

Poetry.

[During the tyranny and persecutions of Charles II., there dwelt in Ayrshire, Scotland, many pious patriots, who were of course obnoxious to the Government: and two of their leaders (the Rev. Donald Cargill and Richard Cameron,) having drawn up a public declaration of their principles, and the objects for which they contended, the Council took the alarm, and General Dalzell was ordered to scour the country, and inflict vengeance. He was fitted for deeds of blood. A demi-savage himself, brought up in the barbarous Muscovite service, he did not shrink from the task. A body of 120 dragoons, under Earshal, discovered the wild glen in which the houseless exiles waited on the ministry of Mr. Cameron. A party of Covenanters, consisting of 40 foot and 26 horsemen, were surprised while singing the psalm. After a brave resistance, they were all either killed on the spot or wounded and made prisoners. Richard Cameron was among the slain.]

THE VISION OF AYR'S MOSS.

In a dream of the night I was wafted away To the moorlands of mist, where the brave martyrs lay; Where Cameron's sword and his Bible are seen Engraved on the stone where the heather grows green. 'Twas a dream of those ages of darkness and blood, When the minister's home was the mountain and wood; When in Well-wood's dark moorland's, the standard of Zion, All bloody and torn, 'mong the heather was lying! 'Twas morning: and summer's bright sun from the east, Lay in lovely repose on the green mountain breast, On Wardlaw and Carntable, and clear shining dew, Glisten'd sheen 'mong the heath-bells, and mountain flowers blue. And far up in heav'n, near the white sunny cloud, The song of the lark was melodious and loud: In Glenew's wild solitudes, lengthen'd and deep, Were the whistling of plovers, the bleating of sheep, And Well-wood's sweet valley breath'd music and gladness; The fresh meadow blooms hung in beauty and redness; Its daughters were happy to hail the returning, And enjoy the delights of July's sweet morning. But, ah! there were hearts cherish'd far other feelings, Illum'd by the light of prophetic revelations; Who saw in the beauty of nature but sorrow, For they knew that their blood would bedew it to-morrow! 'Twas the few faithful ones, who with Cameron were lying, Conceal'd 'mongst the mist, where the heath-fowl was crying: For the horsemen of Earshal around them were hovering, Whose armour gleam'd bright, through the thin misty covering. Their faces grew pale, and their swords were unsheathed, But the vengeance which darken'd their brow was unbreathed; With eyes rais'd to heaven in calm resignation, They sung their last song to the God of salvation! The hills with their loud hallelujahs were ringing; The curlew and plover in concert were singing; But the melody died 'midst derision and laughter, As the host of ungodly rush'd on to the slaughter! Though in mist, in darkness, and fire, they were shrouded, Yet the souls of the righteous were calm and unclouded: Their dark eyes flash'd lightning, as proud and unbending, They stood like the rock, which the thunder is rending! The muskets were flashing—the blue swords were gleaming— The helmets were cleft—and the red blood was streaming— The heavens grew dark—and the thunder was rolling— When in Well-wood's dard moorlands the mighty were falling! When the righteous had fallen, and the combat was ended, A chariot of fire through the dark cloud descended! Its drivers were angels on horses of whiteness! Its burning wheels turned upon axles of brightness! A seraph unfolded its doors, bright and shining, All dazzling like gold of the seventh refining! And the souls that came forth out of great tribulation, Have mounted the chariot and steeds of salvation! On the arch of the rainbow the chariot is gliding! Through the path of the thunder the horsemen are riding! Glide swiftly, bright spirits! the prize is before you! A crown never fading! a kingdom of glory.

Literature.

THE WIFE OF THE INTEMPERATE.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Jane Harwood, with her husband and children, made one among the many families who removed to the unplanted Western wild. The change, from the manner of life in which she had been brought up in her native New England, was great. But she never complained, and busied herself with those duties which befit the wife of a lowly emigrant.

One of her principal cares was an invalid boy. The charge of his health, and of his mind, occupied her most anxious thoughts. She supplicated that the pencil which was to write upon his soul, and which seemed to be placed in her hand, might be guided from above. She spoke to him in the tenderest manner of his Father in Heaven, and of His will respecting little children.

She pointed out Almighty goodness in the daily gifts that sustain life; in the glorious sun rejoicing in the East; in the gently-falling rain; in the frail plants, and the dews that nourish them. She reasoned with him of the changes of nature, till he loved even the storm and the lofty thunder, because they came from God.

She repeated to him passages of Scripture, with which her memory was stored, and sang hymns, until she perceived that if he was in pain, he complained not, if he might but hear her voice. She made him acquainted with the life of the compassionate Redeemer, how he took young children in his arms, though the disciples forbade them. And a voice from within urged her never to desist from cherishing that tender and deep-rooted piety, because, like the flower of grass, he must soon pass away.

