

## POETRY.

## A WIFE WANTED.

Ye fair ones attend! I've an offer to make  
 you;  
 In Hymen's soft bands I am anxious to  
 live;  
 For better, for worse, a companion I'll take  
 me,  
 Provided she fills the description I give.

I neither expect nor can hope for perfection,  
 For that never yet was a bachelor's lot,  
 But choosing a wife, I would make a selec-  
 tion,  
 Which many in my situation would not.

I'd have—let me see—I'd not have a beauty,  
 For beautiful women are apt to be vain;  
 Yet with a small share I would think it a  
 duty  
 To take her, be thankful, and never com-  
 plain.

Her form must be good without art to con-  
 strain it;  
 And rather below than above middle size;  
 A something, (it puzzles my brain to ex-  
 plain it.)  
 Like eloquent language must flow from  
 her eyes.

She must be well bred, or I could not re-  
 spect her,  
 Good natured and modest, but not very  
 coy,  
 Her mind well informed—'tis the purified  
 nectar  
 That sweetens the cup of hymeneal joy.

Her home she must love, and domestic em-  
 ployment,  
 Have practical knowledge of household  
 affairs,  
 And make it a part of her highest enjoy-  
 ment  
 To soften my troubles and lighten my  
 cares.

Not fortune I ask, for I have no predilection  
 For glitter and show, and the pomp of  
 high life;  
 I wish to be bound by the cords of affection  
 And now I have drawn ye' a sketch of a  
 wife,

If any possess the above requisites,  
 And wish to be bound by the conjugal  
 band;  
 They will please to step forward, they know  
 the conditions,—  
 Inquire of the PRINTER—I'm always at  
 hand.

THE TEMPLE—AND THE DARKNESS  
AFTER THE CRUCIFIXION.

(FROM SALATHIEL.)

Of all the labours of human wealth and  
 power devoted to worship, Solomon's Tem-  
 ple, at Jerusalem, within whose courts I then  
 stood was the most mighty. In my after  
 years, the years of my unhappy wanderings,  
 far from the graves of my kindred, I have  
 seen all the most famous shrines of the great  
 kingdoms of idolatry, constrained by cruel  
 circumstances, and the still sterner cruelty  
 of man, I have stood before the altar of the  
 Ephesian Diana, the masterpiece of Ionian  
 splendour; I have strayed through the  
 woods of Delphi, and been made a reluctant  
 witness of the superb mysteries of that chief  
 of the oracles of imposture. Dragged in  
 chains, I have been forced to join the pro-  
 cession round the Minerva of the Acropolis,  
 and almost forgot my chains in wonder at  
 that monument of genius which ought to  
 have been consecrated only to the true God  
 by whom it was given. The temple of the  
 Capitoline Jove, the Santa Sophia of the  
 Rome of Constantine, the still more stupen-  
 dous and costly fabric in which the third  
 Rome still bows before the fisherman of Ga-  
 lilee; all have been known to my step, that  
 knows all things but rest; but all were  
 dreams and shadows to the grandeur, the  
 dazzling beauty, the almost unearthly story  
 of that temple which once covered the  
 "Mount of Vision" of the City of the  
 Lord.

At the distance of almost two thousand  
 years, I have its image on my mind's eye  
 with living and painful fulness. I see the  
 court of the Gentiles circling the whole; a  
 fortress of the whitest marble, with its wall  
 rising six hundred feet from the valley; its  
 kindly entrance worthy of the fame of Sol-  
 omon; its innumerable and stately dwellings  
 for the priests and officers of the temple, and  
 above them, glittering like a succession of  
 diadems, those alabaster porticoes and col-  
 onnades in which the chiefs and sages of  
 Jerusalem sat teaching the people, or walked,  
 breathing the pure air, and gazing on the  
 grandeur of a landscape which swept the  
 whole amphitheatre of the mountains. I

see, rising above this stupendous boundary,  
 the court of the Jewish women separated by  
 its prophetic pillars and richly sculptured  
 wall; above this the separated court of the  
 men; still higher, the court of the priests;  
 and highest, the crowning splendour of all  
 the central temple, the place of the Sanctu-  
 ary, and of the Holy of Holies, covered with  
 plates of gold, the most precious marbles  
 and metals every where flashing back the  
 day, till Mount Moriah stood forth to the  
 eyes of the stranger approaching Jerusalem,  
 what it had been so often described by its  
 bards and people, a "mountain of snow  
 studded with jewels."

