

POETRY.

(From Friendship's Offering, for 1843.)

THE DREAMS OF OLD.

BY M. A. BROWNE.

The dreams of old have faded, Their wondrous power is o'er; We cannot be persuaded To try their spells once more. Our wisdom now is scorned What our fathers deemed a boon; The world's bright clouds of morning Have melted in her noon. Yet, for the parted glory They shed on mortal mould, Think gently of the phantasy That framed the dreams of old. Where are the fairy legions That peopled vale and grove, And overspread earth's regions With strange ethereal love? The flowers their beauty hamed Are blooming gaily still; But time hath disenchanting The meadow and the rill. There 's not a child who listens When their magic tale is told, Who does not know they were but dreams, Those radiant dreams of old. Where is the high aspiring That the star-watcher knew, Born of the pure desiring, For the holy and the true? The faith that never faltered, Heaven's starry page to read, And framed a dream exalted Unto a prophet's creed, Who now would seek the planets, The future to unfold? Who, as the grave astrologer, Revive the dreams of old? Where is the kindred spirit, With weary endless quest, Still hoping to inherit Earth's riches, and be blest? No more beside his furnace The alchemist may bend, No more in lonely sickness His secret labours tend. We have a bolder wisdom To multiply our gold, An open craft to supersede That strangest dream of old. So pass the dreams of ages, And leave but little trace; Visions of bards and sages New wisdom can efface. Dreams that have won the fearless To hope for better days; Dreams that have filled the cheerful With terror and amaze. All pass—doth nothing linger With deathless things enrolled, That shall not perish and depart Amidst the dreams of old. Yea, what upheld the martyr Amidst the final strife, When he refused to barter His holy faith for life? What cheered the pilgrim strangers To lofty thought and deed, To sow amidst death and dangers The Gospel's sacred seed? They hoped the world's wide nations Its fruit should yet behold, And was their glorious faith a dream— A fading dream of old. No; by the bat's devotion, Lipped at its mother's knee, And by her deep emotion, Its early trust to see; And by the bond of union The faithful here may prove; And by the blest communion Of ransomed ones above— We feel that here no vision Was with the past enrolled, That the Christian faith may never be A baseless dream of old.

LITERATURE.

(From the Christian Souvenir, for 1843.)

OLD GRAHAM THE BEGGAR.

BY JOHN INMAN.

If there be one moral truth more clearly established than another—one the proof of which, beyond all others, is constantly within and around us, and before our eyes—it would seem to be that which proclaims the hollowness and worthlessness of human distinctions; the artificial and conventional distinctions, that is, of birth and station, which men first create among themselves, and then fall down and worship. Every epoch of human life—every incident of human fortune—every phase of human existence, proclaims, in language which stupidity itself cannot fail to understand, that the human race is a brotherhood, of common origin and common liabilities; and that no height of genius, no extent of power, no acquisition of knowledge, can do away with the community of subjection to infirmity, misfortune, disease and death, which is the characteristic of mortal being. "There is no royal road to mathematics," said the pedagogue, when his royal pupil complained of geometrical hardships; the prince, alike with the peasant, must gather up the riches of science by the toil of his own brains, or not at all. The queen must bring forth her children in great pain and peril, as well as the humblest of her subjects. The king or emperor, though he be autocrat of a hundred Russias, or, like Napoleon, lord paramount of sovereign vassals without number, must eat, or he will die of hunger; must drink as often as the beggar to whom a cup of sour wine is an unfrequent luxury; is fatigued with even less exertion than the beggar; writhes in agony, like the simplest mortal, under the infliction of a raging toothache; if tickled, must needs laugh, at whatever cost of dignity; when attacked by illness, is fain to swallow the same nauseous drugs that bring back health to lesser men; and finds at last no escape from death and corruption, not even in a royal tomb, or a coffin of the richest and most costly wood, covered with purple velvet, and enriched with ornaments of burnished gold. Thousands are now living, not yet so far advanced in age as to have lost the memory of what they saw and heard in former years, who have known examples of uncertain fortune among what are called the great ones of the earth, more numerous and more striking in their bold contrasts than history of any other time affords.—Within the passing century, thrones and the occupants of thrones have been seen tossed about on an ocean of change as reckless and uncertain as any that ever shipwrecked the fortunes of a private individual. The right divine of kings has yielded, time and again, to the more potent right of revolution or of conquest; the sons of blacksmiths and tavern keepers have risen to be rulers of nations; the loftiest ranks of nobility have become the spoil of brave and fortunate soldiers; and crowned kings, on the other hand, and queens descended from long lines of royalty, have been exhibited for spectacles of instability; some as wanderers and vagrants in foreign lands, some as dependants on national charity, and some—O, fearful portent to royal eyes!—as subjects of the executioner and victims of the axe. Yet, in the very face of all these warnings—in utter contempt and defiance, as it were, of the lessons so sharply taught—man still covets the shining bauble of distinctions. Human beings are still abashed enough to believe and claim that birth and title are realities—things whereof to be proud, and on account of which to challenge worship—and other human beings are so besotted as to recognize the claim and to yield the worship, even at the cost of their own rights as men, and the voluntary surrender of their Maker, looking only up to Him, and asserting their equality with all whom He has made—and for that very reason, because One made them all, and made them all alike. I have a simple story to relate, not altogether true, but true in all that bears upon its moral. Sixty years ago, in a small village in England, the parish beadle might be seen, one bright May morning, taking his way to the mansion of the Squire, with a prisoner in his

