

POETRY.

Selected.

The following beautiful Lyric will prove, that if Beranger, the French Poet, have neither faith nor hope, he has at least charity.

THE POOR WOMAN.

"It snows—it snows—and there, the church before.

On bended knee a poor old woman prays;
This bread alone she asketh at our door,
As 'mong her rage the north east Boreas plays.

Towards the porch of Notre Dame alone,
Winter and summer, see her groping stir—
For she poor thing, alas! is blind as stone;
Ah! let our charity be dealt to her!

"Know you this poor old creature's former fate?

Emaciate in feature—wan in hue—
The wonder once of little as of great,
Her songs in ecstasy all Paris threw.

Then often with the fresh in years and heart,
Or tears or laughter would her beauty stir;
Then in the dreams of all her charms took part;

Ah! let our charity be dealt to her!

"How many times has she the theatre left
Pursued by voices earnest, long and loud!
When swifter than her hurrying steeds have swept.

The deafening cheers of an adoring crowd,
To hand her to the happy car that bore
Her beauty off—all pleasure to confer,
How many rivals waited at her door!

Ah! let our charity be dealt to her!

"When all the arts had woven her crowns
To wear,

In what a pompous dwelling did she move!
How many crystals, bronzes, columns there
The gusher'd tributes given by love to love!
How many faithful poets at her feasts

Would to all toasts "her happiness" prefer!
All prizes have got their swallow's nests!
Ah! let our charity be dealt to her!

"Frightful reverse! one day with fell disease
Breaks her sweet voice—her sight is set in tears!

And soon—alone and poor—upon her knees,
She begs as I have seen her twenty years!
No hand could more benevolence have spread,
None with more kindness could more gold confer,

Than that she hesitates to hold for bread.
Ah! let our charity be dealt to her!

"Oh grief! oh misery! doubled is the cold,
Benumb'd are her old limbs, and stiff the while;

Her fingers scarcely can the rosary hold,
Which but a moment past has made her smile.

If 'neath such ills her heart—still soft—can raise
Is food from piety, nor once demur
To put her faith in the heaven to which she prays,

Ah! let our charity be dealt to her!"

STANZAS.

Oh ask me not to sing to night,
Dejection chills my feeble powers,
I own thy halls of glittering light
Are festive as in former hours.
But when I last amid them moved,
I sung for friends below'd and dear,
Their smiles inspired, their lips approv'd
Now all is chang'd—they are not here.

I gaze around—I view a throng,
The radiant slaves of pride and art,
Oh! can they prize my simple song,
The soft low breathings of the heart?
Take back the lute, its tuneful string
Is moisten'd by a sorrowing tear,
To night I may not, cannot sing,
The friends that love me are not here.

MISCELLANEOUS.

(From the Rochester Gem.)

A Sudden Change of Fortune.

A PLAIN STATEMENT OF FACTS.

Some sixty-five or seventy years ago, a vessel from Boston arrived at one of the wharves in London. Among the hands on board, was one by the name of Tudor, a steady, respectable and well looking young man, who acted in the capacity of both cooper and sailor. Very early one morning, and before any other hand than Tudor had come upon deck, a young, beautiful, and tolerably well dressed female came tripping down the street to the vessel, and inquired of Tudor for the Captain. She was told he had not yet arose; but she insisted on seeing him without delay, and with Tudor's permission, proceeded, unaccompanied, to his berth, and arousing him, addressed him with: "Good morning, Captain: I have called to see if you will marry me."

"Marry you!" replied the astonished Captain, believing her to be of a suspicious character, "leave my vessel instantly if you know what is for your interest."

She then went to the Mate's berth, and asked him if he would marry her, and receiving an answer similar to the Captain's, she went up on deck, where Tudor was engaged in some business, and put the same question to him.

"With all my heart," answered Tudor, in a half serious and half jocular manner.

"Then," said she, "come along with me."

Tudor left his work and followed her, with motives which he afterwards declared he could never satisfactorily account for, even to himself. By the time they had reached the principal

streets of the city, many of the shops had been opened. The lady entered a barber's shop, followed by Tudor—beckoned him to be seated, and ordered the knight of the razor to take off his beard and hair, both of which operations he unquestionably greatly stood in need of. She looted the bill, and they left the shop, but soon entered a hat store. She requested that the best lot of beavers in the store might be placed upon the counter, and then told Tudor to select such a one as suited him. He soon did this—the price was paid by the lady; Tudor threw aside his old tarpaulin, and left the store, in company with his companion, in a beaver that would not have disgraced His Majesty the King himself. They next visited a shoe store, where Tudor was not long in selecting a pair of boots, nor the lady in paying for them.

