

## POETRY.

### Selected.

#### BEAUTY, HOPE, LOVE AND MEMORY. (From the *Wardner*.)

##### BEAUTY.

The lightning flashing through the sky,  
Then fading from the sight;  
A meteor bursting on our path;  
As transient and as bright:

Oh! such is Beauty on the heart,  
And such the doom it will share,  
If no responsive inward charm  
Hath stamp'd its image there!

##### HOPE.

The star that guides the wandering bark  
Across the troubled main;  
The one sweet lingering smile that breaks  
The mourner's dream of pain,

Is like the ray of *Hope* around  
Our dark prophetic fears,  
Falling like sunshine on the heart  
That's shadowed by our tears.

##### LOVE.

A form of light, whose fairy foot  
Ne'er trod our darkened sphere—  
(Nor, save in dreams,) whose radiant wings  
Have never rested here—

The snow-flake falling on the wave,  
The twilight's fleeting glow:  
These are its *deepest* traces here—  
Its only track below!

##### MEMORY.

Like a dark cloud in Memory's power  
O'er scenes which *once* were bright:  
A spell whose momentary flash  
But deepens still the night;

Like the soft evening dew that falls  
Upon the sleeping flower—  
Stealing the light of happier days—  
Is memory's soothing power.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**INDIAN GRATITUDE AND WIT.**—Soon after Litchfield began to be settled by the English, an unknown Indian came into the Inn at dusk, and requested the hostess to furnish him with food and drink, stating that he had no success in hunting, and could not pay till he had better fortune. The woman refused; calling him a lazy, good for nothing, drunken fellow. A man who sat by, noticed the Indian as he turned away from the inhospitable place, and perceiving that he was suffering very severely from want and weariness, he promptly ordered the hostess to furnish him with a good supper, and call on him for payment. After the Indian had finished his meal, he thanked his benefactor again and again, and assured him he would never forget his kindness, and would, if it were in his power, faithfully recompense him. He observed, that he had one more favor to ask: if the woman was willing, he wished to tell a story. The hostess, whose good nature had been restored by money, readily consented. The Indian, addressing his benefactor, said "I suppose you read the bible?" The man assented. "Well, the bible says God made the world; and then he took him and looked on him, and say all very good. Then he made land and water, sun and moon, grass and trees; and then he took him and looked on him, and say all very good. Then he made beasts and birds, and fishes; and he took him, and looked on him, and say all very good. Then he made woman; and took him, and looked on him, and he no dare say one such word." Many years after this, the Indian's benefactor was taken prisoner by an Indian scout, and carried into Canada. He was saved from death by one of the tribe, who asked leave to adopt him in the place of a son who had fallen in battle. Through the winter he experienced the customary effects of savage hospitality. The following summer, as he was at work in the forest alone, an unknown Indian came to him, and appointed a meeting at a certain place, on a given day. The prisoner consented; but afterwards fearing that mischief might be intended, he neglected the engagement. The Indian again sought him, reproached him for his want of confidence, and assured him that the meeting would be for his good. Encouraged by his apparent friendship, the man followed his directions. He found the Indian provided with muskets, ammunition, and knapsacks. The Indian ordered him to arm himself and follow him. Their course was towards the south, and day after day the white man followed, without being able to conjecture the motives of his guide. After a tedious journey he arrived at the top of an eminence commanding a view of a country somewhat cultivated and populous. "Do you know that country?" said the Indian, with an arch smile. "O yes, it is Litchfield," replied the white man, as he cordially pressed his hand. "Many years ago, you give weary Indian supper there," said he. "He promised to pay you, and he pay you now. Go home, and be happy."

