DEFINITION OF A POET.

BY R. M'C.

A smiling, weeping, rainbow thing;
A show'ry sunshine of the Spring;
A thing that fain from earth would fly,
Yet scarcely fitted for the sky;
A thing to whom—by beauty given—
A frown is hell, a smile is heaven!
The friend of truth, past contradiction,
And yet the very slave of fiction;
The mortal foe of vanity,
Yet no one half so vain as he;
The idolater of virtue's charms,
Yet often seen in vice's arms.
A thing, though seeming rude and wild,
Ev'n meekness might have call'd her child;
A thing of rapture-beaming eye,
Yet pallid cheek and frequent sigh—
Of threadbare coat, and, what is worse,
An ever, ever empty purse!
A sunbeam in a Winter's day,
But scarcely seen when 'tis away;
A vapor in the whirlwinds pow'r;
A dew-drop glittering for an hour,
A flower that in the shade doth glow,
Unheeded till its head is low!
A strain that sweetly strikes the ear;
But ere we scarcely know from where
It comes—it dies—and we are said;
A trembling star at close of even,
That decks the western verge of heaven
A moment, and is fled;
Such is the poet—such the meet,
Sad emblems of the poet's fate!

The Mysterious Portrait.

In a small but handsomely-furnished sitting-room in a London hotel, a young lady was sitting in an easy-chair before a blazing fire, one dreary November afternoon. Her hat and cloak lay upon the table beside her, and from the eager, impatient glances she turned toward the door at every sound of a footstep on the staircase outside, it was evident that she expected a visitor.

At last the door opened, and a tall, aristocratic-looking young man entered the room.

"Harry, what a long time you have been!" she exclaimed, springing up from her seat. "What news have you brought? What does your father say about our—our marriage?" hesitating with the shyness of a bride at the last word.

"Read for yourself, Helen," replied her husband, handing her an open letter, and standing opposite her, leaning against the marble mantlepiece, watching intently the expression of her fair young face as she read:

"In marrying as you have done, you have acted in direct, deliberate opposition to my wishes. From this day you are no longer my son, and I wash my hands of you forever!"

"Harry, why did you not tell me of this before?" exclaimed Helen, as she read the hard, cruel words, looking up through her tears into her husband's face.

"My darling, what was there to tell? How could I know that my father would act in this hard hearted manner? I knew that he wished me to marry the daughter of a nobleman living near Marston Hall, and so unite the two estates; but I had no idea that he would cast me off for disobeying his wishes. And even if I had known it," he added, fondly clasping his young bride to his heart, and kissing away the tears from her eyes, "I should not have acted differently. My Helen is worth fifty estates, and as long as she loves me I shall never regret the loss of Marston Hall and its fair acres. But, my love," he continued, more seriously, "there is an end of your promised shopping expedition into Bond street. You will have to do without diamonds now that your husband is a penniless outcast instead of the heir to fifteen thousand a year."

"Hush, Harry! Please don't talk like that," she said, hurt at his bitter tone. "You know it was not of diamonds and dress I was thinking. But what are you going to do, Harry?" she continued, laying her hand upon his arm, and looking up sadly into his pale, set face. "You cannot work for a living."

"And why not work for a living?" he exclaimed, in a determined voice. "Because I happened to be the son of a baronet, brought up and educated without any ideas or knowledge of business? But I will work for my living, and show my little wife that I am not unworthy of the trust and confidence she reposed in me when she placed this little hand in mine," he added, stooping at the same time to kiss the small, white hand that rested confidingly upon his arm.

It was while pursuing his favorite study of oil paintings among the famous galleries of Rome, that Harry Marston wooed Helen Tracey, a governess in an English family residing in Italy, and the orphan daughter of an officer in the army. Before he had known her a month, Harry, who had been in love—or fancied himself in love—with at least a half-a-dozen different young ladies in as many months, felt that he had at last met his fate.

Delighted at the idea of being loved for himself alone, he had not told her of his real position; and it was not till after the marriage ceremony was over that Helen discovered she had married the eldest son of a baronet, and the heir to an estate producing fifteen thousand a year.

