

POETRY.

[From the Novascotian.]

TO MY LYRE.

ONCE I was wont to sweep thy strings, my Lyre,
When dreary thoughts rush'd by;
And when love's thrilling ecstasy
Burst on my heart, with a poet's fire
I woke thy sweetest strain; for from my soul,
Sweet Lyre, I could not break thy soft controul.

Things once so fair, so beautiful, have pass'd away;
Hopes early dreams have fled,
Her fairest flowers are withered,
Ev'n she, the fairest of them all, for whom my
sweetest lay

Was sung, who bid me twine around my youth-
ful brow
Fame's brightest fairy wreath, e'en she is cold
and silent now.

All, all to me hath chang'd, earth's fairest things
Have with that spirit pass'd away—
The trembling rush of hope's last ray
Died on my heart's lone sympathies, the bitter
springs

Of sorrow's fount have burst, my much lov'd
Lyre,
When love and hope have fled, let thy short
song expire.

OSCAR.

Saint John, N. B.

THE WALTZ.

"For shame! you make me speak out plainly."

AGAIN the Waltz revisits our fair'd city,
Charming! say some, and others, more's the pity!
All grace, and languish, with a glide she steps,
And bids our fair ones learn, and be adept!

What tho' not quite half pleas'd, the husband frown,
The wife will waltz, pshaw! dear 'tis the ton!
Or should he ask, "Stay love with me to-night,"
Oh no! she cries, "I've promis'd Mrs. Bright!"

Flies to her toilet, bids forth all her charms,
And leaves her husband's, for a waltzer's arms,
What tho' the lover, as his chosen maid
Prepares to take her place in the parade,

Says, "dearest, do not join the set to-night,"
There are enough, 'Lord knows without you quite!
She hears no more, but mixes with the throng,
And 'mid the giddy twirl is borne along,

Take care that "what you touch, you may take!"
Your lover says not, sweetest maid, of fair—
And look ye now at that young scandalous
How well she waltzes, how the folks all stare,

Suppose her dress is scant, her form is fine,
And beauty is like candles, made to shine!
We guess not at her ankles, we can see,
And scarcely do we guess she has a knee,

She makes us think of some mischievous pet,
Escaped from nurse without its pantaloons—
But "Beauty unadorned," you know the rest,
Our Thompson says, and surely he knows best,

So thinks our pretty, little, waltzing maid,
And thinks too "unadorned" means unarrayed,
Now let me, waltzing ladies, to each heart,
Put one small question, it may make you start—

Say would ye yield the honey of your lip,
To every half known fool, or man, to slip,
Shocking! oh no, then why permit your form,
To be enclasp'd, with pressure close and warm?

And give that neck so pure and far off dress,
To be by man's rude fingers idly prest?
That choicest resting place, prefer'd far above;
All other pillows by fond wedded love!

It might seem more uncouth, but no more false,
If said of saying, "madam will you waltz?"
A man should say, "Come let me have a snug,
And warm, and cosy, sentimental hug?"

Oh! Ladies, Ladies, try the "Highland Fling,"
Or "Jig," or "Shufflestep," or any thing,
Or stick to good Quadrille or Country Dance,
But leave the waltz to actresses and Franco.

MISCELLANY.

[From the Juvenile Forget-Me-Not, for 1830.]

THE FISHERMAN'S FAMILY, BY THE OLD SAILOR.

"As he spoke
A sea burst o'er them, and their cables broke!
Then, like a lion bounding from the toil,
The ship shot through the billow's black recoil;
Urg'd by the howling blast—all guidance gone—
They shuddering felt her reeling, rushing on—
No dared to question where; nor dar'd to cast
One asking look—for that might be their last!"

"Come aft here, my lads, and haul down
another reef in the mainsail!" exclaimed a hoary
veteran, who stood at the helm of a fishing smack,
which was buffeting the waves at the entrance of
the British Channel, one October evening, when
the lowering of the clouds and the freshening of
the breeze gave strong indications of a South-
westerly gale. The order was promptly obeyed;
and the snug little craft again breathed the lofty
surge, like a bird upon the wing, skimming the
foaming tops of the billows.

