

Original Poetry.

LINES.

The day at length is breaking,
The sun is rising clear;
And Tories they are quaking—
They know not how to steer.
They know their time of power
Right soon will have an end;
They dread the final hour,
And fiercely do contend.

But all their loud contention
Can't set the matter right;
For the people now are rising—
Like a giant in his might—
To burst the bars asunder,
Determined to be free;
And force them to knock under,
The "Compact Family."

Connell, Perley, Watters, Tibbits,
Right nobly do contend
For the welfare of our Province;
They are true and noble friends.
And many other champions
Stand for the people's right;
And Justice is upon their side,
Which doth increase their might.

And why then shall we longer
Submit to Tory sway,
Or any form of Government
That takes our rights away.
We will not barter freedom—
Which is our birthright dear;
And if we act as loyal men,
We nothing have to fear.

Then at the day of trial,
Let every man be found—
That loves his Queen and country—
Upon the Liberal ground.
And then my brother freeholders,
Be to your interests true,
And support the true and loyal men
Who have supported you.

RIP VAN WINKLE.

Grand Falls, April 21st, 1856.

Select Tale.

ONE IN A THOUSAND.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

"I say she's one of a thousand, my mother.—
Such wit, such loveliness, such vivacity."

"Ah, my son, I fear you have in this instance
been led away by outside show. Did I not know
Ellen Varney well, I would not say one word
against your proposal; but I do know her well.—
She is not the girl to make you a good wife. And
were she even an excellent girl—which she could
not be under the circumstances I am about to state
—you would do wrong in a measure to take her for
a wife. You know Lucius Warren has waited
upon her nearly two years; and she has always
given him encouragement until she found you.—
You are no better than he, but he has no money,
and you have. Your few thousand dollars have
attracted her. It is no noble quality she has de-
tected in you, take my word for it."

"You mistake her, mother. She does love me,
well—and for myself, too; for she has told me so
in language not to be mistaken. I tell you she is
one of a thousand."

"But I know her, my son, and I cannot see you
take an unworthy partner to your bosom without
using all my efforts to save you. Ah, you do not
yet know how much your future welfare depends
upon the wife you shall choose. Look upon the
home you would have when your poor old mother
is gone."

"Speak not so, my mother. I cannot bear to
hear you."

"But my son, I cannot always remain with you.
You know that. You have been my only care for
years. I have loved you well, and I know you
love me in return, so all my cares have been joys, and
all my labours for you so many sources of blessed-
ness. But the time must come when you will have
no mother; and then who shall take that mother's
place? When you are worn and weary with the
business of the day, who shall give you peace and
comfort? Remember, my boy, what you will want
for a home. It is not a beautiful face—nor is it
wit and vivacity—though these are worthy qualities
in a woman who is worthy of them. Think calmly
of Ellen Varney, and see if you can find—I mean
not to praise myself, but yet I will ask it—can
find the signs of her mother's home qualities in
her?"

"But mother, you are prejudiced. You do not
like Ellen. You have seen some little thing which
you did not like, and hence you fancy she is not
the girl I think she is."

"I have seen some things in her which I did not

like, Vulcain. I will tell you one, if you will
listen."

"Tell me."

"Then, only last week I was at her mother's.—
While I was there, a poor blind man came to the
door and asked for food. He was cold and hungry,
and his limbs were weak and tremulous. The ser-
vant girl had gone out, and there was no fire in the
kitchen. The only fire in the house, was in their
little, back sitting room. Ellen at first objected to
admitting the old man to the house, though she
thought he might have some food out of doors.—
But her mother saw my look and admitted him. I
proposed having him come into the sitting room
where he could warm himself, but Ellen came nigh
going into paroxysms at the bare idea. She said
she could not remain in the room with such a "hor-
rid creature!" And so the poor shivering old man
was forced to sit down in the cold kitchen and eat.
The door was left ajar at the suggestion of Ellen,
who feared that the "old wretch," as she termed
him, might steal something. In a few moments
the old man's dog came into the sitting-room, and
crawling up to where Ellen sat, he wagged his
tail and whined imploringly. He either wanted
food or drink. She started up and gave him a
kick that sent him crying away to his master.—
The noble brute had led his poor blind owner over
the earth when all other friends had forsaken him.
And this was the treatment the noble animal re-
mained received at Ellen Varney's hands. I was sick
at heart when I came away; but I came not till I
had bade the old man follow me. That was the
man who remained here two nights, and in whose
conversation we found so much pleasure and profit."

"But Ellen—has very sensitive feelings, I
know. Her nerves are not strong," returned the
son, somewhat perplexed.

"And is such the woman for the wife of one who
wants love and care through all the dark hours of
lifetime? Suppose you were sometime to be struck
blind?"

"Oh, mother, you wrong Ellen now. Whom
she loves, she would protect and care for."

"I don't know, my son. I fear, were you to be-
come maimed in body now, she would leave you at
once."

