

POETRY.

THE BLIND GIRL TO HER LOVER.

From Tail's Magazine.

THANKS dearest, thanks,—we've reached the stile, And here we'll sit and rest awhile, Our pleasant talk resuming;

I did not feel my being blind; Thy every word is meek and kind, Dispelling doubt and fear;

How sweet it is, in this my need, God's Holy Book to hear thee read, My every grief beguiling;

What though I see the sunshine not, Nor trace each well-remembered spot, My childhood saw and knew;

And while my hand I gently rest Upon thy fond devoted breast, And hear fond hopes from thee,

WHAT IS THE GREAT BODY OF THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY?

From the London Examiner.

It has become fiercer and more intolerant even than in days gone by. (Loud cheers from the ministerial side.) I judge by the language and doctrines of its press; judge by its pulpits, (loud and continued cheers from the ministerial side)—pulpits which are every week teeming with invective and slander that would disgrace the hustings.

"Our loyalty is still the same Whether it win or lose the game; True as the dial to the sun, Although it be not shone upon."

(Cheers.) We see now a very different race of Tories. (Renewed cheering.) We have lived to see a new party rear its head—a monster of a party, made up of the worst points of Cavalier and the worst points of the Roundhead. (Great laughter and cheering.)

From the Liverpool Albion, of March 16.

Desertion of Soldiers from the Army in Canada.—We have, of late, noticed in the Canada papers several instances of the desertion of soldiers from our Provinces into the United States.

The next vote to which he had to call the attention of the Committee was £10,000 for the formation of a veteran battalion in Canada, where desertions had occurred to an extent unknown elsewhere.

Those desertions in Canada had not been confined to bad and disreputable characters: non-commissioned officers and men of respectability and good conduct had deserted. Nor was this system of desertion to be ascribed to distress—for many had gone away, leaving behind them their necessities and arrears of pay.

In this country, the situation of the soldier was as comfortable, he might say more so, than that of the labourer—to which class, generally, the soldier belonged. In many of the Colonies, physical difficulties opposed themselves to flight.

But, with respect to the American Colonies, the cause was widely different. There the facilities of escape to the United States were many, and the temptations strong. The soil was flourishing, and the labour of wages high.

Several plans had been proposed for meeting this evil. It had been proposed, and he thought wisely, that Canada should be the last point in rotation to which the troops on Colonial service should be sent.

It had also been thought, that advantages would arise, and the temptations to which he had adverted be counteracted, if the Government were to hold out, to the troops in Canada, a sort of military retirement, which should serve as a reward to those who remained faithful to their colours.

Such had been the opinion of his late noble friend the late Secretary at War, and of Lord Selkirk; and he (Mr. Macaulay) had reason to believe that opinion was generally entertained amongst those who possessed the best information on the subject.

The precise details of the plan had not yet been made out, and much correspondence must take place before it could be produced; but as it was

not improbable, that, before the House again assembled, some Regiments would be removed from Canada, it would be desirable that some men of good character should be induced to remain there. On these grounds, he was induced to ask the House for the additional grant of £10,000 on account.

ETHAN ALLEN IN ENGLAND.

Col. Ethan Allen was a man destined to strike the world as something uncommon, and in a high degree interesting. He was but partially educated and but obscurely brought up—yet no man was ever more at ease in the polished rank than he. Not that he at all conformed to their artificial rules and title etiquette; but he had observed the dictates of natural good sense and good humor.

His bearing was in total defiance of fashion, and he looked and acted as if he thought it would be a condescension thus to trammel himself. It is well known that in early life, in his own country, he acquired an influence over his fellow men, and led them on to some of the most daring achievements. He seemed to have possessed all the elements of a hero—a devoted patriotism, a resolute and daring mind, and an excellent judgment.

His conduct as a partisan officer is well known in this country, and was of great service to the cause of liberty during our revolutionary struggle.—He was taken prisoner and carried to England—where his excellent sense, his shrewdness and wit, introduced him into the court region. A friend of our earlier life, who was well acquainted with this part of the history of this singular man, used to take great delight in telling us some anecdotes of Col. Allen, while a prisoner in London.

