

## Dactyl.

Poems to Children,  
By Mrs. MRS. CAN.

### THE FLY.

My merry little fly, play here,  
And let me look at you;  
I will not touch you, though you're near,  
As naughty children do.

I see you spread your pretty wings,  
That sparkle in the sun;  
I see your legs, what tiny things!  
And yet how fast they run.

You walk along the ceiling now,  
And down the upright wall;  
I'll ask mama to tell me how  
You walk and do not fall.

Twas God that taught you, little fly,  
To walk along the ground,  
And mount above my head so high,  
And frolic round and round.

I'll near you stand to see you play,  
But do not be afraid;  
I would not lift my little hand  
To hurt the thing He made.

### THE LAMB'S LULLABY.

CHILD.

The pretty little lambs that lie  
To sleep upon the grass,  
Have none to sing them lullaby  
But the night winds as they pass.

While I, a happy little maid,  
Bid dear papa good night;  
And in my crib so warm am laid,  
And tucked up snug and tight.

Then Annie sits and sings to me,  
With gentle voice and soft,  
The Highland song of sweet Glenshee,  
That I have heard so oft.

Or else some pretty hymn she sings,  
Until to sleep I go;  
But the young helpless lambs, poor things,  
Have none to lull them so.

O, if the lambs to me would come,  
I'd try to sing Glenshee;  
And here, in this warm quiet room,  
How sound their sleep would be.

Haste, kind mama! and call them here,  
Where they'll be warm as I;  
For in the chilly fields I fear,  
Before the morn they'll die.

### Mama's Answer.

The lambs sleep in the fields, 'tis true,  
Without a lullaby;  
And yet they are as warm as you,  
Beneath the summer sky.

They choose some dry and grassy spot,  
Below the shady trees;  
To other songs they listen not,  
Than the pleasant evening breeze.

The blankets soft that cover you,  
Are made of fleeces warm,  
That kept the sheep from evening dew,  
Or from the wintry storm.

And when the night is bitter cold,  
The shepherd comes with care,  
And leads them to his peaceful fold:  
They're safe and sheltered there.

How happy are the lambs, my love,  
How safe and calm they rest!  
But you a Shepherd have above,  
Of all kind shepherds best.

His lambs he gathers in His arms,  
And in His bosom bears;  
How blest,—how safe from all alarms,  
Each child His love who shares!

O! if you'll be His gentle child,  
And listen to His voice,  
Be loving, dutiful, and mild,  
How will mama rejoice!

Then, when you've done His will below,  
And you are called to die;  
In His kind arms your soul shall go,  
To His own fold on high.

## Miscellaneous.

**THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.**—You must descend to the very edge of the trembling rocky brink of the cauldron on the British side, immediately under the stairs, and sixty or seventy feet below the narrow platform of the rock on which you have stood when you have reached the last of these stairs. This is not to be effected without some trouble, risk, and fatigue; but it repays all your exertion, for when you have reached the edge, close to the Rainbow or Split Rock, you are, as it were, at once in a new world—chaos seems there to have never been disturbed by the regularity of nature, but reigns solemn and supreme. Place your back against the projecting, blackened, and slime-covered rocks, and look towards the mighty mass of vapour and water before you, around you, beneath you, and above you. Hearing, sight, feeling, become as it were, blended and confounded. You are sensible that you exist, perhaps, but in what state of existence has, for a few minutes, vanished from your imagination. The rocks vibrate under your feet; the milk-white boiling and mountain surge advances, swells up, subsides, recoils, lashes, and mingles with the thick vapour. An indescribable and terrific, dull, yet deafening sound, shakes the air; your nerves feel the concussion, and the words of surprise which at length escape from your lips are inaudible even to yourself, so awfully stern is the uproar of the contending air and water in their conflict for mastery. The ideas which first struck me, when I had recovered from this stupor of astonishment, were those of being swept away by the foaming mountains, bubbling, seething in the huge cauldron at my feet; of being on the point of losing the sense of hearing, for my temerity in venturing to pry so nearly into the unattainable mysteries of nature; and of instant annihilation from the mass of overhanging black and beetling rock above my head, at an absolute height of nearly 200 feet. In fact, I experienced the same sensations so beautifully described by Shakespeare in Lear, but from a reverse cause; so true is it that extremes meet. I became giddy and confounded by looking at and up to the dizzy scene, instead of glancing from the eye down towards an unfathomable abyss of air and water below. There are few visitors who venture to the "imminent deadly breach" of the edge of the cauldron, and of the Split Rainbow Rock. These form a huge mass, burned cables deep in the gulf, fallen headlong from above, rent by the tall in twain nearly to its base, wedged into the lip of the cauldron, and towering twenty or thirty feet above the mountain surge. How it became so transfixed, baffles conjecture, for it was evidently hurled from the table-rock above. This Rainbow Rock, as it is called, or Iris's Throne,