It was not without some inward misgivings that Harry wrote to his father telling him of his marriage, which we have more than realized by the result, as we have seen by the letter from Sir Philip Marston, which awaited him at his club on returning to England with his bride.

But, full of confidence in his ability to maintain himself and his young wife by his own exertions, and thinking that surely his father would relent and be reconciled to him after a time, Harry troubled himself very little about his lost inheritance; and though their new home—consisting of three small, poorly-furnished rooms in a back street—was very different from the grand old mansion to which he had hoped to take his bride, he set to work cheerfully at his favorite art, and tried hard to earn a living by painting pictures and portraits. But he soon found that it was not so easy as he thought.

It was all very well when he was heir to Marston Hall, and studied painting merely from love of art; but picture dealers, who in those days had been all flattery and obsequiousness toward the young heir, now that he really wanted to sell pictures and sketches, shook their heads, and politely but firmly declined to purchase.

At last, one dreary afternoon, when Harry was sitting in the little room he called his studio, trying to devise some new scheme to replenish his slender purse, the servant opened the door and ushered a white-haired old gentleman into the room.

Placing a chair by the fire for his visitor, Harry inquired his business.

"You are a portrait painter, I believe, sir?" said the old gentleman, looking at him through his gold spectacles.

"That is my profession, sir," replied Harry, delighted at the thought of having found a commission at last.

"Well, sir, I want you to paint the portrait of my daughter."

"With pleasure, sir," said Harry, eagerly. "When can the lady give me her first sitting?"

"Alas, sir! she is dead—dead to me these twenty years. I killed her—I broke her heart with my harshness and cruelty!" exclaimed the old man, in an excited, trembling voice.

A strange chill came over Harry, as the idea that his mysterious visitor must be an escaped lunatic crossed his mind, but mastering, with an effort, his emotion, the stranger continued:

"Pardon me, young sir. This is no interest to you. My daughter is dead, and I want you to paint her portrait from my description, as I perfectly well remember her twenty years ago."

"I will do my best, sir, but it will be no easy task, and you must be prepared for many disappointments," said Harry, when, having given him a long description of the form and features of his long-lost daughter, the old man rose to depart; and for weeks he worked incessantly upon the mysterious portrait of the dead girl, making sketch after sketch, each of which was rejected by the remorse-stricken father, until the work began to exercise a strange kind of fascination over him, and he sketched face after face, as if under the influence of a spell.

At last, one evening, worn out with a day of fruitless exertion, he was sitting over the fire watching his wife, who sat opposite him busy with some needle-work, when an idea suddenly flashed upon him.

"Tall, fair, with golden hair and dark-blue eyes. Why, Helen, it is the very picture of yourself!" he exclaimed, starting from his seat, taking his wife's face between his two hands, and gazing into her eyes.

Without losing a moment, he sat down and commenced to sketch Helen's face, and when his strange patron called, the next morning, Harry was so busily engaged putting the finishing touches to his portrait that he did not hear him enter the room, and worked on for some moments unconscious of his presence, until, with a cry of "Helen! my daughter!" the old man hurried him aside, and stood entranced before the portrait.

After gazing for some minutes in silence, broken only by the half-suppressed sobs of remorse, the old man turned slowly around to Harry, and asked him in an eager voice where he had obtained the original of the picture.

"It is the portrait of my wife," replied he.

"Your wife, sir! Who was she? Pardon me for asking the question," he added, "but I have heard lately that my poor Helen left an orphan daughter, and for the last six months I have been vainly trying to find the child of my lost daughter, so that by kindness and devotion to my grandchild I might, in part at least, atone for my harshness toward her mother."

Harry was beginning to tell him the story of his meeting with Helen at Rome, and their subsequent marriage, when the door opened and his wife entered the room.

Perceiving that her husband was engaged, she was about to retreat, when the old gentleman stopped her, and after looking earnestly in her face for a few moments, exclaimed, "Pardon me, madam—can you tell me your mother's maiden name?"

"Helen Treherne," replied Helen wonderingly.

