

## Original Poetry.

## FIREMEN'S SONG.

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As firemen bold, when sounds the alarm,  
Or toll of the bell, which calls us to arm,  
We gird on our armor and forth quickly go,  
To combat all danger and conquer the foe.  
At midnight or daylight, at morning or eve,  
We are always ready, steady, boys, steady,  
We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.

When wild gleams the flame, and the arches on high  
Reflect afar the light and re-echo the cry,  
The voice of our captain we all will obey—  
Dear hard on the "brakes," boys, then cheerily we  
Way!"

Our Branchman's aloft, boys, the Hosemen hard by,  
We are always ready, steady, boys, steady,  
We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.

Though panting and weary, and billows of fire  
Roll high o'er our heads, we'll throw stronger and  
higher;

What Perry\* did in France, boys, New-Brunswick  
can do,—

We'll put out the fire with our good Number Two.

At midnight or daylight, at morning or eve,  
We'll always be ready; then steady, boys, steady,  
And we'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.

\* Perry, the maker, Montreal, distinguished himself  
and engine at a conflagration in Paris during the time of  
the Exhibition.

## Select Tale.

## THE FATAL KISS.

BY B. P. SHILLABER.

Serena Lovell was one of the prettiest sisters that  
attended the Sunday evening class-meeting of our  
church, as we called it at the boarding-house, and  
was an object of much admiration from the devout  
and those who were not so hopeful pious among the  
outsiders. Her amen was the sweetest, and her  
singing of the hymn was the divinest that could be  
conceived, and I always believed that her living  
charms did more towards keeping our church alive,  
than all the material which the preacher threw  
into his sermons. It was a silent admiration, how-  
ever, as the loudest never dared approach her shri-  
ned sanctity, deeming that she might vanish, if  
spoken to by profane humanity.

And so the summer wore away. Along towards  
the fall of the year it was observed that a young,  
thick-headed member of the class, coarse and un-  
couth, was peculiarly and aggravatingly sweet up-  
on her—fixing her cricket for her to kneel upon,  
finding the place in her hymn-book, responding  
when she did, and going home with her at the  
close of meeting—which latter was considered by  
our side as being a direct interference with their  
rights. No one knew where she lived, though she  
had been seen in the vicinity of Summer street, and  
it was conjectured that her home was somewhere  
in that vicinity.

About this time I was in company with a party  
of young female friends, one of the best looking of  
whom—it was strange how my young fancy took  
to good looking females; I never could account for  
it on any other ground than that they were good-  
looking—I went home with. We went on the rule  
that the farthest way round is the shortest way  
home, for she led me through streets that seemed  
to double upon each other in a most labyrinthine  
manner. Once we thought we had got lost, and  
went away back, and then we found we had been  
right all the while, and walked the same street  
again. There were shadows on the path, and I  
must confess to the weakness of indulging in cer-  
tain labial sacrifices as we from weariness rested  
beneath shadows that were thickest. At the turn  
of every corner I found that the tendency of our  
set was towards Summer Street, and passing down  
a place that led from that aristocratic thorough-  
fare, as it then was, we arrived at a large stone  
building, and my fair companion informed me  
that this was our destination, backing the remark  
by a vigorous jerk at the bell. The summons was  
answered speedily, and, standing in the door with  
her hand shading the light, that revealed her own  
features while it concealed those on the outside,  
was Serena Lovell, the object of the dreams of our  
circle of worshippers.

I readily accepted an invitation to call, and the  
next evening found me at the stone house, where  
I was most cordially received and introduced to  
the fair Serena, whom I found as sensible and kind  
as her appearance had indicated. She was a char-  
ming girl; with the most delightful fund of fun,  
and sparkled with refined and brilliant fancies, but  
she was only a nursery maid! Our acquaintance  
grew to a pleasant intimacy—a brotherly and sis-  
terly sentiment, such as boys and girls may indulge

in with innocence and delight, which no one but a  
person of impure fancy could imagine wrong—and  
without the least shadow of sin in our intercourse,  
the communion was intensely agreeable and purely  
Platonic. The lover made his weekly visit on  
Sunday night, which I magnanimously gave up to  
him, contenting myself with a majority of the other  
six.

