

Poetry.

TO DECEMBER.

The passing year, all grey with hours,
Ends, dull month, with thee;
Chilled his summer, dead his flowers,
Soon will his funeral be;
Frost shall drink up his latest breath,
And tempests rock him into death.

How he shivers! from his age
All his leaves have faded,
And his weary pilgrimage
Ends at last unaided
By his own sun that dims its ray,
To leave him dark in his decay.

Hark! through the air the wild storm bears
In hollow sounds his doom,
While scarce a star its pale course steers
Athwart the sullen gloom;
And nature leaves him to his fate,
To his grey hairs a cold ingrate.

She goes to hail the coming year,
Whose spring-flowers soon shall rise—
Fool, thus to shun an old friend's bier,
Nor wisely moralize
On her own brow, where age is stealing,
Many a scar of time revealing—

Quench'd volcanoes, rifled mountains,
Oceans driven from land,
Isles submerged, and dried up fountains,
Empires whelm'd in sand—
What though her doom be yet untold—
Nature, like Time, is waxing old.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

BY CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

WHEN from scattered lands afar
Speeds the voice of rumour'd war,
Nations in tumultuous pride
Heav'd like ocean's roaring tide;
When the solar splendours fail,
And the crescent waxeth pale,
And the powers that star-like reign,
Sink dishonour'd to the plain;
World! do thou the signal dread;
We exalt the drooping head,
We uplift the expectant eye—
Our redemption draweth nigh.
When the fig-tree shoots appear,
Men behold their summer near;
When the hearts of rebels fail,
We the coming Conqueror hail.
Bridegroom of the weeping spouse,
Listen to her longing vows,
Listen to her widow'd moan,
Listen to creation's groan!
Bid, O bid thy trumpet sound;
Gather thine elect around;
Gird with saints thy flaming car;
Summon them from climes afar;
Call them from life's cheerless gloom,
Call them from the marble tomb,
From the grass-grown village grave,
From the deep dissolving wave,
From the whirlwind and the flame,
Mighty Head! thy members claim.
Where are they whose proud disdain
Scorn'd to brook Messiah's reign?
Lo, in waves of sulph'rous fire
Now they taste his tardy ire,
Fetter'd till th' appointed day,
When the world shall pass away.
Quell'd are all thy foes, O Lord;
Sheathe again the dreadful sword.
Where the cross of anguish stood,
Where thy life distill'd in blood,
Where they mock'd thy dying groan,
King of Nations! plant thy throne;
Send thy law from Zion forth,
Speeding o'er the willing earth—
Earth, whose Sabbath glories rise,
Crown'd with more than paradise.
Sacred be the impending veil!
Mortal sense and thought must fail.
Yet the awful hour is nigh,
We shall see thee eye to eye.
Be our souls in peace possess'd,
While we seek thy promise'd rest,
And from ev'ry heart and home
Breathe the prayer—O Jesus, come!
Haste to set the captive free;
All creation groans for thee!

Matt xxiv. 6—8.
Luke xxi. 25.
Hag. ii. 7.
Heb. xii. 26—29.
Matt. xxiv. 29.
Rev. xvi. 12.
Matt. xxiv. 29.
Joel ii. 10, 31.
Luke xxi. 25, 36.
Luke xxi. 27, 28.
Eph. i. 14.
Rom. viii. 19, 23.
Matt. xxiv. 22, 23.
Luke xxi. 29, 31.
Isaiah lix. 18, 19.
Rev. xix. 11, 16.
Rev. xix. 7, 9.
Rev. vi. 10.
Luke xviii. 3, 7, 8.
Rom. viii. 23, 23.
1 Thess. iv. 16.
Matt. xxiv. 31.
Jude 14.
Isaiah xxiv. 13—15.
Matt. xxiv. 40, 41.
Rev. xx. 4—6.
Luke xiv. 14.
Psalm xlix. 14, 15.
1 Thess. iv. 17.
Col. i. 15.
Luke xix. 12, 27.
Matt. xiii. 41, 42.
Luke xvii. 27, 30.
Rev. xix. 20, 21.
Rev. xviii. 3, 5, 9.
2 Peter ii. 9.
Rev. xix. 15, 21.
Psalm cx. 5, 7.
Isaiah liii. 3, 5, 12.
Mark xv. 27.
Mark xv. 29.
Isaiah xxiv. 23.
Zec. viii. 3.
Daniel ii. 35, 44.
Isaiah xl. 1, 9.
Psalm lxvii. 6.
1 Corinth. xiii. 12.
1 John iii. 2.
Luke xxi. 31.
Revelations i. 7.
2 Thess. iii. 5.
Hebrews iv. 9.
2 Timothy iv. 3.
Rev. xxii. 20.
Isaiah xlix. 9.
Romans viii. 19.

