

POETRY.

Selected.

A MOTHER'S FAREWELL.

TO HER DAUGHTER ON HER MARRIAGE.
Go, dearest one, my selfish love shall never
pale thy cheek.

Not e'en a mother's fears for thee will I in
sadness speak;
Yet how can I with coldness check the burning
tears that start—
Hast thou not turned from me, to dwell with-
in another's heart?

I think no earlier, brighter days, when first my
lips were prest
Upon thy baby-brow, whilst thou lay helpless
on my breast;
In fancy still I see thine eye uplifted to my face,
I hear thy lisping tones, and mark with joy thy
childish grace.

E'en then I knew it would be thus—I thought
e'en in that hour,
Another would its perfume steal, when I had
reared the flower;
And yet I will not breathe a sigh—how can I
dare repine?
The sorrow that thy mother feels, was suffered
once by mine.

Will he in whose fond arms thou seek'st thine
all of earthly bliss,
E'er feel a love, untiring, deep, and free from
self as this?

Ah, no! a husband's tenderness thy gentle
heart may prove,
But never, never wilt thou meet again a mo-
ther's love.

My love for thee will ever be, found as in
youth years gone by.

Whilst to thy heart I shall be like a dream of
memory.

Dearest, farewell! may angel hosts their vigils
o'er thee keep—

How can I speak the word "Farewell," and
yet, and yet not weep?

MISCELLANEOUS.

A MADMAN'S MANUSCRIPT.

"Yes!—a madman's! How that
word would have struck to my heart,
many years ago! How it would have
roused the terror that used to come
upon me sometimes; sending the
blood hissing and tingling through my
veins, till the cold dew of fear stood in
large drops upon my skin, and my
knees knocked together with fright! I
like it now, though. It's a fine name.
Show me the monarch whose angry
frown was ever feared like the glare of
a madman's eye—whose cord and axe
were ever half so sure as a madman's
gripe. Ho! ho! It's a grand thing
to be mad! to be peeped at like a wild
lion through the iron bars—to gnash
one's teeth and howl, through the long
still night, to the merry ring of a heavy
chain—and to roll and twine among
the straw, transported with such brave
music. Hurrah for the madhouse!
Oh, it's a rare place!

"I remember days when I was afraid
of being mad; when I used to start
from my sleep, and fall upon my knees,
and pray to be spared from the curse of
my race; when I rushed from the sight
of merriment or happiness, to hide my-
self in some lonely place, and spend
the weary hours in watching the pro-
gress of the fever that was to consume
my brain. I knew that madness was
mixed up with my very blood, and the
marrow of my bones; that one genera-
tion had passed away without the pesti-
lence appearing among them, and that
I was the first in whom it would revive.
I knew it must be so; that so it always
had been, and so it ever would be;
and when I cowered in some obscure
corner of a crowded room, and saw
men whisper, and point, and turn their
eyes towards me, I knew they were
telling each other of the doomed mad-
man; and I sunk away again to mope
in solitude.

"I did this for years; long, long
years they were. The nights here are
long sometimes—very long; but they
are nothing to the restless nights, and
dreadful dreams I had at that time. It
makes me cold to remember them.
Large dusky forms, with sly and jeer-
ing faces, crouched in the corners of
the room, and bent over my bed at
night, tempting me to madness. They
told me, in low whispers, that the floor
of the old house in which my father's
father died, was stained with his own
blood, shed by his own hand in raging
madness. I drove my fingers into my
ears, but they screamed into my head
till the room rang with it, that in one
generation before him the madness
slumbered, but that his grandfather had
lived for years with his hands fettered
to the ground, to prevent his tearing
himself to pieces. I knew they told
the truth—I knew it well. I had found
it out years before, though they had
tried to keep it from me. Ha! ha! I
was too cunning for them, madman as
they thought me.

"At last it came upon me, and I
wondered how I could ever have fear-
ed it. I could go into the world now,
and laugh and shout with the best a-
mong them.—I knew I was mad, but
they did not even suspect it. How I

used to hug myself with delight, when
I thought of the fine trick I was playing
them after their old pointing and jeer-
ing, when I was not mad, but only
dreading that I might one day become
so! And how I used to laugh for joy
when I was alone, and thought how
well I kept my secret, and how quickly
my kind friends would have fallen from
me, if they had known the truth. I
could have screamed with ecstasy when
I dined alone with some fine roaring
fellow, to think how pale he would
have turned, and how fast he would
have run, if he had known that the dear
friend who sat close to him, sharpening
a bright glittering knife, was a madman,
with all the power, and half the will, to
plunge it in his heart. Oh, it was a
merry life!