from the extremity of the arc appearing to rest upon it, when you view the great fall from the rocky table above, cannot now be approached so easily. The ladder by which, at much personal hazard, its flat and slippery surface was gained, has been swept away by the raging flood; and it is, perhaps, fortunate that it is so, for the experiment of gaining and standing on the surface was attended with great risk. I saw one person, whilst I was sketching the scene, actually lying down at full length upon the edge of it, with his head projecting over, to look into the very cauldron. I shuddered at the hardihood displayed, for a false movement would be inevitable and instant destruction on that slippery platform. When he descended the ladder, I told him what I had felt, and he was fully aware of his danger, but said, that from his childhood he had been a ranger in the Alps. To add to the difficulties of your situation on the edge of the cauldron, the descending and ascending spray is so great, that you are wet through very soon; whilst the clouds of arrowy sleet driving in your eyes render sketching not very pleasant; whilst, to add to your stock of ideas, you behold a truly Freischutz display, for, crawling at your feet, amidst a mass of ground and splintered timber, bones, and shivered rock, are the loathsome and large black toad, the hideously deformed black lizard, eels of a most equivocal appearance, and even that prototype of the eel, the fierce black water-serpent.—*Bonnycastle's Canadas.*

### IMPORTANT MOVEMENT AMONG THE JEWS.

—After the last sentence of this work had been put in type, and just at the very moment the concluding sheet was going to press, I received information of a most important fact, which has not yet been brought before the public. I allude to the circumstance of a great number of Jews having just seceded from the general body, in consequence of the latter placing the rabbinical writings on the same footing as the five books of Moses—just as the Roman Catholics and Puseyites regard the traditions of the Fathers as of equal authority of the Scriptures. The seceders, at the head of whom Sir Isaac Lyon Goldsmid, one of the most influential individuals in the Jewish community, denounce the Talmud as a mass of outrageous absurdities, and are determined to adhere exclusively to the authority of Moses in all religious matters. It is impossible to over estimate the importance of this event. It cannot fail to shake the Jewish system to the very centre; for the recognition of the rabbinical writings as of equal authority with the Pentateuch, has been the great source of all the superstition which exists among the body. There is a remarkable resemblance between this movement and that made by Luther and the other Reformers in the sixteenth century, to emancipate the nations of Europe from the thralldom in which they were held by the Romish priesthood. The movement is the more important, inasmuch as it is the first division which has ever taken place among the Jews, on any of the essentials of their religion. It cannot fail to produce speedy, as well as most momentous results. It has already inspired the body generally with the deepest alarm; but on that point I forbear to dwell. These Jewish dissenters have taken the place in Burton-street, formerly occupied by Owenites, which the have converted into a synagogue, where they now worship Jehovah in accordance with their newly acquired lights, under the designation of "The Reformed Jews." The designation they have chosen is of itself very significant import. Who knows but this may be the first step which Providence means to take for paving the way for the conversion of the Jews.—*Lights and Shadows of London Life, by the author of "The Great Metropolis."*

### OLD EXCHANGE, SHUTTING ON SABBATH.

—On Friday a meeting of the subscribers to the Tontine Reading Room was held in the room, for the purpose of deciding the question, whether it should be shut or open during the Sabbath? It appears that last year a requisition, signed by forty subscribers, was presented to the Directors, praying them to take steps for having the room shut up on Sabbath. The Directors came to no decision on the matter; but the question having been lately revived, they resolved to refer it entirely to the decision of the subscribers. The meeting for this purpose was accordingly held last night—Wm. Gilmour, Esq. in the Chair—when a motion was made to the effect, that, acknowledging the divine obligation of the Sabbath, the meeting resolve that the room should be shut on that day. An amendment was then moved that the room, in accordance with the practice hitherto followed, should be kept open on Sabbath. A division took place, when the amendment in favour of keeping open on Sabbath was carried by about four to one. The attendance of subscribers was large, and a deep interest appeared to be felt in the result.