The commissioner, amongst the tempting largesses, proposed that if he would espouse the cause of the king, he might have a fee simple in half the State of Vermont. 'I am a plain man,' said Col. Allen in reply, 'and I have read but few books, but I have seen in print somewhere, a circumstance that forcibly reminds me of the proposal of your lordship; it is of a certain character that took a certain other character into an exceeding high mountain, and showed him all the kingdoms of the earth and the glory thereof, and told him that if he would fall down and worship him, this would all be his; and the rascal, added he, 'did not own a foot of them!'

His interview with the King at Windsor is mentioned as highly interesting. His Majesty asked the stout hearted mountaineer, if they had any newspapers in America. 'But very few, and those are but little read,' was the answer. 'How then,' asked the King, do the common people know of those grievances of which they complain, and of which we have just been speaking? 'As to that,' said he, 'I can tell your Majesty, that amongst a people who have felt the spirit of liberty, the news of oppression is carried by the birds of the air, and the breezes of heaven.'

In this playful way, Dr. Franklin took occasion to convey instructions as to the properties of this astonishing fluid. While the royal habitation was thus in a most unkingly uproar, the Premier was announced as in waiting. The king seemed for a moment disturbed. 'I forgot my appointment with the minister,' said he, 'but no matter, I will eschew business for once, and let North see how we are employed.'

Some of Col. Allen's happy retorts at the clubs and fashionable parties are still remembered and often repeated. On one occasion he was challenged to a glass of wine, by the beautiful Dutchess of Rutland, who seems to have been particularly pleased with his independent manner; 'you must qualify your glass with a toast,' observed the lady. 'The Vermonteer, very unaffectedly observed that he was not used to that sort of ceremony, and was afraid he might give offence. If however the lady would be so good as to suggest a subject, he would endeavor to give a sentiment. 'O, yes,' said she, 'never mind the subject, any thing will do, so that it has no treason in it.' 'Well,' says he, 'this may do for a truth if not for a toast,' and having fixed his eyes adoringly on the far-famed court beauty, he proceeded:

'If any thing could make a double traitor out of a good patriot, it would be the witchcraft of such eyes as your ladyship's.'

The blunt sincerity with which this was spoken, together with its exact fitness to the occasion and the person, caused it to be long hailed in the beau monde, as an excellent

good thing; and although it had the effect of heightening for a moment that beauty to which it was offered as a tribute, it is said the fair Dutchess often afterwards boasted of the compliment as far beyond all the empty homage she had received from the glittering coxcombs of the city.

A lady once sneeringly asked Col. Allen in a large assembly, at what time fashionable ladies of America preferred taking the air. He perceived her drift, and bluntly answered 'Whenever it was necessary to feed the geese and turkeys.' 'What,' inquired the lady, do the fine women in your country descend to such menial employment? Allen was always aroused at any attempt to depreciate the fair ones of his own country, and with a great deal of warmth he replied, 'American ladies have the art of turning even amusements to account. Many of these ladies could take up the subject of your Grace's family history, and tell you of the feats of valor and bursts of eloquence to which your ladyship is probably indebted for your distinguished name most of which it is likely would be as new to you as the art of raising poultry?'

PROGRESS OF INTEMPERANCE.

Passing by Messrs. Armour and Ramsay's Print Shop, we were arrested at the windows by several very superior, and very interesting plates, representing the fall of man, from the station of comfort and respectability, to that of wretchedness and infamy, through indulgence in what is termed, the sparkling glass;—the flowing-bowl.

The first plate represents the fated man,—in the possession of manly beauty;—his entire appearance,—betokening one, to whom vice and dissipation are strangers, his tout ensemble prepossessing in the extreme. A knot of those, who drain the bowl,—are seated near him, and one, has caught hold of him by the coat, and is pouring the syren song of the Tempter, into his averted ear.

The second plate exhibits the interior of the comfortable home of the fated man. Evidence of a well-ordered household, is furnished abundantly, in the neatness and nicety of the domestic scene. His wife, young, pretty, and winning in appearance, with two or three children, ornament the picture. The fated man is seen in an easy chair, with his head bound up, suffering from debauch, into which he was led by the Tempter.

The third plate represents him, the merriest of a party of gay bacchanals, among whom is seen, the flaunting dame du pave.—He is, evidently, the hero of the party.—Some of his companions have the look of those wretches, who feed upon their friend; and fondle him, to serve their own base purposes.

