

Poetry.

APRIL FOOLS.

He who mourneth day by day
That his youth doth pass away
Like the blossoms on the tree,
Sure an April fool must be:
For the blossoms fade and die
That the tree may fruit supply;
So youth fled, we e'er should find
Fruitful wisdom left behind.

He who lives to garner gold,
Selling what should ne'er be sold,
Bartering peace for dross, why he
Sure an April fool must be!
Many who'd have mourned their end
Will rejoice that they may spend;
For the ingots he may save,
None will bury in his grave.

He who spurns the horny hand,
Throwing loom or tilling land,
Treating labor scornfully—
Sure an April fool is he!
Were the loom of toil bereft,
Spider would weave warp and weft;
Earth and labour are allied—
Thriftless groom makes thriftless bride.

He who thinks that Time hath done,
All for which time was begun,
Nor its ownrd course doth see,
Sure an April fool must be!
Night but slowly melts away,
Daylight cometh ray by ray;
Time must work creation's plan,
And MAN be victor over MAN.

Select Tale.

MR. BROWN'S MISHAPS.

We don't know when we have laughed more heartily than at the following, which we find in an exchange, under the caption of "Mr. Brown's mishaps."

Mr. Eliphalet Brown was a bachelor of thirty-five or thereabouts; one of those men who seem born to pass through the world alone. Save this peculiarity, there was nothing to distinguish Mr. Brown from the multitude of other Browns, who are born, grow up and die in this world of ours.—It chanced that Mr. Brown had occasion to visit a town some fifty miles distant, on matters of business. It was his first visit to the place, and he proposed stopping a day, in order to give himself an opportunity to look about. Walking leisurely across the street, he was all at once accosted by a child, who exclaimed—

"Father, I want you to buy me some candy!"

"Father?" Was it possible that he, a bachelor, was addressed by that title? He could not believe it.

"Who were you speaking to, my dear?" inquired he, of the little girl.

"I spoke to you, father," said the little girl, surprised.

"Really," thought Mr. Brown, "this is very embarrassing." "I am not your father, my dear," he said. "What is your name?"

The child laughed heartily, evidently thinking it a good joke. "What a funny father you are," she said; "but ain't you going to buy me some candy?"

"Yes, yes; I'll buy you a pound; if you don't call me father any more," said Brown nervously.

The little girl clapped her hands with delight. The promise was all she remembered. Mr. B. proceeded to a confectionary shop, where he actually bought a pound of candy, which he placed in the hands of the little girl. In coming out of the store they encountered the child's mother.

"Oh, mother," said the little girl, "just see how much candy father has bought me."

"You shouldn't have bought her so much at a time, Mr. Jones," said the lady. "I am afraid she will make herself sick. But how did you get home so quick. I did not expect you until after dark."

"Jones—I—madam," said the embarrassed Mr. Brown, "it's all a mistake; I ain't Jones at all. It isn't my name. I am Eliphalet Brown of W—, and this is the first time I ever came to this city."

"Mr. Jones, what has put this silly tale into your head? You have concluded to change your name, have you? Perhaps it is your intention to change your wife?"

Mrs. Jones' tone was defiant, and this only tended to increase Mr. Brown's embarrassment.

"I haven't any wife, madam, I never had any. On my word as a gentleman, I never was married."

"And do you intend to palm this off upon me?" said Mrs. Jones, with excitement. "If you are not married, I should like to know who I am?"

"I have no doubt you are a most respectable lady," said Mr. Brown, "and I conjecture from

what you have said, that your name is Jones; but mine is Brown, madam, and always was."

"Melinda," said her mother, suddenly taking the child by the arm, and leading her up to Mr. Brown, "Melinda, who is this gentleman?"

"Why, that's father," was the child's immediate reply, as confidently she placed her hand in his.

"You hear that, Mr. Jones, do you? You hear what that innocent child says, and yet you have the unblushing impudence to deny that you are my husband! The voice of nature speaking from the child should overwhelm you. I'd like to know if you are not her father, why you are buying candy for her? I would like to have you answer that.—But I presume you never saw her in your life."

"I never did. On my honor, I never did. I told her I would give her the candy if she would not call me father any more."

"You did, did you? Bribe your own child not to call you father? Oh, Mr. Jones! Do you intend to desert me, sir, and leave me to the cold charities of the world—and is this your first step!"

Mrs. Jones was so overcome that without warning, she fell back upon the sidewalk in a fainting fit. Instantly a number of persons ran to her assistance.

"Mr. Jones, is your wife subject to fainting in this way?" asked the first comer of Mr. Brown.

"I don't know. She isn't my wife. I don't know anything about her," stammered Brown.

"Why it's Mrs. Jones, ain't it?"

"Yes, but I ain't Mr. Jones?"

"Sir," said the first speaker sternly, "this is no time to jest. I trust you are not the cause of the excitement which must have occasioned your wife's fainting fit. You had better call a coach, and carry her home directly."

Poor Brown was dumb-founded. "I wonder," thought he, "whether it is possible that I am really Jones, and have gone crazy, in which I fancy that my name is Brown. And yet I don't think that I am Jones. In spite of all, I will insist that my name is Brown."

