

POETRY.
Selected.

THE PARTING.

Come close, my little lovely boy,
My only earthly bliss,
Come cling around your mother's neck,
And give a parting kiss.
Oh! thou dear fond and loved one,
To this your happy home,
When thou art far away from me,
Will thy young thoughts e'er roam?
Where, by a mother's bosom pressed,
Thou'rt lived a happy child,
And bloomed as the fragrant rose,
Amidst the woodland wild.
And must I send thee forth my son,
To young and tender years,
To tread the soil of foreign climes,
And bathe them with your tears?
Will strangers watch o'er thee me dear,
As I have always done,
Cherish and guard thy motherly steps,
And smile on thee, my son?
Ah! who will mark thy gambols now,
Or guard thy little bed,
When sickness comes who then will smooth
The pillow for thy head?
In fancy, I will often gaze
Upon that noble brow,
And kiss that rosy cheek and lip,
As I have kissed it now.
How I shall miss my darling child,
Thy voice at early dawn,
Calling on me at break of day,
To share the rising morn.
But I shall miss thee more my child,
At twilight's pensive hour,
When the cool balmy western breeze,
Doth shade the evening flower.
When next I clasp thee, in my arms,
And press thy shaded cheek,
Matured years will crowd thy brow,
And time thy features speak.
And if, my little lovely boy,
Thou reachest manhood's years,
Think of her anxious hours for thee,
Her sacrifices—her tears.
None save a mother's broken heart,
Would ever bid thee go,
Her pride, her hope, her only joy,
The solace of her woe.
None save a mother's energy,
Could ever bid thee part,
But I must bid thee now farewell,
Thou idol of my heart.
I thus have nerved my widow'd heart,
Alas my child, this done;
And oh! ye Powers that rule above,
Protect my only son.

DELAYS.—Written in 1835.

Shon delays, they breed remorse,
Take thy time, while time is lent thee;
Creeping anxieties have weakest force,
Fly their faults least thou repent thee.
Good is best when soonest wrought,
Ling'ring labours come to nought.
Hast up sail while gale doth last,
Tide and wind say no man's pleasure;
Sow not seed, when time is past,
Sober speed is wisdom's leisure.
After wit is dearly bought,
Let thy fore-wit guide thy thought.
Time wears all his locks behind,
Take thou hold upon his forehead;
When he flies, he turns no more,
And behind, his scalp is naked.
Woe's alarm! I have many stays,
Long demurs breed new delays.

INSCRIPTIONS ON THE WALLS OF
LA CHARTREUSE.

In solitude God speaks to the heart of man,
and in silence man speaks to the heart of God.
An hour strikes, it is already past!
Judge not God's works, by thy weak reason
scanned,
Made but to love him, not to understand.
—Lit. Gaz.

CRUELTY'S EPITAPH.—The following is in-
scribed upon the tombstone of Xantippe Thom-
as, wife of Andrew Thomas, who scolded her-
self to death in the early part of the last cen-
tury:

Here lies the wife of neighbor Thomas,
Whom death in mercy carried from us;
For when alive she was so cold,
So ugly, stultish, so scold;
That round about her for a mile,
All things were in a constant boil;
She knew her storm at such a rate
That even the chimney back would sweat;
Tramels, through fear, forgot to hold,
And red-hot coals of fire grew cold.
Her husband never dropt a tear,
Till he had placed her body here;
And then he blubbered like a lout,
For fear she'd scratch her passage out.

VARIETIES.

THE DOWNDRAUGHT.

Said by side with Victims, whom we
commemorate in a former Number,
might be placed the kindred species
Downdraughts, who are only different from
the accident of their having friends who
will rather be weighed down by them to the
very earth, to the grave itself, than permit
them to sink by themselves. The Down-
draught is in reality a Victim, and one of
the darkest shade, being generally a per-
son totally worthless in character, and aban-
doned in habits; but then he has not
altogether cut the cables which bound him
to his native grade in society—he has not
all forgot himself to stone—he is still do-
minated with his friends—he has a mother,
or a wife, or a brother, or a sister, or
perhaps an old aunt, who will try to keep
him in food and clean linen, and, having
lost all hope of his ever being actively
good, will do anything for him, if he will
only preserve a neutrality, and not be po-
sitively evil. He is a victim in appearance
(always accepting the plain shirt), but he
enjoys the happy superiority over that

