

## POETRY.

## THE PRESS.

God said, "Let there be light!"  
Grim Darkness felt his might,  
And fled away.  
Then startled seas, and mountains cold,  
Shone forth all bright in blue and gold,  
And cried, " 'Tis day, 'tis day!"  
"Hail, holy light!" exclaimed  
The thunderous cloud, that flamed  
O'er daisies white;  
And lo, the rose, in crimson dress'd,  
Lean'd sweetly on the lily's breast,  
And blushing, murmur'd "Light!"  
Then was the skylark born;  
Then rose the embattled corn;  
Then streams of praise  
Flow'd o'er the sunny hills of noon;  
And when night came, the pallid moon  
Pour'd forth her pensive lays.  
Lo, Heaven's bright bow is glad!  
Lo, trees and flowers, all clad  
In glory, bloom!  
And shall the mortal sons of God  
Be senseless as the trodden clod,  
And darker than the tomb?  
No, by the MIND of Man!  
By the swart Artizan!  
By God, our Sire!  
Our souls have holy light within,  
And every form of grief and sin  
Shall see and feel its fire.  
By earth and hell and heaven,  
The shroud of souls is riven;  
Mind, mind alone  
Is light, and hope, and life and power;  
Earth's deepest night, from this bless'd hour,  
The night of minds is gone.  
The second Ark we bring:  
"The PRESS!" all nations sing;  
What can they less?  
Oh, pallid want; oh, labour stark;  
Behold, we bring the second Ark,—  
The PRESS! the PRESS! the PRESS!

## THE FIRST DEBT.

## ORIGINAL TRANSLATION FROM THE FRENCH.

Maurice was a young man who had a thousand times stood on the brink of the abyss, but had never been engulfed. The idol of the saloons, where his opinion was law, Maurice, the penniless Maurice, was, even in this money-hunting age, the admiration of all the women, and the envy of all the men. But this fortune was too good to last. Destiny had in store for him some bitter moments, and when misfortunes pressed heavily upon him, he yielded to their force. 'Tis one of the most dreadful narratives ever penned. I shall be pardoned on account of its truth: truth is so rare, yet so precious a jewel.

One day, after an animated conversation with a young lady, who had come a hundred miles to see him for two days only, she took a pocket-pistol from under his pillow, and placing it against his forehead exclaimed, " 'Tis exactly the length! I have a strange inclination. Remember, sir, if ever you betray me, you shall die by this."

Maurice was a liberal, and yet, although a liberal, he was admitted to all the aristocratic assemblies in the Faubourg St. Germain. There was but one house where he did not visit. He waltzed twice with a rich widow, who was intimate with the family, and the next day received the following note:—

"Madame de Maunaire presents her compliments to Monsieur Maurice St. Georges, and will be happy to see him on Monday evening, 20th Jan., 1829."

This note was in a lady's hand-writing, upon gilt-edged paper, and exhaled all the perfumes of Arabia. At any other time our liberal would perchance have noticed this remarkable attention, but at the present moment his mind was otherwise occupied. He had just parted with his mistress, who was obliged to return into the country. He did not observe that Madame de Maunaire had been a very fine woman, he merely thought that she was so no longer. As for her character, we may deduce it from this history.

Maurice finished by accommodating himself to the lady, and in a short time became an indispensable guest.

One stormy evening he was sitting side by side with Madame de Maunaire. The weather was dreadful, one of those wintry nights when home seems doubly delightful. The baroness's drawing-room was furnished with every thing that art could supply. The thick and noiseless carpet, the velvet cushions, the well-stuffed ottoman, and the tremulous and flickering light of the or-molu lamp, all conspired to produce in the youth that state of mind, and body so favourable to all the softer emotions of our souls. But amidst all this splendour, all this comfort, Maurice thought not of himself, not of the baroness, but of Elvira, of his own Elvira, whom he loved so dearly, and regretted sincerely. Suddenly the storm, the rain, the fire, and the remembrance of his mistress, all became mixed and associated in his active brain. He did not sleep, but could not be said to be awake; he was plunged in a delicious reverie, in that kind of half-existence, where imagination takes the place of reason, and the soul, freed as it were from a part of its earthly dross, seems to throw off the world and its cares, and to admit glimpses of its future immortality. The silver chime of the timepiece announced midnight.