"Well, sir, what are you waiting for. It is necessary that your wife should be removed. Will you order a carriage?"

Brown saw it was no use to protract the discussion by a denial. He therefore ordered a hackney coach to the spot. Brown accordingly lent an arm to Mrs. Jones, who had somewhat recovered, and was about to close the door upon her.

"What! are you not going with her yourself?"

"Why no; why should I?"

"Your wife should not go alone; she has hardly recovered."

Brown gave a despairing glance at the crowd around him, and deeming it useless to make opposition where so many seemed thoroughly convinced that he was Mr. Jones, followed the lady in.

"Where shall I drive?" asked the whip.

"I—I don't know," said Mr. Brown. "Where would you wish to be carried, Mrs. Jones?"

"Home, of course," murmured Mrs. Jones.

"Where is that?" asked the whip.

"I don't know," said Brown.

"No. 19, II—street," said the gentleman already introduced, glancing contemptuously at Mr. Brown.

"Will you help me out, Mr. Jones?" said the lady. "I am not fully recovered from the fainting fit to which you cruelly drove me."

"Are you quite sure that I am Mr. Jones?" asked Mr. Brown, with anxiety.

"Of course," said Mrs. Jones.

"Then," said he resignedly, "I suppose I am. But if you will believe me, I was firmly convinced this morning that my name was Brown, and to tell the truth, I haven't any recollection of this House."

Brown helped Mrs. Jones in the parlour; but conceive the astonishment of all, when a man was discovered seated in an arm-chair, who was the very *fac simile* of Mr. Brown, in form, feature, and every other respect!

"Gracious!" ejaculated the lady, "which—is my husband?"

An explanation was given, the mystery cleared up, and Mr. Brown's pardon sought for the embarrassing mistake. It was freely accorded by Mr. Brown, who was quite delighted to think that he after all was not Mr. Jones, with a wife and child to boot. Mr. Brown has not since visited the place where the "Comedy of Errors" happened. He was afraid of losing his identity.

It was a fortunate thing, perhaps, for Mr. Jones, that he happened to be at home, just at that particular time.

We understand that the nominations for this City and County will take place on Saturday, the 18th inst.—that the Election for the County will be on Thursday, the 23d, and that for the city on Friday, the 24th—and that Saturday, the 25th, will be declaration day for both City and County. *Courier.*

Miscellaneous.

Strange notions sometimes take possession of shrewd men's minds. And strange notions take possession of dull men's minds. A dull man may stick to the text that the British Constitution and the Parliamentary system, and the members of the Imperial Parliament are the Palladium of British liberty, and all that sort of thing. But it takes a shrewd man to discover the exact time when the British House of Commons may be called venal and corrupt, and almost every member of it may be stigmatized as a mere partizan, place hunter, bribe, or bribed, and when it should be held up to the admiration of eager eulogists as a model of representative machinery, and its members, models of disinterested patriotism. Last summer, when some of the papers were decrying certain acts of gross bribery at a not very ancient election for the English University of Cambridge, it suited the purpose of a journal not distinguished for any violent love of representative institutions after the British model, to hold up the Imperial Parliament as a nest of political adventurers, who practised bribery in such a matter-of-course manner, as to make it the natural cause of their election. Now it suits the purpose of the same journal, along with some of its obtuse cotemporaries, to represent the members of the House of Commons as models of disinterested patriotism. Even the "canting" Mr. Gladstone, and the Manchester school of Economists, must share in the new favors, of the bestowal of which it seems a pity they will never be aware. Surely "great things from little causes spring," and if a great organ of the press can be converted to the belief of anything patriotic coming forth from a British House of Commons, all the confusion in New Brunswick, which seems to have caused the conversion, will be very cheap.

But though we are very thankful for panegyrics on the virtues of members of the House of Commons, though we are inclined to take the laudations of them from certain sources without hypercriticism, it seems to us that a comparison of our late House of Assembly with that House, our Government with the British Government, and our Opposition with the Opposition headed by Lord John Russell, Mr. Cobden, Mr. D'Israeli, and Mr. Gladstone, is a little far-fetched. In no one point can we discover the slightest resemblance between the Governments of the Home country and this, consequently the tactics of the two Oppositions were necessarily different. In the first place it must require an imagination of unusual fertility to create Lord Palmerston as a canvasser on his own behalf, stuffing the ears of credulous farmers with stories about the intention of Lord John Russell if he got into office to put a heavy tax on every man's cow. We need hardly say that the British Premier never went about the country accusing his predecessors in office, with doing everything they could to ruin the country, in short condemning their entire policy in the most vehement terms. Though his Lordship undoubtedly differed from Lord Aberdeen on the conduct of the Russian War, we never heard that as soon as he got into office he carried out Lord Aberdeen's policy almost to the letter, or that he pretended he would do so. To come to the recent sessions of the two Parliaments, we are not aware that Lord Palmerston's Government was saved on a vote of want of confidence, by the vote, and humiliated by the abuse of the Hon. Mr. Lefevre, the Speaker we have not heard that the Premier charged Mr. Cobden with being "ticketed £5000 sterling per annum," or Lord John Russell with being a disappointed place hunter. We are not aware that, on any occasion, Lord Palmerston refused to answer questions, and on the House of Commons dividing against him, quietly pocketing the affront, and giving the required information. We are not aware that the Premier of England said he was afraid the Opposition was too strong to allow him to introduce measures required by the country and therefore he would renew or revive old laws. And we never heard of the Speaker of the House of Commons stating his opinion on a matter under discussion before dinner, and after dinner changing that opinion in order to make it square with the views of the ministry. We have no reason to suppose that Lord Palmerston ever declined to discuss a Bill which the Opposition had declared its intention not to make a party measure. We do not remember any British ministry which was afraid to introduce every measure it had foreshadowed in the speech from the throne. Finally, Lord Palmerston's position when he announced to the House of Commons Her Majesty's intention to dissolve Parliament was widely different from that of the Hon. Attorney General, in our House. Lord Palmerston stood defeated on a single foreign fact; it could hardly be called a trial of his foreign policy. He stood defeated after several previous victories, after having secured a large majority of the House

