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## Poetry.

[From Chambers's Journal.]

### "They're Dear Fish to Me."

—A TRUE INCIDENT.

The farmer's wife sat at the door,
A pleasant sight to see,
And blithesome were the wee, wee bairns
That played around her knee.

When, bending 'neath her heavy creel,
A poor fish-wife came by,
And, turning from the toilsome road,
Unto the door drew nigh.

She laid her burden on the green,
And spread its scaly store,
With trembling hands, and pleading words,
she told them o'er and o'er.

But lightly laughed the young guidwife,
"We're no sae scarce o' cheer,
Tak' up your creel, and gang your ways—
I'll buy nae fish sae dear.

Bending beneath her load again,
A weary sight to see:
Right sorely sighed the poor fishwife:
"They're dear fish to me!"

"Our boat was out ae fearfu' night,
And, when the storm blew o'er,
My husband and my three brave sons
Lay corpses on the shore.

"I've been a wife for thirty years,
A childless widow three;
I maun buy them now to sell again—
They're dear fish to me!

The farmer's wife turned to the door—
What was't upon her cheek?
What was there rising in her breast,
That then she scarce could speak?

She thought upon her ain guidman,
Her lithesome laddies three;
The woman's words had pierced her heart—
"They're dear fish to me."

"Come back," she cried, with quivering voice,
And pity's gathering tear;
Come in, come in, my poor woman,
Ye're kindly welcome here.

"I kenna o' your aching heart,
Your weary lot to dree;
I'll ne'er forget your sad, sad words:
'They're dear fish to me!'"

Ay, let the happy-hearted learn
To pause ere they deny
The meed of honest toil, and think
How much their gold may buy—

How much of mahood's wasted strength,
What woman's misery—
What breaking hearts might swell the cry:
"They're dear fish to me!"

## Miscellany.

### Judge Harding's Birth-Day Gift.

BY MARY GRACE HALPINE.

Slowly and wearily Judge Harding ascended the steps of his stately but gloomy mansion. Not one of the many rooms were lighted with the exception of the library, and that used in common by the two domestics. Yet there had been a time when those darkened and deserted parlors had been one blaze of light, and its walls had echoed to the sound of merry laughter and gay young voices.

Judge Harding entered the library, and closing the door looked drearily around.—Yet it was filled with all the appliances of wealth and luxury; the carpet was like velvet to the foot, the lofty walls were decked with pictures, and the wide, deep windows hung with wine-coloured drapery of the richest silk.

A large easy chair was wheeled in front of the fire which gave forth a ruddy glow; across it lay a dressing gown, while on the rug were slippers all ready for his feet. But Judge Harding knew that was the work of Margary, the housekeeper, who, though she had been in the service nearly two score years, feared, more than she loved him.—There was no eye to brighten at his approach no voice to welcome him.

This thought was uppermost in the old man's mind as leaning back in his chair, he gazed abstractedly into the fire. Some years before, God had called to himself the wife of his youth; taken her mercifully from the evil to come. One of the sons she bore him filled a drunkard's grave, the other had been mortally wounded in some disgraceful quarrel. But Estelle, his little Estelle, the Ewe lamb of his flock, loved beyond all others, and yet who had wounded his heart so sorely, where was she?

Ah, well he knew that the December snow was falling upon her grave; that she died unsoothed by the knowledge of his forgiveness.

The iron-gray locks that shaded his temple accorded well with the general expression of the strongly marked features, and which were characterized by a hardness and coldness almost repelling, yet through it could be seen traces of a depth of mental anguish of which weak natures are incapable.

He was aroused from his gloomy reverie into which he had fallen by old Margery, who, opening the door, said:

"There's a woman with a little girl in the hall, who insists on seeing you."

Did she give her name?

"She said her name was Dugald," replied Margery, speaking with evident hesitation.

But, contrary to her expectations, this name hated above all others produced no visible effect upon her master.

"Show her in," he said, after a moment's reflection.

It was difficult to determine the age of the woman who entered. Her hair was nearly white, but her eyes bright and piercing, and her strongly-built frame as erect as in early life. Though evidently a person of little education, her countenance and bearing indicated an unusual amount of will and energy, combined with no little shrewdness and effrontery.

Judge Harding saw all this in the steady look with which he regarded her.

"You are the mother of the late Richard Dugald?"

"I am the mother of your late daughter's husband, Judge Harding."

The proud old man winced visibly at this thrust, but did not lose his self-possession.