Jane Harwood had a different, and a still deeper trial, in the intemperance of her husband. In his fits of intoxication, there was no form of persecution which distressed her so much as unkindness to the feeble and suffering boy. On such occasions, it was in vain that she attempted to protect him. She might neither shelter him in her bosom, nor control the frantic violence of the father.

The timid boy, in terror of his natural protector, withered like a crushed flower. It was of no avail that neighbours remonstrated with the unfeeling parent, or that hoary-headed men warned him solemnly of his sins. Intemperance had destroyed his respect for man, and his fear of God.

The wasted and wild-eyed invalid shrunk from the glance and footstep of his father, as from the approach of a foe. Harshness, and the agitation of fear, deepened a disease that might else have yielded. Returning spring brought no gladness to the declining child. Consumption laid its hand upon his vitals, and his nights were restless and full of pain.

"Mother, I wish I could once more smell the violets that grew upon the green bank, by our old dear home." "It is too early for violets, my child; but the grass is growing bright and beautiful around us, and the birds sing sweetly, as if their little hearts were full of praise." The mother knew that his hectic fever had been recently increasing, and saw that there was a strange brightness in his eye.

Seating herself on his low bed, she bowed her face to his, to soothe and compose him. "Mother, do you think

my father will come?" Dreading the alarm which, in his paroxysms of coughing, he evinced at his father's approach, she answered, "I think not, love; you had better try to sleep."

"Mother, I wish he would come. I am not afraid now. Perhaps he would let me lay my cheek to his once more, as he used to do, when I was a babe in my grandmother's arms. I should be glad to say a kind good bye to him, before I go to my Saviour."

Gazing earnestly in his face, she saw the work of the destroyer. "My son! my dear son! say, 'Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.'" "Mother," he replied, with a smile upon his ghastly features, "he is ready for me. I am willing to go to him. Hold the baby to me, that I may kiss her once more. That is all. Now sing to me; and oh! wrap me closer in your arms, for I shiver with cold."

He clung, with the death-grasp, to that bosom which had long been his sole earthly refuge. "Sing louder, a little louder, dearest mother, I cannot hear you." Tremulous tones, like those of a broken harp, rose above her grief, to comfort the dying child. One sigh of icy breath was upon her cheek, as she joined it to his, one shudder, and all was over.

She stretched the body on the bed, and kneeling beside it, hid her face in that grief which none but mothers feel. It was a deep and sacred solitude—alone with the dead. Only the soft breathings of the sleeping babe were heard. Then the silence was broken by a piercing voice of supplication for strength to endure. The petition, which began in weakness, closed in faith. It became a prayer of thanksgiving to him who had released the dove-like spirit from its prison-house of pain, to share the bliss of angels.

She arose from her knees, and bent calmly over the dead. The placid feature wore the same smile as when he had spoken of Jesus. She smoothed the shining locks around the pure forehead, and gazed long on what was to her so beautiful. Amid her tears was an expression, chastened and sublime, as of one who gave a cherub back to God.

The father entered carelessly. She pointed to the pale, immovable brow. "See, he no longer suffers." He drew near, and looked with surprise on the dead. A few natural tears forced their way, and fell upon the face of the first-born, who was once his pride. He even spoke tenderly to the emaciated mother, and she who a few moments before felt raised above the sway of grief, wept like an infant, as those few affectionate tones touched the sealed fountains of other years.

James Harwood returned from the funeral of the child in much mental distress. His sins were brought to remembrance, and reflection was misery. Sleep was disturbed by visions of his neglected boy. In broken dreams, he fancied that he heard him coughing from his low bed, as he was wont to do. With a strange disposition of kindness he felt constrained to go to him, but his limbs refused their office. Then a little, thin, dead hand, would be thrust from the dark grave, and beckon him to follow to the unseen world.

While conscience thus haunted him with terrors, many prayers arose from pitying and pious hearts, that he might now be led to repentance. There was, indeed, a change in his habits; and she, who was above all others interested in his reformation, spared no effort to win him back to the path of virtue, and to soothe his accusing spirit into peace with itself and obedience to its God.

Yet she was doomed to witness the full force of the conflict of grief and remorse against intemperance, only to see them suddenly overthrown. The reviving goodness, with whose promise she had so solaced herself, as even to give thanks that her beloved son had not died in vain, was transient as the morning dew. Habits of industry, which seemed to have been springing up, proved themselves to be without root.

The dead, and his cruelty to the dead, were alike forgotten. Disaffection to that tender and trusting wife, who, "against hope had believed in hope," resumed its habitual sway. The friends who had alternately reproved and encouraged him, felt that their efforts were of no avail. Intemperance, like the "strong man armed," took final possession of a soul that lifted no prayer for aid to the Holy Spirit, and ceased to stir itself up to struggle with the destroyer.

