

of Spain gave the promise of his assent within a certain time. Massaniello, on this assurance, laid down his arms, and returned to his former occupation of fisherman, without demanding any distinction for what he had done. But the viceroy determined to get rid of him, knowing that he still possessed great influence over the populace. He invited him to his house, and it is said mingled poison with his wine. The poison did not kill him, but made him delirious; and in this state he ran through the streets of Naples, shooting his best friends and committing the greatest excesses. The people now believing that he had turned against them, poured forth in crowds upon him, shouted for the viceroy, and demanded Massaniello's death. He fled before their fury to a Carmelite convent, but four persons who had formerly been his friends shot him dead with several balls.—This occurred on July 16, 1647. Soon after this, the true sentiments of the viceroy becoming manifest, the people again gave signs of tumult. They now remembered Massaniello, considered him a martyr to liberty, and buried his body with every mark of respect.

TEACHING THE PRINCE RELIGION.

THE notion of 'teaching' religion, in the way of drill exercise; which is a very strange notion, though a common one, and not peculiar to Noltinius and Friedrich Wilhelm. Piety to God, the nobleness that inspires a human soul to struggle heavenward, cannot be taught by the most exquisite catechisms, or the most industrious preachings and drillings. No; alas, no. Only by far other methods—chiefly by silent continual example, silently waiting for the favorable mood and moment, and aided them by a kind of miracle, well enough armed 'the grace of God,' can that sacred contagion pass from soul into soul. How much beyond whole libraries of orthodox theology is, sometimes, the acute action, the unconscious look of a father, of a mother, who had in them 'Devoutness, pious nobleness.' In whom the young, not unobservant, though not consciously observing, came at length to recognise it; to read it, in this irrefragable manner; a seed planted thenceforth in the centre of his holiest affections for evermore.

A WARNING TO YOUNG MEN.

THOSE who have never been brought into close contact with parties committed to Newgate can have little idea of the dreadful scenes of distress witnessed, when charges of embezzlement, or forgery or breaches of trust, are alleged against members of respectable families. I often think that if a young man could, on a visiting day, see a heart-broken father have his first interview with his criminal child—or if he could behold an agonised widow sinking to the earth with agitation at the sight of a boy in confinement—could he witness the shame and disgrace felt by near and dear relatives, who are involved in all the consequences though free from the guilt of his offence, he would surely pause before he appropriated his employer's money to his own purpose; and would suffer any extremities of poverty rather than subject his dearest relatives to such heartrending sufferings. Our feelings are continually harrowed by such spectacles, and I wish that the guilty could see them in time to avert their repetition.

Most affecting circumstances are elicited by the correspondence of such persons with their friends. Some of the most distressing pictures of sorrow are exhibited in the affectionate letters of a sister or confiding wife—the desolation in the domestic circle—the heart-stricken parent—the manly and yet merciful reproof of a well-informed brother. But the most striking affection of all is in the poor widowed mother. No crime can kill her feelings; they remain, in the most deplorable cases of guilt, as a ruin in a desert, to show what has been in former days and what is now. The painful feelings ought to be dwelt upon. They contain almost the only ray of hope that will effectually deter offenders from their crimes. Many painful instances transpire, some at every sessions, of vices separating a member from a family circle otherwise happy; of children looking to a father for bread, but finding him in goal. Can words describe the distress of a virtuous wife thus surrounded, and worse than widowed by the disolute conduct of her husband? And can any young man read this exact picture of what is continually occurring, and yet be heartless enough to plunge his relatives into such wretchedness?

It would be a happiness if these remarks could reach a guilty youth and induce him to abandon his associates, his pleasures, and his criminalities, before they involve himself and his friends in the fearful severities of penal inflictions.—*Rev. Mr Davis's Newgate Report.*

THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE.

A tree that should yield a common fruit to all men. Taxes on knowledge are so many Government dragons chained about the tree; monsters to guard the very fruit that, by the confusion of the state, is so sustaining, so purifying, and having in it even celestial immortal flavour.

Communications.

