

Poetry.

[FOR THE COLONIAL HERALD.]

TO MARY.

Mary, thy eye is clear and bright,  
And speaks of naught but joy within;  
Care hath not yet obscured its light,  
Nor sorrow dimm'd its glance serene.  
But yet there is a restlessness  
In that keen eye, that seems to say,  
Thy soul's not filled with happiness:  
What further seek'st thou, Mary? say.

Would'st thou entrust that thought to me,  
That, well I ween, glows in thy breast?  
Or dost thou shrink in modesty  
That dreads to breathe it? It is best.  
'Tis best within the sacred shrine  
Of thy young heart conceal'd to lie;  
But yet, I tell thee, Mary, mine  
Pants much to know that secret—why?

Because I love thee. Shall I speak  
The warm emotions of my mind?  
Or wilt thou count me wild and weak,  
If I should burst the bonds that bind  
The hearts of youth, and freely breathe  
The thoughts that in my spirit move;  
Round thy fair brow with rapture wreath  
The smiling coronet of love?

Oh, could'st thou read as written there  
The ardent passion of my mind,  
I would not need then thus to swear  
To that which graven there thou'dst find  
In living characters; but time  
Will tell, as words can ne'er express,  
Though warm the fervour of my rhyme,  
My bosom's flame is nothing less.

PHILODEMUS.

AN APPEAL TO FEMALES.

As the pledge of Teetotalism binds me to use all the influence in my power to suppress the vice of Intemperance, and knowing that our sex are the principal sufferers, and sometimes participate in this degrading vice, I have taken the liberty of addressing you on the subject.

That female influence is great, no one will, perhaps, for a moment, question, when they reflect that it is a frail woman, like ourselves, that is seated on the throne, and sways the sceptre over this great nation. It is not ours to ascend the throne, but we can sway a sceptre over the hearts of our children, and our servants acknowledge our power. Shall this power be used for good or for evil? It is for us to say.

Are you a Wife? Perhaps your husband is in the habit of taking a social glass, as it has been termed. Has it always proved a social one to you? Observation has often told us it was not. Has it made him more kind and affectionate, and has he been better pleased with your family arrangements, after taking his social glass, than he was before it? If you answer in the affirmative, then to you I have nothing more to say; but, alas! too many must answer, if at all, in the negative. If you wish to have him reclaimed, and peace restored to your home, first take the pledge yourself, and then deal kindly and affectionately with him, for you will gain nothing by harshness. Let your precept and example go together, and, as far as possible, banish the destroyer of your peace from your house, and you will not labour in vain.

Are you the happy wife of a Teetotaller? Then seek her out who is crushed beneath the shame and degradation of a drunken husband; revive the drooping spirit, by repeating the kind and cheering word, and give the needed aid to both mother and children; cause them to feel the fault is not theirs; get them to sign the pledge, and it may influence the intemperate husband to fill his place again in society. How many gems have been brought to light by those means that have shone as stars in our moral hemisphere! and you may have them if you labour for it in your crown in the day of rejoicing.

Are you a Mother? Perhaps you have not fully considered that the principles instilled in the minds of children at the fireside will one day come forth for a blessing or a curse to the community. Have the baneful effects of Intemperance been portrayed in all their deformity, till the hearts of your children have loathed that detestable thing that caused it; and has the fair tree of Temperance wound its branches over your dwelling, and its fruit been delicious to their taste? Have you sons that are one day to take their seats in the hall of Legislation? Unless death prevent, some of you have. Shall the Laws made by them be for or against this evil? It is yours to say. Your little school-boy must one day arrive to that; the principles you inculcate will then be seen. It is true, some may break from all restraint, and slight the counsels of a mother; yet you will have done your duty. The mothers of Dwight, Newton, Wesley and Washington, with a host of others, have their names recorded as forming the infant mind of their distinguished sons. Give them no wine at your tables, and they will seldom seek the brandy at the hotel. But all are not destined for the halls of Legislature. From the highest to the lowest, all have an influence, either for good or for evil, in the sphere in which they move. Some mothers have no sons, but have you not daughters? Shall they be companions of the tippler, or shall they not? It is for us to say, in a great measure. Are they told there is danger ahead, and to fly from it, as for their life? They, in their turn, must leave our dwellings for their own. While we have them as olive plants around our homes, let us see to it that they bear away a branch of the same vine, to plant around their own.