To lay waste the comfort of his wife, seemed now the principal object of this miserable man. Day after day did she witness for herself and for her household the fearful changes of his causeless anger and brutal tyranny. She felt the utter necessity of deriving consolation, and the power of endurance, wholly from above.

She was faithful in the discharge of the difficult duties that devolved upon her, and especially careful not to irritate him by reproaches or a gloomy countenance. Yet she could not sometimes prevent from rising mournfully to her view her sweet native village—the peaceful home and fond friends of her childhood so far away—and the constant, endearing attentions which won her early love for one whose ill-treatment now strewed her path with thorns.

In this new and solitary settlement she had no relative to protect her from his insolence; she felt that she was entirely in his power—that it was a power without generosity—and that there is no tyranny so entire and terrible as that of an alienated and intemperate husband.

Still, looking to her Father in Heaven, she found her courage revive, and deepen into a child-like confidence. After putting her children to bed, as she sat alone, evening after evening, while the joys of early days, and the sorrows of maturity, passed in review before her, she questioned her heart what had been its gain from Heaven's discipline, and whether she was to sustain that greatest of all losses, the loss of the spiritual benefit intended by affliction.

The absences of her husband grew more frequent and protracted. Once, during the third night of his departure, she knew not where, she lay sleepless, listening for his footsteps. Sometimes she fancied she heard his shouts of wild laughter, but it was only the shriek of the tempest. Then, she thought the sounds of his frenzied anger rang in her ears. It was the roar of the hoarse wind through the forest.

All night long she listened to these tumults, and hushed and sang to her affrighted babe. Early in the morning, her eye was attracted by a group coming up slowly from the river which ran near her dwelling. A terrible foreboding came upon her. She thought they bore a corpse. It was, indeed, the corpse of her husband! He had been drowned, as it was supposed, during the darkness of the preceding night, while attempting to cross a bridge of logs, which had been broken by the swollen waters.

Utter prostration of spirit came over the desolate mourner. Her energies were broken, and her heart withered. She had sustained the hardships of emigration, and the privations of poverty, the burdens of unceasing toil and unrequited care, without murmuring. She had laid her

first-born in the grave, with resignation, for faith had heard her Redeemer saying, "Suffer the little one to come unto me."

She had seen him, in whom her heart's young affections were garnered up, become a prey to vice the most disgusting and destructive. Yet she had borne up under all. One hope had lingered with her as an "anchor of the soul," the hope that he might yet repent and be reclaimed. But now he had died in his sin. The deadly leprosy which had stolen over his heart, could no more be "purged with sacrifice or offering, forever."

She knew not that a single prayer for mercy had preceded the soul on its passage to the judge's bar. There were bitter dregs in this cup of woe, which she had never before tasted. With heaviness of an unspoken and peculiar nature, was the victim of intemperance borne from the house that he had troubled, and buried by the side of his son, to whose tender years he had been an unnatural enemy. And among those who surrounded his open grave, there was sorrow, bearing the features of that fearful "sorrow which is without hope."

(From Mr. Webster's Speech, at the celebration of the landing of the first Settlers in New England.)

On the entrance of the Orator, Mr. Chaote, accompanied by the officers of the Society, and by Mr. Webster, and Senator Evans, of Maine, the Tabernacle trembled with the warmth of their greeting. The exercises were commenced by the singing of a hymn composed for the occasion. The Rev. Dr. Adams, of the Broome Street Church, next addressed a prayer to the Throne of Grace.

"So much for this branch of the English race; but what has happened meanwhile to England herself since the departure of the Puritans from the coast of Lincolnshire—from the English Boston? Gentlemen, in speaking of the progress of English power, authority and dominion, from that period to the present, I shall be understood, of course, as neither entering into any defence nor any accusation of the policy which has conducted her to her present state.

"As to the justice of her wars, the necessity of her conquests, the propriety of those acts by which she has taken possession of so great a portion of the globe, it is not the business of the present occasion to inquire. But to speak of them, or intend to speak of them, as facts of the most extraordinary character included in the history of any nation on the globe, and the consequences of which may and must run through a thousand generations. The Puritans left England in the reign of James the First. England itself had then become somewhat settled and established in the Protestant faith, and in the quiet enjoyment of property, by the previous energetic, long and prosperous reign of Elizabeth. Her successor was James the Sixth of Scotland—now become James the First of England; and here was a union of the crowns, but not of the kingdoms—a very important distinction. Ireland was held by a military power. \* \* \* In other respects, England was nothing like the England which we now behold. Her various possessions were quite inconsiderable. She had some hold of the West India Islands. She had Nova Scotia, which King James granted several times.

"And what has been her progress? Did she then possess Gibraltar—the key of the Mediterranean? Did she possess ports in the Mediterranean itself? Was Malta hers? Were the Ionian Islands hers? Was the southern extremity of Africa hers? Did she possess the Cape of Good Hope? Were the whole of her vast possessions in India hers?