class, of having an open door to fly to
when he pleases, and either a kind rela-
tion, who considers him "only a little
wild in the meantime," or else one who,
for the sake of decent appearances, will
endeavour to patch up all his peccadilloes,
and even be tyrannised over by him, rat-
her than shock society by an open rup-
ture. The personal tendencies of a Down-
draught to victimization are strong as the
currents of the great deep; but he is with-
held from it by others. He has always
some anchorage or other upon decent life,
to keep him back from the gulf to which he
would otherwise hurry on. In many cases,
the very kindness and indulgence of friends
was the original cause of his becoming a
Downdraught. He had every thing held
to his head. He was encouraged in his
pretences of headaches as an excuse for
staying away from school. When after-
wards an apprentice, he was permitted to
break off, on the score of being compelled
to put on fires and sweep out the shop.—
Or, perhaps, it was from none of those
causes. Possibly, he was just one of
those persons who seem to be totally des-
titute of all perception of the terms upon
which men are permitted to exist in this
world; that is, that they are either to be
so fortunate as to have "their fathers born
before them," so that they may accede to
wealth without exertion, or must else do
something to induce their fellow creatures
to accord them the means of livelihood
without beggary. That many persons are
really born without this great leading fa-
culty, is unfortunately but too indisputable;
and, assuredly, they are as proper inmates
for a lunatic asylum as more frantic mad-
men; for what is the use of reason, or even
of talent, without the desire of exerting
it, either in one's own behalf, or in
behalf of mankind; the terms of existence
we allude to are expressed in the text of
Scripture, "By the sweat of thy brow
thou shalt earn thy bread," so that the
man must be considered a kind of heretic,
as well as a fool, who will not, or can not,
understand them. Yet the fact is so,
that many men arrive at maturity with
either a sense of these conditions of life,
more or less imperfect, or no sense of them
at all. They perhaps conceive themselves
to be born to keep down the pavement of
Prince's Street with boots one inch and a
half deep in the heel, or to fumigate the
air of that elegant street with cigars at
three shillings per dozen; but that is the
utmost extent to which their notions of the
purposes of life ever extend. These men,
of course, are predestined Downdraughts.
We see them already with our mind's eye,
exhausting the kindness and patience of a
brother, or a wife, yea almost of a mo-
ther, with their idle and dissolute habits—
dragging those relations slowly but surely
down into misery and disgrace—and only
in the mean time saved from being kicked
out of doors, as they deserve, not by any
regard for merits of their own, for they
have none, but by the tenderness of those
relations for their own reputation.

A decent citizen, of the name of Far-
ney, retired about five-and-twenty years
ago from active life, and planting himself
in a neat villa a little way beyond the
southern suburbs of Edinburgh, resolved
to do nothing all the rest of his life but en-
joy the ten or twelve thousand pounds
which he had made by business. He was
a placid, inoffensive old man, only some-
what easy in his disposition, and, therefore,
too much under the control of his wife,
who unfortunately was a person of a vol-
garly ambitious character. The pair had
but one child—a daughter, Eliza Farney—
the toast of all the apprentices in the
South Bridge, and really an elegant, and
not unaccomplished young lady. The only
object of Mr. and Mrs. Farney now had
in life, besides that of enjoying all its com-
forts, was the disposal of this young lady
in marriage. Whenever there is such a
thing as ten thousand pounds connected
with the name of a young lady, there is
generally a great deal of more fuss made
about it than when the sum is said to exist
in any other shape or circumstances. It is
important in the eyes of all the young men
who think themselves within shot of it. It
is important in the eyes of all the young
women who have to lament that they do
not possess similar advantages. It is im-
portant in the eyes of all the fathers and
mothers of sons, who think themselves with-
in range of it. And, lastly, it is important,
immensely important indeed, in the eyes
of parties, young lady, mother, and father,
sister or brother, who have any thing to
say in the disposal of it. Money in this
shape, one would almost think, is of a dif-
ferent value from money in any other;
the exchange it bears against cash in bu-
siness, or cash in the prospect of him who
knows he can win it, is prodigious. At
the very lowest computation, a thousand
pounds in the purse of a young lady is
worth ten thousand in the stock of a man
of trade. Nay, it is astonishing what
sifts we have known a few hundred
pounds of this kind put on in respect, or
rather disrespect, of decent people, who
were almost winking as much in the year.
In fact, the fiddle faddle about the disposal
of an heiress is a great farce, and never
fails to put either the parties concerned in
the disposal, or else the candidates for the
acquisition, into a thousand shabby and
vulgar attitudes. It is hard to say if the
young lady herself is the better for it all.
The only certain effect of her possessing
a fortune, is, that it deprives her of ever
having the pleasing assurance, given to
most other women, that she is married for
her own sake alone. Sincere love is apt
to retire from such a competition, through
the pure force of modesty, its natural ac-
companiment; and the man most apt to be
successful is he who, looking upon the
fair as only a mercenary adventure, pur-
sues it as such, and only hopes to be able
to fall in love after marriage.