On one of these evenings I was making my call,  
and was seated in the little back sitting-room, en-  
joying a delightful *tele-et-tele* with my sweet sister,  
as I called her. She looked charmingly. It was  
in the warmest part of summer, and her low-necked  
dress revealed a roundness of beautiful shoulders  
that might have awakened the admiration of an  
anchor or an anchorite, and her bright eyes spark-  
led with excitement and pleasure.

"We've had visitors, this afternoon," said she,  
"a whole family of them from New York; and  
such a kissing time as they made of it when they  
met with ours! 'Twas enough to sicken one to  
see it. I don't see any propriety in women's kiss-  
ing when they meet; do you?"

I assured her that it seemed to me decidedly  
wrong; and deemed that kissing was a perform-  
ance that should be religiously observed by the  
sexes jointly, and suggested experiments illustrating  
this, enforcing the suggestion with a practical  
demonstration. One such prompted another, un-  
til a very pleasant pantomime had been gone  
through with, of the most harmless character, de-  
cidedly proving to our own satisfaction, the sound-  
ness of our opinions.

How sweetly she did look as she sat there with  
the "blush on her cheek and the smile in her  
eye!" She was the most bewitching piece of Me-  
thodism I thought I had ever seen, and fully un-  
derstood Tom Moore where he sings—

"Had I such a sweet little saint of my own, &c.

deemed by those not versed in Platonics as slightly  
freelovical in its scope.

Fate owed us a particular spite, and that even-  
ing determined on liquidating the debt. We sat  
sipping the nectar of enjoyment from a "loving  
cup," more appropriately named than Mr. Pea-  
body's, ignorant of the storm that was culminat-  
ing and ready to break upon our heads.

Why was that lover of Serena's walking the  
streets at that particular moment? What spirit  
of love or mischief prompted him to pass by the  
house in which she lived? Why had villainous  
scoundrels allowed the pile of rubbish to accumu-  
late by the wall over against the widow? How  
could he, so dull usually, have thought that by  
getting upon that rubbish he could command a  
view of the room in which Serena sat? These  
questions are easier asked than answered. The  
fact is all I have to do with, without going into  
argument.

Thus we sat, Serena and I, and parted at ten  
o'clock with a kiss for friendship's sake, and hearts  
as innocent of anything harmonious, as Mrs. Par-  
lington would say, "as the babe unborn." Did I  
meditate an assault, while going home, from a  
ruffian armed with a knife, or a pistol, or a blud-  
geon, who was concealed behind a corner ready to  
dart out upon me as I went along? I dare say  
that many of my readers have fancied this, and  
have made up their mind to read an account of a  
desperate struggle—a hip and thigh, right and  
left, up and down encounter,—in which, in their  
fancy, I either came off best or worst, as their  
sympathies have run with the writer. And there  
would seem to be reason for a jolly row, if half  
were true that I have hinted, enough for a story  
long "to be continued," in the columns of the  
Blaze of Literature—and if it were not all true, I  
would throw this good pen away out of the win-  
dow and never pick up paper more—a consumma-  
tion not to be thought of. But no such assault  
was made. The night was still, and the stars  
winked pleasantly upon me as I moved along be-  
neath them, humming to myself the words—

"Since for kissing thee, Mingillo,  
Mother scolded me all the day.  
Give it back to me, my darling,  
Give me back my kiss, I pray;  
Out upon you, false Mingillo,  
One you give but two you take;  
Give me back my kiss, my darling,  
Kiss me for my mother's sake."

I quote from memory. Ne'er a ruffian disturbed  
my equanimity. I slept that night dreaming of a  
flower garden of tulips, that took strangely the  
form of Serena's lips, and I was transformed into a  
big bee, and whizzed around among them with  
a delighted wing, while the lover of Serena chan-  
ged into an immense owl, sat upon the limb of an  
adjacent tree and looked stupidly on the scene.

What business had he there at such a time?  
The next evening, for the third time during the  
week, I called upon Serena. I found her in tears,  
and it immediately suggested itself to me that in  
all the love tales I had read, tears were kissed  
from the cheek, and I applied this remedy with a

success that soon restored my fair sister to a con-  
dition to make an explanation of her grief, which  
lay in offended pride. She recovered too soon I  
thought, and hoped she would cry again, but she  
didn't. In fact she laughed as she placed in my  
hands the following epistle, which I have faithfully  
preserved.