custody. The man of small authority was a robust little fellow, with round red cheeks, a stomach of well fed amplitude, and a pair of short stout legs, diverging widely from each other at the knees so as to form each a small segment of a circle. His prisoner was an aged man, whose form had once been tall, but was now bent with years;—his thin hair strayed in long but slender curls of snowy whiteness down his shoulders; his steps were feeble and uncertain, and his dress, threadbare and faded, gave token of poverty that had been long endured.—Yet there was something in his features and in their expression which fastened the attention of the beholder—something which indicated that the old man, though poor and miserable, had within him the workings of a proud spirit, and neither age nor wretchedness had been able to efface from his aspect the trace of better days. There was even a haughty pride in the look and gesture with which he repulsed, feebly indeed, but effectually, an attempt of the parish officer to take him by the collar; and fancy could imagine that his air, as he followed the official to the dwelling of the magistrate, was rather that of an accuser than of one who had made himself amenable to justice by some infraction of her laws. The old man was a beggar. For years he had been known in the rural districts about London as an habitual, though never obstructive, applicant for charity. He had no relatives, so far as any one knew or could discover—for he was reserved in speaking of himself or his past history—and it was generally supposed that he was a native of Scotland, where, if anywhere, his family connexions were to be sought and found. There was in his language and conduct nothing of that genial and companionable spirit which characterises the licensed mendicant of Scotland, as we find him described by Scott; on the contrary, this old man was taciturn, shrinking from observation, fond of being alone, and little disposed to make himself welcome at the rustic fireside by ministering to the almost universal passion of the rural housewives for the gossip of the country side.—Where was his home, if home he had, no one pretended to know. He passed from house to house, and from village to village, asking no alms save food and shelter, and often taking up his rest at night in barns and out-houses, or, in fine weather, under the shelter of some hay rick, in the open field. With other mendicants he was never seen to associate, but, on the contrary, when they crossed his path, he avoided them with every appearance of dislike, and even of contempt; carrying this so far that he had been known, on more than one occasion, to depart hastily and in anger, his wants unrelieved, from houses at which he was invited to eat in company with another beggar who happened to make his call at the same time. His age was not known, but from his appearance was judged to be somewhat beyond seventy. His name was Graham, "Old Graham the beggar" he was called among the country people. But we must accompany the old man to the seat of rural justice. Squire Abershaw, the lord of the manor, justice of the peace, and custos rotulorum, was a country gentleman of the old school, such as most country gentlemen were in England sixty years ago, and such as may be found, even now, although their number has greatly diminished, in some of the remoter districts of the western and northern counties. Wealthy by paternal acres, of middle age, a hearty good liver, and greatly addicted to what are called the manly sports of the field, he knew little and thought less of mental cultivation, holding a good seat in the hunt, and a sure aim with the fowling piece, in much higher estimation than knowledge of musty books, or brilliant powers of conversation. He was proud of his fine estate, of his well stocked preserves, his portly wife and blooming daughters; but prouder than of all these was Squire Abershaw of his long and ancient pedigree, in which he could trace his descent, in one unbroken line of landed proprietors, to the barbarous days of the Norman conquest, his ancestor having come in, a knight of valor and renown, with the stalwart overthrower of the Saxon dynasty. Old Graham the beggar stands before Squire Abershaw, in the justice room of Abershaw Hall. He is charged by the important beadle with vagrancy, with habitual begging, and with no ostensible means of gaining a livelihood. There is no accusation of poaching against the old man, and the Squire, who loves his preserves with more than the tenderness of a father, is disposed to be lenient. "Give the poor old fellow a shilling," benevolence whispers in his ears,—and the same good spirit suggests a rebuke to the beadle for his officiousness. But a proud glance from the old man's eye stirs up the spirit of pride in the breast of the wealthy Squire, and the shilling must be accompanied by an admonition. "Hark ye, sirrah," quoth the Squire; "the law must be maintained, and if I let you go unpunished, you must betake yourself to your own parish. Vagrancy is forbidden by statute; begging from door to door is a disreputable method of gaining a living, and cannot be allowed. I shall discharge you in consideration of your age, but if you come before me again, I shall commit you as a vagabond and a trampler." "Fierce and bright was the flash of the old man's eye; red was the flush of his wrinkled cheeks, and proud, though feeble, was the drawing up of his aged form at the rude speech of the well fed magistrate. "Commit me as a vagabond!" he exclaimed, in a voice more tremulous from passion than from age.—"And who are you, that dare to talk of such an insult to one old enough to be your father? Ay, and one in whose veins runs better blood than you can boast of. Who are you? A paltry country Squire, lord of a few dirty acres, in which lies all your title to respect or consideration, as was the case with your ancestors before you?" The torrent of the old man's indignant eloquence was checked in mid career by the astonished beadle, who at first had been struck dumb with terror and amazement at the boldness of a pauper in daring to lift his voice against the worshipful, and who now, recovering in some degree his self-possession, grasped the recusant by the collar, and hurried him out of the justice room with no gentle hand. The Squire had been little less astounded; but his amazement soon gave place to anger at the old man's presumption. The clerk was ordered to make out a commitment in all haste, and in the course of a few minutes poor old Graham was deposited in the "lock up" of the village—a small but secure building constructed for the special accommodation of poachers, thieving gypsies, and such other reprobates as fell within the cognizance of rural justice. There we must leave him for the present. We have said this Squire Abershaw was proud of his blooming daughters. He was not only proud of them, but loved them too; for, with all his faults, he was a kind hearted man, and though of quick temper and somewhat despotic habits, of an affectionate disposition. One in particular, and, as is usual, the youngest, was most especially dear to him. In truth, she was a sweet girl, the fair Emily, and her father was by no means singular in loving her very dearly. She was just entering her seventeenth year—the "budding" age in England, when the sportive graces of girl-hood are just beginning to expand and ripen into the elegance and charm of woman—when the lovely immaturity of the child is not yet wholly lost, nor the completeness of adolescence acquired—when the slender and agile beauty of the fawn is still blended with the rounding fullness of the graceful limbs of figure. There was all the witchery of innocence, and perfect sincerity, and a purity that knew not even of the existence or possibility of evil, in her calm yet bright blue eyes; the perfect beauty of goodness shone tranquilly and clear in every feature; and happiness dwelt around her like a robe of light. Well might the Squire doat upon her as the treasure of his life. A being so innocent, so lovely, richly snuggled in all that makes a daughter dear, must needs be precious to the heart of a father; and if he cherished her more fondly than her sisters, there was no injustice done to them, for they too loved her above all, nor ever entertained even a passing emotion of discontent at the preference which she was the object.

