

SELECTED POETRY.

THE SHIP AT SEA.

A white sail gleaming on the flood,  
And the bright orb on high,  
Are all that break the solitude  
Of the circling sea and sky—  
Nor cloud, nor cape is imaged there;  
Nor Isle of Ocean, nor of air.

Led by the magnet o'er the tides,  
That bark her path explores,  
Sure as unerring instinct guides  
The birds to unseen shores,  
With wings that o'er the waves expand,  
She wanders to a viewless land.

Yet not alone,—on Ocean's breast,  
Though no green islet glows,  
No sweet refreshing spot of rest,  
Whose fancy may repose;  
Nor rock, nor hill, nor tower, nor tree,  
Breaks the blank solitude of sea.

No! not alone,—her beauteous shade  
Attends her noiseless way;  
As some sweet memory, undecayed,  
Clings to the heart for aye,  
And haunts it—wheresoe'er we go,  
Through every scene of joy and woe.

And not alone,—for day and night  
Escort her o'er the deep,  
And round her solitary flight  
The stars their vigils keep.  
Above, below, are circling skies,  
And heaven around her pathway lies.

And not alone,—for hopes and fears  
Go with her wandering sail,  
And bright eyes watch, thro' gathering tears,  
Its distant cloud to hail,  
And prayers for her at midnight lone  
Ascend unheard by all save One.

And not alone,—with her, bright dreams  
Are on the pathless main,  
And o'er its moan, earth's woods and streams  
Pour forth their choral strain,  
When sweetly are her slumbers blest  
With visions of the land of rest.

And not alone,—for round her glow  
The vital light and air!  
And something that in whispers low  
Tells to man's spirit there,  
Upon her waste and weary road,  
A present, all-pervading God!

MISCELLANY.

Selected from the Scraps of a Friend.

PATRICK'S LETTER TO HIS KINSFOLK.

By the Author of

"SAYINGS AND DOINGS AT THE TREMONT HOUSE."

New York, April 3d, 1833.

Praised be all the saints! Thady, my dear brother, we have got here at last. Oh, of all the born places in the big world, America is the land for the poor and desolate man to come to. Barring old Ireland, it's the Paradise of the earth. We'd a pleasant passage enough, save now and then, when the sea put on airs, and made a big swell of itself. No deaths on board, except two pigs, five sheep, and twenty two fowls, which were all kilt to find a grave in the stomachs of the cabin passengers. Our father bore the passage mighty well, considering his grey hairs; but Lion (poor dog,) didn't seem to like his berth at all, at all. He suffered much from sea-sickness, and barked a good deal at nights; but 'twas moonlight, and you know he never could abide the moon. Well, New York is, (barring Cork) the City of the universal world. There's a street in it, Thady, called Broadway, which runs five miles and a half and then don't stop; and the beautifullest Pigs ever you laid your eyes on, running thro' the streets, without an owner; and as the Sergeant told Barney, (thru' enough,) squeaking as if they were saying 'come and catch me.' It's full of handsome shops, and elegant ladies, oh, Thady, if ye want to see delicate shapes, coal black eyes, and nate ancles, you must come to New York. By the powers the bare sight of 'em has made the old man quite young again. Only think! he said to me yesterday, ('twas after dinner,) 'Nat,' says he, 'I hear there's a bushel of fresh widows in this town; and plaze goodness I'll be after giving ye a second modher my Lad, before long.' Ha! ha! Thady, how odd if we should get an American mother, and we twins too! We have put up at a boarding-house, in the upper part of the City, (for it was there the Captain said they let lodging cheapest,) and find ourselves comfortable enough, there are more than twenty fellow-boarders, to keep us company, and we go on as regularly and pleasantly together, as if we were playing a game of leap-frog. There is one old gentleman who has taken father's heart entirely; he'd had nine too, but his daughter, the delicate little thief, stole it before him. Poor little Alice—the cratur! Thady, to fill up my sheet I'll tell you a morsel of a story about little Alice. From the first then, it was quite apparent, both to father and myself, that something was breaking the dear innocent's heart. There she sat—at dinner, and at tay, and at breakfast, so woful and melancholy that it made one's eyes ache to look at her. As pale, Thady, she was—ah, as pale as a new laid egg; and a look from her dark eyes, showed you that despair had appropriated thim to himself for looking glasses. You know, Thady, where the fair sex is concerned, I'm a mighty tender subject, my heart is sure to take fire at the sight of one of the sweet sows, and so did my fathers before me—if our poor mother's word, and there's no earthly reason for doubting it, is to be believed. I was mightily concerned for this sweet cratur and I longed to know the cause of her grief, 'may be,' thought I, 'she may be wishing for a husband—why not?' And then, but I recollected the vow of fidelity I gave to my own dear Norah across the big waters, and I said to myself, 'charily, Pat, charity should always begin at home.' Her father—his name, by the way, is Whipple—was sorely afraid she was about going into a consumption, or getting a liver complaint; and frequent and long were the chats he had with father and myself touching poor little Alice's supposed ailments. But it was'n't consumption Thady, nor any soreness about the liver that affected her.—There was no need to feel her pulse to find out that, you could see in her eyes that it was her heart which was constantly sending forth signals of distress, and I made up my mind, to find out if possible, the cause. Well, yesterday morning, I happened to enter her private sitting room, to return a book which the old gentleman had lent to father, when I found the young lady engaged in sitting for her picture, to as smooth a cheek'd brush handler as you'd like to see on the other side. By the holy Saint whose name I bear, I saw how it was in a shake, which is one less than a brace of 'em; the two sows were loving one another Thady, without knowing it, or maybe if they did know it, they reckoned no doubt, that old Whipple—who is as rich as the Bank—would never give his consent to their joining hands and going into a life partnership; well, says I, to myself, it's always my luck to see into

