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THE
HALIFAX MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. II. OCTOBER 1, 1831. No. 17.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF SAMUEL DREW, M. A.

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

AMONG the most remarkable literary characters of the present y, Samuel Drew, M. A., Editor of the Imperial Magazine, may justly ranked. This excellent man and good writer, was born St. Austell, a country town in the county of Cornwall, England, March 3d, 1765. His parents were poor, but of respectable aracter; and, although, as he informs us, they were not ignont of the importance of education, their means were not suffint to afford him any, except what he received at a common ading sohool: which was merely a knowledge of his letters.

Agreeable to the great diversity of human affairs, while young rew beheld many of his acquaintance brought up in affluence, d favoured with a liberal educatiou, he had himself to taste of e original curse, and "by the sweat of his brow to eat bread." the age of seven years, he was put to work, to assist in provid- the necessaries of life, and when little above ten, he was bound prentice, to learn the trade of shoemaking. During the period his apprenticeship, nothing of importance connected with his his- ry transpired. In reading he made some improvement, and arned to write his own name, not without difficulty.

In the course of time, he accidentally met with "Locke on the uman understanding," and was greatly astonished at the extra rdinary powers of that writer; from this event, he formed a de- ermination to pursue useful knowledge, nor was his resolution ain, for while he attended diligently to his calling in life, he em- raced every opportunity to improve his mind. It should be re- collected, that, in those days, facilities for improvement were not

afforded young persons as in the present, neither were so many excellent books in general circulation. Mr. Drew had access to a periodical, called the "Weekly Entertainer," and derived much profit from its perusal. His improvement soon excited the attention of his acquaintances, and they discovered in him evident marks of a superior intellect.

A young gentleman who had espoused infidel opinions, from the study of Paine's Age of Reason, put that pernicious book into the hands of Mr. Drew, on the conditions, that, he would read it, and give his thoughts concerning its principles. With these conditions he complied, and finding that it contained much false reasoning, calculated to injure minds not well established in the truth, he prepared an answer to it; which was published in 1799. This was his first publication, and perhaps would have been his last, but for the notice taken of it by the Rev. Mr. Whitaker, a Clergyman of the Established Church. This gentleman possessed much moral and intellectual worth, and thought it not derogatory to him to encourage a young man of talent, although not moving in his circle, or connected with his church.

For some years after the expiration of his apprenticeship, Mr. Drew laboured at his trade as a journeyman: after which, he commenced business on his own account. During this period, his leisure hours—if such they might be called—were spent in close study; but his literary pursuits were not allowed to interfere with his other avocations, for he found industry essential to the support of his rising family, and his advance and establishment in life. Mr. Drew was involved in the common portion of humanity, and soon found his share of the troubles and trials of a world of sorrow; yet amid all his difficulties his thirst for knowledge was not quenched, nor its pursuit at all neglected.

To excel in the literary or scientific world, Mr. Drew thought it necessary to turn his attention undividedly to some particular branch; and after mature deliberation metaphysics became the object of his choice. Perhaps the mind of Drew was equal for any science, but his choice seems to have been made judiciously; as a metaphysician he stands on a proud eminence, and his works

are generally acknowledged as standards in the science. Circumstances of a local nature, caused him to publish in the years 1800 and 1801, two or more small works on controversial subjects; and in the year 1802 he published an octavo volume on the *Immateriality and Immortality of the Human Soul*, founded solely on physical and rational principles. This work is of much importance, and has had an extensive circulation; it has passed through many editions, and is often referred to by the most learned authors of the present day. The *Electic Review*, speaking of this volume, makes the following remarks: "When we connect the author with the work, we are struck with astonishment at beholding a man deriving no advantage whatever from education, but receiving immediately from Heaven a train of thought astonishingly great—a mind to which all the matter of the universe seems as a single atom, and in himself exhibiting a splendid proof that the soul of man is immortal." In 1809 he published an Essay in one volume, octavo, on the *Identity and General Resurrection of the Human Body:* This has also met with the reputation and patronage, which the author's industry and abilities so well merited.

In 1805, Mr. Drew became acquainted with the Rev. Thomas Coke, L. L. D. and rendered him great assistance in preparing some works for publication; particularly his History of the West Indies in three volumes, octavo. The Rev. Doctor's time was so engaged in travelling as a christian missionary—in which department he has had few equals since the apostolic times—as to render assistance necessary in his various labours. The assistance was rendered by Mr. Drew; for which he received a proper remuneration.

After these labours, Drew published a small valuable work on the *Divinity of Christ*; and in 1817, *The Life of Dr. Coke* proceeded from his pen. This is an important publication, and interesting both as regards subject and style. In reference to it, the Editor of an highly respectable periodical observes, "knowing that an author may excel in one species of composition, who is but ill qualified to do ample justice to another, we took up the volume before us with the mixed emotions of hope and fear; we had met our author in the literary walks of metaphysical disquisition, where we had formed our estimate of his uncommon powers

of ratiocination. We had not however proceeded far in the work when our hopes were fully realized; and the further we proceeded, the more we were confirmed in our conviction, that the ontologist was justly entitled to our warmest regards as an historian." Since this period, Mr. Drew published some valuable works, particularly, a volume on the *Being and Superintending Providence of the Deity*, two volumes, octavo; he has also been the Editor of the *Imperial Magazine*, since its commencement.

Mr. Drew is a plain respectable looking man, pleasant and agreeable in his manner, and is without doubt one of the great men of the present age. At an early period of his life he became a member of the Wesleyan Methodist Society, and still continues in that connexion, officiating as a local Preacher, with much advantage to others and respectability to himself. The writer of this sketch spent the greater part of his life in a place contiguous to St. Austell, and was many times favoured with opportunities of hearing Mr. Drew preach. He was very popular, and attracted large congregations, in which were often to be seen persons of the greatest respectability, and clergymen of every denomination. Up to 1807, Mr. Drew had never been out of his native country, but for several years past, he has resided in the vicinity of London.

Halifax, August, 1831.

REMARKS ON CHRISTIAN PSALMODY.

(*Concluded from page* 168.)

Various have been the opinions, respecting the propriety of introducing instrumental music into places of worship; one party has cited the use of instruments in the service of Solomon's temple, as an authority for it; whilst others maintain that it is improper under the Christian dispensation. Perhaps on the whole it were better the controversy should turn, not on the *use* but on the *abuse* of instruments, as *aids* to singing the praises of the Almighty. If instruments of music be considered only as *helps*, conducing to the orderly performance of psalmody, there can be no scriptural, much less reasonable ground for their non-admission. An organ, from the sustaining power which it possesses, the ma-

jesty of its tones, and its capability of performing all the parts simultaneously, is doubtless entitled to the preference over all other instruments, to lead and support a congregation of christians in the act of singing the praises of their Maker. Where this instrument is used with discretion, aided by a well regulated choir, the congregation will by degrees learn to join in their voices, and then the effect is truly sublime. We may listen to the dulcet movements of operas, or other grand combinations of musical powers; but nothing can so elevate the mind, or afford such complete gratification, as the proper performance of some of our good old psalm tunes.

The duties of organist and teacher of the singers, ought if possible to be united in the same person; but when this is not the case, the most cordial co-operation should exist between them. After the hymn or psalm has been announced by the clerk, the tune should be played over in a plain and distinct manner, just as it is intended to be sung, in order that the singers and congregation may comprehend it. Some verses from the nature of the words will require to be sung louder or softer, quicker or slower, all which should de distinctly understood on the previous evening of practice. If interludes are used between the verses, they should consist of little more than a variation of the latter part of the tune, and every thing of a nature to draw off the attention of the singers should be avoided. Chromatic ascents and descents, and any such trifling are unbecoming the solemn worship of God.

After the organ, the violoncello and flute appear to be the only instruments admissible in a place of worship.* The reedy tones of a bassoon or clarionet are too powerful, and require great judgment to play them in a subordinate manner.

A correct pronunciation of the words is a matter of great moment; and all vulgarisms ought carefully to be avoided. The best rule which can be given, is for a singer to pronounce his words in the same easy and unrestrained manner as if he were

*An excellent choir at Southampton in England, where there were two flutes to support the treble voices, a violoncello and a double bass, the writer recollects as the best instance of psalmody he ever met with.

speaking. Some persons have a most unfortunate habit of distorting the countenance whilst singing; others have contracted a disagreeable nasal twang; some, wishful of making themselves heard, sing out of tune, by overstraining their voices; while others are found roving from part to part, singing first a few notes of the melody, and then perhaps a few notes of bass or tenor; a practice highly reprehensible as subversive of all musical order. These improprieties it is the duty of a teacher to check, and those who form themselves into a choir, ought to receive such hints with candour, and endeavour to rectify all faults which are pointed out.

It is highly necessary at the time of practice, that the teacher should *audibly* beat the time, but each singer should acquire a habit of counting time *mentally;* for in a place of worship beating time would have a disagreeable effect and appearance.

Anthems should be introduced but seldom; for be it remembered, that the great *end of christian psalmody is congregational singing;* this end is lost sight of, when the singing is confined to a few, as it must of necessity be in the performance of anthem pieces, &c. When singing the praises *of our God let us* remember to

> "Rehearse his praise with *awe* profound
> Let *knowledge* lead the song;
> Nor mock Him with a solemn sound,
> Upon a *thoughtless* tongue."

That the writer of these remarks has taken a correct view of the subject in all its bearings, he trusts will be admitted, and if anything herein mentioned should prove useful or conducive to the better performance of this delightful branch of christian worship, his end will be answered. He has treated the matter with brevity, as being more consistent with the plan of a monthly magazine; he is fully aware that every part of the subject is capable of amplification; yet he trusts that enough has been said to give any one an idea of the causes of defective psalmody and the plan likely to effect a reformation therein.—May we so sing the praises of our God in His earthly courts, that we may be fitted to join hereafter that nobler Choir above, and sing the song of Moses and the Lamb, through the countless ages of eternity.

OMICRON.

POETICAL TRANSLATIONS.

By Dr. Bowring.

The translator is to poetry what the adventurous merchant is to commerce. He circulates the produce of thought, varies our intellectual banquets, teaches us that some accession to our stores may be derived even from those quarters which we had regarded as the most sterile and unpromising, and thus adds another link to the chain of social and kindly feelings which should bind man to his fellows. In this commerce of mind few have laboured more assiduously than Dr Bowring. At one time 'he hath an argosy bound for Tripoli, another for the Indies, 'a third for Mexico, a fourth for England'—ventures, in short, 'enough to bear a royal merchant down'—and yet, with the exception of one cargo under Dutch colours, where he appears to have had a partner, he seems to trust entirely to his own taste and research in the selection of his commodities. His varied and almost Mathridatic acquaintance with the languages of modern Europe, extending even to their less classical or almost forgotten dialects, and that liberal spirit in literature, which so extensive a field of enquiry is sure to produce, seemed peculiarly to mark him out as one fitted to transfer to his country those strains which had conferred celebrity on their authors in their own; or which, though their origin and authorship are lost in the darkness of antiquity, had long cheered the peasant in his sledge amidst the frozen snow, or been associated with the jollity of the harvest and the vintage, or the more tranquil hearth of the cottage fire.

It is true, it may be said that no very accurate idea of the poetry of a foreign nation, separated from ourselves by seas and continents, and still farther separated in mind by diversity of habits and feelings, can be gained by the labours of any one translator; and the observation is well-founded to a certain extent. The edifice he seeks to illuminate is no doubt too vast to be fully enlightened by a solitary torch; but at least it is probable that in moving with him along its vast halls and long arches, the light he carries will strike occasionally on objects of splendour or value; that our eyes will catch dim glimpses of treasures in its inner recesses, sudden openings into far-off gardens, the trees of which, like those which dazzled Aladdin in the cave, seem bright with the tints of the diamond, the ruby, and the emerald; and that the result of this hasty glance may be a desire to return and to investigate for ourselves, and with more leisure and minuteness, the scenes of which we have caught these dim but pleasing outlines. He who transfers a single strain of true and natural poetry, however simple, however brief, from another language to ours, performs no mean service to literature, and, it may be, to the interests of civilization in general. He has thrown, as it were, the first plank over the gulf which separated two nations,—has taught them that they have feelings, 'eyes, organs, dimensions, affections, passions,' in common,—has awakened a spirit of literary enterprise,

and pointed out, if he cannot guide us through, the promised land. Other adventures will soon throng after him; a broader bridge will be thrown over the channel that divided them; an exchange of feelings and associations may take place; the old may impart to the new some portion of the polish which long civilization has produced; while it receives in return a new infusion of the freshness, rapidity, and wild vigour which characterise an infant literature, thus bartering its Persian ornaments of gold and silver to receive repayment in a Spartan coinage of iron.

We cannot but congratulate Dr Bowring upon the accessions which he has made to our information as to the poetical literature of other countries, and acknowledge the pleasure we have derived from many of the specimens which he has introduced to our notice. To himself, we doubt not, the work has been a labour of love. 'I have never,' says he, 'left the ark of my country, but with the wish to return to it, bearing fresh olive-branches of peace, and fresh garlands of poetry. I never yet visited the land where I found not much to love, to learn, to imitate, to honour. I never yet saw man utterly despoiled of his humanities. In Europe, at least, there are no moral nor intellectual wildernesses.' He has done much by his exertions to impress others with the same conviction; to awaken our sympathies for nations who are endeavouring to form to themselves a future poetical literature, or to preserve the wrecks of a past; and to correct those errors or prejudices with which older and more established literatures have been regarded.