"I knew it—I knew it!" exclaimed the old man, in an excited voice. "At last I have found the child of my poor lost daughter!"

In a few words Mr. Treherne explained how he had cast off his only child, on account of her marriage with a poor officer, and refused even to open her letters when she wrote asking for forgiveness.

"But, thank Heaven," said he when he had finished his sad story, "I can atone in some measure for my harshness towards my Helen by taking her Helen to my heart, and making her my daughter."

It is needless to add that when Sir Philip Marston heard that his son had married the daughter of one of the finest and oldest estates in the country, he at once wrote a letter of reconciliation to Harry, and, after all, Helen eventually became mistress of Marston Hall in the picture-gallery of which no painting is more valued and treasured than "The Mysterious Portrait."

RUNNING FOR OFFICE.

It is somewhat singular, considering the rough it not the ready road [illegible] so many men enter upon it [illegible] agreeable as well as desirable [illegible] If you ever feel a longing [illegible] and sought with more [illegible] to pick it from every [illegible] and if the other side [illegible] may consider that you are being protected by a supernatural power [illegible] influence. A pretty good [illegible] West thus relates his experience [illegible]

In an unlucky moment [illegible] myself upon the altar of sacrifice [illegible] proved to be a nomination for sheriff, against [illegible] and with a record that made me popular in Bigger County, a nomination by our party has heretofore been equivalent to an election, and I was satisfied. But the dirt-rakers began, and before two weeks I wondered if I wasn't the greatest scamp in all creation. Communications like the following appeared in the opposition paper, and now and then a scurrilous inquiry would creep into our own organ:

"*Mr. Editor:*—Is this Lipnuck, candidate for sheriff, a son of the Lipnuck who was cart-whipped by Mrs. Jenkins, thirty years ago, for stealing her wood? Also, wasn't his grandfather hung in Texas, about 1836, for arson and horse-stealing? It must be. People of Bigger County, will you support a man whose ancestry, if not he himself, is stained with such records. Vote for Dobson, the honest man!"

I was indignant. I asked my wife if she believed the lies, and she said, "No." Then I felt better. I wanted to reply, and crush the dirt-slingers, but my friends advised me to keep quiet. The venom would react, they said, and leave me clean.

This appeared in the Toothorn, a zealous Dobson paper:

"*Editor Toothorn:*—Can the opposition's candidate for sheriff be the Lipnuck who, several years since, was suspicioned of stealing the communion service of the Honey Creek Church? If he came from Virginia, he must be the man who was tarred and feathered for deeds almost unworthy of credence. Can it be that he seeks honest part of our people to elevate him to office? Note asking the suffrages of Christians?"

The editor responded to this with a tack thus:

"He came from Virginia, and must be the man referred to by our correspondent."

I wanted to shoot the Toothorn man, but friends interposed. My wife said that she did not believe that I had ever been tarred and feathered, and that was some consolation. I became suspicious of myself.

"Did I ever steal body plate?" I asked myself. "Was I ever tarred and feathered?"

I feared I was charged with so many crimes that I began to believe that the gallows had been cheated out of one victim.

"Editor Bigger County Toothorn," wrote some villian who masked himself behind the signature of "Justice," "is that near those blows of a whip and the cries of a woman that annoy the neighbors of Lipnuck, the opposition candidate for sheriff? Must a man whip his wife because, as it is said, she deplores the indecent trickery that secured her husband his nomination? [illegible] the honest voter but heed those cartwhip blows, those pleading for mercy, and then if he can, vote for the brute who can so outrage the marital life."

I flushed to the Toothorn office and demanded the name of the [illegible] It was denied me. I then [illegible] molesting every [illegible] felt satisfied. But [illegible] provoked Justice [illegible] Battle in Canadian [illegible] Sheriff's office, appeared [illegible] several papers [illegible] whipped her. [illegible] this last issue [illegible] this filled paragraph:

"To his well-merited [illegible] wife-whipper, plate-stealer, and [illegible] and feather-rider, add those of forger, land-shark and scallawag."

That paragraph referred to me. It was the straw that broke the camel's back.

