

POETRY.

THE MARRIAGE VOW.

"Look, how they come—a mingled crowd,
Of bright and dark, but rapid days;
Beneath them, like a summer cloud,
The wide world changes as ye gaze."
—BRYANT.

Speak it not lightly!—'tis a holy thing,
A bond enduring through long distant years,
When joy o'er thine abode is hovering,
Or when thine eye is wet with bitterest tears:
Recorded by an angel's pen on high,
And must be questioned in eternity!

Speak it not lightly!—though the young and gay
Are thronging round thee now, with tones of mirth,
Let not the holy promise of to-day
Fade like the clouds that with the morn have birth;
But ever bright and sacred may it be,
Stored in the treasure-cell of memory.

Life will not prove all sunshine: there will come
Dark hours for all; O, will ye, when the night
Of sorrow gathers thickly round your home,
Love as ye did, in time when calm and bright
Seemed the sure path ye trod, untouched by care,
And deemed the future, like the present, fair?

Eyes that beam with health may yet grow dim,
And cheeks of rose forget their early glow;
Languor and pain assail each active limb,
And lay, perchance, some worshipped beauty low;
Then when ye gaze upon the altered brow,
And love as fondly, as faithfully as now?

Should fortune frown on your defenceless head,
Should storms o'ertake your barque, on life's dark sea—
Fierce tempests rend the sail so gaily spread,
When hope her syren strain sang joyously;
Will ye look up, though clouds your sky o'er-cast,
And say, "Together we will bide the blast?"

Age with its silvery locks comes stealing on,
And brings the tottering step, the furrowed cheek,
The eye from whence each lustrous gleam hath gone,
And the pale lip, with accents low and weak;
Will ye then think upon your life's gay prime,
And smiling, bid Love triumph over Time?

Speak it not lightly!—Oh, beware, beware!
'Tis no vain promise, no unmeaning word;
Lo! men and angels hush the faith ye swear,
And by the high and holy Oms 'tis heard;
O, then kneel humbly at this altar now,
And pray for strength to keep your marriage vow.

THE HUNTSMAN'S WEDDING.

The Squire as he was invariably called by the country-folk, was sitting in an antique-fashioned chair, worked fancifully with figures and flowers, reading the County Advertiser, after a substantial breakfast, when the perusal of the account of his hounds' last dash was interrupted by the entrance of the huntsman, familiarly called "Jumping Will," looking peculiarly sheepish, otherwise bashful. He industriously stroked down the straight hair over his temples with one hand, and engaged the other with plucking a button from his waistcoat. A heightened colour spread over his round cheeks, always rufous from health; and altogether Jumping Will's appearance had fallen from its usual careless and knowing bearing.

"All right in the stable?"

"Right as a trivet, sir," laconically replied Will, occupying a seat.

"The kennel in proper trim?"

"Even as bricks."

"Then I don't care for any thing else," replied the Squire.

"But I do, sir," said Will, with emphasis upon the pronoun.

"You—your care for any thing else but the kennel or stable?"

"Yes I do, sir," repeated Will.

"Ay—ay! A good cubbing season, I suppose."

"That's all in good time, sir. But what I now want is your approval to my getting myself coupled with Nancy, the dairy-maid, sir."

"What, married William?" inquired the Squire, dropping the paper in surprise, and looking at the blushing Will.

"Buckled to as a match pair, is our want, sir," was the reply from the huntsman, who, drooping his head, felt—as he afterwards described it to Nancy—"like a fox with his earth stopped, inclined to hide himself, but didn't know where."

"You want to spoil yourself, spoil the hounds, and spoil the horses, eh, William? Who the devil is to ride the colts after you're married?" passionately asked the Squire.

"Me, of course, sir," rejoined Will.

"You—you ride after being harnessed in the shafts of matrimony! Fudge! You'll not take a water-furrow."

"But I will though; and so I told Nancy. But bless your soul, sir! she's the very gal to see a fellow brash a rasper. She boasts and brags of my riding to all the maids in the house, and says she never would have had me but for the way I ride, and—"

"And what?" said Will's master, as he hesitated to complete Nancy's reasons for having him.

