

POETRY.

TRUTH AND ERROR.

By H. R. WILD.
There's a tuneful river
In Erin's Isle,

And such is the stream, by Truth enlightened,
That leaves the breast by Wisdom brightened,

There's a darkling tide
In the Indian clime,
By whose herbless side

And such are the waters of bitterness, rising
In the desert bosom of dark disguising;

THE WORLD BEYOND THE GRAVE.

(From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.)
A gentle voice ye cannot hear,
Falls sweetly on my weary ear,

'Mid fields of soft un fading green,
And death and sin come not between
The spirit and its God:

Where all is pleasant, bright, and fair,
For peace hath fixed her dwelling there,

O! 'tis a world supremely blest,
A Sabbath of eternal rest,

The voice is hushed, its music still,
Yet hope and joy my bosom fill

MR. HUME AND REPEAL.

The Kilkenny Journal publishes the subjoined letter
from Mr. Hume, in reply to an invitation to attend the
repeal dinner lately given in that city:

My dear Sir,—With regard to the repeal of the Union
and a separate Legislature for Ireland, I have long and
seriously considered what would be the results to Great
Britain as well as to Ireland from those measures, and
am as sincerely convinced that the effects of what you
seek for, if obtained, would be as disastrous to both
countries as you are satisfied in your mind that they
would be beneficial.

I admit, in the fullest sense, that Ireland has been
cruelly treated by the British Parliament, and that she
has not obtained those advantages and that justice which
were promised to her by the Union; and I deeply regret
to add, that I do not expect the Imperial Parliament, as
now constituted, will ever grant to Ireland that equal
justice to which she is entitled as well as Great Britain.

I admit that the conduct of the upper branch of the
Imperial Parliament towards your country amounts to a
denial of justice, in violation of the stipulations at the
Union; and that the casus belli, to use the phrase now
much used in relation to France, has occurred, and would
warrant, by all the rules of international law, recourse
to arms to enforce the stipulations or to dissolve the
Union. If I could bring myself to look on as allowable
on any other principle than self defence against
unbearable oppression, I would say that Ireland has good
grounds for resistance, if other means for obtaining justice
did not exist, to be tried before recourse be had to
that last resource against oppression.

I have looked upon Ireland as the most oppressed part
of the British empire, ever since I was called upon as a
public senator to consider in what condition the people
were placed, and I have been loud in my complaints
against the causes of the miseries of your country; and
I have also been ready to propose, and to support, every
measure that appeared to be calculated to remove
existing abuses, and to promote the happiness of the Irish
people.

You must not, therefore, number me among the enemies
of Ireland, because I am opposed to repeal, although it
seems to be supported with such enthusiasm by large
masses of the Irish people. I have watched the patriotic
conduct of Mr. O'Connell since I have attended to
public affairs—now upwards of thirty years—and I have
given him my earnest and best support on occasions
when even my humble support was of use to him and to
the cause for which he so nobly contended; but I must
express my sincere opinion that he is in error, and is
doing mischief by his present repeal agitation.

He denounces all recourse to physical force to obtain
justice for his much injured country, whilst he must
know that the aristocratic Church party in England will
never yield up repeal, or do complete justice to Ireland,
unless on one of two grounds—either from fear of physical
force, or by a majority of the representatives of the
people declaring in her favour in the House of Commons.

The first of these Mr. O'Connell disclaims; and then
I ask you sincerely what does it signify whether one twentieth
or three-fourths of the people declare for repeal,
and appear daily in the new distinguishing dress? The
party hostile to Ireland will not care one button, or pay
the least attention to all the enthusiasm that can be raised,
if force is not to be dreaded; and, in the meantime,
the attention of the Irish nation and Mr. O'Connell's
mighty powers are withdrawn from the other course, and
the only course by which, in my opinion, justice can be
obtained for the people of Great Britain and Ireland—and
that course is to reform the Commons' House of Parliament.

Let Ireland join Great Britain in demanding such
share of power for the people in their own House of Parliament
as shall put an end to the injustice inflicted on the
people of the whole British empire by the aristocratic
Church party—let Mr. O'Connell muster his millions to
demand the people's charter—let him join the bands of
British Reformers; and I then believe that from a really
popular House of Commons the people of England, and
of Ireland, and of Scotland, will obtain their rights equal

and entire, in a constitutional manner, and repeal would
then never be thought of.

These are the opinions of your obedient humble servant,
JOSEPH HUME.

