

SELECTED POETRY.

STANZAS.

I have loved—who has not? and the charm was dispell'd,
While my bosom the sweet little messenger held,
As the noontide of manhood beamed warm on my day,
Like the frost work of morning it melted away.

I have wept—who has not? and tear as it fell
Bore with it the sorrow that caused it to swell;
Even grief was dissolved in the warm tide of tears,
And remembrance was lost in the current of years.

I have err'd—who has not? the frailty of all,
And to grieve when too late, with 'our face to the wall,'
But the wild song of folly rose high on the wind,
And the feeling was lost in the riot of mind.

I have bowed—who has not? to the being above,
Whose attribute mercy, is given in love;
Nor folly nor manhood, nor years as they roll,
Can efface the best feeling that clings to my soul.

THE FARMER.

Of all the pursuits by man invented,
The ploughman is the most contented,
His calling's good, his profits high,
And on his labour all rely.

Mechanics all by him are fed—
The merchant seek of him his bread.
His hands give meat to every thing,
Up from the beggar to the king,
The milk and honey, corn and wheat,
Are by his labours made complete.

Our clothes from him must first arise,
To deck the fop to dress the wise;
We then by vote may justly state,
The ploughman ranks among the great,
More independent than them all,
That dwell upon this earthly ball.

All hail ye farmers, young and old!
Push on your plough with courage bold!
Your wealth arises from your clod,
Your independence from your God.
If then the plough supports the nation,
And men of rank in every station,
Let kings to farmers make a bow,
And every man procure a plough.

MISCELLANY.

CRANIOLGY.

(Translated from the French.)

"What think you of the brilliant Count de Pehf?—
He has been at Court only a fortnight, and already all
the women are in love with him. It is seldom that
you see so much grace and nobleness united to wit and
learning. The Emperor wishes to marry and attach
him to the court. I think he will go far."

"I have only had a glimpse of him. He has many
personal advantages; but"

"Don't make a hasty application of your system to
him."

"My judgments are founded only on observation,
and as yet I have not examined him with sufficient
attention to be very positive; but a handsome exterior
is not always indicative of good and eminent qualities."

"As for him I give him up to your closest scrutiny.
Analyze his features; feel what you call his osseous
protuberances, and I am quite sure you will think with
me that a loftier soul was never enshrined in a more
beautiful body."

"Perhaps so."

This conversation took place at a magnificent ball
given at Vienna by Prince Metternich. There were
assembled all the personages of the Austrian Court
most distinguished for rank and fortune; all the Am-
bassadors of the European Powers, all the high officers
of the crown, covered with rich embroideries and
orders; a crowd of charming women, young, elegant
and graceful, sparkling in diamonds, and dressed with
the greatest splendor. Amidst all these noble persons
the Princess de C— through whom Metternich
hoped to gain Alexander's particular friendship and good
will, was very conspicuous; but young Count de
Pehf—, whose brilliant exterior, high rank and amiable
qualities, had in so short a time made him a uni-
versal favourite with the fashionable society of Vi-
enna, attracted even more attention than the princess.
The Count had left his fine Bohemian estate, and ap-
peared for the first time at Francis' Court, to whom
he came to render homage as his sovereign. Metter-
nich had already marked him as his own.

The first of the speakers was a man of about forty,
whose person, though effeminate, was very prepossess-
ing. He had an expanded forehead, a well-shaped
nose, large blue eyes, and an agreeable mouth, around
which an enchanting smile always played at command.
His manner was winning, and put you at your ease in
a minute. Perfectly self-possessed on all occasions,
he knew how to mingle in the dissipations and follies
of the great, but always with the determination of
profiting by them. The second, although more than
fifty years of age, had all the vigor and boldness of
youth. His forehead, already bald, was high and open;
his manly features announced habits of deep thought
and decision. This was the celebrated Dr. Gall, the
illustrious physiologist; the former was Prince Met-
ternich, Prime Minister to the Emperor of Austria.