Emily had seen the old man conducted as a prisoner to the justice room, and was struck with his venerable appearance.—Her curiosity was stimulated to know of what offence so aged could have been guilty, and a kindlier emotion prompted her to interpose for his relief. She hastened to the justice room, at the door of which she met her father retiring from his magisterial duties, and coaxingly twining her arms about his neck, she required to know who the old man was that had just been taken to the lock-up, and what infraction of the laws he had committed. "A vagrant, my darling," answered the Squire; "an impudent old rascal, who goes rambling about the country, doing nothing for his own livelihood, and sponging upon those who are more industrious than himself." "But, father," pleaded Emily, "he is very old and poor. Is there nothing against him but begging? Surely you would not send a hoary headed man like him to prison only for asking a morsel of bread and a cup of water from those who are able and willing to give." Now, here was a dilemma for Squire Abershaw. In his own secret soul he knew it was not for begging he had sent the old man to prison. The affront to his own dignity and ancestral pride was the real offence for which he had awarded punishment; but how could he avow this truth to his gentle and tender hearted daughter? How could he endure the pain and mortification which he knew that she would feel, and which, in their reflection from her bosom to his own, would be increased tenfold? His conscience smote him, and he knew not what to say. Yet the loving, pleading, earnestly-interrogating eyes of this fair child were fixed upon his own, and the last remaining trace of anger against the beggar melted away beneath their gaze. The rich man was troubled, and at the moment would almost have consented to change places with the subject of his authority and power. "Emily, darling," he said, at length, in a low and hesitating tone, which bespeak a consciousness of wrong—"go to the lock-up, my child, and set the old man free. I was hasty—too hasty. I did not think of you, dearest, or I would not have sent him there. Go and release him; bring him up to the hall, give him something to eat, and a half crown, and then come back and kiss your father in token of forgiveness." "Nay, dear father, not of my forgiveness;—for what right have I to pronounce judgment on your actions. Kiss you I will indeed, as a kind good father, who does every thing to please his Emily; and I will gladly go and set the old man free; but his liberation shall be owing, not to your love to me, but to your generosity and kindness of heart. I knew that my father would not be harsh with one upon whom old age and poverty have already borne so heavily." "Be it as you will, dearest," answered the kind father, imprinting a kiss on the fair open brow of his lovely child; and Emily hastened away upon her errand of goodness and of mercy. She found old Graham sitting at the grated window of the lock-up, his head resting upon his hand, and his eyes apparently fixed upon the green fields and the waving trees, whose verdure it was so pleasant to look upon, but from the enjoyment of which he was debarred. He did not seem to be aware of her entrance, for he neither moved nor spoke; and when she approached so near as to be able to see his face, she perceived that his thoughts were not upon the scene before him. Tears were slowly trickling down his withered cheeks, and the expression that rested upon his countenance was that of deeply wounded feeling. So absorbed was he in his painful meditation, that until she laid her hand gently upon his arm he seemed unconscious of the maiden's presence. Then he started, and gazing intently upon her face, while his look of pride returned, awaited in silence the object of her coming. Emily was embarrassed for a few moments, and knew not what to say. Regret, not wholly unmingled with shame, for her father's harshness, in condemning the old man to the disgrace of a commitment, made her hesitate in addressing her companion; and there was something, too, in the haughty expression of his eyes that added to her hesitation. But it was on an errand of mercy that she had come; and from her, mercy could have no feeble or unimpressive utterance. Gently, kindly, with soothing words and a voice that was all melody, she announced the purpose of her coming, adding many a cordial wish for the old man's welfare, and assurance of her desire to increase it; for Emily's was a gentle soul, and she felt and