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POETRY.

THE INFIDEL'S DEATH-BED.

Then must it be an awful thing to die.—Blair

Oh! 'tis an awful thing to die!
To die, and meet an angry God,
Whose Word we in the dust have trod;
A Saviour, whom we have passed by;
Rack'd with the fearful wheel of dread,
The thorns of guilt beneath our head,
It is an awful thing to die!
Past deeds upon our memory staring;
Remorse, like fiery serpent, rearing
Its burning crest, to madness stinging;
And wasted gracious moments wringing
The blood-drops from our memory—
It is an awful thing to die!

Who would not rather live in pain!
Who would not with his misery cope,
And struggle with his woes, while hope
Still sung, though faint her syren strain;
That die, and go—we know not where—
Perchance to realms where stern despair
Shall ne'er unlock his chains again!
Better to bear the farewell parting;
Better to bear our friends' deserting;
Better to be in darkness pining,
While all around is sweetly shining,
Than on a couch of death to lie—
Oh, 'tis an awful thing to die!

The priest spoke comfort to my soul;
He said "the worst might be forgiven;
The guiltiest find the path to heaven,
Their names be writ in mercy's roll."
He little knew it is too late;
He little knew the outcast's fate,
That cries and tears may not control,
The good man's prayers can ne'er avail me,
When friends invisible assail me,
No heaven for me! vain, vain the offer;
Hell is my portion, I must suffer,
And suffer through eternity—
My brain, my brain! Oh God, I die!

MY HEART IS IN THY KEEPING, LOVE.

My heart is in thy keeping, love,
Though seas between us roar;
I dream of thee when sleeping, love,
And waken to deplore—
And waken to deplore the day
That took me from my dear,
But Fate in vain shall bid me stay,
Our hearts are ever near,
Oh, think of me in kindness, love,
And keep me in thy heart—
I worshipped thee in blindness, love,
And never thought to part;
And never thought to part with thee,
O dreamt the day should come
That I a foreign shore should see,
Or leave my cherished love.

There's yet a spot of lightness, love,
That cheers my darkened sky,
Where sunbeams in their brightness love,
A treasured hope supply;
A treasured hope supply to me,
That absence has an end,
And soon—oh, soon may Fate's decree
A Meet-re-union send.

ENIGMAS.

Oh pray can you tell me,
What an artist's been doing,
When 'tis said he resembles
The first step to ruin.
We kill them to eat;
We have them and leave them;
They show when we meet;
We wear them and weave them.

The first run away,
And the second in debt;
The third will delay,
And the fourth make a net.

My whole is a word,
Can you tell me the name?
The you change me 'tis heard,
As 'tis still sounds the same.

We copy the following from the New York Emporium—

SOAP AS A MANURE.—T. Dalton, a silk dyer says, in the London Agricultural Gazette that he uses 15 cwt. of soap weekly, to discharge the oily matter from the silk, and forming of itself a kind of soap, the whole of which yields from 4000 to 6000 gallons of strong soap suds per week. This he has lately applied to his farm, and "its effects are most extraordinary." It has been used only one season, and its result cannot be accurately given, but he considers it more powerful than any other manure.

[From Blackwoods Magazine for December.] MILDRED—A TALE. CHAPTER II.—[Continued.]

To her the scene was entirely new; for though Mr. and Miss Bloomfield probably attended county balls in their youth, they had not, for some years, so far deviated from the routine of their lives as to frequent such assemblies. Besides, she had to encounter what they certainly had not, the gaze of every eye as she passed; and the whispered exclamations of applause. But to have judged from her manner—from that delightful composure which always distinguished it, as free from insipidity as from trepidation or fluster, you would have thought her quite familiar with such scenes and such triumphs. Reflection supplied the place of experience. You saw that those clear blue eyes, from which she looked out with such a calm and keen inquiry, were by no means to be imposed on; that they detected at once the true meaning of the scene before her. She was solicited to dance, but neither the waltz nor the quadrille was at all enticing, and she contented herself with the part of spectator. Her chief amusement was derived from the novel physiognomies which the room presented; and indeed the assortment, comprising as it did, a sprinkling of many nations—French and Belgian, English and German—was sufficiently varied. There were even two or three lions of the first magnitude, who (judging from the supreme hauteur with which they surveyed the scene) must have been imported from the capital of Paris. Lions, bearded magnificently—no mere luxuriance, or timid overgrowth of hair, but the genuine full black glossy beard—faces that might have walked out of Titian's canvass. Mildred would have preferred them in the canvass; they were much too sublime for the occasion. Then there were two or three young English exquisites, gliding about with that published modesty that proclaimed indifference, which seeks notoriety by the very graceful manner in which it seems struggling to avoid it. You see a smile upon their lips as they disengage themselves from the crowd, as if they rallied themselves for taking any share in the bustle or excitement of the scene; but that smile be it understood, is by no means intended to escape detection.