"There, now I know you are prejudiced, or you
would not have spoken these words. I know you
do not understand Ellen."

"I will say no more, Vulcain. I have only spo-
ken for your good, for I fear you do not fully re-
alize the vast importance of the choice you are to
make for a wife. You know what home is; and re-
member that all of your future home on earth will
depend upon the character of the wife. One word
more, my son: Poor Julia Lawrence loves you
truly and well. You should not have turned
from her."

"But I never, never gave Julia any hopes of
being my wife? If she loves me, how can I help
it? She is not the girl that Ellen is. I tell you,
Ellen is one of a thousand. She loves me, and I
love her."

"Very well, my child: I only hope that ere
your fate is irrevocably fixed, you may know ex-
actly how much Ellen Varney loves you."

After this, the son went to attend to important
business, and the mother was left alone.

Vulcain St. Egbert was twenty-two years of
age, and was just upon the point of going into bu-
siness. His father had come over to France at the
accession of Louis XVIII. He had loved Napoleon
and when the mighty hero was banished to Elba,
the elder St. Egbert came to America, and here his
only child was born. When the father died, he
left his widow, in keeping for his son, ten thousand
dollars, also leaving the same amount for her use
and comfort. Vulcain was then only ten years of
age, and since then, his mother had kept him at
school at her own expense, being resolved that
when he came of age he should have his patrimony
untouched for such business as he might select to
pursue.

And now Vulcain was going into business.—
Under the careful superintendence of his mother,
the ten thousand dollars had more than doubled,
and he was now able to buy out one of the most
extensive business places in the town. An old
man had grown gray, and accumulated a fortune
in his store, and he now sold out to Vulcain St.
Egbert. But none in the town, save the youth and
his mother, and the merchant and the attorney,
knew the extent of Vulcain's wealth. Those that
knew him knew he had considerable, but they knew
not how much.

Not far from where Vulcain lived, resided a poor
widow who had an only child—a Mrs. Lawrence,
who supported herself by hard labour, though of
late years her child had been of much assistance
to her. Julia Lawrence was nineteen, and though
not so fair and beautiful as some, yet she was a
lovely and loving girl. She possessed a noble look

—a soft winning nobleness—and it required ac-
quaintance to develop all her beauty. She had
been a schoolmate and playmate of Vulcain—and
she loved him for his noble qualities of heart and
soul. And once Vulcain had loved her; but as he
came near to his commencement of business, and
it became known that he had considerable money,
people began to court his favors. Among this
class were Mrs. Varney and her daughter Ellen.—
The latter had a quick flashing wit, the transitory
brightness of which hid its shallowness. And she
had some outward beauty too. Her mother had
commenced the onset—for it had been calmly plan-
ned that the young man should be caught and se-
cured. She commenced the work very adroitly
leading Vulcain's mind astray. To this end she
brought the whole force of her social powers to
bear, and gradually she made him feel that by as-
sociating with poor people, he was losing his in-
fluence in society. This point was not presented
bare and unrelieved, for had it been, Vulcain's soul
would have scorned the idea; but the way was
cautiously paved for it, and it came upon him
unawares. He was caught and ensnared, and El-
len's influence was thought complete. Vulcain
knew not how Julia Lawrence wept all alone in
her chamber, for he knew not how truly she had
loved him. Ah, he knew not his own heart. It
was in a state of fusion, caught and bound by ele-
ments not congenial to its nature, and living upon
the ideal alone.

It was the first of January when Vulcain con-
cluded the bargain with Mr. Forbes, the man of
whom he was to buy. He paid down seventeen
thousand dollars in cash, and the store with all its
contents was his. That evening he came home and
held a long consultation with his mother upon a
simple subject that he had held in contemplation
for some time; and in the end she agreed in his
opinion.

"And now," said his mother, after this matter
was disposed of, "I suppose in the coming spring
you intend to take a wife."

"I think of it," replied Vulcain.

"And are you still determined to make Ellen
Varney your partner?"

"Of course."

"I wish you could know her better, my son."

"I know her well enough. I have made myself
acquainted with her character, and I like it. And
then her station in society is good."

"Ah, Vulcain, there is a rock on which your
bark may founder. Station in society is of much
importance, I will admit, but stand up now, like a
man as you are—stand up before me—look me in
the eye—and tell me if you want a wife to give
you station in society? You want an honest,
noble-hearted, pure-souled wife, and then, be she
plebian or patrician, her station will be with your
own. You forget your honor when you allow such
a thought to enter your mind. You are what the
world call handsome—your features are noble, your
hair is dark, glossy and curling, and hence has
Ellen—"

"Stop, you do not surely know Ellen Varney.
I tell you, my mother, she is one of a thousand."

"No, Vulcain, it is you who know her not.—
You have only seen her when she was prepared for
your reception. I have been intimate in the fa-
mily, and I know all her domestic qualities. —Oh,
my son, not for worlds would I thus speak of Ellen
Varney, were it not that your whole future of do-
mestic happiness depended upon your choice here.
But we will say no more about it now. Seal not
your vows with her until you have faithfully
studied her character."