knew that even in the bosom of a mendicant there might be feelings that claimed the tenderest respect, and that to such as he a kind word often would be more grateful than more substantial charity. The sensibility of the mendicant had been deeply wounded, and it was long before his excited feelings gave way to the persuading eloquence of the fair pleader. He refused at first to accept the proffered liberation, passionately exclaiming that he had been imprisoned without cause, and that from his prison he would never go; he would die there, and leave his malediction on the head of his oppressor. But no man could resist the gentle words and soothing tones of an intercessor like Emily. The old man's anger melted away before them, and when she left the lock-up, his feeble steps were supported by her arm—his trembling hand had been laid with a blessing upon her head—an ample donation from her purse had been added to his slender store, and he had promised that whenever he found himself near Abershaw Hall, in his wanderings through the country, its door should be the first at which he would apply for such relief as his slender wants required. That promise was fulfilled. Two years passed away; the visits of old Graham to the hall were frequent; and it was observed that the intervals between them grew shorter, and his stay at each visit more and more prolonged. The tide of human affection that in him had been so long dammed up, was now poured forth unchecked; and around Emily it gathered. A singular relation sprung up between the blooming maiden and the hoary, age-worn man; a relation which her parents could not understand, but against which they uttered no prohibition—for they could refuse her nothing. Indications of declining health had met their watchful eyes—in the lassitude by which she was at times overcome, in the failing appetite, the delicacy of that bloom which still enriched her cheek, but in which the anxiety of love detected something that differed from the hue of sunny youth and a vigorous constitution. She seemed to find pleasure in the old man's conversation; and their interviews were long and frequent. It was observed, too, that her manner toward him was beautifully deferential—indicating not merely the respect that youth should give to age, but also that affectionate regard which is commanded by wisdom, knowledge, and cultivated intellect. It was no longer old Graham the beggar with whom she walked in her father's ground—for whom, at her request, the Squire had assigned a cottage near the entrance of the park—and to whom a footman was sent almost every day from the hall with ample supplies of necessaries and even luxuries from the kitchen. Yet the cause and nature of their intimacy were secrets to the family at the hall. When Emily was questioned on the subject, she only answered that at present she was not at liberty to tell, and as the society of the old man seemed to give her pleasure—as inquiry appeared to be irksome to her—and as all around her were most anxious to do nothing that might give her uneasiness, the curiosity of her parents and sisters was repressed, and she was allowed to have her own way in the matter, unchecked and unquestioned. But winter was approaching, and the symptoms of her ailment became more decided and alarming. With tender fear and anxious love, her father, after consulting eminent practitioners, resolved to send her upon the continent—to the warm breezes and sunny skies of Italy. The establishment at the hall was broken up; Emily was accompanied to Florence by her mother and sisters; the Squire wintered in London, where his Parliamentary duties required his presence; and the servants were quartered at the village until the return of the family. Ample provision was made for the support and comfort of old Graham, in compliance with the earnest request of Emily; but it was soon observed that in her absence he had received a heavy blow to his enjoyments. He wandered about the village and the hall, listless, dispirited and silent; he cottagers even perceived, or fancied, that his step was more feeble, his form more bent, his appearance altogether more decrepit and infirm. They increased their attention and proffers of kindness; but their well-meant endeavours were declined, thankfully indeed, and with many acknowledgments of gratitude, yet in a manner that seemed to indicate an almost hopeless sorrow—an utter weariness of life. Thus the winter passed away—the spring, the summer—and winter came again. For some months past the tidings

