

POETRY.

Selected.

[From the Religious Intelligencer]
ON THE DEATH OF TWO SISTERS.
THE ONLY CHILDREN OF THEIR PARENTS.
They're here in this turf bed,—those tender forms,
So kindly cherished, and so fondly lov'd—
They're here.

Sweet sisters, pleasant in their lives,
And not in death divided. It is meet
For blooming ones to linger here, and learn
How swift the transient to the silent tomb.
—I do remember them,—their gentle brows
So marked with pure affections, and the glance
Of their mild eyes when in the house of God
They gather'd up the manna, that was shed
Like dew around—

The eldest parted first,
And it was touching, even to tears, to see
The perfect meekness of that child-like soul
Turning 'mid sorrow's chastening to its God,
And loosening every link of earthly hope,
To gird an angel's glorious garment on.
—The younger linger'd for a little while,
Drooping and beautiful,—strongly the nerve
Of that lone spirit, clasp'd its parent-prop,
Yet still in timid tenderness embrac'd
The rock of Ages,—while the Saviour's voice
Confirm'd its trust,—“suffer the little ones
To come to me.”

And then her sister's couch
Undrew its narrow covering, and those forms
Which side by side, on the same cradle bed,
So often shared the sleep of infancy,
Were laid, on that clay pillow, cheek to cheek,
And hand to hand,—until the morning break,
That hath no night.

And we are left alone,—
Who nurtur'd those fair buds, and often said
Unto each other, in the hour of care,
These same shall comfort us for all our toil.
—Yes, ye are left alone.—It is not ours
To heal such wound.—Man hath too weak a
head.

All he can give is tears.—
But he who took
Your treasures to his keeping,—He hath power
To uphold your footsteps, till they reach that
clime
Where none are written childless, and the hearts
Parted a few in moments here—unite
In an unchang'd eternity of bliss.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ST. PETERSBURGH.

From the Journal of a recent French Traveller.

The city of St. Petersburg, the Empress of the North, enveloped in snow as in a mantle of ermine, and majestically enthroned on the two banks of the Neva. If the traveller has to choose between a visit to Moscow, or St. Petersburg I recommend him, by all means to decide in favour of the latter.

Those who arrive by the way of Narva, may take a peep en passant, at the castle of Sremsna, which belonged to the Grand Duke Constantine. Not far from it stands a magnificent convent of monks. On the right, are visible numberless beautiful country houses, and on the left majestically extends the gulf of Cronstadt.

St. Petersburg is thickly studded with churches, which in their turn are studded with spires and steeples. The long gilt spire of the Admiralty, glitters in the sun like the lance of an ancient knight. The buildings in St. Petersburg have all a reddish tinge, which at first sight, has a very strange effect. The Neva intersects the city from one extremity to the other, and forms several little islands at its mouth. The quays as well as the basement walls of the Palaces on each side of the river, are of granite. Indeed in all the structures of St. Petersburg, granite is the prominent material:—everything seems to be marked by the strong hand of the founder. The equestrian statue of the Romulus of the North, stands in the vast square which bears his name. It is represented in the attitude in which he stood when he blessed his people as he passed through the Imperial city. The bear-skin which serves as his horse cloth is the symbol of the barbarism in which Russia was plunged at the commencement of the great reign; and the rock which the horse is climbing is emblematic of the obstacles surmounted by the Czar. This statue is the work of Falconnet, but it is said that his mistress, Mademoiselle Collet, herself sculptured the head of Peter. It is admirably executed, and a perfect likeness.

The shade of Peter the Great seems to pursue one incessantly in St. Petersburg. It adorns every public building, every quay, and every square. A great monarch never forsakes his people or his dominions. The Parisians daily salute on the Pont-Neuf and the Place Vendôme, the figures of Henry IV. and Bonaparte; and there are two names which the Russians never pronounce without a feeling of veneration—Peter and Catherine.

About the beginning of the last century, one cold night in January, a man wrapped in a large bear's skin sat himself beneath one of the bests of the city, then building on the island of Petersburg.

With an air of melancholy abstraction, he gazed on the banks of the river. Flocks of reindeer were slaking their thirst in the cold waves of the Neva, vultures and black eagles were hovering in the air; and at intervals the sharp cry of the lynx mingled its discordant harmony with the deep howling of the wintry wind. The man sat on the stone of the bastion, absorbed in profound contemplation. Uneasy thoughts seemed to burthen his mind. He looked as if complaining to some genius of the North, or perhaps to the silvery moon which diffused her rays through the forest of fir trees.

“What have I undertaken?” he exclaimed. “To drain these marshes—to dam up this river—to fertilize this desert! The rigour of the climate and the disorders incidental to it, are killing my companions; and I am myself ill and exhausted. Yesterday when feeling some wood, I felt that I worked feebly and slowly—I shall never build my city, unless St. Andrew or St. Michael come to my aid.”