"She says, the fine appearance I cut in the wip and pink," replied the huntsman, looking hard at the Squire's face, after many attempts to raise his eyes from the carpet.

Will saw the bursts of laughter about to issue from the Squire's inflated cheeks, and seeing the omen of the success of his suit, he slapped smartly his dog-skin smalls with his broad hand, and a simultaneous roar proceeded from the two, which rang merrily to the roof, and was echoed far away into hall and kitchen, parlour and pantry.

The fellow-servants, with the fair subject of Will's adoration, were all assembled, in anxiety to learn the result of the mission, when the loud laugh informed them of the unquestionable success of it, and many were the salutes and presses of the hand Nancy received, with her bright hazle eyes filled with tears of joy, from the happy crowd, who anticipated the frolic they were sure to have at the wedding.

Will tried to thank his master, but the words died upon his lips; and turning round he hastily left the room, brushing the tears from his rough honest face as they coursed each other downwards. Upon joining the assembled servants Nancy, Will related all that had passed between him and the Squire. Loud was the praise bestowed upon the latter by all; and when the delighted maid was congratulated as "Mrs. William Wisk, as was to be,"

"Then fresh tears stood upon her cheeks; as doth the honey-dew Upon a gathered lily."

It was a frosty day in the month of January. The well-heated fire upon the earth glowed fiercely, and, "kicked away, as log after log was added by an officious boy, whose duty generally was that of driving the cows to be milked,

and otherwise attending upon them. His round cheeks bore shining marks of yellow soap, and he was dressed in his Sunday suit.

"I think that I ought to have gone to the church to see our Nance booked, though," said he to himself. "Every one's gone but me.—That ain't fair. I'm left to keep up the fires. Well, then, never mind; here goes!" and another large log was thrown upon the blazing pile.

A large quantity of holly and ivy was struck upon the walls of the room, a spacious apartment called the 'Servants' Hall,'—and a fine large mistletoe was suspended from the centre of the ceiling.

"Here they come!" exclaimed the boy, clapping his hands, and peering out of the window.

Along the gravel-drive to the house came the wedding-party from the village-church close by. The bride and William walked first, arm-in-arm; the former in an appropriate dress furnished by the Squire, and the latter in a new hunting-costume, complete, ornamented with a fine white satin favour on his left breast. Next to them came the Squire and the Rectory's daughter, who honoured the happy couple as bridesmaids. Then followed about forty gentlemen in scarlet coats, and their sporting equipments, who constantly rode up with the Squire's hounds, and came to the marriage of 'Jumping Will,' thus dressed, as a compliment to their favorite leader of the chase. Bringing up the rear were the fellow domestics of Mrs. Wisk, and the invited guests, all decked in favours, and gaily dressed in their best apparel.

Across the huntsman's shoulders was slung a beautiful silver horn, a present from his master. His highly-polished top-boots were ornamented with a pair of spurs of the like material, given by the gentleman of the hunt; together with a whip elegantly ornamented, and a cap well lined with sovereigns. The motley gown entered the servants' hall, and Mrs. Wisk immediately seized by the cow-boy as she entered, and taken under the mistletoe. A loud hearty smack was accomplished upon the lips of the bride, before being aware of the intention of the young gallant.

"There!" exclaimed he. "I was determined to be first. Mr. Jumping Will don't be jealous; I considered it my right."

The Squire pinched the boy's ear, and with feigned anger said, "You young scoundrel! how dare you poach upon another's manor, eh?"

A capacious bowl was brought into the room by the butler, whose strained arms and fingers proved that the weight of the burden was anything but trifling. Its contents smoked, and to the ceiling a continued cloud issued of odiferous steam, particularly pleasing to the olfactory nerves.

"Now gentlemen, girls, and boys," said the Squire, stirring up the hot liquid with a ladle, "hold your glasses close; but don't touch a drop until I give the word."

All were charged. The Squire stood in the centre of the company, and holding his filled goblet high above his head, said in a loud voice, "Here's the health and prosperity of Jumping Will and his pretty wife! May they live in uninterrupted happiness, peace, and plenty."