My friends still argued that the insinuations would react upon the slanderers, and kept me quiet. The election came, and I got—forty-two votes in Bigger County. Another week of such heat, reaction, and Dobson's election would have been his majority. Politics will not do for an honest man. I am now engaged in looking up my past life to see if I am the scoundrel I have more than half believed myself during the past six weeks.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

SOFT GINGERBREAD.—One egg, one cup of molasses, two-thirds of melted butter, two-thirds cup of sour milk, one teaspoonful of potash, one dessert spoonful of ginger, and two and one-half cups of flour.

TO CLEAR COFFEE.—A small bit of isinglass, dried, scarcely as large as a grain of corn, dropped in the coffee, renders it clear and fine. A few dried and put away carefully, will last for years. This is a great [illegible] when eggs are dear.

SPANISH PICKLED ONIONS.—Cut onions into slices, [illegible] layer of them in a jar, sprinkle [illegible] salt and Cayenne pepper, then add a layer of onions and season as before. Proceed in this way until the jar is full, and pour cold vinegar over all till covered. Will be fit to use in a month.

SCALLOPED CHICKEN.—Mince cold chicken and a little lean ham quite fine, season with pepper and a little salt if needed, stir all together, add some cream, enough to make quite moist, cover with crumbs, put into scallop shells or a flat dish, put a little butter on top, and brown before the fire or front of a range.

SOFT CHOCOLATE.—One pound of sugar, twenty eggs; beat half an hour without separating; half a pound of grated chocolate added gradually to the egg and sugar with three-fourths of a pound of starch flavor, the whole beaten a half an hour. Butter forms, and sprinkle them with pulverized crackers, and turn in the mixture.

TO CLEAN HOLLOW WARE.—When you wish to give your pots, pans and kettles a thorough cleaning, boil in a vessel a handful of ammonia for an hour. This removes the grease or coating which old household vessels are certain to acquire from use. Saucepans should be scalded out with boiling water just as you have finished using them.

SAVORY SANDWICHES.—Hard eggs, butter, [illegible] them to become quite soft, [illegible] cream into cold water, if not haste, cheese in slices moderately thick, add a few pickles or anchovies, [illegible] or boiled ham chopped very fine, or any cold meat means convenient, cut brown rolls open thin, butter a slice, and lay the egg [illegible] Very nice for picnics or teas.

TO PICKLE MEAT IN ONE DAY.—Take a tub nearly full of water, and put two pieces of thin wood across it and set the beef on the wood about an inch from the water. Have as much salt as will stay on the beef, and let it remain twenty-four hours, and you will find it as salty when boiled as if it had been in brine for weeks, as the water draws the salt completely through the beef.

TO DESTROY VERMIN.—Croton bugs and red ants can be driven off by sprinkling the floor with pulverized [illegible] a place for them to feed [illegible] mix borax with sugar [illegible] For [illegible] vermin, wash the [illegible] with a strong solution of borax, then sprinkle the same with borax mixed with sugar. When whitewashing your room, add a tablespoonful of pulverized borax to each pail full of lime.

FRENCH CURRY.—Boil one pint of rice in good meat stock for ten minutes; then add a heaping tablespoonful of curry powder [illegible] Be sure to stir [illegible] as well as the rice [illegible] molasses very slowly [illegible]

VARIOUS MATTERS.

Kissing is a said to spread disease. But who wears this leprosy?

A Montreal alderman is credited with having said, recently, "I'd put my hand on my conscience, if I could find it."

Some one said that "Pitts's salve is love." There must be a good many young women named Pity, for they are akin to love somebody.

James Gordon Bennett is taking lessons in Paris. The *Chicago Times* thinks it looks as if the French authorities who have engaged him [illegible]

Here is a gem from a advertisement from the Paris Figaro: "A young married couple desire to know a lady or gentleman without heirs who would give a fortune to some young married couple."