"Fathless Girl!—your conduct is insupportable  
bad in dooin what you did on Wednesday mite. God  
nose I did lov you but yure, pyaty must bee week  
of you can sett still and let a young feller with red  
hairs, kiss you as I see last nite I must ask you to  
give me back my hart and pensel case that I giv  
you and to for get that I ever maid enny moshum  
to go alongst you. Faults gurl agow. I have  
been!"

THOMAS W. LARRABEE.

"False girl agree," said I, "what does that  
mean?"

Serena told me that it was Thomas' way of spell-  
ing adieu, and he was no great shakes at spelling.  
She leaned her head on my shoulder, and I thought  
she was going to cry again, but when she looked  
up, her eyes were beaming with fun, and she said—

"Red hair," said she, running her fingers  
through my locks.

"They are Auburn," said I, "Auburn, and  
though I say it, that shouldn't say it, perhaps, they  
are very pretty Auburn too."

"They're red," said she again.

"They're Auburn," said I, winking "warm," and  
before she had a chance to repeat the red, I had  
stopped her mouth so effectively that she couldn't  
speak it.

Thomas had come around that evening, and  
thought he would take a last look at Serena from  
the top of the pile of dirt, expecting to find her  
plunged in sorrow. He arrived at precisely the  
stage when the last "red" was suppressed, and a  
fearful oath, for a Methodist, trembled on his  
tongue, which he was prevented from uttering by  
a treacherous brick that gave way under his feet  
and brought him with a loud noise to the ground.  
This led to the detection, and, as he saw us look-  
ing at him through the window, he came in, his  
face as white as a sheet.

"Look here," said he to me, "you interloafer,  
you, ain't you ashamed of yourself, you vile se-  
ducer and catamant, to come into a family, like  
a boa-constrictor and take away my girl? And  
ain't you ashamed of yourself, sister Serena, to let  
him kiss you, when I never dared to in my life?"

"Hence, bad man," cried I, with a semi-fran-  
cic flourish, "leave the abode of innocence, or by  
St. Paul, I'll strike thee to my feet and spurn upon  
thee beggar, for thy boldness. Away, nor let thy  
greasy form offend our chastened gaze again!"

"Really I"—he began, evidently startled.

"No more—no more!" cried I, furiously.

"away, away to the mountain's brow. Herein  
your compact ceases, and the vile one who'd dare  
the bond restore, I'd plunge in the pool of lower  
Tartarus, and rend the concave with protestations  
of his enormity."

"Really I"—said he, backing to the door.

"Hence, direful cobbler!" cried I, "and to the  
infuriate winds below the story of thy love—  
Bah!"

He disappeared through the door, and "I saw  
him not again," as John Bunyan writes. Serena  
laughed prodigiously. As soon as he was gone,  
my first impulse was to propose to take the place  
of the departed, as a lover; my second impulse  
was to do a such thing, and I didn't.

The rejected lover was a vengeful man. He re-  
ported Serena's conduct at a church meeting, which  
was discussed, and a committee composed of the  
elder members of the church appointed to wait  
upon her and talk with her, which they did. She  
protested that she was guilty of nothing, for which  
she was suspended for a year.

Serena never married, and whenever we meet  
we talk over the events of that time, though they  
lost her a stupid husband. She lives in single bles-  
sedom and laughs as heartily as ever. She has  
very fine teeth.—*Ever. Gazette.*

## Miscellaneous.

OCCUPATION.—What a glorious thing is occupa-  
tion for the human heart! Those who work hard  
seldom yield themselves up to fancied or real sor-  
row. When grief sits down, folds its hands, and  
mournfully feeds upon its own tears, weaving the  
dim shadows, that a little exertion might sweep  
away, into a funeral pall, the strong spirit is shorn  
of its might, and sorrow becomes our master.—  
When troubles flow upon you, dark and heavy,  
toil not with the waves—wrestle not with the tor-  
rent! rather seek, by occupation, to divert the  
dark waters that threaten to overwhelm you into  
a thousand channels, which the duties of life al-  
ways present. Before you dream of it, those waters  
will fertilize the present, and give birth to fresh  
flowers that may brighten the future—flowers that

will become pure and holy, in the sunshine which  
penetrates to the path of duty, in spite of every ob-  
stacle. Grief, after all, is but a selfish feeling;  
and most selfish is the man who yields himself to  
the indulgence of any passion which brings no joy  
to his fellow-men.