PICTURE OF DUBLIN.

(From a Correspondent of the Morning Chronicle.)

The Irish Metropolis now presents a capital deception to strangers. Never were its leading streets finer, nor its principal shops more superb. A constantly patrolling police, similar to that of London, preserves order and decorum with almost reprehensible particularity, while the spread of teetotalism has made the apparition of drunken folks a rarity. There are more people than ever in the frequented ways, and, some how or other, though brilliant equipages are scarce, there is such a throng of "covered cars," floats, carts, and other vehicles, with equestrian (male and female) promenaders, as altogether, especially at Carlisle bridge, to give some idea of noisy London. But, notwithstanding this appearance, the shops are, with a few exceptions, literally doing nothing, though their business is, at best, only selling British or French goods, for there are no manufacturers. Very often the most appalling wretchedness is found close adjoining the best places, as for instance Arranquay, whence you have to turn up only some yards into the parallel line of Tighe and Phoenix streets, where the sudden contrast of loneliness and misery is almost incredible. Then as to that large district, the Liberty, it is almost impossible to imagine a more melancholy scene. Many of the houses are in a dangerously neglected state, because the owners have been long accustomed to get no rent, for, where there is no property, law has neither force nor terror. What use in ejections when solvent tenants cannot be had to replace the non-payers? One meets but few people in this dreary solitude, and those few are generally starvation and poverty too faithfully personified. Were a description given of Rainsford and Poole streets, without the slightest exaggeration, it would not be believed in London, though that city has its distress also. This great section of the Irish capital contains about sixty-five streets, lanes, alleys, and

courts, and formerly, which here means "before the union," the busy seat of various manufactures, particularly weaving. But, since that measure abolished the protecting duties, Irish industry sank before British wealth and machinery, and the common assertion that the Earl of Meath, who is the ground landlord of the Liberty, would derive more profit from having it under corn as meadow, seems to be well founded. Besides the Liberty, there are, throughout the city, extensive portions in an almost equally miserable state, but the Dubliners, who have most sensitive pride about their capital, are always anxious that the passing stranger should avoid them, and go away under the impression of Dublin being a beautiful place. This is not sage policy. Surely it ill accords with the strong representations, at popular meetings, of the impoverished condition of the metropolis since the "accursed" union. But what we do, and what we ought to do, are two different things. All great congregations of people have their peculiar weaknesses; and you cannot offend a Dublin citizen more than by disparaging his city. A sure mode for a stranger to gain favour, and to be asked to dinner, is to extol the streets, squares, public buildings, and quays; and if he affirm that London and Paris have the advantage in size only, he may probably get port where humble punch was before intended.

The same appearance of depression is visible in the shipping. Here are docks capable of receiving a great number of vessels, and yet it is common to see them with only twelve or fifteen altogether. There is, indeed, a good show of steam packets and colliers on the quays, but take them away, and Dublin would seem to be hardly a tenth-rate sea-port. Foreign ships are now rarely seen,—almost every thing coming in British bottoms.