He ceased to speak, and despondingly rested his head on his hand. At the moment several workmen stepped up to him, and said:

“There is a great swell of the Neva to night, and all the piers which we had driven in at the point of the island, are washed away.” The only answer was a deep sigh from him to whom this information was addressed.

In a short time two couriers arrived. They announced that some Swedish vessels had landed troops on the coast of the Gulf of Finland, and that Charles XII. was resuming hostilities. Then a venerable old man approached, and made this prediction:—“In the forest of fir trees, on the left bank of the river, there is a vast marsh, from whose bed such pestilential vapours are exhaled, that all perish who remain a few hours near it. We shall all meet the same fate, if we attempt to drain it.”

The man enveloped in the bear's skin listened to all this in silence. His eyes were cast down, and his arms crossed over his bosom. At that moment his persevering determination seemed about to yield to insurmountable obstacles, when suddenly a rich purple tinge suddenly overspread the horizon; rays of bright red appeared in the east, and spread their luminous reflection over the surface of the water; and yet the sun had set only two hours before.

“Ah! exclaimed the Czar, (for the man in the bear's skin was no more than Peter the Great) ‘God is for us!’—He hastily summoned his companions and pointed to the brilliant meteor which was rising like a sun. ‘God is for us!’ he said, ‘and we will build our northern capital!’

The message sent by St. Michael and St. Andrew, was an Aurora Borealis. The Czar and his fellow labourers resumed their work, and the desert now contains a population of four hundred thousand souls.

The Russians in St. Petersburg may be said to be nearly what the French are in Paris:—that is they are distinguished by an elegance of language and a refinement of manner almost unknown in other nations. In Russia, as in every other country in the world, the aristocracy engrosses to itself the large share of pleasure and luxury. Between the noble and the serf no intermediate class is recognizable. The Emperor's court may be compared to a brilliant camp in the midst of the city. The splendid uniforms which grace the parties given at the winter palace are perfectly dazzling. They are born, as the French say, *avec la cape et l'épée*. The autocrat Czar is the centre of the government; the sun which diffuses its influence on all. He is a colossal power in which every minor despotism is absorbed. The Emperor is very accessible to his subjects; this is universally acknowledged. He frequently goes out on foot unattended and without any badge of distinction.

The Emperor Nicholas is one of the finest looking men in his dominions. He has the character of being very magnanimous; and the following trait certainly indicates greatness of mind as well as benevolence of heart. When the cholera made its appearance in Moscow, the Czar was the first person in St. Petersburg who was made acquainted with the fact. He mentioned confidently to one of his valets de chambre his intention of departing for Moscow on the following night. At the appointed hour, a travelling carriage was in readiness for the Emperor, at private gate of the palace. But suddenly the valet de chambre, a Frenchman, a female in the service of the Empress. The secret was not kept, and when the Emperor was passing through one of the apartments of the palace on his way to the carriage, his children and the Czarina threw themselves at his feet, and with tears and

embraces implored him to relinquish the intended journey. The Emperor in his turn embraced them affectionately, and turning to the Empress said, in a kind and jesting tone, ‘Now let me pass on,—I have other children in Moscow whom I wish to see.’—He set off, and did not leave Moscow till the cholera had ceased its ravages.

The ladies of St. Petersburg, like those of Paris, are devout worshippers of Fashion. They have a most decided taste for pleasure; but, with great vivacity of spirits, the combine a certain seriousness of mind, which imparts irresistible charms to their conversation and manners. They are not under the influence of those powerful feelings which sway the minds of the females of the south. They are gentle and placid; they love with reflection, and if misfortune should intervene, with resignation. A Spanish or Italian female poisons a faithless lover; the fair Russian is content to suffer silently, and if possible to forget him. In all that regards elegance of manners and cultivation of mind, the Russian ladies are equal to those of any country in Europe.

If science and art have not hitherto flourished in the great northern capital, it has not been the fault of the Emperors. Few cities possess so many academies as St. Petersburg. Peter the Great founded these academies, and his successors have liberally supported them. They are open to receive and foster talent. Russian genius, which has so long laid torpid, may perhaps kindle in a flame, as Hecla burns beneath the snow. The genius of poetry already hovers over the city of the Czars, and it is gratifying to observe that the Emperor manifests a praiseworthy anxiety to encourage the cultivation of literature among his subjects.