Vulcain was perplexed, but he knew that his
mother meant only for his good, and he was not
offended. On the next morning he started for the
city, where he was going to purchase goods, and
Mr. Forbes accompanied him, partly to settle up
his own affairs, and partly to introduce his youth-
ful successor to the merchants of the metropolis.—
He was to be gone a week. On the fourth day of
his absence, his mother received a letter from him,
in which he stated to her that he had not money
enough with him to do quite as he wished to do,
and asking her to send him five hundred dollars.
She did so at once, and wrote a fond letter in re-
ply to him.

That evening Mrs. St. Egbert called on Mrs.
Varney. She found the mother and daughter both
at home, and she was kindly welcomed.

"Have you heard of Vulcain since he left?" as-
ked Mrs. Varney, after various topics had been
touched upon.

"Yes, I received a letter from him to-day," re-
plied Mrs. St. Egbert, in a low and sad tone.

"When is he going to buy Forbes out?" con-
tinued Mrs. Varney, not seeming to notice the tone
of the answer she had just received.

"Well they had some talk on the subject just
before he went away. I think if Vulcain should
look over his account, he would find himself—
well, perhaps he will have to work diligently. A
month ago he felt sure he had a number of thou-
sands of dollars, but from the tone of his letter, to-
day, I am sure he finds himself with not so much
money as he needed. However, he has found a
good friend who can furnish him a little. But I
care not so much about that. I see by the same
letter that he has lost one of his eyes!"

"Lost an eye!" gasped Ellen. "You don't
mean so!"

"He has, Ellen, lost it entirely. But he has
one good one left which he can use."

"Oh, mercy!" cried the affrighted girl, "how
horrible he must look with only one eye. Oh, I
never could bear the sight of a one-eyed man.—
That dreadful socket—all sunk away and hollow!
How did he lose it?"

"He did not write me, but then it will not hurt
him for business."

"Oh, how dreadfully, he must look!" murmur-
ed Ellen, spasmodically. "And he hasn't so
much money as he thought he had?"

"No. He must have been spending money
lately—he must have spent a good deal—I am sure
of it. But I care not for that. He is young and
healthy, and business is before him."

"But one eye! But he can have a glass one
put in?"

"No, that would be impossible. The nature of
the loss is such that art cannot do anything for it."

"How dreadful he must look!" repeated Ellen,
shuddering.

"And do you suppose it hurt him any?" said
Mrs. St. Egbert, severely.

"It must have hurt him. But what is that
compared with the looks of the things?"

"And what are the simple looks, compared with
the loss?"

After this the conversation was dull and unplea-
sant, and ere long Mrs. St. Egbert took her leave.
Two days after that her son came home, and on
that very evening a servant came from Mrs. Var-
ney's with a note for Vulcain. The young man
recognized Ellen's hand, and he opened the mis-
sive eagerly. It reads as follows:—

"To VULCAIN ST. EGBERT.—Dear Sir.—How-
ever painful it must be for me to pen these lines,
still duty bids me do it. If there has been in your
bosom any thought of a union between us other
than that of a common friendship, I hope you will
banish it from this time. I sincerely pity you in
your misfortune, but more than that I cannot do.
I cannot unite myself for life to a man whose very
face would make me shudder, every time I looked
at it.

Yours very respectfully,

ELLEN VARNEY."

The young man read the missive through twice,
and then handed it to his mother.

"In mercy's name what does she mean?" he
uttered.

His mother read the note and smiled as she laid
it down.

"What do you think of it my son?"

"Think?—I know not what to think. You
know something of it. Now what is it? Tell me."

"But first answer me my son. What kind of
love can the girl have felt for you who wrote this
note? Answer me."

"But I must first know what she thinks, and then
I may answer."

"Well—she thinks you have lost one of your
eyes, and that a glass one cannot be put in its place.
And she also thinks you have not so much money
as you thought you had."

"But how should she have thought this?"

"Why, I must confess that I am at the bottom
of it. I was there on the evening after I received
your letter, and upon their asking after you, I told
them that you had lost one of your eyes, and the
only feeling Ellen expressed was horror at the
thought of how you would look. They also asked
if or when you were going to buy Forbes out. I
did not tell them the thing was already done, but
told them I thought, if you were to look over your
money, you would not find so much as you thought
you had a month ago. I also told them you had
to borrow some to get through in Boston; and also
that you had been spending much money very re-
cently. All of which you know is strictly true.—
And if in the results, I meant to deceive, the end
must justify the means, for in no other earthly way
could I have shown Ellen's true character."

The youth bowed his head in silent thought and
for half an hour he spoke not a word. During this
time a new spirit seemed to spring to life within
him. His thoughts wandered away to the lonely
widow's cot and he knew that beneath that roof
was one who loved him. The assurance was not
not such an assurance as he had of Ellen's love