Tudor by this time was puzzled to divine the object the lady had in view, and it must be acknowledged, he was apprehensive all was not right. But fully aware that he had committed no crime to make him dread the face of any mortal, and wishing to see the end of the farce which he considered had then fairly commenced, he was determined to press forward, prepared for the worst, trusting every thing to his guide and companion. He solicited from the lady an explanation of her designs, but she told him to be silent and ask no questions, and immediately led the way into a clothing store, with Tudor at her side. Here Tudor was told to select the best suit of clothes in the store, that fitted him, with corresponding articles of clothing; and the sailor in his doublet, tar-bedaubed pantaloons and check shirt, was in a few minutes metamorphosed into as fine a gentleman, as far as appearance was concerned, as had walked the streets of that great metropolis for many a day. The bill at this place, as at the others, was paid by the lady.

Tudor's amazement was now complete. He neither knew what to say or to think. Who the lady was, and what her intentions were, he could not even surmise.—He again asked for an explanation, and insisted upon one; but the only answer he received was—"Follow me, and be not alarmed—all will be explained hereafter to your entire satisfaction."

One thing Tudor was obliged to acknowledge; the lady, thus far, had done by him as well as he could have wished; he therefore resolved to ask no more questions, and to comply with all her requests and demands. Presently she conducted him into a magistrate's office, and politely requested the minister of the law to unite her and her companion in the bands of matrimony! This was something of a damper to Tudor, but nevertheless he tacitly yielded; the ceremony was soon commenced, and in a few seconds the couple were pronounced man and wife!

Without uttering a word, or even exchanging a kiss, Tudor and his wife now left the magistrate's but not, however, until she had given him a guinea for his services. The couple passed through many streets in silence—Tudor hardly knowing what he was doing, or what he had done, and certainly ignorant of where he was going, or what awaited him; and of the thoughts that occupied his wife's mind, the reader will be able to judge for himself. Turning the corner of a street, Tudor beheld, a few rods in front of him, a splendid dwelling, towards which his wife seemed to direct her footsteps, as well as his own, and into the front door of which they indeed soon entered. The room into which Tudor was ushered by his wife was furnished in a style of the greatest magnificence. She set him a chair, telling him to make himself contented for a minute or two, and then passed into another room.

The first one to address her was her uncle, who on seeing her enter the room, jumped in astonishment from his chair, calling her by name; demanded how she had escaped from her room, and where she had been. Her only answer was,

"Thou fiend in human shape! I allow you just one hour to remove your effects from this house. The actual possession of my property here you have long deprived me of, and vainly thought you had made arrangements by which you could deprive me of it through life; but I have frustrated your wicked designs—I am now mistress of my own house. I was this moment married, and my husband is now in the front room."

I must now leave the newly-married couple for a short time, for the purpose of reverting to the previous history of Mrs. Tudor. She was the only child of a very wealthy gentleman, whom I shall design as Mr. A. not recollecting his actual name, and, for the same reason, I shall give to his daughter the name of Eliza.—He had spared neither time nor expense in the education of his daughter, she being the only object of his care and regard, his wife having died when she was quite young; and before his death, which took place when she was 14 or 15 years of age, had the satisfaction of witnessing in her one of the most accomplished and beautiful young ladies in London.

A short time previous to his death, an arrangement was entered into between Mr. A. and a brother of his, by which his brother was to have possession of his dwelling house, his servants, horses, carriages, and such other property as had not been deposited in the bank for the benefit of his daughter, till the time of her marriage, when the possession of them was to be given up to her husband. It was also a condition of the agreement, that in case Eliza died without marrying, the property was to go to her uncle and his family.

Immediately after the death of Mr. A. his brother removed into his dwelling—Eliza boarded in his family; and every thing went on very agreeably for some months, when Eliza discovered in her uncle and his family the manifestations that she should never marry—the reasons for which, from what has already been said, must be obvious to every reader. Unluckily for Eliza, she did not discover the diabolical plot in season to frustrate it in its bud. It was nothing less than this: to shut her up in one of the centre rooms of the third story of the house; to prevent her leaving it, by keeping the doors and windows thoroughly bolted, and to refuse her the company of her associates, by telling them, when they called, that she was either at school, or was at some of the shops on business, or had just stepped out to see a friend, or had taken a ride into the country for her health, and to see some of her relations, or by telling them something else equally destitute of truth.

Eliza generally received her meals through a small door in the ceiling, from the hands of her unfeeling aunt, to whom her cries for liberation from her lonely and dismal prison house, were no more effectual than they would have been had they been directed to the idle wind.