It is not mine.—It often happens that the very people most particular respecting their own things, are most wanton in their disregard of the property of others. Habits of neatness and economy are a sorely commendable, but they become mean when applied only to one's individual use, and when the reflection “it is not mine,” is looked upon as a release from care. This doubt on the contrary, should render the merest trifle important in our eyes. A truly benevolent heart and thinking mind dictate a desire to protect the rights, reputation and property even of a stranger. I like the man who goes back in the night to fling aside a stone or a hoop, against which he has hurt his foot, so that the next passer by whoever it may be, may be spared the same evil. It is a trifle, but springs from a good principle, and, carried out into the great ramifications of society, may produce happiness incalculable.

CURIOUS PIANO FORTE.—A letter from London says, “a good deal of curiosity has been excited here, by the introduction of Piano Fortes of a new construction, by Pope, the Broadwood of Paris. This gentleman formerly worked in London, he afterwards went to Paris, and realized an immense fortune. His instruments are the finest I ever heard, both for richness and sweetness of tone. Some of them are most singular in appearance: just fancy a handsome rosewood table, for the centre of the room, opening and becoming a finely toned piano forte, with stands for a violin.

After the battle of Waterloo, the Prussian Veteran, Blucher, wrote a letter to his Lady which begins very characteristically in the following manner:

My Dear Wife,—You well know what I promised you, I have kept my word. Superstition of numbers forced me to give way on the 17th, but on the 18th, in conjunction with my friend Wellington, I put an end at once to Buonaparte's dancing.—Life of the Duke of Wellington.

A NEW CONTRIVANCE.—The following advertisement is copied from the Bangor Press:—

“Cakes to Let.—Ladies, who are about making large parties, for the sake of keeping up appearance and supporting the family dignity, are informed that they can be furnished, at the shortest notice, with wooden cakes, beautifully frosted, on the most reasonable terms. Also, during the high prices of butter and lard, the subscriber will keep constantly on hand, a few bushels of my doughnuts.

Timothy Collicald.
N. B.—Orders from the country must be accompanied by a draft on above, or a bill of exchange.

A FINE WIFE WELL MATCHED.—Simon Lewis, a gentleman of Hamp-shire, had, by his will, in the year 1836, decreed that, after his decease, his body should be thrown into the sea

beyond the Needles, which was accordingly complied with. In making inquiry into the motives for this singular disposal of his remains, it was discovered that he made it for the purpose of disappointing a young wife, who had frequently assured him, by way of consolation, that she would dance upon his grave!

AGITATION IN SCOTLAND.—“Getting up the Steam.”—The attempts of the Ministerial hacks in Scotland to excite agitation against the Lords, have most ludicrously failed in every part of the country. In the few places where meetings have been convened, the public have shown the utmost indifference to the clamour of the Whig Radicals. In the great majority of the Scotch towns, no meeting at all have been held on the subject. Paisley is silent—Dundee is dumb—Aberdeen says not a word—Greenock is perfectly still—Dumfries holds its tongue—even St. Andrews appears to be completely silent. We are nevertheless coolly assured that all Scotland is in a fermentation against the House of Lords. The assertion, however, is merely blarney, and no mistake!—Edinburgh Evening Post.

FODDERING THE WRONG BEAST.—A few days since a strong and active young man drove with great rapidity to a public-house in the vicinity of this city.—Having many miles to proceed, he left his jade horse at the door, entered the bar room, took a glass of brandy, then jumped into the vehicle and drove off. “He'd better have given his horse two quarts of oats,” said the bar-keeper. “The young man had probably forgotten,” said a by-stander, “that it was the horse and not himself, that performed the labour of travelling.” “He has foddered the wrong animal,” said another.—Boston Post.

RAIL ROAD FROM QUEBEC TO BELFAST.

Our neighbours of Maine are proceeding in good earnest in the business of the rail road. Lieut. Col. Long, of the Topographical Engineers of the United States, was, as we all know, employed during the summer 1835, in making the reconnaissance of the rail road projected from Belfast to Quebec. The result of this reconnaissance is contained in a report by this active and scientific officer to the Senate and House of Representatives of Maine, laid before those bodies in January last. The legislature of Maine were induced, from the facts and views contained in this very able paper, to appropriate a sum of five thousand dollars for the survey of the country, with a view to settle the line of this rail road. Colonel Long and a party have been engaged during the present summer in his survey, and have been in the field since the beginning of June last. The party is divided into two brigades, the one under the direction of Lieutenant Simmons, of the United States army, and the other under the direction of Mr. Frederick A. Barton, Civil Engineer and Professor of Mathematics at Andover, Massachusetts, each containing about seventeen men, most of them young gentlemen from college, or from the study of some liberal profession, who have joined the party for the purpose of seeing practical engineering. They are a fine set of young men, full of zeal and spirit. The survey was commenced at Belfast on the first of June last, and is now nearly completed. The party proceeded from Belfast, passing over the ground most favourable for a rail road, to the Sebasticook river, thence to Skowhegan, the nearest point of the Kennebec,—thence crossing the Westernmost Stream over the plain, up the west branch of the Cold Stream to the town of Skon,—thence passing near the Kennebec to Bingham,—thence to the Forks. Thence the route will cross the Kennebec, and proceed up the valley till it reaches the line. It is really marvellous that there should be such an apathy upon the subject of this rail road at Quebec. It is notorious that the value of property in the Lower Town has diminished wonderfully within the last two or three years; it may be said that rents have fallen in the Lower Town from 25 to 40 per cent. Let this rail road be once established, and property will rise again: such has been the uniform effect of rail roads every where; they have made work for themselves in an incredible way. Some people seem to think that the Saint Andrews's rail road ought to be encouraged to the exclusion of the Belfast one; but let both be encouraged. There are some difficulties arising from the boundary line question, which may retard, for a time, the Saint Andrews's rail road. Trade will not wait; it must pour itself out in some course or other; and when it has found its channels, it is not easy to divert it. Nature presents immense advantages for trade, by the great lakes, river, and gulf. Agriculture and industry have intercepted a large portion of the advantages which ought