things and deeper than other people, and I made up my mind on the spot, to spake to father to spake to the old gentleman as delicately as possible, on the subject, taking the first opportunity. And— but Thady, my man, the packet don't sail for four days and more, so I'll break off here, and begin the finish bye and bye.

P. S. There's a mighty fine breed of pigs in this city, and it is as good as a play to see the poor denib bastes strutting about, as fine as Loids, in the streets, see that!

April 4th.

Well, Thady, I was telling you before I left off, what I intended to do about little Alice. And here, let me call to mind that fine old saying of cratur Grattan's, that 'hell is paved with good intentions.' Thru' enough, that! for I'd like to have got more than one finger in the fire for meddling with other people's matters. You must know then, that last night, after I broke off writing, we, that is father and myself, went to a play house called the Park—why it is called Park I didn't ask, but its very like a house. The play was called the Merchant of Venus, and funny enough, troth! It is all about an old Jew Butcher who gives a heap of Duck-hats, (what queer names Thady, those Maunseers give to their money, and every thing else,) for a pound of man's flesh. The cannibal! However, it was against the law, (thank goodness,) as a lady in a large black gown, told them, and the Butcher as regular a built savage as ever I saw, only escaped hanging for making such a bargain. During the play father and I were much pleased at an instance of the purdigious spirit of these fine people. All of a sudden the boys in the pit set up a Devil of a shout at a Dandy in the Boxes, who turned his back, instead of his face, to the stage. 'A trollop, a trollop!' howled they; which soon brought little mister to the right about! A mighty nate way that Thady, my boy, of taching the cratur manners in good company. But as I was going to tell you, either the play, the old man and I made the best of our way to a grog shop, which we had to go under ground to get to, for it was a cellar, and faith who should be there, but old Whipple himself. And by and by he begins to talk about his daughter, and her lap full of complaints. 'Now then,' thought I, 'for to come wid the little discovery I made yesterday afternoon.' 'Mr. Whipple,' says I, 'it wasn't my luck to be brought up to the docthering business; but I've a way of seeing into things,' says I, 'and between ourselves, I think I've found out her disorder, sir,' says I, 'and if you'll give me leave, I'll make bould to give you my opinion about it sir,' says I.