There were a greater number of fat and elderly gentlemen than Mildred would have expected, taking part in the dance, or circulating about the room with all or more than the vivacity of youth. How happy—seems that rotund and bald-headed sire, who standing on the edge of the dais, now forsaken by their Majesties, surveys the whole assembly, and incites the wifely assembly to return the compliment. In the female portion of the assembly there was not so much novelty. Mildred could only remark that there was a large proportion of brunettes, and that the glossy black hair was parted on the head and smoothed down on either side with singular neatness and precision. Two only out of this part of the community attracted her particular notice, and they were of the most opposite description. Near to her sat a lady who might have been either thirty, forty, or fifty, for all that her sharp or lively features betrayed. As she watched her in conversation with an officer in full regimentals, who stood by her side, her fancy was transported to Versailles or St. Cloud. What a caustic pleasantry! What a malicious vivacity! It was impossible to doubt that the repartees which passed between her and her companion were such as to make the ears of the absent tingle. There were some reputations suffering there as the little anecdote was so trippingly narrated. Her physiognomy was redolent of pleasant scandal.

"Tolerably mild,
To make a wash she'd hardly stew a child;"

but to extract a jest, there was no question she would have distilled half the reputations in the room.

The other object of Mildred's curiosity, we pause a moment to describe, because she will cross our path again in the course of this narrative. Amongst all the courtly and splendid dresses of her sex, there was a young girl in some simple striped stuff, the most unsophisticated gown imaginable, falling flat about her, with a scanty cape of the same material about her neck—the walking-dress, in short, of a school-girl. The only preparation for the ball-room consisted of a wreath imitative of daisies, just such a wreath as she might have picked up in passing through a cemetery. And the dress quite suited the person.—There she stood with eyes and mouth wide open, as if she saw equally through both apertures, full of irrepressible wonder, and quite confounded with delight. She had been asked to dance by some very young gentleman, but as she allowed her way through the quadrille, she was still staring right and left with unabated amazement. Mildred smiled to herself as she thought that with the exception of that stripe of white tufts round her head, no larger than beads, which was to pass for a wreath, she looked for all the world as if some spirit had suddenly snatched her up from the pavement of the High Street of Winborne

and deposited her in the ball-room of Brussels. Little did Mildred imagine that that crude little person, absurd, untutored, ridiculous as she was, would one day have it in her power to subdue, and torture, and triumph over her!

CHAPTER III.

Mildred was at this moment checked in her current of observation, and reduced to play something more than the part of spectator. Her ear caught a voice, heard only once before, but not forgotten; she turned, and saw the stranger who had surprised her when, in her girlish days, she was sitting in the minister tower. He immediately introduced himself by asking her to dance.

"I do not dance," she said, but in a manner which did not seem to refuse conversation. The stranger appeared very well satisfied with the compromise; and some pleasant allusion to the different nature of the scene in which they last met, put them at once upon an easy footing.

"You say you do not dance—that is, of course, you will not. I shall not believe, he continued, even if you had just stepped from your high tower of wisdom, but that you can do anything you please to do. Pardon so blunt a speech."

"Oh, I can, I think," she replied, "My uncle, I believe, would have taught me the broadsword exercise, if any one had suggested its utility to him."

And saying this, she turned to her uncle, to give him an opportunity which Mr. Bloomfield, who had heard a foreign language chattered in his ear all the evening, would have gladly taken; but the patience of that gentleman had been for some time nearly exhausted; he had taken his sister under his arm, and was just going to propose to Mildred to leave the room.

The stranger escorted them through the crowd, and saw the ladies into their carriage. Can we set you down anywhere? said Mr. Bloomfield, who, though impatient to be gone, was disposed to be very cordial towards his fellow-countryman. We are at the Hotel de Europe.

And I opposite at the Hotel de Flanders—I will willingly accept your offer; and he took the vacant seat in their carriage.

How do you like Brussels? was on the lips of both gentlemen at the same time.

"Nay, said the younger, I have been here, I think the longest; the question is mine by right of priority of residence."

Mr. Bloomfield was nothing loth to communicate his impression of all that he had seen, and especially to dilate upon a grievance which, it seemed, had sorely afflicted him. "As to the town, old and new, and especially the Grande Place, with its Hotel de Ville, I have been highly interested by it; but, my dear sir, the torture of walking over its horrid pavement!"

"I go mumping all the day about these jagged pointed stones, that pitch me from one to the other with all the malice of little devils; and, would you believe it? my niece there only smiles, and tells me to get thick shoes! They cannot hurt her; she walks somehow over the tops of them as if they were so many balls of Indian rubber, and has no compassion for her gouty uncle."