OLD ENGLISH MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.—Let us  
consider a little of the domestic economy of our  
forefathers, and see if the fancies in which some  
writers have indulged about the hospitable plenty  
and comfort that always reigned in the houses of  
the worshippers of the land are warranted by the  
facts of the case. The roast beef of old England,  
"the very fame of whose name has grown into our  
being," was positively unheard of. The only use  
that beeves were of, was undoubtedly to salt and  
boil; bread was a great luxury, not in common use  
even by the nobles; and as to nut-brown ale, what  
could it have been before the time of Henry VII.,  
when hops were first introduced into this country?  
The records of the Percy family, in the time of  
Henry VII., show the extreme coarseness of the  
mode of living; and an extract or two from the  
household book of that famous family will give a  
better idea of the manner in which the most famous  
noble of the time lived, than anything else I know  
of. The permanent household numbered 166 per-  
sons, and the average of guests was fifty; and the  
whole of the washing for these 216 persons was, for  
one year 40s. (a sum probably equal to £40 in the  
present day,) most of which was for chapel linen.—  
From Midsummer to Michaelmas was the only time  
they indulged in fresh meat; and the instructions  
says, "My lord has on his table, for breakfast, at  
seven in the morning, a quart of beer and wine,  
two pieces of salt flesh, six red herrings, four white  
ones; and on flesh days, half a chine of beef or  
mutton boiled." At dinner, men ranking as knights  
had a table cloth, which was washed once a month  
and as they had no napkins, and the fingers were  
extensively used in feeding, this portion at least  
of their linen must have been in a delightful con-  
dition. Until the thirteenth century, straw was  
the bed of Kings; and before that date the King  
and his family slept in the same chamber. The  
first change was to throw a coverlet over the sleep-  
er—then another was used, and the persons un-  
dressed, their linen being substituted for blankets.  
Beatrice says she would "as lief sleep in the woolen;"  
which shows, I think, that such a thing was done  
even in Shakespeare's time. The use of nothing  
but coarse, dirty woolen next the skin, seldom  
changed, and the heavy, exciting nature of the  
highly-salted food on which all lived, of course  
tended to produce those diseases for which hospitals  
were founded in this city, as in most others.—*The  
Builder.*

GAIT AN INDICATION OF CHARACTER.—Observing  
persons move slow—their heads move alternately  
from side to side, while they occasionally stop and  
turn round.—Careful persons lift their feet high,  
and place them flat and firm. Sometimes they  
stoop down, pick up some little obstruction, and  
place it quietly by the side of the way. Calcula-  
ting persons generally walk with their hands in  
their pockets and their heads slightly inclined.—  
Modest persons generally step softly for fear of be-  
ing observed. Timid persons often step off from  
the side walk on meeting another, and always go  
round a stone, instead of stepping over it. Wide  
awake persons "toe out," and have a long swing  
to their arms, while their hands shake about mis-  
cellaneously.—Careless persons are forever stubbing  
their toes. Lazy persons scrape about loosely with  
their heels, and are first upon one side of the walk  
and then on the other. Very strong minded per-  
sons have their toes directly in front of them, and  
have a kind of a stamp movement. Unstable per-  
sons walk fast and slow by turns. Venturous per-  
sons try all roads, frequently climb the fences in-  
stead of going through the gate, and never let  
down a bar. One-idea persons and very selfish  
ones "toe in." Cross persons are apt to hit their  
knees together. Good natured persons snap their  
thumb and finger every few steps. Fun-loving  
persons have a kind of a jig movement. Absent  
minded persons often take the wrong road, and  
sometimes find themselves up to their knees in a  
mud-puddle, although the sidewalks are excellent.  
Dignified men move slow, and erect. Fast persons  
cut across the corner, kick every dog they meet,  
knock down the little children, run against the  
ladies, and hit every twelfth man's ribs with their  
elbows. Very neat men occasionally stop to wipe  
the dust from their boots—their hands hang by  
their sides.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF CHINA.—China is the most  
populous and ancient empire in the world; it is  
1,390 miles long and 1,030 wide. Population from  
800,000,000 to 360,000,000. The capital is Peking,  
with 1,000,000 inhabitants; next Nankin, 1,000,  
000 and Canton 1,000,000. China produces tea,