

POETRY.

THE MARRIAGE VOW.

"Look, how they come—a mingled crowd,
Of bright and dark, but rapid days;
Beneath them, like a summer cloud,
The wide world changes as ye gaze."

THE HUNTSMAN'S WEDDING.

The Squire as he was invariably called by
the country-folk, was loling in an antique-
fashioned chair, worked fancifully with
flowers, reading the County Advertiser, after
a substantial breakfast, when the perusal of
the account of his hounds' last dash was in-
terrupted by the entrance of the huntsman,

and otherwise attending upon them. His
round cheeks bore shining marks of yellow soap,
and he was dressed in his Sunday suit.
'I think that I ought to have gone to the
church to see our Nance booked, though,' said
he to himself. 'Every one's gone but me—
That ain't fair. I'm left to keep up the fires.
Well, then, never mind; here goes!' and
another large log was thrown upon the blazing pile.

The log fire, all were eager for the tale. But
who was to be the narrator?
'A hunting story from Jumping Will,' said
a voice, which suggestion met with unanimous
approbation.

THE LEGEND OF HASTINGS' CLIFF.

INTERESTING LECTURE.

Now we are in the habit many, most of us,
of living and acting as if the very opposite of all
this were the case. The streets and lanes and
yards, in the more backward parts of the city,

which not only the superabundant nervous
stimulus is withdrawn, but so much over
and above this as to prevent the lungs from
properly arterIALIZING the venous blood or
changing it into the commingled fluid, and thus a
second-rate, an unwholesome article is disseminated
throughout the system.

Again such a state of the digestive organs is
induced as for a time to prevent their natural
action altogether. It is not, as I have said, till
a considerable time after the debauch, that the
stomach can, as usual, make use of food. Nay,
we find it invariably to hold, that in proportion
to the depression in the scale of intemperance,
is the inappetency and incapacity for whole-
some food.

And the consequence? Look at the man,
who, by intemperance, has brought himself to
the brink of the grave, a universal trembling
has seized upon him, every debauch more im-
pairs his intellect, till reason is shaken from
her seat altogether; he dies—we examine his
body—every tissue, every living is pervaded
by the alcohol; the various internal organs are
more or less diseased, and among them the
lungs are most sure to suffer.

What I have said are the melancholy results
of the abuse of alcohol. But a question now
presents itself. Is the moderate use of it also
injurious? To this there can be but one an-
swer, and that answer is, certainly not. But
then, what is this use? When the health is
perfect, no peculiar excitement is required or
admissible. The assimilating organs are at
work on good substantial food, for its conversion
into healthy and proper stimulus to every or-
gan of the body. So that in this case the mod-
erate use of alcohol is the disease of it altogether.

And when the health is not good; when one
or more organs are diseased, pray is there not quite
as great a chance that a stimulant taken un-
advisedly, instead of benefiting, shall do un-
speakable harm. Indigestion for instance, may arise,
from one of two causes, debility of the intestines
or inflammation. In the former case, alcohol if
rightly and properly used, may be beneficial;
in the latter however it must in any quantity
of necessity be prejudicial.

Now, the very same is the case with luan-
inum, arsenic, prussic-acid, and the whole host
of active substances used in the healing art.
When the health is good, their use is unne-
cessary and inadmissible, and when it is not good,
who would think of swallowing luaninum or
benzene, or any powerful drug, without being
advised of their suitableness to his necessity.
Just so should we act in reference to alcohol.
In health we have to more need of it than of
luaninum, and the use of the one is as surely
and decidedly prejudicial as that of the other; and in
disease it is according to the circumstances of
the case, either a medicine or a poison.

And in reference to wine, though were I to
enter upon an account of the chemical prop-
erties of its components, might show that its ef-
fects do not differ from merely diluted alco-
hol. Yet of it too, especially in the impure
and adulterated state in which it is afforded us,
the very same sentiment holds good. To the
healthy, its daily use is and must be pernicious;
and to the invalid it must prove, as the case
may be, advantageous or the reverse, and so of
it also, we must conclude that it is either a
medicine or a poison. A poison slower no doubt,
in its influence than alcohol merely diluted, be-
cause of the lessness of the active principle, and
of its minute commixture with the other com-
ponents; yet is its influence sure to excite and
to inflame—sure to depress and deprave—
sure to vitiate every natural desire and to induce
a state baneful, not to the individual's self al-
one, causing his beclouded sun to set ere it has
attained its meridian height, but to his unfortu-
nate offspring also, who because of the diseas-
ed and unwholesome state of their progenitor
are born as certainly predisposed to scrofula and
consumption as if it had descended by heredi-
tary transmission.