It happened that Eliza Farney was loved
truly and tenderly, by a young
man of the name of Russell, whose par-
ents had been acquainted with the Far-
neys in their earlier and less prosperous
days, but were now left a little behind
them. Young Russell had been the play-
mate of Eliza in their days of childhood;
he had read books with her; and taught
her to draw, in their riper youth; and all
the neighbours said, that, but for the bril-
liant prospects of Miss Farney, she could
not have found a more eligible match.
Russell, however, was still but the son of
a poor man. He was himself struggling
in the commencement of a business,
which he had begun with slender means,
in order to sustain the declining fortunes
of his parents. His walk in life was much
beneath his moral deserts; but, under a
strong impulse of duty, he had narrowed
his mind to the path allotted to him, in-
stead of attempting to do justice to his
talents by entering upon any higher and
more perilous pursuit. Thus, as often
happens, an intellect and character, which
might have brightened the highest desti-
nities, were doomed to a sphere all un-
meet for them, where they were in a man-
ner worse than lost, as they only led to a
suspicion which was apt to be unfavour-
able to the prospects of their possessor,
namely, that he was likely to be led, by
his superior tastes, into pursuits to which
his fortune was inadequate, or into habits
which would shipwreck it altogether.
Russell looked upon Eliza Farney, and
despaired. He saw her, as she advanced
into womanhood, recede gradually from
his sphere in society, and enter into one
more suitable to her father's improving
fortunes, into which it was not for him to
intrude. Eliza had, perhaps, entertained
at one time a girlish fondness for him;
but it was not of so strong a character as
to resist the ambitious maxims of her mo-
ther, and the sense of her own importance
and prospects, which began to act upon
her in her riper years.

"Amongst the rest young Edwin loved,
But never talked of love."
Some appearance of coldness, which he
saw, or fancied he saw, in her conduct to-
wards him, caused his proud and pure na-
ture to shrink back from the vulgar com-
petition which he saw going forward for the
hand of "the heiress." It was not that
the fondest wishes of his heart were met
with disappointment—perhaps he could
have endured that—but he writhed under
the reflection, that external circumstances
should separate hearts that once were
allied, and that no conscious purity of feel-
ing, no hope of hereafter distinguishing
himself by his abilities, was of avail ag-
ainst the selfish and worldly philosophy
which dictated his rejection. It was left
for him to retire into the chambers of his
own thoughts, and there form such solemn
resolutions for improving his circumstan-
ces and distinguishing his character, as
might hereafter, perhaps, enable him to
prove to the cold being who now despised
him, how worthy, how more than worthy,
perhaps, he was of having enjoyed her af-
fections, even upon the mean calculations
by which he was now measured and found
wanting.

The mother, to whom this rupture was
chiefly owing, now applied herself heartily
to the grand task of getting her daughter
"properly disposed of." Every month or
so, her house was turned topsy-turvy, for
the purpose of showing off the young lady
in gay assemblies. Care was taken that
no one should be invited to these assem-
blies who was merely of their own rank.
Unless some capture could be made in a
littler, or what appeared a loftier circle, it
was all as nothing. The human race hang
all in a concatenation at each other's
skirts, those before kicking with all their
might to drive off those behind them, at
the same time that they are struggling
might and main, and pulling themselves up
by means of their own predecessors. This
is particularly the case where a mother
has a daughter to dispose of with the re-
version of a few thousands. Money under
these circumstances, as already explained,
would be absolutely thrown away if given
only to a person who estimated it at its
ordinary value; it must be given to one
who will appreciate it as it ought to be,
and sell pounds of free will and honorable
manhood for shillings of the vile dross.

At length, at a ball held in the Archers'
Hall—a kind of Almack's in the east—the
very man was met with—a genteel
young spark, said to be grand-nephew to
a Baronet in the north, and who was hand
in glove with the Greigsons, a family of
quintessence in the New Town, but
who loomed very large in the eyes of a
person dwelling in the south side. This
fellow, a mere loose adventurer, whose
highest destiny seemed to be to carry a
pair of colours if he could get them; and
who positively had no claims upon con-
sideration whatsoever, except that he kept
a decent suit of clothes upon his back,
and was on terms of intimacy with a fam-
ily supposed to belong to the *haut-ton*—
this poor unassuming wretch, recommended
by impudence and a moultache, which
he amiably wore he would take off when
married, gained the prize from which the
modest merit of Russell was repelled. In
a perfect burst of delight with the atten-
tions he paid to her daughter, terrified
that he should change his mind, or any way
forego even prevent the consummation,
he devotedly to her wished, the managing
mother presented no obstruction to the
courtship. "Such a genteel young man!"
she would say to her husband. "He is
greatly taken out in good company. Just
the night before last, he was at the Hon-
orable Mrs. — party in Omen's
Rooms. He danced with Miss Foster,
the great heiress, who, they say, is dis-

