The Suicide.

WHEN hope is died forever,
And the heart is filled with care,
O! the thread of life is over,
Sighs the heart in its despair.

Then touch that pale form lightly
There floating in the flood:
And that face distort and ghastly,
And those hands all stained with blood.

They saw nor help nor succor,
And madness filled the brain,—
And Death, all robed in beauty,
Came and sang this syren strain.

Of Sorrow's hapless daughters,
Then weary one, and faint,
Come and drown in Lethe's waters
Thy woes and thy complaint.

"And thou who hid thy sorrow,
And proudly suffered wrong.
Start not, though foul and cold thy bed,
Be firm thy hand—be strong!"

Then judge not those whose sadness
Has crushed them with its load:
Be thankful for thy gladness,
And leave them with their God.

—T. F. KNIGHT.

The Revolution in Greece.

THE kingdom that the politicians of Europe patched up some thirty years ago has crumbled into dust. King Otho, who was as much tired of his subjects as they were of him, has abdicated and fled to his native Bavaria, and a revolution in Greece has been added to the numerous exciting topics of the day. With the particulars of that extraordinary event our readers are sufficiently acquainted, and we can only echo the general sentiment in France, as well as England, that the ex-monarch merited his inglorious fate. He was only a constitutional king in name, and his most energetic efforts, after his accession to the throne, were to elude in the most shameless manner obeying the charter. To that must be added, that King Otho, far from identifying himself with the people over whom he had been called upon to reign, made no concession whatever to the Greek nation, rendered Athens a German city, and his court the court of a petty German prince. Corpulent in body and mentally deficient, he appeared to have accepted the throne of Greece only to fatten on the civil list. Hence, the revolution was directed against the bad administration of the sovereign, and the Germanism which predominated in the Grecian peninsula. It must, however, be regarded as an awkward affair, happening at a juncture like the present, when the whole of continental Europe is reposing on volcanic fires, that break out in all quarters in fitful glares—Italy pining for her national and natural capital; Prussia discontented and sullen; Austria in the throes of bankruptcy; Russia embarrassed with awful social questions; Turkey, a bait for any conqueror; France gagged; and, as a climax, England enduring a distress in her manufacturing districts unparalled in her history. Probably the Greeks thought the time well chosen, in the presence of such grave complications, and that the Great Powers having enough to do at home, might, on this occasion, give a practical interpretation to the seemingly popular doctrine of non-intervention. However, the end of the demonstration is assuredly uncertain, and what may ultimately be the destiny of Greece for a given period may be matter for safe speculation in some quarters: but as novel writers say, when driven into a corner by the printer or the exigencies of their plot, time will show.

We who, as journalists, take care to keep as much as possible on the outside of political complications, avail ourselves of the opportunity to let our readers know something about Greece and the Greeks, and for that purpose give a sketch of Patras, one of the principal sea-ports of the country, situate on the gulf of that name, and in doing so cannot resist the temptation to glance very briefly at some historical details inseparable from the present inhabitants of Greece—which is not the Greece of the glowing *imagination of the scholar, but the fragmentary* remains of a Roman colony.

Long before the Morea was ceded to the Ottoman conqueror of Constantinople, Greece had been reduced to a mere name. From the time that Athens fell before the arms of Sylla, more than two thousand years ago, it had ceased to be an independent power. When the master of the Roman world removed the seat of empire from Italy to Thrace, Greece was still nothing more than a Province of Rome; and Gibbon remarks that, "in the lowest periods of degeneracy and decay, the name of Romans adhered to the last fragments of the empire of Constantinople."

It is not true that the "majesty of Greece fell under the scimitar of Mahomet II." It had long been despoiled of its honors by Christian invaders, and the pillage of Constantinople by Latin barbarians, in the fifth crusade, was not surpassed in horrors by that which ensued on the Mussulman conquest. In the partition of the empire by the French and the Venetians, in 1204, Greece, "the proper and ancient Greece," again received a conqueror, in the person of the Marquis of Montferrat, who is described by Gibbon as treading with indifference on that classic ground. The fertile island of Crete was purchased of the marquis by the Venetians, with the ruins of a hundred cities, and colonized with the refuse of the Adriatic. Sclavonian robbers had desolated the peninsula before the Turks became its masters. All that of ancient Greece that had not perished consisted of its language, its monuments, and its haunted and dreaming soil, its vales of evergreen, its hills of snow.