The Guardian of this morning says:—We understand that immediately after the breaking up of the above meeting, a number of gentlemen favourable to the shutting of the room on Sabbath, met in the Thintine, and resolved that in the event of the Directors confirming the resolution of the subscribers, they would withdraw from the room in January next, and in the meantime take the necessary steps for establishing another room, which shall be shut during the whole of the Sabbath. With this view it was also resolved to co-operate with those who have already withdrawn, or may yet withdraw their subscriptions from the Royal Exchange Room for the same season. A Committee was formed for the purpose of carrying the resolution into effect; and there is no doubt but that their object will be vigorously and successfully prosecuted.—*Glasgow Herald.*

**TYPE FOUNDRY IN SCOTLAND.**—It is, perhaps, not generally known to the inhabitants of Fife, or to the country at large, that the art of type-founding was introduced into Scotland at Saint Andrews, where types were first made by the ancestor of the present celebrated type-founders—Messrs. Alexander and Patrick Wilson of Edinburgh. This circumstance—so honourable to the county of Fife, and to the city of Saint Andrews, the seat of the oldest University of Scotland—is worthy of particular notice, as from the little establishment begun

in that ancient city, have branched the large and important type-foundries now in operation in London, Edinburgh, and Dublin; not to mention the perfection to which the Messrs. Wilson have brought the art by their zeal, perseverance and great liberality—a fact which the beautiful types produced at their foundries sufficiently prove, in the numerous elegantly printed volumes, annually issuing from the British press. It is also gratifying to county pride to know that the ancestor of the Messrs. Wilson, who had the honour of first introducing type-founding into Scotland at Saint Andrews, was a native of that city. Mr. Alex. Wilson, afterwards Professor of Astronomy in the University of Glasgow, grandfather of Messrs. Wilson, was born at Saint Andrews in 1714. After completing his University course there, he went to London, and, while studying medicine in the British metropolis, he accidentally visited a type-foundry, where a close examination of the process convinced him that he could effect great improvements in the art. He communicated his ideas to an acquaintance, also a native of Saint Andrews, and they removed to that city in 1742, where they opened a foundry, at which, as already observed, the first types in Scotland, worthy of the name, were cast. Their success exceeded their most sanguine expectations, and their increasing connexion with Ireland induced them to remove the foundry to Glasgow in 1744, where it rapidly obtained a remarkable celebrity. The foundry was carried on at Glasgow till 1834, when it was removed to London, in which metropolis it has since been in active and extensive operation. The small beginning at Saint Andrews, under Professor Wilson, in 1742, was thus the nucleus of the large foundries in the capitals of England, Scotland, and Ireland.—*Fifehire Journal.*

**ANECDOTE OF NAPOLEON.**—Shortly before the battle of Jena, Napoleon had well nigh fallen a victim to one of those accidents which may be considered as reinforcements to the legitimate hazards encountered in the glorious "trade of war." At Weimar, the emperor disposed his forces in order of battle, and bivouacked in the centre of his guard. He had ordered a passage to be hollowed in the rock, and towards two o'clock in the morning set out on foot to ascertain how the work was proceeding. Having remained an hour on the spot, he resolved to make a rapid inspection of the nearest outposts, before returning to his bivouack. This solitary excursion nearly cost the emperor his life. The night was so dark that the sentries were unable to see the slightest object at the distance of ten paces. One of them, hearing footsteps, challenged, and immediately presented his piece. The emperor, who was prevented from hearing the *qui vive* by one of his fits of absence, made no answer, and was speedily aroused from his reverie by a ball whizzing past his ear. Instantly aware of his danger, he threw himself flat on the ground. No sooner had he adopted this precaution than a shower of bullets passed over his head; the first sentry's fire having been repeated through the whole line. The momentary danger past, the emperor rose and walked straight to the nearest outpost, where he was immediately recognised. In a few minutes the sentry who had first challenged and fired, was relieved from his post, and brought before Napoleon; the soldier was a young grenadier in one of the regiments of the line. "You young rascal!" said the emperor, familiarly pinching his cheek, "It seems you took me for a Prussian! the dog does not waste his powder; nothing less than an emperor serves him for a mark." The poor soldier, in the utmost consternation at the idea that he might have killed the little corporal, whom he idolized not less than the rest of the army, could only stammer out a few broken sentences:—"Pardon, Sir, but I had orders to fire;—if you will not answer, I am not blame;—another time you must put in the orders you don't choose to answer." The emperor laughed, and to reconcile the poor fellow to himself, said, as he withdrew:—"My brave lad, it was not your fault; for a random shot in the dark, your's was not amiss; it will soon be daylight; take a better aim, and I'll provide for you."