The grandeur of the worship was worthy  
 of this glory of architecture. Four and  
 twenty thousand Levites ministered by turns,  
 —a thousand at a time. Four thousand  
 more performed the lower offices. Four  
 thousand singers and minstrels, with the  
 harp, the trumpet, and all the richest instru-  
 ments of the land, whose native genius was  
 music, and whose climate and landscape  
 led men instinctively to delight in the charm  
 of sound, chaunted the inspired songs of our  
 warrior kings, and filled up the pause of  
 prayer with harmonies that transported the  
 spirit beyond the cares and passions of a  
 troubled world.

I was standing before the altar of burnt-  
 offering, with the Levite at my side holding  
 the lamb; the cup was in my hand, I was  
 about to pour the wine on the victim, when  
 I was startled by the sound of hurried feet.  
 At another moment the veil of the porch  
 was thrown back, and a figure rushed in;  
 it was the high priest, but not in the robes  
 of ceremony which it was customary for  
 him to wear in the seasons of the great festi-  
 vals. He was covered with the common  
 vesture of the priesthood, and I was anxious  
 to use it for total concealment. His face  
 was buried in the fold of his cloak, and he  
 walked with blind precipitation towards the  
 subterranean passage which led from the  
 sanctuary to his cloister. But he had scarce-  
 ly reached it when a new feeling stopped  
 him; and he turned to the altar where I was  
 standing in mute surprise. The cloak fell  
 from his visage; it was pale as death; the  
 habitual sternness of feature which render-  
 ed him a terror to the people, had collapsed  
 into feebleness; while he gazed on the fire,  
 it accidentally blazed up, and I thought I  
 saw the glistering of a tear on a cheek that  
 had never exhibited human emotion before.  
 But no time was left for question, even if  
 reverence had not retained me. He sud-  
 denly grasped the head of the lamb, as was  
 customary for those who offered up an expi-  
 ation for their own sin; his lip, ashy white,  
 quivered with broken prayer; then snatch-  
 ing the knife from the Levite, he plunged it  
 into the animal's throat, and with his hands  
 covered with blood, and with a groan that  
 echoed despair, again rushed distracted  
 away.

The victim still burned upon the altar,  
 and I was offering up the incense, when the  
 increasing sounds abroad told me that the  
 deserted courts were once more filling.—  
 But the sounds grew with an extraordinary  
 rapidity; they were soon all but tumultu-  
 ous. The sanctuary in which I stood was  
 almost wholly lighted by the lamps that  
 burned round the walls, and the fitful blaze  
 of the altar, whose fires were never suffered  
 to be extinguished. But when at length  
 unable to suppress my alarm at the growing  
 uproar, I went to the porch, I left compara-  
 tive day behind me, a gloom sicker than  
 that of smoke overspread the sky. The sun  
 which I had seen like a fiery buckler hang-  
 ing over the city was utterly gone. While  
 I looked, the darkness deepened, and the  
 blackness of night, of night without a star,  
 fell far and wide upon the horizon.

Without impediment or error, I made my  
 way over and among the crowds that strewed  
 the court of the Gentiles. I heard many  
 a prayer and many a groan; but I had no  
 more to do with man; and forced my way  
 steadily to the great portal. Thus far, if I  
 had been stricken with utter blindness, I  
 could not have been less guided by the eye.  
 But on passing into the streets of the lower  
 city, a scattered torch from time to time  
 struggling through the darkness, like the  
 lamp to a sepulchre, gave me glimpses of  
 the scene.

The broad avenues were encumbered with  
 the living in the semblance of the dead.—  
 All was prostration, or those attitudes into  
 which men are thrown by terror beyond the  
 strength and spirit of man to resist. The  
 cloud, that, from my melancholy bed above  
 the valley of Hinnom, I had seen rolling up  
 the hills, was this multitude. A spectacle  
 whose name shall never pass my lips, had  
 drawn them all by a cruel frantic curiosity  
 out of Jerusalem, and left it the solitude  
 that had surprised me. Preternatural  
 eclipse and horror fell on them, and then  
 thousands madly rushed back to perish if  
 perchance they must, within the walls of the  
 City of Holiness. Still the multitude came  
 pouring in; their distant tramping had the  
 sound of a cataract; and their outcries of  
 pain and rage and terror, were like what I  
 have since heard, but more feebly, and set  
 up from the field of battle.