According to his usual custom, the Prince had re-
tired in the middle of the fete, into the solitude of his
closet, in order to despatch some business. Gall re-
maining alone, and struck with the warm partiality
displayed not only by Metternich, but the whole court
for the young Count, was determined to watch him
closely, during the rest of the evening.

As Count de Pehf— was finishing a minute which
he had danced with the beautiful Princess de Schw—,
and during which every one had crowded around to
admire his easy, graceful, and elegant manners, the
Prince who had returned to the Saloon, and stood be-
hind Dr. Gall, tapped him lightly on the shoulder:

"Well," said he, "have you scrutinized him nar-
rowly; are you not convinced that the Count is a pa-
ragon of perfection?"

Gall drew the Prince aside, without reply, and
when they were out of the circle:

"Your paragon, Prince," exclaimed he, "is a mon-
ster!"

"By St. Mary! Doctor," rejoined the Prince with
a smile, "you cannot be serious, or your system must
be false!"

"You are incredulous; but wait: time will show
which of us is right."

Some years after this a horrible and unparalleled
crime spread dismay throughout Germany. The
criminal was sentenced to be degraded from all his titles
and dignities, and afterwards to be beheaded: the
sentence was put into execution.

It was the brilliant Count de Pehf—!
Two months after the ball given by Prince Metter-
nich, and in which he had figured so conspicuously,
the young nobleman had married the heiress of one
of the richest and most illustrious families of Hungary.
Young and charming she had but just made her ap-
pearance at Court, when the Emperor disposed of her
hand; with her free consent it is true, for she had not
been able to behold the Count without feeling for him
the preference, which all other women gave him. Im-
mediately after his marriage, the Count retired to a
distant estate, wishing, as he said, to enjoy without con-
straint, his newly found happiness. The first three
years were happy ones; the birth of two children still

increased their felicity. The Count lived in the most
seclusion, visiting neither relations nor friends,
nor permitting any one to enter the castle. His wife,
without having any open ground of complaint, found
him cold, reserved, and severe; a gloomy frown set-
tled upon his features, although he never spoke a harsh
word to, or struck one of his vassals, they always re-
tired from, or trembled at his appearance. He had
nought but one pleasure, which was the chase: in all
seasons of the year he gave himself up to it with equal
and indefatigable ardor. The deer was his favorite
object of pursuit. He was extremely dissatisfied when
the animal was killed outright, and wished only to
have it crippled; his delight then was to satiate him-
self with the sight of his agonies as he was torn in
pieces by the hounds. When the struggle was protra-
cted, and the death-rattle loud and prolonged, a sin-
gular smile animated his features, and he was cheer-
ful the remainder of the day. If the hunt had afforded
him no gratification of this kind, he made his dogs
fight, and allowed no interference till one was dis-
abled. If they tried to run away, he pitilessly killed
them with his own hand. These eccentricities how-
ever, did not seem more strange than those of many
other Hungarian nobles who resided on their estates,
and kept aloof from the Court. The Count more-
over was very liberal and profuse, to all who approach-
ed him.

During the last two or three months, he had attach-
ed a surgeon to his establishment; because he was
determined that for the future no strangers should come
near the castle. The surgeon was largely paid, and
had no other duty than to attend to the health of the
inhabitants of the manor, but he had been enjoined by
the Count to have as little intercourse as possible with
any other persons, and particularly to observe profound
secrecy as to all circumstances, however unimportant,
that might take place on the estate.

One afternoon the Count returned to the castle af-
ter an unsuccessful hunt; his looks were more than
usually gloomy. Without changing his dress or tak-
ing refreshment, as was his daily custom, he hastened
up to his wife's apartment. Her little children, her
only pleasure and consolation, were around her; she
immediately rose and rushed to embrace him. The
Count ordered the children to leave the room.