**A SCENE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.** *Charlotte Corday.*—As the cart in which she was seated proceeded towards the place of execution, a crowd of wretches in the street, ever ready to insult the unfortunate, and glut their eyes with the sight of blood, called out, "To the guillotine with her!" "I am on my way thither," she mildly replied, turning towards them. She was a very striking figure as she sat in the cart. The extraordinary beauty of her features and the mildness of her looks, strongly contrasted with the murderer's red garment which she wore. She smiled at the spectators whenever she perceived marks of sympathy rather than of curiosity, and this smile gave a truly Raphaelesque expression to her countenance. Adam Lux, a deputy of Mayence, having met the cart shortly after it left the Conciergerie, gazed with wonder at this beautiful apparition—for he had never before seen Charlotte—and a passion, as singular as it was deep, immediately took possession of his mind. "Oh!" said he, "this woman is surely greater than Brutus!" Anxious once more to behold her, he ran at full speed towards the Palais Royal, which he reached before the cart arrived in front of it. Another look which he cast upon Charlotte Corday completely unsettled his reason. The world to him had suddenly become a void, and he resolved to quit it. Rushing like a madman to his own house, he wrote a letter to the revolutionary tribunal, in which he repeated the words he had already uttered at the sight of Charlotte Corday, and concluded by asking to be condemned to death, in order that he might join her in a better world. His request was granted, and he was executed soon after. Before he died, he begged the executioner to bind him with the very cords that had before encircled the delicate limbs of Charlotte upon the same scaffold, and his head fell as he was pronouncing her name. Charlotte Corday, wholly absorbed by the solemnity of her last moments, had not perceived the effect she had produced upon Adam Lux, and died in ignorance of it. Having reached the foot of the guillotine, she ascended the platform with a firm step, but with the greatest modesty of demeanor. "Her countenance," says an eye-witness, "evinced only the calmness of a soul at peace with itself." The executioner having removed the handkerchief which covered her shoulders and bosom, her face and neck became suffused with a deep blush. Death had no terrors for her, but her innate feelings of modesty were deeply wounded at being thus exposed to public gaze. Her being fastened to the fatal plank seemed a relief to her; and she eagerly rushed to death as a refuge against this violation of female delicacy. When her head fell, the executioner took it up and bestowed a buffet upon one of the cheeks. The eyes, which were already closed, again opened and cast a look of indignation upon the brute, as if consciousness had survived the separation of the head from the body. This fact, extraordinary as it may seem, has been avowed by hundreds of eye witnesses; it has been accounted for in various ways, but no one has ever yet questioned its truth.—*Memoirs of the Duchess of Abrantes.*

**DARING COURAGE.**—"When passing," says Professor Lichtenstein, "near the Riet river gate, and while our oxen were grazing, Van Wyk, the colonist, related to us the following interesting circumstance: 'It is now, he said, more than two years since, in the very place where we stand, I ventured to take one of the most daring shots that ever was hazarded. My wife was sitting within the house, near the door, the children were playing about her, and I was without, near the house, busied in doing something to a wagon, when suddenly, tho' it was mid-day, an enormous lion appeared, came up and laid himself quietly down in the shade, upon the very threshold of the door. My wife, either frozen with fear, or aware of the danger attending any attempt to fly, remained motionless in her place, while the children took refuge in her lap. The cry they uttered attracted my attention, and I hastened towards the door, but my astonishment may be well conceived when I found the entrance to it barred in such a way. Although the animal had not seen me unarmed as I was, escape seemed impossible; yet I glided gently, scarcely knowing what I meant to do, to the side of the house, up to the window of my chamber where I knew my loaded gun was standing. By a most happy chance, I had set it in the corner close by the window, so that I could reach it with my hand; for, as you may perceive, the opening is too small to admit of my having got in; and still more fortunately, the door of the room was open, so that I could see the whole danger of the scene. The lion was beginning to move, perhaps with the in-

tention of making a spring. There was no longer any time to think, I called softly to the mother not to be alarmed, and, invoking the name of the Lord, fired my piece. The ball passed directly over the hair of my boy's head, and lodged in the head of the lion immediately above his eyes, which shot forth, as it were, sparks of fire, and stretched him on the ground, so that he never stirred more.' Indeed we all shuddered as we listened to the relation. Never, as he himself observed, was a more daring attempt hazarded. Had he failed in his aim, mother and children were all inevitably lost; if the boy had moved he had been struck; the least turn in the lion, and the shot had not been mortal to him. To have taken an aim at him from without was impossible; while the shadow of any one advancing in the bright sun would have betrayed him; to consummate the whole, the head of the creature was in some sort protected by the door post."—*Sir W. Jardine's Naturalist's Library, Vol. II.*

**FEMALE CONVERSATION.**—It is a fact, however it may be received, that the fair sex excel more in conversation than ours. I do not intend to flatter the women, for I have flattered them too much already, nor will I pretend to say that they speak less; but the beauty of the conversation is that they listen and hear a great deal more. They have some way an acuteness of perception, which enables them to follow the most rapid discourse, and a superiority of candour which prevents them from misrepresenting it. They never wander from slowness of apprehension, nor for the purpose of misleading or perplexing their hearers; and therefore all men of superior minds have preferred the conversation of the fair sex to that of their own. Were they to add a competent knowledge of all proper colloquial subjects, they would enchant mankind still more; and, God knows their power over us is sufficient already!—*From the Ettrick Shepherd's Volume of Sermons just published.*