"We shall have a rough night, father," said a
middle aged man, whose hardy countenance had
borne the washing of many a salt-sea spray; "the
sun is setting on yon bank, and tinging the ocean
with its reddening hue. The summits of the Scilly
Isles appear like dying watch fires through the
sullen haze; and these, you know, are sure pro-
nouncements of a rising gale." "Then let it come,"
replied the veteran. "He who the winds and
the seas obey can, when it pleases him, ally
their fury and command them, 'Peace be still!'"

But go, Richard, have the trysail ready, and get
the storm jib up for the long swell from the
Westward. I am of opinion that there has
been foul weather to windward, which will be down
upon us before long: so let us have all low and
snug before dark! And James," continued he,
to a noble looking fair haired lad, "James, set
St. Agnes' Light house by the compass, for the
fog will thicken presently; and you Savon
Stones—worse than the plagues of Egypt to a
sailor—look far from tempting, created as they are
with a feathery foam." "I hope mother won't
be uneasy about us," rejoined the youth, as he
laid the edge of his hand upon the compass, direct-
ing it towards the light house; "we have been
a fortnight at sea, grandfather, and the tempests
must have howled round the cottage fearfully
of nights. It has blown hard ever since we came
out, and not a fish caught; besides losing part of
our nets!"

"What, still uttering complaints?" exclaimed
the veteran. "Look at your brother on the wind-
lass and—how fearfully he sits and watches the
ill-omened bird, which triumphs in a storm."
"He does not think of home," replied the youth.
"But what would become of mother and Jane,
and the little ones, should the Fisherman's Fam-
ily go to wreck?"

"The Fisherman's Family go to wreck!" re-
iterated the old man, stamping his foot upon the
deck; "She'll weather many a gale yet my boy! I
look at this white head!" And, as he uncover'd
his hoary locks, that wildly wanted to the breeze,
he presented a fine picture of Time, steering
inexperienced youth through the dangerous
channels which beset human life. "Look at this
white head!" he exclaimed, "Look at this white
head of sixty seven winters; have passed over it,
yet was never deserted in peril by him in whom
I have placed my trust. Your mother knows
what a fisherman's life is. Ay, boy, it was my
pride to fortify her mind against adversity—But
go, James, and help your father reef the bowsprit;
for we shall have the gale here presently."

"The Seven Stones are dangerous rocks, lying between
the Scilly Isles and the Land's End.
A small bird like a swallow, that is scarcely seen
except previously to or during a gale of wind. It is view-
ed with a superstitious feeling by seamen, who call it
Mother Carey's chicken."

And a gale, indeed they had; for scarcely was
the glory of that day departed, when the wind,
like a destroying angel, came sweeping over the
surface of the deep, and dashing the billows up
to heaven with fury. Night shed its blackness
over the scene, whilst the dense fog rendered it
more drear and horrible. Poor James thought of
his mother and his happy home; whilst his brother
Ned thought two years his junior, seemed like a
child of the tempest exulting in its lavish wildness.

The Fisherman's Family (for such was the
name of the smack), rode buoyant on the waters;
like a red sail with the heave and set of the sea,
like a winged swallow when it stoms the
tempest; and the small bark scarcely felt the
roughness of the billows, while larger vessels
would have laboured fearfully with their heavy
burdens.

It was about ten o'clock when the crew of the
smack thought that amidst the roaring of the storm,
they could distinguish the reports of single guns
at a distance; and every ear was anxiously in-
clined to discover the quarter whence the sounds
proceeded. At length they became more distinct,
and it was soon ascertained that the vessel must
be hoarse. The fog was still thick and
gloomy, yet occasionally there were intervals of
partial clearness; and it was during one of
these breaks that a ship was descried drifting at
the mercy of the wind and waves; it was evident
from the wild course she was pursuing that all
management was lost. Her foremast, bowsprit,
and main-topmast, were gone, and having noth-
ing left aloft to steady her, the billows beat against
her sides, and dashed raging over her. The
smack showed a light, which was immediately an-
swered, and two guns fired to acknowledge the
near approach of succour.