Are you a Sister—the lovely and confiding sister of a fond and affectionate brother? Yet, alas! your fears may have been excited, for your keen glance may have observed the inflamed eye, or the downcast look. Perhaps, too, the averted head has been noticed, fearing you would perceive the smell of that baneful poison of which he has just been a partaker. Can you bear to see the lofty spirit of your brother bound with shame and disgrace, and not make an effort to save him? Perhaps he is not aware of his danger. Will you, through false delicacy, let him go with the current till he sinks in the vortex of Intemperance? What sacrifice would you not make for his sake? Will you risk the glass of wine yourself, and give him precept and example both? Raise the warning voice, and lure him, in every possible way to forsake the company of those who would lead astray. Say not you have no influence. Be not discouraged; if you are repulsed, try again and again, till his feet are planted on the rock of Teetotalism, and his name is enrolled with yours, with the wise and the good. If your aid is insufficient, call on others; get them to try what persuasion will do; his soul is at stake. By the love you bear him, try and save him.

And are there not others for whom your sympathies are enlisted, and for whom the Author of your being has implanted in your breast that heaven-born principle called Love? We will not for one moment suppose he

is a drunkard; yet if he is accustomed to take his daily glass, how long before he may be one? Strong as he now may be, the strong man has been overcome, and may be again—where, then, is his security? If he taste the fatal glass, he may be overcome; if he come to you with the story of his love, can you believe him? Do you say, it is a delicate subject? and would you have me break a solemn engagement? I answer, No, not till every means that love and interest can devise have been employed to have his name enrolled with yours, and the thousands that are now engaged in the glorious cause of Temperance. And if he will not, for your sake, be assured you are not the idol of his affections. If the special object of our being in this world was that we might be helpers to the other sex, and they have condescended so repeatedly to call on us to aid them in this work, as well as to share in their joys and their affections, let us yield a willing service, particularly as our sex first tempted them to evil. If this should meet the eye of any who are so fortunate as to have no relative for whom their sympathies are enlisted, think not you are more free. Are we not all one family, destined to the same place of happiness or of misery? And if we are in the possession of the love of God ourselves, let us cast our eyes around us, and inquire why all are not filling their places around the table of the Lord, who once delighted in the communion of Saints; and why are they not there? Perhaps you know the cause—they "looked upon the wine when it was red," and it has "stung like an adder." It was not by one fell blow this was effected, but by the deceitfulness of it. Go to him, and manifest an interest in his case, and kindly bid him live; and if you do not gain him, you have done what you could. Look too at a mother mourning over a dissolute son, and a sister bowed down with grief for an erring brother, and let all the better feelings of your heart be enlisted, that the blessing of those that were ready to perish may come upon you.

And now let me say to all females that may chance to see this scroll, that a desire to benefit my fellow beings is the only apology I have to offer—that souls may be redeemed from that degrading vice, in order to prepare them for a Paradise above.

G.

Charlottetown, June 21, 1844.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR'S UNITARIAN BILL.

Most of our readers are, perhaps, aware, that the Unitarians, in various parts of the empire, have contrived to obtain possession of many chapels and endowments of Trinitarian foundation. The means by which these properties have come into their hands may be easily explained. At a time when much laxity generally prevailed, persons who did not make any very decided profession of evangelical sentiments were admitted to the pulpits of orthodox congregations. Under the chilling influence of legal preaching, these religious communities declined, and most of those who remained gradually imbibed the spirit of their new teachers. At length, Unitarianism was openly proclaimed, and the few who were not prepared to embrace it speedily withdrew. Thus, for a time, Arians and Socinians were left in the undisturbed enjoyment of meeting-houses erected for Trinitarian worship. It has since appeared, by the decision in the case of Lady Hewley's Charity, that British law afforded ample protection to religious trust properties, and that, if originally established for the support of Trinitarianism, they could not be held by Socinians in wrongful possession. Encouraged by that decision, several other suits have recently been instituted in England and Ireland, and several valuable properties recovered from Unitarians. But the party have now betaken themselves to intrigue, and they have induced an infatuated government to take up their quarrel. No less a personage than the Lord Chancellor of England has brought in a bill to quiet them in the possession of their chapels and their endowments. The keeper of the royal conscience proposes, that when congregations have professed Unitarian principles for twenty or thirty years, it is to be taken for granted they have an undoubted right to all the property they enjoy. The bill of the Lord Chancellor has filled Irish Presbyterians with indignation, for they regard it as calculated, not only to deprive them of present rights, but also to sow the seeds of future dissension. Many of the meeting-houses of the General Assembly are held by prescription, so that if a minister, after signing the Westminster Confession, broaches Unitarian principles, and contrives, for twenty or thirty years, to escape the discipline of, perhaps, a not very vigilant presbytery, he may then, with a knot of kindred spirits whom he has seduced into heterodoxy, set up a claim to the Church and the endowments. The bill provides that, where no religious doctrines are expressly mentioned in the title-deeds, the opinions professed for twenty or thirty years must be received as conclusive evidence of the views of those by whom the meeting-house was erected; and thus encouragement is given to dishonest men to enter the General Assembly and to steal away its property. The bill at present before Parliament is in the highest degree partial, for it perverts the principle of religious trusts, and it can serve the cause of none but Unitarians. And who are the men for whom the government are prepared to perpetrate this piece of injustice? In Ireland, it may be, they amount to the three hundredth part of the population,—in point of learning or superior intelligence they have nothing of which to boast; but many of them have considerable wealth, and, as a political party, they have contrived to make themselves rather prominent. It is understood that their sentiments are not disagreeable to Lord Brougham and other equally consistent statesmen, and hence they have met with greater favour in high places than might have been otherwise anticipated. When the Church of Scotland, one of the greatest institutions in the empire, was on the verge of disruption, Government considered that the law should be permitted to take its course, but now, when a paltry sect of semi-infidels are about to be deprived of property to which they never had a title, the Lord Chancellor steps forward, and presents a bill to protect them in their spoliation.—Free Church Magazine.