"Oh, my dear uncle—
No, none at all; indeed you are not overburdened with that sentiment at any time for your fellow travellers. You bear all the afflictions of the road—your own and other people's—very calmly."

But apropos of the pavement, said the young stranger, who could not join the uncle in this banter on his niece, and was therefore glad to get back to some common ground. I took up, in a reading-room, the other day, a little pamphlet on phrenology, by "M. Victor Idjez, Fondateur du Musee Phrenologique at Brussels. It might as well have been entitled, on animal magnetism, for he is one of those who set the whole man in motion—mind and body, both—by electricity. Amongst other things, he has discovered that that singular strength which madmen often display in their fits, is merely a galvanic power which they draw (owing, I suppose, to the peculiar state of their nerves) from the common reservoir of the earth, and which, consequently, forsakes them when they are properly isolated. In confirmation of this theory, he gives a singular fact from a Brussels journal, showing that "asphalte pavement" will isolate the individual.

A madman had contrived to make his escape from confinement, having first thrown all the furniture of his room out of the window, and knocked down and trampled upon his keeper. Off he ran, and no one would venture to stop him. A Corporal and four soldiers were brought up to the attack; he made nothing of them; after having beaten the four musketeers, he took the corporal by the leg and again ran off; dragging him after upon the ground. A crowd of work-people emerging from a factory met him in full career, with the corporal behind him, and undertook his capture. All who approached him, were immediately thrown down—scattered over the plain. But his triumph was suddenly checked; he lighted upon a piece of asphalt pavement. The moment he put his foot upon it, his strength

deserted him, and he was seized and taken prisoner. The instant, however, he stepped off the pavement, his strength revived, and he threw his assailants from him with the same ease as before. And thus it continued, whenever he got off the pavement, his strength was restored to him; the moment he touched it, he was again captured with facility. The asphalt had completely isolated him."

"Ha! ha!" cried Mr. Bloomfield; the fellow, after all was not quite so mad as not to know what he was about. A Brussels pavement, asphalt or not, is no place for a wrestling match. Isolated, indeed! Oh, doubtless, it would isolate you most completely—at least the soles of your feet—from all communication with the earth. But does Mr. what do you call him?—proceed to theorize upon such facts as these?

You shall have another of them. Speaking of animal magnetism or electricity, he says—'There are certain patients the iron nails of whose shoes will fly out if they are laid in a direction due north.'

But you are quoting from Baron Munchausen.

Not precisely.

Miss Bloomfield, who had been watching her opportunity, here brought in her contribution. Pray sir, do you believe the story they tell of the architect of the Hotel de Ville—that he destroyed himself on finding, after he had built it, that the tower was not in the centre?"

That the architect should not discover that till the building was finished, is indeed a too good a story to be true."

But, then, why make the man kill himself? Something must have happened; something must be true."

Why, madam, there was, no-doubt, a committee of taste in those days as in ours. The destroyed the plan of the architect by cutting short one of his wings, or prolonging the other; and he, out of vexation, destroyed himself. This is the only explanation that occurs to me. A committee of taste is always, in one sense at least, the death of the artist."

Yes, yes, said Mildred; the artist can no longer said to exist, if he is not allowed, in his own sphere, to be supreme.

This brought them to the door of the hotel. They separated.

The next morning, on returning from their walk, the ladies found a card upon their table which simply bore the name of "Alfred Winston." The gentleman who called with it, the waiter said, had left word that he regretted he was about to quit Brussels that evening for Paris.

Mildred read the name several times—Alfred Winston. And this was all she knew of him—the name upon this little card!

There were amongst the trio several discussions as to who or what Mr. Alfred Winston might be. Miss Bloomfield pronounced him to be an artist, from his caustic observations on committees of taste, and their meddling propensities. Mr. Bloomfield, on the contrary, imagined he was a literary man; for who but such a one would think of occupying himself in a reading room with a pamphlet on phrenology, instead of the newspapers? And all ended in "wondering if they should fall upon him again."