To one, too, who himself possesses a poetical imagination, there is a gratification of no common kind, in endeavouring to save from forgetfulness, the names of so many poets, 'immeritis mori.' When Xerxes reviewed his army from the top of Mount Athos, he is said to have wept at the reflection how few of all that vast multitude would, in the course of a short time, be in existence. A feeling of the same kind must often occur to the minds of those who contemplate from that elevated point of view which Dr Bowring has occupied, the wide field of European poetry. How small the number of those labourers in the vineyard, who are now seen instinct with activity and gay hope, will survive the lapse of a few years! how many, even in their own lifetime, are doomed to follow the funeral of their fame! how very few can even hope to make their way beyond the limited sphere of their own country! But the poet sympathizes with the poet; and though his single efforts may not be able to save many from that oblivion which is overtaking them, it will still be to him a proud reflection, if he has succeeded in rescuing from forgetfulness one strain which should have been bequeathed to immortality, or even in reviving to a second short course of posthumous existence, some names over which that dark and silent tide seemed to have closed for ever.—*Edinburgh Quarterly Review.*

THE MAD HOUSE.

(*From the German of Engel.*)

Freidberg was but a youth, when his rare talents gained for him an honorable station in the Metropolis. His father, a venerable country clergyman, who had devoted much of his attention and property to the education of this, his only son, resolved, notwithstanding his years and the length of the journey, to accompany him to the place of his future residence. I must go said the old man, and see where he is to reside, and give him a last token of my love, which shall make my memory dearer to him than ever.

After their arrival in town, they sought out the curiosities it afforded; and the day before the father's return, visited the Insane Hospital. The manifold scenes of misery which they there witnessed, wrought upon the son's mind, with all the power of novelty. He was particularly affected with the appearance of an aged and venerable looking man, who had once been in high life, but now appeared like a perfect child, in every thing he said and did. The Overseer described to them how this unhappy being had been deprived of his property and reputation, and at length of his reason, by the vices of his sons; and, as he proceeded, the old man grinned a ghastly smile at every interval of the narration, as if he would confirm its truth. Formerly, continued the Overseer, he had moments of reason, and then he besought his Maker with an earnestness and melancholy which affected even me, to take him out of the world. But he has such moments no more. Sorrow has effaced from his mind the last vestige of reason. This also the old man confirmed by his usual token of assent; and, as if he still retained an obscure recollection of the incidents related, cast his eyes pensively towards heaven. The son walked on in silence, at his father's side, till they arrived at their lodgings. Great God! he then exclaimed, how terrible is the doom of the maniac. Never, that I remember, have I felt such a horror within me as at this moment. To exist and yet not to exist! To have all the faculties of the mind blotted out; and in the very bloom of life to be nothing but a breathing corpse—nothing but the wandering shade of a departed soul! How are these wretched beings excluded from the number of the living! imprisoned, buried, treated as if they were not present, as if they heard not. He paused for a few moments, walking back and forth with a melancholy aspect, and then exclaimed, O the destiny of humanity! I shudder to think what I am, when I consider what I may be. Much as I pity the condition of these unhappy beings, said the father, the amount of their actual suffering is far less than we should be likely to imagine. Can the want of consciousness be a source of misery to those who have no consciousness?

No more, replied the son, than death can be to the slain. But, if this consciousness still exists, or returns at intervals to the be-

wildered mind—if the miserable man entreats his God with tears to remove him from life, or points like the maniac we have seen to the withered top of a tree whose nether branches are yet green, and exclaims with trembling, "it is dead above"—

Moderate your feelings, said the father. You imagine the consciousness of such persons to possess the same clearness and intensity as your own: but of this their enfeebled minds are no longer capable. And if they were—the physician never despairs of his patient till insensible to pain. There is still hope of his recovery.

Hope! ah, I fear it is, at best, a feeble gleam of hope, like that of the criminal on his way to execution. And what fear attends that hope! Think what it is, my father, to look upon the ruins of one's own mind!—to have only reason sufficient to perceive its rapid diminution!—to witness the extinction of that divine spark which constitutes our dignity and our whole happiness!—to find one's self not only arrived at the utmost limit of his progress but sinking step by step from every previous attainment! My God! My God! what an agonizing sensation—And if it chance to be a man who has almost gained the summit of improvement; if such an one looks down into the frightful gulph beneath him; if he already feels his foot sliding and the earth sinking beneath him—Oh I see him! I see him!—he still clings to his hold with one trembling hand; he still struggles with all the energy of his existence, to avoid the dismal gulph; but in vain, in vain! His strength fails him; he yields at last to despair, and disappears. And if the return of reason be so dreadful to those whose minds, as you say, are enfeebled, what must it be to those whose wild boiling blood can be bound only with chains? If reason returns to such minds as these——

He was again silent, and his father also sat pensive and reflecting, for he had already felt the pang of separation—

He thought how far he should soon be removed from his only son; and to how many dangers that son would be exposed, on account of his youth and the impetuous fire of his character. All these things, together with the feelings already awakened, filled his heart with anguish.

Death, said the son, again breaking the silence of the scene, has been called the king of terrors: what then must be insanity and madness, which makes even death a blessing? O how trifling, how trifling, is the dissolution of the body, when compared with that more terrible death, to which sympathy is but insult and contempt; in which there is nothing to make misery honourable; in which a man is cast alive into the grave, to see the horrors of his own corruption!

Your images are frightful, said the father.

No more so than the case demands. The misery of humanity rises before me in its thousand forms; but nowhere do I see it so intense, so terrible, so shocking to nature.

For the very reason, that this particular form of misery is more

immediately before your mind, let me name a species of suffering which is far more dreadful.

O name it not, I beseech you.

You infer that insanity is more terrible than death, because it makes death a blessing; whatever, therefore, makes insanity a blessing, must be more terrible even than that. Think then of those ungrateful, guilty sons, who have brought all this misery upon their father! If *they* ever return to their proper reason, and see the irreparable mischief they have occasioned, and with it the ruin of their own noble faculties: if covered with shame and ignominy, they live a horror even to themselves, and look forward to the dark and dismal prospects of their eternal state—O tell me, will not the return of reason be more dreadful to them than to the maniac in his chains? And will not the very extinction of reason, at which the victim of insanity trembles as his only evil, be counted by them their greatest blessing?

True, true, my father! You bring me to the very gates of perdition.

And yet, my son, I have carried my assertion perhaps too far; for the very vices of which we speak, are a kind of madness. Examine the ground of your duties to God and man. Are they the laws of a selfish, iniquitous tyrant, who profits by your subjection, and imposes restraints, only that he may find occasion of inflicting punishment? Or are they founded in the very principles of your nature, and directed to the noblest ends of your existence?

Doubtless the latter! They are the conditions of my happiness which the Creator himself cannot remove, without first changing the nature he has given me.

Virtue then is only the thorough, practical knowledge of ourselves; of our nature, our duty, and our destination. And Vice is but the perpetual absence of this knowledge, or rather a moral darkness, interrupted at intervals by a momentary gleam of light, which lays bare the ruins of the mind. Ask likewise the opinion of the world! It gives to vice all the names of madness, from the lesser follies of infirmity to the wildest excess of anger; and its treatment of this class of maniacs is the same as its treatment of the other. It imprisons them, chains them, chastises them: or, if it suffers them to go free, they are at best but wretched wanderers, like those bewildered, but less distracted minds, which call forth the sympathy of the humane, and the derision of the populace.

O my father, you have given me such a picture of vice.

That is what I desired, I wished to make the impression we have this day received, an occasion of lasting benefit to us both. To suffer agony for those unhappy beings is useless alike to us and them; all we gain at last is simply this, that we have had a human feeling:—a feeling so humiliating, as to palsy all our energies, and which it is better never to have known. But the view we have now taken may be productive of real benefit. It may teach us to dread the contagion of vice, in proportion as it is more terrible even than madness itself.

Yet vice may be avoided, my father : but insanity cannot.

True and what is the inference to be drawn from this remark! That we should wander carelessly on, regardless of the dangers which surround us ? Or that we should mark our footsteps, with an ever watchful eye, and thus avoid the frightful abyss that borders close upon the path of life ?—Recall the images which have so overpowered your feelings,and imagine yourself in the place of that wretched man who feels the first symptoms of insanity, the first dreams of delirium approaching ! In this awful moment suppose there is a possibility of escape; and say would not every desire of your soul centre in the single prayer, that you might be preserved from this impending ruin ?

Oh !——

Vice also has its symptoms, my son, and its silent approaches; and woe to the man, that can perceive its workings within him, and feel no horror ! These symptoms appear in the violence of the passions and desires; and in the want of that thorough knowledge of our own hearts, which constitutes as I have said, the essence of true virtue. Whoever, therefore, is hurried by the violence of his desires beyond the bounds of moderation ; and, in the warmth of passion, forgets the more sacred duties that devolve upon him, has surely the greatest reason to tremble and beware. He is so much nearer than other men to the fatal madness of vice.

The son understood but too well the affectionate, yet earnest look of his father. He thought of his past course of life, and many a deed of wickedness recurred to his recollection, with an overwhelming power.

But, continued the father, what means do the young possess of securing to calm reason the victory over the impetuous tide of passion and desire ? Reason, indeed is a powerful engine in resisting the approaches of vice, and with men of mature years and established principle, is sometimes effectual. But, in the young, imagination and feeling are usually predominant; and the best, nay, the only security which they can have, is, so to connect and associate a sense of duty with the finest, tenderest sensibilities of the soul, that at the first whisper of conscience, the very ardour of youth may be enlisted in the support of virtue.—There are moments in the life of every man, which bring with them impressions so deep and lasting, that a solemn resolution, then formed, to be always true to duty, always just and honorable, would never fail of succeessful performance. Such a moment of deep excitement we have this day experienced,and the heart rending morning—is just at hand—when we must bid each other a long and last—farewell——

His voice here faultered, and the son, overpowered by feeling, threw himself into his father's arms, with loud expressions of sorrow.—As soon as the power of speech returned he laid his hand upon his heart, in the presence of his father, and vowed that the memory of that day should never forsake him; that it should be

to him a constant and powerful excitement to virtue. This solemn oath was never forgotten. Often when temptation allured his senses, and passion urged to the commission of crime, the memory of his kind and venerable father returned; he saw the tears of affection on his furrowed cheek; he still listened to the soft and melting accents of his voice; he still felt the warm, affectionate pressure of his hand, and no temptation, however strong, could prevail against the power of these recollections.

LINES ON POLAND.

By T. Campbell.

And have I lived to see thee sword in hand
Uprise again, immortal Polish Land!—
Whose flag brings more than chivalry to mind,
And leaves the tri-colour in shade behind;
A theme for uninspired lips too strong;
That swells my heart beyond the power of song:—
Majestic men, whose deeds have dazzled faith,
Ah! yet your fate's suspense arrests my breath;
Whilst, envying bosoms bared to shot and steel,
I feel the more that fruitlessly I feel.

Poles! with what indignation I endure
Th' half-pitying servile mouths that call you poor:—
Poor! is it England mocks you with her grief,
That hates, but dares not chide, th' Imperial Thief?
France with her soul beneath a Bourbon's thrall,
And Germany that has no soul at all,—
States quailing at the giant overgrown,
Whom dauntless Poland grapples with alone?
No, ye are rich in fame e'en whilst ye bleed:
We cannot aid you—we are poor indeed!

In Fate's defiance—in the world's great eye,
Poland has won her immortality!
The Butcher, should he reach her bosom now,
Could tear not Glory's garland from her brow;
Wreathed, filletted, the victim falls renown'd,
And all her ashes would be holy ground!

See, whilst the Pole, the vanguard aid of France,
Has vaulted on his barb and couch'd the lance,
France turns from her abandon'd friends afresh,
And soothes the Bear that prowls for patriot flesh;
Buys, ignominious purchase! short repose,
With dying curses and the groans of those
That served, and loved, and put in her their trust;
Frenchmen! the dead accuse you from the dust!—
Brows laurell'd—bosoms mark'd with many a scar
For France—that wore her Legion's noblest star,

Cast dumb reproaches from the field of Death
On Gallic honour; and this broken faith
Has robb'd you more of fame—the life of life,—
Than twenty battles lost in glorious strife!

And what of England—is she steep'd so low
In poverty, crest-fall'n, and palsied so,
That we must sit much wroth, but timorous more,
With Murder knocking at our neighbour's door?
Not Murder mask'd and cloak'd with hidden knife,
Whose owner owes the gallows life for life;
But public murder!—that with pomp and gaud,
And royal scorn of Justice, walks abroad
To wring more tears and blood than e'er were wrung
By all the culprits Justice ever hung!
We read the diadem'd Assassin's vaunt,
And wince and wish we had not hearts to pant
With useless indignation—sigh, and frown,
But have not hearts to throw the gauntlet down.