(From a Narrative of the Texan Santa Fe Expedition.)

BY G. W. KENDALL.

AN INDIAN BUFFALO HUNT.

The savage was mounted on a small but beautifully formed bay horse, of short, quick strides, yet fine and powerful action. He was armed with a long lance, which he held poised in his hand, while a bow and quiver were strapped to his back. His dress was a buckskin shirt, with leggings of the same material, while his long black hair, although partially confined by a yellow band about his head, was waving in the breeze created by his rapid course, along the prairie. He had scarcely got clear of the curtain, which confined our view to objects

only in advance of the waggon, when another Indian was discovered following immediately in his steps. "Los Indios! Los Indios!" said Mr. Navarro, with consternation depicted on his countenance, while he was eagerly feeling about in the bottom of the waggon for his rifle. "Camanches," shouted Fitz, at the same time pommeling and kicking the mules into a break-neck gallop, in the hope of soon coming up with the advanced guard, which could not be far ahead. "The whole tribe!" I could not help exclaiming, as I now looked out at the hinder end of the waggon, and saw still another well mounted Indian dashing down the roll of the prairie with the speed of the wind, and, to appearance, making directly for us. This whole scene was enacted in a few minutes, and in our lame and unprotected situation, our minds were ill at ease on the score of an attack. The appearance of the last Indian, and the reasonable supposition that a large body might be following him, induced Fitz to kick and beat the mules more zealously than before, and at such a rate did they go, that the race between us and the foremost Indian was close, and for a short distance well contested; while the buffalo led her wild pursuers on directly by our side, and so near that the very earth thrown from their horses' hoofs rattled the curtains of our waggon. The savages, though they must have been aware of our proximity, did not appear to bestow a single glance upon an object so strange as a Jersey waggon must have been to them, but kept their eyes steadily bent upon their prey. With mad eagerness this strange race went on, the Indians using every endeavour to overtake and lance the unfortunate cow, while we were even more anxious to gain the protection of our friends. I had noticed, not a little to our relief, that the hindmost Indian wheeled his horse suddenly on seeing our waggon, and retraced his steps over the roll of the prairie, but the other two never deviated from their course. In a race of half a mile they had gained perhaps a hundred yards on us. An abrupt turn in the prairie ridge now concealed them from our sight, and before we had reached this point, the sharp reports of several rifles in quick succession, convinced us that our unexpected neighbours had been seen by the advance guard, and that succour was near, if needed.

SENSATIONS OF STARVING.