"That ship has lost her rudder as well as her
masts," exclaimed the old man; "she has struck
somewhere, and now my lads to render them as-
sistance!"

"Oh, if we should get her safe into Mount's
Bay, grandfather," said James, "and a good sal-
vage awarded, what would mother say to us then?
I should not mind the loss of the nets."

"Let us save their lives," said Ned, "at all
events; and if we can save the ship too—so much
the better."

In the course of another hour the smack was
hauling the ship, and found that her rudder had
been knocked away upon the rocks, at the same
time that the masts and bowsprit had fallen with
the shock. She had also sprung a leak under the
bow, and the pumps could barely keep her free.
As, however, no immediate danger was apprehend-
ed, the smack kept near the shattered vessel until
daylight, when the father of the youths contriv-
ed to get on board, by running close alongside and
catching a rope, with a noose at the end, which
he passed securely round his body, and was haul-
ed through the water by the ship's crew. The
smack then dropped astern with a stout rope,
and by her judicious movements acted as a rudder to
the large vessel, which was got before the wind
for the Bristol Channel; and the two tow-parted
soon afterwards, and the gale increased to a down-
right hurricane.

Upon an eminence on the coast between Pen-
zance and the Land's End, stood a substantial build-
ing, which, though designed as a cottage, present-
ed every token of a homely comfort. A quantity
of fishing materials hung out to dry, showed it to
be tenanted by those hardy sons of the ocean, who
brave the greatest dangers to procure fish for the
markets; whilst their air of neatness and enjoy-
ment also proved it to belong to one of that class
of men who risk their existence to save the lives
and property of others—the undaunted pilot. A
winding and declivous path led to the shelving rock
below, which formed a small inlet or bay for ves-
sels of light draught, that had received the name
of the Smuggler's Gap, for its having been fre-
quently used by those daring outlaws in their il-
legal trade.

On the same evening that has been already
mentioned, an anxious mother quitted the cradle
in the cottage to look out towards the sea for those
who used to be her joy and her love. Her look-
ing eye had witnessed the same prospect of
the gale, and, with a heavy heart she assumed
the mother's watch over her sleeping infant. A
fair and beautiful female, about fifteen years of age
was attending to the duties of the house; a boy
of ten years of age sat by his mother's side, gaz-
ing on her care marked countenance; whilst a girl
of three years was sharing her supper with a rough
but a favourite dog, on the hearth before the fire.

"I must feed poor Dorey, mother," said the lit-
tle one; for James told me to be kind to him.
Poor Dorey, continued she, patting his head, "I
wish James was here."

"You should remember, Mary," replied the
mother, "there are also your father and your
grandfather." "And Edward," added the boy; "I
miss him very much; for he used to help me up
the rocks; and I am afraid to scramble along
alone." "All are equally dear to us, William,"
rejoined the mother; "and all are equally under
the care of Providence. Yes, I trust the Fish-
erman's Family is safe."

"Who gave her that name, mother?" inquired
William; "you promised to tell me."

"I did my child; and, as my heart is heavy, I
will now relate to you how it happened. Your
grandfather in his younger life, was brought up to
expect a genteel competency; for his father was a
wealthy ship owner at Liverpool. He was sent to
sea early, whilst his brother remained at home to
manage the business. But that brother was
cruel and treacherous; he weaned his father's af-
fections from the poor sailor, and got a will more
entirely in his own favour. Your grandfather, not
suspecting the wickedness of his brother, was fre-
quently absent on long voyages; and when only in
his twentieth year, he married a poor girl, who
had no other recommendation than her beauty, of
person and her integrity of heart. He married,
without the sanction of his father who from that
hour forbade him his presence, and never saw
him more—for the angry parent died a few months
afterwards. On arranging his father's affairs,
your grandfather found himself disinherited; and
his brother, who had dissipated a great portion of
the property previous to the old man's dissolu-
tion, gathered the residue together, and embarked
for the East Indies. But your grandfather, who
was by no means destitute; he had something handsome
to begin life with, and purchased a small ship,
of which he obtained the command. Still ad-
versity pressed upon him; his ship was captured by
the enemy, and he returned (for they did not de-
tain the prisoners then) to England almost penni-
less. My mother had relations at St. Ives, and
thither the poor sailor and his wife repaired. They
were received with welcome; and he unwilling
to leave my mother for any length of time,
commenced his career as a fisherman and a pilot.

