

POETRY.

Selected.

WHEN SILENT TIME.

When silent time, with light foot,
Had trod on thirty years,
I sought my long lost home again,
With many hopes and fears.

Who kens, if those dear friends I left,
Will aye continue mine?
Or if I e'er again may see
The friends I left langsyne?

As I came by my father's towers,
My heart lap a' the way;
I thought I saw put me in mind
O' some dear former day:

The day that follows me afar—
Those happy days o' mine,
Which gar me think, the joys at hand
Are naething to langsyne.

Those ivy towers now met my e'e,
Whar minstrels used to blaw;
Nae frien' cam' forth we open arms,
Nae weel ken'd face I saw;

'Till Donald tottered frae the door,
Wham I left in his prime,
An' gar to see the lad come back,
He bore about, langsyne.

I ran thro' every weel ken'd room,
I hoped to meet friens there—
A heap o' ruins met my view,
An' I felt but dispar.

My reined home—my friens lang dead—
Myself a wanderer driven—
I turn'd an' grateful felt, that I
Might still find rest in Heaven.

THE DYING SOLDIER.

BY MISS PARDOE.

Written on reading the death of Sir John
Moore at Corunna.

Raise yet again my sinking head,
And tell me of my fight;
I know my heart's best blood is shed,
And quenched my manhood's might.
Yet comrade, yet I fain would hear,
Ere cold in death I lie,
The shout come pealing on my ear,
Of Britain's victory!

I see, I see a host draw nigh;
They're British who advance!
And those who fly—in panic fly—
They are the troops of France!
Oh! tell me that I do not rave—
Whisper those words again—
And I shall sink into the grave
Without one groan of pain.

I thank thee for the glorious tale;
I knew it must be so—
For when did British soldiers fail
Before a foreign foe?
In glory I lay down my head,
Mid shouts of victory!
Not, not in vain my blood was shed—
Now, comrade, let me die!

VARIETIES.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE HUNDRED POUND NOTE.

About thirty years ago, Mr. B., having at that time newly commenced business in Edinburgh, was returning on horseback from the city to a Cottage he had near Cradmond. It was a wild night in November; and though he usually took the seaside as the shortest way home, he resolved this evening, on account of the increasing darkness, to keep on the high road. When he had advanced about three miles from the town, and had come to the loneliest part of the way, he was suddenly arrested by a man, who sprang out of a small copse at the road-side, and seized the bridle of his horse. Mr. B. was a man of great calmness and resolution, and asked the man the reason of his behaviour, without betraying the smallest symptom of agitation. Not so the assailant. He held the bridle in his hand, but Mr. B. remarked that it trembled excessively. After remaining some time, as if irresolute what to do, and without uttering a word, he let go his hold of the rein, and said in a trembling voice—

"Pass on, sir, pass on;" and then he added—"Thank heaven, I am yet free from crime!" Mr. B. was struck with the manner and appearance of the man, and said—

"I fear you are in distress. Is there any thing in which a stranger can assist you?"

"Strangers may perhaps," replied the man, in a bitter tone, "for nothing is to be hoped from friends."

"You speak, I hope under some momentary feeling of disappointment."

"Pass on, pass on;" he said impatiently; "I have no right to utter my complaints to you. Go home, and thank the Almighty that a better spirit withheld me from my first intention when I heard you approach—or this might have been—"

He suddenly paused.

"Stranger," said Mr. B. in a tone of real kindness, "you say you have no right to utter your complaints to me. I have certainly no right to pry into your concerns; but I am interested, I confess, by your manner and appearance, and I frankly make you an offer of any assistance I can bestow."

You know not, sir, the person to whom you make so generous a propo-

sal—a wretch stained with vices—degraded from the station he once held, and on the eve of becoming a robber—ay," he added with a shudder, "Perhaps a murderer."

"I care not—I care not, for your former crimes: sufficient for me that you repent them. Tell me whether I can stand your friend."

"For myself I am careless," replied the man; "but there is one who looks to me with eyes of quiet and still unchanged affection though she knows that I have brought her from a home of comfort, to share the fate of an outcast and a beggar. I wished for her sake; to become once more respectable, and to leave a country where I am known, and to gain character, station, wealth—in all which she is so justly intitled—in a foreign land; but I have not a shilling in the world!" Here he paused, and Mr. B. thought he saw him weep. He drew out his pocket-book, and unfolded a bank-bill; he put it into the man's hand, and said, "Here is what I hope will ease you from your present difficulties—it is a note for a hundred pounds."

The man started as he received the paper, and said in a low, subdued tone—

"I will not attempt to thank you, sir. May I ask your name and address?"

Mr. B. gave him what he required. "Farewell, sir," said the stranger. "When I have expiated my faults by a life of honesty and virtue, I will pray for you; till then I dare not."