If but a doubt hung o'er the grounds of fray,
Or trivial rapine stopp'd the world's highway;
Were this some common strife of States embroil'd;—
Britannnia on the spoiler and the spoil'd
Might calmly look, and asking time to breathe,
Still honourably wear her olive wreath:
But this is Darkness combating with Light:
Earth's adverse principles for empire fight:
Oppression, that has bolted half the globe,
Far as his knout could reach or dagger probe,
Holds reeking o'er our brother freemen slain
That dagger—shakes it at us in disdain;
Talks big to Freedom's states of Poland's thrall,
And, trampling one, contemns them one and all.

My country! colours not thy once proud brow
At this affront?—Hast thou not fleets enow
With Glory's streamer, lofty as the lark,
Gay fluttering o'er each thunder-bearing bark,
To warm th' Insulter's seas with barb'rous blood,
And interdict his flag from Ocean's flood?
E'en now far off the sea-cliff, where I sing,
I see, my Country and my Patriot King!
Your ensign glad the deep. Becalm'd and slow
A war-ship rides: while Heaven's prismatic bow,
Upris'n behind her on th' horizon's base,
Shines flushing through the tackle, shrouds and stays,
And wraps her giant form in one majestic blaze.
My soul accepts the omen; Fancy's eye
Has sometimes a veracious augury;
The rainbow types Heaven's promise to my sight;
The ship, Britannia's interposing might!

But if there should be none to aid you, Poles,
Ye'll but to prouder pitch wind up your souls,
Above exampie, pity, praise, or blame,
To sow and reap a deathless field of Fame.

Ask aid no more from Nations that forget
Your championship—old Europe's mighty debt,
Though Poland (Lazarus-like) has burst the gloom,
She rises not a beggar from the tomb ;
In Fortune's frown, on Danger's giddiest brink,
Despair and Poland's name must never link.
All ills have bounds—plague, whirlwind, fire, and flood;
E'en Power can spill but bounded sums of blood,
States caring not what Freedom's price may be,
May late or soon, but must at last be free ;
For body-killing tyrants cannot kill
The public soul—the hereditary will,
That, downward as from sire to son it goes,
By shifting bosoms more intensely glows ;
Its heir-loom is the heart, and slaughter'd men
Fight fiercer in their orphans o'er again.
Poland re-casts—though rich in heroes old—
Her men in more and more heroic mould :
Her eagle-ensign best among mankind
Becomes, and types her eagle strength of mind ;
Her praise upon my faultering lips expires :—
Resume it, younger bards, and nobler lyres !

Metropolitan Magazine.

NOW AND THEN.

A DUTCH farmer, up the river, who deemed his own shrewdness more than an even match for that of "de tan Yankees," was one evening sitting before his door, with a mug of cider in his hand and a pipe in his mouth, when he was accosted by a stout looking man from the Eastward, with a pack on his shoulder.

"Good evening Mister—do you want to hire a man to work for you ?"

"Fy, vat ish dat to you ?" replied the Dutchman, slowly taking the pipe from his mouth—"Suppose I does, and suppose I does not, vat then ?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing," said the traveller, leisurely taking the pack from his shoulder, and helping himself to a vacant seat—"I merely asked for information."

"Vell suppose I does want to hire, vat may you ax ? or, in the virst place, vat can you do ?"

"I can do a variety of things, such as ploughing, sowing, reaping, making hay, and all kinds of farming business ; and then I can keep accounts upon a pinch, and [illegible] apples upon a winter evening, and drink cider and smoke a pipe—and all them little chores."

"You pe hang'd mid your citer and bipes ! I can do dat mine own zelf,as well as any odder man—and as vor keepin de 'counts, I would not drust you nor any odder Yankee—I know doo much ver dat. But vat vill you ax de year vor varmin by de mont ?"

"Thirteen dollars a month, with my board and washing."

"Dirteen tollars! dat is too much. Bedwen you and me; I vants to hire a man—but I vill not give such a brice. I can ket the besht of hands vor ten tollars de mont."

"That is very low wages; I could have got more and staid at home."

"Ferry vell, you can ko pack akain as soon ash you likes—dat ish nottin to me—I knows vat I knows—and no Yunkee shall come baddy ofer me."

"Is ten dollars a month the most you will give for a stout fellow like me?"

"Yaw."

"I suppose you'll allow me the privilege of taking a mug of cider and smokin a pipe now and then at your expense?"

"Oh yaw—yaw—I don't minds dat. A muck of citer and a bipe ish not much for now and den. You are a big able poddied man, vat can air den tollars a mont, if you can air a penny, mit de schmoking and zo vort into de pargin. Yaccup Yahler knows vat he ish about—let him alone for dat."

The bargain was struck without any further haggling, and the traveller was invited into the house, took supper and retired to rest. In the morning he informed the Dutchman that as he had proved himself so sharp at a bargain, he (the Yankee) should require a written contract, specifying the particulars, and especially the drinking and smoaking now and then.

"Oh vor dat matter," said the Dutchman, "I will kive you de written ferry villingly.—Here Brom, you ko and del dat are Shquire Gobble to vetch himzelf eere before no time, along mit his ink horn."

"Stay, stay, Mr. Yhaler," said he hired man "you need'nt give yourself that trouble; I can draw the writing myself."

"You;" exclaimed the Dutchman—"Oh yaw, I zay you cant do it; but the dyvel drust you. Vor mine part I knows better ash dat—you dont come over me mit de Yankee pass. I zay, Brom you ko and vetch dat are coot-for-notting Shquire here, along mit his inkhorn. I'll no trust de tang Yankees."

Squire Gobble soon came, and the contract was drawn up according to form. The hired man took care to have the exact words of the bargain inserted—to wit, That he was to have ten dollars per month for one year, and to have the privilege of smoaking and drinking cider *now and then.*

The Dutchman put his mark to the contract, and then requested the Squire to read it, that he might see whether it was correct. He listened with attention, and when the Squire had concluded, he said—

"Oh yaw—dat ish right—that is no more ash I agreed to—he ish to smoke and trink citer now and den at mine expense—dat ish all right. Now, Shquire Gobble, you may ko home mit your inkhorn; and you, Mishter Yankee, may ko to work."

"This was more than he could bear. He was perfectly cast

up in his own mind not to be so over industrious, but he answered "certainly, but in the first place I'll smoke a little and take a mug of cider."

"Vat! you pekin to schmoke and drink cider zo quick?"

"Yes, I'll just smoke and drink a little cider now and then I'll—"

"Vell, you schmoke your pipe pretty suple, and then you come to your vork in de fielt be hint the barn."

Having given these directions, the Dutchman departed to his work, expecting the hired man would follow him in the course of two or three minutes. But he waited, and waited a long time, without seeing any thing of the Yankee. At last he got out of all patience, and went in a rage to the house to see what the fellow was about.—There he found him with a pipe in one hand and a mug of cider in the other, alternately puffing and quaffing as though that was to be the only business of the day.

"Why, you yankee rascal!" broke forth the Dutchman—"aint you done schmokin yet?"

"I have the privilege, you know," said the hired man quietly, of smoking now and then and taking a drop of cider."

"Yaw—yaw—put you're not to smoke and trink all the time. You must come out to vork pehint the parn I tell you—and you must come quick too; I shall not come arter you ash vonce more, I can schwear to you."

With that the Dutchman flung out of the house in a great passion, and went again to his work. But the Yankee, to his utter astonishment, did not make his appearance. After working some time in no very pleasant humour, he determined to post back to the house and send the rascal adrift. When he entered, he found him still engaged with the pipe and the mug of cider.

"Oh you coot-for-nottin, lazy, cheatin Yankee rascal, you!" said the Dutchman, stepping fiercely towards him and shaking his fist in his face—"Vat you mean, hey?"

"Dont be in a passion," coolly answered the Yankee.

"Not be in a passion hey!" said the Dutchman with increasing rage—"not pe in a passion! put I vill pe in a passion as much as I please—and I'll send you adrift about your own piziness, ferry quick too. I'll not keep zich a vellow on my premishes—not I—zo you may pick up your tuds and clear yourself out before I break your head." The enraged Dutchman seized a chair, and was about suiting the action to the word, when the Yankee reminded him of the contract. Pulling the paper from his pocket he said—

I have a right by virtue of this instrument, under your own hand, to smoke and drink cider, "*now and then*," and so long as I go according to the contract, you have no reason to find fault. *Now*, as you perceive I smoke," giving a few leisurely puffs; and *then*, as you perceive I drink cider," lifting the mug to his mouth and taking a hearty swig, "and *now* I smoke again—and so on—all according to contract."

"Yaw--put you schmoke and trink cider all the time; and do nottin else but schmoke and trink cider."

"Very well," returned the hired man, "I'm not bound to do more than is specified in the contract. I merely smoke and drink cider *now* and *then*; and if now and then takes up all the time, it's no fault of mine, you know—it is strictly according to contract."

"De tyvel take the contract and you too—you tan Yankee rascal? But I'll let you know I won't schtand it—I'll have it broken up. Here Brom, you ko and dell shquire Gobble to vetch himself here in a twinklin, mit his inkhorn, to unwrite dat rascally contract."

"There is no use in it," said the Yankee, you cant unwrite it, nor break it up, nor get over it, nor round it."

"Brom I say," persisted the Dutchman—"vetch that Shquire here formit—I'll see if de same hand cant unrite de contract what rit it."

Brom was accordingly despatched for the Squire, who came, and after wisely considering the matter, was of opinion that the contract was good—that the Yankee went strictly according to the letter—and that the letter and the spirit were one and the same thing.

"Den he has cot round me arter all, hey?" exclaimed the Dutchman, with an expression of the deepest chargrin—"I really thought I vas mosh a match, vor any cheatin yankee in de whole land, Vell, you Mister hired man, vot shmokes and drinks citer NOW and THEN, vat shall I kive you to unbreak the pargain again?"

"Oh, as to that matter," said the Yankee, I've no occasion. I've got a good place here and have no desire to change it."

"But if I kive you a little shmart monies, you'll let me off, vont you? say den tollars, dat vill pay you vor von mont's vork."

"No friend Yahler, I like you too well to quit so easily."

"Vell, den, suppose I pays you vor de whole time—I shall den save your board and lodgin, besides de shmokin and de citer."

"Very well," said the hired man, "I wont be hard with you—pay me the hundred and twenty dollars and I will throw you in the board, the smoking, &c."

The money was counted out and the Yankee, putting it safely in his pocket, shouldered his pack and departed. The next day the Dutchman was very much surprised to find his money returned, accompanied with the following letter written from the neighbouring town, which, with the help of Squire Gobble, was found to read thus:—

Friend-Yahler—I return your money, and thank you for the pipe and cider—and just give you a bit of advice, never to undertake to get round a Yankee again. Yours,

SAM. HILL.

"Vell," said the Dutchman, "dat does peat all! Who would have tought de tang Yankee was so honest? But I'll take his advice, and never undertake to cheat another Yankee zo long ash I live."

THE VETERAN TAR.

By Delta.

A MARINER, whom fate compelled
To make his home ashore,
Lived in yon cottage on the mount,
With ivy mantled o'er;
Because he could not breathe beyond
The sound of ocean's roar.

He placed yon vane upon the roof
To mark how stood the wind;
For breathless days and breezy days
Brought back old times to mind,
When rocked amid the shrouds, or on
The sunny deck reclined.

And in his spot of garden ground
All ocean plants were met—
Salt lavender that lacks perfume,
With scented mignonette;
And, blending with the roses' bloom,
Sea-thistles freak'd with jet.

Models of cannon'd ships of war,
Rigg'd out in gallant style;
Pictures of Camperdown's red fight,
And Nelson at the Nile,
Were round his cabin hung,—his hours,
When lonely to beguile.

And there were charts and soundings made,
By Anson, Cook, and Bligh;
Fractures of coral from the deep,
And stormstones from the sky;
Shells from the shores of gay Brazil;
Stuff'd birds, and fishes dry.

Old Simon had an orphan been,
No relative had he;
Even from his childhood was he seen
A haunter of the quay;
So, at the age of raw thirteen,
He took him to the sea.

Four years on board a merchantman
He sail'd—a growing lad,
And all the isles of Western Ind,
In endless summer clad,
He knew, from pastoral St. Lucie,
To palmy Trinidad.

But sterner life was in his thoughts,
When, 'mid the sea-fight's jar,
Stoop'd, Victory from the batter'd shrouds,
To crown the British tar;—
'Twas then he went—a volunteer—
On board a ship of war.

Through forty years of storm and shine,
He plough'd the changeful deep;
From where beneath the tropic line
The winged fishes leap,
To where frost rocks the Polar seas
To everlasting sleep.

I recollect the brave old man,—
Methinks upon my view
He comes again—his varnish'd hat,
Striped shirt, and jacket blue;
His bronzed and weather-beaten cheek,
Keen eye, and plaited queue.

Yon turfen bench the veteran loved
Beneath the threshold tree,
For from that spot he could survey
The broad expanse of sea—
That element, where he so long
Had been a rover free!

And lighted up his faded face,
When, drifting in the gale,
He with his telescope could catch,
Far off, a coming sail;
It was a music to his ear,
To list the sea-mews' wail!