"Riches became mine, wealth pour-
ed in upon me, and I rioted in pleasure,
enhanced a thousand fold to me by the
consciousness of my well kept secret.
I inherited an estate. The law—the
eagle-eyed law itself—had been deceiv-
ed, and had handed over disputed
thousands to a madman's hand. Where
was the wit of the sharp-sighted men of
sound mind? Where the dexterity of
the lawyers, eager to discover a flaw!
The madman's cunning had over-reach-
ed them all.

"I had money. How I was court-
ed! I spent it profusely. How I was
praised! How those three proud over-
bearing brothers humbled themselves
before me! The old white-headed fa-
ther, too—such deference—such re-
spect—such devoted friendship—why
he worshipped me. The old man had
a daughter, and the young men a sis-
ter; and all the five were poor. I was
rich; and, when I married the girl, I
saw a smile of triumph play upon the
faces of her needy relatives, as they
thought of their well planned schemes,
and their fine prize. It was for me to
smile. To smile! To laugh outright,
and tear my hair, and roll upon the
ground with shrieks of merriment.
They little thought they had married
her to a madman.

"Stay. If they had known it, would
they have saved her? A sister's hap-
piness against a husband's gold. The
lightest feather I blow into the air, a-
gainst the gay chain that ornaments
my body!

"In one thing I was deceived, with
all my cunning. If I had not been mad
—for though we madmen are sharp-wit-
ted enough, we get bewildered some-
times—I should have known that the
girl would rather have been placed,
stiff and cold, in a dull leaden coffin,
than borne an envied bride to my rich
glittering house. I should have known
that her heart was with the dark-eyed
boy, whose name I once heard breathed
in her troubled sleep; and that she had
been sacrificed to me, to relieve the
poverty of the old white-headed man,
and the haughty brothers.

"I don't remember forms or faces
now, but I know the girl was beautiful.
I know she was; for in the bright moon-
light nights, when I start up from my
sleep, and all is quiet about me, I see
standing still and motionless in one cor-
ner of this cell, a slight and wasted
figure, with long black hair, which,
streaming down her back, stirs with no
earthly wind, and eyes that fix their
gaze on me, and never wink or close.
Hush! the blood chills at my heart as
I write it down—that form is *her's*; the
face is very pale, and the eyes are
glassy bright; but I know them well.
That figure never moves; it never
frowns and mouths as others do, that
fill this place sometimes; but it is much
more dreadful to me, even than the
spirits that tempted me many years ago
—it comes fresh from the grave; and
is so very death-like.

"For nearly a year I saw that face
grow paler: for nearly a year I saw the
tears steal down the mournful cheeks,
and never knew the cause. I found it
out though. They could not keep it
from me long. She had never liked
me; I had never thought she did; she
despised my wealth, and had hated the
splendor in which she lived: I had not
expected that. She loved another.
This I had never thought of. Strange
feelings came over me, and thoughts
forced upon me by some secret power,
whirled round and round my brain. I
did not hate her, though I hated the
boy she still wept for. I pitied—yes, I
pitied the wretched life to which her
cold and selfish relations had doomed
her. I knew that she could not live
long, but the thought that before her
death she might give birth to some il-
l-fated being, destined to hand down
madness to its offspring, determined
me. I resolved to kill her.

"Many weeks I thought of poison,
and then of drowning, and then of fire.
—A fine sight, the grand house in
flames, and the madman's wife smoul-
dering away to cinders. Think of the
jest of a large reward, too, and of some

sane man swinging in the wind, for a
deed he never did, and all through a
madman's cunning! I thought often of
this, but I gave it up at last. Oh! the
pleasure of strapping the razor day af-
ter day, feeling the sharp edge, and
thinking of the gash one stroke of its
thin bright point would make!

"At last the old spirits who had been
with me so often before, whispered in
my ear that the time was come, and
thrust the open razor into my hand. I
grasped it firmly, rose softly from the
bed, and leaned over my sleeping wife.
—Her face was buried in her hands.
I withdrew them softly, and they fell
listlessly on her bosom. She had been
weeping, for the traces of the tears
were still wet upon her cheek. Her
face was calm and placid; and even as
I looked upon it, a tranquil smile light-
ed up her pale features. I laid my
hand softly on her shoulder. She start-
ed—it was only a passing dream. I
leaned forward again. She screamed,
and woke.

"One motion of my hand, and she
would never again have uttered cry or
sound. But I was startled and drew
back. Her eyes were fixed on mine.
I know not how it was, but they cowed
and frightened me; and I quailed be-
neath them. She rose from the bed,
still gazing fixedly and steadily on me.
I trembled; the razor was in my hand,
but I could not move. She made to-
wards the door. As she neared it, she
turned, and withdrew her eyes from my
face. The spell was broken. I bound-
ed forward, and clutched her by the
arm. Uttering shriek upon shriek, she
sunk upon the ground.