"While that branch of her population that followed the western star, under its guidance, and committed itself to the duty of settling, fertilizing and peopling an unknown wilderness, were pursuing their destinies, other causes, under the direction of Providence, were leading English power eastward and southward, in consequence and by means of her naval authority and the extent of her commerce, until in our day we have seen that within the Mediterranean—in the western coast of the extremity of Africa—in Arabia—in the hither India and the farther India, she has a population ten times as great as all that which fills the British Isles.

"And recently—I will not say with how much truth and justice—policy or impolicy—I will not speak at all of the morality of the action—I only speak of the fact—she has taken possession of China, and has carried the Christian religion to the shores of three hundred millions of people, whose gates had for so many centuries shut out the civilization and arts of the rest of the world.

"It has been said that who would see the Eastern world before it becomes a Western, must make his visit soon, because steamboats and omnibuses—commerce and all the arts of Europe are extending themselves from Egypt to Suez—from Suez to the Indian Seas—and from the Indian Seas all over the explored regions of the East.—Applause.

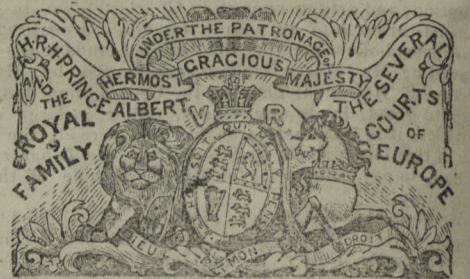
"In the eastern hemisphere I only see that you can hardly place a finger on a map of the world, and be an inch from an English settlement.—Applause.

The orator concluded by expressing his pleasure at the extension of the principles of British government, as regarded its establishment for the service of the people, and his belief that with those principles prosperity and peace would make progress.

WILLIAM PINNOCK.—Few names are better known in the annals of education than that of William Pinnock. He died on the 21st ult., in his 62d year, and in very poor circumstances. Pinnock made fortunes, and he lost them; for his mind was speculative beyond satiety or cure. From the humblest condition, he raised himself to property and consideration. Pinnock was lowly-born at Alton, in Hampshire, where he made his first start as a teacher. His unwearied activity and perseverance established the elementary school books which bore his name to an immense extent; and, if he could have been contented with success, £4000 or £5000 a year was nearly his current reward.

DISCOVERY OF A NEW QUADRUPED.—We gave a brief notice of this newly-discovered animal a short time since; but the subjoined particulars, from so enthusiastic and intelligent a lover of nature as M. Audubon, must necessarily be read with interest.—M. Audubon, in a letter of the 20th of June last, written 110 miles above Port Union, in latitude 49 10 N., communicates, "with a transport of pleasure," the "discovery of an animal which bids fair to become not only a valuable, but a domestic one." He had taken refuge in a wood during a storm, and saw two enormous beasts at play, such as he had never seen or heard of before, but somewhat resembling kangaroos. A companion shot one of these animals; the other fled. "The buffalo or mountain elk (says M. Audubon) is nothing in comparison to this animal in the scale of worth. It sits on its hind legs, its front legs or arms, are short but armed with sharp claws, and it bounds or jumps with its hind legs. It has a tail, somewhat like that of a sheep, about 10 inches long; and

round the middle of the body it has a ring of flesh, about 12 inches wide and 8 inches thick in the middle or centre, which produces a large quantity of oil. On their heads they have two horns very similar to the horns of the deer, but no more than 18 inches long; the head is also shaped very much like that of the deer, and has the same kind of teeth; but what is more remarkable than all the rest, their coat is of the most beautiful fur I ever beheld, of a dark brown colour. The proportions of the one we killed were very great; it weighed, to the best of our calculations, upwards of 600 lb., and it measured from the top of the head to the end of the tail, 9 feet 4 inches, which appears to be their full-grown size. We had no sooner killed this one, than some Indians, attracted by the report of the rifle, joined us. Our interpreter conversed with them; they said that in these woodlands similar animals were in great abundance.—They called it in their tongue the *ke-ko-ka-ki*, or jumper; they feed on grass, herbs, and foliage. Upon observing us take off the skin, the Indians expressed a desire to have some of the flesh, which we gave them. We cooked some of the same, and found it delicious; it was very white and tender, and tasted very similar to veal; but the ring on the body was nearly all oil, and the whole upper part will produce a great quantity. The Indians took us to their huts or village, which consisted of six families; there we saw no less than six of these animals domesticated. Two young ones, male and female, for which I bartered some beads, I intend to send down to the fort the first opportunity."



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Curtains hung in the latest style.

Charlottetown, 5th Jan., 1844.

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EDMUND DUMVILLE.

Charlottetown, Dec. 23d, 1843.

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