Success crowned his labours; and he not only
obtained a handsome maintenance, but was en-
abled to purchase a vessel of his own. In this
house I was born, and when I grew up, was mar-
ried to your father and had a family. This ves-
sel was broken up and a new one built, which
was called by the name it now bears. Oh, how
many anxious hours does your father pass for the
fisherman's family ashore, and how many days
of earnest solicitude do I endure for the fish-
erman's family at sea! But go, my children, the
storm is coming—go to your beds; but first kneel
to the Creator and humbly implore his guardian
care for the poor mariners."

Heavily passed the night with the apprehen-
sive mother; often did she approach the dizzy
edge of the steep cliff, but no other sounds were
heard besides the continued howling of the tem-
pest and the roaring of the breakers. Forth-
with her petitions offered up before the throne
of Omnipotence; and amidst the appalling dem-
onstrations of Almighty Power, did the creature of
his will plead with her Creator. His voice was
heard upon the storm, proclaiming dominion and
Majesty; but her's mingled with it, as, in im-
pression of heart, she earnestly supplicated mercy.

Morning appeared, but the desired vessel
could not be distinguished. The sea presented
only a white sheet of foam, with here and there a dark
object driven like the ocean weed upon the wa-
ters. At the close of the day, a dim light shone
with a smack in company was seen thro' the dim
haze drifting towards the shore. They were yet
several miles distant; but hope for the ship there
was none, unless the gale abated. The intuitive eye
of the mother readily recognised the little bark,
that held as she supposed, her father, her husband,
and her two sons; and all the several relative
bonds were linked more closely round her heart.
Their occupation was manifest—they were wait-

ing to assist fellow creatures in distress; and the
abundant prayer for the safety of all spontane-
ously ascended from her lips.

Night veiled them from the observation; but
the bold seamen of the neighbourhood, headed by
the reverend pastor of the village, as a magistrate,
remained in readiness to act as circumstances
should require. Apprehension at our many a fur-
rowed countenance, and dark anticipations filled
many a feeling breast. But language would fail
to describe the agony which suspense and fearful
agitation wrought in the mother's heart.

At length about midnight, the report of a heavy
gun echoed among the rocks, and told that the de-
voted ship was near at hand, the flash pointed out
her position, but nothing could yet be seen. The
pastor with his resolute band of determined boat-
men, hastened to the shore; report followed re-
port; fires were lighted on the rock to show that
land was near; but still no object could be discern-
ed.

The storm came more heavily, and vivid light-
ning rent the frowning clouds; then, when the
glaring flash threw its stream of awful splendour
on the foething foam, that faded ship was seen
struggling with the waves. As a last resource she
had let go her anchors; and there she lay, like the
soul of the mighty wrestling with despair. Another
gun—and yet another—but help was hopeless.
From the shore no assistance could be given; ev-
ery attempt to get through the raging surf was
useless; and the brave boatmen were compelled
—an unusual circumstance—to be sad spectators of
the scene.

The ship rode heavily, as the long rolling waves
came foaming in. Suddenly a shriek was heard
upon the shore—a wild cry; the vessel had parted
her cables, and the streaming lightning showed
her careering towards the rocks with relentless
force. Onward she came (as was now plainly vi-
sible) through the hissing foam. Still onward,
she urged her desperate course, till a tremendous
crash—a loud yell—proclaimed that her stout tim-
bers were shattered, and many a stout heart was
buried in the waves.