I have never yet seen a treatise or dissertation upon starving to death—I can speak feelingly of nearly every stage except the last. For the first two days through which a strong and healthy man is doomed to exist upon nothing, his sufferings are perhaps more acute than in the remaining stages—he feels an inordinate and unappeasable craving at the stomach, night and day. The mind runs upon beef, bread, and other substantial; but still, in a great measure, the body retains its strength. On the third and fourth days, but especially on the fourth, this incessant craving gives place to a sinking and weakness of the stomach, accompanied by nausea. The unfortunate sufferer still desires food, but with loss of strength he loses that eager craving which is felt in the earlier stages. Should he chance to obtain a morsel or two of food, as was occasionally the case with us, he swallows it with a wolfish avidity; but five minutes afterwards his sufferings are more intense than before. He feels as if he had swallowed a living lobster, which is clawing and feeding upon the very foundation of his existence. On the fifth day his cheeks suddenly appear hollow and sunken, his body attenuated, his colour an ashy pale, and his eye wild, glassy, cannibalish. The different parts of the system now war with each other. The stomach calls upon the legs to go with it in quest of food; the legs, from very weakness, refuse. The sixth day brings with it increased suffering, although the pangs of hunger are lost in an overpowering languor and sickness. The head becomes giddy—the ghosts of well remembered dinners pass in hideous procession before his mind. The seventh day comes, bringing increased lassitude and further prostration of strength. The arms hang listlessly, the legs drag heavily. The desire for food is still left, to a degree, but it must be brought, not sought. The miserable remnant of life which still hangs to the sufferer is a burden almost too grievous to be borne; yet his inherent love of existence induces a desire still to preserve it, if it can be saved without a tax upon bodily exertion. The mind wanders. At one moment he thinks his weary limbs cannot sustain him a mile—the next, he is endowed with unnatural strength, and, if there be a certainty of relief before him, dashes bravely and strongly onward, wondering whence proceeds this new and sudden impulse.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

That we were to be immediately shot was terribly manifest. We exchanged glances with each other, and those glances plainly told that each of my companions, in obedience to Fitzgerald's emphatic call, was prepared to rush upon the cowardly and faithless miscreants the moment they were in the act of levelling their guns, to wrest their weapons from them, and then to sell his life at as dear a rate as possible. I will give Lewis the credit of acting, in that moment of extreme peril, as became a man. My station happened to be on the extreme left of my companions, the position bringing me within a yard of a young Mexican, whom I afterwards ascertained to be a son of the Alcalde of San Miguel. Tied loosely around his waist was a coarse cotton handkerchief, in which he had stuck two of Colt's revolving pistols, taken from one of my friends. These I instantly determined to seize in the meleé, while each of my companions had singled out his man to spring upon at the signal. A man lives almost an age in a single moment of imminent danger—his thoughts crowd upon each other with such lightning rapidity, that his past life, its promises and hopes, are reviewed at a glance. I thought of home, relations and friends, in the fleeting moment which passed after Salezar had manifested his inhuman intentions; but the thoughts that came uppermost with all of us were deep regret that we had given up our arms to such cowardly assassins, mingled with the bitter consciousness that we were to be shot down like dogs, without a possible chance that our friends could ever know the place or manner of our death. But our thoughts were suddenly checked by a motion from Salezar, as if to give the word of command for our execution. I cast hurried glances at Fitzgerald and my comrades for a signal to make a dash; but at this juncture an altercation ensued between Dimasio and a Mexican named Vigil. Not a word could I understand, but from my companions I learned that the latter was interfering for our lives. He contended that we had entered the settlements openly and peacefully, and that we had asked to see and hold converse with Governor Armijo. With him rested the power of life and death, and before him we must be taken. Vigil prevailed over the blood thirsty captain, and thus were our lives spared—but in the few moments which had passed since we were first drawn up, we had lived a common lifetime of excitement.

A MUTINY IN THE OLDEN TIME.—The *Hermione*, a frigate of the British Navy, was cruising, on the evening of the 30th of September, 1797, off the west end of Porto Rico. Her commander, Captain Pigott, was a rough officer, whose orders seemed to be inspired by the worst spirit of the fore-castle, unchastened by the refinement of the quarter-deck, or the humanity which is the highest grace alike of the sailor and soldier. Some of the men were reefing the topsails when he cried out that he would flog the last man off the mizen-topsail yard. The poor sailors understood the character of their commander, and felt that this was not an empty threat, although the chance of punishment would naturally fall upon the outermost man, and consequently the most exposed to danger. Each resolved to escape the threatened punishment, and two of them, who from their position outside, could not reach the rigging, made a spring to get over their comrades. They missed their hold, fell on the quarter deck, and were killed. This being represented to the captain, he is said to have made answer, 'Throw the lubbers overboard.' In little more than twenty-four hours the mutiny broke out. Double-headed shot were thrown about the ship, and other disorderly acts committed. The first lieutenant went below to inquire into the cause of the disturbance. He was knocked down with a tomahawk, his throat cut, and his body thrown overboard. The Capt. had already retired to sleep, unconscious of danger. His fate we give in the words of a witness in court:

'Hearing a noise upon deck, he immediately ran out of his cabin, when, being badly and repeatedly wounded, he was at length obliged to return. He had reached his cabin, and was sitting on a couch, faint with the loss of blood, when four men entered with bayonets fixed. Crawley headed them. Captain Pigott, weak as he was, held out his dirk and kept them off. They seemed for a moment appalled by a sight of their commander, when Crawley exclaimed, 'What! four against one, and yet afraid? Here goes, then,' and buried his bayonet in the body of Captain Pigott. He was followed by the others, who, with their bayonets, thrust him through the port, and he was heard to speak as he went astern. The second lieutenant was now dragged across the deck, stretching out his hands, and crying 'Mercy!' After receiving many wounds, he was drawn up the ladder by the hair of the head, to be thrown overboard. It was then that his own servant rushed upon him with a hatchet in his hand, crying out, 'Let me have a cut at him;' on saying which, he dreadfully wounded his own master. The lieutenant of marines, though sick in his cabin, was taken and thrown overboard. The other officers, nine in number, were cut to pieces.

Confusion now had made his master-piece.

The flag of St. George descended from the mast-head; and the mutineers took possession of the ship, which they conducted to the Spanish port of La Guayra, and surrendered to the government, Spain being at that time at war with England. But the doom of the pirate is inevitable. He is pursued as if by the inexorable Fate of the ancients. There is no recess in the ocean, no pathway on the dark waters, where he can find shelter. The arm of civilization is more searching even than that of Rome, in the days of her greatest power, when the unfortunate victim sought in vain, on the distant shores of the Caspian, or, far away from the sun, in Britain, to hide himself from the vengeance of the emperor. The law of the civilized world treats the pirate as the common enemy of man. It fastens on him the wolf's head, and he is hunted to the uttermost parts of the sea. One by one, or in small numbers together, the crew of the *Hermione* fell into the hands of the government of their country, and were brought to trial. Some were executed at Portsmouth, others in the port of St. Domingo; and the remains of many for a long time swung from gibbets on the sandy keys at the entrance of Port Royal harbor, in the Island of Jamaica. No long period elapsed before the frigate, which had been the scene of this appalling outrage, by a remarkable act of naval hardihood, was cut out of the harbor of Porto Cavalho, where she was lying under the shelter of two hundred pieces of cannon, mounted on batteries, and again restored to the British navy under the name of the *Retribution*. Afterwards, at Portsmouth, some of her former crew, convicted of piracy, suffered death at her yard-arm.—North American Review.

A FACT FOR FARMERS.—MANAGEMENT OF PORK.—In Europe, the Russian Pork bears a high price, and its quality is supposed to be owing to the pickle in which it is preserved. This is called "the Empress of Russia's brine," and is prepared as follows:—Boil together, over a gentle fire, six pounds of common salt (that in most common use in Russia is rock salt,) two pounds of powdered loaf sugar, three ounces of saltpetre, and three gallons of spring or pure water. Skim it while boiling, and when quite cold pour it over the meat, every part of which must be covered with the brine. Small pork will be sufficiently cured in four or five days; hams intended for drying, two weeks, unless they are very large. The pickle may be used again and again, if it be fresh boiled up with a small addition to the ingredients. Before putting the meat into the brine, wash it in water, press out the blood, and wipe it clean. Pickling tubs should be larger at the bottom than at the top, by which means, when well packed, the pork will retain its place until the last layer is exhausted. When the pork is cool it may be cut up, the hams and shoulders reserved for bacon, and the remainder salted. Cover the bottom of the tub or barrel with rock salt, and on it place a layer of meat, and so on till the tub is filled. Use the salt liberally, and fill the barrel with strong brine, boiled and skimmed, and then cooled.—London Paper.

THE LAW OF NEWSPAPERS.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscriptions.
2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their papers, the publishers may continue to send them till all arrears are paid.
3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the offices to which they are directed, they are held responsible till they have settled their bill, and ordered their papers to be discontinued.
4. If subscribers remove to other places without informing the publishers, and their paper is sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.
5. The courts have decided that refusing to take a newspaper or periodical from the office, or removing, and leaving it uncalled for, is 'prima facie' evidence of Intentional Fraud!