'Well, sir, your opinion, sir,' says he.

'Why then, sir,' says I, 'tis my own rule, original and individual opinion, that your daughter is dape in love, sir,' says I.

'In what, sir,' says he.

'In love, sir,' says I.

'In love, sir,' says he, 'and with whom, sir,' says he.

'Fair and softly, Mr. Whipple,' quo' your own natural born twin brother Pat. Thady dear, 'fair and softly,' says I, 'tis a delicate subject to tread upon; yet I'll give my private idea of the original merits of the case, if ye'll order another glass of whiskey punch all round sir,' says I. And he ordered it.

'Now sir,' says I, 'says I to the old boy, 'your daughter, and it's a secret I'll never mention to mortal man, is in love; and I have reason to believe that I know the man.' 'Yourself, perhaps?' said old Whipple, with a sneer all round his mouth, thicker and uglier than a pair of sandy mustachios. 'You mane yourself, no doubt, sir,' repeated he with a grin of scorn, that set all my blood in such a boil that a beef stake might have been roasted outside of me.

'If Time's wickedness hadn't dropt some specks of white upon your head, out of their painting brushes,' says I, 'ould Whipple, I'd be after trating your nose to some lessons of moral knuckology.'

'Would you,' says he.

'Yes would—I'd give you such a dose of red hot Irish knuckles, that there should'n't be left out of that ugly looking fuz-ball of yours, (he takes snuff Thady, twelve times a minute,) a stump sufficient for a fly to rest its game leg on—ye blackguard!

Upon that old Whipples gave me a punch upon the left eye, that had like to have sent it out of the back door of my head. My father cried 'thieves,' and I bellowed 'murder,' for the sight was gone out me intirely—far away—out and out. But I jumped up, and hit and kicked right and left, like a nate Irish lad, until one big blow, given by fifty fists at the least, sent me sprawling and drove the sense out of me. It seems, Thady my twin, your darling brother, has since seen the inside of a watch house on this side of the large ditch; but poor Pat, wasn't conscious of it, for by my soul, I didn't open my eyes until sivin o'clock this morning, when I found myself in bed at our lodging place. Since that it all smothered over; but I'll nivir spake to ould Whipple again, unless it is to give him a big thump on the left eye. What d'ye think, Thady, that divil in petticoats, Alice, won't look at me since the row, and it all for her good!

My father is looking about the best way to spind his twelve hunder. He begs his love and duty to you, and all friends, so no more at present,

From your loving friend,

PATRICK O'DWYER.

EXTRAORDINARY CIRCUMSTANCE.

We extract the following account from the Essex Standard, as quite worthy the attention of our readers. We have also received a private communication on the subject, declaratory (in confidence) of the writer's perfect conviction of the supernatural character of the disturbances created. It is true that the visitations are not unprecedented—that Cock-lane, in other times, and Stockwell, more recently, have produced their wonders; but we consider the present occurrence, if not transcending the destructive performance at the latter place, to excel, by many degrees, the knockings and scratchings of the gentle Fanny.

The following circumstance has been creating some agitation in the neighbourhood of Fakenham for the last few weeks. In Syderstone parsonage, lives the Rev. Mr. Stewart, curate, and rector of Thwaite. About six weeks since an unaccountable knocking was heard in it, in the middle of the night. The family became alarmed, not being able to discover the cause. Since then it has gradually been becoming more violent, until it has now arrived at such a frightful pitch that one of the servants has left through absolute terror. The noises commence every morning about two, and continue until daylight. Sometimes it is a knocking, now in the ceiling over head, now in the wall, and now directly under the feet; sometimes it is a low moaning, which the Rev. gentleman says reminds him very much of the moans of a soldier on being whipped; and sometimes is like the sounding of brass, the rat-