Loud was the shout which rang from the circle of sincere friends upon the completion of the sentiment. Cheer after cheer rang far and wide as each continued to express the real fervour entertained.

"Now for one more," said the Squire, "as a finish."

Far away that shout was heard; in the clear frosty air it went over hill and valley, wood, and dell, as merrily as the occasion merited; and, as it died away into a scarcely audible echo, the hounds in the kennel not far off answered the cheerful sound by breaking into a sudden musical cry.

"That's as it should be!" exclaimed the Squire. "You hear those dumb animals prompting you to speechify, William. Come let us have it over."

The huntsman stood forward; and with a slight exertion to obtain confidence by a preliminary cough, commenced,

"My kind master, gentlemen, and friends, if I try at a long speech, I shall either break down, or get pounded; therefore the sooner I cut across the country the better. My talking for a year—supposing I could talk so long—couldn't say how much I'm obliged to ye for your great kindness to me and my wife here. Coming to my wedding, gentlemen of the hunt, is more than I could or did expect; and now, all I've to say in conclusion is, take my best thanks for your favours to me and Nance, and God bless you all."

Will's brief speech was received with exclamations of pleasure from every body; and after much kissing under the Druidical branch, with the pretended reluctance of the ladies, and the evinced sincerity of the lads, the Squire ordered the prepared dinner to be brought in.

Haunches of fine venison, barons of beef, fresh-killed pike from the store-pond, speckled trout, hares, rabbits, pigeon-pies, partridges, pheasants, plum-puddings and other dainties, too numerous to mention, were in due time placed upon the long table, squeaking from the ponderous mass upon its surface. Then followed such a confusion of noises, out-Dabbling Babel. Knives and forks rattled, plates clinked, chairs and benches were taken, and the feast commenced in earnest. The Squire sat in the centre of the guests, and was the very life of the scene. He talked to one, laughed with another, bállooted to a third, and, if the etiquette observed in refined society was disregarded, more good-humour, fun, and frolic, existed, than in the automaton circles of freezing fashion for an age.

Large round jugs of foaming ale quickly disappeared, and were soon replaced. In the middle of the table, just opposite to the Squire, stood a huge wassail-cup, of antique form. It was filled to the brim with spiced wine. Taking hold of the sides with both hands, the Squire raised the vessel to his lips, and, as was his custom after a feast, said, "I drink to the friendship of my guests."

From him the cup was passed regularly round, and each drank from its contents, varying the toast to 'the friendship of my friend or master,' as the case might be.

The table was quickly cleared when the dinner was over, and numerous bowls of punch were introduced upon it. Bottles of port, 'old as the hills,' and of Madeira, bright as the beam of the bride's laughing eyes, were also placed in rows at proper distances. Now the smart-joke and merry jest were cracked. Light was the laugh which momentarily came unrestrained from the hearts of the assembled carousers. Pledge after pledge were exchanged, and nothing was there but delight and revelry.

About an hour after the dinner all rose to clear away for the country-dance, and romping reel.

The village Orpheus was mounted upon an empty barrel in the corner of the hall, and lustily he commenced scraping a rapid movement. The Squire led off the bride in the first dance, and enjoyed the spirit of it as much as any one.

"On with ye! Give them a hark-forward, William!" hallooed he; and the huntsman obeyed the instructions by stunning the company with a "Yoicks! yoicks for'ard!" and concluded with a long musical wind upon his horn. On danced the merry company, until from want of breath they were obliged to pause.

Gaily thus the hours fled, and the night waned fast, when, during a pause, it was proposed by the bride that 'some one should relate a story.' Drawing seats in a large circle round

the log fire, all were eager for the tale. But who was to be the narrator?

"A hunting story from Jumping Will," said a voice, which suggestion met with unanimous approbation.

"Well, it's rather late for a long story; but I've told, so many times over, all save one, that I suppose you must have it by way of a change. When I was a boy, it was told to me by my grandmother, just on the day I entered the Squire's service. She called it

THE LEGEND OF HASTINGS' CLIFF.