"And this is the child of your son?" he enquired, pointing to lovely little girl of six, clad in deep mourning, who was standing by her side."

"This is the daughter of Estelle Dugald, your child and mine, Judge Harding!" returned the woman, in the same sharp and defiant tone.

Judge Harding could not controvert this statement, humbling though it was, but the voice took a sharper tone as he said,

"Why have you brought her to me?"

"Because I have not the means of supporting her, and you have."

"Did your late son have no property?"

For a moment the woman's eyes wavered beneath his penetrating look, then she said boldly:

"Nothing but a mere pittance, which was more than swallowed by the expense of your daughter's last sickness."

Judge Harding's eyes blazed with a sudden scorn that was almost startling.

"Do not hope to deceive me so easily," he cried "There is not one act of yours that has escaped my notice. I know that your son left property which should have descended to his wife and child, but of which you took possession. I know, also, the grudging care you bestowed on the deluded girl that your son deluded from her friends and home. But let them both pass. I will take the child and indemnify you from every possible expense, but only on one condition, that you sign this paper, by which you pledge yourself to abstain from all intercourse with your grandchild."

The woman's eyes sparkled as she caught a glimpse of the roll of bills in Judge Harding's hand, but she still hesitated.

The sharp sighted old man saw quickly the cause of this hesitation.

"I wish you distinctly to understand," he said, "that though I will provide for the child is not my intention to make her my heir; I shall leave her only sufficient to place her above actual want; the bulk of my property will go to some charitable institution."

As Mrs. Dugald looked upon that resolute countenance she felt that he was in earnest, and without another word she signed the paper, and then taking the money the Judge placed in her hand departed.

As soon as she closed the door after her, Judge Harding turned to the little girl who stood regarding him with a timid, wistful look.

"What is your name, child?" he said abruptly.

"Estelle Harding Dugald," she replied in a clear voice, that had a pretty lisp to it.

"Do you know whom I am?"

"You are my Grandpa Harding."

Ah, how many pleading voices arose in his heart at these words; but he crushed them down with a stern hand.

"I am not your grandpa," he said harshly; "you must never call me by that name."

The small red lips quivered and the soft brown eyes filled with tears; but, without appearing to notice them, Judge Harding gave the bell a hasty pull.

"Margery," he said, as that individual entered, "this little girl is the child of Richard Dugald: I place her under your care.—See that she has everything that she needs, but do not let her come within my sight or hearing."

Margery cast a look of pity and tenderness upon the child, who, attracted by her kind motherly face, sprang eagerly to the hand held out to her, and then, with a respectful courtesy to the Judge, she led her from the room.

Weeks came and went. Little Estelle grew dearer every day to the faithful old nurse, who had tended her mother in her helpless infancy.

She obeyed her master's injunctions; though many were her inward murmurs at what she termed the unnatural treatment of the child of his only daughter. This was not difficult, for the house was large, and there were some portions of it that the Judge never entered. Sometimes, indeed, he heard the patter of little feet along the corridor, that led to some remote apartment, or a sweet, bird-like voice, which fell upon his heart like a strain of half-forgotten music, but that was all.

Perhaps Judge Harding's heart might have softened toward his grandchild had she come to him in any other way; if the daughter he had once idolized had expressed any wish that he should take charge of her. But to have her thrust upon him by the woman whose artful manœuvres had made his home so desolate, steeled his heart against her.

She was a pretty sweet-tempered child, with grave, quiet ways, and intelligent beyond her years.

"When is grandpa's birthday, nurse?" she suddenly inquired, one day nearly two months after her arrival

"Let me see," replied Margery, her countenance assuming a contemplative expression: "It is the seventh of this month—and I declare if this isn't the day. I remember it well, for it was also the birthday of my poor young mistress, your dear mamma.—She would have been twenty-four years old to-day, if she had lived. Alack, alack, it seems only yesterday that I held her in my arms."

Here the faithful creature wiped away a tear.

"Well, if it is his birth day, I must go and give him this" resumed Estelle, taking a small package from the pocket of her dress.

"Where is he? in the library?"

"Yes But what are you thinking of child?" ejaculated Margery, regarding her young charge with a look of amazement.

"You must not go in there; Judge Harding will be very angry."

"I shall be very sorry to make him angry, nurse," returned Estelle, with a childish dignity quite in keeping with the little serious face; "but I promised my dear, dead mamma that I would, and I must do it."

Old Margery looked after her with an expression of astonishment, not unmingled with admiration, as she left the room.