I struggled on, avoiding the living torrent  
 by the ear; and slowly threading my way

wherever I heard the voices least numerous.  
 But my task was one of extreme toil; and  
 but for those more than all the treasures of  
 the earth to me, whose life depended on my  
 efforts, I should have willingly lain down,  
 and suffered the multitude to trample me in-  
 to the grave. How long I thus struggled I  
 know not. But a yell of peculiar and uni-  
 versal terror that burst round me, made me  
 turn my reluctant eyes towards Jerusalem.  
 The cause of this new alarm was seen at  
 once. A large sphere of fire fiercely shot  
 through the heavens, lighting its track down  
 murky air, and casting a disastrous and  
 pallid illumination on the myriads of gazers  
 below. It stopped above the city; and ex-  
 ploded in thunder, flashing over the whole  
 horizon, but covering the temple with a  
 blaze which gave it the aspect of a huge  
 mass of metal glowing in the furnace. Every  
 outline of the architecture every pillar  
 every pinnacle was seen with a terrible and  
 vivid distinctness. Again all vanished. I  
 heard the hollow roar of an earthquake;  
 the ground rose and heaved under our feet  
 I heard the crash of buildings, the fall of  
 fragments of the hills, and louder than both  
 the groan of the multitude. I caught my  
 wife closer to my bosom. In the next I  
 felt the ground give way beneath me; a sul-  
 phurous vapour took away my breath, and  
 I was caught up in a whirlwind of dust and  
 ashes!

HASLEHURST V. BROWN AND OTHERS.

(Before Mr. Baron Park.)

Mr. CRESSWELL for the Plaintiff, assisted  
 by Mr. WIGHTMAN, and Mr. ALEXANDER for  
 the Defendant.

This action was brought to recover the  
 cost of a coasting vessel which had been run  
 down by the Ormerod steamer, in the Mer-  
 maid off Bangor, in the month of October  
 last. The defendant admitted the accident,  
 and the learned counsel for the plaintiff sug-  
 gested to his Lordship, that they should go  
 for damages for the cost incurred in raising  
 the vessel, which was necessary to clear the  
 navigation of the Merai.

The JUDGE wished to know if the plaintiff  
 would have been liable to an indictment if  
 he had not cleared the navigation.

Mr. CRESSWELL was not aware whether  
 such was the case or not, and the following  
 witnesses were called on the part of the  
 plaintiff.

EDWARD MORGAN, master of the vessel  
 Hale, deposed, that on the 10th of October  
 last, he was bound to Runcorn with a cargo  
 of limestone. He had to beat about for  
 some time, and was obliged to return to  
 Bangor. At 5 o'clock in the morning, the  
 wind blowing N.N.E., the mate called out  
 "A vessel a-head!" when he (the witness) im-  
 mediately put the helm to starboard. Wit-  
 ness believed the vessel to be anchor, as she  
 had no lights hung out, which steamers in  
 the night usually have. At two cables'  
 length he discovered the vessel to be a  
 steamer, going at the rate of five or six knots  
 per hour. Scarcely a moment elapsed when  
 she came full upon the bows of his schooner,  
 which instantly went down, and he, with his  
 crew, jumped on board the steamer.

JOHN and THOMAS ROBERTS deposed that  
 they were seamen on board the schooner.—  
 They corroborated the testimony of the mas-  
 ter.

JOHN MORRIS testified that he was one of  
 the crew of the Ormerod, and was on board  
 that vessel on the night in question. He  
 was on deck and called out to the steersman,  
 when he saw the schooner, to put the helm  
 to starboard. They were about a quarter of  
 a mile distant from each other at the time,  
 and the Ormerod was going at the rate of  
 five or six knots an hour. He perceived the  
 alteration in the Ormerod's course directly  
 after, and then the vessels came in contact  
 and the schooner instantly went down, the  
 crew getting on board the steamer.

Cross-examined by Mr. ALEXANDER.—Is  
 now receiving 24s. per week from the plain-  
 tiff's attorney, and is promised a handsome  
 sum in the event of the action being won.

By Mr. CRESSWELL.—His pay when on  
 board is £2 10s. per month and his food.

Mr. DAIN, a broker of this town, testified  
 that the schooner in question once belonged  
 to him. He disposed of her in May, 1834,  
 for the sum of £520.

Cross-examined by Mr. ALEXANDER.—She  
 had been used for some years in carrying  
 slates and limestone. He thought her worth  
 the above sum. It was not the first time she  
 visited the bottom of the sea.

ISAAC FISHER.—Has been master of a ves-  
 sel for 25 years. It is the invariable custom  
 when vessels pass each other at sea, that they  
 leave each other on the right hand. They  
 always do so when the wind is free. Steam-  
 vessels are always considered as having the  
 wind free. Steam-vessels generally show a  
 light from dark to daylight.

