

POETRY.

FOR THE UPPER CANADA HERALD.

HOME.

When far amid the ocean's briny flood, The weary sailor's thoughts have led to roam,

He little reck the blasts that sweep along, Unnoticed there his hammock swings alone,

Oh home—sweet home—thou soother of the mind, For thee, the slave—for thee the captive groan,

Torn from his dear—his loved—his native land, Haply his mind to those dear scenes may roam,

His to the chamber where the captive lies, On the damp earth unfriended and alone,

How sweet are tidings from his dear, dear home, The scene of infancy's delights and joys,

Behold the slave incessant at his toil, Behold the lash, and hear the lengthened groan,

Behold his masters share the hard earned spoil, And say does he not long think of Home?

Kingston, June 7th 1827. JUVENIS.

FOR THE UPPER CANADA HERALD.

TO JULIA.

How fresh looks the rose when the dew in the morning, Has crested its breast with its glittering tear,

How sweet is the tulip in modest bending, Its head to the zephyrs that float in the air,

Oh lovely the violet the honey bee's sipping, Oh what with its mild azure blue can compare?

(Even when with the moisture of evening tis dripping; Save the love lighting eyes of Julia the fair.

Oh be my good angel thou loveliest creature, Thy example I'll follow, thy precepts revere, How charming each grace, how expressive each feature,

May thine be each blessing which Heaven can render, To charm life's dull path in thy pilgrimage here, For thou hast a heart that is feeling and tender,

Kingston, June 12th, 1827. LEANDER.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A valuable discovery has been made in Westminster Abbey. It had become necessary to make repairs near the tomb of Edward the Confessor, when, by removing a portion of the pavements, an exquisitely beautiful piece of carved work, which had originally formed the shrine of Edward's tomb, was discovered.

Paris, April 26.—The opening of the mummy forming part of the collection of Egyptian antiquities which M. Passalacqua has lately sold the King of Prussia, took place this day in the hall of the Sorbonne. After breaking open the envelope, which was a cartoon made of linen, hardened with animal glue, the body was seen surrounded with bandages, which seemed to have preserved the shape complete.

Extraordinary as this fact may appear, we record it just as it had been announced. The breast was covered with an inscription on papyrus, which could neither be taken off nor deciphered; this is the more to be regretted, as it was on this part the most important discoveries were expected to be made.

CABINET MAKING.

To the Right Honourable George Canning. Sir—I see by my paper that you have received his Majesty's commands to form a new cabinet. The country had long been of opinion, that the old one could not be kept together for any great length of time. It had become very crackly, and altho' it was every now and then repaired and patched, yet it gave, periodically, fresh signs of decay.

Your reputation for fancy-work was great when you was a journeyman, and it will be greater now that you are a master. It strikes me, Sir, from the drawings I have seen in the public papers, that your plan for the new cabinet is, upon the whole, good. It seems to be your design to form it, not of one kind of wood, but of two, if not of three, different kinds.

No doubt, sir, you will be desirous of knowing how I am that thus takes upon myself the task of lecturing you on the best method of making a cabinet. Know then I am a cabinet-maker myself. I have made some scores in my time, and feel proud that so distinguished a man as you should take up the trade of cabinet-making.

WILLIAM SNOOKS, Cabinet maker. Pool Lane, Liverpool April 18, 1827. P. S.—As you are now a brother chip, I should be extremely glad to see you at my house behind the shop, if ever you should come this way again.

MYSTERIOUS MARRIAGE.

A lady dressed in the most elegant style, walking past the Horse Guards early in the morning of Thursday, addressed a privateer soldier belonging to the Foot Guards, in the following manner:—Lady. Soldier, are you a single man?—Lady. Soldier, are you astonished at the question put to him? replied he was.—Lady. Then Soldier, will you have me for your wife? Soldier, (still more confused,) I have no objection, madam. Lady. Then come with me. I have a licence and a ring, (taking them out of her reticule,) and we will be married immediately.