Maurice started at the sound; arose—saluted the baroness, and departed. When he reflected on the silent scene of that evening, he seemed to have a faint recollection that love had been spoken of, that vows and promises of affection had been exchanged.—He thought he had been dreaming of his Elvira. But the voice recalled not to him those silvery tones, every vibration of which had used to thrill through his bosom. He laughed at what he called his foolish dream. It was not a dream!

Between this evening and the dark moment of Maurice's history, several months elapsed.—I, who knew him personally, would here willingly resign my pen. The unfortunate youth was overwhelmed with debts.—Some delay in his usual allowance had first obliged him to anticipate his income. Debts are in a man's circumstances, what vices are in the character; one becomes the fruitful source of innumerable others. Maurice had never been disgracefully profligate. Pride, that source of so much that is good and bad in our character, had always hitherto preserved him. It was not the fear of want, or the dread of destitution that withheld him, but a determination never to lower himself in the eyes and opinion of the world. The moment, however, was arrived, when his resources were no longer equal to his wants, and he found himself on the point of suffering that humiliation which he had so long avoided.

In this extremity, he one morning shut himself up in his room, balanced his accounts, and found himself minus 3000 francs. The sum was to him considerable, but as he was not deficient in energy, he did not despair.—An old friend of his father had often desired him to apply to him in case of need; he did so. The candour with which he disclosed his situation, and admitted his errors, the promises he made of amendment, of separating himself from the world, and retiring into the country, gained the heart of his father's friend. He treated him as a returning and repentant son, furnished him with the necessary sum in bank-notes, talked over his future prospects, and advised his immediate departure from Paris. There was something so cordial in his manner, so affectionate in his advice, that Maurice's self-love was in no way hurt. He took up the notes, put them in his pocket without counting, thanked his generous friend and departed.

Maurice was joyous as an infant; "a good day's work," said he to himself, "and to-night the first ball this season, at Madame de Maunaire's. It must be my first and last. A year in the country, and I shall return quite fresh. I shall go and live somewhere near my dear Elvira. I shall see her more frequently, and be as happy as a prince."

In this disposition Maurice advanced, forming plans for the future, which were never to be realized; and in the same frame of mind he reached the baroness's house.—There, in one evening, he forgot all his prudent resolves. He found such charms in faces languid from a season's pleasures. He loved so much to gaze upon those graceful necks and shoulders, that dazzling as alabaster, and warmed by exertion, reflected the rays of the lamps like watered marble.—He was all joy—all pleasure; he was madly happy. His blood rushed through his veins like a torrent. One might have said he was *fey* (fated), so anxious did he seem to make the most of his short existence. He crossed the card-room without stopping. Some one pushed against him: it was the baroness.—"You have scarcely spoken to me to-night," said she; "as a punishment, come and make one at my table." Excited as he was by the dance, unsuspecting as an infant, and full of his recent success, he followed the baroness, saying to himself, like a fool, "that pleasures, like misfortunes, never come singly."

He had changed one of his notes in the morning, and had fifteen louis remaining.—He laid down five, and lost,—he doubled his stake, and lost again. His fifteen Napoleons were gone. In the momentary impatience excited by his loss, he thrust his hand into his pocket. He met with what at such an hour is seldom parted with,—the packet of notes he had received in the morning, which he had been unlucky enough to put into the pocket of his dress-coat. The touch electrified the unfortunate youth,—the blood rushed to his head. "Will you have your revenge?" "With pleasure, madam," and he flung upon the table a bank-note. It shared the fate of his former stakes. He rose up, and cast his eyes round the room.

A circle had been gradually formed round the players. There were young women there, aye, very young women, who having run the round of pleasure, and found its amusements no longer excite, had come to the card-table to raise agreeable emotions in themselves, by witnessing the suffering of others. There were old women also in abundance, creatures much better acquainted with Hoyle than their Bible, who with one foot already in the grave, still hovered about the *écarte*-table, identified themselves with the players, and grew alternately pale at their losses, and smiling at their gains. There were also plenty of men, titled aristocrats, earls, marquises, and lords; some few intent upon the game, but the greater part more agreeably occupied in admiring themselves,

twisting their mustaches, and quizzing the ladies.