> "The sun, the soil, but not the slave the same—
> Unchanged in all, except its foreign lord."

The population of Greece has been largely affected by these conquests and changes. Many nations of perfectly different origin have been confounded with the descendants of the Hellenes. Of these the chief is undoubtedly the Sclavonic race, who, under the title of Albanians, alternately ravaged and settled the country at pleasure. But the tall, strong figures and sandy countenances of many of the peasants in Argolis and Arcadia refer their Sclavonian blood to a much earlier date. Gibbon mentions the eruption of several tribes into the Morea as early as the eighth century. At present the majority of the smaller villages is certainly occupied by the descendants of Sclavonians, and the pure Greek blood is more likely to be found in the islands of the Archipelago. The claims of the modern Greeks therefore, cannot depend on the historical question which relates to the name. Their right and title to the soil, on the ground of inheritance, would seem not to be much more valid than that of the Welsh, the genuine Britons, to the sovereignty of the British isles. But whether the Mariotes are descended, as they boast, from the ancient Spartans, or from Laconian pirates—whether the Hydriotes are Hellenists by descent, or belong to the worst and lowest species of Albanians—whatever be the origin of the various tribes of the peninsula, or how mixed soever they may be with Sclavonic, Venetian, or Turkish intruders, their cause is a good one, and this country recognized it as such years ago, when Byron fought for them, and Admiral Codrington founded their independence by destroying the Turkish fleet in the Bay of Navarino. Like the Copts of Egypt they are doubtless, both a mixed and degenerate race. Still the interest attaching to them as Greeks, and which, in spite of all that may be said against them, must attach to the name, linked as it is with every classical prepossession, and with the proudest historical recollections, this interest belongs to the soil, not to the race. The distinguishing—perhaps we ought to say, the redeeming character of the modern Greeks—that bond which still unites the mixed tribes as one people, and at the same time connects them with the country and its ancient masters, is their language—that brilliant phenomenon, alike wonderful in its preservation and in its origin, which has survived the political revolutions of thirty centuries, and which, disdaining to blend with the idioms of successive invaders, has triumphed over the Latin itself, and still vindicates its claim to be the only indigenous language of the Greeks.

In short, their language is the only common bond they have with the past, and with such a tongue, preserved with care and affection during such an extent of years unparalleled, except by the Arabians, it is not surprising they should have impatiently endured the rule of a stranger—a heavy German, between whom and themselves there is not a single common sympathy.

But they have shaken off the Bavarian yoke, and it is to be hoped they will be allowed to work out their own destiny, neither being crushed on the one hand by the military pans of France or Russia, or induced to palter with their aspirations and instincts through English jealousy of interference with the Ionian Islands—those costly possessions which geographically belong to a free and independent Greece.

The city of Patras, pronounced Patrasso by the Italians, is situated on the shores of the Achaian province of the Morea, and with the ports on the opposite shore in West Hellas may be said to command the celebrated Gulf of Lepanto. It is seated on a gentle eminence projecting from the foot of Mount Rodia, which rises about three miles to the east, and within a mile from the sea. Ancient tradition ascribes its origin to Patreus, son of Preugenes, who first surrounded it with walls. Augustus Cæsar made it a Roman colony, under the title of Aroe Patrensio, or Patrensium. It is the see of a Greek Archbishop. It was formerly the chief commercial place in Greece, and now enjoys a sound prosperity, which is significant, seeing it was one of the first places to declare against Bavarian Otho. As a traveller says—"The commodiousness of its situation is the reason that it has never been completely abandoned since its foundation. and Roman merchants were settled there in the time of Cicero, as the English and French are at present. It is the emporium of the Morea, and trades with all parts of the Levant and Europe. Its appearance is far from being imposing, the streets being narrow and dirty, and the houses are chiefly built of earth baked in the sun, the best being whitewashed. The few ancient remains are of Roman construction, and are neither grand, interesting, nor well preserved, it is in vain to search for traces of the numerous temples and public edifices mentioned by Pausanias. The soil is rich and has probably risen above its original level, and conceals the foundations of ancient buildings. Indeed, the earth is seldom removed without fragments of statues and rich marbles being discovered. The castle is situated on an eminence which commands the city, and is built on the ruins of the Greek and Roman acropolis, which contained the temple and statue of Diana Laphria."