Recent observations and experiments have been made upon opium, to arrive if possible, at some mode of divesting it of those noxious qualities which in many con-

stitutions produce so much subsequent distress that they cannot use it for relief from pain. Professor Hare, of Philadelphia, in a communication published in the American Journal of Science, conceives that this desideratum has at length been obtained, and adduces several instances of satisfactory results, sent him by "a veteran in the healing art."

THE PULSE.

A case was lately admitted into St. Thomas' Hospital, London, which points out the necessity of examining the pulse in both wrists. The patient (a man) had received a severe contusion on the left side of the abdomen. The surgeon finding the pulse of the left wrist so small and weak as scarcely to be distinguishable, supposed that an internal bleeding had taken place, and cordials were in consequence freely exhibited to keep up the vital functions.

The torments of an evil conscience are most vividly depicted in the annexed extract from a recent work of fiction.—Am.

For weeks (after the sudden death of his mistress) he knew nothing of this earth—he was encompassed with the spectres of a terrible dream. All was confusion, darkness, horror—a series and a change of torture! At one time he was hurried through the heavens in the womb of a fiery star, girt above and below and around with unextinguishable but unconsuming flames.

A change came o'er the spirit of his dream: He was suddenly borne upon the winds and storms to the oceans of an eternal winter. He fell stunned and unstruggling upon the ebullient and sluggish waves. Slowly and heavily they rose over him as he sank; then came the lengthened and suffocating torture of that drowning death—the impotent and convulsive contest with the closing waters—the gurgle, the choking, the bursting of the pent breath—the flutter of the heart, its agony, and its stillness.

THE KING'S PRIVY COUNCILLORS. The following particulars relative to the King's privy council, extracted principally from Blackstone, may be generally interesting at this time: The principal council belonging to the King is his privy council, which is generally called, by way of eminence, the council; and this, according to Sir Edward Coke's description of it, is a noble, honorable and revered assembly of the King, and such as he wills to be of his privy council in the King's court or Palace.

only upon the King's pleasure, and each member of that council receives a summons or message for every attendance. Privy Councilors are made by the King's nomination, without either patent or grant; & on taking the necessary oaths, they immediately become privy councilors during the life of the King that chooses them, but subject to removal at his discretion. The duty of a privy councillor appears from the oath of office, which consists of seven articles. 1st. To advise the King according to the best of his cunning and discretion. 2d. To advise for the King's honor, and good of the public, without partiality, through affection, love, meed, doubt, or dread. 3d. To keep the King's council secret. 4th. To avoid corruption. 5th. To help and strengthen the execution of what shall be there resolved.—6th. To withstand all persons who would attempt the contrary; and, lastly, in general to observe, keep, and do all that a good and true councillor ought to do to his Sovereign Lord. The dissolution of the privy council depends upon the King's pleasure, and he may, whenever he thinks proper, discharge a particular Member, or the whole of it, and appoint another.

THE CANNING FAMILY.

(From the Cork Southern Reporter.) The family of Canning, from which the present eminent and justly popular Prime Minister springs, is of great antiquity.

The head of the family was a Roman Catholic gentleman, Francis Canning, Esq. of Foxcote, in Warwickshire, the twelfth possessor of that estate, in lineal descent from Thomas Canning, Esq. who, in the reign of Henry VI, married Agnes, sole heiress of the family of Le Marshal, of Foxcote, seated there from the time of Edward I. The branch from which the premier derives his origin was founded by George Canning, a young son of Richard Canning, of Foxcote, who settled in Ireland, and obtained a grant of the manor of Garvah, in the county of Londonderry, from Queen Elizabeth. From him descended Stratford Canning, Esq. the fifth possessor of the Garvah estate, who derived his Christian name from the surname of his mother's family, the Stratfords, Earls of Aldborough; his eldest son, George Canning, died in his Right Honourable George Canning, who, though representative of the elder branch of the Garvah family, was passed by in the will of his grandfather, who left the estate to his second son, Paul Canning, Esq. whose only son, George Canning, was created Baron Garvah in 1818.