Saying these words, he bounded over the hedge, and disappeared.

Mr. B. rode home, wondering at the occurrence; and he has often said since that he never derived so much pleasure from a hundred pounds in his life. He related the adventure to several of his friends; but as they were not all endowed with the same generosity of spirit, as himself, he was rather laughed at for his simplicity, and in the course of a few years an increasing, and very prosperous business drove the transaction almost entirely out of his mind.

One day, however, about twelve years after the adventure, he was sitting with a few friends after dinner, when a note was put into his hands, and the servant told him that a Leith carrier had brought a hogshead of claret into the hall. He opened the note, and found it to contain an order for a hundred pounds with interest up to that time, accompanied with the strongest expressions of gratitude for the service done to the writer long ago. It had no date, but informed him that he was happy, that he was respected, and that he was admitted partner of one of the first mercantile houses in the city where he lived.

Every year the same present was continued, always accompanied with a letter. Mr. B., strange to say, made no great effort to discover his correspondent. The wine, as I have good reason to know, was the finest that could be had, for many a good magnum of it have I drunk at the hospitable table of my friend. At last he died, and the secret of who the mysterious correspondent might be, seemed in a fair way of dying with him. But my story is not yet done. When the funeral of Mr. B. had reached the Grey-friars' church-yard, the procession was joined by a gentleman who got out of a very elegant carriage at the door of the church. He was a tall, handsome man, about forty-five years of age, dressed in the deepest mourning. There were no armorial bearings on the pannel of his carriage, for I took the trouble to examine them very particularly myself. He was totally unknown to all the family; and after the ceremony, during which he appeared to be greatly affected, he went up to the chief mourner, and said—

"I hope, sir, you will excuse the intrusion of a stranger, but I could not refrain from paying the last tribute of respect to an excellent gentleman, who was at one time more my benefactor than any person living."

Saying this, he bowed, stepped quickly into his carriage, and disappeared.

RATE OF TRAVELLING IN BALLOONS.

Mr. Durant, the celebrated aeronaut, has made some curious computations of the speed at which he has travelled and can travel in a balloon. On his second ascension in 1830 although the wind was not high, he found himself, in three minutes, over a spot three miles distant from the starting point. This rate would propel him sixty miles an hour. At the same rate, with a fair wind, he might traverse the whole continent of America, from New Orleans to Portland, in the short space of twenty-one hours, witnessing (partly by moonlight) portions of the states of Louisiana, Alabama, Georgia, North Carolina, Virginia, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, Connecticut, New Hampshire and Maine.

Mr. Durant, in conversation with the Editors of the New York Gazette, said that the rate at which he might be propelled in a gale of wind, would be one hundred miles the hour, which would carry him from Louisiana to Maine, between sun-rise and sun-set. The balloon would not be likely to suffer injury, and from his experience heretofore, he is sure that his respiration would not be affected, because, when seated in his car, however high the wind, he is in a perfect calm, and if a candle were lit, it would not only not be blown out, but would not even flare.

He would take a tour of this kind, were he sure that, in such a distance, there would be no adverse currents. He is, however, determined to attempt it. Mr. Durant is an American, and in the prosecution of his favorite enterprise, possesses the coolness of a Hollander, united with the enthusiasm of a Frenchman.

BURDEN'S BOAT.—This boat left the foot of Courtland street at 22 minutes past 7 o'clock, on Monday morning. The Erie, which is considered the fastest sailer in the line, was then from 4 to 5 miles ahead—Mr. B. continued gaining on the Erie until she nearly reached Catskill, and in a very few minutes would have passed her, but for an accident that occurred to the machinery. The lever of the cut-off-steam valve gave way, and the consequence was a great waste of steam, and reduction of the revolutions of the wheel from 23 1/2 of a ten foot stock to 15. Mr. B. finally stopped the boat, and with the assistance of Mr. Snodgrass, Civil Engineer of Glasgow, under whose directions the engine has been constructed, repaired it—but not so well as to enable Mr. B. to regain the speed he was previously going, viz. about 19 miles an hour.

The time lost in repairing it, and the difference of the speed in consequence of this accident, may be estimated at about three hours—still the boat reached Troy in less than an hour after the Erie. Had the machinery worked well, Mr. B. fully calculated to have made the passage in nine hours.