Three years was the unfortunate girl thus shut out from all communication with the world, when one morning her scanty breakfast was carried to her by an old female servant of her father. Eliza, once more discovering the face of her old friend and servant, Juan, burst into tears, and attempted several times to speak, but was unable. Juan well understood the meaning of those incoherent sobbings, and said—herself almost unable to speak from emotion—"Hush, hush, Eliza, mistress; I understand all. Your aunt was taken suddenly ill last night, and the doctors say it is doubtful whether she long survives. I will see you again at noon and at evening. Some of your old servants have been long planning means for your escape, and are now in hopes of effecting it;" and without waiting for Eliza's thanks and blessings, tripped down stairs.

"What," said she to herself, "is it possible that I am to be delivered from this vile place of confinement? Is it possible that all connected with this establishment—my own establishment—do not possess hearts of adamant? God speed thee Juan, and thy associates, in thy work of love and mercy!"

It is unnecessary to detail all the minutiae of the scheme for Eliza's escape, and the several interviews held between her and Juan, for the three days she supplied Eliza with her meals. Suffice it to say, that on the evening of the fourth day after the above interview, Eliza was furnished with an instrument to unbar her window, and was promised a rope ladder the following evening, to effect her descent from one of the windows in the room adjoining; but having loosened the bars of the window the same evening the instrument for that purpose was put into her hands, she determined not to wait till the following evening for the promised ladder, not knowing but the plot of the servants might be discovered by her uncle, or by some of his children; and she accordingly went to work, making a rope (if such it may be called) from her bed clothes, by tearing them into strips, and tying the ends together. After a few hours labour she completed her rope, but fearing it might not be strong enough to support her, it was some time before she dared to attempt a descent. But preferring death to a longer confinement, and fearing she might be detected, she resolved to make the attempt, resigning her fate into the hands of him who is the orphan's friend. She did make the attempt, and she was successful! Yes, she was now liberated from a prison in her own house, where for "filthy lucre's sake," she had been

confined by her own uncle, and once more breathed the pure air of freedom. This was about daylight. She immediately bent her steps towards the wharf where the Boston vessel lay; and from that period in her life till she ushered her husband into her own house, the reader has already had an account of.

The surprised and horror stricken uncle stood in mute astonishment for some moments, after being informed by Eliza of her marriage. "Leave my house in an hour, thou monster!" She then turned to her husband, where the promised explanation was made.

The amazement of Tudor, and the transports of his wife, at this sudden change in their fortunes and conditions, may possibly be conceived, but they certainly cannot be expressed. Being incompetent to the task, I will not attempt to describe the scenes that successively followed—the embraces of the happy couple, and the kisses exchanged the joy of the faithful servants at seeing their young mistress once more set at liberty—the chagrin, mortification and decampment of the inhuman uncle, and his family—the congratulations of old friends and acquaintances—the parties that were given by Mrs. Tudor, as well as those attended by her and her husband—their many pleasant rides into the country, &c.

One pleasant morning, some four or five days after the marriage, the attention of the officers and hands belonging to the Boston vessel was directed to a splendid carriage, drawn by two cream-colored horses, richly caparisoned, which was approaching the wharf, and in a few moments halted immediately in front of the vessel. The driver dismounted from the box, and let down the steps of the carriage; a gentleman gorgeously dressed, stepped out, and assisted a lady with corresponding habiliments, to alight,—they then stepped on board the vessel, when the gentleman asked the Captain what port he was from, how many days he was in performing the passage, when he intended to return, the amount of fare for passengers, and other questions of a like nature; and receiving appropriate answers to the same, asked leave to examine the cabin and other accommodations of the vessel, (all the while avoiding, as far as possible, the captain) which were very courteously shown him. He then observed that he and his lady had some thoughts of soon starting for America, and in case they concluded to do so, they assured the Captain they would take passage with him. They then left the cabin, but before leaving the vessel the gentleman turned to the Captain and said:

"Captain —, (calling him by name) before leaving your vessel, permit me to make you acquainted with Mrs. Tudor!"

It was not till this moment that the Captain and those around him recognised in the elegantly dressed gentleman, their old friend and companion, Tudor, the Cooper!—they supposing that some sad, if not fatal accident, had befallen him. I once more leave the reader to judge of the congratulations that now followed, and of the healths that were drunk.

The remainder of my imperfect sketch is soon told. Tudor distributed the wages coming to him among his old associates—bade them good bye, but not, however, until he had extracted a promise from the captain and crew to call as often as convenient upon him before sailing—left the vessel, entered his carriage, and was driven to his own door.

Tudor and his wife lived through life, upon the most amicable terms, and were blessed with prosperity and an obedient and respected circle of children. Some years after his marriage, he returned, accompanied by his wife, to his native place, Boston, where he built two or three wharves, that bear his name to this day. They afterwards returned to London, where they died, as they lived since their union, honoured and respected by all who enjoyed their acquaintance.

(From the Portland Advertiser.)

DREADFUL OCCURRENCE.—The following account of the fire and loss of life, which occurred in Brooks, on the 23d instant, we find in the Belfast papers.