**INGENIOUS PENMANSHIP.**—We have just seen a very ingenious specimen of writing, with a common pen, by our clever townsman, Mr. Miller. Within the narrow compass of a sixpence or half sovereign, we have fully and distinctly written the Lord's prayer, the creed, the 133d psalm, the ten commandments in metre, a sermon by Dean Swift (the celebrated "down with the dust" one), names of the twelve tribes of Israel, names of the twelve apostles, the seven wonders, the five mechanical powers, the primitive colors, the senses, the months of the year, the days of the week, number of members returned by England, Wales, and Cinque Ports, and Ireland and Scotland, and, to crown the whole of this *multum in parvo*, the names of the Lord Provost and Magistrates of Glasgow, leaving room in the centre for a drawing of the city arms. This truly surprising production, unrivalled in its kind, may be read with ease by an ordinary eye.—*Glasgow paper.*

**PLEASURES OF THE WORLD.**—I have run the silly rounds of pleasure and have done with them all. I have enjoyed all the pleasures of the world; I prize them all low; those who have only seen their outside, always overrate them, but I have been behind the scenes. I have seen all the coarse pulleys and dirty ropes which move the gaudy machines; and I have seen and smelt the tallow candles which illuminate the whole decoration, to the astonishment and admiration of the whole audience. When I reflect on what I have heard, what I have seen and what I have done, I can hardly persuade myself that all that frivolous hurry and bustle of pleasure in the world had any reality, but I look upon all that is passed as one of those romantic dreams which opium commonly occasions, and I do by no means desire to repeat the nauseous dose.—*Chesterfield.*

**IRISH NEGROES.**—Montserrat had Irish colonists for its early settlers, and the negroes to this day have the Connaught brogue curiously and ludicrously engrafted on the African jargon. It is said that a Connaught man, on arriving at Montserrat, was to his astonishment hailed in vernacular Irish by a negro from alongside—"Thunder and turf," exclaimed Pat, "how long have you been here?" "Three months," answered Quashy. "Three months! and so black already!! Hanum a diaoul," says Pat, thinking Quashy a ci-devant countryman, "I'll not stay among ye;" and in a few hours the Connaught man was on his return with a white skin to the emerald isle.—*Martin's History of the British Colonies.*

*From the London N. M. Magazine for November.*

**RECOVERY OF TREASURE BY THE DIVING BELL.**—One of the most interesting and gratifying experiments ever made with that extraordinary machine, the diving bell, is that which has lately been performed by the Honorable Commander de Roos, for the recovery of the treasures and stores of the *Thetis*, a King's ship, which sunk in a cove to the south east of Cape Frio, in 1830. The following is an abstract of a paper read before the Royal Society. The Hon. Commander de Roos, commanding his Majesty's ship *Algerine*, was instructed to conduct the enterprise. He reached Cape Frio on the 6th of March, 1832, with eleven officers and eighty five men. A sufficient number of hands were left on board the ship, which was moored in a harbour two miles from the scene of action; others were employed in the boats which they had erected near the Cape, and the remainder, amounting to 35 men were stationed at the wreck. The island, which forms the south-eastern extremity of Cape Frio, is an immense promontory of granite jutting into the Atlantic Ocean, 60 miles East of Rio de Janeiro. The cove, in the middle of which the *Thetis* sunk, is a square indentation in the cliff, 600 feet deep by as many wide. It is surrounded by nearly perpendicular masses of granite, from 100 to 200 feet high, and is exposed to the whole swell of the South Atlantic, which sets in with remarkable force in that direction. The weather is singularly variable, and transitions frequently take place in the course of a few hours, from perfect stillness to the most tremendous swell.

Few scenes in nature are more sublime than those presented by the cove during a gale of wind from the south-west. Frequent interruptions were experienced from the state of the weather, and the almost incessant agitation of the water, which was often so powerful as to render the diving bell almost unmanageable, and to expose the divers to great danger. The diving bell consisted of a one-ton ship's tank, with eight inches of iron at the bottom, in order to give it more depth, and having attached to it seventeen cwt. of ballast, which was found sufficient to sink it. So soon as the requisite arrangements were completed, the Commander made a minute survey of the bottom by means of the diving bell, and ascertained the exact position and shape of all the large rocks which covered the spot where the treasures and stores of the *Thetis* had been scattered. The shape of the arch, where the precious metals in particular had been deposited, was an ellipse of which the two principal axes measured forty eight and thirty one feet; large boulders of granite had rolled over these treasures, and required being removed before the latter could be recovered. The superincumbent pressure of the sea, aided by the huge materials of the wreck of the frigate, which, under the influence of the swell, acting like a pavilior's hammer with enormous momentum, had jammed together the rocks, and produced a strong cohesion between the fragments of wood and the gold, silver, and iron.