I can't say how long since the facts I'm about telling you took place; but that doesn't signify.

To be concluded in our next.

INTERESTING LECTURE.

Concluded.

Now we are in the habit many, most of us, of living and acting as if the very opposite of all this were the case. The streets and lanes and yards, in the more backward parts of the city, which are occupied by mechanics and labourers, and which owing to their construction and situation, should be most assiduously cared for, are the recipients and reservoirs of filth and foulness, and consequently a certain source of disease and mortality; and our dwellings in general, are constructed as if with the firm intent of preventing the circulation of air altogether; or if there be an apartment more spacious, more accessible to the untainted air than another, it is that one which, because of the frequent opening and shutting of the door, least requires it; whereas the bed-rooms where the doors are kept shut during the whole night are smallest and closest, no breath of air being permitted to enter, except what audaciously intrudes through a door, chink or key-hole, against which however, we are well guarded by a panoply of bed-curtains, which keep us enveloped in the heated atmosphere. And the places of public resort—the Churches for instance—are constructed with the same total disregard of the fundamental laws of respiration, and the consequence is, that in winter especially, when both doors and windows are closely barred against the cold, the congregation must of necessity, for an hour or hours, breathe a highly contaminated and unwholesome atmosphere; and indeed in summer it is not always better, access by windows and doors being often times forbidden the external air, with as much pertinacity as if it ingress and a pestilence went hand in hand; and the concomitants and effects of this are plain and palpable in the restlessness and drowsiness that are manifested at the time, and in the headaches, indigestion and cutaneous eruptions that so frequently succeed; and though one who possesses a strong constitution may, for a length of time, withstand its noxious influence; the delicate who from day to day or from week to week are exposed to it, experience a sure and rapid increase to the amount of their infirmity.

I mention these things that the evil may be remedied. In reference to our Churches, God forbid that I should advise or sanction neglect of them; yet I say it is destructive to invalids, it is injurious to all to sit in their assemblies, so long as little or no regard is paid to their thorough ventilation; and when I am asked by an invalid—Sir, may I go to Church to-day? I reply by all means, if you wish a certain augmentation of your malady.

Again, in order to the lungs doing their duty, plenty of material must be afforded for the formation of new blood. It is not enough that the venous blood be arterialized, though this is absolutely necessary; a sufficient quantity of new material from nutritive food, and by a good digestion, must be commingled with it. When the food is unwholesome or the digestion bad, the blood is impoverished and the lungs speedily suffer, often fatally; nay so surely is this the case, that in the lower animals, by withholding proper food we can induce invariably that form of disease, that state of the lungs, which is confessed by every honest physician, to be incurable. And let us look around us and say, who are they most frequently attacked by pulmonary disease; those whose pittance is scanty and unwholesome, or those who fare sumptuously every day? Look at our butchers who daily eat animal food. In Britain, look at the drivers of our mail and stage-coaches, and at the carters in our large towns, if they be sober men, and you shall find consumption rare indeed amongst them. Look again at those in the higher classes of society—they too enjoy the good things of this life, but they lack the capability of changing them properly into the vital principle; they lack digestion. Their hours for eating are unnatural, their meals are heavy and incongruous, their exercise is deficient, and so their digestive organs lose their tone, and their lungs suffer just as certainly as do the poor man's, who wants the common necessities of life.