Mr. B. is about building another boat, 100 feet longer than his present one, the parabolic spindles of which are to be of iron.—N. Y. American.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.—The celebrated orator Henry who gave public lectures, being somewhat pushed for want of attractive novelty, and wishing to collect an audience on any terms, issued an advertisement, expressly addressed to journeymen shoemakers, wherein he promised to prove to demonstration the practicability of any members of the craft making six pair of shoes in a day provided he had sufficient materials. Such a temptation produced the desired effect, and the room was crowded to suffocation. Henry ascends the rostrum, and mute, attention reigns. He thus began: "Gentlemen, the lecture of this evening being a professional character, is intended to rouse industry, and stimulate exertion, in one of the most useful classes of the working community." (Applause.) The solemnity with which the opening speech was delivered increased the attention and impatience of the company for the development of this invaluable mystery. After a short pause, a general cry of "question," compelled the orator to resume the subject. "Gentlemen, although the communication I am about to make only specifies the particubility of one person making six pair of shoes in a day, yet, with a sufficient stock of materials, the same person might facilitate sixty, nay a hundred," (thunders of applause.) "Curiosity and anxiety were now at their height."

"This grand and valuable secret, gentlemen consists in simply cutting the legs off boots!"—[Metropolitan.]

From the Wesleyan Methodist Magazine.

MR. WESLEY AT LOWESTOFT.
The following notice of Mr. Wesley, in his extreme old age, is given in the life of the poet Crabbe, just published by his son. It is worth preserving in the periodical which derives its title from the name of that great man. Such men as Dr. Bennet may still see good to hold up the Founder of Methodism to public contempt and reprobation; but there are others beside his own spiritual children, who think and speak of him with that affection and respect which worth like his never fails, soon or late, to command.

"At Lowestoft, one evening, all adjourned to a Dissenting chapel, to hear the venerable John Wesley on one of the last of his peregrinations. He was exceedingly old and infirm, and was attended, almost supported, in the pulpit, by a young Minister on each side. The chapel was crowded to suffocation. In the course of the sermon he repeated,

though with an application of his own, the following lines from Anacreon:—

"Oft am I by women told;
Poor Anacreon! thou grow'st old;
See, thine hairs, are falling all,
Poor Anacreon! how they fall!
Whether I grow old or no,
By these signs I do not know:
By this I need not to be told,
'Tis time to live, if I grow old."

"My father was much struck by his reverend appearance, and his cheerful air, and the beautiful cadence he gave to these lines; and after the service he was introduced to the patriarch, who received him with benevolent politeness."

CHOOSING TO BE HUNG RATHER THAN MARRIED.—It was formerly a law in Germany, that a female, condemned to capital punishment, should be saved if any man would marry her. A young girl of Vienna was on the point of being executed, when her youth and beauty made a great impression upon the heart of one of the spectators, a middle aged man, but excessively ugly. Struck with her charms, he determined to save her, and running immediately to the place of execution, declared his intention to marry the girl, and demanded her pardon according to the custom of the country. The pardon was granted, on condition that the girl was not averse to the match. The Neapolitan then gallantly told the female that he was a gentleman of some property, and that he wished he was a king that he might offer her a stronger proof of his attachment. "Alas! sir," replied the girl, I am fully sensible of your affection and generosity, but I am not mistress over my own heart, and cannot belie my sentiments. Unfortunately they control my fate; and I prefer the death with which I am threatened, to marrying such an ugly fellow as you." The Neapolitan retired in confusion, and the woman directed the executioner to do his duty.

ORIGIN OF DRINKING HEALTHS.—The drinking of Healths took its rise from the time of the Danes being in this Island. It was frequently customary with them, whilst an Englishman was drinking, to take that opportunity of stabbing him. The English, upon this, entered into combination to be mutual pledges of security for each other while drinking—so drunk to each others' health and preservation. From hence arose the custom of pledging and drinking healths. It was a custom among the Greeks, and from them derived like many others, especially of the religious kind, among the Romans, to make libations, to pour out wine, and even to drink wine in honour of the gods. Sometimes this ceremony was introduced at their meals: but in their more solemn entertainments, it was performed in the interval preceding the mensæ secunda, which answers to our second course, or the desert. How many at our modern tables, while they drink healths to one another, would stab either the individual's character, feelings, or life, and thus try to cover the hypocrisy they artfully endeavour to wear. What a pity we could not read hearts, as in that case, it were as well to revive the old custom, and pledge our friend's safety, by guarding him against the treachery of his enemies.

ANECDOTE OF THE REV. ROBERT HALL.

This celebrated preacher, though in general manners retiring, and rather unsocial than otherwise, and withal a little irritable, was easy and playful in his intercourse with such persons as had the privilege of his friendship, and when among them, affected no extraordinary gravity. On one occasion he was rebuked by a fellow preacher more precise than himself, for the vivacity of his conversation—"Brother Hall, I am surprised at you, so frivolous after delivering so serious a discourse." "Brother," was the retort, "I keep my nose for the fireside, while you publish yours from the pulpit."

Deferred Articles.

COMMERCIAL BANK OF NEW-BRUNSWICK.
The Bank Committee have received the following Letter and Copy of a Despatch from His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor, and now publish the same for public information, together with their answer. All obstacles to the filling up of the Charter being now removed, the Committee, after much consideration, have named £150,000 as the amount of capital required for the Bank, and have directed their Solicitor, M. H. PERLEY, Esq. to proceed to Fredericton with the necessary instructions and authority, and obtain its completion as early as possible.