When he was alone with his young wife, he told her
to be seated, and placed himself before her in such a
manner as to be able to see her slightest change of
countenance. He then drew a long dagger from his
belt, the blade of which was triangular and skillfully
sharpened. He appeared to amuse himself by feeling
its point now on the end of his finger, and then on the
palm of his hand. The Countess, struck by this new
and unexpected scene, cast her eyes down, and await-
ed the termination with inexpressible anxiety.

"Madame, you must die!"

"What mean you?" cried the Countess, terrified
at his words, and the hollow tone with which they
were pronounced.

"I repeat it, Madame, you must die, and that, with-
out noise, without complaint."

Then seizing her by the arm, he stabbed her in the
side; she fell fainting without a groan. When she
came to her senses, she was upon the bed, and a dress-
ing had been put upon the wound. The Count was
alone with her in the room, his eyes steadfastly fixed
upon her, his lips parted with a slight smile. He ap-
peared happy in observing the different impressions
wrought by fear or pain upon his victim's countenance.

"I have changed my mind, Madame," said he, when
he saw she had entirely recovered from her fainting
fit; "you shall live; but your life will depend alto-
gether upon your own discretion. At the slightest
whisper of what has or may hereafter pass betwixt
us, I shall know how to insure your silence forever."

The Count continued his usual life. Every day af-
ter returning from the chase he went up to his wife's
apartment, and curiously examined, but without speak-
ing, the wound he had made. One evening, when it
was nearly closed, after carrying the point of his
dagger from one part to the other of the Countess' body,
doubtless to increase her agonizing suspense, he in-
flicted a new stab, skillfully directed, at the same time
commanding her, on pain of instant death, to utter no
cry. The wound made, he appeared for some min-
utes to revel with delight at the sight of the blood.—
He then coolly applied the bandage as before.

This second wound healed, he had every successive
fortnight made a fresh one, and always with the same
calm and inexpressible cruelty. No one in the castle
suspected the true cause of the alarming and progres-
sive state of weakness shewn by the Countess, who
was almost always confined to her bed.

Meantime, nothing could assuage Pehf—'s san-
guinary monomania. The Countess' beautiful body
was no longer but one horrible ulcer, furrowed as it
was by her husband's dagger. Although the wounds
were not deep, (the monster with a refinement of dia-
bolical cruelty, taking especial care that they should
not be mortal) yet they were so numerous that they
threw the poor victim into a violent fever, and her life
was in imminent danger. The Count after much in-
decision, determined to call in the surgeon, after a new
threatening his wife with the whole weight of his ven-
geance, if she betrayed his infernal secret, and strictly
enjoining the surgeon not to endeavor to find out the
cause of his patient's illness. He, like every body
else in the castle, imagined the Countess to be in a
consumption from the austere, secluded, and mysteri-
ous life she led. Well skilled in his profession, he
soon traced her situation to a more extraordinary reason;
a man of benevolence and intellect, a great ad-
mirer of her virtues and resignation, he succeeded in
wringing the secret from her.

Without leaving the castle, he informed the authori-
ties of what had taken place. One afternoon, as he
returned from the chase, the Count found the castle
yard filled with cavalry. Arrested and taken to Buda,
he was tried, condemned and beheaded.

A new paddle for steam vessels has been invent-
ed by T. T. Grant, Esq. of Woveill, Victualling
yard. It is less unsightly than those at present in
use, the casing to it not rising above the deck of the
vessel, and its projection from the side may be con-
siderably reduced, by a little increase of its length.
The construction is simple and strong, and presents
no body which the force of the sea would be liable
to injure. The following is a description of it:—
Two three-erank shafts project horizontally from
the side of the vessel, about five feet from the water
line; they are driven by a centre and two spur
wheels. The foremost crank-shaft suspends three
paddles the foremost crank-shaft, which may be
called the driving-shaft, has three connecting rods,
the extremities of which are attached to the paddles,
so that the movements of both shafts, the paddles,
and the rods are simultaneous, and in perfect uni-
formity. The three paddles adapted to a steamer
of 300 tons present a surface of thirty superficial
feet and in passing through the water each paddle
describes a semicircle or propelling force of four
feet. The velocity given to the shafts may be var-
ied, from sixty to eighty revolutions in a minute,
so as to proportion the propelling power to the size
of the vessel, or to meet the exigencies of particular