The fourth plate exhibits a scene,—how changed from that plate the second!—a hut, has become the home of the fated man, and, in this wretched abode, the children are seen sleeping on the floor, with scant covering over them, and the mother, sits with her head despairingly hanging over a table, an infant at her breast, whilst a lighted candle shows she is waiting up for her dissipated husband.

Plate fifth, represents the distressed family, turned out of house and home: husband, wife, children of all ages, down to the infant at the breast,—wandering in the high-road. The fated man,—looks haggard in person, moody in mind, and shabby in dress.

Plate sixth, exhibits him, the Principal of a band of highwaymen, armed with pistols,—awaiting the approach of a traveller. His murderous countenance, an awful index of the traveller's fate. After looking at the fated man, as depicted in this plate, the eye should travel back to the first, and look on what he was!

What a moral, these plates tell! We shall add nothing,—contenting ourselves with suggesting to those humane gentlemen who have grappled with this demon of intemperance,—the great benefits which a cheap lithograph of these plates, might confer on the poorer classes. Cheap pictures of the 'Progress of Intemperance,' hanging round the rooms of the poor, would leave an impression on the minds of the occupants of the dwelling, which Time would not erase,—and which would defy temptation.

Storm and Loss of Life at Pondicherry.—The Temps publishes accounts from Pondicherry of the 24th of January, and from Yanaon, a French factory about 250 miles along the coast from that city, up to the 7th of December, which contain numerous details of the dreadful hurricane and inundation of the sea on that coast. They coincide in stating the force of the wind to have been such as had never before been witnessed there, and the inroad of the sea as dreadful beyond description.

The West Indies.—Mr. Gurney, an English Quaker gentleman, has lately visited some of the Windward Islands, and in a letter published in the N. Y. Journal of Commerce, gives a favorable account of their condition, and of the conduct of the emancipated negroes. The following is an extract from his letter: 'The consequence of the facts already stated is, that landed property has risen, and is still rising in value,—being decidedly of greater value now than it was six years ago. In Antigua it seems to be a clear point, that the property without the slaves, is now of equal value with the property and the slaves, six years ago, or before emancipation. This calculation is a fact far below the mark.'

A similar remark applies with still greater force to St. Kitts. B. Claxton, the Solicitor General there, told me that he would not take £6000 now for a property which had cost him only £2000 six years ago. Indeed many planters spoke of what they receive in the shape of compensation, as quite a gratuity.

The unfavorable reports which have been spread of the working of freedom, have generally arisen from persons who are anxious to lay hold of landed property at a cheap rate. A clear proof that all is doing well, is unintentionally given by a gentleman in Antigua, who cries down the system as having ruined the West Indies, while he strives to purchase all the landed property he can.

The comforts of the negroes are immensely increased. They are providing themselves with good food and clothing. The evidence of this fact is abundant in every island we visited. No proof of it can be stronger than the almost doubling of the imports within the last two years. On the whole there cannot be the least shadow of doubt that the substantial prosperity of the colonies which we visited, is on the increase. New houses are building; new estates are coming under cultivation. At least six sugar estates, which had been given up under slavery, in Antigua, are now again in course of profitable cultivation.'

THE LETTER-BAG OF THE GREAT WESTERN.

This jeu d'esprit will add little to Mr. Haliburton's reputation; for he has again fallen into the mistake of speculating upon his name, though with less literary fraud than in the Bubbles from Canada. He has contrived a framework; he has given variety enough to his topics, by well varying his fictitious correspondents; and his composition is worked up with great care. But the book is deficient in matter; the points are without substance to back them,—which is, if such a thing were possible, like an edge without a blade. Mr. Haliburton also wants the dramatic power of fully entering into the spirit of his characters: unless in a few lucky cases, or where the imitation is forced and literal, the author is constantly peeping through his fictitious letter-writers.