To the Editor of the Gleaner,

SIR,—The graphic, and poetically written letters of your correspondent "Anon," describing "Life in the Woods," has induced me to drop you a few homely lines, hastily written in verse; and should you think them worthy of placing in your columns by way of a change, they are at your service. Yours,

A. FORRESTER.

O! talk not to me of your "ocean wave,"
Or your "home on the briny deep,"
When under its surface, the gallant and brave,
In their slimy beds do sleep.
Where wild crested billows do roll in their might,
Causing maidens and mothers to weep;
While Neptune, with sceptre, commands it as right,
That, "the winds their revels keep."

Where the lofty barque is sore toss'd by the storm,
And brave men, in awe, hold their breath;
Whilst ghastly they look at each dreadful form,
That may prove the cause of their death.

Where the Storm King with terror, reigns all supreme,
And plays with poor victims forlorn,
While sea-nymphs exultingly laugh at the scene,
And point with the finger of scorn.

Then talk not to me of your charms on the wave,
Of the sea mew, petrel, or gull;
I seek not such pleasure, nor yet do I crave,
The nauseousness caused by a lull.

But give me the joys of a forest life,
In the pathless woods so wild;
A pleasure far greater than bustle and strife,
In a May morning glorious and mild.

When nature bedecks her rich offspring with flowers,
And the streams gushing madly along,
Surpassing by far, all your fine shady bowers,
While birds charm the air with their song.

Where the roving hunter stalks forth in his pride,
In chase of the wild moose or deer,
And a lumberer's welcome to his fireside,
To accept of his friendship and cheer.

Where the jibe, jest and song, pass merrily round,
Without fear of wrangle or frown,
To protect the guest's sides from the cold ground,
Gives a bed of the finest spruce down.

And to hear the echo of the woodman's axe,
From some mountain top far away,
As his brawny arms he does lustily tax,
And sometimes before it's clear day.

For the sons of Sylvanus, love "life in the woods,"
In pursuit of the lofty pine tree,
To bring to our merchants and ladies, fine goods,
Or perhaps, some of China's fine tea.

Then, who dare to scoff at a "life in the woods,"
The haunt of the daring and free,
Compared to the endless hectoring moods,
That in higher life oft we do see.

Then tell not to me of high life and its joys,
Forgetting what comes of the morrow;
Much like parish children at play with their toys,
And e losing the scene up in sorrow.

But here let me close, lest myself I expose,
For "life in the woods" is Ben-ton,
Better write you in prose, than touch corns on toes,
So my kind respects to "Anon."

Reatigouche, October 5, 1858.

OUR LITERATURE.

"Read well and well approve, the book thou givest to thy child,
Fairy fictions cram the mind with folly, and knowledge of evil tempeth to like evil,
And high coloured fables of depravity, lure with their classic varnish,
Whilst truth is holding out in vain, her mirror much despised."

There is a great amount of vigour and truth in those lines, which are extracted from *Proverbial Philosophy*, emanating from the pen of M. Fl Tupper.

Every parent, guardian, and tutor, should possess a knowledge of the contents of every volume which is placed in the hands of their children, or those dependant on them for education. The reading of one work may infuse the dregs of immorality, the perusal of a single page may cost years of toil to erase from the mind, even the glancing of a moment may sow the seeds of infidelity, crime, and every thing that the human mind shudders to contemplate, and morality abhors.

In those degenerate days of literature there is not a galaxy of talent to offer food to the public mind, as there was but a few short years ago. When Byron (the brilliant genius of an unintellectual aristocracy, whose harshness drove him from the social circle) had lit up with poetry all classes, all grades.

When Wordsworth, Scott, Rogers, and Campbell, with prose writers of equal genius, cast forth some jewel of the mind, to form the matchless tiara of fame.

They have achieved their object; for genius placed a chaplet upon their brows, interwoven with laurels that can never fade. They have accomplished their mission. For their names can never be erased from their country's annals, without blotting at the same moment their

country's glory. Yet ye who can reap the fruit of those mens labour, and realize through their writings, the noblest thoughts, the most beautiful conceptions, still prefer something in the style of an American Magazine, a flimsy Newspaper, or still infinitely worse, one of those yellow covered pamphlets—the lowest class of American novels.