Maurice seated himself a second time at the table; he flung down a second note, and again he lost.

During this time, the dancing continued,—the rattling sound of light feet, the joyous burst of laughter, the inspiring notes of the music, the hum of conversation, and the constant clinking of gold, all assisted to raise in Maurice that excited and feverish state, which, however pleasurable at night, must, the following morn, be repented of in sackcloth and ashes. Maurice lost his presence of mind. "If I lose all," thought he, "I must blow out my brains." He compressed his lips, and drew from his pocket the three remaining notes. He uttered not a word, but with a steady hand and fixed eye, placed them as a stake on the table. The baroness won. "My dear," said a young countess, "it's a pity he's gone. He's quite interesting." "Yes," replied the other, "he is a good loser; but did you observe his eyebrows!" "No." "Oh! by all means, come and see them;" and off they all went, for Maurice had become an object of curiosity. The elder ladies remained with the baroness to congratulate her, and count over her winnings. She sat there apparently as unmoved as when she began, but an accurate observer would have perceived traces of an emotion stronger than what first met the eye.

As to Maurice, when he reached the dancing-room, he eagerly engaged a partner, and joining a *gallopade* which had just commenced, he hurried her round the room with such impetuousity, that had he made a false step, the poor girl must have met with some serious accident. Twice did she intreat him to stop; he either heard her not,—or, if he did, paid no attention. He was like the man described by the English poet, who, to escape from his agonizing reflections, galloped at full speed, in one hour, over thirty miles of difficult and dangerous road, and who, when his horse dropped from fatigue, continued spurring the jaded animal, till he himself swooned with the exertion. Maurice finally took back his trembling partner to her seat. He left the ball-room, rushed home as if pursued by the demons of hell, retired, not to rest, but to reflection, and towards morning fell asleep.

When he awoke, the sun was high in the heavens, the streets were filled with busy citizens. He turned from the window. The careless happiness of the passers-by, seemed an aggravation of his own misery. He began to reflect on the events of the past night. The idea that first struck his mind was, his utter ruin; the second, his determination to die! He reviewed his circumstances, in the hope, aye, the ardent hope, of finding some means of escaping from the abyss into which he had fallen. Again and again did he turn and return in his own mind the resources he could command. Alas! no means of escape presented itself. He could not deceive himself. His father, a man in straitened circumstances, had already incommenced himself to supply his extravagancies at Paris. Besides, his father was too distant,—as to his friends, they were none of them rich,—and if he could borrow from them, it must, one day or other, be repaid. "Death," said he aloud, "Death alone remains;" and the firm tone in which he spoke, was sufficient proof that he was not in jest.

Never. I have courage to quit this life, but not dishonoured."

In the midst of this dreadful incertitude, a letter arrived. He broke the seal and read it, without casting his eyes on the direction. It was a note from the baroness, requesting him, if disengaged, to spend the evening with her. Maurice had forgotten the baroness, or, if he thought of her, it was merely to curse her, as the person who had done him an irreparable wrong. He tore the letter into fragments, stamped upon them with the heel of his boot, and exclaimed with an ironical smile, "To take tea with her at eleven. If not too fatigued after the ball, to go again to that infamous *hell*." The last part of the sentence he uttered in a different tone of voice, and, apparently, with a different feeling; for, after a few minutes, he dressed himself, left his room, and advanced with hasty steps towards the Faubourg St. Germain.

During two days and two nights, Maurice was absent from his lodging.

On the third morning he returned, and what was unusual with him, very early.—His face pale, his eyes heavy, and his whole appearance giving evidence of some inward sorrow, that contradicted the resolved and calm expression of his countenance.

He drew from his pocket several notes, besides gold and silver. He counted it over,—laid aside five notes of 500 francs each,—wrapped them up in a cover, wrote a few lines, and directed them. He then turned to the loose money, which he divided into several sums, sealed up carefully and directed.

He next proceeded to ransack his drawers, took out all the papers and burnt them, without examination. But when he came to a small secret drawer, a visible emotion agi-

tated his countenance. He pushed the spring with a trembling hand, and drew forth a small packet of letters, written in a lady's hand, upon embossed paper. He read them all carefully,—not a turn, not an expression escaped him,—he kissed the packet, and replaced it in the secret drawer. Scalding tears began to roll down his cheeks.