### TWO HEADS ARE BETTER THAN ONE.

—When the King (George the Fourth) visited Winchester, as it happened to be on Saturday, all the country people came into the town the next morning, expecting to see the monarch go to the Cathedral. The corporation also looked for the honour of attending the monarch to church. When assembled in all formality, they were told that the King did not intend to leave his apartment that day; this was a sad disappointment, and the Mayor frankly told some of the lords in waiting that serious consequences might follow. The lords spoke to the King, who still refused to stir out of doors. In this dilemma application was made to the Mahomet (a favorite servant who was taken prisoner by the Elector, when commanding the Imperialists in the war against the Turks), who saw the matter in a proper light, and undertook to succeed with his master. Accordingly he entered the King's room, and said, "You go to church to-day?" "No," replies His Majesty. "What? you no go to church! The people all come to see you go to church. They think you have got two heads. You go to church and show them you have but one. The King laughed heartily, dressed himself and went to the cathedral amidst the cheers of the populace. There is a fine portrait of Mahomet in the palace at Kensington, he died in 1826.

**THE LITURGY OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.**—A church is a company of faithful people; prayers for the use of such a church should be the prayers of faith. To form a liturgy which would admit of being used by an unregenerate person, would make a worse amalgamation of the church and the world than any present abuses. This remark will apply to the burial service; when read over the saint's grave, every word is appropriate; to the impenitent sinner it is altogether inapplicable. Let the discipline then be more strict, yet the tares will spring up among the wheat till the harvest, and the purest earthly church must be referred to the judgment of charity.—But still an objection is made, which, if duly considered,

instead of being an objection, is a high commendation of it; sin has so corrupted the taste of men, that it had been a reflection on our church forms if they had suited it. The beauty of it appears therefore in this, that it is above the wretched taste which it hoped to cure, and by its purity it manifests the contrast.—*Port. Tel.*

Form stints the spirit,—Watts has said,  
And therefore out is wrong,  
At best a crutch the weak to aid,  
A crumple to the strong.

Old David both in prayer and praise,  
A form for crutches brings;  
But Watts has dignified his lays;  
And furnished him with wings.

Even Watts, a form for praise can choose;  
For prayer, who throws it by;  
Crutches to walk he can refuse,  
But uses them to fly.

### SINGULAR DISCOVERY OF A LOST RING.

A gentleman in the East India Company's Service, some twenty years ago, when stationed near Patna, was in the habit, by way of amusement, to turn his attention to cutting and polishing pebbles, consisting of agates, jasper, which are to be found profusely distributed in the bed of the Soane. Among a large variety of specimens, he became possessed of one in particular, a blood stone, which he greatly prized on account of the intensity of the colours pervading it. This he had afterwards set in a compact box ring, in which he deposited a small portion of the hair of his lady. Some little while after it was in his possession, the ring was missed; and although every search was instituted for its recovery, no trace of it whatever could be arrived at. In the course of a short time afterwards, the lady died; and her husband was ordered to join a distant station up the country, when the circumstance connected with the ring was forgotten. Years passed away without any event transpiring to bring back the loss the gentleman had sustained to his recollection. A few days since, however, as he was passing down Wadour Street, he perceived the same identical ring he had lost, in a shop window, and upon examining it, found to his great surprise that the hair was preserved in its snug "lulab," where it had been deposited for nearly twenty years before. There was no clue left by which the parties who had originally disposed of the ring could be traced, as it had passed through several hands in the trade; but the gentleman suspects that it must have been stolen by a "dye" (a native wet nurse,) with whom he furnished a character upon an occasion when she was about to accompany an European family to this country, in the above capacity, more than eighteen years ago.—*London paper.*

