

The hereditary origin of such cases may be questioned, although I believe they have no other source.

The following sweet piece of Poetry is from the pen of Thomas O. Davis, Esq., a leading writer in the "Nation," published at Dublin. The papers by the last mail record his death.

MY GRAVE.  
Shall they bury me in the deep,  
Where wind forgetting waters sleep?  
Shall they dig a grave for me,  
Under the green wood tree?  
Or on the wild hearth,  
Where the wilder breath  
Of the storm doth blow?  
Oh, no! oh, no!  
Shall they bury me in the palace tombs,  
Or under the shade of cathedral domes?  
Sweet 'twere to lie on Italy's shore;  
Yet not there—nor in Greece, though I love it more.  
In the wolf or the vulture, my grave shall I find?  
Shall my ashes career on the world seeing wind?  
Shall they fling my corpse in the battle mound,  
Where coffins thousands lie under the ground?  
Just as they fall they are buried so—  
Oh, no! oh, no!  
No! on an Irish green hill side,  
On an opening lawn—but not too wide;  
For I love the drip of the wetted trees—  
On me blow no gales, but a gentle breeze,  
To freshen the turf; put no tombstone there,  
But green sods decked with daisies fair,  
Not sods too deep; but so that the dew,  
The matted grass roots may trickle through—  
Be my epitaph writ on my country's mind,  
"He serv'd his country and loved his kind."  
Oh! 'twere merry unto the grave to go,  
If one were sure to be buried so.

## The Politician.

### The British Press.

From the Pictorial Times.

#### CHRISTIAN INSTITUTIONS AT JERUSALEM.

Many accounts have recently been given in the public prints of buildings said to be in progress of erection in the venerated city of Jerusalem, and in particular of a Protestant church on Mount Zion. These accounts are mostly exaggerated, and in many cases wholly untrue. One Christian edifice, a hospital, has recently been erected; and another, a church for converted Jews, is partially completed on one of the sacred eminences in the neighbourhood of Mount Zion. The former of these—which is considered to be the finest "house" in Jerusalem—was built by private subscription, and is now open under liberal rule and management, for the reception of the sick and dying of every tongue and creed. The church is being erected at the expense of the London Society for Promoting Christianity amongst the Jews; but although in a forward state, the works are at present stopt for want of funds, and are otherwise seriously retarded by the jealousy of the Turks. We are happy, however, in stating that the society have the best prospects of the speedy resumption of the building of the church. Besides the general reply given to the memorial recently presented by them to Lord Aberdeen, the friends of the undertaking have been given to understand that his lordship has favourably instructed her Majesty's ambassador at Constantinople upon the subject, and that he has recently made a fresh representation to the Porte respecting the building of the Protestant Church at Jerusalem. Lord Aberdeen has, in fact, distinctly promised that he will not fail to seek to attain the objects set forth in the society's memorial by every mode within the reach of the government, which may be compatible with the respect due to the sovereign rights of the Sultan.

The church, when finished, will be an ornament to the "ruined" city. The style is a plain Gothic, more regard having been had to securing good and convenient proportions than to the exhibition of useless and expensive ornaments.

We heartily wish the society success in their holy and interesting enterprise. The population of the city is in a most destitute condition, and Bishop Alexander, having been too ambi-

tious in his projects, has been unable to do them little good. It must, however, be allowed that his task is a most arduous one. A more motley, prejudiced, debased multitude than the people of Jerusalem can hardly be imagined. The highest calculation of their number does not exceed 15,000; the largest proportion of whom consists of Mahometans, the next the Jews, then the Greeks, the Latins, the Armenians, the Copts, and a few Syrian Christians. The City is divided into three parts, called quarters; the Moslem, the Jewish, and the Christian. The lower portion of the city—that portion nearest the mosque—is the quarter inhabited by the Turks or Moslems; at the foot, and on ascending part of Mount Zion, going up towards the Castle of David, is the quarter inhabited by the descendants of Abraham, the Jews; and the remaining portion, known by the name of Acra, is the Christian quarter: in this latter are situated the principal Greek and Latin convents, and the Churches of Calvary and the Holy Sepulchre.