At last Maurice arose, and seized one of his pistols. It was a splendid weapon of foreign manufacture. The very same his mistress had playfully laid upon his forehead, when she prophetically told him his first infidelity should be punished by it. He rammed down the pistol with part of a letter which he had laid aside for the purpose.—He placed the pistol, uttering the name of Elvira, and in a moment ceased to live.

The porter at the hotel heard the explosion, and upon bursting open the door, the unfortunate youth was found extended on the bed, one arm resting on the ground, and the yet smoking pistol at some paces from him. The ball had passed through the brain. He was already lifeless. On the table was found the fragment of a letter, apparently from the baroness, enclosing a check on her banker, recapitulating, in no very delicate terms, the pleasures of their last interview, and anticipating the delights of the succeeding.

Whilst the commissary of police was making his deposition, of the state in which he found the body, a letter arrived by the post for the deceased. It was opened, and added to the *procès verbal* of his suicide.

This letter contained, in the most obliging terms, the offer of a loan. If it had arrived a few hours sooner, it would, probably, have saved the youth from an untimely fate, and restored him to his friends, a useful and worthy member of society.

WANTING A PLACE UNDER GOVERNMENT.—I was called out of my bed early one cold winter morning, by a person coming on business of the utmost importance, and dressed myself in great haste, supposing it might be a summons to a cabinet council. When I came into my private office, I found a queer long-sided man, at least six feet high, with a little apple head, a long queue, and a face, critically round, as rosy as a ripe cherry. He handed me a letter from his Excellency the Honorable Peleg, recommending him particularly to my patronage. I was a little inclined to be rude, but checked myself, remembering that I was the servant of such men as my visitor, and that I might get the reputation of an aristocrat if I made any distinction between man and man. "Well, my friend, what situation do you wish?" "Why-y-y, I'm not very particular; but some how or other, I think I should like to be a minister. I don't mean of the gospel, but one of them ministers to foreign parts." "I'm very sorry, very sorry indeed, there is no vacancy just now. Would not something else suit you?" "Why-y-y," answered the apple-headed man, "I wouldn't much care if I took a situation in one of the departments. I wouldn't much mind being a comptroller, or auditor, or some such thing." "My dear sir, I'm sorry, very sorry indeed, but it happens unfortunately that all these situations are filled. Would not you take something else?" My friend stroked his chin, and seemed struggling to bring down the soarings of his high ambition to the present crisis. At last he answered, "Why-y-y, ye-e-s; I don't care if I get a good collectorship, or inspectorship, or surveyorship, or navy agency, or any thing of that sort." "Really, my good Mr. Phippeny," said I, "I regret exceedingly that not only all these places, but every other place of consequence in the government is at present occupied.—Pray think of something else." He then, after some hesitation, asked for a clerkship, and finally the place of messenger, to one of the public offices. Finding no vacancy here, he seemed in vast perplexity, and looked all round the room, fixing his eye at length on me, and measuring my height from head to foot. At last, putting on one of the drollest looks that ever adorned the face of man, he said, "Mister, you and I seem to be built pretty much alike, haven't you some old clothes you can spare?" "Oh, what a falling off was there!" from a foreign mission to a suit of old clothes, which the reader may be assured I gave him with infinite pleasure, in reward for the only honest laugh I enjoyed for years afterwards.—*Lights and Shadows of American Life.*

ADMIRAL SARTORIUS.—People have been somewhat puzzled to account for the strange name of this notorious gentleman. Sartorius is the name of a muscle, so called, because it is strongly developed in tailors; but we never heard of a family of the name before. In this state of uncertainty we enlighten the public by telling what we have been informed on the subject—viz. that Sartorius is the son of our good friend, old George Rose, by the daughter of a tailor somewhere about Southampton, and that George called the future Vice-Admiral after the trade of his maternal grandfather.—*Age.*

CONSTITUTIONS.—A bookseller in Paris being lately asked for a copy of the Constitution of 1814, replied: "Sir, I keep no *periodicals*."—*Walter Scott's Napoleon.*

Printed and Published by D. E. GILMOUR, at the Star Office, Carbonar, Newfoundland, to whom all Communications must be addressed.—Subscription. ONE GUINEA PER ANNUM payable half-yearly.