ting of iron or steel, or the clinking of tinware or glass, but nothing in the house is disturbed. It never speaks, but will beat to a lively tune, and moan at a solemn one, especially at the morning and evening hymus. Every part of the house has been carefully examined, to see that no one could be secreted, and the doors and windows are always fastened with the greatest caution. Both inside and outside of the house have been carefully examined during the time of the noises, which always rouse the family from their slumbers, and oblige them to get up, but nothing has been discovered. It is heard by every one present, and several ladies and gentlemen in the neighbourhood, who, to satisfy themselves, have remained all night with Mr. Stewart's family, have heard the same noise, and have been equally surprised and frightened. Mr. Stewart has also offered any of the tradespeople of the village an opportunity of remaining in the house and convincing themselves. The shrieking last Wednesday week was terrific. It was formerly reported in the village that the house was haunted by a Rev. gentleman, whose name was Mental, who died there about 27 years since, and this is now generally believed to be the case. His vault, in the inside of the church, has lately been repaired, and a new stone put down, the house is adjoining the church yard, which has added in no inconsiderable degree to the horror which pervades the villagers. The delusion must be very ingeniously conducted, but at this time of day scarcely any one can be found to believe that these noises proceed from any other than natural causes.

On Wednesday se'night, Mr Stewart requested several most respectable gentlemen to sit up all night, namely the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, of Docking, the Rev. Mr. Goggs, of Creake, the Rev. Mr. Lloyd, of Massingham, the Rev. Mr. Titlow, of Norwich, and Mr. Banks, surgeon, of Holt, and also Mrs. Spurgeon. Especial care was taken that no tricks should be played by the servant; but, as if to give the visitors a grand treat, the noises were even louder and of longer continuance than usual. The first commencement was in the bedchamber of Miss Stewart, and seemed like the clawing of a voracious animal after its prey. Mrs. Spurgeon was at the moment leaning against the bed-post, and the effect on all present was like a shock of electricity.—The bed was on all sides clear from the wall, but nothing was visible. Three powerful knocks were then given to the sideboard, whilst the hand of Mr. Goggs was upon it. The disturber was conjured to speak, but answered only by a low hollow moaning, but on being requested to give three knocks, it gave three most tremendous blows apparently in the wall. The noises, some of which were as loud as those of a hammer on the anvil, lasted from between eleven and twelve o'clock, until nearly two hours after sun rise. The following is the account given by one of the gentlemen.—'We all heard distinct sounds of various kinds—from various parts of the room and the air—in the minds of us—ay, we felt the vibrations of parts of the bed as struck; but we were quite unable to assign any possible natural cause as producing all or any part of this. We had a variety of thoughts and explanations passing in our minds before we were on the spot, but we left it all equally bewildered.

On another night the family collected in a room where the noise had never been heard; the maid-servants sat sewing round a table, under the especial notice of Mrs. Stewart, and the man-servant, with his legs crossed and his hands upon his knees, under the cognizance of his master. The noise was then for the first time heard,—above, around, beneath, confusion all—but nothing disturbed, nothing felt, except a vibratory agitation of the air, or a tremulous movement of the tables or what was upon them. It would be in vain to attempt to particularize all the various noises, knockings and groanings of this mysterious something. Few nights pass away without its visitation, and each one brings its own variety.'

This is very astonishing, and we suspect that, instead of St. Leonard's, the Beulah Spa, or Leamington, Syderstone Parsonage will speedily become the place of fashionable resort—at least if spirits be stronger alternatives than water. The influx of company into the quiet village which is the scene of mystery may have some effect; and without wishing to overflow Mr. Stewart's house with superfluous visitors, we feel it our duty to state, for the information of the zealously curious, that Sydenstone lies five miles to the west of Frankenhams, which is 180 miles and 3 furlongs from Shoreditch church,—a town already in itself renowned for a ghost story, detailed by one of our cleverest living poets. Considering the name of the gentleman whose spirit is supposed to be the author of the noises, a punster would set it down as one of the most extraordinary instances of MENTAL delusion on record.