The divers suffered much from an intolerable stench arising from decomposed animal substances. The first labor of the divers was to clear away every portion of the wreck, and after this was accomplished, to loosen and remove all the large rocks in succession, beginning with the smallest, and ending with the largest and most unwieldy. Some of these which the adventurous party succeeded in rolling from their situations into the deep water, weighed about 30 or 40 tons; and the largest, which it required immense efforts to move from its place, was computed to weigh 65 tons. This last effort served to prove that no part either of the wreck or stores was left unexamined. After fifteen-sixteenths of the property had been recovered, the enterprise which had so entirely succeeded, terminated on the 24th of July, and the *Algerine* returned to Rio de Janeiro on the 1st of August. The climate appears to have been favorable to the health of the party: few suffered from sickness, and the expedition was unattended with the loss of a single life. On one occasion the divers were visited by a whale, which approached so near the diving bell as to place the party in imminent danger, but fortunately the enormous creature changed its course without doing any injury.

**A STORM IN THE ORKNEYS.**—If the tourist has the good fortune to be in Orkney during a storm, he will cease to regret the absence of some of the softer and more common beauties of landscape, in contemplation of the most sublime spectacle which he ever witnessed. By repairing at such a time to the weather shore, particularly if he be at the west side, he will behold waves

of the magnitude and force of which he could not have previously formed any adequate conception, tumbling across the Atlantic like monsters of the deep, their heads erect, their manes streaming in the wind, roaring and foaming as with rage, till each discharges such a Niagara flood against the opposing precipices as makes the rocks tremble to their foundation, while the sheets of water that immediately ascend, as if from artillery, hundreds of feet immediately above their summits, deluge the surrounding country, and fall like showers on the opposite side of the island. All the springs within a mile of the weather coast are rendered brackish for some days after such a storm. Those living half a mile from the precipice declare that the earthen floors of their cottages are shaken by the concussion of the waves. Rocks that two or three men could not lift are washed about even on the tops of cliffs which are between 60 and 100 feet above the surface of the sea when smooth, and detached masses of rock of an enormous size are well known to have been carried a considerable distance between high and low water mark. Having visited the worst crags some days after a recent storm, the writer found sea insects abundant on the hills near them, though about 100 feet high; and a solitary limpet, which is proverbial for its strong attachment to its native rock, but which also seemed on this occasion to have been thrown up, was discovered adhering to the top of the cliff, 70 feet above its usual position.—*Anderson's Guide to the Orkneys.*

**DR. HALLEY AND SIR ISAAC NEWTON.**—Halley, the great mathematician, dabbled not a little in infidelity; he was rather too fond of introducing the subject, and once, when he had desecrated somewhat freely on it in presence of his friend Sir Isaac Newton, the latter cut him short with this observation.—"I always attend to you, Dr. Halley, with deference, when you do us the honor to converse on Astronomy or the Mathematics, because these are subjects you have industriously investigated, and which you well understand, but religion is a subject on which I always hear you with pain, because it is one which you have not seriously examined, and therefore do not comprehend it; you despise it because you have not studied it, and you will not study it because you despise it."

An instance of the carnivorous ferocity of RATS, and the danger of leaving infants exposed to their attacks, occurred in a family in Dalrymple-street, Greenock, on the night of Wednesday last. The mother had gone to rest with her child, an infant of three months old, in her arms. About 1 o'clock in the morning she awoke with the piteous cries of the babe, and endeavored by every means to soothe it to rest, but all was of no avail. She consequently arose, and while hushing it on her breast on the floor, she felt the wet blood trickling from the child's hand and falling on her bosom. On procuring a light, she discovered that the RATS, with which the house was infested, had entered the bed, and eaten three pieces out of the child's hand from the fleshy part under the little finger, the skin over the middle part of which they had also cut severely. It is only in cases of extraordinary ferocity that RATS will seize upon a grown up person while asleep, but the peculiar and sweet flavour of an infant's skin invites their attacks, and renders it highly necessary that mothers and nurses having the charge of infants, should have all such vermin in their premises extirpated. Had the wounds in the present case, which is not a singular one, been on the face, instead of the hand, the child would have been disfigured for life.—*Greenock Advertiser.*

**BAIT FOR RATS.**—One of our subscribers informs us, and his veracity is unquestionable, that he was advised in baiting a wire trap to catch rats, to mix a paste of corn meal and eggs; he did so, and the first night he caught seven, the second night the trap contained 14—from half grown to full grown ones.—To use his own words the trap not being very large, "they were literally piled on one another for want of room." Rats are the most destructive, troublesome and disagreeable vermin that can infest our premises, and any thing is of importance that will assist us in getting rid of them.—*Ohio Farmer.*

**A CARD.**—FRANCIS BEVERLY returns his grateful acknowledgements to the town and country for the very liberal support he has met with since he opened his establishment in this place. As it is his intention to wind up his present business, he would politely request those who are indebted to him to settle their accounts as early as possible. *Frederickton, 30th September, 1834.*