The source of failure is obvious. Mr. Haliburton has supposed that laboured phrases and jingling words can be substituted for long-collected materials. What gave value to his history of Nova-scotia?—Not the mere style, though that was very admirable, but less in itself than in its adaption to the subject. It was the thorough knowledge of the subject, acquired by years of patient research stimulated by a national pride. It was not slang terms and well turned periods that procured a British reputation for his Clock-maker, but a familiar acquaintance with the country he described, and a long observation of the characters he undertook to portray; though, as we observed on the appearance of the first series, 'a good deal must be allowed for the novelty of the subjects, persons, and dialect.' It is possible that the want of this last quality may have something to do with the vast inferiority of the Letter-Bag of the Great Western: a reader possessing a wider acquaintance with the life described than the author himself, is not so easily satisfied as when all is new to him.

The Letter-Bag of the Great Western,—is dedicated to Lord John Russell; and contains some fair hits at dedications, patronage, and the general ignorance of our colonies which prevails in this country. The preface contains here and there a telling point, but for the most part consists of phrasemongery, with not a few of those phrases, whose jocularly being limited, is called slang-wit. The letters of the 'Bag' are twenty-eight in number: some written to characterize the lower order of English,—as the epistle from the ship-butcher to his sweetheart; or that from a footman, too high-souled for livery and bent upon equality, to his friend at home.

Some ridicule the company and accommodation of the vessel,—as the letter from the coloured steward to his friend Mr. Lavender. The journal of an actress has some hits at Miss Fanny Kemble's book, but is poor and forced, without any nice development of character, or rather any development at all. Several of the epistles aim at more general satire of persons, or of landsmen at sea: imitations of Marryatt, but without his humour and air of reality. Several are exaggerations; several are dull attempts at jocularity; the wit of some is such elaborate word-playing as this—

'We have lots of land lubbers on board, young agitators fond of intestine commotions, who are constantly 'spouting'—maidens whose bosoms 'heave'—young clerks who 'cast up accounts'—Customhouse officers who 'clear out'—sharps given to 'overreaching'—Jews who at the tailrail 'keep a passover'—lawyers who 'take nothing by their motion'—doctors who have 'sick visits'—choleric people who cannot 'keep down their bile'—bankrupts who 'give all they have'—spendthrifts who 'keep nothing long'—idlers who do nothing all day but 'go up and down'—men of business exhibiting 'bills of lading'—swindlers who 'cut and run'—military men who 'surrender up at discretion'—boys that quarrel and 'throw up at cards'—preachers who cannot 'keep their places'—preachers who say 'they want but little here below, nor want that little long'—hypocrites that make 'long faces'—grumbler that are 'open mouthed'—babbler that 'keep nothing in'—painters ever reluctant to 'show their palette'—authors that cannot conceal 'their effusions'—printers that never leave 'their sheets,' and publishers that first 'puff,' and then 'bring forth their trash.' In short, men of all sorts in 'one common mess.' Lord, what fun it is, dear Jack, to see these creatures! Good Christians they are too, for they 'give and take;' they 'return' all kindness with interest—charitable to a degree, for they 'give all they have,' and 'strain' a point to do their utmost. Candid souls! they 'keep nothing back,' but 'bring every thing forward,' without any consideration for themselves.'

There are occasionally better things; and Mr. Haliburton is happy in a sort of wit founded upon a double meaning in words, though not punning,—a gift however that sometimes takes him too much towards the style of Smollett.

The accommodations of the Great Western, like those of the British Queen, would appear to be far less excellent than the reports and advertisements might lead one to suppose. Most of Mr. Haliburton's letter-writers, who attend to such topics, complain of the wine, and the effluvia of the coloured waiters; some find fault with the provisions and the deficient attendance. But having

made his fictitious characters write these complaints, in about as real a manner as any thing they do write, Mr. Haliburton closes his preface by an 'unqualified approbation of this noble ship, the liberal provision for the comforts of the passengers,' and a flaming panegyric on the Commander.

UNITED STATES.

Arms and Munitions.—A letter from Washington, published in the Richmond Enquirer of Friday, states with reference to the present resources of the United States, in view of a hostile termination of the present controversy, it is stated that besides 400,000 arms that have been distributed by the general government to the respective States, there are now in the arsenals 600,000 muskets ready for use, and of heavy cannon 3000 pieces.—Supplies of balls and all kinds of projectiles are abundant. There is a sufficient store of materials to manufacture 5000 pistols and swords per month. The amount of gunpowder on hand is 12,000 barrels, with materials for 4000 barrels more.

