

LITERATURE, &c.

The British Magazines.

From the London People's Journal.

THOUGHTS.

BY MARY OSBORN.

What various visitors have thronged
The halls of my heart to day!
Some in purple robes of pomp,
And some in humble grey.

Some have come like unexpected friends,
And entered with a smile;
Cheering with words of wisdom,
My lonely soul awhile.

And some have come—sad visitants!
Spirits of woe and care—
With weeping eyes and darkened brows,
Aye, dark as black Despair.

Spirits of departed hours
With silent steps have come,
Bearing sighs from the tomb of the past—
Words that have struck me dumb.

And some have come—the children of
love—
Ah, how the minutes sped,
In converse with those blessed guests,
Which now, alas! are fled.

And Hope's bright daughters have been
here,
Talking of futurity:
Oh! how their words inspired my soul,
As some sweet melody.

Some, solemn as wayfaring saints,
Have called and rested there;
They breathed soft benedictions,
And whispered words of prayer.

Some in the angel form of Faith,
Of all most beautiful!
They pointed my earth bent eyes to Hea-
ven,
Whispering 'all things are possible.'

From Copley's Cottage Comforts.

FALSEHOOD ITS OWN PUNISH-
MENT.

HANNAH PERRY was the daughter of poor cottagers, who, having no good principles themselves, were unable to instil them into their children. The mother was in the constant habit of telling lies to the father, to account for the money she squandered away in gin, in snuff, in ounces of fine tea, and quarters of fresh butter, and in a variety of other thoughtless ways, by which many of the poor make bad circumstances worse, impose upon the charitable and humane, and become burdensome to the parish, when they might maintain themselves decently by their own industry, if they chose.

When Hannah perceived that her father was deceived, she began to think lying a very convenient thing; for she had not learned to consider, that it is the offspring of vice and the parent of misery. Being a girl of quick parts, she soon became as dexterous as her mother, in every kind of deceit and falsehood. She often obtained her parents' praises for the tricks she practised on them—ho, they thought them so droll and so clever. 'Ho, Hannah! what a liar you are girl,' the father said laughingly, clapping her on the back; and the mother used to observe, that it was a hundred to one but her girl would get on in the world by hook or by crook.

In course of time, she went into the world to try her fortune; of course she was extremely ignorant, but naturally very sharp, so that, in general, she required to see a thing done but once, to be able to do it herself. She had a sort of pride which delighted in performing things well; not so much to serve and oblige her mistress, as to set herself off, and to show how clever she was; and though brought up in a dirty way, she soon discovered that to be thought clever, it was necessary that she should be cleanly. Cleanly, therefore, she became; and as idleness formed no part of her character, she found the habit not so difficult to acquire, as some are apt to imagine. And now was the turning point in Hannah's fortune. Had the natural ability which she possessed been united to a principle of uprightness, a little care and attention would have established her character as a valuable servant; she might have done credit to her station, and proved a comfort to all around her. But with all her capability she was liable to frequent mistakes, arising from her ignorance and inexperience; to excuse or conceal which she had always a story ready, and as her father was no longer at hand to praise her ingenuity, she used secretly to congratulate herself upon what seemed almost like a natural talent. But, however clever Hannah might be, she found mistresses who were as clever as herself, and who were as dexterous at finding out falsehoods as she was at inventing them. A single one may perhaps pass undiscovered, though sure to be punished sooner or later; but lying cannot be habitually practised without detection. Hannah very soon discovered that neither her civility nor her cleverness (for she had a very smooth tongue) could atone for her want of sincerity; of course she removed from place to place, and as she could seldom obtain a character, she had invented a variety of stories with surprising cleverness, which were always ready on such occasions, and chosen according to circumstances. Either her late mis-
dress was away in the country, or dead, or

some thing, or any thing that might suit her purpose. In due time, however, she found that it was easier to get out of a place than to get into one; notwithstanding all her plausible stories, experience might have taught her to alter her course and amend her ways, but the habit had become so powerful, that she had almost forgotten how to speak the truth even on the most common occasions; and she frequently persisted in an untruth till she almost believed it herself, and often uttered falsehoods before she was aware of them.