FOR THE COLONIAL HERALD.

MASONIC FRAGMENTS.

THE ORIGIN OF MASONRY.

We trace the footsteps of masonry in the most distant,
the most remote ages and nations of the world. We
find it amongst the first and most celebrated citizens of
the East—we deduce it regularly from the first astronomers
on the plains of Chaldæ to the wise and mystic
Kings and Priests of Egypt, the sages of Greece, the
philosophers of Rome, and even to the rude and Gothic
builders of a dark and degenerate age, whose vast temples
still remain amongst us, as monuments of their attachment
to the order. In no civilized age or country
hath masonry been neglected. The most illustrious
characters—kings, princes and nobles; sages and legislators;
authors and artists, have thought it their glory
to protect and honour it. And we are happy to find, that,
for the dignity and promotion of the science, Lodges are
opened in every quarter of the globe. For it has been
remarked, that in whatsoever else men may dispute and
disagree, yet they are all unanimous to respect and
to support a singularly amiable institution, which annihilates
all parties, conciliates all private opinions, and
renders those, who by their Almighty Father were made
one flesh, to be also of one heart and one mind; bound,
firmly bound together, by that indissoluble tie, "The love
of their God, and the love of their kind."

THE ANCIENT MODE OF WORSHIP.

When the Almighty had finished the glorious work of
creation, MAN being in a state of innocence, communed
with his God—and received from him those sacred precepts
which, after his fall, he communicated to his children,
who handed them down to posterity by oral tradition.
Enoch exceeded his brethren in piety and virtue,
and was, as an example to mankind, translated; where-
by he did not see death. Noah found grace in the eyes
of the Lord, for he was a just man, and so perfect in his
generation, that through him the race of mankind were
saved from the general deluge; who handed down to the
post-deluvians the laws of his Creator, as he had received
them from his predecessors. Abraham, renowned for his
piety and faith, obtained such favour in the sight of
God, that he vouchsafed to style him "HIS FRIEND,"
and promised to make of his posterity a great nation,
and that in his seed (that is, in one of his descendants),
"all the kingdoms of the earth should be blessed." This
refers to the Messiah, who was to be the blessing and
deliverance of all nations. In the course of years, Moses
excelled them all, on account of the series of wonders
wrought by the Almighty, through him, to rescue the
oppressed Israelites from the cruel tyranny of the Egyptians,
who having first received them as guests, by degrees
reduced them to a state of slavery. By the most peculiar
mercies and exertions in their favour, God prepared
his chosen people to receive, with reverent and obedient
hearts, the solemn restitution of those primitive laws
which probably he had revealed to Adam, and his immediate
descendants; or which, at least, he had made known by the
dictates of conscience, but which time, and the degeneracy
of mankind, had much obscured.

This important revelation was made to them in the
wilderness of Sinai: there assembled before the burning
mountain, surrounded "with blackness and darkness and
tempest," they heard the voice of God pronounce the
eternal law, impressing it on their hearts with circum-
stances of terror; but without those encouragements,
and those excellent promises, which were afterwards
offered to mankind by Jesus Christ. Thus were the
great laws of morality restored to the Jews, and through
them transmitted to other nations; and, by that means
a great restraint was opposed to the torrent of vice and
impiety, which began to prevail over the world.

To those moral precepts, above stated, which are of
perpetual and universal obligation, were superadded, by
the ministration of Moses, many peculiar institutions,
wisely adapted to different ends: either to fix the memo-
ry of those past deliverances, which were figurative of
a future and far greater salvation—to place inviolable
barriers between the Jews and the idolatrous nations, by
whom they were surrounded, or to the civil law by which
the community were to be governed.

To conduct these series of events, and to establish
these laws with this people, God raised up that great
prophet, Moses, to whom he delivered the tables of the
law, penned by his own immediate finger; and directed
him to build a tabernacle, or moveable temple, in the
wilderness, as a receptacle for the tables of the law, the
ark of the covenant, and for offering up their sacrifices
and oblations to the great I AM; which tabernacle he
was commanded to place due EAST and WEST, as a type
of that more excellent temple, built by King Solomon,
on mount Moriah, in Jerusalem, whose beauty and proportions
astonished all beholders!