The ship had struck on that part of the shore
where the rocks were steepest; and the wreck re-
mained in between two craggy knolls, not more
than one hundred fathoms from perfect safety.—
But even that was a fearful space; for the heavy
breakers rolled over the sunken rocks, and dashed
with wild fury. Body after body came on the
surge, and were thrown upon the land; but life
had fled, and no effort could restore animation to
the mangled and disfigured corpses.

The inhabitants of the adjacent village, young
and old, were crowded on the strand; and amidst
the vivid flash illumined the foaming billows, and
showed the deck of the sinking vessel, he rushed
with his horse towards the spot—but the barrier
was impassable and the bitter shriek rang upon
his tortured ear. "Oh, that I could die for them!"
he exclaimed. "Father of mercies, stretch forth
thine hand and save!" Willingly would he have
given his life for theirs; for he was prepared to
meet his God, whilst they would be hurried into
the presence of their maker without a moment for
repentance.

[Remainder in our next.]

JUNCTION OF THE RHINE AND DANUBE.
—Peace at the present day permits nat-
ions to carry into effect projects which con-
tribute more to the increase of the power
and wealth of all Empires than entire ages
of conquests. In barbarous times the ge-
nius of Charlemagne suggested the union of
the Rhine and the Danube by a canal, but
the want of means prevented the accom-
plishment of that great design. A society
formed at Paris under the most favourable
auspices revived the project upon the fol-
lowing plan:—The course of the Danube
will be enlarged, and cleared of the obstruc-
tions found between Ulm and Stutlingen, the
navigation will then be extended by a canal
crossing the Black Forest, in the direction of
Kintzig. By this junction the two greatest
rivers on the Continent, which traverse the
most productive regions, will form but one.
An immense inland navigation will unite
the two extremities of Europe, and, by
means of the rivers and canals of Holland,
a traveller who embarks on foot at the
Tower of London may proceed to Constan-
tinople without walking on land. He may
also go to the most distant parts of Ethio-
pia, and traverse all continental Europe.
The East and West may be brought in con-
tact. Immense will be the advantage deriv-
ed from the diffusion of light, and the pro-
gressive extinction of national prejudices;
but they calculate more upon commercial
results than any other utility which this
plan may embrace. By this canal, mer-
chants may avoid the long circuits of a pe-
rilous navigation in the Mediterranean, to
arrive upon the shores of the Bosphorus and
Asia Minor. Those fine countries, which
were formerly the richest in the world, and
may become so again, will be one day open
to receive goods sent from our doors.
Steampackets from the Tower of London
may run along the coasts of the Euxine, and
if the Russian Government, stimulated by
generous emulation, wishes to excavate a
canal between the Black Sea and the Caspi-
an, which were once united, we could ar-
rive by water at the foot of the Himalay.

We hesitate not to say that the canal of the
Danube will be more useful to the world
than that which is to be opened across the
Isthmus of Panama. And in order that
this may not be considered a Utopian pro-
ject, we declare that the execution is pos-
sible, and more easy than many of the pro-
diges we have seen accomplished in modern
times.—Journal de Frankfort.

Singular Courtship.—In the Ukran, when
a young woman falls in love with a man she
is not the least ashamed to go to his father's
house, and reveal her passion in the most
tender and pathetic manner, and to pro-
mise the most submissive obedience if he
will accept her for a wife. Should the in-
sensible swain pretend any excuse, she tells
him that she is resolved not to quit the
house till he gives his consent, and accord-
ingly, taking up her lodging, remains till
in the end he either consents, however un-
willingly, to be wooed, or betakes himself
to flight.

A preacher in the neighbourhood of
Blackfriars, London, not undeservedly popu-
lar, had just finished in exhortation
strongly recommending the liberal support
of a certain very meritorious institution.
The congregation was numerous, and the
chapel crowded to excess.