Teetotalism has worked fearfully against the business of Dublin. It was never before suspected what a great number of persons the brewers and distillers either directly or indirectly employed, or were indirectly the means of supporting. Hundreds, nay thousands, who lived comfortably, are now reduced to indigence. While the moral advantages of teetotalism cannot be questioned, every one asks, what trade or business has it served? The demand for even common labour has most alarmingly diminished, and there seems to be only one perceivable commercial benefit from the abstinence system—the increase of old clothes shops. This is conspicuously visible to every observer. Whole streets are now devoted to that purpose, inasmuch that the frontage of shops and walls occupied in the business would certainly measure little short of two English miles. But in that are included those marts in the women's line, which sometimes are truly miserable exhibitions. It is common to see a few rags, apparently fit only for the paper-maker, attractively displayed before an empty house, a yard enclosure, or any place wherein nails can be driven; and in default of such conveniences, the pavement often serves for a show shop. When one considers how trifling the profit must necessarily be, and that a day frequently passes without receiving a single halfpenny, is it not then a cruel libel on the Irish poor to say that they are idle, or not industriously disposed? The truth is, that inactivity is foreign to their nature. When they drank they should have been either working or drinking, and, now that they are sober, they should walk the streets twelve hours, for the chance of selling a shilling's worth of some low-priced article.

A melancholy procession of unemployed working men took place on Thursday last. They marched three abreast, and though very poorly clothed, they were all clean and orderly. Misery and privation were strongly depicted on their countenances, and as they preserved a mournful silence, it was a most distressing scene for humanity to witness. A marked dislike to the workhouses is already manifest, and few of even the most destitute will remain there a week. It is observed that beggars are more numerous than ever in the streets, and the benefits anticipated from the poor-law are certainly most unpromising. The Irish are extremely averse to confinement, and would generally prefer their liberty, though without lodging or any prospect of food. Nothing could tend more to incite insurrection, than a compulsory or vagrant act, and yet, without it, the poor-law will be in a great measure an inoperative and profitless burden on an impoverished country.

HOW TO GIVE A RASHER OF HAM "A PECULIAR FLAVOUR."—John Drimmer was summoned to the Westminster Court of Requests, by Simeon Batson, for "six and three ha-pence." The bill was handed in, when it appeared that the greater portion of it was for rashes of ham. Drimmer (in whose countenance Epicurianism had effected a permanent lodgment) said he had a peculiar objection to make to the payment of the bill. The learned commissioners would see that the amount claimed was almost wholly made up of charges for ham, to which he (Drimmer) was particularly partial; and the reason why he had run up this identical score was that Batson (the plaintiff) had a ham of peculiar flavour—a very peculiar flavour indeed (repeated John Drimmer, smacking his lips, while his countenance assumed a look of extreme intensity), and so much did the ham tickle his palate, that he was enabled to eat two eightpenny rashes for his breakfast, his ordinary allowance theretofore having been one eightpenny slice only. Now Drimmer, according to his own showing, had always given his little boy the strictest possible injunctions to desire the plaintiff Batson to supply him with rashes from the said peculiarly-flavoured ham; but Drimmer had on several occasions, to his great astonishment and mortification (as he set forth), found that the rashes, upon being broiled and served up, were cut off a ham not possessing anything beyond the com-

monest chandler's shop flavour. "The consequence was," said John Drimmer, "that I lost all relish for my breakfast!" He could prove that the rashes were not off the "peculiar" ham, as he had given his little boy "a taste" on every occasion; "and if he could tell the difference," added Mr. Drimmer, "why I should think I could," shaking his head in a way that gave the whole court to understand that he knew a great deal about the flavour of hams.—Simeon Batson (the plaintiff) vehemently asseverated that the objection was nothing but a most howdacious attempt to cheat him of his money. "I'll swear, your wuships," said he, addressing the commissioners, "that he had the rashes off the werry ham as he took sich a fancy to."—A Commissioner (to Drimmer): How were you able to tell that the rasher was not off this favourite ham of yours?—Drimmer: Why I am a pretty good judge upon the pint—as good a judge as here and there one. I ought to know, for I've heat ham for my breakfast every morning for this twenty years gone. Besides, this here identical ham had a flavour has a child would know.—A Commissioner: A child, I reckon, has as good a palate as an adult, Mr. Drimmer?—Drimmer: Not in the matter of ham.—The Commissioner: Why not?—Drimmer: Cause it's sich a werry delicate article, and has so many different flavours. It's got more than a hundred, as I could name this werry moment. Bless you, the knife they cuts it with 'll give it a flavour if it aint well wiped; and the werry cloth they wipes the knife with, I've known to give a rasher a taste; and it's so delicate as it'll abstract the taste out of anything as you puts within reach on it, and—A Commissioner: Very valuable information, doubtless, to a cheesemonger; but will you be good enough to tell us what the peculiar flavour of the ham in question was like?—Drimmer: Sich a one as I never tasted afore; it was delicious! It was a (smacking his lips, and pausing in his pleasing recollection of it)—A Commissioner: What?—Drimmer: a red-herring flavour.—The plaintiff declared that he never had such a flavoured ham in his house. Drimmer offered to take his oath that he had had such a ham, "for that he had heat five eightpenny rashes of it." A commissioner suggested that the ham might have been placed in the neighbourhood of a bundle of "Yarmouth bloaters." The plaintiff denied this, and Drimmer treated it as a reflection upon his "taste." After a deal said, pro and con., it occurred to the plaintiff that he had, while serving out the rashes to Drimmer, sold a lodger in the same house a "Yarmouth bloater" every morning, and, upon an examination of the younger ham-taster (Drimmer's son), it turned out that he had borrowed the gridiron, upon which the peculiarly flavoured ham had been cooked, from the lodger upstairs, to whom the bloaters had been sold; and as this lodger took his breakfast pretty early in the morning, the gridiron came down stairs ready flavoured to the ham-eater below. This settled the matter satisfactorily, even to Drimmer himself, who declared that "he'd take precious good care he'd never borrow a gridiron again."