Memory is a fickle jade. A man [illegible] in his own [illegible] dollar twenty-five [illegible] regret all about the five [illegible] from a friend only last [illegible]

A policeman of Washington says [illegible] not seen a drunken man in the streets of that city for [illegible] a year. *Rochester Democrat.* [illegible] Well, he [illegible] will [illegible]

[illegible] Virginia, and must be the man referred to by our correspondent." [illegible] charming [illegible] fact. "Mr. [illegible] Old Dominion." He was very [illegible] ascending to the fire-window in the clock, and coming out the door.

The five-year-old daughter of an Eighth Street family, the other day stood watching her baby brother, who was making a great fuss over having his face washed. The little one at length lost his patience, and, stamping [illegible] said, "You think you have lots of trouble, but you don't know any thing about it. Wait till you're big enough to get a licking, then you'll see—won't he, mamma."

Mr. Stilson Hutchins [illegible] *Post*, remarked in a [illegible] that Satan [illegible] back [illegible] molasses [illegible] slowly [illegible]

[illegible] Jubinal; Finnish, Jumala; Runic, As; Zebublair, Fetizo; Panonnian, Istu; Hindostanee, Ram; Coromandel, Brama; Tartar, Magatai; Persian, Sire; Chinese, Prossa; Japanese, Goozur; Madagascar, Zannar; Peruvian, Pachocammac.

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FRENCH Padding;
A CASH [illegible] HOUSE, MESS DRESSED Hollands
[illegible] LONG CLOTH;
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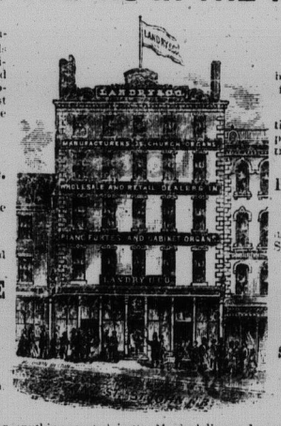

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PLUMBING ESTABLISHMENT,

JAS. CAMPBELL,

[illegible] the past 18 years in the employ of Mr. Thomas Carnduff, begs to inform the public that he has commenced [illegible] on his own account, in his [illegible] premises,

South Side King Square,

[illegible] and, being determined to use none but the best workmen, is prepared to guarantee satisfaction to all who may favor him. Orders [illegible] solicited.

THE BEST PLACE

TO BUY YOUR

Boots and Shoes

IS AT THE

Portland Boot & Shoe Store,

where you can get anything in the Shoe line as cheap as any house in the Trade. I have on hand a large stock of Men's Kip, Grain and Calf Boots of our own make, and [illegible] which will be sold at very Low prices.

dec22 H. BOWLES.

HAWKES BROTHERS,

Dealers in

Ales, Wines and Liquors,

48 GERMAIN STREET,

AND COR. KING SQUARE & SYDNEY STS.,

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

HAVANA CIGARS.

Just received from New York [illegible]

[illegible] Brands [illegible]

WM. MARTIN, Jr.,

Custom Tailor and Clothier

HAS REMOVED

TO

60 MILL STREET,

(Opposite Old Stand,)

SAINT JOHN, N. B.,

WHERE HE WILL CARRY ON THE BUSINESS IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

WHISKEY.

Just received ex "Etruarian," from Liverpool

8 Q[illegible] SELF-DISTILLED WHISKEY:
[illegible] years old Highland
[illegible] Hogshead
[illegible] Pipes
[illegible] Old Irish
For sale low, by

M. A. FINN.

NEW WHOLESALE & RETAIL

WINE STORE.

M. & H. GALLAGHER,

No. 8 Charlotte Street,

BEG to inform their friends and the public at large that they have opened the Store next the [illegible] recently occupied by them as Grocers, where they will be glad and happy to have all their old friends and many new ones give them a call.

By strict attention to business, and keeping the Choicest and Best

Wines, Brandies, &c.,

they hope to receive a liberal share of public patronage.

M. & H. GALLAGHER
8 and 12 Charlotte street.

C. McGOURTY,

City Contractor,

No. 201 Waterloo Street.

Estimates furnished for Excavation of all kinds. A slate will be kept at E. HANEY & CO., Booksellers, No. 49 King street, and orders left there will be promptly attended to. jan6—1y