NEW LOCOMOTIVE.—Some weeks back mentioned, that Mr. George Stephenson, C.E. had invented a three cylinder engine, that is, one with two outside cylinders acting both together the same way and in the same plane, and a third cylinder, with a crank in the middle of the axle, at right angles to the plane and crank pins of the two other cylinders. The middle cylinder is double the capacity of either of the other two. We understand that the compensation by this middle cylinder is so perfect that not the least wriggle takes place at the highest velocities. Its power is said to be such that it starts off like an arrow from a bow.—*Herpath's Journal.*

The Largest and most Powerful Engine ever Built.—It is some 20 years since we heard of the first locomotive with six wheels, which fully developed the advantages to be gained by that number, they being all connected. It was made for the spirited directors of the Stockton and Darlington Railway Company, and worked on that line, until it was found necessary to supply its place with engines of a heavier kind, but of similar construction, which, by the way, was a great step in the advancement of locomotion. We had not heard of any additional wheels being added, except in the American bogie engine until, in the present year, we were apprised of another step taken by an engineer in South Wales—he having constructed a locomotive with eight wheels, all connected. We have seen this engine at work (and really it is a monster, both in appearance and power), climbing up inclines very unfavourable, with loads that entirely baffle engines of any other construction. The designer of this monster is Mr. W. Stubs, superintendent of locomotives on the Llanelli and Landilo Railway.—*Mining Journal.*

Mr. O'Connell has allowed his tenants a reduction of fifty per cent on their rents. A good example for other landlords.

GREAT FIRE IN BOSTON.

About half past 10 o'clock on Thursday night a fire broke out in Boston, in a bowling alley on Haverhill street, between Traverse and Cau-way streets. The cause of the fire is disputed.

The night was intensely cold, and the wind blew a gale at N. W. The fire raged nearly all night, and destroyed from 75 to 100 tenements. Sixty to eighty families chiefly Irish, were turned out of doors. The area of the fire is several acres. Buildings were burned on Haverhill, Traverse, Beverly, Medford, Causeway and Charlestown streets. The fire was stopped at the corner of Thatcher and Charlestown streets. Several shops, stables, &c. were destroyed.

A young man was seriously injured by the beam of an engine striking him on the head, another was run over and had both legs broken.

Bridge over the St. Lawrence.—It is contemplated to build a bridge over the St. Lawrence, for the accommodation of the Boston Rail Road. It can be easily done, although the distance from Laprairie to Montreal is about two miles. The water, however, is not deep. It is designed to make the bridge of 50 spans of 250 feet each.

¶ We learn that a speculator, taking advantage of the news of the rise in Flour by the Hibernia's arrival at Halifax, came on to St. John and this place in advance of the mail and succeeded in purchasing several thousand barrels of Flour, (one thousand in this town,) and chartered the Brig Openango to take it to England.—*Eastport Staff, Jan. 27th.*

BIBLE SOCIETY.—The Annual Meeting of the New Brunswick Auxiliary Bible Society, was held at St. John, N. B., on the 13th ult. The Honble. Neville Parker, Master of the Rolls in the chair. The report which was read by the Secretary, Dr. Paterson, represented the Auxiliary to be in a flourishing condition—its Treasurer had remitted to the Parent Society during the past year, £452 sterling, two thirds of which had been realised from the sale of the Scriptures—the demands for the Scriptures at the Depository had been more numerous than at any former period—the Ladies' Bible Association continues its labour of love and charity—several of the Branches are still active and vigorous—a new branch has been formed at Chipman, on Salmon River—and many Sunday Schools and poor persons had been abundantly supplied with Bibles and Testaments gratuitously, or at reduced rates. After the reading of the Report a series of Resolutions were passed bearing upon the interests of the Society. The Collection taken up in aid of the funds of the Society, amounted to £15 5 3.

WIFE WANTED.—In the Eastport Sentinel of the 27th Jan. some Bachelor, tired of leading a life of "single blessedness," advertises for a wife, hear him—

"A gentleman of respectable connections, and engaged in a respectable business, is desirous of obtaining a Wife. She must be neat in her person, and understand domestic duties; good form, and of genteel figure.—Her manners must be agreeable, and her disposition pleasant. One whose age does not exceed twenty-five would be preferred. Applications, with real name, may be left at the Post Office, directed "X Y Z, at the Sentinel Office."

The Editor of the Sentinel in directing attention to advertisement, says that it "is no humbug." That a wife is wanted. He further adds—"there is an impression, we believe, that we are "X Y Z," but that is a mistake. We are not in the market.

GRAMMAR IN THE BACK WOODS. Class in grammar may come on the floor. Now, John, you may commence.

All the world is in debt.
Parse world.
World is a general noun, common metre, objective case, and governed by Miller.

Very well—Sam, parse debt.
Debt is a common noun, oppressive mood, and dreadful case.

That'll do—read the next sentence.
Boys and girls must have their play,
Phillips, parse boys.

Boys am a particular noun, singular number, uncertain mood, laughable case, and agrees with girls.

The next.
Girls is a musical noun, singular number, conjunctive mood, and belongs to the key with which it agrees.
School is dismissed.

DANCING.—Swift called dancing "voluntary madness." The Chinese seem to think it useless fatigue; for who, Commodore Anson was at Canton, the officers of the Constitution had a ball upon some Chinese holiday; while they were dancing, a Chinese, said the party, "Why don't you let your servants do that for you?"

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