HER MAJESTY'S SHIP DRUID, FORTY-FOUR.—The crew of this ship excites considerable attention in the China Seas; they are all picked men, and almost the finest set of fellows in the British fleet. To maintain a character correspondent with the designation of the ship, they are dressed as Druidically as may be, with fine flowing beards, sweeping in many cases, down almost to the waist. They had been actively practised, about the beginning of May, near Macao, in the use of heavy guns on shore, the firing being so arranged that the round shot could be recovered after the firing was over. Several of the mandarins ventured to examine the shot thus discharged; they took up the cannon balls and carefully weighed them with their hands, and so far as could be judged from the shaking of their heads, and the dismay pictured in their faces, seemed to consider them as very formidable missiles indeed, which they would much rather examine in their quiescent, than encounter in their projectile condition.

THE TYPHOONS IN CHINA.—The whole of the islands which lie at the mouth of the Canton river are the resort of innumerable fishing boats, in which entire families are occupied at the nets. At night the lights placed at the stern of their boats to attract the fish, afford a curious prospect, especially as they glance into some narrow straight, and light up the craggy sides with the red beams of their torches. All the season they spend thus pursuing their occupations—but when by the warmth or coolness of the water, and by a variety of signs, they are warned of the approach of the typhoon, retiring into close creeks they draw their boats ashore and patiently wait the end of the storm. Habit and curious observation have given to the Chinese boatmen and fishers a peculiar readiness in foreseeing the approach of the typhoons. They assert that when, from no apparent cause, the sea rolls in upon the beach with a long and heavy swell, that the atmosphere assumes a thick muddy appearance, and an unusual stir and disquiet are observable among the sea birds, who rise on the wing, and fly screaming about, as though to find a place of shelter from the coming tempest; lightning too in the north is a threatening indication—but thunder generally precedes an abatement of the typhoon. These tornadoes are not disastrous only to the fishermen and traders by sea, the husbandman also feels their pernicious effects. The hurricane commencing in the north gradually veers round to the east and south, and from thence comes charged with salt water, to wither and almost utterly destroy the vegetation near the coast. Trees are often rooted up and shattered, ships driven on the rocks, houses unroofed, and the innumerable rivers swollen into torrents, which pour destruction over the low rice fields on their banks. So terrible indeed are

these visitations, that the Chinese build temples to deprecate their fury—witness the lofty tower of the thundering winds, and the numerous edifices that line the rocky shores of the narrow straight between Hainan and the continent, in which on the fifth day of the fifth moon the magistrates offer costly sacrifices, burning fragrant woods, or scattering rich essences, and which seem placed there as guardians and protectors of the commerce unceasingly carried on below.