Oft would he tell how, under Smith,
Upon the Egyptian strand,
Eager to beat the boastful French,
They join'd the men on land,
And plied their deadly shots, intrench'd
Behind their bags of sand;—

And when he told, how, through the Sound,
With Nelson in his might,
They passed the Cronberg batteries,
To quell the Dane in fight,—
His voice with vigour fill'd again!
His veteran eye with light!

But chiefly of hot Trafalgar
The brave old man would speak;
And, when he show'd his oaken stump,
A glow suffused his cheek,
While his eye fill'd—for, wound on wound
Had left him worn and weak.

Ten years, in vigorous old age,
Within that cot he dwelt;
Tranquil as falls the snow on snow,
Life's lot to him was dealt;
But came infirmity at length,
And slowly o'er him stealt.

We missed him on our seaward walk;
The children went no more
To listen to his evening talk,
Beside the cottage door;
Grim palsy held him to the bed,
Which health eschewed before.

'Twas harvest time;—day after day
Beheld him weaker grow;
Day after day, his labouring pulse
Became more faint and slow;
For, in the chambers of his heart,
Life's fire was burning low.

Thus did he waken and he wane,
Till frail as frail could be:
But duly at the hour which brings
Homeward the bird and bee,
He made them prop him in his couch,
To gaze upon the sea.

And now he watched the moving boat,
And now the moveless ships,
And now the western hills remote,
With gold upon their tips,
As ray by ray the mighty sun
Went down in calm eclipse.

Welcome as homestead to the feet
Of pilgrim, travel-tired,
Death to old Simon's dwelling came,
A thing to be desired;
And, breathing peace to all around,
The man of war expired.

Blackwood's Magazine.

THE DISASTERS OF JAN NADELTREIBER.

This man with the hard name, was a tailor at Rapps, in Bohemia, an excellent fiddler, and a merry soul, who had dreamed if he could once save fifty dollars, he should go on prospering, and in time become Mayor of Rapps. He set to work with great industry, hid his money when got, and thrice lost it when just amounting to the required sum; once by being robbed, because, as his neighbours assured him, he had not a light in his house—a second time, when, in pursuance of their advice, he burned a light, by his house taking fire: and a third time, by the roguery of his journeymen. Here our extract commences:—

"This was more than he could bear. He was perfectly cast down—disheartened—and inconsolable. 'Ah!' said his officious neighbours, coming in to condole with him, 'cheer up, man! there is nothing amiss yet. What signifies a few dollars? You will soon get plenty more with those nimble fingers of yours; you

want only somebody to help you to keep them. You must get a wife! journeymen were thieves from the first generation; you must get married!' 'Get married!' thought Jan—he was struck all in a heap at the very mention of it. 'Get married! what fine clothes to go a wooing in; and fine presents to go a wooing with; and parson's fees, and clerk's fees, wedding-dinner, and dancing, and drinking; and then doctor's fees, and nurse's fees and children without end—it is ruin upon ruin! The fifty dollars, and the mayoralty—they might wait till doomsday. Well that is good, thought Jan, as he took a little more breath they first counselled me to get a light—then went house and all in a bonfire;—next, I must get a jonrneyman—then went the money; and now they would have me bring upon me more plagues than Moses brought upon Egypt. Nay, nay, thought Jan 'you'll not catch me there neither.'

"Jan all this time was seated on his shop-board, stitching away at an amazing rate at a garment that the rascally journeyman should have finished to order at six o'clock that morning, instead of absconding with his money; and, ever and anon, so far forgetting his loss, in what appeared to him the ludicrousness of this advice, as freely to laugh out. All that day the idea continued to run in his head; the next, it had lost much of its freshness; the third, it appeared not so odd as awful; the fourth, he began to ask himself whether it might be quite so momentous as his imagination had painted it; the fifth, he really thought it was not so bad neither; the sixth, it had so worked round in his head, that it had fairly got on the other side; it appeared clearly to have its advantages, children did not come scampering into the house all at once like a flock of lambs; a wife might help to gather as well as to spend, might possibly bring something of her own; would be a perpetual watch and housekeeper in his absence; might speak a word of comfort in trouble, where even his fiddle was dumb: on the seventh, he was off! whither?

"Why it so happened, that once he had accompanied his father to see an old relation in the mountains of the Bœhmer-Wald: and there, amongst the damsels who danced to the sound of his fiddle, was a certain bergman's comely daughter, who, having got into his head in some odd association with his fiddle, could not be got out of it again; especially as he fancied, from some cause or other, that the simple creature had a lurking fondness for both his music and himself. Away he went, and he was right, the damsel made no objection to his overtures. Tall, stout, fresh, pleasent, growth of the open air and the hills, as she was, she never dreamt of despising the little skipping tailor of Rapps, though he was a head shorter than herself, and not a third of her weight. She had heard his music, and she had never heard of such a thing as family pride; but the old people! they were in perfect hysterics of wrath and contempt. Their daughter! with the exception of one brother, now on a visit to his uncle in Hungary, the sole remnant of an old substantial house, who had fed their flock

d their herds on the hills for three generations, it was death ! ison ! pestilence ! Nevertheless, as Jan and the damsel were reed, every thing else was nothing—they were married. Jan, must be confessed, was exceedingly exasperated that the future ayor of Rapps, should be thus estimated and treated, and deter- ined to shew a little spirit. As his fiddle entered into all his hemes, he resolved to have music at his wedding ; and, no soon- did he and his bride issue from the church-door, than out broke e harmony which he had provided. The fiddle played merri- 'you'll repent, repent, repent--you'll repent,—you'll repent, u'll repent, repent repent ; and the bassoon replied, in surly nes, 'and soon, and soon.' Thus they played till they reached e inn, where they dined, and then set off for Rapps.

" It is true, that there was little happiness in this affair to any e. The old people were full of anger, curses, and threats of tol disownment ; Jan's pride was goaded and perforated till he as as sore as if he had been tattooed with his own needle and dkin ; and his wife was completely drowned in sorrow at such a rting from her parents, and with no little sense of remorse for r disobedience. Nevertheless, they reached home—things be- n to assume, gradually, a more composed aspect ;—Jan loved s wife, she loved him—he was industrious, she was careful ; d they trusted, in time, to bring her parents round, when they w that they were doing well in the world.

" Again the saving scheme began to haunt Jan ; but he had e luckless notion, which was destined to cost him no little vex- ion. He had inherited from his father, together with his stock trade, a stock of old maxims, amongst which one of the chief as, that a woman cannot keep a secret. Acting on this creed, e not only never told his wife of his project of becoming mayor Rapps, but he did not even give her reason to suppose that he ad laid up a shilling ; and that she might not happen to stumble pon his money, he took care to carry it always about him. t was his delight when he got into a quiet corner, or as he came ong a retired lane from his errands, to take it out, and count it, d calculate when it would amount to this sum and to that, and hen the proposed sum would really be his own. Now it hap- ened one day that having been a good deal absorbed in these peculations, he had loitered a precious piece of time away ; and ddenly coming to himself, he set off, as was his wont, on a kind easy trot ; in which his small, light form thrown forward, his ale, grey-eyed, earnest-looking visage thrown towards the sky, d his long sky-blue coat flying in a stream behind him, he cut ne of the most extraordinary figures in the world ; and, checking s pace as he entered the town, he involuntarily clapped his hand n his pocket, and, behold ! his money was gone ; it had slipped way through a hole it had worn. In the wildness and bitterness f his loss he turned back, heartily cursing the spinner and weaver f that most detestable piece of buckram that composed his breech-

es-pocket ; that they had put it together so villainously as to break down with the carriage of a few dollors, halfpence, thimbles, balls of wax and thread, and a few other sundries, after the trifling wear of seven years, nine months, and nineteen days. He was pacing, step by step, after his lost treasure, when up came his wife, running like one wild, and telling him, as well as she could for want of breath, that he must come that instant, for the Ritter of Flachenflaps had brought new liveries for all his servants, and threatened, if he did not see Jan in five minutes, to carry the work over to the other side of the street. Here was a perplexity ! The money was not to be found, and if it were found in the presence of his wife, he regarded it as no better than lost; but found it was not, and he was forced to tell a lie into the bargain, being cought in the act of searching for something, and say he had lost his thimble ; and to make bad worse, he was in danger of losing a good job, and all the Ritter's work for ever as a consequence.—Away he ran then, groaning inwardly, at full speed; and arriving, out of breath, saw the Ritter's carriage drawn up at his opponent's door. Wormwood upon wormwood !—His money was lost ! his best customer was lost, and thrown into the hands of his detested enemy. There he beheld him and his man in a prime bustle, from day to day, while his own house was deserted. All people went where the Ritter went, of course ; his adversary was flourishing out of all bounds ; he had got a horse, to ride out and take orders, and was likely to become mayor ten years before Jan had ten dollars of his own. It was too much for even his sanguine temperament ; he sank down to the very depths of despair ; his fiddle had lost its music ; he could not abide to hear it ; he sate moody and disconsolate, with a beard an inch long. His wife, for some time, hoped it would go off ; but, seeing it come to this, she began to console and advise, to rouse his courage and his spirits. —She told him it was that horse which gave the advantage to his neighbour. While he went trudging on foot, wearying himself, and wasting his time, people came, grew impatient, and would not wait. She offered therefore, to borrow her neighbour's ass for him ; and advised him to ride out daily a little way ; it would look as though he had business in the country ; it would look as if his time was precious ; it would look well, and do his health good into the bargain. Jan liked her counsel ; it sounded exceedingly discreet ; he always thought her a gem of a woman ; but he never imagined her half so able ; what a pity a woman could not be trusted with a secret ! else had she been a helpmate past all reckoning.

" The ass, however, was got—out rode Jan—looked amazingly hurried, and being half crazed with care, people fancied he was half crazed with stress of business : work came in—things went flowingly on again ; Jan blessed his stars ; and as he grasped his cash, he every day stitched it into the crown of his cap. No more hiding holes—no more breeches' pockets

for him ; he put it under the guardianship of his own strong thread and dexterous needle ; it went on exceedingly well. Accidents, however, will occur if men will not trust their wives ; and especially if they will not avoid awkward habits. Now Jan had a strange habit of sticking his needles on his breeches' knees, as he sat at work ; and sometimes he would have half a dozen on each knee for half a dozen days. His wife told him to take them out when he came down from his board, and often took them out herself, but it was of no use. He was just in this case one day as he rode out to take measure of a gentleman about five miles off. The ass, to his thinking, was in a remarkably brisk mood. Off it went, without whip or spur, at a good active trot, and not satisfied with trotting, soon fairly proceeded to a gallop. Jan was full of wonder at the beast ; commonly it tired his arm worse with thrashing it, during his hour's ride, than the exercise of his goose and sleeve board did for a whole day ; but now he was fain to pull it in. It was to no purpose—faster than ever it dashed on—prancing, running sideways, wincing, and beginning to show a most ugly temper. What, in the name of all Balaam's, could possess the animal, he could not for his life conceive ; the only chance of safety appeared to be in clinging with both arms and legs to it, like a boa-constrictor to its victim ; when, shy ! away it flew, as if it were driven by a legion of devils. In a moment it stopped—down went its head—up went its hind heels—and Jan found himself some ten yards off in the middle of a pond. He escaped drowning—you might as easily have drowned a rush : but his cap was gone—the dollars in the crown had sunk it past recovery. He came home dripping like a drowned mouse, with a most deplorable tale, but with no more knowledge of the cause of his disaster than the man in the moon, till he tore his fingers on the needles in abstracting his wet clothes.

"Fortune now seemed to have said, as plainly as she could speak—'Jan confide in your wife. You see all your schemes without her fail. Open your heart to her ; deal fairly—generously, and you will reap the sweets of it. It was all in vain ;—he had not yet come to his senses. Obstinate as a mule, he determined to try once more. But, good bye to the ass ! The only thing he resolved to mount was his shop-board ; that bore him well, and brought him continued good, could he only contrive to keep it.

"His wife, I said, was from the mountains ; she therefore liked the sight of trees. Now in Jan's back-yard there was neither tree nor turf ; so she got some tubs, and in them she planted a variety of fir-trees, which made a pleasant appearance ; and gave a help to her imagination of the noble pines of her native scene. In one of these tubs Jan conceived the singular idea of depositing his treasure. 'Nobody will meddle with the tubs,' he thought ; so, accordingly, from week to week, he concealed in one of them his acquisitions. This had gone on a long time. He had been out collecting some of his debts ; he had succeeded beyond his hopes ; he

came back exulting ; the sum was saved ; and, in the gladness o his heart he had bought his wife a new gown. He bounded int the house with the lightness of seventeen ; his wife was not there he looked into the yard—saints and angels !—what is that ? He beheld his wife busy with the trees ; they were uprooted, and la on the ground, and every particle of soil was thrown out of th tubs. In the delirium of consternation he flew to ask what sh had been doing—' Oh, the trees did not flourish, poor things ; the looked sickly and pining ; she determined to give them some so more suitable to their natures ; she had thrown the other earth in to the river at the bottom of the yard.' ' And you have throw into the river the hoarding of three years—the money which ha cost me many a weary day, and many an anxious night ; the mo ney which would have made our fortunes ; in short, that woul have made me mayor of Rapps,' exclaimed Jan, perfectly throw off his guard to the exposure of his secret ! 'Why did you not tel me of it ?' said his wife, kindly, gently, and self-reproachingly ' Aye, that is a question !' said he. And it was a question ; fo spite of his apparent testiness, it had occurred to his mind som dozens of times ; and now it came back with such an unction, tha even when he thought he treated it with contempt, it had fixe itself upon his better reason, and never left him till it had worke a most fortunate revolution. He said to himself, ' had I told m wife from the first, it could not possibly have happened worse and it is very likely it would have happened better ; for the futur then, be it so !' Wherefore he unfolded to her the whole histor and mystery of his troubles and his hopes. Now Mrs Jan Nade treiber had great cause to feel herself offended, most grievous offended ; but she was not at all of a touchy temper. She was sweet, tender, patient creature, who desired her husband's honou and prosperity beyond everything. So she sat down, and in th most mild, yet acute and able manner, laid down to him a plan operations, and promised him such aids and succours, that, struc at once with shame, contrition, and admiration, he sprung up, clas ed her to his heart, called her the very gem of womanhood, an skipped three or four times across the flour like a man gone ou of his senses. The truth, is, however, he was but just come in them.