But, once more—in order to the lungs doing their duty, they must not be subjected to any unnatural stimulus. I have said that they are well supplied with nerves. These require and have a certain amount of stimulus, not for an hour or hours, but regular continuous stimulus, in order to their imparting a full and perfect tone to the lungs. And whence is this stimulus derived? From the blood—from the copious supply and regular circulation of good healthy arterial blood, and from this alone. We have no substitute, nothing to take its place, nothing; though in its stead, many substitutes are attempted, and of these the most common, and therefore the most pernicious, is alcohol in its various forms. Now, I would beg your attention for a few minutes to the effects of this stimulus on the lungs. When in its pure state it is taken into the stomach—it inflames and destroys its inner membrane, gives a complete shock to the whole nervous system, and very speedily destroys life. This is the effect of alcohol in its strongest form. When immoderately used in a diluted state, in which it is called, whiskey, rum, gin, brandy, &c. its effects are first, an impression on the nerves of the stomach, then on all the nervous system, suspending all influence of the will, all regularity of thought and motion, diminishing the capacity of the blood-vessels and increasing the rapidity of the circulation, so that the veins in the head and neck become swollen, their arteries beat violently; they have got more to do than they can accomplish, and the consequence is, the blood becomes accumulated in the brain, causing head-ache, vertigo, delirium, and the various other phenomena which are too well known to be the certain concomitants of intemperance. After the excitement has continued for a longer or shorter time, it induces exhaustion, a state of collapse follows, the individual falls into a sleep or stupor, from which he sometimes awakes in Eternity. This however is comparatively seldom the case. In the majority of instances, after a time he awakes, the excitability of his system is comparatively restored—yet is his state different indeed from what it would have been but for his excess. His skin is most susceptible of external impressions, and therefore (though the general opinion is different) he is most susceptible of cold, his stomach loathes all kinds of food, and it is not till some time has elapsed that the usual condition of the system is regained.

Now, we have what we have here:

First, the state of excitement, additional duty without augmented power. The circulation is hurried, the blood is with more force propelled through the unstrengthened lungs, and the direct tendency of this is, inflammation of their substance. Then, we have the state of deprec-

sion in which, not only the superabundant nervous stimulus is withdrawn, but so much over and above this as to prevent the lungs from properly arterIALIZING the venous blood or changing it into blood the commingled fluid, and thus a second-rate, an unwholesome article is disseminated throughout the system.

Again such a state of the digestive organs is induced as for a time to prevent their natural action altogether. It is not, as I have said, till a considerable time after the debauch, that the stomach can, as usual, make use of food. Nay, we find it invariably to hold, that in proportion to the depression in the scale of intemperance, is the inappetency and incapacity for wholesome food.

And the consequence? Look at the man, who, by intemperance, has brought himself to the brink of the grave, a universal trembling has seized upon him, every debauch more impairs his intellect, till reason is shaken from her seat altogether; he dies—we examine his body—every tissue, every texture is pervaded by the alcohol; the various internal organs are more or less diseased, and among them the lungs are most sure to suffer.

What I have said are the melancholy results of the abuse of alcohol. But a question now presents itself. Is the moderate use of it also injurious? To this there can be but one answer, and that answer is, certainly not. But then, what is this use? When the health is perfect, no peculiar excitement is required or admissible. The assimilating organs are at work on good substantial food, for its conversion into healthy arterial blood, which affords the right, regular and proper stimulus to every organ of the body. So that in this case the moderate use of alcohol is the disuse of it altogether. And when the health is not good; when one or more organs are diseased, pray is there not quite as great a chance that a stimulant taken unduly, instead of benefiting, shall do unspeakable harm. Indigestion for instance, may arise, from one of two causes, debility of the intestines or inflammation. In the former case, alcohol if rightly and properly used, may be beneficial; in the latter however it must in any quantity of necessity be prejudicial.

Now, the very same is the case with laudnum, arsenic, prussic-acid, and the whole host of active substances used in the healing art. When the health is good, their use is unnecessary and inadmissible, and when it is not good, who would think of swallowing laudnum or henbane, or any powerful drug, without being advised of their suitability to his necessity. Just so should we act in reference to alcohol. In health we have no more need of it than of laudnum, and the use of the one is as surely and decidedly prejudicial as that of the other; and in disease it is according to the circumstances of the case, either a medicine or a poison.

And in reference to wine, though were I to enter upon an account of the chemical properties of its components, might show that its effects do and must differ from merely diluted alcohol. Yet of it too, especially in the impure and adulterated state in which it is afforded us, the very same sentiment holds good. To the healthy, its daily use is and must be pernicious; and to the invalid it must prove, as the case may be, advantageous or the reverse, and so of it also, we must conclude that it is either a medicine or a poison. A poison slower no doubt, in its influence than alcohol merely diluted, because of the lessness of the active principle, and of its minute commixture with the other components; yet its influence sure—sure to excite and to inflame—sure to depress and deprave—sure to vitiate every natural desire and to induce a state baneful, not to the individual's self alone, causing his beclouded sun to set ere it has attained its meridian height, but to his unfortunate offspring also, who because of the diseased and unwholesome state of their progenitor are born as certainly predisposed to scrofula and consumption as if it had descended by hereditary transmission.