And what, may we now ask, is the contents of those periodicals generally, a senseless collection of insipid love tales, where pathos is synonymous with bathos, and where candour and truth are driven forth as both inelegant and unfashionable, where Love, instead of being portrayed as a tender and divine emotion, and as this

"Gift which God has given,"
To man alone beneath the heaven,"

seems of the most senseless and distasteful of all the ties and feelings that heaven has placed upon the earth. Yet still this is the character of the works that is fast making its way into Society, and those are the works that figure so largely on the mahogany of the Parlor or the deal table of the Kitchen, and which have become in our community (in a great measure) the Standard Reading.

There are numbers of young persons in our community (and a great proportion of the elder class) of either sex, whose literary pursuits range no farther than the fortunes of "Morgan the Buccaneer," "Sixteen String Jack," or some other equally refined desperado. Now, what are we to expect, but that the heroic ruffian or romantic filibuster, if once admired, may be next cited as all that is noble and princely in character, and finally, imitated as far as the circumstances or disposition is worked upon and allows. Is it not reasonable to expect that such will be the result?

Can we expect to pass our time in a habitation reeking with pollution and disease without bringing forth on our egress some mark of that filth or seeds of that contagion in which we have mingled. Can we mix in any company, and listen and take part in the conversation without taking the tone of the discussion, and having some of the most prominent parts stamped upon our minds for the time, perhaps indelibly, for well we know that

"Masterless passion sway us to the mood of what it likes."

Cowper, the religious Poet, and deadly enemy of vice and folly, thus exclaims:

"There is in souls a sympathy with sounds,
And as the mind is pitched the ear is pleased,
With melting airs, or martial, brisk, or grave,
Some chord in unison with what we feel,
Is touched within us, and the heart replies."

So it is with every passion or emotion of the human heart; there is often a heroism attached to the direst deeds of vice as to brightest acts of virtue.

The ruffian in embryo hears with delight the dying boast of some ruffian who is expiating his crimes and mispent life on the scaffold, whose last expression before entering the dark abyss is contempt for all things civil, and a scoff at all things sacred; and whilst others leave the sad scene shuddering at the profligacy of man, and pondering on its final result, the other but admires the man who could in the hour of severest trial express such sentiments, and show his scorn of mankind and the laws that are formed for their mutual protection and safety, and meet his Maker with blasphemy still falling like gall drops from his polluted and sacrilegious lips.

No groans escape him, he leaves the sad scene with no promising signs of being a wiser or better man. No—such are not his reflections—he but hopes that if in the natural current of events he shall meet with the same fate, he may die with the same unconcern, the same reckless daring, and I had nearly said, heroic disregard of everything holy and good.

Do we not find that when the Press discloses to us an account of some ingenious robbery, that when the account is perused, the action is often extolled, and the actor called a clever fellow.

The same feeling or unison of feeling is here shown—the sympathetic chord is touched—and though it vibrates but faintly and does not produce a full note, a similitude of ideas is partially shown, and a course of such readings, and no resisting moral influence to counteract them, may perhaps lead, (if circumstances permit for the reader to figure as a hero) where formerly he was only an admirer. I do not mean to say that such will be the result generally, but will venture to affirm there is one on every such occasion more or less startled by the account, and whilst sympathising with the actor, is taking mentally, a lesson double the amount of readings of an opposite character will not efface from his mind.

(To be continued.) X.

Messrs. Editors.

Your concluding remarks headed "Immigration," in the Gleaner of October 9, would lead those unacquainted with us to believe, that the besetting sin of our people, in the way of trade, was and continues to be, the lavish use of "British Dry Goods and Yankee Notions."

While I lament with you over the large importation and use of what you allude to, yet it cannot be denied that we import, pay for, and use, articles that have a tendency to keep us poor and hinder our prosperity, much more than any you named, such as Liquors and Tobacco.