Yesterday morning, between twelve and one o'clock, the Dwelling House of Mr. Joseph Ellis, of Brooks, in this county, was consumed, and FIVE of his sons, and one hired man PERISHED IN THE FLAMES! Six persons who but a few hours before had retired in health and peace to their beds of repose, were all burnt to cinders in this terrible conflagration! I have just returned from the interment of their remains, and will state the facts in the case, as I received them there from good authority.

Mr. Ellis formerly resided in Prospect, and had removed to Brooks, to prosecute the lumbering business. He had on Thursday last, the day before the conflagration, a family consisting of his wife, three daughters, and seven sons, besides his hired people. The youngest child was but two days old, and the mother of course confined to her bed. On Thursday evening Mr. Ellis directed one of the young men to put a log in the fire place, and so prepare the fire that it might be comfortable for the nurse in case she should have occasion to rise. The one which he put on was rather large, and being hollow, probably burned more rapidly than had been anticipated. The family all retired to rest as usual. The mother with her infant and

nurse occupied the bed room near the kitchen, and all the rest of the family the chambers of the house. The eldest son and daughter were from home on a visit, and another daughter, a little girl, was that night at the house of a neighbour. About midnight Mrs. Ellis was alarmed by an unusual light shining into her room, and spoke to the nurse to arise and see what was the cause. She opened the door, but was met with such a rush of dense smoke and heat that she screamed, and shut it instantly. She tore out the window of her room, and sprung out herself to alarm the family, and call for help. Mr. Ellis having heard her first cry, and run down stairs, rushed through the burning room, and opened the outside door. He could not return. His first object was to save his wife, or he knew that in regard to her there could not be a moment to lose.—He ran round to her window, tore away the high head board which stood next to it, and took his wife and infant out—also the upper bed on which he placed them on the ground. The next object was to save the children. One of the hired men had sprung from his bed at the first call, and attempted to follow Mr. Ellis down, but the smoke and heat which rushed up the stairs when the lower door was opened was insufferable; and the man turned round and leaped from the chamber window. The daughter, a young lady about seventeen years of age, followed him. The doors and windows being thus opened gave free circulation to the air, and the house being unplastered, and extremely dry, the flames spread with astonishing rapidity, and were almost instantaneously rolling through the whole upper part of it, and bursting out at the roof. By this time some of the neighbours had arrived, and a man ascended to a chamber window, but could not enter. He called, but nothing could be heard but the roaring of the flames. The young man, from whose side the other had escaped, and the five little boys, were all suffocated, and silent in death—were all consuming in the fire which enveloped their beds. I asked the daughter whether she heard any cry from the others as she was flung from the chamber? She replied with unutterable emotion, "I did hear my youngest brother cry Pa! but I could not help him." This was the youngest excepting the infant, and had been sleeping in the same bed with his father. Those who were saved escaped as they sprung from their beds, saving nothing from the flames—nothing worthy to be named.

The name of the hired man who perished was Samuel J. C. Ryan. He was 20 years old, and the hope of his parents, who are in very humble circumstances. The sons of Mr. Ellis who shared the same fate, were from about two years of age up to thirteen; and their names beginning with the youngest were these: Hiram, John G., Nahum, Alfred G., and Joseph—five active boys but two days ago the delight of their parents' eyes, and the joy of their hearts. To-day the remains of the boys, consisting of a few cinders, were gathered into one coffin, and those of the young man into another. The two mourning families assembled at the house of a neighbor. A great concourse of people came together to witness the awful spectacle, and to show us their grief. Several ministers of the gospel were present, who spoke appropriately and feelingly to the people, and led them to the throne of divine justice and mercy in solemn prayer. The remains of the dead were borne away to the grave, to rest until the voice of Him who is the resurrection and the life shall reorganize and reanimate them, to live forever. Then will this deep mystery be revealed, and we shall see, according to the minister's text at the funeral, that while "clouds and darkness are round about Him, righteousness and justice are the support of His throne."

This distressing providence seems to say to every one who hears of it, "be careful to guard against fire in your own habitation, lest it should in like manner be consumed. You cannot be too much on your guard. Take care! Next, do not set your affections supremely upon any thing on the earth. Property, friends, children, all of earth which heart holds dear, are liable every moment to be swept forever from you. Consider them only as favours lent you for a precarious season. Remember whose they are.

Above all, prepare without delay to meet your God! for you know not how suddenly you may be called into his presence. Be wise to-day, to defer is madness.

Belfast, Maine, Oct. 24, 1835.

PER SHIP ALBION.

MRS. GARDINER has received a general

assortment of plain and figured SILKS,

RIBBONS, &c.

Fredericton, 10th Nov. 1835.

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