There is no answer to these statements, no refutation of these facts; and yet how far are they from exerting their natural influence in causing to refrain from this most unnatural excitement? There is custom time immemorial in its favor. We are informed that it inspires fancy with her sublimest conceptions, excites unusual brilliancy of mind, a soft tumult of the soul; and for these momentary advantages, call them real if you will, are sacrificed the world of delights, the fullness of joy, the rivers of enduring pleasure, for which the debased mind and shattered frame of the intemperate man, render him wholly unfit.

Oh! the glossy vine has a serpent charm,
It bears an unhealed fruit:
There's a taint about each tendrill'd arm,
And a curse upon its root.

Its juice may flow to warm the brow,
And widely light the eye;
But the frenzied mirth of a revelling crew,
Will make the wise man sigh.

For the mania laugh, the trembling frame,
The idiot speech, and pestilent breath;
The shattered mind and the blasted fate,
Are wrought by the vine, the age of death.

THE "KIRK"—LORD ABERDEEN'S BILL.

We can make nothing of Lord Melbourne's free and easy or "devil may care" speech upon the measure now pending respect to the Kirk of Scotland, save that it is a very imprudent avowal of incompetency. His lordship cannot deny that the state of things in Scotland must be viewed with apprehension; but he is not prepared to do anything, or to advise anything, or to concur in anything, for the amendment of that which causes the apprehension. A worthy person this to be at the head of a government! He thinks it best to do nothing, or rather he says he thinks so; far, with all Lord Melbourne's affectation of silliness, he is certainly not so great a fool as really to think that a government should unconcernedly look on at the confusion and disturbance now prevailing in Scotland upon ecclesiastical matters, as if such things were likely to cure themselves.

Lord Melbourne's government would interfere fast enough if there were any hope of a party advantage to be gained by interference. If the General Assembly, or the parties opposed to the General Assembly, had a few votes in the House of Commons clearly at their disposal, Lord Melbourne would see his way immediately, and would have no hesitation in deciding that something should be done. But this short cut to a decision is not afforded by the circumstance of the case. There is no clear party advantage either in opposing the Assembly and upholding the law, or in going with the Assembly and against the law. A decision, if come to at all, must be come to upon some other ground than that of the party advantage to the existing administration. Viscount Melbourne has therefore, no interest in taking trouble in the matter. It may be very interesting to the empire, and of vital consequence to Scotland, but it is not of vital consequence to Lord Melbourne's administration, and therefore it has no interest for him. He comes to the sage conclusion that to conclude nothing at all upon the subject is the best plan for him to pursue. Undoubtedly it is the easi-

est, and we suspect that, according to Lord Melbourne's calculations, the easiness and the good policy of any particular course are very closely connected.—*Morning Post.*

FRENCH SETTLEMENT AT MADAGASCAR.

Of the quiet way in which the French insinuate themselves and form settlements in various parts of the globe, which rise into gradual importance amidst the day-dreams of the British Cabinet, we have had abundant specimens of late, and to this long list another is now to be added, of which probably Lord Palmerston himself has not an idea. We have it on the authority (which leaves in our mind no sort of distrust) of an officer just arrived from the Isle of France, who states that the French are busy in forming a settlement on the northern part of the island of Madagascar, in a bay called in Owen's charts "British Sound or Bay." It is narrow in the entrance, easily defensible on both sides, and opens into a spacious area, capable, to use our informant's words, "of holding all the fleets in the world." That this project is not one of recent origin may be gathered from the circumstance that troops have been gradually collecting from the French settlements on the western coast of Africa to garrison and defend the new colony. Some ships with this description of military freight are said to have arrived at their destination.—*Times.*

MALIBRAN AND THE PINT OF PORTER.