"She's a Harding—one can see that plainly," she muttered, as she resumed her knitting. "The old Judge may shut her out from his heart, but he can't deny but what she's his own flesh and blood."

Estelle paused a moment at the door at which she had never dared to approach, and then, as if summoning all her resolution, softly turned the burnished knob, and glided in.

Judge Harding sat in his easy chair, the very picture of dignified ease Looking only upon his surroundings, one would have called him a happy and prosperous man; yet many a wayfarer, breasting the fury of a rude March wind, his heart warm with thoughts of the dear ones awaiting his return, was far happier that the lonely and childish old man.

His face was partially turned from the door, and so softly did those little feet fall upon the carpet, that she had nearly reached his knee, before he had observed her. In spite of his self command, he started as his eyes fell upon that sweet face.

As for Estelle her courage failed her as she met that stern, inquiring look.

"I—I beg your pardon," she faltered; "only came in to give you this Mamma bad me to give it to you on your birthday, and I could not disobey her."

Judge Harding mechanically took the package from her hand, and with a sudden sigh of relief, she turned to leave the room.

"Stay, child," interposed the Judge, "there is no hurry. Sit down.

Estelle quietly seated herself upon the velvet colored ottoman to which he pointed and Judge Harding proceeded to open the package.

It contained nothing but a gold locket, which he well remembered placing around his daughter's neck on a happy birthday long ago; his birthday and hers, whom he fondly termed his "birthday gift." He touched the spring, and it flew open. It was his own likeness taken in a sitting position. Beside his chair stood a little girl about six. One small hand laid trustfully in his, the other rested upon his shoulder, while the softly smiling eyes were lifted to his face with a look of childish confidence and love.

The warm tide of awakened tenderness that swept over him melted every vestige of the ice that gathered around his heart. Conscience began to make itself heard. In regard to their unhappy estrangement had he not been most to blame? Did he not indulge her in every idle whim, until her will grew strong and imperious, and then crub her suddenly and harshly? Had he dealt more gently with with her, would she have taken that step that had wrought them such bitter woe.

As he raised his eyes they fell upon the little form that was sitting where she used to sit so many years ago. What a marvelous resemblance! It seemed almost to him that it must be her very self.

Ah, well did that dying mother know that nothing she could write would soften that stern heart like this mute remembrance of all she was once to him, or could plead so eloquently for her orphan child. Tears gushed from the old man's eyes, and, rising from his seat, he took the child in his arms.

"My dear little Estelle!" he muttered "My precious birthday gift!" come back after so long a time to cheer my desolate home! naught but death shall part thee and me!"

That night, when Margery carried in the tea things, she saw a spectacle that made her kind old heart rejoice; the child of her dear young mistress was sweetly sleeping in her grandfather's arms, whose eyes were fixed upon her with a look of pride and tenderness.

And, giving her a wiser love, a more faithful guardianship, she crowned his old age with peace and joy, whom he took from thenceforth to his heart as well as home—his "birthday gift."

### What a True Wife Should Be.

"Macaria," a work just issued by Miss Evans, "Beulah" renown, contains, among many things both happy and great, occasional expressions of religious sentiment, which we wonder that the talented authoress could have entertained, and much less, published: But to give the readers of the "Conversational" a fit illustration of the genuine good sense (forgetting her prejudiced partizanship,) which pervades the clever volume, we scissor the following paragraph for the benefit of the wife *in esse* and the wife *in posse*: "Noble wives, who properly appreciate the responsibility of their position, should sternly rebuke and frown down the disgraceful idea, which seems to be gaining ground and favor in our cities, that married women may, with impunity, seek attentions and admiration abroad. Married belles and married beaux are not harmless, nor should they be tolerated in really good society. Women who so far forget their duties to their homes and husbands, and the respect due to public opinion, as habitually seek for happiness in the mad whirl of the socalled fashionable life, ignoring household obligations, should be driven from well-bred, refined circles, to hide their degradation at the firesides they have disgraced. That wives should constantly endeavor to cultivate social graces, and render themselves as fascinating as possible, I hold their sacred duty; but beauty should be preserved, and accomplishments perfected to blind their husband's hearts more closely, to make their homes attractive instead of being constantly paraded before the world for the unholy purpose of securing the attentions and adulation of other gentlemen. I do not desire to see married women recluses; on the contrary, I believe that society has imperative claims upon them, which should be promptly met, and faithfully and gracefully discharged. But those degraded wives, who are never seen with their husbands when they can avoid it—who are never happy unless riding or walking with strangers or receiving their attentions at theatres, concerts, or parties—are a disgrace to the nation, which they are gradually demoralizing and corrupting. From the influence of these few deluded weak libels on our sex, may God preserve our age and country! Statesmen are trained up around the mother's arm-chair, and she can imbue the boy with lofty sentiments, and inspire him with aims, which, years hence, shall lead him in congressional halls to adhere to principles, to advance the truth—though, thereby, votes for the next election fall away, like stricken leaves in autumn. What time has the married belle for this holy hearthstone mission? The conscientious, devoted and patriotic Christian women of a nation are the safeguards of its liberties and purity."