circumstances. It is conceived that the adoption of
these paddles would entirely do away with that
great clog to the power of paddle-wheels, the back-
water; the steam vessels would henceforth get rid
of those unsightly encumbrances, the paddle-boxes;
and that to vessels of war the incalculable advan-
tage would be afforded of pointing their guns in all
directions, the highest point to which the works of
the shafts rise being on a level only with the deck
on which the guns are placed—the whole broad-
side, therefore, would be effective at all times, as its
fire would necessarily be over all.

SURMARINE BOAT.—In the course of last au-
tumn, M. Villerot of Nantes, made a very successful
experiment at sea, off the Island of Noirmoutier, with
a locomotive submarine boat of an entirely novel
construction. It is ten feet six inches in length,
and three feet seven inches in diameter in its great-
est width. The machinery by which it is impelled
is said to be a mechanical application of the forms
and means with which nature has endowed fish,
and in this instance is brought to play by the aid of
steam. When the flux of the sea had attained its
height, the inventor stepped into his boat, navigat-
ed for half an hour on the surface of the water, and
then disappeared at a spot where the depth was be-
tween fifteen and eighteen feet, bringing up with
him, on his re-appearance, a quantity of flints and
a few shells. During his submersion he steered his
boat in various directions, in order to deceive those
who thought they were following in his track, and
rose at some distance from any of them. He then
shifted his course repeatedly whilst navigating the
surface, and at the termination of an hour and quar-
ter's practice, threw off the cover which had pro-
tected and concealed him, and showed himself to
the spectators amidst hearty cheers. It is obvious,
from the success which attended this essay, that, with
the aid of M. Villerot's ingenious machine, an indi-
vidual may traverse a considerable distance under water
with the same velocity as a common boat, after
calculating the depth to which he should plunge ac-
cording to the density of the water, post himself un-
der a ship's side for a hostile or other purpose, cut
their cables asunder without being liable to detec-
tion, or ascend for the recovery of wrecked stores,
&c. The inventor was accompanied by two as-
sistants, neither of whom suffered any inconvenience
during their hour's submersion. The boat is con-
structed of iron.—United Service Gazette.

A method of obtaining natural flowers in winter.
—Choose some of the most perfect buds of the flow-
ers you wish to preserve, such as are late in grow-
ing, and ready to open; cut them with a pair of
scissors, leaving to each, if possible, a stem about
three inches long; cover the end of the stem im-
mediately with Spanish wax, and when the buds are
a little shrunk, wrap each up in a piece of paper,
clean and dry, and lock them up in a dry box or
drawer, and they will keep without corrupting. In
winter or any other time, when you would have the
flowers blow, take the buds over night, cut off the
end of the stem, and put the buds into water, where-
in a little nitre or salt be infused, and the next day
you will see the buds open and expand, and the
flowers display the most lively colours, and breathe
their agreeable odour.

Bulls.—Sir Jonah Barrington's "Crocodile pulling
a handkerchief out of his pocket," will never be for-
gotten in the Four Courts of Dublin or out of them.
But the Irish Baronet is not the only person entitled
to such a distinction, instances of similar blunders
occur every day in England. A "Traveller in the
London Magazine, for September, 1826, thus ex-
presses himself: "I observed for the first time the
olive this morning, I plucked a small branch of it,
and wore it all day in my button hole, like Noah's
dove." Conceive Noah's dove wearing a branch
of olive at her button hole! Sir Francis Burdett,
in addressing the Westminster electors in Palace-
yard on one occasion, inveighed, as usual, against
the Anti-reformers and the minions of Government,
"adorned," said he, "in the blushing honours of
blue ribands." We have heard of blushing red,
but never of blushing blue, till the Hon. Baronet
enlightened us. A Mr. McCleary, in the Common
Council of Dublin, once said, that "the statue of
King William should be kept painted, because it
was the mantle of Elijah, which they had preserved
for one hundred and forty years." Imagine the
mantle of Elijah kept painted for one hundred and
forty years by the Corporation of Dublin.