"Now I could have killed her with-
out a struggle; but the house was al-
armed. I heard the tread of footsteps
on the stairs. I replaced the razor in
its usual drawer, unfastened the door,
and called loudly for assistance.

"They came, and raised her, and
placed her on the bed. She lay bereft
of animation for hours; and when she
looked, and speech returned, her senses
had deserted her, and she raved wildly
and furiously.

"Doctors were called in—great men
who rolled up to my door in easy car-
riages, with fine horses and gaudy ser-
vants. They were at her bedside for
weeks. They had a great meeting,
and consulted together in low and so-
lemn voices in another room. One,
the cleverest and most celebrated among
them, took me aside, and bidding me
prepare for the worst, told me—me, the
madman—that my wife was mad. He
stood close beside me at an open win-
dow, his eyes looking in my face, and
his hand laid upon my arm. With one
effort I could have hurled him into the
street beneath. It would have been
rare sport to have done it; but my se-
cret was at stake, and I let him go.
A few days after, they told me I must
place her under some restraint: I must
provide a keeper for her. If I went
into the open fields where none could
hear me, and laughed till the air re-
sounded with my shouts!

"She died next day. The white-
headed old man followed her to the
grave, and the proud brothers dropped
a tear over the insensible corpse of her
whose sufferings they had regarded in
her life-time with muscles of iron. All
this was food for my secret mirth, and
I laughed behind the white handker-
chief which I held up to my face as we
rode home, till the tears came into my
eyes.

"But though I had carried my object
and killed her, I was restless and dis-
turbed, and I felt that before long my
secret must be known. I could not
hide the wild mirth and joy which boiled
within me, and made me when I was a-
lone, at home, jump up and beat my
hands together, and dance round and
round, and roar aloud. When I went
out, and saw the busy crowds hurrying
about the streets: or to the theatre,
and heard the sound of music, and be-
held the people dancing, I felt such
glee, that I could have rushed among
them, and torn them to pieces, limb
from limb, and howled in transport.
But I ground my teeth, and struck my
feet upon the floor, and drove my sharp
nails into my hands. I kept it down;
and no one knew that I was a madman
yet.

"I remember—though it is one of the
last things I can remember: for now I
mix realities with my dreams, and
having so much to do, and being always
hurried here, have no time to separate
the two, from some strange confusion in
which they get involved—I remember
how I let it out at last. Ha! ha! I think
I see their frightened looks now, and feel
the ease with which I flung them from
me, and dashed my clenched fists into
their white faces, and then flew like the
wind, and left them screaming and shout-
ing far behind. The strength of a giant
comes upon me when I think of it.
There—see how this iron bar bends

beneath my furious wrench. I could
snap it like a twig, only there are long
galleries here with many doors—I don't
think I could find my way along them:
and even if I could, I knew there are
iron gates below which they keep lock-
ed and barred. They know what a
clever madman I have been, and they
are proud to have me here to show.

"Let me see; yes, I had been out.
It was late at night when I reached
home, and found the proudest of the
three brothers, waiting to see me—
urgent business he said: I recollect it
well. I hated that man with all a mad-
man's hate. Many and many a time
had my fingers longed to tear him.
They told me he was there. I ran
swiftly up stairs. He had a word to say
to me. I dismissed the servants. It
was late, and we were alone together
—for the first time.

"I kept my eyes carefully from him
at first, for I knew, what he little
thought—and I gloried in the know-
ledge—that the light of madness gleam-
ed from them like fire. He spoke at
last. My recent dissipation, and
strange remarks, made so soon after
his sister's death, were an insult to her
memory. Coupling together my cir-
cumstances which had at first escaped
his observation, he thought I had not
treated her well. He wished to know
whether he was right in inferring that I
meant to cast a reproach upon her me-
mory, and a disrespect upon her family.
It was due to the uniform he wore, to
demand this explanation.

"This man had a commission in the
army—a commission purchased with my
money, and his sister's misery. This
was the man who had been foremost in
the plot to ensnare me, and grasp my
wealth. This was the man who had
been the main instrument in forcing his
sister to wed me, well knowing that her
heart was given to that peevish boy.
Due! due to his uniform! The livery
of his degradation! I turned my eyes
upon him—I could not help it—but I
spoke not a word.

"I saw the sudden change that came
upon him, beneath my gaze. He was
a bold man, but the color faded from
his face, and he drew back his chair. I
dragged mine nearer to him; and as I
laughed—I was very merry then—I
saw him shudder. I felt madness rising
within me. He was afraid of me.

"You were very fond of your sis-
ter when she was alive"—I said—
"Very."

"He looked uneasily round him, and
I saw his hand grasp the back of his
chair; but he said nothing.

"You villain," said I, "I found you
out; I discovered your hellish plots
against me; I know her heart was fixed
on some one else before you compelled
her to marry me. I knew it—I know it."

