

rated in society, who has not the decency to keep his teeth clean."

Such were the sentiments of the elegant Julia S., and though some persons may think them severely expressed, very few, who have any pretensions to refinement, will doubt their correctness. The truth is, that those who neglect their teeth, have no idea how much others are disgusted when they smile. Some time ago, I was introduced to a very pretty young lady at an evening party. Any teeth are white by candle-light. We entered into lively conversation, and I doubt not she thought she had made an *impression*—and so she had. A few days after, I joined her in the street, and, oh! her neglected teeth! if I had any idea of calling before, it was now effectually banished from my mind. She would, I dare say, have been not a little mortified, if, on returning home, she had found a black spot on her face; yet this my gallantry would have attributed entirely to accident.

ASTEIOS.

St. John, January, 1842.



THE ORPHAN'S LOT.

HER pathway is the wide and open street,
The highway of the world—the city's throng;
Where busied men in wild confusion meet.
By the crowd's pressure is she borne along;
Or hurried to and fro, where the full mart
Throbs with less life than throbs her crowded
heart!

Within that heart are met more strifes than
move

The riot multitude 'mid which she strays,
Whose feet, unheeded of that ark of love,
Trample it downward on their stony ways!—
And the scythed chariots sweep by and crush
'Mid the world's wars;—and there are none to
save;

Or if one, kindlier, to her help should rush,
'Tis but to point a new way to the grave!—
Poor orphan! make thy bed upon the ground,
No more contending!—Death is short; life
long.

What doth the stricken where the hale abound?
Or can the weak make battle with the strong?
Turn back, ere yet the hoof is on thy breast;
And lie thou softly down—and take thy rest!



CERTAINLY it is heaven upon earth to have
a man's mind move in charity, rest on Provi-
dence, and turn upon the poles of truth.—*Sir
Francis Bacon.*

THE CAPTIVE PRINCE.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

"Mine has been the fate of those
To whom the goodly earth and air
Are banned and barred."—

The Prisoner of Chillon.

IN one of the apartments of Windsor Castle, remote from those occupied by the royal family, sat James, the son and heir of Robert King of Scotland. Books of classic lore, those containing the productions of the celebrated poets of England and other countries were arranged on shelves, while a favourite volumes lay on a table on which he leaned. He held a pen in his hand and a sheet of paper lay before him, on which were a few poetical lines, but the free and song of the birds, borne on the summer breeze through the grated windows, by reminding that he was a captive, smote upon his heart, banished the bright dreams that fancy had dreamed up.

Having been made a prisoner by Henry at the age of eleven, while on his way to France, whether his father had sent him that he might escape the danger to which he was exposed by the ambition of the Duke of Albany, he not only retained in captivity the remnant of that King's life, but during the whole reign of his successor, Henry V., in order to procure the alliance of Scotland with France. Henry IV. having had the generosity to bestow on him an excellent education, and possessing a taste for poetry and music, which he successfully cultivated, the young prince was enabled to beguile many an otherwise weary hour. With all these mental resources, there were times when the chains of captivity galled to the quick, and he would have given up to have exchanged his lot with that of the meanest peasant.

He rose and went to the window. The prospect of the Thames and of the surrounding country, dressed in its summer garb of verdure and bloom, was beautiful, and there were times when he could gaze on it with the loving and impassioned feelings of the poet; but his heart was far away amid his native hills, where in childhood he used to rove at will. His eyes grew dim with tears. As he looked at the window to catch the coolness of the breeze on his burning brow and throbbing temples, he succeeded in gradually subduing his feelings to that stern and determined course learned only in the school of adversity, and attained only by those who have the