Memory.—Strength of memory seems to have
been a quality highly esteemed among the Romans.
The extraordinary perfection in which some of the
ancients are said to have possessed this useful fac-
ulty is almost incredible. Seneca tells a pleasant
story of a certain poet, who, having recited a poem
in public, a person who was present claimed it as
his own, and in proof of its being so, repeated it
word for word, which the real author was not capa-
ble of doing.—Pliny speaks of a Greek philosopher
who, having delivered a long extempore harangue,
would immediately repeat it without losing a single
word.—It is said of Theophrastus, that he made him-
self master of the Persian languages in a year's time;
of Mithridates, that he understood as many lan-
guages as he commanded nations (no less than two
and twenty); of Cyrus, that he retained the name
of every single soldier in his army. But the finest
compliment that was ever paid to a good memory is
what Tully said of Julius Cæsar, in his oration for
Ligarius, "that he never forgot any thing but an in-
jury."

A FRENCH QUACK DENTIST.—His equipage was
not an uncommon one in France for this class of ar-
tists. He drove into the middle of the press in a
handsome open carriage, with a servant in livery
behind, alternately blowing a trumpet, beating a
drum, and exclaiming, "Room for the celebrated
doctor!" The horse was then dismissed, the carri-
age converted at once into a stage shop, and the
great man commenced his harangue. He expati-
ated on the grandeur and importance of the art of
toothdrawing—on his own unrivalled skill, renown-
ed throughout Europe—on the infatuation of those
unhappy beings who delayed even for a single in-
stant to take advantage of an opportunity thus of-
fered to them by providence. He flourished his iron
instrument in the air, comparing it to the rod of Aa-
ron; he likened the listeners themselves to a crowd
of infidels of old, gathering about an apostle, and
struggling sinfully, not only against his word but in
spite of their own teeth. "Alas! my friends," said
he, "when I shall have turned my back, you will
repent in dust and ashes; but repentance will then
be too late. You fancy you have not the toothache!
Poor creatures! my bosom bleeds for you! In
your culpable ignorance you believe that no one is
unwell who is not in an agony of pain. You im-
agine that pain is the disease, whereas it is only one

of the symptoms; and yet I see by the faces of ma-
ny of you—I may say of the most of you—that you
have not only the tooth-ache, but the symptomatic
twinge. This is the case with you, and you, and
more than you. Tell me, am I not correct? Only
think of your gum! do you not feel a sensation of
tickling, as it were at the root of your teeth, or of
coldness at the top, as if the air was already pen-
etrating through the branches of time or disease?
This is the tooth-ache. This sensation will increase
till it ends in torture and despair. Then you will
enquire for the doctor, but the doctor will not hear;
then you will intrust the operation to some misera-
ble quack, who will break your jaws in pieces; or,
if you endure in silence, the pain will produce fever
—fever will bring on madness, and madness termi-
nate in death!" His eloquence was irresistible: in
ten minutes every soul of us had the tooth-ache.—
From Leitch Ritchie's "Wanderings by the Loire."

NEW CONTINENT.—A good deal of ridiculous
secrecy and mystery has been thrown over a very
interesting, and it may be important discovery, res-
pecting which enough has been said to excite curi-
osity, and not enough to gratify the public desire for
information. A whaler, has, it seems, fallen in with
"a Continent" in the Antarctic seas, and as the disco-
very is small, the owners have endeavoured to con-
ceal it, till they can try to bring off some cargoes of
oil and seal skins. The log of the vessel is rather
confused; but still there seems to be no doubt of
the fact, that an immense tract of land has been
found about the latitude of 67 degrees, and in longi-
tude lying nearly due south of the Cape of Good
Hope. It has long been conjectured that the
south like the north pole, must have at least large
Islands much nearer than the adventures of any for-
mer voyagers had enabled them to ascertain. Cook
was of this opinion; and more recently Waddell,
who penetrated so far in this direction with his mer-
chant bark. The problem is now solved; and we
trust to have other particulars to detail, when the
hope of profit leaves open the source of intelligence.
—Literary Gazette.