AGGRESSIVE PROGRESS OF RUSSIA.—Within a period of 64 years, the total acquisitions of Russia equalled her whole European empire before that time. The acquisitions from Sweden equal the now kingdom of Sweden; from Poland a territory equal to the Austrian empire; from European Turkey, a country equal to Prussia, exclusively of the Rhenish provinces; from Asiatic Turkey, a territory equal to the German small states, Rhenish Prussia, Holland and Belgium; from Persia, an extent of country equal to England; and from Tartary, a country equal to European Turkey, Greece, Italy, and the whole of Spain. The Russian frontier has been advanced by these acquisitions about 700 miles towards Berlin, Dresden, Munich, Vienna, and Paris—500 miles to Constantinople; 630 miles to Stockholm; and about 1000 miles to Tehran. The estimated population of Russia, in 1689, at the accession of Peter I., was 15,000,000; at the accession of Catherine II., in 1762, it was 25,000,000; and at her death, in 1796, it was 36,000,000; whilst at the death of Alexander, in 1825, it was 58,000,000.

THE NAKED TRUTH.—Recently a miller's man, employed near Marke, Yorkshire, was sent out with a cart-load of flour. On his return and when near Contham, he thought that a bathe in the sea would be very pleasant; and he forthwith indulged himself accordingly, first depositing his clothes within his cart. When he had concluded his ablutions, he proceeded to the cart to dress; but the horse not recognizing his driver in the costume of an ancient Briton, balked him of his intention by "going a-head" at a tremendous pace. The poor fellow pursued with all possible speed, vociferating "Whoohoa! whoohoa!" and the faster he ran, and the louder he shouted, the more furiously the animal galloped, fear having lent him the speed of a "Bee's wing." Through the town of Redcar, the brute ran helter skelter, to the terror of the inhabitants, who as they flocked to the windows at the noise, were astonished to behold the barefaced and breechless miller in full chase of the runaway racer. The young ladies vanished at the sight, and the old fishwives clapped their outspread fingers before their eyes, exclaiming, "Oh! the nasty fellow." The horse, regardless of all remarks, kept Mr. Apollo Belvidere on the run to the very door of the mill, where the second best racer was permitted to resume his dress. He stated in reply to the jokers who gathered round him, that his chief annoyance arose from perceiving that he must pass two damsels on the sands; but he was obliged to push onward, and as he declined to see them, he hoped they were equally considerate as to him.—Leeds Times.

THE BENEFIT OF ADVERTISING.—A merchant in a northern city lately put up an advertisement in a paper, headed "Boy wanted." Next morning he found a band-box on his door step, with this inscription "How will this one answer?" On opening it he found a nice, fat, chubby-looking specimen of the article he wanted, warmly done up in flannel.

TO PRODUCE LIGHT BY FRICTION.—This may be done by rubbing two pieces of fine loaf sugar together in the dark—but in a much greater degree by two pieces of silex or quartz. By this means one may distinguish the time of night by a watch—but what is more surprising, the effect is produced equally strong by rubbing the pieces of quartz together under water.

India Rubber, which, only a few years ago, was sent to England as ballast, now sells, in a fine state, as high as 10s. and 14s. per pound, when spun into thread. One firm spins as much India rubber into thread every week as would reach from London to Canton, the country it is imported from. There are twelve patents for this article, and these patents have cost more to defend in law, than the amount paid for India rubber since the article has been known to us as of any value. Experiments are now making in England and France to apply the article to the cure of consumption!

TALKATIVENESS.—It is a common remark, that those men talk most who think least, just as frogs cease their croaking when a person brings a light to the water side.

THE ROYAL CHEESE.—The famed produce of seven hundred and fifty cows progresses well in its advancement to ripeness and perfection, at the farm of Mr. Dunkerton, of West Pennard, and still continues to attract visitors from all parts of the country. No particular time is fixed for presentation, nor is it yet determined in what manner it is to be conveyed to London, but it is in contemplation it shall be drawn thither by eight of the finest and most beautiful cows the west of England can produce. The following additional verse by a gentleman of Ashill Forest, has been added to those stanzas already written and set to music:—

Zeal fir'd each honest Pennard breast,
When they this triumph knew,
And fifty buxom dairy maids,
Resolved some feat to do,
To prove their loyal heartfelt vows,
What could they offer more
Than seven hundred and fifty cows
To yield their precious store.
West Pennard, Oct. 25.

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