" From this day a new life was begun in Jan's house.—Ther he sat at his work—there sat his wife by his side, aiding and co triving with a woman's wit, a woman's love, and a woman's adro ness. She was worth ten journeymen. Work never came in fa ter, never gave such satisfaction, never brought in so much money and, besides, such harmony and affection was there in the hous such delectable discourse did they hold together ! There was n thing to conceal ; Jan's thoughts flowed like a great stream, an when they grew a little wild and visionary, as they were apt to his wife smoothed and reduced them to sobriety, with such a del cate tact, that, so far from feeling offended, he was delighted be

yond expression with her prudence. The fifty dollars were raised in almost no time ; and, as if the prognostic of their being the seed of a fortune were to be fulfilled immediately, they came in opportunely to purchase a lot of cloth, which more than trebled its cost, and gave infinite satisfaction to his customers. Jan saw that the tide was rapidly rising with him, and his wife urged him to push on with it ; to take a larger house ; to get more hands, and to cut such a figure as should at once eclipse his rival. The thing was done ; but, as their capital was still found scanty for such an establishment, his wife resolved to try what she could do to increase it.

" I should have said, had not the current of Jan's disasters run too strong upon me, that his wife's parents were dead, and died without giving her any token of reconciliation ; a circumstance which, although it cut her to the heart, did not quite cast her down, feeling that she had done nothing but what a parent might forgive ; being, all of us, creatures alike liable to err, and demanding, alike, some little indulgence for our weaknesses and our fancies. The brother was now sole representative of the family, and, knowing the generosity of his nature, she determined to pay him a visit, although in a condition very unfit for travelling. She went; her brother received her with all his early affection ; in his house her first child was born ; and so much did she and her bantling win upon his heart, that, when the time came that she must return, nothing would serve but he must take her himself. She had been so loud in the praises of Jan, that he determined to go and shake him by the hand. It would have done any one good to see this worthy mountaineer setting forth ; himself firmly seated on his great horse, his sister behind him, and the brat slung safely on one side, cradled in his corn-hopper. It would have been equally pleasant to see him set down his charge at the door of Jan's new house, and behold with wonder that merry minikin of a man, all smiles and gesticulations, come forth to receive them. The contrast between Jan and his brother-in-law was truly amusing. He a shadowy-like homunculus, so light and dry that every wind threatened to blow him before it, the bergman with a countenance like the rising sun, the stature of a giant; and limbs like an elephant. Jan watched with considerable anxiety the experiment of his kinsman's seating himself in a chair: the chair however stood firm, and the good man surveyed Jan in return, with a curious and critical air, as if doubtful whether he must hold him in contempt for the want of that solid matter of which he himself had too much. Jan's good qualities, however, got the better of him. ' The man is a man,' said he to himself, very philosophically, ' and as he is good to my sister, he shall know of it.' So, as he took his departure, he seized one of Jan's hands with a cordial gripe, that was felt through every limb, and into the other he put a bag of one thousand dollars ! ' My sister shall not be a beggar in her husband's house ; this is properly her own, and much good may it do you !'

" I need not prolong my story ; the new tailor soon fled before

the star of Jan's ascendancy. Jan was speedily installed in the office of Mayor of Rapps, in his eyes the highest of all earthly dignities; and, if he had one trouble left, it was only in the reflection that he might have obtained his wishes years before, had he better understood the heart of a good woman."

[The above extract is the composition of Robert Howitt, who assisted by his wife, the celebrated Mary Howitt has lately published a very popular volume entitled the "Book of the Seasons." The author and authoress belong to the sect of Quakers, and "The Disasters of Jan Nadeltreiber" exhibit the gayer qualities of Robert Howitt's pen.]

A FUNERAL AT SEA.

"It need not be mentioned, that the surgeon is in constant attendance upon the dying man, who has generally been removed from his hammock to a cot, which is larger and more commodious, and is placed within a screen on one side of the sick bay, as the hospital of the ship is called. It is usual for the captain to pass through this place, and to speak to the men every morning; and I imagine there is hardly a ship in the service in which wine, fresh meat, and other supplies recommended by the surgeon, are not sent from the tables of the captain and officers to such of the sick men as require a more generous diet than the ship's stores provided. After the carver in the gun-room has helped his messmates he generally turns to the surgeon, and says, 'Doctor, what shall I send to the sick?' But, even without this, the steward would certainly be taken to task were he to omit inquiring, as a matter of course, what was wanted in the sick bay. The restoration of the health of the invalids by such supplies is perhaps not more important, however, than the moral influence of the attention on the part of the officers. I would strongly recommend every captain to be seen (no matter for how short a time) by the bed-side of any of his crew whom the surgeon may report as dying. Not occasionally, and in the flourishing style with which we read of great generals visiting hospitals, but uniformly and in the quiet sobriety of real kindness, as well as hearty consideration for the feelings of a man falling at his post in the service of his country. He who is killed in action has a brilliant Gazette to record his exploits, and the whole country may be said to attend his death-bed. But the merit is not less—or may even be much greater—of soldier or sailor who dies of a fever in a distant land: his story untold, and his sufferings unseen. In warring against climates unsuited to his frame, he may have encountered, in the public service, enemies often more formidable than those who handle pike and gun. There should be nothing left undone, therefore, at such a time, to show not only to the dying man, but to his shipmates and his family at home, that his services are appreciated. I remember on one occasion, hearing the captain

of a ship say to a poor fellow who was almost gone, that he was glad to see him so cheerful at such a moment; and begged to know if he had any thing to say. 'I hope, sir,' said the expiring seaman with a smile, 'I have done my duty to your satisfaction?' 'That you have, my lad,' said his commander, 'and got the satisfaction of our country, too.'

"That's all I wanted to know, sir,' replied the man. These few commonplace words cost the captain not five minutes of his time, but were long recollected with gratitude by the people under his orders, and contributed, along with many other graceful acts of considerate attention, to fix his authority.

"If a sailor who knows he is dying, has a captain who pleases him, he is very likely to send a message by the surgeon to beg a visit—not often to trouble his commander with any commission, but merely to say something at parting. No officer, of course, would ever refuse to grant such an interview, but it appears to me it should always be volunteered; for many wish it, whose habitual respect would disincline them to take such a liberty, even at the moment when all distinctions are about to cease.

"Very shortly after poor Jack dies, he is prepared for his deep-sea grave by his messmates, who, with the assistance of the sail-maker, and in the presence of the master-at-arms, sew him up in his hammock, and, having placed a couple of cannon-shot at his feet, they rest the body (which now not a little resembles an Egyptian mummy) on a spare grating. Some portion of the bedding and clothes are always made up in the package, apparently to prevent the form being too much seen. It is then carried aft, and, being placed across the afterhatchway, the union jack is thrown over all. Sometimes it is placed between two of the guns, under the half deck; but generally, I think, he is laid where I have mentioned, just abaft the mainmast. I should have mentioned before, that as soon as the surgeon's ineffectual professional offices are at an end, he walks to the quarter-deck, and reports to the officer of the watch that one of his patients has just expired. At whatever hour of the day or night this occurs, the captain is immmediately made acquainted with the circumstance.

"Next day, generally about eleven o'clock, the bell on which the half hours are struck, is tolled for the funeral, and all who choose to be present, assemble on the gangways, booms, and round the mainmast, while the forepart of the quarter-deck is occupied by the officers. In some ships—and it ought perhaps to be so in all—it is made imperative on the officers and crew to attend the ceremony. If such attendance be a proper mark of respect to a professional brother—as it surely is—it ought to be enforced, and not left to caprice. There may, indeed, be times of great fatigue, when it would harass men and officers, needlessly, to oblige them to come on deck for every funeral, and upon such occasions the watch on deck may be sufficient. Or, when some dire disease gets into a ship, and is cutting down her crew by its daily and nightly, or it may be hourly ravages, and when,

two or three times in a watch, the ceremony must be repeated those only, whose turn it is to be on deck, need be assembled. In such fearful times, the funeral is generally made to follow close upon the death.

"While the people are repairing to the quarter deck, in obedience to the summons of the bell, the grating on which the body is placed, being lifted from the main-deck by the messmates of the man who has died, is made to rest across the lee-gangway. The staunchions for the man-ropes of the side are unshipped, and an opening made at the latter end of the hammock netting, sufficiently large to allow a free passage. The body is still covered by the flag already mentioned, with the feet projecting a little over the gunwale, while the messmates of the deceased arrange themselves on each side. A rope, which is kept out of sight in these arrangements, is then made fast to the grating, for a purpose which will be seen presently. When all is ready, the chaplain, if there be one on board, or, if not, the captain, or any of the officers he may direct to officiate, appears on the quarter-deck and commences the beautiful service, which though but too familiar to most ears, I have observed, never fails to rivet the attention even of the rudest and least reflecting. Of course, the bell has ceased to toll, and every one stands in silence and uncovered as the prayers are read. Sailors, with all their looseness of habits, are well disposed to be sincerely religious; and when they have fair play given them, they will always, I believe, be found to stand on as good vantage ground, in this respect, as their fellow-countrymen on shore. Be this as it may, there can be no more attentive, or apparently reverent auditory, than assembles on the deck of a ship of war, on the occasion of a shipmate's burial.

"The land service for the burial of the dead contains the following words: 'Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God, of his great mercy, to take unto himself the soul of our dear brother here departed, we therefore commit his body to the ground earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust; in sure and certain hope,' &c. Every one I am sure, who has attended the funeral of a friend—and whom will this not include?—must recollect the solemnity of that stage of the ceremony, where, as the above words are pronounced, there are cast into the grave three successive portions of earth, which, falling on the coffin, send up a hollow, mournful sound, resembling no other that I know. In the burial service at sea, the part quoted above is varied in the following very striking and solemn manner:—'Forasmuch,' &c.—'we therefore commit his body to the deep, to be turned into corruption, looking for the resurrection of the body, when the sea shall give up her dead, and the life of the world to come,' &c.—At the commencement of this part of the service, one of the seamen stoops down, and disengages the flag from the remains of his late shipmate, while the others, at the words 'we commit his body to the deep,' project the grating right into the sea. The body

being loaded with shot at one end, glances off the grating, plunges at once into the ocean, and—

> 'In a moment, like a drop of rain,
> He sinks into its depths with bubbling groan,
> Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.'

"This part of the ceremony is rather less impressive than the correspondent part on land; but still there is something solemn, as well as startling, in the sudden splash, followed by the sound of the grating, as it is towed along under the main chains.

"In a fine day at sea, in smooth water, and when all the ship's company and officers are assembled, the ceremony just described, although a melancholy one, as it must always be, is often so pleasing, all things considered, that it is calculated to leave even cheerful impressions on the mind."

(Even Captain Hall however, admits that a sea-funeral may sometimes be a scene of unmixed sadness; and he records the following as the most impressive of all the hundreds he has witnessed. It occurred in the Leander, off the coast of North America.)

"There was a poor little middy on board, so delicate and fragile, that the sea was clearly no fit profession for him; but he or his friends thought otherwise; and as he had a spirit for which his frame was no match, he soon gave token of decay. This boy was a great favourite with every body—the sailors smiled whenever he passed, as they would have done to a child—the officers petted him, and coddled him up with all sorts of good things—and his messmates, in a style which did not altogether please him, but which he could not well resist, as it was meant most kindly, nick-named him Dolly. Poor fellow!—he was long remembered afterwards. I forget what his particular complaint was, but he gradually sunk; and at last went out just as a taper might have done, exposed to such gusts of wind as blew in tempestuous regions. He died in the morning; but it was not until the evening that he was prepared for a seaman's grave.

"I remember, in the course of the day, going to the side of the boy's hammock, and on laying my hand upon his breast, was astonished to find it still warm—so much so, that I almost imagined I could feel the heart beat. This, of course, was a vain fancy; but I was much attached to my little companion, being then not much taller myself—and I was soothed and gratified in a childish way, by discovering that my friend, though many hours dead, had not yet acquired the usual revolting chillness.

"In after years I have sometimes thought of this incident, when reflecting on the pleasing doctrine of the Spaniards—that as soon as children die, they are translated into angels, without any of those cold obstructions, which, they pretend, intercept and retard the souls of other mortals. The peculiar circumstances connected with the funeral which I am about to describe, and the fanciful

superstitions of the sailors upon the occasion, have combined to fix the whole scene in my memory.