The inhabitants of Jerusalem are very poor, and subsist some by their shops in the bazars; others by handicraft, such as shoemaking, tailoring, pipe head making (a source of great employment in the East, where the principal occupation is smoking); manufactures of tin articles, such as coffee pots, bottles for pilgrims to carry some Jordan waters with them to their native countries in Europe, and tin cases for carrying certificates, certifying that they are *veritable Hadjis*; a few gold and silver smiths; manufactories of pastry and confectionery, articles much in requisition at the Christian, Mahometan, and Jewish festivals—such as Christmas and Easter of the Christians, the Bairams of the Mahometans, and the feast of Mordecai and others of the Jews; these are mostly carried on by Christians and some few Jews. The Moslems exhibit an amazing amount of apathy and indifference in their business transactions, always sitting cross-legged and smoking on their stalls, and frequently scarcely deigning to answer your questions. The Christians are much keener, and desirous of thriving; and the Jews in Jerusalem, as elsewhere, have the character of over-reaching, honesty and integrity being treated as a jest by Orientals of all classes, and one universal system of roguery and cheating carried on, from the highest officer under the Sultan to the poorest of his subjects—every one considering himself entitled to "eat" something out of every para which passes through his hands. To reclaim one sinner of such an obdurate family would evidently be as laborious a work as getting the funds together for an unfinished church.

In connection with this subject we may mention, that the church attempted to be built by bishop Alexander's party, on Mount Zion, has been abandoned; and as the British Government refuses to sanction so open a violation of Mahomedan laws and feeling as the erection of a place of Christian worship on so prominent a site as Mount Zion, it is feared the works will not be resumed. To compensate the architect, Mr. J. Wards Johns, for his design of the cathedral like structure which was to have surmounted David's Hill—"the joy of the whole earth"—his Majesty the King of Prussia has this week presented him with a splendid gold medal, of which we give a copy.

Mr. J. W. Johns in the same gentleman who, as British pro-consul at Jerusalem, assisted so many of our countrymen during their visits to the Holy Land; and who, on the occasion of Bishop Alexander's state entry into Jerusalem, was appointed by the authorities to welcome him to the city of his forefathers.

To those who may be disposed to assist the Christian institutions of Jerusalem, the following statement of the objects sought by their promoters may aid their charitable sympathies. It is desired to carry out in the sight of the heathen, in works of mercy and in the offices of religion, those pure and apostolic principles which have been handed down to us from the days of our Saviour.

## The Colonial Press.

From the Quebec Mercury.

#### HALIFAX AND CANADA RAIL ROAD.

We have been favored with the following documents, received in this city by the last English Mail. They open a pleasing prospect for the British North American Provinces, and we are glad to find that it comes from the Metropolis of the British Empire, whose interest lies in uniting all its parts by facilitating

their commercial communication and the concentration of its power.

All the Provinces are equally interested in promoting this national scheme. The commercial Cities on the lakes and the St. Lawrence, which have their connexions in the United Kingdom, are peculiarly interested. If the competition of the railroads, now opened to the United States seaports, is not met by similar facilities through British ports, it is easy to see which way the trade will go. Like water it will run through the freest channel, and for nearly one half the year the channel by the St. Lawrence is closed.

The greater distance to Halifax and St. John is against the proposed railroad, but this distance is gained, by a nearer approach to the Home Dominions, and other circumstances are nearly equal. If the Toronto and Sarnia road were brought to Quebec, a railroad communication would be complete through Canada and the Eastern Provinces to the port of Halifax, within about two thousand miles of navigation to the ports of the United Kingdom.

It is not to be expected that local interests, and perhaps jealousies, with the usual blindness to the general interests, will not throw obstacles in the way, such as, in the end, generally prove injurious even to the localities where they prevail. As the object now to be attained is of national importance, it is to be hoped that any little interests and jealousies which may arise will give way, and all, both in the Home Dominions and in the Provinces, unite in effecting the main object, which must prove beneficial to all. The surest and most direct route is the best. Branches may easily be introduced, for the advantage of particular localities, so soon as the general outlet is opened.

## Communications.

### LOCAL.

Mr Editor,

A fortnight since you published a letter from Moses H. Perley, Esq., to the Editor of the New Brunswick, detailing some incidents in the early history of Miramichi. I find on referring to an old file of the Gleaner, some of the circumstances alluded to, related by a correspondent; and as I have no doubt the communication has not been read by a number of your present subscribers, and thinking it will be perused with interest, you will confer a favor on a subscriber by republishing it in your paper at your earliest convenience.