(Copy) GOVERNMENT HOUSE, 26th July, 1834.

Sir—I am commanded by the Lieutenant Governor, to transmit to you, for the information and guidance of the Committee of Direction of the Commercial Bank of New Brunswick, the Copy of a Despatch this day

received from His Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for the Colonies: and I am to express His Excellency's hope that the decision therein contained may fully realize the views and expectations of the Committee.

I have the honor to be, Sir,
Your most obdt. humble servant,
(Signed) J. CAMPBELL,
Private Secretary.

To M. H. PERLEY, Esquire,
&c. &c. &c. St. John.

P. S.—The Attorney General will be made immediately acquainted with the Secretary of State's decision now communicated.
(Signed) J. CAMPBELL.

(Copy) Downing Street, 5th June, 1834.
No. 1.

Sir—I have had under my consideration your Despatches of the 12th and 17th March last, in which you transmit an address from the Committee for managing the affairs of the proposed Commercial Bank at Saint John, accepting with gratitude the terms on which a Charter had been offered to them; and you at the same time submit a question whether the conditions laid down by the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, on this subject, render it imperative that the Notes of the Bank should be sterling value. This question has been referred to the Board of Treasury, and I have the honor to acquaint you, that their Lordships are willing, that instead of Sterling, the Company should circulate Notes for £1, £2, £5, and upwards, in New Brunswick Currency, provided none of them bear value for fractional parts of the pound in that currency. The Bank therefore is at liberty to issue its notes in the standard of value which, as you have clearly explained, is the most advantageous for itself, and the most convenient for the community at large. In conveying to you this decision, I have to desire that you will apprise the Gentlemen who formed the Committee of the New Bank, that His Majesty's Government has viewed with much satisfaction the manner in which they received the grant of the Charter, limited by such conditions as was thought necessary for the benefit and security of the public.

I have the honor to be,
&c. &c. &c.
(Signed) T. SPRING RICE.

To Major General Sir ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL, Baronet, G. C. B.
&c. &c. &c.

St. John, 31st July, 1834.

May it please your Excellency,—
The Committee for obtaining a Charter for the COMMERCIAL BANK have, by Your Excellency's command, received the copy of a despatch from His Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for the Colonies, acquainting them that they are at liberty to issue and circulate Notes in New Brunswick currency, and not in Sterling value—a concession of paramount importance to the interests of the Bank and the Community. The Committee cannot but feel extremely grateful to His Majesty's Government for this early compliance with their wishes, and beg respectfully to tender their sincere thanks to Your Excellency for the interest displayed in their behalf, viewing it as a mark of Your Excellency's continued regard for the real interests of the Province.

They have the honor to be
Your Excellency's most Obdt
and Humble Servts.
(Signed) M. H. PERLEY.

On behalf of the Committee:
His Excellency Major General
Sir ARCH. CAMPBELL,
Bart. G. C. B. &c. &c. &c.

From the St. Andrews' Standard, August 7.

The Circuit Court for this County was opened here on Tuesday last, His Honor Judge CHIPMAN presiding. The Grand Jury having been duly sworn, His Honor Justice Chipman commenced his address to them by stating that there was not a single criminal case on the Sheriff's calendar for trial, which, he observed, was a most creditable circumstance in so populous and extensive a commercial county as that of Charlotte; it was also a strong evidence of the good conduct of the people at large and of their respect for the laws, as well as of the attention and vigilance of the authorities whose duty it was to enforce obedience to them.

When Judge Chipman resumed his seat after his address, COLIN CAMPBELL, Esquire, the Sheriff, approached His Honor and said, that as his calendar did not contain a single name for trial, he came in accordance with the good old custom of the mother country, which was observed on similar occasions, to present His Honor with a pair of White Gloves, of which he now placed His Honor's acceptance.

The Judge received them with much good humour, and observed that the present afforded him a great deal of pleasure, and he should be very happy to experience similar satisfaction on many future occasions.

BANISHMENT.—We perceive by the late Newfoundland Papers, that several persons guilty of offences, have been banished from the island for a term of years. This may be a very good way of getting rid of vagabonds—but it is scarcely fair to the surrounding Colonies, to which they will fly as a matter of course. Suppose a fellow commits a larceny in Newfoundland, and he is banished to Nova-Scotia; if, for a similar offence, we pass him over to New-Brunswick, and she drives him into the state of Maine, where the rogue might travel to Georgia before he received any further punishment for 30 crimes, than what might result from an occasional change of residence. If the Province were to purchase one of the Magdalen, and erect a sort of Sing Sing for the entertainment of their joint malefactors, the thing would be all right.—Nova-Scotian.