"Something occurred during the day to prevent the funeral taking place at the usual hour, and the ceremony was deferred till long after sunset. The evening was extremely dark, and it was blowing a treble-reefed topsail breeze. We had just sent down the top gallant yards, and made all snug for a boisterous winter night. As it became necessary to have lights to see what was done, several signal lanterns were placed on the break of the quarter deck, and others along the hammock railings on the lee-gangway. The whole ship's company and officers were assembled, some on the booms, others in the boats; while the main rigging was crowded half way up the cat-harpings. Overhead, the main sail, illuminated as high as the yard by the lamps, was bulging forwards under the gale, which was rising every minute, and straining so violently at the main-sheet, that there was some doubt whether it might not be necessary to interrupt the funeral in order to take sail off the ship. The lower deck ports lay completely under water, and several times the muzzles of the main-deck guns were plunged into the sea; so that the end of the grating on which the remains of poor Dolly were laid, once or twice nearly touched the tops of the waves, as they foamed and hissed past. The rain fell fast on the bare heads of the crew, dropping also on the officers, during all the ceremony, from the foot of the main sail, and wetting the leaves of the prayer-book. The wind sighed over us amongst the wet shrouds, with a note so mournful, that there could not have been a more appropriate dirge.

"The ship—pitching violently—strained and creaked from end to end: so that, what with the noise of the sea, the rattling of the ropes, and the whistling of the wind, hardly one word of the service could be distinguished. The men, however, understood, by a motion of the captain's hand, when the time came—and the body of our dear little brother was committed to the deep.

"So violent a squall was sweeping past the ship at this moment that no sound was heard of the usual splash, which made the sailors allege that their young favourite never touched the water at all, but was at once carried off in the gale to his final resting place!"—*Captain Basil Hall.*

THE ACCEPTED.

By Thomas Haynes Bayly.

I THANK you for that downncast look,
And for that blushing cheek;
I would not have you raise your eyes,
I would not have you speak:
Though mute, I deem thee eloquent,
I ask no other sign
While thus your little hand remains
Confidingly in mine.

I know you fain would hide from me
The tell-tale tears that steal
Unbidden forth, and half betray
The anxious fears you feel:
From friends long tried and dearly loved
The plighted bride must part:
Then freely weep—I could not love
A cold unfeeling heart.

I know you love your cottage home,
Where in the summer time,
Your hand has taught the clematis
Around the porch to climb:
Yon casement with the wild rose screen,
Yon little garden too
How many fond remembrances
Endear them all to you!

You sigh to leave your mother's roof,
Though on my suit she smiled,
And, spurning ev'ry selfish thought,
Gave up her darling chiid;
Sigh not for HER, she now may claim
Kind deed from more than one;
She'll gaze upon her Daughter's smiles
Supported by her SON!

I thank you for that look—it speaks
Reliance on my truth;
And never shall unkindness wound
Your unsuspecting youth:
If fate should frown, and anxious thoughts
Oppress your husband's mind,
Oh! never fear to cling to me,—
I could not be unkind.

Come, look upon the golden ring--
You have no cause to shrink,
Though oft tis galling as the slave's
Indissoluble link!
And look upon yon Church, the place
Of blessing and of prayer;
Before the altar hear my vows—
Who could dissemble there?

Come to my home ; your bird shall have
As tranquil a retreat ;
Your dog shall find a resting place,
And slumber at your feet :
And while you turn your spinning wheel,
Oh ! let me hear you sing,
Or I shall think you cease to love.
Your little golden ring.

JOURNEY DOWN THE OHIO.

From Audubon's Ornithological Biography.

[Audubon is a celebrated American, of French descent, who has devo many years of his life to the study of American Birds. He is now p lishing in England, engraved copies of his splendid drawings in Or thology, accompanied by four volumes of letter press. The extent of t work may be imagined, when it is known, that the cost of the plate which are issuing in numbers—is to be 100 guineas.]

" When my wife, my eldest son (then an infant), and mys were returning from Pennsylvania to Kentucky, we found it e pedient, the waters being unusually low, to provide ourselv with a *skiff*, to enable us to proceed to our abode at Henders I purchased a large, commodious, and light boat of that denomin tion. We procured a mattrass, and our friends furnished us w re dy prepared viands. We had two stout Negro rowers, and this trim we left the village of Shippingport, in expectation reaching the place of our destination in a very few days.

" It was in the month of October. The autumnal tints alrea decorated the shores of that queen of rivers, the Ohio. Every tr was hung with long and flowing festoons of different species vines, many loaded with clustered fruits of varied brilliancy, th rich bronzed carmine mingling beautifully with the yellow tol which now predominated over the yet green leaves, reflec more lively tints from the clear stream than ever landscape pa ter portrayed or poet imagined.

" The days were yet warm. The sun had assumed the r and glowing hue which at that season produces the singular ph nomenon called there the ' Indian Summer.' The moon had ei ther passed the meridian of her grandeur. We glided down t river, meeting no other ripple of the water than that formed the propulsion of our boat. Leisurely we moved along, gazing day on the grandeur and beauty of the wild scenery around us.

" Now and then, a large cat-fish rose to the surface of the w ter in pursuit of a shoal of fry, which, starting simultaneous from the liquid element, like so many silvery arrows, produced shower of light, while the pursuer with open jaws seized t ragglers, and, with a splash of his tail, disappeared from

view. Other fishes we heard uttering beneath our bark a rumbling noise, the strange sounds of which we discovered to proceed from the white perch, for on casting our net from the bow we caught several of that species, when the noise ceased for a time.

"Nature, in her varied arrangements, seems to have felt a partiality towards this portion of our country. As the traveller ascends or descends the Ohio, he cannot help remarking that alternately, nearly the whole length of the river, the margin, on one side, is bounded by lofty hills and a rolling surface, while on the other, extensive plains of the richest alluvial land are seen as far as the eye can command the view. Islands of varied size and form rise here and there from the bosom of the water, and the winding course of the stream frequently brings you to places where the idea of being on a river of great length changes to that of floating on a lake of moderate extent. Some of these islands are of considerable size and value; while others, small and insignificant, seem as if intended for contrast, and as serving to enhance the general interest of the scenery. These little islands are frequently overflowed during great freshets or floods; and receive at their heads prodigious heaps of drifted timber. We foresaw with great concern the alterations that cultivation would soon produce along those delightful banks.

"As night came, sinking in darkness the broader portions of the river, our minds became affected by strong emotions, and wandered far beyond the present moments. The tinkling of bells told us that the cattle which bore them were gently roving from valley to valley in search of food, or returning to their distant homes. The hooting of the Great Owl, or the muffled noise of its wings as it sailed smoothly over the stream, were matters of interest to us; so was the sound of the boatman's horn, as it came winding more and more softly from afar. When daylight returned, many songsters burst forth with echoing notes, more and more mellow to the listening ear. Here and there the lonely cabin of a squatter struck the eye, giving note of commencing civilization. The crossing of a stream by a deer foretold how soon the hills would be covered with snow.

"Many sluggish flat-boats we overtook and passed: some laden with produce from the different head-waters of the small rivers that pour their tributary streams into the Ohio; others, of less dimensions, crowded with emigrants from distant parts, in search of a new home. Purer pleasures I never felt; nor have you, reader, I ween, unless indeed you have felt the like, and in such company.

"The margins of the shores and of the river were at this season amply supplied with game. A wild turkey, a grouse, or a blue-winged teal, could be procured in a few moments; and we fared well, for, whenever we pleased, we landed, struck up a fire, and, provided as we were with the necessary utensils, procured a good repast.

"Several of these happy days passed, and we neared our home, when one evening, not far from Pigeon Creek (a small stream which runs into the Ohio, from the State of Indiana), a loud and strange noise was heard, so like the yells of Indian warfare, that we pulled at our oars, and made for the opposite side as fast and as quietly as possible. The sounds increased, we imagined we heard cries of 'murder;' and as we knew that some depredations had lately been committed in the country by dissatisfied parties of aborigines, we felt for a while extremely uncomfortable. Ere long, however, our minds became more calmed, and we plainly discovered, that the singular uproar was produced by some Methodists, who had wandered thus far out of the common way, for the purpose of holding one of their annual camp meetings, under the shade of a beech forest. Without meeting with any other interruption, we reached Henderson, distant from Shippingport by water about two hundred miles.

"When I think of these times, and call back to my mind the grandeur and beauty of those almost uninhabited shores; when I picture to myself the dense and lofty summits of the forest, that everywhere spread along the hills, and overhung the margins of the stream, unmolested by the axe of the settler; when I know how dearly purchased the safe navigation of that river has been by the blood of many worthy Virginians; when I see that no longer any aborigines are to be found there, and that the vast herds of elks, deer, and buffaloes which once pastured on these hills and in these valleys, making for themselves great roads to the several salt-springs, have ceased to exist; when I reflect that all this grand portion of our Union, instead of being in a state of nature, is now more or less covered with villages, farms, and towns, where the din of hammers and machinery is constantly heard; that the woods are fast disappearing under the axe by day, and the fire by night; that hundreds of steam-boats are gliding to and fro over the whole length of the majestic river, forcing commerce to take root and to prosper at every spot; when I see the surplus population of Europe coming to assist in the destruction of the forest, and transplanting civilization into its darkest recesses;—when I remember that these extraordinary changes have all taken place in the short period of twenty years, I pause, wonder, and although I know all to be fact, can scarcely believe its reality.

"Whether these changes are for the better or for the worse I shall not pretend to say; but in whatever way my conclusions may incline, I feel with regret that there are on record no satisfactory accounts of the state of that portion of the country from the time when our people first settled in it. This has not been because no one in America is able to accomplish such an undertaking. Our Irvings and our Coopers have proved themselves fully competent for the task. It has more probably been because the changes have succeeded each other with such rapidity, as almost to rival the movements of their pen. However,

not too late yet; and I sincerely hope that either or both of them will ere long furnish the generations to come with those delightful descriptions which they are so well qualified to give, of the original state of a country that has been so rapidly forced to change her form and attire under the influence of increasing population. Yes; I hope to read, ere I close my earthly career, accounts, from those delightful writers, of the progress of civilization in the western country. They will speak of the Clarks, the Croghans, the Boons, and many other men of great and daring enterprise. They will analyze, as it were, into each component part, the country as it once existed, and will render the picture, as it ought to be, immortal."

DELIVERANCE OF VIENNA.

The achievment which has immortalized the name of John Sobieski—King of Poland—is the deliverance of Vienna in 1683. M. S Ivandy, French historian, gives the following interesting account of that achievment:]—

"Some scouts reached the summit of the ridge long before the remainder of the army, and from thence beheld the countless myriads of the Turkish tents extending to the walls of Vienna. Terrified at the sight, they returned in dismay, and a contagious panic began to spread through the army. The king had need, to reassure his troops, of all the security of his countenance, the gaiety of his discourse, and the remembrance of the multitudes of the infidels whom he had dispersed in his life. The Janizzaries of his guard, who surrounded him on the march, were so many living monuments of his victories, and every one was astonished that he ventured to attack the Musselmen with such an escort. He offered to send them to the rear, or even to give them a safe conduct to the Turkish camp, but they all answered with tears in their eyes, that they would live and die with him. His heroism subjugated alike Infidels and Christians, chiefs and soldiers.

"At length, on Saturday, September 11th, the army encamped, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, on the sterile and inhospitable summit of the Calemberg, and occupied the convent of Camaldoli and the old castle of Leopoldsburg. Far beneath extended the vast and uneven plain of Austria: its smoking capital, the gilded tents, and countless host of the besiegers; while at the foot of the ridge, where the mountain sunk into the plain, the forests and ravines were occupied by the advanced guards, prepared to dispute the passage of the army."

There it was that they lighted the fires which spread joy and hope through every heart at Vienna.

"After a siege of eight months, and open trenches for sixty days, Vienna was reduced to the last extremity. Famine, disease, and

the sword, had cut off two-thirds of its garrison ; and the inhabitants, depressed by incessant toil for the last six months, and sickened by long deferred hope, were given up to despair. Many breaches were made in the walls ; the massy bastions were crumbling in ruins, and entrenchments thrown up in haste in the streets formed the last resource of the German capital. Stahremborg, the governor, had announced the necessity of surrendering if not relieved in three days ; and every night signals of distress from the summits of the steeples, announced the extremities to which they were reduced. " One evening, the sentinel who was on the watch at the top of the steeple of St Stephen's, perceived a blazing flame on the summits of the Calemberg ; soon after an army was seen preparing to descend the ridge. Every telescope was now turned in that direction, and from the brilliancy of their lances, and the splendour of their banners, it was easy to see that it was the Hussars of Poland, so redoubtable to the Osmanlis, who were approaching. The Turks were immediately to be seen dividing their vast host into divisions, one destined to oppose this new enemy, and one to continue the assaults on the besieged. At the sight of the terrible conflict which was approaching, the women and children flocked to the churches, while Stahremborg led forth all that remained of the men to the breaches.