One of the leading attractions of Patras is the church of St. Andrew. It is held in great veneration, and is supposed to contain the bones of the Apostle. On the anniversary of his festival all the Greeks of Patras and the neighbouring villages resort to the church to pray, and public service is performed with all the solemnity of the Greek religion. Credulous historians tell us that the town was saved in the eighth century, when besieged by the allied Sclavonians and Saracens, by a phantom or stranger, who fought in the foremost ranks, under the character of St. Andrew, the apostle, and the shrine which contained his relics was decorated with the trophies of victory.—*London Journal.*

Miscellaneous.

WE have received from Messrs. G. E. Morton & Co., *London Times, Journal, Ill. News, Indix, Family Herald, &c.*

THERE was a Vocal and Instrumental Concert given at Temperance Hall, Halifax, on Monday evening last, under the patronage of His Excellency the Earl of Mulgrave and His Worship the Mayor, in aid of the Lancashire Relief Fund. The hall was crowded with a fashionable audience, who listened with as much delight as the heat of the place admitted, to the music, which was excellent. The singing, by amateurs, was upon the whole creditable, and comprised choruses, songs, duetts, &c.

NEW BRUNSWICK COTTON.—The Woodstock *Journal* of the 27th ult., contains a letter from Mr. David Munroe, relative to specimens of the cotton-plant found in certain localities in the Province, notices of which have appeared in the columns of several of our contemporaries. Mr Munroe says:—

This plant is indigenous to the country, and with the wild grape vines, may be the remnants of vegetation peculiar thereto when enjoying a warmer climate. It is found along the rich alluvial intervals of the river St. John and its tributaries, and the present specimens were obtained between Mr Fisher's farm, Woodbank, and the Upper Woodstock Landing. The roots are similar to those of the Canada Thistle, but larger and more pliant, and spread greatly in the loose sandy loam, having many joints from which spring sprouts shooting upwards—like asparagus in May. The stalks are from two to five feet long, with downy pulmate leaves from three to six inches in length. The plant bears large clusters of small cup-shaped blossoms, lilac and purple colored, very fragrant, and a favorite flower of Mr Sharp's bees. These flowers are succeeded by the pods enclosing in regular rows the seeds, over a hundred in number, which bears the cotton, a beautiful white filament from a half to an inch and a half in length, nicely arranged the whole length of the pod in layers. The pods vary from three to over four inches. The seed is shaped like parsnip seed, but thicker, and on growing only throws up a stalk about a foot high the first year, which dies down to the ground in the fall, and next year is succeeded by several stalks from the same root, which blossom and bear pods containing the cotton and seeds. The cotton has a glossy silky lustre, and would probably answer for nap for hats, unless the lustre be lost in the manufacture. The leaves and stalks, from the time of appearing above ground, until out of blossom, exude a white milk on being broken, (hence the name Milkweed) which milk is found to eradicate warts effectually, by a daily application for a week or upwards. Some roots throw up four or five stalks, and these stalks bear from three to twelve pods containing the cotton. The plant can be grown on any of our intervales, or islands on the river, planted in rows so as to admit of weeding with a Cultivator or Horsehoe, and with good cultivation would doubtless produce double the crop shown in its present wild state. The Cotton appears very fine, flexible and of considerable tenacity, the seed capable of being easily separated from the silky wool, which if found suitable for commercial purposes, can be grown in New Brunswick to an extent equal to the cotton requirements of the Province, and for exportation to other countries.