The premier, however, succeeded to a small estate in the county of Kilkenny, of about £200 per annum, either by bequest, or in consequence of the entail not being broken. On this slender beginning he has finally achieved his present proud pre-eminence.

(From the London Free Press.)

Mr. Canning was born at Paddington, near London, in 1771. His paternal ancestors were originally seated at Foxcote, in Warwickshire, where a branch of the family, we believe, still remain. Queen Elizabeth conferred the manor of Garvah, in the county of Derry, in Ireland, on a younger son of the Foxcote family, who thereupon removed into the sister island, and up to the father of the premier, his descendants continued to reside there. Stratford Canning, Esq. of Garvah, the grandfather, had two sons, George and Paul, the elder of whom displaced his father by marrying a dowryless beauty, was exiled from the paternal roof, with an allowance of £150 a year.

Under these circumstances, he came with his lady to London, and determining to study the law, entered himself of the Middle Temple. He died poor, on the 11th of April, 1771, a few days after the birth of his son George, and was interred in the new burial ground of St. Marylebone, where his tomb with the following inscription, was placed by his widow:

"Thy virtue and my woe no words can tell, Therefore, a little while, my George, farewell! For faith and love like ours Heaven has in store Its last best gift—to meet and part no more."

His infant son, the subject of this memoir, was placed with a maternal uncle, a respectable wine merchant in the city, who discovering strong marks of genius, at a very early age, sent him to Eton, where he speedily distinguished himself, and in 1786, became one of the senior scholars.

LORD CHANCELLOR ELDON'S FAREWELL ADDRESS.

The Lord Chancellor of England is said to have taken leave of the Bar in nearly the following terms: "I cannot take leave of the Gentlemen of the Bar without feelings of deep regret. I do not deny that my mind is so constituted as to have led occasionally, to delays, which may have been grievously felt; but they have been delays which I could not avoid. My opinion has always been, that there is an infinite difference between despatching business and doing it; and those who will look, attentively, to what is the course of proceeding in this Court, will see that it is a much more difficult thing to put a proper end to a cause than it is to get it out of the paper. The apology that I have to make to the public for my deficiencies, and no one can have felt the effects of them more strongly than I have, is, that I have always made it my earnest endeavour, by anxious attention, both by day and night, to come to a right decision, rather than to determine too precipitately."

There is great truth and force in the remark designated by italics, and if we are not mistaken it is peculiarly applicable to the state of things in our Court of Chancery. The Great complaints have been made of the delay of Chancellor Jones, in giving his opinions; but when they are given, we are told they are worth something. Indeed we believe there has scarcely been a single appeal

from his decisions. And if this be true, how much better is it that a suit should be decided a reasonable time for a sound decision, than that it should be hurriedly given up hastily and unadvisedly, with more than half the cases to be carried up by writs of error.—Conn. Ado.

FROM THE NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER.

The news of the incident to which the following papers relate, has doubtless long been less pleasure, however, on that account, that we present them to our readers. These acts of generosity, and of reciprocal national courtesy, are honorable to human nature. The frequent interchange of them brightens the chain of good will which now binds the kindred nations together. The knowledge of them should be diffused, therefore, wherever our common language is spoken.

We have an additional motive for publishing these papers, and that is, that the merit of this action may be particularly reflected on the individual who performed it, and that the name of Lieut. Thomas, may be coupled with the honor justly due to it for such spirited and disinterested conduct. UPPER SYCAMORE-STREET, Jan. 3rd, 1827.

My Lord—I have lately received from the Consul of the United States, at Fayal, the following information:

On the 26th of September last, after a severe storm, Lieut. Joseph Rawlins Thomas, of the Royal Navy, having then the command of the merchant vessel, Sir Charles M'Carthy, bound from the West Indies to England, met at sea the American vessel "Telemachus," wholly dismasted in consequence of the storm, and after keeping one night in company, she staking fast, he succeeded in taking the masts, crew, and passengers on board his own vessel.