of Commons on the most difficult question of the session, the Budget. The Hon. Mr. Gray stood before the House of Assembly of which but half had supported him on a direct condemnatory vote, after no victory, after one defeat, after having made several compromises as disastrous as defeats, and with the sure passage of a vote of want of confidence staring him in the face. Lord Palmerston's general policy was not condemned. The Hon. Mr. Gray's policy had been most unequivocally condemned.—Lord Palmerston said he should dissolve but would first provide for the necessities of the country. The Hon. Mr. Gray said he should dissolve, but he forgot the necessities of the country, because probably he was sufficiently occupied with his own necessities. The Opposition to Lord Palmerston at once acceded to his propositions. The Attorney General did not give our Opposition a chance of doing so, and when Mr. Smith, in order to accomplish that which Lord Palmerston provided for and Mr. Gray forgot, moved that Government, being in a minority and the supplies ungranted, ought to resign instead of dissolving, members were put up factiously to speak against him, and the Governor was sent for in a hurry to save the Ministry. What his Excellency the Lieutenant Governor thinks of Her Majesty's Advisers here, we cannot venture to say, but we may safely assert that had it been possible, for the Palmerston Administration to have acted as our Administration have done, his lordship and his colleagues would have been despised by every honest man in Britain.—*Leader.*

There is in the hands of a Speaker of the English House of Commons more power of displaying party prejudice and predilection than a cursory observer of its proceedings would imagine. For instance, the privilege of reply is supposed to be accorded to the member who first catches the Speaker's eye.—But even Speakers' eyes are occasionally accommodating, and some of Mr. Lefevre's predecessors have been known, after a brilliant speech of one of their own party, to select among a host of candidates for reply some one least or little competent for the conflict. Indeed, they have often carried party feeling even beyond this, and it may be remembered that Mr. Manners Sutton, afterwards created Lord Canterbury, but a few years Mr. Lefevre's predecessor, was voted out of the chair for having taken an active part in the intrigues for the destruction of the Whig Government in 1834. But though in his private opinions a Liberal in the most enlarged and popular sense, having voted when a member for the ballot and short parliaments, Mr. Lefevre was never known, during the long period of eighteen years in which he has presided over the House of Commons—a period, too, full of momentous political change and violent party struggle—to have exhibited the smallest party predilection. So strong was the feeling of his impartiality and fitness even among those who held different political views, that Sir Robert Peel, though commanding a majority of over one hundred in 1842, did not venture to propose a candidate from his party to replace Mr. Shaw Lefevre.—*New York Tribune.*

The Delegates from Newfoundland had an opportunity yesterday of explaining the objects of their mission to the people of St John. They were received with great courtesy by some of our principal merchants and listened to with much attention. We are still of opinion, that they take a much too limited view of the British Government. It must not be forgotten that the people at home have an interest in this fishing question, second only to that of the inhabitants of Newfoundland, that a large amount of home capital is engaged in the fisheries, and that a large portion of the food is derived from them. When the delegates attribute to the Colonial Office a desire to propitiate France, at the expense of Newfoundland, they do that office, apparently to us, a manifest injustice. We are satisfied that their case has only to be put to the Home authorities, with firmness and moderation, to meet with respect, attention and success. We believe that there is considerably more in this question than has yet been explained to us, and we shall wait with anxiety to hear what is said on the subject, in the House of Commons. Neither the people of great Britain, nor the Government would condescend to propitiate any nation, however, by the sacrifice of Colonial interests, and it would seem that this is sufficiently guaranteed by the fact that the convention so much complained of is of no effect until it shall have received the sanction of the Colonial Legislature. With such a reference staring us in the face, it is a gratuitous insult to the Mother Country, to say she will override the decision of the Local Legislature, an assertion for which we have not been able to discover the shadow of ground.—*Leader.*

IS THERE A MAELSTROM.—This question has again been raised by the Scientific American. Every school boy of the last century has been taught to