At length, in an evil hour for him, a laboring man, living in the neighborhood, became acquainted with Hannah; not at first with any intention of marrying her, but merely to enjoy a little innocent chat; though in a short time the wonderful stories she told of the high places in which she had lived, the great confidence placed in her by her mistresses, the amazingly grand things she had seen, and the clever things she had done, the great offers she had from Lord such-a-one's butler, and the Duke of So-and-So's valet, quite captivated the man. Her conduct to him became so increasingly kind and condescending, as to leave no doubt on his mind respecting her partiality for him, and he was encouraged to make her the offer of his hand; especially as she gave him to understand that she had saved a handsome sum in service, which made the step appear not quite so imprudent as might have been thought at first. His remaining doubts as to what could induce her to marry a poor working-man who could earn little more than enough for his own subsistence, were quite removed by the idea that there must be something in his person passingly agreeable! When, however, William Jenkins set about furnishing his house in order to hasten the happy day, he wondered that she did not come forward with a little money in order to defray the expenses. But Hannah said the money was in the hands of a friend, and this friend was in the country; so Jenkins thinking that whenever it did come it would be welcome, and impatient to secure such a bargain, lest it should drop through his fingers, contrived to save enough by starving himself for a few months, to purchase an old bedstead, a few rickety chairs, a table, a rusty kettle, a few cracked plates, some pots and pans; and he again wondered that she appeared so well contented with all this, and often repeated to himself the words of the old song, "Only see what love can do!"

In due time they were married, and in due time he discovered his mistake, and so did she, for she found that quitting service, and getting a husband, and being Mrs Jenkins, was not quite so delightful an affair as she had expected. As to the money she had saved, it soon appeared that she had neither money nor friends in town or country. Mutual disappointment produced mutual dislike and discontent, especially as she could not now as formerly have a dispute with her mistress, give warning, and go off in a huff.

Hannah was not cleanly from good principle; and now, having as she imagined, no further purpose to serve by cleanliness, she relapsed into all the dirty and slothful ways, in which she had been brought up, and proved to be, in every respect, her mother's own daughter. She still industriously followed her old trade of lying, and taught it to her seven vagabond children. The husband, who was naturally of a frank and open disposition, finding that his wife could never be depended on, grew suspicious, cross and sulky. She always told some falsehood respecting the way the money went; and he as constantly tried to make a secret of how and when it came. If she wanted anything on trust at the chandler's shop, she was never at a loss for some story to suit her purpose, and when payment could no longer be delayed, had recourse to the same means to procure the money from her husband, who always advanced it grudgingly, not believing a word she said. If the children were detained at home from the Sunday school, she furnished them with an excuse; inventing a different one every time, and at last the children could make excuses for themselves, without their mother's assistance. But she soon found, that as neither her husband or her children could depend on her, so she had no one on whom she could depend; confidence and comfort were banished together, and the house became a scene of quarrelling and confusion. The time came when Hannah's children went forth into the world to get their own living, and be the torment of their employers, as their mother and grandmother had been before them; so do vicious habits descend from one generation to another. Of course they were frequently leaving their places and returning home, to devour the scanty morsel barely sufficient for their parents. William Jenkins died, and left his wife in deplorable circumstance. She was naturally so handy and clever, that many families would gladly have employed her, if her unworthy disposition had not been quite so notorious.

And there in her forlorn and darksome hut she still lives, destitute and friendless, only recollected by the families she once served, as 'that lying Hannah.' Her last resource is the workhouse, and the only friends she can boast of are the overseers of the poor.

Persons who have joined together deceiving others, if they should happen afterwards to be connected together, are sure to be unhappy through mutual distrust. I have seen instances of great unhappiness in the married life arising from this very circumstance.

May we consider each night as the tomb of the departed day, and, seriously leaning over it, read the inscription written by conscience, of its character and exit.—*Isis* &c.

From the London People's Journal.
THE TYRANNY OF FASHION.

BY CLARA WALBY.

In these enlightened times, when improvement, with slow and measured march, but with a voice whose prophetic calls reverberate from nation to nation, from country to country, awakening the fervid echoes of the rich south, the exulting hopes of the proud occident, which rivals the ancient east in gorgeous skies, mysterious ruins, centurian trees, glorious rivers, and glacial mountains; and, penetrating to those boreal plains where the radiant Geyser glitters in the Icelandic sun, its beauty only exceeded by its terrors, its suddenness, its transitoriness; where Hecla beckons on the traveller to seas of awful peril and still undiscovered termination—in these brightening days, when Science is brave to attempt, and Truth to utter, it surely were not presumptuous to impeach Fashion for the many ruins she has effected, though in every land arise her temples, and though legions bow within them.