Mr. ALEXANDER was happy to inform the  
 jury, that the original demand for £2000 for  
 compensation had now been reduced to  
 about one-fourth. He would submit that  
 the defendant had weighed his anchor at five  
 in the morning, and that he immediately saw  
 the schooner a-head, when he put his helm  
 to starboard, and, to his surprise, saw that  
 the schooner was determined to come into  
 collision with him. He then put his helm

to port, and at once the other vessel ran into  
 them.

George Blackstock the mate, and Patrick  
 Quellan, the engineer, deposed to facts which  
 tended to bear out the statement of the  
 learned counsel.—The learned Judge made  
 a few observations on the evidence, and the  
 jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff,  
 Damages £500.—Mr Alexander applied for  
 the vessel to be delivered up, which his  
 Lordship would agree to, provided the de-  
 fendant would pay the cost of raising her,  
 which would amount to three times as much  
 as she was worth.

## WOMAN

The following beautiful Lines are from  
 the pen of Miss Landon.

There is a feeling in the heart  
 Of woman which can have no part  
 In man: a self-devotedness,  
 As victims round their idols press,  
 And asking nothing, but to show  
 How far their zeal and faith can go.  
 Pure as the snow the summer sun  
 Never at noon hath look'd upon,—  
 Deep as is the diamond wave,  
 Hidden in the desert cave,—  
 Changeless as the greenest leaves  
 Of the wreath the cypress weaves,—  
 Hopeless often when most fond,  
 Without hope or fear beyond  
 Its own pale, fidelity,—  
 And this woman's love can be!

At a doctor's shop, a few doors from  
 Westminster bridge may be seen written up  
 the following notification:—"J—R—  
 Surgeon, Apothecary, Accoucheur to the  
 King."

A shopkeeper recommending a piece of  
 silk for a gown, told his customer "Ma'am,  
 it will wear for ever, and make a petticoat  
 afterwards."

EXTRAVAGANCE.—A writer in one of the  
 reviews was boasting that he was in the habit  
 of distributing literary reputation. "Yes,"  
 replied his friend, "and you have none left  
 for yourself."

Cure for the Hooping Cough.  
 Dissolve one scruple of Salt of Tartar, in a  
 gill of spring water—add 10 grains of Co-  
 chineal finely powdered; sweeten this with  
 loaf sugar.

A handsome Annuity for Life, will be  
 granted to any individual who can furnish  
 undeniable proof of his having ruined him-  
 self or injured his family, by acts of be-  
 nevolence.—Letters (post paid) to be ad-  
 dressed to the Editor of the Brighton He-  
 rald.

A report was once circulated in London,  
 during the absence of Garrick, that he was  
 dead. The next day, however, the report  
 was contradicted; accompanied by the fol-  
 lowing lines:

"GARRICK is dead—so prattles Fame,  
 The bard replies, it cannot be;  
 NATURE and GARRICK are the same,  
 Both form'd for IMMORTALITY."

A Merchant being asked what he thought  
 of the numerous Companies forming at pre-  
 sent, replied that they resembled cold baths,  
 which, if one wishes to derive any benefit  
 from them, they must be quick in and very  
 quick out.

An Irish paper says "One of the light  
 finger'd gentry was taken into custody com-  
 ing from Donnybrook fair, on whose person  
 was found a smith's sledge."

Such is the aversion of the Persians to  
 the whole of the canine race, that if a dog  
 touch even the skirts of their clothing they  
 are thereby defiled, and cannot resume their  
 devotions without changing every thing, and  
 undergoing complete purification.

Mr Irving once announced, while preach-  
 ing to a crowded congregation in Edinburgh  
 that the planets were not yet inhabited, but  
 that after the dissolution of this our Globe,  
 they will be possessed by the souls of just  
 men made perfect.

A gentleman, the other evening ended an  
 oration in favour of the fair sex with these  
 words, "Ah Sir! nothing beats a good  
 wife." "I beg your pardon," rejoined one  
 of the company, "a bad husband does."

A man's nature runs, says Bacon, either  
 to herbs or weeds; therefore let him season-  
 ably water the one and destroy the other.

Among the list of penalties for the regu-  
 lation of Queen Elizabeth's household, we  
 find the following—"that none toy with  
 maides on paine of fourpence."

Irish Birth.—On the 7th April, three  
 sisters on the same day, in the same house,  
 of two sons and heirs, and a daughter!!!  
 What an extraordinary coincidence.

He who never counts solitary reflection,  
 knows none of the pleasures of an intellec-  
 tual being.