Eve's Apple.—The beau sex are to be congratulated on the discovery which has been lately made; the descendants of Eve must look to Sir Alexander Johnstone with gratitude; we envy him the female deputations that will be set down at his door. He has sent a drawing to The Gardener's Magazine, of Eve's apple tree, as it is found in Ceylon, by which it appears, that the said apples do not grow in the ordinary fashion, and that that fair original was probably, led by accident into the commission of her crime. From this tree the apples are suspended by a long peduncle, and bob about in the air, like bobbing cherries, and carry with them a strong look of 'come, eat me,' or at any rate, 'come, feel me.'—In passing this tree, it would be impossible for any naturalist (and such surely was Eve—(see South's Sermons on the Employment of Adam in Paradise)—to pass the curious production without just turning the vegetable ball as it hangs at the end of the thread, in the hand; but now the thread of the peduncle is brittle; Eve handled it, and no doubt, the apple came off in her fingers, long before she had any idea of plucking it; and here was all the mischief. That this is the true Eve's apple, is proved by the fact, that each specimen of the fruit appears as if a piece had been bitten out of it, and because it is poisonous; all who eat of it die, as it is proved by the military annals of Ceylon, our soldiers having been seriously tempted thereby, and some having perished by a rash consumption of this Eve's apple. —New Monthly.

Anecdote of the late Lord Oxford.—No man ever sacrificed so much time and so much property, on practical and speculative sporting, as the late Earl of Oxford, whose eccentricities are too firmly indented upon 'the tablet of memory,' ever to be obliterated from the diversified rays of retrospection. Incessantly engaged in the pursuit of sport and new inventions, he introduced more whimsicalities, more experimental genius and enthusiastic zeal, than any man ever did before him, or, most probably any other man may ever attempt to do again.

Among his experiments of fancy was a determination to drive four red deer stags in a phaeton, instead of horses, and these he had reduced to perfect discipline for his excursion and short journeys upon the road; but unfortunately, as he was one day driving to Newmarket, their ears were saluted with the cry of a pack of hounds, which, soon after crossing the road in the rear, caught scent of the 'four in hand,' and commenced a new kind of chase, with 'breast high' alacrity. The novelty of this scene was rich beyond description: in vain did his lordship exert all his charioteering skill—in vain did his well-trained grooms energetically endeavour to ride before them, reins, trammels, and the weight of the carriage, were of no effect, for they went with the celerity of a whirlwind; and this modern phaeton, in the midst of his electrical vibrations of fear, bid fair to experience the fate of his namesake.— Luckily, however, his Lordship had been accustomed to drive this set of 'fiery-eyed steeds,' to the Ram Inn at Newmarket, which was most happily at hand, and to this his lordships most fervent prayers and ejaculations had been ardently directed.— Into the yard they suddenly bounded, to the dismay of ostlers and stable boys who seemed to have lost every faculty upon the occasion. Here they were luckily overpowered, and the stags, the phaeton, and his lordship, were all instantaneously huddled together in a barn, just as the hounds appeared in full cry at the gate.

Letter from an Irish Gentleman to her Son in London.

My dear Child,  
I thought it my duty incumbent upon me, to let you know that your only living sister CAMEY Mac Frame, has been violently ill of a fit of sickness, and is dead; therefore we have small or no hopes of her getting better. Your dear mother constantly prayed for a long and speedy recovery.

I am sorry to acquaint you, that your godfather Patrick O'Connor, is also dead. His dith was occasioned by ateing rid herrings stuffed wid parates, or parates stuffed wid rid herrings, I don't know which; and notwithstanding the surgeons attitud him for three weeks, he died suddenly for want of hilp on the day of his dith, which was Sunday night last. The great bulk of his estate comes to an only dead child in the family.

I have made a print of your sister's diamond ring to Mr. O'Hara, the great small beer brewer, for three guineas; and I have taken the great corner house that is burnt down, on a repairing lase.

I have sint you a Dublin Canary bird, which I have carefully put into a rat trap, with some food in a snuff box, which will come free of all charges only paying the Captain for the passage.