" The Duke of Lorraine set forth with a few horsemen to join the King of Poland, and learn the art of war, as he expressed it, under so great a master. The two illustrious commanders soon concerted a plan of operations, and Sobieski encamped on the Danube, with all his forces, united to the troops of the empire. It was with tears of joy, that the sovereigns, generals, and the soldiers of the Imperialists received the illustrious chief whom heaven had sent to their relief. Before his arrival discord reigned in their camp, but all now yielded obedience to the Polish hero.

" The Duke of Lorraine had previously constructed at Tuln, six leagues below Vienna, a triple bridge, which Kara Mustapha, the Turkish commander, allowed to be formed without opposition. The German Electors nevertheless hesitated to cross the river ; the severity of the weather, long rains, and roads now almost impassable, augmented their alarms. But the King of Poland was a stranger alike to hesitation as fear ; the state of Vienna would admit of no delay. The last dispatch of Stahremborg was simply in these words : ' There is no time to lose.'—' There is no reverse to fear,' exclaimed Sobieski ; ' the general who at the head of 300,000 men could allow that bridge to be constructed in his teeth, cannot fail to be defeated.'

" On the following day the liberators of Christendom passed in review before their allies. The Poles marched first ; the spectators were astonished at the magnificence of their arms, the splendour of their dresses, and the beauty of the horses. The infantry was less brilliant ; one regiment in particular, by its battered appearance, hurt the pride of the monarch—' Look well at those

brave men,' said he to the Imperialists ; ' it is an invincible battalion, who have sworn never to renew their clothing, till they are arrayed in the spoils of the Turks.' These words were repeated to the regiments ; if they did not, says the annalist, clothe them, they encircled every man with a cuirass.

" The Christian army, when all assembled, amounted to 70,000 men, of whom only 30,000 were infantry. Of these the Poles were 18,000.—The principle disquietude of the King was on account of the abseuce of the Cossacks, whom Mynzwicki had promised to bring up to his assistance.

" Trusting in their vast multitudes, the Turks pressed the assault of Vienna on the one side, while on the other they faced the liberating army. The Turkish vizier counted in his ranks four Christian princes and as many Tartar chiefs. All the nobles of Germany and Poland were on the other side ; Sobieski was at once the Agamemnon and Achilles of that splendid host.

" The young Eugene of Savoy made his first essay in arms, by bringing to Sobieski the intelligence that the engagement was commenced between the advanced guards at the foot of the ridge. The Christians immediately descended the mountains in five columns like torrents, but marching in the finest order : the leading divisions halted at every hundred paces to give time to those behind, who were retarded by the difficulties of the descent to join them. A rude parapet, hastily erected by the Turks to bar the five debouches of the roads into the plain, was forced after a short combat. At every ravine, the Christians experienced fresh obstacles to surmount : the spahis dismounted to contest the rocky ascents, and speedily regaining their horses when they were forced, fell back in haste to their next positions which were to be defended. But the Mussulmen, deficient in infantry, could not withstand the steady advance and solid masses of the Germans, and the Christians everywhere gained ground. Animated by the continued advance of their deliverers, the garrison of Vienna performed miracles on the breach ; and Kara Mustapha, who long hesitated which battle he should join, resolved to meet the avenging squadrons of the Polish King.

" By two o'clock the ravines were cleared, and the allies drawn up in the plain. Sobieski ordered the Duke of Lorraine to halt, to give time for the Poles, who had been retarded by a circuitous march to join the army. At eleven they appeared, and took their post on the right. The Imperial eagles saluted the squadrons of gilded cuirasses with cries of ' Long live King John Sobieski !' and the cry, repeated along the Christian line, startled the Mussulman force.

" Sobieski charged in the centre, and directed his attack against the scarlet tent of the sultan, surrounded by his faithful squadrons —distinguished by his splendid plume, his bow, and quiver of gold, which hung on his shoulder—most of all by the enthusiasm which his presence everywhere excited. He advanc-

ed, exclaiming, 'Non nobis, Domine, sed tibi sit gloria!' The Tartars and the spahis fled when they heard the name of the Polish hero repeated from one end to the other of the Ottoman lines. 'By Allah,' exclaimed Sulton Gieray, 'the king is with them!' At this moment the moon was eclipsed, and the Mahometans beheld with dread the crescent waning in the heavens.

"At the same time, the hussars of Prince Alexander, who formed the leading column, broke into a charge amidst the national cry, 'God defend Poland!' The remaining squadrons, led by all that was noblest and bravest in the country, resplendent in arms, buoyant in courage, followed at the gallop. They cleared without drawing bridle, a ravine, at which infantry might have paused, and charged furiously up the opposite bank. With such vehemence did they enter the enemy's ranks, that they fairly cut the army in two,—justifying thus the celebrated saying of that haughty nobility to one of their kings, that with their aid no reverse was irreparable; and that if the heaven itself were to fall, they would support it on the points of their lances.

"The shock was so violent that almost all the lances were splintered. The Pachas of Aleppo and of Silistria were slain on the spot; four other pachas fell under the sabres of Jablonowski. At the same time Charles of Lorraine had routed the force of the principalities, and threatened the Ottoman camp. Kara Mustapha fell at once from the heights of confidence to the depths of despair. 'Can you not aid me?' said he to the Kara of the Crimea. 'I know the King of Poland,' said he, 'and I tell you, that with such an enemy we have no chance of safety but in flight.' Mustapha in vain strove to rally his troops; all, seized with a sudden panic, fled, not daring to lift their eyes to heaven. The cause of Europe, of Christianity, of civilization, had prevailed. The wave of the Mussulman power had retired, and retired never to return.

"At six in the evening, Sobieski entered the Turkish camp. He arrived first at the quarters of the vizier. At the entrance of that vast enclosure a slave met him, and presented him with the charger and golden bridle of Mustapha. He took the bridle, and ordered one of his followers to set out in haste for the Queen of Poland, and say that he who owned that bridle was vanquished. He then planted his standard in the midst of that armed caravansera of all the nations of the East, and ordered Charles of Lorraine to drive the besiegers from the trenches before Vienna. It was already done: the Janizzaries had left their posts on the approach of night, and, after sixty days of open trenches, the imperial city was delivered.

"On the following morning the magnitude of the victory appeared. One hundred and twenty thousand tents were still standing, notwithstanding the attempts at their destruction by the Turks: the innumerable multitude of the Orientals had disappeared; but their spoils, their horses, their camels, their splendour, loaded the ground. The king at ten approached Vienna. He passed through

he breach, whereby but for him on that day the Turks would ave found an entrance. At his approach the streets were clear- d of their ruins ; and the people, issuing from their cellars and heir tottering houses, gazed with enthusiasm on their deliverer. They followed him to the church of the Augustins, where, as the clergy had not arrived, the King himself chaunted *Te Deum.*— This service was soon after performed with still greater solemnity n the cathedral of St. Stephen ; the king joined with his face to he ground. It was there that the priest used the inspired words, There was a man sent from heaven, and his name was John.' "

MONTHLY RECORD.

RELIGION.—A comparative table, compiled to show the cost of eligion in all the christian world, gives the following striking otal: the churches of France, U. S. America, Spain, Hungary, taly, Austria, Switzerland, Prussia, German States, Netherlands, Denmark, Sweden, Christian Turkey, and South America—are sup- osed to have 195,673,000 hearers, whose clergy receive, an- ually, £3,591,500.—While the established Churches of Eng- and and Ireland are supposed to have 6,400,000 hearers, whose lergy are paid £8,836,000 !

GREAT BRITAIN—*The Queen.*—By a late act of Parliament £100.000 per annum are settled on her Majesty in case she sur- ives the King—also the residence of Marlborough house, and the odge and rangership of Bushy park.

The Reform Bill, is advancing, but slowly, on account of Tory pposition.

Economy.—The Government estimates for 1831 are £141,650 ess than those of 1830.—The Revenue is in an improving state, lthough reduction of taxes occasion a nominal decrease.

Coronation.—Their Majesties were to be crowned on Sept. 8, n Westminister Abbey ; the procession, banquet, and other ex- ensive shows to be dispensed with.

The New London Bridge was opened by his Majesty, with great plendor on the anniversary of the battle of the Nile.

" The elevation of the bridge consists of five very beautifully ormed elliptical arches, the central one of which is one hundred nd fifty-two feet in span (the largest elliptical stone arch in ex- stence), and twenty-nine feet six inches in height. The piers on ach side of this magnificent granite arch are twenty-four feet in idth. The arches on each side of the centre arch are one hun- red and forty-feet span, and twenty-seven feet six inches rise. he piers between these and the land arches are twenty-two feet

each. The extreme arches nearest to the shores are one hundred and thirty feet each, and twenty-four feet six inches rise. The abutments of the bridge are seventy-three feet each at the base. These five arches are separated by plain granite piers, with massive plinths and pointed cut-waters; they are covered by a bold projecting block cornice, which describes the sweep of the roadway, and are surmounted by a plain double blocking course, receding in two heights like the scamilli of the ancients; which give the bridge a grand and beautiful antique air, totally unlike the petty perforations and fillagree work of the baluster of Westminster, Waterloo, and Blackfriars' Bridges.

Princess Victoria, heiress apparent to the British throne £10,000 annually has been added this session of parliament to the allowance of her Royal Highness The annual public allowance of the Princess and her mother, the Duches of Kent is now £22,000.

Crops.—The corn and other crops are represented as being favourable in England; but a general failure has occured in Italy. Sardinia has been opened for the importation of grain, duty free, until 14th of October; some shipments have been made in Bristol to supply the demand.

Timber has risen in price in England in consequence of the Baltic quarantine regulations. Red Pine, at last dates was at 21 1-2 per foot.

FOREIGN.—*Russia.*—The Grand Duke Constantine died of Cholera at Witepska. The death of Deibitsch was announced in our last. The oppressors of Poland are cut down by an unseen arm.

Constantine, was the eldest son of the unhappy Emperor Paul and was born May 8, 1778. The Grand Duke was, therefore, considerably the senior of the reigning Emperor, who is only in his 35th year. His Highness formed a matrimonial alliance, in 17[illegible] with the Princess Julia of Saxe Coburg, sister of the reigning Duke of Saxe Coburg, her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent and his Majesty Leopold I., King of the Belgians. This marriage was dissolved in March, 1820, in order to enable the Grand Duke to unite himself to the Countess of Grulvinka, who, upon her nuptials, was created by the Emperor Alexander, Princess of Lowicz. Prior to the Polish revolution, the Grand Duke chiefly resided at Warsaw, having been selected to fill the duties of King's representative in Poland in the autumn of 1825. Deibitsch proceeded to Warsaw to notify to his Highness the dissolution of the Emperor Alexander, and his consequent accession to the throne of the Czars. The "Passer of the Balkan" returned in a short time to St. Petersburg, with letters from the Grand Duke, expressive of his resolution to take the first oath of allegiance to his brother Nicholas as Autocrat of all the Russians; thereby confirming the solemn renunciation which he had made on the 24th of January, 182[illegible]. The character attributed to the late Viceroy of Poland was that of a despot of the most arbitrary and unbending school.

Present Commander in Chief of the Russian army against the

oles, *Field Marshal Paskewitsch*, a Lithuanian by birth, served oland in the war of 1792, under the orders of Prince Joseph oniatowski, and afterwards in 1794, at the time of the strug- e for national independence, under Kosciusko. Being without rtune, and unable to join the Polish Legion, in Italy, Paske- itsch took service in Russia, where he arrived at the rank he w occupies. It was intended, at the commencement of the hos- ities with Poland, to appoint him Commander-in-Chief of the ssian forces, but it was said at the time that he had positively clared that he was ready to take command against Persia and rkey, but that he would not accept one against Poland.

The Poles stand firmly as ever, Warsaw is said to be impreg- ble, and last accounts represent the enemy as approaching its alls. Breaches of neutrality on the part of Prussia, have led to ench and English remonstrances.

Denmark, has obtained a new constitution from its king.

Portugal.—The French fleet which anchored in the Tagus to mand redress from Miguel, captured some ships, silenced the rts of Lisbon, and displayed the tri-colour on its walls; this led eedily to a full adjustment of their claims.

Belgium.—Prince Leopold accepts the crown—addresses the lgic Congress in a first speech as Leopold the 1st—the armis- e with Holland terminates—and the Prince of Orange marches army against Belgium—the Belgians suffer loss—France in- rposes with an army of 40,000 men—the Hollanders retire and stilities terminate.

Italy.—Revolution breaks out anew as the Austrian troops retire, d the Pope is threatened in very direct terms by his discontent- d subjects.

United States.—*Prizes.*—The publishers of Saturday Courier, iladelphia, offer 100 dollars for the best original tale furnished at periodical, up to December 1, 1831.

Peace Premium. The American Peace Society has offered a rmium of $500 for the best, and $100 for the second best disser- tion on the subject of 'a Congress of Nations for the amicable justment of national disputes and for the promotion of universal ace without recourse to arms.' The essays are to be sent by e first of April next, to D. E. Wheeler, 33, Nassau street, New ork.

Virginia.—An insurrection among the slaves occurred in August, d several white persons were cruelly put to death by them. he insurrection seemed without plan or concert, and was merely e of the outbreakings which must always be expected, where e unnatural conditions of *driver* and *slave* exist in a community.