It may be an acceptable diversion from the painful details which we shall have to enter upon, to record a humorous incident which led to the thrilling, the more than brilliant, the not to be forgotten execution, by Madame Malibran, of the finale to this opera (*The Maid of Artois*). I had occasion, during its rehearsal but one, to express myself in strong terms at her leaving the stage for more than an hour and a half, to go and gain £25 at a morning concert. Neither the concentrated pieces of music, nor the situation of the drama in which she was involved, could possibly be proceeded with, and the great stake we were then contending for was likely to be placed in jeopardy by an unworthy grasp of a few pounds, to the prejudice of a theatre paying her nightly five times as much. She knew she had done wrong; and she atoned for it by her genius, while her pride would not have permitted her to do so. She had borne along the two first acts on the first nights of performance in such a flood of triumph, that she was bent, by some almost superhuman effort, to continue its glory to the final fall of the curtain.

I went into her dressing room previous to the commencement of the third act, to ask how she felt; and she replied, "Very tired, but," (and here her eye of fire suddenly lighted up,) "you angry devil, if you will contrive to get me a pint of porter in the desert scene, you shall have an encore to your finale!" Had I been dealing with any other performer, I should perhaps have hesitated in complying with a request that might have been dangerous in its application at the moment; but to check her powers was to annihilate them. I therefore arranged that behind the pile of drifted sand on which she falls in a state of exhaustion, towards the close of the second scene, a small aperture should be made in the stage; and it is a fact that from underneath the stage, through that aperture, a pewter pint of porter was conveyed to the parched lips of this child of song, which so revived her after the terrible exertion of the scene led to, that she electrified the audience, and had strength to repeat the charm, with the finale to *The Maid of Artois*. The novelty of the circumstance so tickled her fancy, and the draught itself was so extremely refreshing, that it was arranged during the subsequent run of the opera, for the Negro slave at the head of the Governor's procession to have in the gourd suspended to his neck the same quantity of the same beverage, to be applied to her lips on his first beholding the apparently dying Isolide.

Staffordshire Superstition.—On Monday week a little girl, whilst playing on the banks of the canal, at Wolverhampton, fell into the water and was drowned. The event being made known by her play-mates to some persons passing by, a crowd soon collected, and many fruitless endeavours were made to disengage the body. At length, wearied with the usual application of drugs, &c. a little of the science of the Wolverhampton wisecracks was put in requisition; and—hear it all ye boasters of the superior enlightenment of the 19th century—an aged sybil suggested the following infallible specific for discovering the lost child:—Take a quarter loaf, and of the bottom part form a sort of a basin, into which pour an ounce of quicksilver, and set the loaf floating on the water. Thus, like the star which guided the wandering magi, and stayed its erratic course over the babe at Bethlehem, so will the quicksilver rest over the remains of the drowned child. An enlightened surgeon of the town passing through the collected crowd exclaimed against practising the absurd superstition; but so deeply rooted was the belief in its efficacy, that had he further resisted, the experiment might probably have been made over his own body after an aquatic preparation to qualify him to test its merits.—*Nottingham Review.*

As an instance of the "horrors of indecision," a judge down West was lately so divided in opinion whether robbery was cheating or borrowing, that he fell in two!

At the last 4th of July, the following toast was given at a Western celebration—"The wretch who would refuse to defend the liberties of his country shud with lightning may be he condemned to wander over a desert of gunpowder."

"A man can't help what has happened behind his back," as the loafer said when he was kicked out of doors."

A CARD.

A. GREGG, House, Sign, Carriage and Ornamental Painter, Tappan, &c. Initiator of Wood & Marble Colouring in Distemper, Paper Hanging, &c. Gilding, Glazing, Maps, Prints and Oil Paintings Cleaned and Varished.

The Subscriber lately from England, wishes to inform the Ladies, Gentlemen and vicinity of Fredericton, that he has commenced Business for himself in Queen Street, opposite the Fredericton Bank, where he will endeavour to execute all orders with which he may be availed, with neatness and despatch.
Fredericton, July 4, 1849. 47