Prior to that time, all offered up their prayers and
sacrifices to the Deity according to the dictates of their
hearts and the custom of the country where they lived,
which was generally EAST and WEST. The rising and
setting of the Sun first led our ancient philosophers to
the study of astronomy, who worshipped the Sun as one
of their deities, as being the giver of vegetable and vital
heat—offered their oblations to the EAST, towards the
rising Sun, and supplications to the WEST, or setting
Sun.

THE THREE PILLARS—WISDOM, STRENGTH AND BEAUTY.
The universe is the temple of the Deity whom we
serve; wisdom, strength and beauty are about his throne,
as pillars of his works—for his wisdom is infinite, his
strength is omnipotent, and beauty stands forth
through all his creation in symmetry and order. He
hath stretched forth the heavens as a canopy; the earth
he hath planted as his footstool; he crowneth the temple
with stars as with a diadem, and in his hand he extend-
eth the power and the glory; the Sun and Moon are
messengers of his will, and all his laws are concord.
The pillars supporting a mason's lodge are said to be
emblems of these divine powers.

JACOB'S LADDER.

The covering of the lodge is the celestial hemisphere,
and free and accepted masons hope to arrive at the
dominions of bliss, by the allegorical assistance of
Jacob's ladder, one part of which rested on the earth,
and the other extended to heaven, on which angels were
ascending and descending: those ascending carried the
oblations of gratitude to the throne of grace; those descending
dispensed the mercies of Providence to the
whole creation. This ladder, symbolical of the nature
of man, his body earthly, but his soul heavenly and divine,
was shewn to Jacob in a vision, to remind him that he
could never attain its summit but by a strict adherence
to the laws and commands of the Almighty, which would
not only prove a source of earthly blessings, but enable

him to return to his father's house in peace and plenty
—which in process of time was fully verified. In an
emblematic sense, this ladder may be considered as resting
upon the Holy Bible; for, by paying implicit obe-
dience to the doctrine contained in that sacred volume,
we are convinced, by promises incontrovertible, more
solid than the earth, more permanent than the heavens,
that by a steadfast faith in well doing, a continual hope,
and a heart replete with charity and benevolence, we
shall finally attain the summit of that ladder, metaphori-
cally speaking, the dominions of bliss and mansion of
pure delight.

(To be continued.)

From "Charles O'Malley, the Irish Dragoon."

"I had scarcely finished off my glass, and cleared my
throat for my song, when the clock on the chimney-
piece chimed half-past nine, and the same instant I felt
a heavy hand fall upon my shoulder; I turned, and
beheld my servant, Tim. This, as I have already men-
tioned, was the hour at which Tim was in the habit of
taking me home to my quarters, and, though we had
dined an hour later, he took no notice of the circum-
stance, but, true to his custom, he was behind my chair.
A very cursory glance at my 'familiar' was quite suffi-
cient to show me that we had somehow changed sides,
for Tim, who was habitually the most sober of mankind,
was, on the present occasion, exceedingly drunk, while
I, a full hour before that consummation, was perfectly
sober.

"What d'ye want, sir?" inquired I, with something
of severity in my manner.

"Come home," said Tim, with a hiccup that set the
whole table in a roar.

"Leave the room this instant," said I, feeling wrathful
at being thus made the butt for his offences. "Leave
the room, or I'll kick you out of it." Now this, let me
add, in a parenthesis, was somewhat of a boast, for Tim
was six feet three, and strong in proportion, and, when
in liquor, fearless as a tiger.

"You'll kick me out of the room, eh, will you? Try:
only try it; that's all." Here a new roar of laughter
burst forth, while Tim, again placing an enormous paw
upon my shoulder, continued, "Don't be sitting there,
making a beast of yourself, when you've got enough.
Don't you see you're drunk?"

"I sprang to my legs on this, and made a rush to the
fire-place, to secure the poker, but Tim was beforehand
with me, and seizing me by the waist with both hands,
flung me across his shoulders, as though I were a baby,
saying, at the same time, 'I'll take you away at half-past
eight to-morrow, iv you're as rampageous agin.' I kicked,
I plunged, I swore, I threatened, I even begged and
implored to be set down; but whether my voice was
lost in the uproar around me, or that Tim only regarded
my denunciations in the light of cursing, I know not,
but he carried me bodily down stairs, steadying himself
by one hand on the banisters, while with the other he
held me as in a vice. I had but one consolation all
this while; it was this, that as my quarters lay immedi-
ately behind the mess-room, Tim's excursion would soon
come to an end, and I should be free once more; but
guess my terror to find that the drunken scoundrel, in-
stead of going, as usual, to the left, turned short to the
right hand, and marched boldly into Ship Quay-street.
Every window in the mess-room was filled with our fel-
lows, absolutely shouting with laughter—"Go it, Tim—
that's the fellow—hold him tight—never let go," cried a
dozen voices, while the wretch, with the tenacity of
drunkenness, gripped me still harder, and so took his
way down the middle of the street.