Why does the individual of limited income often exceed that income to speed with accelerating momentum to his own destruction? Generally because he has not moral courage, deliberate firmness, religious principle sufficient to resist the allurements of Fashion; though some, indeed, there are so degraded, so debased, as to be slaves only to their own enjoyments and ease. And why, in lower spheres, does the domestic servant frequently spend the entire amount of her often ample wages, instead of providing for marriage or old age by depositing her spare earnings in the savings bank? Because fashion has a strange evil ascendancy over her untutored mind. Why do incessant quarrels ensue in worldly families between husbands and wives respecting the purchase of superfluous or unsuitable articles of furniture, decoration or dress? Because Fashion tempts, while Prudence and economy forbid. Why do the very children, in stylish establishments become captious, vain and proud respecting their attire, and rude and supercilious to those who are less richly habited? Because, alas, Fashion has infected their simple perceptions, and blighted the gentle trust, and affectionate thoughtlessness of their nature and age. And why, oh why, does the beautiful girl wreathed with gems, the star of the assembly, pass with cold, unrecognizing glance the kind friend of earlier days, to whom she owed many happy hours, when misfortune had shadowed her path, wealth forsaken her home, and anxiety saddened her mein, when her situation called for sympathy, encouragement and assistance? Because, in truth, Fashion is the malevolent foe of all that is self-forgetting, self-sacrificing, romantically benevolent. Exclusiveness is her strength, her fortified stronghold, within which are formed concentric circles, each distinct, and despising the next outside, emulating, envying the next within. Not that superior intelligences may lose none of their lustre in the misty atmosphere of ignorance—that refinement may remain uncontaminated by coarseness, and truth unsullied by sophistical falsehood—but that pride, vanity, extravagance, envy, and frivolity, may flourish with impunity, and poverty stricken genius and worth dig their own graves amid their rank and venomous weeds!

I'VE DONE SMOKING.

OUR friend delivered himself thus honestly, and in earnest. As he emptied his mouth of the last cigar, our mouth became full, and full of blessings.

Blessed is the man himself. He is more wise, more savory, more cleanly, and more reasonable than when he went smoking and puffing about like a locomotive.

Blessed is the man's wife. She is the happier woman for the four reasons mentioned in the last sentence, and for many more. She had hoped against hope for the last puff; but it has been made at last. We seem to see her face brighten—her step is more elastic—her voice is sweeter—her welcome to her husband as he reaches home more cordial. She has our hearty congratulations.

Blessed is the man's house. An unsavory spirit has gone out of it. More easily can it be kept neat and tidy. Old repellencies will repulse no more.

Blessed is the man's apparel. A certain fragrance has left it; but not to the sorrow of those off in proximity with him. His wardrobe is minus a real annoyance, and plus the benediction of many a friend.

And blessed is the man's health. In the smoke and fire he so long kept up beneath his nostrils he fed an insidious enemy. And his whole nervous and digestive system unites in the benediction we now indite.

And blessed is the man's pocket. A leak is stopped. As much as before will flow in, and less flow out. We seem to hear a voice from that quarter, 'there will be better days in the department of our master's dominions.'

And blessed be the man's resolution. May it tower aloft, like a granite pillar, above all the smoke and fire may assail it. That last puff! Be it the last! And though the smokers will not join, yet there will be enough to unite in a hearty Amen.

A GRM OF THOUGHT.—Religion is the first centre of repose; the goal in which all things tend; apart from which, man is a shadow, his very existence a riddle, and the stupendous scenes of nature which surround him as unmeaning as the leaves which the Sybil scattered in the wind.

Editor's Department.

MIRAMICHI:

CHATHAM, MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1850.

AGRICULTURAL.