to accrue from our natural situation, and transferred them to New York. It is to be hoped that no little national jealousies will interfere with this great object. One part of the road is short and easily made, being about thirty leagues in length, over a level country in the valleys of the rivers Du Loup and Chaudière. The portion of the work which is to be performed by our enterprising neighbours, is over a much more rugged country, and is longer. Some individuals affect to think that the road will have no custom; but it is believed that no rail road has yet been made upon this continent,—no matter how unpromising the circumstances,—which has not obtained adequate custom. Besides, our friends on the other side understand reckoning “some,” and know the value of a dollar as well as most people. They are not likely to incur the expense of making a rail road for one hundred and twenty or thirty miles to their sea port,—Belfast,—if they did not know that the cars would neither come nor go empty. Every one who has a correspondent in England, ought to write to him to urge upon the Colonial office the propriety of immediately sanctioning the Bill sent home last winter, for our portion of the rail road. To show our sincerity in the cause, it might be well for the Legislature, in the present Session, to appropriate a sum for a survey on our side as complete and efficient as that which is now going on the American side.—Quebec Gazette, September 14, 1836.

The exploration of a line for the Rail Road between St. Andrews and Quebec has been made from the Saint Lawrence to the Machias, under the direction of Capt. Yule, who proceeded to Mars Hill where he found the surviving parties sent to meet him from Fredericton and this place. Capt. Yule has appointed his parties to a series of districts from the Machias to Woodstock; surveying, taking levels, and estimating the cost of the intended work. After repassing to Fredericton, where he had an interview with the Excellency Sir Archibald Campbell, Capt. Yule returned towards the Reservoir to resume the principal direction of the line. When he ascertains the route as far as Woodstock, he will probably visit St. Andrews, and proceed upwards. From letters received here by the Association, and by private correspondence, we learn that Capt. Yule is perfectly satisfied that the Rail can be made without requiring any stationary power, and that he expresses himself greatly pleased with the Country through which it will pass.—Standard.

EXTRAORDINARY SEASON.—The present season still maintains its extraordinary character: an extraordinary quantity of snow on the ground in the spring, late in melting; a drought of two months' duration, and early frosts. The first frost was on the 9th August, the second (for four nights in succession) after the 20th August, and the third on the nights of the 5th and 6th instant. The injury to vegetation has now been general and extensive. The second frost extended to the southward and westward throughout the whole country from Lake Erie to Boston, and even into New Jersey. The present frost will probably have reached further. The ice was an eighth of an inch in thickness yesterday morning: its effects are visible on the potatoe stalks, which had only suffered in certain localities on the 9th and 20th August. All tender garden plants are nearly destroyed, and late grain will not fill or be fit for seed, and the growth of the grass be checked, thereby diminishing the food for cattle, which is already not half its usual quantity. Altogether, the effects of the frost are now as great as in ordinary seasons at a late period in October.

The farmer will probably have food enough for himself and family, but little to spare, and the unavoidable diminution of the number of live stock will be long felt, in checking that kind of management which is best adapted to the climate and the improvement of word out lands. The life of the farmer is one of incessant care and labour, all over the world; but when his hopes and efforts, during a whole year, are destroyed by untoward seasons, his lot is peculiarly hard, and requires all that humanity of heart and cheerful resignation in the will of Providence, for which the virtuous class is so much distinguished.—Quebec Gazette.

New Fashionable GOODS.

Just opening at the Store lately occupied by Mr. Thomas Pickard, nearly opposite the Phoenix Building, a selection of New and Fashionable GOODS, worthy the attention of all persons.

R. CHESNUT,
Fredericton, June 1, 1836