that had reached the village were of melancholy import. The health of Emily had not improved; a return to the trying climate of England was not to be thought of; and her father had gone to join her in Italy. At length, early in December, the fatal intelligence arrived that she was dead. The insidious disease had triumphed, and the young, the lovely and beloved, had passed away forever. Deep was the sorrow felt by all in the vicinity; genuine were the lamentations and regrets poured forth by rich and poor, by the lofty and low; for to all had Emily been dear as she was good. The greetings of friends and neighbours in the street, at market or at church, were tinged with sadness; and wherever two or three were gathered together, words of tender recollection and of grief for the lost maiden were mingled with the customary topics of the day. But upon none fell the blow so heavily as upon the aged mendicant. He sorrowed, indeed, as one that neither could nor would be comforted; and there was in the profoundness of his grief an aspect of such utter broken-heartedness, such desolation of spirit, that all who looked upon it were awed, and none dared approach him with efforts to administer consolation.—It was observed that he passed almost the whole of his time—if, indeed, not the whole—in wandering about the fields and narrow lanes in the vicinity of the hall. Where he obtained food, or whether he obtained food at all, no one could say; for he shunned the habitations of men, and was often seen, late at night and very early in the morning, at such distances from his own cottage as precluded the idea of his passing even the night under the shelter of its roof. It was evident that his heart was broken. Thus a few weeks passed away—winter in its severest rigor was upon the land. For some days the inhabitants of the village had missed the old man from his accustomed haunts; his cottage was unopened from day to day, and it was feared that some disaster had befallen him. Some indeed there were who maintained that he had only extended his wanderings to a greater distance than usual, but the general belief was, that his wanderings on earth were brought to a final close, and they were right. Towards the end of January, his body was found, stark and cold, under a hedge that separated the kitchen garden of the hall from an adjoining meadow. There the aged mendicant had perished, in what misery of body and greater wretchedness of mind could be known only to Him who looks down with equal eye upon the monarch and the slave. The secret that had existed between him and the departed Emily was then revealed. A sealed paper which she had given her father before her death, with injunctions not to open it while the old man lived—for such had been the condition on which he had given her his confidence—disclosed the fact, that the aged and solitary mendicant was the right of birth an Earl of Scotland's nobility; the last descendant in the legitimate branch of the royal house of Stuart. NOTE.—Robert the Second, King of Scotland, had in early life formed a connexion with Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Adam Blyth, by whom he had three sons. After the death of his wife, he married Elizabeth, and had three children. Robert the Third, his successor, was the eldest of the three born before this marriage; and his legitimacy was called in question. To quiet and satisfy the eldest of the three born after the marriage, whose legitimacy was undoubted, and whose right to the throne was on that account considered by many superior to his elder brother's, Robert the Second created him Earl of Strathern; which title, in the reign of James the First of England, was merged in that of Mentieth. In the reign of Charles the First, the then Earl of Mentieth, (whose family name was Graham, being a descendant in the female line, and by ambition, laid claim to the elder and more honorable title of Strathern, and was guilty of imprudent speeches, alleging the superiority of his blood to the King's, on account of the alleged illegitimacy of Robert the Third; and the result of these and other indiscretions was the royal displeasure, dismissal from office, and eventual