulding, arrived at the entrance of the bay of Yeddo on the 20th of July.—These were, soon after their arrival, surrounded by 400 or 500 small boats, containing from five to twenty men each. These boats were not rowed at all, but worked by a scull abast, and the people in them were generally unarmed. They were apparently, the greater number of them, private boats, pressed for the occasion. A man in office came on board the Vincennes, and placed a stick with some symbol on it at the head of the ship, and another abast; but as soon as the captain understood that this ceremony implied possession of the vessel, he ordered his people to take them down, to which no objections were made.—The Japanese at first tried even to prevent communication between the two ships, and when Capt. Paulding went on board his commodore, the triple line of boats around the latter made no attempt to move; but on ordering his men to cut the connecting lines, no opposition was made. Some of the better Japanese wore one sword, and only a few of the highest rank possessed two, a long and a short one, of which the first was double-handed. These were evidently the principal ornament and mark of rank. The people are described as better looking than the Chinese, and superior to them in most respects. No persons went ashore from the two ships, though these were ten days at anchor. A public despatch was sent off by the American commodore (acting as envoy) to the court of Yeddo, distant some leagues, and a written reply received in seven days, stating that no trade whatever could be allowed with America. On their departure, the two ships allowed themselves to be towed out by the whole fleet of boats, which moved by signals between each other, and with great order. The interpretation was carried on by a Japanese, who understood Dutch very well.—The Mandarins were extremely polite and well conducted, and, when out of sight of their followers, disposed to be sociable and communicative, even making exchanges and small presents, as fans, &c. They appeared surprisingly well informed as to external events, and had even heard of the Oregon question.—Western Episcopalian.

WELCH NAMES.—The small number of surnames, and those Christian names and patronymics, not derived from trades, &c., is one mark of a country, either not yet, or only recently, civilized. Hence in Scotland the Mackintoshs, Macaulays, and so on. But the most remarkable show of this I ever saw, is the list of subscribers to Owen's Welch Dictionary. In letter D, there are 31 names, 21 of which are Davis or Davies, and the other three [?] are not Welchmen. In E, there are 30; 16 Evans; 6 Edwards; 1 Edmonds; 1 Egan, and the remainder Ellis. In G, two-thirds are Griffiths. In H, all are Hughes and Howell. In I, there are 66; all Joneses. In L, 3 or 4 Lewises; 1 Llewellyn; all the rest Lloyds. M, four-fifths Morgans. O, entirely Owens. R, all Roberts or Richards. T, all Thomases. V, all Vaughan's; and W, 64 names, 56 of them Williams.—S. T. Coleridge.

STEWART-TOWN, C. W. is handsomely situated in a delightful and spacious valley, on either side of which rise lofty and beautiful hills, which renders the surrounding scenery somewhat romantic. It is built on Lot number 15, on the 7th Con. Line, of the Township of E-queuing. The western branch of the river Credit runs through the centre of the village; its water is clear and cold at all seasons of the year, and abounds with the speckled trout, a most excellent and delicious little fish. Its water power is equal to 21-horse for propelling machinery; the "head" which can be raised being fully 18 1/2 feet. Its population now numbers about 300, which may be properly termed an active one, being principally engaged in mechanical pursuits. This is certainly large, when it is taken into consideration that the first lot sold in the place was but four years since. The proprietor of most of the land on which the village is situated, we are informed, some few years since sold a town lot for £25, and lately re-purchased it for the sum of £135 10s.

TRADES, &c.—It contains three cabinet makers; one chair maker; three blacksmiths' shops; four shoemakers' shops; two tailors; two wagon makers; two mill-wrights; one saddler's shop; one tannery; two taverns; one spinning mill factory; one woollen factory; one straw cutter factory; two places of worship, viz: one congregationalist, and one methodist; one carpenter; two dress makers; one straw bonnet maker; one male, and one female school; two turning shops, (one water, and the other horse-power lath); three carpenters and joiners; one large mill, having two run of stones; one saw mill; one land surveyor; one market gardener; one issuer of marriage licences; one Queen's bench commissioner; one town clerk; one fire engine; one post office.—A "Town Bell" is rung three times a day; at six in the morning, at noon, and at nine o'clock, P.M., which answers the purpose of regulating the proper hours for labour, meal-time, bed-time, and time to rise, as well as to sound the alarm in case of fire. The main street through the village is the 7th Concession line, which is the great leading road from the townships of Erin and Garrafaxa—from Guelph and Owen Sound. The houses are built of wood, some of which are large and tastily planned. Many new ones are intended to be erected in the ensuing summer.

It is distant from Norval about 5 miles; from Churchville 12; from Streetsville 16; from the Dundas Street, on a direct line, 16; from Oakville 20; from Hamilton 38; and from Toronto 39. The advantages which Stewart-Town possesses,—being surrounded by a well-settled country, and being a convenient market for the inhabitants of the townships in its rear, and having such a valuable stream passing immediately through it,—must, at no very distant day, make it become a place of considerable importance.—Streetsville Review.

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