tractedly in love with him. But he says
she has nothing like the elegant carriage
of our 'Liza. Indeed, between you
and me, say he, jokingly, to me the
other day, she's play-footed. He could
make his fortune at once, you see, how-
ever, and I'm sure it's really extraordi-
nary of him to particularise the like of us
in the way he's doing"—and so forth.
The old man sat twirling his thumbs and
saying nothing, but having his own fears
all the time that all was not really gold
that glittered. He was, however, one of
those people who, upon habit and princi-
ple, never say a single word about any
speculative things that is proposed to
them, till the result has been decided, and
then they can tell that they all along
thought it would turn out so. It was un-
telling the presence and wisdom that old
Farney believed himself to be thus possess-
ed of. Suffice it to say, the managing
mother within the month, made out a mil-
lions of destruction in favour of her
daughter, Eliza Farney, spinster, con-
signing her to the custody of William
Dempster, Esq., blackguard by commis-
sion, and Downdraught by destiny.

The fortune of Miss Farney was not
exactly of the kind that suited Mr. Dem-
pster's views. It was only payable after
the death of her father Mr. Dempster,
therefore, saw it to be necessary to
take expedients for obtaining the use of it
by anticipation. He commenced a large
concern in some mercantile line, obtaining
money in advance from the old gentleman
in order to set the establishment on foot.
He also procured his signature to innum-
erable bills, to enable him to carry it on.
The business, in reality, was a mere mask
for obtaining the means of supporting his
own depraved tastes and appetites. There
was hardly any kind of extravagance, any
kind of vice, which he did not indulge in
at the expense of old Farney. The result
was what might be expected from such
premises. Exactly a twelvemonth after
the marriage, Dempster stopped payment,
and absconded without so much as taking
leave of his wife. His folly and profligacy
together had already absorbed the whole
fortune with which Mr. Farney had retired
from business, besides a good deal more
for which the unfortunate old man was
security. He was in consequence totally
ruined, left destitute in old age, without
the least resource; while the young ele-
gant female, who, a short year before,
was the admiration and envy of glittering
circles, had just become a mother, upon
the bed which only waited for her con-
science to be sold for behoof of her hus-
band's creditors.

Concluded in our next.

The following curious scene is describ-
ed in the Aberdeen Herald:—"On Thurs-
day, one of the honorable company of
'sweeps' having taken an enemy into his
mouth," ascended one of the houses in Jus-
tice street, and scrambled away until he
got upon the top of an old chimney, where
he could both see and be seen to con-
siderable advantage. He now began to
cut capers, to the great amusement of a
considerable crowd assembled to witness
his performances.—In a short time he be-
gan to strip himself and at last appeared
more than half naked. In this state he
continued nearly two hours, playing all
sorts of fantastic tricks, till at last he be-
took himself to a more serious employ-
ment. He unloosed several of the bricks
of the chimney, and dropped them down
the various vents, to the great annoyance
of the indwellers and the damage of sun-
dry pieces of crockery. Several patrols
having by this time arrived, things began
to wear a rather alarming aspect, as he
proceeded to throw pieces of bricks upon
the crowd collected, which by this time
was immense. At last, the Sheriff, who
had arrived, suggested that the "water
works" should be allowed to play upon
him till compelled to come down. A body
of men were detached for one of the fire
engines. During these proceedings, three
men, (one of them dumb), undertook to bring
him down; and they ascended the roof in
various directions. The sweep stood
eyring them one after the other, with a
large brick in his hand, ready to throw at
the one who should first approach. How-
ever, the party were firm, and advanced
cautiously, till at last the "dummy" made a
spring and seizing the brick, grappled with
his opponent amidst the cheers of the
multitude. The other two came to his as-
sistance; and one of the most astonishing
scenes occurred, perhaps ever witnessed.
Here were four men standing upon the
top of a very narrow chimney, about forty
feet high, and three of them engaged in a
desperate struggle with one who was care-
less of his own life, and utterly regardless
of others. The struggle was for some
time very doubtful; and the drink with
which the sweep was inspired seemed to
redouble his strength, for at one time he
had almost shaken himself free of all his
opponents, and nearly precipitated them
into the street below. At last they suc-
ceeded in getting him down to the
roof of the house; and after many blows
and bruises, a rope was put round his
waist, and he was lowered to one of the
windows, through which he was taken in-
to the house, and afterwards carried to the
police office amidst the shoutings of thou-
sands.