"It was a beautiful evening in July, a soft summer
night, as I made this pleasing excursion down the most
frequented thoroughfare in the maiden city; my struggles
every moment exciting roars of laughter from an increas-
ing crowd of spectators, who seemed scarcely less amused
than puzzled at the exhibition. In the midst of a
torrent of imprecations against my torturer, a loud noise
attracted me. I turned my head and saw—horror of
horrors!—the door of the meeting-house just flung open,
and the congregation issuing forth en masse. Is it any
wonder if I remember no more? There I was, the
chosen one of the Widow Boggs—the elder elect—the
favoured friend and admired associate of Mr. McPhun,
taking an airing on a summer evening on the back of a
drunken Irishman. Oh! the thought was horrible; and
certainly, the short and pithy epithets by which I was
characterized in the crowd neither improved my temper
nor assuaged my wrath; and I feel bound to confess
that my own language was neither serious nor becoming.
Tim, however, cared little for all this, and pursued the
even tenor of his way through the whole crowd, nor
stopped till, having made half the circuit of the wall, he
deposited me at my own door, adding, as he sat me down,
"O! iv you're as troublesome every evening, it's a
wheelbarrow I'll be obliged to bring for you."

"The next day I obtained a short leave of absence,
and, ere a fortnight expired, exchanged into the—th,
preferring Halifax itself to the ridicule that awaited me
in Londonderry."

IMPROVEMENTS IN SHIP-RIGGING.—Partiality for old
customs and appliances was, for some time, an obstacle
to the employment of chain for bobstays, bowsprit
shrouds, topsail ties, sheets, &c. It was, by the more
prejudiced, considered a monstrous deviation from all
known practice and example in the art of ship-rigging
to substitute iron for hemp. But by degrees this pre-
judice has been removed, and at this moment it would
be as difficult to find a ship wholly rigged with hempen
rope, as it would have been before to meet with an
application of iron. The chain has been found to
answer, but iron in an improved form (wire rope) has
been introduced as a substitute for chain. Many naval
officers and master mariners who have tried it as standing
rigging, declare that they approve of its use. The wire
rope is recommended for its lighter weight, and greater
strength and durability than the hempen rope. Its com-
pact form makes it preferable to chain. A piece of it is
at present on trial on the Blackwall Railway. This
work will put its pliability and toughness to a severe
test; but it is expected the result will prove that its
properties as a running rope are also of a superior order.
In this case, its employment for all marine purposes will
be speedy and general. The Oriental, steam-ship, 1700
tons, has been fitted with it, as have also several yachts
and steamers. The following are the dimensions of the
Oriental's rigging:—

Table with 2 columns: Rigging type and dimension. Fore rigging - 5 inches, Forestays - 6, Main-rigging - 4, Main-stay - 4 1/2, Mizzen-rigging - 3, Mizzen-stay - 3 1/2, Funnel-shrouds - 4 1/2.

The Oriental made a very quick passage out against

head winds, to which the lightness of the rigging
doubt, contributed in a considerable degree.

AMERICAN MOUNTAIN SCENERY.—There is some-
thing in the wildness and sublimity of mountain scenery
tends to remind us rather of eternity than decay.
perishable works of man are no where to be seen;
city lies in gloomy ruins, to show the outline of
greatness: no remnant of a sanctuary here
show the worship that has passed away. We
failing records of the glorious deeds of those
names are learnt in history's page. We stand upon
mountain, and we scarcely know that man exists
the earth. This is not the land where arts have dis-
science been forgot; those rocks never echoed the
quence of orators, or the songs of poets; these
never bore the proud ships of the merchants;
never yielded to man the fruit of his industry;
not here that the finger of Time can be recognized;
vain would he set his mark on snows that never
disturb the fast bound form of adamant ice.
he stretches out his hand where the rushing torrent
the wavering water-fall, blest with an eternity of
dash on in their headlong course, regardless of
blighting power that withers strength, or lulls to
creation and the creature of mortality. Here we
pause and say that Time has lost his power.
we view the faint efforts of Time overthrown in
stant. Changes there are; but the work of an
defeated the slow progress of decay. The lightning
the thunder-storm, the blowing tempest, the engulfing
flood, the overspreading avalanche, have effaced
the surface of nature the impress of Time, and
nought in the change to remind us of age. Surely
are scenes in life which seem created to awaken in
kind the recollection, that even Time can be
power. Who will not feel the nothingness of the
sures, the cares, nay, even the sorrows of our petti-
when for a moment he dwells with his heart and
upon the thoughts of an eternity! Yes, it will so-
gay—it will comfort the grieved.—Edward Everett