We may make a bad use of good articles, but it is impossible to put articles both useless and injurious to any use to warrant their importation.

Be good enough therefore in some of your future editorials, to show how much Northumberland has lost for the last forty years, by the importation and use of Rum, Gin, Brandy, Wine, Ale, Porter, and Tobacco. To show your readers that importers and consumers of the above seven named articles, are in a great measure, the cause of our present poverty and depression of trade. Yours &c.

TEMPERANCE.

Messrs. J. A. Pierce & Son,

SIR,—Your Correspondent "Anon," in his remarks on the Lake in the Woods, or "Silver Lake," in the Gleaner of Sept. 25, says, "Away from every human habitation, and in all probability, where no human habitation ever will be, this little gem of the forest will sparkle on, with no eye to admire it or appreciate its loveliness."

In reading the above remarks, I was unable to comprehend why "Anon" considered this pretty little Lake should for ever be surrounded by forests, which should never be removed to make room for the habitations of men. As I believe the world was made to be inhabited, and as the sons of men increase upon our Globe, I know no reason why New Brunswick should not share equally with the other parts in the increase of population. And why at no very distant day this lake should be less frequented than the spot where "Anon" has chosen for his habitation? The author of "Life in the Woods" will possibly confer on me the favor of saying why he considered it probable that human habitations would never be built and inhabited at or near "Silver Lake."

PROGRESS.

COLONIAL PRESS.

From a Correspondent of the Fredericton Reporter.

TRADE OF THE PROVINCE.

There is nothing in my short experience of New Brunswick and its every day life, that has seemed to me more strange, than that in the multitude of correspondents which its newspapers, each and every one of them can boast of, there is but one subject deemed of importance or interest to the readers of these papers either at home or abroad. Need I say this subject is the endless one of politics. Why this should be the case, might no doubt be shown in a very interesting form by some of these very correspondents, and for them, therefore, I leave the task, while I venture a few remarks upon a subject which may perchance interest some of the readers of the Reporter quite as much as that of politics. These observations shall have reference to the state of trade here and elsewhere, in connection with New Brunswick.

By the Cunard Mail steamer "Canada," which arrived at Halifax on the 7th inst., we have advices from Europe to the 25th September.—These are not much more favourable for this Province than they have been for some time past. Deals, at this time our staple export, are, some consider, a shade better than they were when the previous fortnightly mail left Liverpool, but the advices then were to the effect that St. John deals had been sold under £7. A shade of upward tendency on this would not certainly afford much cause for rejoicing, at least abstractly considered; yet to our somewhat sanguine speculators, who hold large stocks, and to whom the wish may be, and no doubt is, father to the thought, it is quite clear that things have reached their worst, and that every succeeding mail will come, fraught with tidings of improvement in the English markets for deals. I will not presume to say that there does not exist some ground for hoping that the worst is past, although I am not sanguine enough to believe that improvement of an extensive nature will immediately follow. It is my opinion, that Deals may and will advance to about £7 10s, on the other side, fluctuating about that figure during the winter, and until early summer; when, if in the meanwhile our shippers act with a moderate degree of caution, and refrain from shipments to meet the spring demand, a sustained advance may be justly looked for. The shippers here are their own greatest enemies. No sooner does the intelligence of a rise in the price of Deals in the Liverpool market reach this place than a dozen infatuated merchants are set running about outbidding each other in the charter of vessels to carry Deals to the rising market as they intend. But, unfortunately, this very eagerness is their ruin. Long before the Deals reach the market, the news of their shipment is known there and produces a reaction and a decline in price, that in all probability counterbalances the previous advance.

Timber has been during the past season, a more profitable investment than deals. The holders of good Pine Timber have been lately receiving 8d and even 4d over the inch for first quality. There can be little doubt too, notwithstanding the interested statements of the Circulars of some Liverpool Houses engaged in the Timber Trade, that these prices will be sustained for some time to come. From the 1st February to the end of the past month the import to Liverpool of St. John Pine has been considerably less than one half what it was during the corresponding period in '57, and only about one third of what it was in '56. With