SUFFOLK.—Singular Wedding.—A curious wed-
ding took place, on Monday, at Yarley, in Suffolk.
It attracted the attendance of more than 500 per-
sons. The bridegroom, John Woods, a lad of 16,
and the bride, a blind old woman, who had been
more than 52 years in that situation. The marriage
ceremony was succeeded by a merry peal on the
church bells, and a large band of rough music.—
The parties are inmates of a parish house, and a-
mongst the most conspicuous of the company was
the discarded lover, a lame old man, mounted on an
ass.—Norfolk Chronicle.

LOSS OF MEMORY.—A country clergyman meet-
ing a neighbour who never came to church, although
an old fellow of above sixty, reproved him on that
account, and asked if he never read at home? "No,"
replied the clown, "I can't read."—"I dare say,"
said the parson, "you don't know who made you?"
—"Not I, in troth," cried the countryman. A little
boy coming by at the same time, "who made you,
child?" said the parson.—"God sir," answered the
boy. "Why, look you there," quoth the honest cler-
gyman, "are you not ashamed to hear a child of
five or six years old tell me who made him, when
you, that are so old a man, cannot—'Ah!' said the
countryman, 'it's no wonder that he should remem-
ber; he was made but yestern day, it is a great while
master, since I war made.'"

The Philadelphia papers recently published the
marriage of Jonathan S. Paul and Sarah Ann Web-
ster, and the next day appeared a note from Mr.
Paul stating that no such marriage had taken place
or was "likely to." On investigation, it was found
that Sarah Ann Webster herself furnished the
notice for publication! Young ladies should not be
too much in a hurry.

MUTTON MACHINE.—The reader has heard,
through our columns, of the 'New England Scrub-
bing Brush and Sausage Machine,' but the Mutton
Machine of which a Kentuckian boasts in a West-
ern Journal, is vastly its superior, both in usefulness
and variety of execution. The machine is describ-
ed as occupying the upper and lower apartments
of a two story mill. The narrator describes it at
much length. He says he first saw the sheep toted
into the upper room, where his head was decapitated,
and the body thrown into the hopper of the ma-
chine. He then descended into the nether apart-
ment, and, lo! out of the lower end of the mill
emerged a wool hat, a leather apron, and four
quarters of mutton, cooked 'wretched nice.' Jo-
nathan may yield the palm. The Kentuckian draws
the longest bow.

The Transcript adds—"Hold on, Kentucky, Ver-
mont will match you yet. What think you of a ma-
chine, fed with hemlock brush, turning out white
ash rakes, with every tooth pinned in?"

An Irish orator recently concluded a magniloquent
speech on the advantage of reform with the follow-
ing beautiful specimen of broken metaphor:—"Ia
short, reform," said the learned gentleman, "is a
flood which will blaze through every part of the
Kingdom."

THE WATCHMAN

Is published every Monday by GEO. K. LUGGIN, at his Of-
fice in Queen Street, nearly opposite the Military Parade;

TERMS,
Twelve Shillings and Sixpence 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 3d 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 }
Enoch Barker, Esqrs. }
T. V. W. Clowes, Esq. }
Henry Partelow, Esq. }
John Hagerman, Esq. }
Mr. R. E. Barker, }
Mr. Rufus S. De Mill, }
Mr. James Tibbets, }
Mr. Edward Baker, }
Joseph Read, Esq. }
Dugald Stewart, Esq. }
Mr. Saml. S. Wilnot, }
Mr. Rubeen Stiles, }
Wm. John Layton, Esq. }
Mr. John Brewer, }
Saint Andrew,
Kingsclear.