It is proper to be prepared for the worst, yet we continue to hope that no occasion will arise for the employment of our military resources in a war with England. We agree fully with the writer of the Enquirer, that in reference to the United States and Great Britain—'the necessity of hostilities between two such nations should be obvious and urgent, before the people of either country would justify and support the painful and unnatural resort to arms. Descended as we are from one common race, endeared by a thousand recollections of kindred and blood, usages and pursuits, and knit together by a continual interchange of the various productions of enterprise and industry, wealth, genius and art—the voice of humanity invokes peace.'—Baltimore American.

Manure.—A farmer who should think to grow profitable crops without a generous application of Manures to his soil, would be as unwise as a person who should calculate to live in ease and luxury all his days without money.—Manure is the capital of the husbandman, which deposited in the Earth Bank will yield a high rate of interest. The supply ordinarily obtained from the stable, however well husbanded, is quite too small. A good farmer has throughout the year taken care to collect muck, turf, vegetable substances, lime, ashes, &c. and make a compost of them, either in heaps by themselves, or what is better, by mixing them with his stable and hog manures.

The removing of manure to the field should be delayed till just as you are about to plough and turn it under. If carried out some days before, it loses by evaporation, or is washed away by the rains to fertilize some other person's land. New manure is strongest, and should be buried pretty deep. Old manure is best for the garden, and as a deposit in corn hills. This gives the young plants a start, in time to command the benefits of the new manure ploughed in, which in due season becomes sufficiently decomposed to supply the proper food.

DON'T SLEEP WITH YOUR GRANDMOTHER.

Transferring of Vital Power.—A not uncommon cause of loss of vital powers is the young sleeping with the aged. The fact, however explained, has been long remarked, and it is well known to every unprejudiced observer. But it has been most unaccountably overlooked in medicine. I have, on several occasions, met with the counterpart of the following case: 'I was, a few years since, consulted about a pale, sickly, and thin boy, of about five or six years of age.—He appeared to have no specific ailment, but there was a slow, and remarkable decline of flesh and strength, and of the energy of all the functions—what his mother very aptly termed a gradual blight. After inquiring into the history of the case, it came out that he had been a robust and plethoric child up to his third year, when his grandmother, a very aged person, took him to sleep with her; that he soon after lost his good looks, and he had continued to decline ever since, notwithstanding medical treatment. I directed him to sleep apart from the aged parent, and prescribed tonics, change of air, &c. The recovery was rapid. It is not with children only that debility is induced by this mode of abstracting vital power. Those in good health should never sleep with sickly persons.'

When to Fall in Love.—The celebrated Cobbett fell in love with the Lady who afterwards became his devoted and most faithful wife, at the wash-tub when she was engaged in wringing clothes. 'That's the girl for me,' said he; and after the proper preliminaries she became his betrothed. If our likely bachelors would find real ladies for wives let them go out into the country, and take a peep over the fences toward the close of day; they may be sure that the first unmarried damsel, whom they see seated on a three legged stool beside the gentle cow, mildly and affectionately saying—'so—mully—so,' are the very ones, above all others, to make deserving men proud and happy in their choice of a companion.—Maine Cultivator.

Married Women.—A law has just been passed by the New York Legislature, which authorises 'any married woman, by herself, and in the name of any third person, with his assent, as her trustee, to cause to be insured, for her sole use, the life of her husband for any definite period, or for the term of his natural life; and in case of her surviving her husband, the sum or net amount of the insurance becoming due and payable, by the terms of the insurance, shall be payable to her, to and for her own use, free from the claims of the representatives of her husband, or of any of his creditors; but such exemption shall not apply where the amount of premium annually paid shall exceed three hundred dollars. In case of the death of the wife before her husband's decease, the amount insured may be made payable to the children for their use.'

Hallo there!—Young man! I mean that one clad in broadcloth and ruffles, who has just emerged from the bar room, having swallowed his dram of brandy and water, and who now appears with a Spanish segar in his mouth, and is mounted on a swift trotting horse—hallo there! young man! you are on the high road to ruin, and will soon trot off into disgrace. Rein back, dismount, lay off your broadcloth, cast away your segar, abjure the cup, procure some mechanical or agricultural tools, and go hard to work like an honest and useful man. In this way you may regain a waning reputation, and place yourself in easy and respectable circumstances in due time.