Churches in the United States in 1831.—It has been ascertained at there are now in the United States, more than 12,000 urches. The principal religious denominations are Baptists d Methodists, who have together 4184 churches, the Presbyte- ans have 1472 churches, the Congregationalists have 1331 urches; the Episcopalians are also numerous, and have 922

churches ; the Roman Catholics have 784 churches; the Dutch Reformed 602 churches; the Friends have 462 societies ; the Universalists have 298 churches; the Lutherans have 240 churches ; the Unitarians have 127 churches ; the Jews have 96 synagogues ; the Calvanistic Baptists have 84 churches ; the Swedenborgians have 73 churches ; and the Moravians 56 churches.

The *Washington Globe* contains the official appointments of the Hon. Martin Van Buren, the late Secretary of state, as Minister to the Court of Great Britain, in the room of the Hon Louis M'Lane, appointed Secretary of the Treasury : and of Aaron Vail Esq. of New York, as Secretary of Legation to the same Court, in the place of Washington Irving, Esq. who has signified his wish to retire from that station.

New York, August 8. *Quarantine Regulations* to prevent the introduction of the Cholera from the Baltic, have been put in force by proclamation of the Lord Mayor.

August 17. A dreadful storm of wind and rain was experienced at New Orleans doing much injury to property, and destroying some lives.

Sheet Lead, is used in the Southern States for covering the roofs of houses, and is much recommended for efficiency and durability.

COLONIAL.–*Canada.*–Several deaths by lightning have occurred during the summer.

Agriculture.—The various crops in Upper and Lower Canada are represented as generally good, some of them above the average. Agriculture has increasad this year ; about one fifth more grain has been sown in the two provinces than in 1830. Reckoning on the consumption of 1832 at 9 bushels of wheat each, to a population estimated at 945,000 persons, the quantity of surplus wheat for exportation in 1831, is stated at 3,115,000 bushels.

Quebec.—Exports to the 30th August—wheat, 1,245,203 bushels ; flour, 50,223 barrels ; ashes, pot and pearl, 22767 cwt. Arrivals to Sept. 13, 732 vessels, 189,726 tons, 44,816 settlers; being a large increase over same time of 1830.

A Marine Railway is in progress, for hauling up, and repairing vessels.

Since the opening of the present season, about 45,000 emigrants have arrived at Quebec, beside those which have landed at New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and prince Edward Island, making in all a very large and sudden increase to the colonial population.

Sickness and distress among the emigrants in Canada are rapidly subsiding, By a medical report of the Quebec Emigrant Hospital we are informed, that, during the quarter ending the 1st of August 666 patients were admitted, which with 27 in before, made 693 at hospital during the quarter. Of this number 451 were discharged 64 died and 178 remain. Out-patients attended during the quarter amounted to 1617. During the months of June and July 391 other patients were admitted into the hospital sheds, of which 39 died

and 37 remain. Thus we find that during the quarter there were 1057 new patients on the establishment, of which number 103 died.

Montreal.—A lithographic Press is in successful operation—excellent stone for artists is found in the province.

Emigrants. The distress has greatly declined, the emigrant society have forwarded 1593 poor persons to different parts of the province where work may be more easily obtained than in the large towns. The general report is, that of the great number of strangers which arrived this year, few or none will continue to be a burthen to the lower province ; and the common opinion in the upper province seems to be, that great advantages are gained by the increase of emigration.

Literary Prizes.—The Natural History Society offer three prizes for the present year.—One for the best essay on the climate of Canada—to be accompanied by meterological data. One for the best essay on the Fishes of Canada: and one for the best essay on any literary subject. Conditions: 1st the writer to be a resident in one of the British North American Colonies. 2d, time of delivery on or before Feb. 20th. To be forwarded to the corresponding secretary, A. F. Holmes, M. D. 3d, the essay not to contain the name of the author, but a motto; which motto is to correspond to one attached to a sealed note containing the author's name and residence. 4th, the Society reserves the right of withholding its medal, should no one of the essays be deemed worthy of a prize.

The steam ship John Bull, is described as very splendid, and is nearly as large and powerful as any steam-ship in existence :—length, 189 feet ; breadth of beam, 32 feet 8 inches ; breadth, including wings, 70 ; breadth of each paddle wheel 16f. ; depth of hold, 12 feet ; draft of water 7 feet 9 inches. Power of engines about 300 horses. She has made a trip to Quebec.

Kingston.—Fire.—The brewery, distillery, malt house, piggery, store and wharf, 5000 bushels of grain, 50 puncheons high wines, the property of J. Molson, Esq. were destroyed on Aug. 29. The property was not insured.

New Brunswick—*The New Governor*, Sir A. Campbell, arrived at St. John on the 3d. September.

New Brunswick Company.—A Company has been lately formed in Liverpool, under the above title ; its objects are to purchase extensive tracts of uncleared ground in the Province of New Brunswick, to bring these into cultivation by the labour of Emigrants from Great Britain and Ireland, and to assist the Emigrants in their passage, first landing, and settlement. To accomplish those objects it is proposed to raise a capital of one million sterling in 20,000 shares of £50 each. The company are induced to this attempt, by considering the soil of new Brunswick, and its climate, and by observing the success of the Canada Company. 3000 shares were subscribed for, and supscription books were opened on the

6th of June. This scheme seems excellent in every sense; it promises to assist those willing to Emigrate, and to prevent the thousand ills which emigration is subject to; also to develope the vast resources of a new country, in the only possible way, by the judicious introduction of a vast number of hands, and a proportionate supply of cash.

Boundary.—Some excitement has been occasioned by rumours of American aggression at the boundaries. It seems not yet known by what authority the inroads have been made. The Colonists respect their neighbours of the United States, and wish them well; but they are all in excellent tone, to defend, if necessary, the institutions and the lands which they hold as British subjects. Nothing tends more to the growth of rational loyalty to the British throne, than a few years residence in a British North American colony. They are far enough removed from the mother country to judge of it impartially, and they are near enough the famed republic to become acquainted with its defects.

Temperance.—234 persons have joined the St. John Society since its commencement.—A Provincial Society has been formed.

Grand Lake joint stock Coal Company.—A Company has lately been formed and organized in Fredericton, under the above designation, for the purpose of working the Coal mines on the grand lake. The stock consists of 120 shares of £5 each, in two or three weeks a cargo of the Coals may be expected to arrive.

The facility with which the Coal may be procured, being but four feet below the surface, and where any of the river craft may lay alongside and receive them, prevents the necessity of a large outlay of capital to set the work in operation.

The Coal Mines will be found of more permament advantage to the Province than mines of gold and silver.

Coal.—The first produce of the Grand Lake Company's mine, consisting of 50 chaldrons, has appeared in market.

Litigation.—A society has been formed in Hopewell, New Brunswick, called the Anti-Litigation Society. Its objects are to prevent by all honorable means the ruinous practice of settling trifling differences by appeals to courts of law, and to promote the virtues of industry, punctuality and forbearance. Its constitution provides that: In disputes between members, *referees* are to be selected from the society, and the disputing parties are to give bonds that they will abide by their decision.

At each quarterly meeting, 12 men are to be chosen by ballot, of which—when contending parties cannot agree on their referees—three are to be ballotted to serve as referees. In cases of freehold estate, 12 men are to be drawn from the society as referees, to be paid in certain cases, at the discretion of the Board of Directors. Several other articles follow. The constitution has been signed by 113 persons, who pledge their sacred honor to abide by its provisions.

West Indies.—Hurricane.—On the 10th August a dreadful gale devastated Barbadoes—levelling the houses, destroying the crops, stores and shipping, and killing between 4 and 5000 persons!—On the 11th St. Vincents was visited in a similar manner, and suffered loss estimated at £500,000 value!—On the 13th Aux Cayes experienced a hurricane, which destroyed about 2000 houses and 700 persons!

Newfoundland—On the night of the 19th July, a dreadful shipwreck occured near Cape Ray. The barque Lady Sherbrook,377 tons burthen, from Londonderry bound to Quebec, with 285 passengers, and a crew of 15 men, went on shore in a fog; and in less than ten minutes broke up. Three hundred human beings were thus thrown to the remorseless waves, of which number only 38 were saved! A subscription was made for them,and they proceeded to Halifax; at which place they arrived.

Prince Edward Island.—On learning the death of Sir M. Maxwell lately appointed to the government of the Island, the colonists petitioned his Majesty for a continuation of the services of Col. Ready, their late Governor; it appeared subsequently, that, Colonel A. W. Young, had been appointed to the vacant situation.

Charlotte-Town—A melancholy accident has excited much sympathy at Charlotte town. On August 2, Mr. Ewen Cameron, went a short distance from town to bathe, and was found, a few minutes after going into the water, floating lifeless on the surface. Every exertion was made to restore animation, but without effect. Mr Cameron has left a wife and six children, he was a member of the Provincial Parliament for Queen's County, and was chosen speaker in the late session, but was prevented enjoying the honour by the setting aside of the Queen's County elections on account of some informalities.

Literature.—Mr. J. White, has issued a prospectus of a monthly periodical, to be called the Christian Visitor: price 6d, 36 pages, duodecimo.

Nova Scotia.—*Earl Stirling and Dovan's Address.*—This nobleman who declares himself the great great great grandson of Sir William Alexander, to whom King James of Scotland made a grant of Nova Scotia in 1621, claims in virtue of such grant, and its renewal by Charles the 2d, the Lordship and proprietorship of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and their adjacent Islands. The address has been published in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick papers, and seems very generally laughed at. A reference to Haliburton's History of Nova Scotia, 1st Book, 1 chap. will in some measure explain the nature of this claim.

August 30.—*Sable Island.*—The schooner Meridian, Cutliff, from Nantz, was totally lost—captain and one man drowned.

Halifax, Sept. 25.—The Royal William Quebec and Halifax Steamer arrived—and departed for Quebec on the 27th. She

answers exceedingly well. Her fares are--cabin passage fro Quebec to Halifax £6 5s.; to Miramichi £4 13s. 9d--from Ha lifax to Quebec £7 10s.; to Miramichi £5 12s. 6d.

Sept. 14. Halifax Races commenced, and terminated nex evening.

A prospectus of a Nova Scotia Wesleyan Methodist Magazine has been published.

Ferry Boats.—August 26. At a special sessions the Magistrate established certain regulations for the Ferry Boats which ply be tween Halifax and Dartmouth. These regulations provide for the sobriety and capability of the Boatmen, for the number of pas sengers to be taken in each boat, for the size of sails, the amount of fares, &c.

Sept. 28. *A violent Gale*, which continued for about two hours was experienced—considerable injury was done the shipping and houses.

Sept. 29. *Fifty Second Regiment.*—This gallant corps being about to leave Halifax, were presented with an address by the magistrates and inhabitants, expressive of the high esteem entertained for them in the town: Col. Fergusson returned a complimentary answer. On the evening of the 29th, a splendid ball was given by gentlemen of the town, to the officers of the 52d The regiment leaves Halifax most deservedly respected.

MARRIAGES.—At Halifax, Aug. 22, Mr. James Glazebrook, to Miss Catharine Burke. Sept. 5, Mr. Michael Creamer, sen. to Mrs. Foley. 13, Mr. Edward A. Mitchell, to Miss Mary Nelson. 19, Mr. Charles Holmes, to Miss Jane Thomson.--At Dartmouth, Sept. 1, Mr. Joseph Frame, to Miss Sophia Wolf. Mr. John Wolf, to Miss Margaret Tufts.—At Lunenburg Aug. 16, Mr. George Melrose, to Miss Augusta Heckman.--At Yarmouth Sept. 21, the hon. judge Ritchie, of Annapolis, to Ann, third daughter of the late John Bond, Esq. of the former place. 20, Mr. Steven Rose, to Miss Mahaleth Cann.--At Horton, sept. 1, Rev. John S. Clarke, A. M. to Miss Mary Lucilla Dewolf.--At Newport, sept. 15, Mr. George Harvie, to Miss Sarah Macumber.--At Pictou, sept. 15, Mr. John Bailey, to Miss Sarah M'Intosh.

DEATHS.—At Halifax, Aug. 29, John Emerson, Esq. formerly of Windsor, aged 81. Sept. 7, Mr. Thomas Russel, aged 74. William P. Harriman, aged 15. 20, Mrs. Sarah Mosely, aged 36. 24, Mr. James Walsh painter. 29, Mr. William Nitting, agad 67.--At Dartmouth, Sept. 7, Mrs. Elizabeth Marvin.--At Horton, Aug. 20, Lydia Ann Harris, daughter of the Rev. T. S. Harding.--At Shelburne, Sept. 9, Mary, wife of the Rev. Dr. Rowland, aged 52.--At Port Muttoon, sept. 16, Mr. James M'Lean aged 76.--At Stewiacke, Aug. 29, Samuel Tupper, Esq. aged 76.—Mr. Wallace, Aug. 28, Mrs. Mary Canfield, aged 82.—At Pictou, East River Mr. William Dunbar, aged 78.—At Merigomishe, sept. 15, Mr. James Rough, aged 80.--At Guysborough, Aug. 16, Mrs. Mary Ann Heffern aged 30. Sept. 15, Mr. Alexander Mortimer, aged 65.

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