The discourse being finished, the plate
was about to be handed round to the
respective pews, when the preacher made
this short address to the congregation:
"From the sympathy I have witnessed in
your countenances, and the strict attention
you have honoured me with, there is on-
ly one thing I am afraid of; that some of
you may feel inclined to give too much; now
it is my duty to inform you, that justice,
though not so pleasant, should always be a
prior virtue to generosity; therefore, as you
respect your pews, I wish to have it thor-
oughly understood, that no person will think of
putting any thing into the plate who can-
not pay their debt. I need not add, that
this advice produced a most overflowing
collection.

THE SUBSCRIBER

Has for Sale, and keeps constantly on hand,

A large assortment of
FREE STONE, adapted to the various pur-
poses for which that article is used in building.
Also—HEARTHS; Plain and Ornamental
MANTLE PIECES; HEAD and TOMB
STONES, which will be neatly lettered to order.
LikeWISE—LUMBER, in large or small
quantities, and sawed LATHS, in lots to suit pur-
chases, both well seasoned.

All orders from the Country thankfully re-
ceived and punctually attended to.

JOHN CUNNINGHAM.

N. B.—Plans, Specifications, and Estimates of
proposed Buildings, will be furnished at the shortest
notice, on application as above. March 20, 1830.

SUGAR & MOLASSES.

Just received per schr. John & Mary, from Trin-

idad, and for sale cheap by the Subscribers:—

15 HOGSHEADS and } SUGAR;
12 Barrels }
30 Casks superior MOLASSES.
March 20. LOWE & GROOCCOCK.

REMOVAL.

THOMAS MILLIDGE & Co. have re-

moved to their Store on Peters' Wharf, fac-

ing Ward-street. 6th March, 1830.

MR. DELAP

HAS removed his STOCK of GOODS to the

Store lately occupied by Thomas Mil-

lidge & Co. in the Market square. March 6;

TO FISHERMEN.

ONE DOZEN HERRING NETS, just received,

for sale very cheap by

CROOKSHANK & WALKER.

March 6.

FLOUR.

100 BARRELS Howard-street Super-

fine FLOUR;

100 Barrels Ship STUFF, for sale by

CROOKSHANK & WALKER.

5th December, 1829.

FLOUR AND CORN.

Just received, by the schr. Compeer, from New-

York, and for sale by the Subscribers:—

300 BARRELS Superfine FLOUR,

25 do. Middlings do.

50 do. RYE do.

46 do. Pilot and Navy BREAD,

10 Tierces RICE, and

600 Bushels Northern Yellow CORN,
D. HATFIELD & SON.

March 13, 1830.

FLOUR & RICE.

Just landing on board the Schooner Mar-

garet Ann, from New-York, and for

sale by the Subscriber:—

150 BARRELS Superfine FLOUR;

150 do. RYE do.;

20 Barrels Superfine Scratched do.;

60 do. PILOT BREAD;

10 Tierces RICE.

March 13. J. V. THURGAR.

English Cheese, Sugar, &c. &c.

20 VERY FINE Old English CHEESE;

7 Hogsheads BROWN SUGAR;

2 Hogsheads LOAF SUGAR;

2000 Pieces DRUM-WARE, among which

are—Milk-pans, Water jugs, Crocks,
Jars, &c. JOHN ROBERTSON.

March 13, 1830.

RUM, COFFEE, &c.

The Subscribers have on hand, and offer for

sale at the lowest market prices:

PUNCHEONS Jamaica RUM;

Tierces and Barrels of COFFEE;

Boxes SOAP; Casks of NAILS and SPIKES;
IRON, &c. &c.

—ALSO—

100 Barrels FALL MACKEREL;—and,
A general Assortment of DRY GOODS.

THOMAS MILLIDGE & Co.

6th March, 1830.

RUM & MOLASSES.

Just Received Per Brig St. Catharine, from De-

merara, and for sale by the Subscriber:—

104 PUNCHEONS Demerara RUM;

60 Hds. MOLASSES.

Which will be sold low, if taken from the Sub-
scribers wharf. N. MERRITT.

January 23, 1830.

RUM.

40 PUNCHEONS of strong Demera-

ra RUM, which he will dispose of

low for prompt payment.