There is no answer to these statements, no
refutation of these facts; and yet how far are
they from exerting their natural influence in
causing to refrain from this most unnatural ex-
citant? There is custom time immemorial in its
favor. We are informed that it inspires fancy
with her sublimest conceptions, excites unusu-
al brilliancy of mind, a soft tumult of the soul;
and for these momentary advantages, call them
real if you will, are sacrificed the world of deli-
gths, the fullness of joy, the rivers of endur-
ing pleasure, for which the debased mind and
shattered frame of the intemperate man, render
him wholly unfit.

THE "KIRK"—LORD ABERDEEN'S BILL.

We can make nothing of Lord Melbourne's
free and easy or "devil may care" speech up-
on the measure now pending respect to the
Kirk of Scotland, save that it is a very impru-
dent avowal of incompetence. His lordship
cannot deny that the state of things in Scot-
land must be viewed with apprehension; but
he is not prepared to do anything, or to ad-
vise anything, or to concur in anything, for
the amendment of that which causes the ap-
prehension. A worthy person this to be at
the head of a government! He thinks it best
to do nothing, or rather he says he thinks so;
far, with all Lord Melbourne's affectation of
silliness, he is certainly not so great a fool as
really to think that a government should un-
concernedly look on at the confusion and
disturbance now prevailing in Scotland upon
ecclesiastical matters, as if such things were
likely to cure themselves.

Lord Melbourne's government would in-
terfere first enough if there were any hope of
a party advantage to be gained by inter-
ference. If the General Assembly, or the par-
ties opposed to the General Assembly, had
a few votes in the House of Commons clear-
ly at their disposal, Lord Melbourne would
see his way immediately, and would have no
hesitation in deciding that something should
be done. But this short cut to a decision is
not afforded by the circumstance of the case.
There is no clear party advantage either in
opposing the Assembly and upholding the
law, or in going with the Assembly and
against the law. A decision, if come to at
all, must be come to upon some other ground
than that of the party advantage to the exist-
ing administration. Viscount Melbourne has
therefore, no interest in taking trouble in
the matter. It may be very interesting to
the empire, and of vital consequence to Scot-
land, but it is not of vital consequence to
Lord Melbourne's administration, and there-
fore it has no interest for him. He comes to
the sage conclusion that to conclude nothing
at all upon the subject is the best plan for
him to pursue. Undoubtedly it is the esse-

est, and we suspect that, according to Lord
Melbourne's calculations, the easiness and
the good policy of any particular course are
very closely connected.—Morning Post.

FRENCH SETTLEMENT AT MADAGASCAR.

Of the quiet way in which the French in-
sinuate themselves and form settlements in
various parts of the globe, which rise into
gradual importance amidst the day-dreams
of the British Cabinet, we have had abun-
dant specimens of late, and to this long list
another is now to be added, of which prob-
ably Lord Palmerston himself has not an i-
dea. We have it on the authority (which
leaves in our mind no sort of distrust) of an
officer just arrived from the Isle of France,
who states that the French are busy in form-
ing a settlement on the northern part of the
island of Madagascar, in a bay called in
Owen's charts "British Sound or Bay." It
is narrow in the entrance, easily defensible
on both sides, and opens into a spacious a-
rea, capable, to use our informant's words,
"of holding all the fleets in the world."—
That this project is not one of recent origin
may be gathered from the circumstance that
troops have been gradually collecting from
the French settlements on the western coast
of Africa to garrison and defend the new co-
lony. Some ships with this description of
military freight are said to have arrived at
their destination.—Times.

MALIBRAN AND THE PINT OF PORTER.