DREADFUL ACCIDENT.—The new steam
engine boiler, just erected by Messrs.
Blackie, Collins & Co. at Radstock, ex-
ploded on Saturday morning, and destroyed
nearly all the premises, part of which
was blown in different directions to a dis-
tance of nearly 160 yards.—Eight men,
including the three engineers, were thrown
in different directions.
One was killed on the spot, another died
what being conveyed home; another had

his boots blown off his legs, and his legs
broken; and the others are in such a
state that it is feared they cannot recover.
The men, now under ground, about 50
in number, cannot be got up for some time,
and much fear is entertained that they will
be drowned, as the other engine used to
pump water out of the pit, cannot be used
until repaired. No language can paint
the devastation and affliction occasioned
by this lamentable accident.—Bath Jour-
nal.

On Saturday last, as some men were
packing the pistons at one of the great en-
gines at Consell's mine a most melanco-
lic accident occurred. While one of the
men was down in the cylinder, through
some mistake the steam was let on, which
literally blew him out. Two lads who
were present were scalded to death; an-
other man who was in the engine house
ran up stairs, was overtaken by the steam
and so scalded that he died the following
day. A lad who was on the upper floor
at the time, ran out on the hob or beam
flat, and laid hold on the capstan rope
and so saved himself.—Falmouth Packet.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE FIRE AT THE
MINES.—We observe by a communication

in the Picolou Patriot, that the Miners of
the Albion Mines have commemorated
the anniversary of the fire which occurred
at that place. The fire was discovered
on the morning of December 29, 1832,
fourteen horses were destroyed by the
conflagration, a number of men were de-
prived of work, the waters of the East River
had to be turned in on the Mine and
its unproductiveness for several months
was the consequence. The 29th of last
month being Sunday, the commemoration
was held on the next day. It consisted of
a procession and other ceremonies. Four-
teen horses, each bearing a man and boy
who acted as flag holders, were harnessed
to a sled containing some memorials of the
fire; this team followed by a concourse
of persons made the circuit of the mines;
after which all assembled on the spot im-
mediately above where the fire had been.
The Mines Bailiff then ordered "hats off,"
and gave a series of cheers, for the King,
—His Honor the President,—His Majes-
ty's Council,—Speaker and House of As-
sembly,—General Mining Association,—
the Agents,—the Solicitor General,—
groans for the incendiaries,—cheers for
the coal trade,—for the success of the Al-
bion Mines,—for the land we live in,—its
constitution, ships, trade and commerce,—
Sydney and Bridgeport Mines,—the mo-
ther country, and for good will to all men.
The commemoration ended with an exal-
tating speech from the Bailiff, and three
cheers for R. Smith, Esq.—Acadian Re-
corder.

WONDERFUL CURE.—Eleanor Chase of

this town, some seven or eight years ago,
in cutting stone broke off a piece of cast
steel from some of his tools that flew into
one of his eyes and caused the loss of its
sight. The steel remained, which made
the eye extremely susceptible of cold, and
caused frequent severe inflammations with
great pain and suffering. Last winter and
spring he suffered extremely, and serious
fears were entertained by himself and
friends that he would go off in a consump-
tion. One alternative alone prevented this
fatal catastrophe; and that was, to have his
eye cut out—the steel that remained in con-
tinued to irritate to that degree, and
without hope from any other means, and
fast declining, and continually tortured by
this direful malady, he at last came to the
conclusion to submit to the advice of his
physician, and have this shocking opera-
tion performed. About this time a friend
of his told him of a remedy; which was to
apply to his eye a magnet and draw out
the steel. One was procured of great
power and applied—the second time of ap-
plication the steel came out and relieved
his eye from the irritation that had been
so very severe; and he is now well and
about his usual avocation, and saved the
dreadful operation of having his eye dug
out.

Let this be remembered; it may be of
great use to some other sufferers. It is
quite possible that had the loadstone been
applied in season that it might have saved
the sight of his eye. I hope this circum-
stance will be generally known through
the country, as it may be the means of do-
ing much good to those suffering from si-
milar cases.—Fall River Recorder.

PEWS IN ST. PAUL'S CHURCH.—For
Sale or to let, several Pews in St. Paul's
Church. Apply to WM. TAYLOR,
Frederickton, 11th June, 1833.

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