Pray sind me the news of the proceedings of the house of Commons next week; for we hear they have given us lave to import all our praties to England, which is great news indeed.

Write immediately, and don't stay for the post.— Direct for me next door to the Bible and Moon, in copper Alley, Dublin, for there I am now, but I shall remove to morrow into my new house.

Don't sind to me in a frank again; for the last litter that came free was charged thirteen pence. So no more at prisint from

Your dutiful mother,

CAMEY CARRNAYL MAC FRAWE.  
P. S. I did not sale this litter, to prevent it from being broke open; therefore send word if it miscarries. Your cousin-in-law, Thady O'Dogharty, is gone for a light horseman among the marines.

ACCOMMODATION.—The following curious notice was affixed to the residence of a gentleman, whose premises had suffered much from nightly depredators:—'Those persons who have been in the habit of stealing my fence for a considerable time past, are respectfully informed, that, if equally agreeable to them, it will be more convenient for me if they would steal my wood, and leave the fence for the present; and as it may be some little inconvenience to get over the palings, the gate is left open for their accommodation.'

(Signed) S. SWIFT."

CHOICE OF EVILS.—A gentleman who was asked whether singing or public speaking entertained his most, replied 'Of the two evils I certainly prefer the former; a song has an end, but a speech has none.'

Surprising Horsemanship.—On the morning of the 20th Capt. Parker, of the Royal Artillery quartered at Charlemont, rode his bay horse, the Admiral, from Charlemont to Newry and back in 2 hours and 25 minutes—a distance of 53 English miles. The time allowed for the performance was 3 hours—but the captain having got considerable odds that he would not do it in two hours and a half, won all his bets by having five minutes to spare. Thus did he accomplish the astonishing distance of 21 mile an hour with one horse, which exceeds by far, all feats of horsemanship performed in the sporting world.— Dublin Evening Post.

THE WATCHMAN

Is published every Monday by GEO. K. LUGGIN, at his Office in Queen Street, opposite the Military Parade

TERMS,  
TWELVE SHILLINGS and SPENCE per annum, delivered in Town, or to persons receiving their papers at the office; and to Subscribers who live at a distance, whose papers are sent by mail the price will be FIFTEEN SHILLINGS, which includes the Postage.—Payable half yearly in advance

No subscriptions will be received for a shorter period than Six Months.

RATES FOR ADVERTISING:  
Five Lines and under 2s. for the first, and 8d for every subsequent insertion.  
Ten Lines and under, 3s. 6d. for the first and 1s. 2d. for every subsequent insertion.

All advertisements exceeding Ten Lines, 4d. each Line for the first, and 1d. each, for every subsequent insertion

AGENTS FOR THE WATCHMAN,

- |                       |                      |
|-----------------------|----------------------|
| John Wilson, Esq.     | Saint Andrews,       |
| Mr. Thomas Baldwin,   | Saint John,          |
| John Humbert, Esq.    | Hampton, (Kings Co.) |
| Mr. Wm. F. Bonnell,   | Queens County,       |
| James Tilley, and     | Sheffield,           |
| Enoch Barker, Esqrs.  | Maugerville,         |
| T. V. W. Clowes, Esq. | Oromocto,            |
| Henry Partelow, Esq.  | Queensbury,          |
| John Hagerman, Esq.   | Prince William,      |
| Mr. R. E. Barker,     | Woodstock,           |
| Mr. Rufus S. De Mill, | Kent,                |
| Mr. James Tibbets,    | Newcastle,           |
| Mr. Edward Baker,     | Bathurst,            |
| Joseph Read, Esq.     | Dalhousie,           |
| Dugald Stewart, Esq.  | Peticodiac,          |
| Mr. Saml. S. Wilmut,  | Sheddy,              |
| Mr. Rueben Stiles,    | Richibucto,          |
| Wm. John Layton, Esq. | Kingsclear,          |
| Mr. John Brewer,      | Wakefield,           |
| Mr. Geo. R. Bowyer,   | Jacksontown,         |
| Mr. Charles Emory,    |                      |