ruin. The fortunes of the family were parallel with those of the royal branch. The Earl of Mentieth, in 1671, was so poor that he "dared not take up his succession to the title," and in 1680 formally resigned all his pretensions to the Marquis of Montrose, the head of the family of Graham, and from this time the title was in abeyance. It was claimed, however, by William Graham, in 1744, and he voted as Earl of Mentieth at the election of Peers for Scotland in that year, in 1747, 1749, 1752, and again in 1761. In 1762 his assumption of the title was prohibited by Parliament. He lived in great distress and died in 1763, having been for some years a dependant upon charity, and literally a wanderer by the wayside and beggar in the tale. THE FIRST PRODUCTIONS in the WORLD for THE HAIR! THE SKIN! THE TEETH! ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL, A VEGETABLE PRODUCTION. The only article that produces and restores HAIR; also WHISKY, MUSTACHIOS, and EYE-BROWS; prevents Hair-fall; restores turning grey to the latest period of life; changes grey hair to its natural COLOUR—free it from scurf, and makes it beautifully SOFT, CURLY, and GLOSSY. In dressing HAIR, it keeps it firm on the scalp, and by damp weather, crowded rooms, the dance, or in the exercise of the body, it is invaluable, as it lays a foundation for a BEAUTIFUL HEAD OF HAIR. ON PURCHASING, (Beware of Counterfeits!) see that the words "Rowland's Macassar Oil" are engraved on the back of the envelope nearly 1,000 times, and containing 29,028 letters—WITHOUT THIS NOISE IS GENUINE. Price 3s. 6d.; 7s.; Family Bottles, (containing four small) 10s. 6d.; double that size, 21s. per bottle. ROWLAND'S KALYDOR. A preparation from Oriental Herbs, is now universally known as the only safe and efficient protector and beautifier of the SKIN and COMPLEXION. Its virtues are commonly displayed in thoroughly eradicating pimples, spots, redness, tan, freckles, and other unsightly eruptions, in healing chilblains, chaps, and in rendering the most rough and scaly skin, pleasantly soft and smooth. To the complexion, it imparts a delicate roseate hue, and to the neck, hand and arm, a delicate and glowing tinge. It is invaluable as a renovating and refreshing Wash, during exposure to the sun, dust, or harsh winds, and after the heat and perspiration of crowded assemblies.—GENTLEMEN will find it particularly useful after shaving, in allaying the irritation. Price 4s. 6d. and 8s. 6d. per bottle, duty included. ROWLAND'S ODONTO, OR PEARL DENTIFRICE, A WHITE POWDER, of Oriental Herbs of the most fragrant.—It eradicates Tartar and decayed spots from the Teeth, serves the Enamel, and fixes the Teeth firmly in their sockets, and cleanses them delicately White. Being an Anti-Scorbutic, it eradicates humors from the Gums, strengthens, braces, and renders them of a beautiful color, it removes unpleasant tastes from the mouth, which often result from leucorrhoea, taking medicine, &c. and imparts a delightful fragrance to the breath. Price 2s. 9d. per box, duty included. Notice.—The Name and Address of the Proprietors, A. ROWLAND & SON, 20, HATTON GARDEN, LONDON, are engraved on the Government Stamp, which is pasted on the wrapper of "KALYDOR" and "ODONTO" also printed, in red, on the wrapper, which the Kalydor is enclosed. Beware of Counterfeits! composed of the most pernicious and trashy ingredients, and which are frequently pressed upon you under the lure of being cheap. Be sure to ask for "Rowland's" Articles. Sold by every PERFUMER and MEDICINE VENDOR throughout the civilized world. PRIVATE BOARDING HOUSE. THE Subscriber having made considerable alterations in his premises, begs leave to inform his friends that he is now prepared to accommodate a few persons in a genteel Board, combined with a comfortable and quiet situation. Every attention will be paid to those who may honor him with a call. A few yearly Boarders can be well accommodated on reasonable terms. JAMES DAVIS, Hillsborough Street, (near King's Square,) Oct. 1st, 1842. CHARLOTTE-TOWN: Printed and published by COOPER & BROWN at their Office, East corner of Pownall and Water Streets.—15s. per annum, payable half yearly in advance.