We have been furnished with the following interesting proceedings of meetings held in the counties of Restigouche, Gloucester, and Northumberland, with a view to form branches therein, in connexion with the New Brunswick Society for the encouragement of Agriculture, Home Manufactures and Commerce. The object is a good one. The time has arrived when exertions should be used to break up systems which have unfortunately long existed, and created among us habits that the altered circumstances of the times will not warrant us in pursuing. We must endeavor to live more within our own means than we have hitherto done. We conceive that the vigorous prosecution of the Resolutions passed at the different meetings, and a strict adherence to the Rules of the Society, will be a useful auxiliary in bringing about a more wholesome state of affairs.

COUNTY OF RESTIGOUCHE.

At a Public Meeting held at the Court House, in the County of Restigouche, on Tuesday evening, the 27th day of August last, for the Encouragement of Agriculture, Home Manufacture, and Commerce, throughout the Province;

DUGALD STEWART, Esq., one of the Vice Presidents of the New Brunswick Society, took the Chair, and

JAMES S. MORSE, Esq., appointed Secretary.

The Chairman explained the objects of the meeting, and referred to Mr. Kerr.

D. S. KERR, Esq., then addressed the meeting, and explained the object of the Society in the most eloquent and satisfactory manner.

The meeting was also addressed by the following gentlemen: Mr. Barberie, Mr. Botsford, Mr. Campbell, Mr. Montgomery, and Mr. P. Stewart; when the following Resolutions were moved, and unanimously carried:

1. That this meeting fully concurs in the objects of the New Brunswick Society, and highly approves of the measures adopted by it for the general welfare of the Province.

2. That the thanks of this meeting be tendered, and are hereby tendered, to D. S. KERR, Esq., for the able and satisfactory manner in which he brought before this meeting the objects of the said Society.

Whereupon the Vice President leaves the Chair; and thereupon moved, that the Hon. J. MONTGOMERY take the same, and that the thanks of this meeting be tendered to the Vice President for his conduct in the Chair.

J. S. MORSE, Secretary.

COUNTY OF GLOUCESTER.

At a Public Meeting held pursuant to notice, at the Court House, in Bathurst, on Thursday, the 5th day of September, instant, for the purpose of forming a Branch of the New Brunswick Society for the Encouragement of Agriculture, Home Manufactures, and Commerce;

Vice President for the County of Gloucester, FRANCIS FERGUSON, Esquire, was called to the Chair.

The Meeting was addressed by D. S. KERR, Esq., of Fredericton, who, in a very clear and eloquent manner, explained the objects of the New Brunswick Society. The learned gentleman related the rise and progress of the General Society, enlarged upon the great benefits to arise to the County from the encouragement of Home Industry, the necessity of a reliance upon ourselves, and the resources at our command, and concluded by advocating the erection of a *Fulling Mill* in this County.

After several speeches, from the Rev. Mr. Macdonnell, Secretary of the Gloucester Agricultural Society, Henry W. Baldwin, Esq., and others, the following Resolutions were severally moved, and passed unanimously:—

"Resolved, That this meeting fully concurs in the importance of the objects aimed at by the New Brunswick Society for the promotion of Agriculture, Domestic Manufactures, and Commerce; and that it cordially approves of the Constitution of the Society.

"Resolved, That this meeting will endeavor to co-operate with the Office Bearers, Committee, and Members, of the New Brunswick Society, in the practical and efficient working of the Society.

"Resolved, That the following be a Committee, who shall attend to the interests of the Society, and meet for that purpose on the first Wednesday in January, the first Wednesday in April, the first Wednesday in July, and the first Wednesday in October; viz.: Francis Ferguson, Esq., Vice President, Chairman, Rev. George Macdonnell, Treasurer, Rev. J. M. Pacquet, Dr. Bishop, Robert Gordon, Joseph Read, Henry W. Baldwin, James Blackhall, Perry J. N. Dumaresq, James Young, and T. DesBrisay, Esquires, Messrs. Bela Packard, Hugh A. Caie, and John Woolner.

"Resolved, That Subscriptions and Donations shall be solicited and received by the Treasurer, who shall remit the amount to the General Treasurer of the Society.

"Resolved, That the thanks of this meeting are justly due to D. S. KERR, Esq., for the zeal and perseverance which he has displayed in introducing to the notice of this community, the benefits to accrue by uniting with the New Brunswick Society, in forwarding the great objects they have in view."