Take a company of boys chasing butterflies, put long tailed coats on the boys and turn the butterflies into guineas, and you have a beautiful panorama of the world.

WESTERN EXTENSION.—The 'Colonial Presbyterian' says:

"From Mr. Burpee, who was in town last week, we learn that the survey of the Western line may be completed early in October. It is likely to strike the St. Andrews line about 1½ miles above Toby Guzzle, and 4½ miles above St. Andrews. If the road costs under $2,400,000, of which Government gives $800,000, and St. John, not less, we shall hope, that 400,000, and if another sum of $400,000 can be secured in stock taken along the course of the line, for work done and performed, and Mr. Burpee is confident this can be accomplished, it ought not to be difficult to borrow the remaining $800,000 required, on the bonds of the Company."

From the same paper we also learn:

"Steps are in active and successful progress to establish a shovel manufactory at Lepreaux. Stock to the extent of $40,000 is being subscribed, Mr. W. K. Reynolds being the leading capitalist. The machinery being provided for the Lepreaux manufactory will be adequate to the manufacture of 25 dozen shovels a day, and its power can be increased. The New Brunswick manufacturer can largely undersell the importer. Our Hardware merchants will doubtless enter heartily into this useful project. The state of the tariff in the United States must tend to originate and sustain various manufactories of this kind in the Provinces. We are glad that Mr. Reynolds, with his usual forethought and energy, has taken up the matter.

STORY WITH A MORAL.—A young man who was paying special attention to a young lady, met with the following incident during one of his vis ts:—

Being invited into the parlor to await the lady's appearance, he entertained himself as best he might for some time, and was becoming very weary, when a little girl about five years old slipped in and began a conversation with him.

"I can always tell," said she, "when you are coming to our house."

"You can?" he replied; "and how do you tell it?"

"Why, when you are going to be here sister begins to sing and get good; and she gives me cake, and pie and anything I want, and she sings so sweetly—when I speak to her she smiles so pleasantly. I wish you would stay here all the while; then I would have a good time But when you go off sister is not good. She gets mad, and if I ask her for anything, she slaps and bangs me about."

This was a poser to the young man.—"Fools and children tell the truth," quoted he; and taking his hat he left, and returned no more.

MORAL.—Parents wishing their ill-natured daughters married, should keep their small children out of the parlor when strangers are there.

OUT DOOR ETIQUETTE.—A gentleman meeting a lady should always take the right of the walk.

A gentleman another, should always pass the right.

A lady, as a general rule, should not take a gentleman's arm in the street in the day time. However, it is not improper when the walk is thronged with passengers.

A gentleman meeting or passing a gentleman and lady, should pass on the gentleman's side.

A gentleman should never fail to salute a lady of his acquaintance when within a proper distance, unless she wears a veil, in which case it would be highly uncivil to recognize her.

"Fanny, don't you think that Mr. Bold is a handsome man?" "Oh, no! I can't endure him. He is homely enough". "Well, he's fortunate at all events; for an old aunt has just died and left him $50,000." "Indeed! is it true? Now I come to recollect, there is a certain noble air about him, and he has a fine eye—that can't be denied."

THE London Times says: "There is in Trinidad, only a mile from the coast, a basin of ninety-nine acres, filled with asphalt, yielding seventy gallons of crude oil per ton. There are also springs of asphaltic oil in the neighborhood, and large pitch banks off the shore. It is estimated that the lake is capable of producing three hundred million gallons of oil.

The man whom you saved from drowning, and the man that never pays you what he owes you, you may consider as alike indebted to you for life.

"The man who raised a cabbage-head has done more good than all the metapysics in the world," said a stump orator at a meeting. "Then," replied a wag, your mother ought to have had the premium."

The faces of soldiers coming out of an engagement, and those of young women going into one, are generally powdered.


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