### THE REVENGE:

#### AN HISTORICAL SKETCH.

The day had died in storm, but the sun as he sank to repose, tinged the firmament with the varied colours of the rainbow, an indication of a change in the weather, which cheered the heart of the wearied mariner, as His Majesty's Brig—bearing the body of the renowned and ever to be lamented General Wolfe, to the land which gave him birth, to be deposited in the honoured mausoleum of the mighty dead of England, cast anchor off Tyrrell's Point in the Miramichi.\*

During the night the Storm abated, and was succeeded by a clear and beautiful morning; the river, which on the preceding day was frightfully agitated by a strong north-east gale, resembled a sheet of glass, faintly stained by the opening rays of the rising sun, which was just now peeping out upon the eastern horizon, and was stirred only by the "light and balmy air" of the zephyr breeze, which just kissed the surface with sufficient violence to destroy the illusion. The gig was hoisted out comfortably to the directions of the Captain on the preceding evening, that a supply of fresh water might be procured from the land, and her crew, six in number, commanded by the second Lieutenant, pulled with light hearts and buoyant spirits, for that shore which fate had decreed should be their resting place.

The Indians, to whom at this period a vessel was always an attraction, were collected in the neighbouring wood, and watched the boat as she proceeded to a small creek at Moorefield's; the crew, after filling their kegs, sat down, to rest, and several of them fell asleep. The sa-

\* The point, from this circumstance, was called Wolfe's Point, and retained that appellation until it became the property of Mr. Tyrrell, whose name it now bears.

vages starting from their ambush, seized the favourable opportunity, rushed upon the defenceless seamen, murdered the whole party; and after scalping them, tied some up to the trees, at whose roots they lit a fire, which ascending, consumed their bodies; the remainder they mangled in a dreadful manner, and then finished their savage rites by immolating them in a fire which they prepared for the purpose.

Thus perished, by the ruthless hands of a horde of savages, seven British tars, who perhaps had borne the brunt of many a battle, and scaled the arduous heights of Abraham; and who no doubt, had contributed to the glories of that day, which was honored by the departure of Wolfe's immortal spirit, and to the splendour of that victory which his military genius achieved.

As the day passed away, many were the conjectures on board respecting the long absence of the boat and her crew. As the night advanced, the Captain became alarmed, and lights were hoisted at the mast head to direct them; the sentinel as he walked his round, bent an anxious ear, striving to catch the sound of oars, but all was silent; the strength of that attachment which is one of the many amiable characteristics which distinguish the British Sailor, was exemplified in a conference, and the expression of various opinions as to the fate of the Boat's Crew, resounded through the fore-castle; but the night passed away, and still there were no tidings of them.

At length, when the morning dawned, a birch canoe paddled by a white man, was seen making for the ship, and in a short time was along side; this man on being introduced to the Captain, informed him of the cruel murder of the boat's crew, and also stated that a large body of the Indians and several French settlers had encamped at Canadian Marsh. The Captain horrified by the recital of the shuddering detail, in which cowardice and cruelty struggled for pre-eminence, and burning with a desire of revenge, to gratify which the rendezvous of the murderers seemed to offer a favourable opportunity, asked the man if he would pilot the Brig up, and on his consenting so to do, orders were immediately given to hoist the anchor, and the vessel in a few minutes was underweigh.

The Indians and French saw her approach, but expecting at that time a French Brig, they were not alarmed, and a number of them were on the beach anxiously waiting until she should leave to. When the vessel was abreast of the encampment, the gun ports flew open, and a most murderous broadside of grape and canister shot was poured in upon the affrighted savages; and so great was the panic produced by this unexpected and unwelcome salute, that, before they could collect themselves, another broadside was discharged, which dealt death and destruction all around. The yells of the wounded, the shrieks of the dying, and the war whoop of the fugitive survivors, reverberated along the shore, as the boats well armed proceeded towards it: when the men landed nothing was to be seen but piles of dead bodies, for, as they had been closely huddled together, the guns had done frightful execution; they however completed the measure of retaliatory vengeance by plundering all the dwellings, and converting them into a glorious funeral pile to the memory of their murdered shipmates.

The Captain whose avenger appeared unsuitable, intended to proceed farther up the river, resolved to wreak his fury upon every house and inhabitant he could see, but was cautioned by the Pilot not to attempt it, as there was a large body of French on Beauvoir's Island, protected by a strong battery. Swayed by these cogent reasons, he prudently gave up the pursuit, and the Brig proceeded to sea; but on her passage out, he descried a small wooden Chapel at Bay-du-Vin, which, together with several houses in its vicinity, were destroyed; and on the opposite side of the river, as they proceeded farther down, they saw a large stone Chapel, and a number of Buildings, which they visited with similar vengeance.

No blood was spilt at either of these places, as the inhabitants saved themselves by timely flight, but the seamen had the satisfaction to see the traces of their vengeance, in the conflagration, which streamed its light over the watery path, as they departed from the scenes of their vindictive but honorable reprisal, and the vessel with her noble burthen, after a short and prosperous passage, arrived at her destination.

The vestiges of this devastation are still visible at Bay-du-Vin, and the existence of a former