TELEGRAPH ROUND THE WORLD.—The Pacific Telegraph Company have erected then wires between the Missouri and the Sierra Nevada, a distance of 16,000 miles, and thus completed the telegraphic communication between the Atlantic and Pacific in four months and seventeen days. The company have entered into an arrangement with the Emperor of Russia, by which, conjointly, they will construct a continuous line through British and Russian America, across Behring Straits, and through Asiatic and European Russia, so as to connect St. Petersburg with Washington. The line will be 14,000 miles in length. Russia has already completed 3,500 miles, and collected materials for extending the wires from Siberia to the mouth of the Amoor, the Mississippi of Asiatic Russia.

THE LION KING AND THE BAILIFFS.—When Carter, the lion king, as he was called, was exhibiting with Durrow at Astley's, a manager with whom Carter had made and broken his engagement, issued a writ against him. The bailiffs came to the stage-door and asked for Carter. "Show the gentlemen up," said Durrow, and when they reached the stage there sat Carter composedly, in the great cage, with an enormous lion on each side of him. "There's Mr. Carter waiting for you, gentlemen," said Durrow; "go in and take him. Carter, my boy, open the door." Carter proceeded to obey, at the same time eliciting, by a private signal, a tremendous roar from his companions. The Bailiffs staggered back in terror, rolled over each other as they rushed down stairs, and nearly fainted before they reached the street.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

"ANGELS."—Last summer, in the heat of mosquito time, the little rascals practised their songs nightly, to the annoyance of every one. While a little girl, Ettie, then about five years old, was being put to bed, her mother said to her—

"Ettie, you must always be a good girl, and then at night when you are asleep, the angels will come and watch around your bed."

"Oh! yes, ma," said Ettie, "I know that. I heard them singing all round my bed last night, and some of them bit me, too!"

THE Halifax *Express* says that vigorous measures are being taken to test the much vexed question as to whether Kidd the Pirate did bury a portion of his treasure on Oak Island, near Chester. Some thirty men and a steam engine are employed to get at this treasure, and if it be there, no doubt it will be disembowelled. The *Express* says: The excavations show three regularly constructed drains, at an almost fabulous depth from the surface, the entrance to each being protected by an iron door of rough but massive manufacture. To clear these drains or subterranean passages from water is the primary object of the treasure-seekers, with a reasonable prospect of ultimate success. This attained, the parties engaged in the work, hope to enter the Pirate's repository, where they expect to find value equal to that concealed in the celebrated cave immortalized in the "Forty Thieves." Borings have been made with a huge augur worked by steam which yielded layers of various materials, including earth, iron, oak, &c., and last, but not least, unmistakeable evidences of the root of all evil—gold.

AMERICAN NEWS ITEMS.

REPORTS say that there is great suffering in the South, and that war enthusiasm is fast dying out....After a heavy cannonade from one hundred and seventy-six guns, the Federals took possession of Fredericksburg, the Confederates falling back to their fortifications in the rear of the city, from which they fire upon the town. A battle is expected to be imminent....North Carolina evinces a powerful reaction against the war. ....General Grant has captured twelve hundred prisoners....Another Confederate steamer, the *Oreto*, Capt. Maffit, is reported cruising in the Gulf of Mexico....E. Tennessee rebels against the conscription....Federal loss one thousand, Confederate loss two thousand men, at the battle of Fayettsville, Ark....The main body of the Federals has crossed the Rappahannock. ....The people of Missouri have declared *for emancipation*, and the *Missouri Democrat* publishes an appeal to the Northern States for aid in giving to their slaveholders a full equivalent....Never York has made munificent donations to the Relief Fund for Lancashire. Stewart, the prince of dry goods merchants handed in $10,000, Grinnell, Minturn & Co., $2,000, and Thurlow Weed and others, $1,000 each....Mr. Seward has demanded indemnity from England for vessels destroyed by the *Alabama*.... The battle expected at Fredericksburg has begun, by a heavy cannonade, but owing to the heavy fog little damage has been done .. The Confederates are reported 200,000 strong; Jackson commanding the right, Longstreet the centre, and Lee and Stuart the left.. On Saturday the N.Y. 28th charged one of the rebel batteries, but were repulsed after a fierce struggle....The telegraphic communication which has been interrupted by Hampton's cavalry cutting the wires was restored by Siegal's advance gaining possession of the lines.