On the 30th inst., he saw a wreck to the windward which he could not reach with his vessel; but by dint of great exertion, he succeeded in getting on board with his boat, when she proved to be another American vessel (a whaler also) in a sinking state, whose captain and crew he also rescued, and brought safe to his vessel. He treated both crews with great kindness, and not having sufficient water for such accession of men, made for Fayal, where he landed them.

I have it not in my power to do more than to express to your Lordship my grateful sense, in which my Government will certainly participate, of the active humanity and generous conduct displayed by that officer; and through which the lives of a number of my fellow citizens, thirty-four, have been providentially saved.

I avail myself, with pleasure, of this opportunity to pray your Lordship to accept the assurances of the high consideration with which I have the honor to be, &c. &c. ALBERT GALLATIN.

To the Rt. Hon. Lord Melville, First Lord of the Admiralty.

A good Story—whether true or no.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONTREAL HERALD.

SIR: The story of the man of his Majesty's 71st Regiment, falling overboard from the Chamby steambath, between Long Point and Montreal, and so miraculously appearing on the beach before his comrades had disembarked, reminded me of a circumstance that occurred during my servitude on board the Dolphin man of war, bound to the West Indies. We were going at the rate of about three knots and a half an hour, when Tom Garboard, belonging to the foretop (who by the by was a bit of a wag) sleeping in the lee fore chains, by a sudden lurch of the ship was thrown overboard.

A man overboard!—! was the general cry fore and aft—and every one ran to offer or give assistance to the drowning man.

Tom, who was a tolerable good swimmer, as every body thought, but nothing extraordinary, woke on finding himself in deep water, and began to use his paddles, the ship passing ahead as I was saying before, at the rate of three knots and a half. Tom was soon lost sight of under the counter, for although our ship was not on Sir Robt. Robert Seppings's plan, yet she was pretty full abaft, when Tom was lucky enough to get hold of the rudder chains. The hands all run aft, expecting to see Tom astern, and to lower the jolly boat down to pick him up; but no Tom was to be seen. "He's gone," said they, "to Davy's locker," and efforts ceased.

Our ship was very deep, bound out to the West Indies, consequently our gun room ports were low in the water. This Tom saw, and as it was getting dark, he thought he would wait till they had beat to quarters, and piped the hammocks down before he got on board, which he did, and then popped down into the lady's hold, (where the gunner keeps his wads and spare monkey tails) and there remained till the middle of the first watch, when he sallied forth and made free with our bread bags, taking enough to serve him for three days. At the end of this time, we were jogging along at an easy rate, with scarcely any wind, about a knot, when master Tom, unobserved, slips out of the port he came in at, and dropping astern began to hail the ship. "The Dolphin ahoy!" "Hallo," says the quartermaster, who was about getting a pull on the mainbrace. Says Tom, "If you don't back the mainmast, and heave too, I shall sink, for no man can swim to the West Indies without provisions."

Every body ran aft in amazement; for it had been blowing fresh during the time we had supposed he had been overboard, but there was no time to be lost—so the boat was lowered, and poor Tom picked up, to the great gratification and astonishment of every body on board.

On our arrival, as the Captain was on shore dining with the Governor, the talk turned upon swimming. The Governor was extolling the powers of a black man he had, and our Captain swore no man could swim with Tom Garboard, of the Dolphin's foretop; however, to make a long story short, the Captain and the Governor made a heavy bet—the time was appointed—Tom asked one week to get ready. The carpenters were ordered to make what chests and conveniences Tom required. The Purser was instructed, at his request, to supply a fortnight's provisions. The day came, and Tom went on shore at the grub appointed, when he began to stow his grub. The black fellow looked at him with astonishment. "What you do here, massa?" says Tom, "what am I doing here?" says Tom, "why, I am taking in my provisions, to be