ANECDOTE CONNECTED WITH THE BIRTH AND DEATH
OF GEORGE III.—The King was a seventh son of a
child, and from that circumstance, so weakly
period of his birth (and for ever afterwards, in his
that certain apprehensions were entertained
would be impossible to rear him. It was, in conse-
thought advisable to waive the strict etiquette
maintained, of having for the Royal infant a
descended nurse, in favour of one of the middle
life—the fine, healthy, fresh-coloured wife of a
probably the head gardener of one of the palaces.
person, besides the recommendation of an excellen-
stitution and much practical skill, was character-
qualities which so endeared her to the King,
his attachment towards her never during her exis-
experienced the slightest diminution. She poss-
great quickness of feeling, much goodness of heart,
a disposition both disinterested and candid.
former of these qualities appear to have instantly
her affections to the nursing offered to her care;
however, from pride at the idea of its being a
Royal blood, but from the maternal kindness be-
while contemplating the delicate little being whose
tenure on life she was confident, under her ma-
ment, would become strong and permanent.
feelings caused her at the first proposal cheerfully
undertake the anxious charge; but when it was
known to her that, according to the Court etiquette
Royal Infant could not be allowed to sleep with
from an etiquette so cold, and in the present ca-
likely, in her opinion, to prove prejudicial, she just
revolted, and in terms both warm and blunt, thus
pressed herself—"Not sleep with me? Then you
nurse the boy yourselves." To no compromise, or
reasoning, offered, would she listen, but continue
solutely to refuse to take charge of the Royal infan-
bound to observe a ceremony which no argument
make her think otherwise than alike unnatural and
healthy. This refusal of an office which many would
been ambitious of filling under any restrictions
ever, upon motives too so purely disinterested, con-
those with whom she was in debate of her conscie-
belief, that unless the infant Prince were entrusted
her sole management, she must, in accepting the
engage to act in opposition to her own judgment;
thus sacrifice what she considered her duty to
Influenced by this conviction, they properly repres-
the affair to the powers by whom they were employ-
consequence of which, the point of Court ceremony
conceded to her.—London Dispatch.

FAITH OF AN INDIAN MOTHER.—The following
an extract from the third volume of Mr. Bancroft's
tory:—

"If a mother lost her babe, she would cover it
bark and envelop it anxiously in the softest beaver
at the burial place she would put by its side, its
its beads, and its rattles; and as a last service of
nal love would draw milk from her bosom in a
bark, and burn it in the fire, that her infant might
find nourishment on its solitary journey to the
shades.—Yet the new born babe would be buried
as usual, on a scaffold, by the way-side, that so its
might secretly steal into the bosom of some passing
tron, and be born again under happier auspices.
burying her daughter, the Chippewa mother adds
snow shoes, and beads, and moccasins only, but (sa-
blems of woman's lot in the wilderness) the car-
belt and the paddle. "I know my daughter will
stored to me," she once said, as she clipped a lock
hair as a memorial; "by this lock of hair I shall dis-
her, for I shall take it with me."—alluding to the
when she, too, with her carrying belt and paddle, and
little relic of her child, should pass through the
the dwelling place of her ancestors."

A LOST TREASURE.—It was a beautiful sentiment
one whom her lord proposed to put away—"Give
then, back," said she, "that which I brought
And the man answered in his usual coarseness of
"Your fortune I shall return to you." "I thought
of fortune," said the lady; "give me back my
wealth—give me back my beauty and my youth—
me back the virginity of soul—give me back the
ful mind, and the heart that had never been
pointed."—Mirror.

The mind of a thinking man resembles the
neath whose surface lie many precious seeds.
rain calls forth buds, and every beam of the sun
flowers. Fruits fail not in their due time. The
garden of a mind merely learned, endures but during
night. The flowers wither away under the rays of
sun and are followed by no fruit.