It may be an acceptable diversion from the
painful details which we shall have to enter
upon, to record a humorous incident which
led to the thrilling, the more than brilliant,
the not to be forgotten execution, by Ma-
dame Malibran, of the finale to this opera
(The Maid of Artois). I had occasion, during
its rehearsal but one, to express myself in
strong terms at her leaving the stage for more
than an hour and a half, to go and gain £25
at a morning concert. Neither the concentra-
ted pieces of music, nor the situation of the
drama in which she was involved, could
possibly be proceeded with, and the great
stake we were then contending for was like-
ly to be placed in jeopardy by an unworthy
grasp of a few pounds, to the prejudice of a
theatre paying her nightly five times as much.
She knew she had done wrong; and she
atoned for it by her genius, while her pride
would not have permitted her to do so. She
had borne along the two first acts on the first
nights of performance in such a flood of tri-
umph, that she was bent, by some almost
superhuman effort, to continue its glory to
the final fall of the curtain.
I went into her dressing room previous to
the commencement of the third act, to ask
how she felt; and she replied, "Very tired,
but," (and here her eye of fire suddenly light-
ed up,) "my angry devil, if you will con-
trive to get me a pint of porter in the desert
scene, you shall have an encore for your
trouble." Had I been dealing with any other
performer, I should perhaps have hesitated
in complying with a request that might have
been dangerous in its application at the mo-
ment; but to check her powers was to an-
nihilate them. I therefore arranged that be-
hind the pile of drifted sand on which she
falls in a state of exhaustion, towards the
close of the second scene, a small aperture
should be made in the stage; and it is a fact
that from underneath the stage, through that
aperture, a pewter pint of porter was con-
veyed to the parched lips of this child of song
which so revived her after the terrible exert-
ing of the scene led to, that she electrified
the audience, and had strength to repeat the
charm, with the finale to The Maid of Artois.
The novelty of the circumstance so tickled
her fancy, and the draught itself was so ex-
tremely refreshing, that it was arranged dur-
ing the subsequent run of the opera, for the
Negro slave at the head of the Governor's
procession to have in the gourd suspended to
his neck the same quantity of the same be-
verage, to be applied to her lips on his first
beholding the apparently dying Isolide.

Staffordshire Superstition.—On Monday week
a little girl, whilst playing on the banks of
the canal, at Wolverhampton, fell into the
water and was drowned. The event being
made known by her play-mates to some per-
sons passing by, a crowd soon collected, and
many fruitless endeavours were made to dis-
cover the body. At length, wearied with the
usual application of drugs, &c. a little of the
science of the Wolverhampton wisewomen was
put in requisition; and—here it all wise host-
ess of the superior enlightenment of the 19th
century—an aged sibyl suggested the follow-
ing infallible specific for discovering the lost
child:—Take a quarter loaf, and of the bot-
tom part form a sort of a basin, into which
pour an ounce of quicksilver, and set the loaf
floating on the water. Thus, like the star
which guided the wandering magi, and stay-
ed its erratic course over the babe at Beth-
lehem, so will the quicksilver rest over the
remains of the drowned child. An enlighten-
ed surgeon of the town passing through the col-
lected crowd exclaimed against practising
the absurd superstition; but so deeply rooted
was the belief in its efficacy, that had he fur-
ther resisted, the experiment might probably
have been made over his own body after an
aquatic preparation to qualify him to test its
merits.—Nottingham Review.

As an instance of the "horrors of indeci-
sion," a judge down West was lately so di-
vided in opinion whether robbery was cheating
or borrowing, that he fell in two!

At the last 4th of July, the following toast
was given at a Western celebration.—"The
wretch who would refuse to defend the li-
berities of his country shud with lightning may
be condemned to wander over a desert
of gunpowder."

A CARD.

A. GREGG, House, Sign, Carriage
and Ornamental Painter, Japanner,
&c. Initiator of Wood & Marble Colouring
in Distemper, Paper Hanging, &c. Gilding,
Glazing, Maps, Prints and Oil Paintings Clean-
ed and Varnished.
The Subscriber lately from England, wishes
to inform the Ladies, Gentlemen and vicinity of
Frederickton, that he has commenced Business
for himself in Queen Street, opposite the Fred-
erickton Bank, where he will endeavour to ex-
ecute all orders with which he may be avoured,
with neatness and despatch.
Frederickton, July 4, 1849. 47