**A RELIC DEALER DEFEATED.**—The *Frankfort Gazette* states that a furrier at Dresden, who made a travelling cap for Napoleon on his return from the Russian campaign, and who retained possession of that left with him by the emperor as a model, had bequeathed the cap to his family. The present possessor having heard that M. Thiers was at Dresden, offered to sell him the cap for 1,500 thalers. (£220 British.) M. Thiers replied that he was delighted to find that a Saxon family retained so warm a sympathy for Napoleon, but that he would not purchase the cap at any price. It would be difficult, observes the *Gazette*, to describe the disappointment of the Saxon.

## NEW SERIES.

IMPROVEMENT AND ENLARGEMENT OF THE  
NEW YORK ALBION.

On the first publication in the ensuing year, we shall not only much improve the general contents of this paper, but enlarge it to the extent of four additional pages or twelve entire columns. This will at once afford us room to take a much wider range in the subjects on which we generally treat, and likewise enable us to carry into effect certain improvements. We trust that this new effort to render the Albion worthy the support it receives so extensively, will be duly appreciated. The additional quantity of matter now proposed, together with the enlargements that have at various times taken place heretofore, will make the Albion nearly double the size of its earlier numbers. And this we do without augmenting the price of subscription.

We propose to augment the number of departments in the plan of this new series, as well as to increase the quantities in those which exist; thus whilst we enlarge the amount of elegant literature, extend our reports on English and Foreign news, increase the details of Parliamentary debates and selections of what is curious and interesting—we shall give regular place to reports of useful public lectures, criticisms on arts and sciences, and the productions of artists; considerations on Music, the Drama, &c., so as to make the paper, as far as may be, a mirror of the age, and to convey to our readers a kind of epitome of the time in which we live.

We shall commence the year also with a new and beautiful font of type, and the work will be executed with its usual excellence in typography, &c.

This journal has now been established nearly twenty years—the first number having been issued on the 22d of June 1822, during which period it has been, with the exception of the first year, exclusively under the management and control of its present proprietor. It was founded by him in conjunction with Dr. Fisher, now Queen's Printer at Quebec, whose classical attainments, general acquaintance with English literature, and fine taste, at once gave it the stamp of superiority. Its steady and continued success since that period is some evidence that subsequent exertions have not been without their effects.

About half of our subscription list consists of American citizens, although we have never swerved from our principles. This will evince, perhaps, that we have conducted the journal with some moderation and discretion. It certainly is a proof of the liberality of the American public.

The Albion, with its peculiar characteristics, is an anomaly—but it is an anomaly highly honorable to this country; and to this effect foreigners of distinction have often expressed themselves.

We have expanded our sheet on two or three occasions already; we have moreover intro-

duced the additional attraction of splendid engravings—engravings indeed admitted by competent judges to be equal in value to the whole price of subscription. But this is scarcely sufficient to answer the demand of the public appetite, for newspapers and periodicals have of late years so increased in number, size and general contents, as to usurp, in a great degree, the place of books. We have therefore during the last two years found ourselves—ample as our pages are—limited in space, and unable to do justice to the more numerous subjects that now so generally occupy the columns of a public journal. With these considerations then, and with a resolute determination to maintain our position in the foremost rank of the newspapers of the globe, we have resolved to carry into immediate effect, the extensive and expensive augmentation announced above.

The contemplated enlargement will not be a mere expansion of pages; but an addition, as we have stated, of an entire half sheet. The arrangement of the matter too, will be different, and upon a plan entirely new. The novelty will consist in separating the literary and scientific departments from the politics and general news—each grand division occupying two different and distinct portions of the journal. The advantages of this plan will be, to enable the reader to select his subjects for perusal, instantaneously; while the two portions of the sheet can be so readily divided that two persons can avail themselves of it at the same time—the political portion falling to the share of those whose predilections so lead them, while others occupy themselves with the more tranquil and graceful study of the literary part of the banquet. We have devised this plan with reference to, and for the special accommodation of families, by whom our paper is so generally taken, and who we are sure will duly appreciate our motives, for it, in fact, constitutes two papers, and secures economy and convenience at the same time.

We have been urged to alter the form and size of the Albion; to this we have special objections. This size has stood the test of twenty years criticism, and a long established and favourite journal should be cautious how it changes its features; few like the change after it is made—no one wishes to see a long valued acquaintance in a state of disguise, or to meet an old friend with a new face. The size we have always thought sufficiently convenient, and, when spread out on the table of the drawing room, is both beautiful and imposing. If it were folded to the octavo size it would be less expensive to us, but the reader would lose all the matter occupied by the additional margins; the external aspect of the paper too, would be mean and stunted, and at first sight would convey an idea that we had reduced its dimensions; rather than enlarged them. We feel sure such a change would disappoint our readers, and we cannot adopt it unless a more general desire be manifested for the alteration.

In conclusion—while we thank a kind and generous public for its favors, and cordially offer the compliments for the season—we devoutly pray for the prosperity of this happy country, invoke for it the protection of that beneficent Providence which guides us all, earnestly supplicate the ruler of events to preserve it in paths of peace with all nations, and avert from it now and for ever that great and terrible calamity, WAR.

We shall continue the Plates, and no addition will be made to the price of subscription, which will be as usual Six dollars per annum, payable in advance. A remittance of Five Dollars will ensure the Plates and a receipt for ten months for the paper.

### TO THE SUBSCRIBERS OF THE

### NEW YORK ALBION.

We feel gratified in being able to announce to our readers, that the following Plates will be presented to them with all the dispatch that can be used with due regard to the execution:—

PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON,  
VIEW OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY,  
PORTRAIT OF SIR WALTER SCOTT,  
VIEW OF THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.

Of these, the Portrait of Washington is now in very forward preparation; it will be produced from the burin of the very excellent artist who engraved the Portrait of the Duke of Wellington, already given, and the subject is taken from one of the most admired and approved likenesses of the illustrious original. We confidently expect to have it ready for publication by the latter part of January next, and it will be followed by the other subjects with all possible celerity.

The Plates heretofore issued, and which have continually exhibited progressive improvement in delicacy of execution, will be sufficient warrant for all that shall succeed, and we need scarcely add that we are as desirous to produce excellence in the graphic as in the literary portion of the journal.

It is, and has been always a matter of great solicitude with us, not only to select subjects of great and general interest, but also to have them executed in a manner worthy the attention of connoisseurs in art, and we think it is not arrogating too much to say that the Plates of the Albion are in themselves well worth the subscription price of the journal.

## Just Received

By the Subscriber at his DRUG STORE,  
in Queen Street,

**MIXED PICKLES.**—Girkins, Onions, Cauliflower, Harvey Sauce, Tomato and Mushroom Ketchup, Essence Anchovies, Capers, Olives, Pepper Sauce, &c. &c., Macaroni, Vermicelli, Sago and Tapioca, Ground Rice, prepared and cracked Cocoa, Candied Citron, Lemon and Orange Peels.

Oldridge's Balm of Columbia, and Rowland's Macassar Oil, Kalydor and Odonto; Lavender and Honey Water, Eau de Cologne; Vegetable Essence, Extract of Verbena, Victoria Bouquet, Royal Extract of Flowers, Rose Water, Bastilles, Fancy Soaps.

Dr. Bartholomew's Expectant Pink Syrup, Mrs. Gardner's Indian Balsam; Balsam of Horehound, Brown's Boneseet Candy.

Hair, Cloth, Tooth and Nail Brushes; which with his usual supply of genuine Drugs, Chemicals, &c., &c., will be sold as low as in any other Store in Fredericton.

JAMES F. GALE,  
Chemist and Druggist.

Fredericton, Nov. 23, 1841.

## Working Oxen for Sale.

WORKING OXEN can be obtained on application to the subscribers.

J. & A. SMITH.

Fredericton, Dec. 21, 1841.