"He jumped suddenly from her
chair, brandished it aloft, and bid me
stand back—for I took care to be get-
ting closer to him all the time I spoke.
"I screamed rather than talked, for I
felt tumultuous passions eddying through
my veins, and the old spirits whispering
and taunting me to tear his heart out.

"Damn you," said I, starting up,
and rushing upon him! "I killed her. I
am a madman. Down with you.
Blood, blood—I will have it."

"I turned aside, with one blow, the
chair he hurled at me in his terror, and
closed with him; and, with a heavy
crash, we rolled upon the floor together.

"It was a fine struggle that, for as
he was a tall, strong man, fighting for
his life, and I, a powerful madman,
thirsting to destroy him, I knew no
strength could equal mine, and I was
right. Right again, though a madman!
His struggles grew fainter. I knelt
upon his chest, and clasped his brawny
throat firmly with both hands. His face
grew purple; his eyes were starting
from his head and, with protruded
tongue, he seemed to mock me. I
squeezed the tighter.

"The door was suddenly burst open
with a loud noise, and a crowd of peo-
ple rushed forward, crying out to each
other to secure the madman.

"My secret was out; and my only
struggle now, was for liberty and free-
dom. I gained my feet before a hand
was on me, threw myself among my as-
sailants, and cleared my way with my
strong arm as if I bore a hatchet in my
hand, and hewed them down before me.
I gained the door, dropped over the
banisters, and in an instant was in the
street.

"Straight and swift I ran, and no
one dared to stop me. I heard the
noise of feet behind, and redoubled my
speed. It grew fainter and fainter in
the distance, and at length died away
altogether; but on I bounded, through
marsh and rivulet, over fence and wall,
with a wild shout which was taken up
by the strange beings that flocked
around me on every side, and swelled
the sound till it pierced the air. I was

borne upon the arms of demons who
swept along upon the wind, and bore
down bank and hedge before them, and
spun me round and round with a rustle
and a sweep that made my head swim,
until at last they threw me from them
with a violent shock, and I fell heavily
upon the earth.—When I awoke I
found myself here—here in this gay
cell where the sun light seldom comes,
and the moon steals in, in rays which only
serve to show the dark shadows about
me, and that silent figure in its corner.
When I lie awake, I can sometimes
hear strange shrieks and cries from dis-
tant parts of this large place. What
they are, I know not; but they neither
come from that pale form, nor does it
regard them. For from the first shades
of dusk, till the earliest light of morning,
it still stands motionless in the same
place, listening to the music of my iron
chain, and watching my gambols on my
straw bed."

At the end of the manuscript, was
written, in another hand, this note.

[The unhappy man whose ravings are
recorded above, was a melancholy in-
stance of the baneful results of energies
misdirected in early life, and excesses
prolonged until their consequences
could never be repaired. The thought-
less riot, dissipation, and debauchery of
his younger days, produced fever and
delirium. The first effects of the latter,
was the strange delusion founded upon
a well-known medical theory, strongly
contested for by some, and as strongly
contested by others, that an hereditary
madness existed in his family. This
produced a settled gloom, which in time
developed a morbid insanity, and finally
terminated in raving madness. There
is every reason to believe that the
events he detailed, though distorted in
the description by his diseased imagina-
tion, really happened. It is only matter
of wonder to those who were acquainted
with the vices of his early career, that
his passions, when no longer controlled
by reason, did not lead him to the com-
mission of still more frightful deeds.]

Pickwick Papers.

FOR SALE.

ALL that well known Mill Establishment,
owned and occupied by T. B. Smith, at
the mouth of the Pennycook Stream, distant
from Fredericton about eight miles—consisting
of a new large and convenient double Saw
Mill, containing three up and down Saws and
one Circular Saw, all in the very best con-
dition, and cuts annually fifteen hundred thousand
feet of Lumber and upwards—and from new
inventions lately adopted in this Province a
very small expense would enable it to cut one
quarter more; one two and a half story House,
18x36, all finished complete, with a retail
and back Store, and a good stand for Country
business; a convenient Barn, 30x40; also
two Houses, one and a half story high, finish-
ed, 14x20; with out buildings, &c. &c. to
each; a Blacksmith shop, with three hundred
Acres of Land—all situated round the Mill.
The forty acres of the Farm is under meadow
and cultivation, about one half interval, and all of
the very best quality; the high land part is
well covered with hard wood and Mill Lumber.
The Pennycook is well known to be a first rate
Stream for Mills, and the surrounding Country
well covered with Pine and Spruce Timber.

There is attached to the Mills a reserve of
ten thousand acres of Timber Land, on which
no Lumber has ever been cut.

Should the same not be sold before the
first day of June next, it will on that day be
rented for one or more years, as may be agreed
upon.

Also will be leased—a Farm next adjoining
the above described property, containing 150
acres, more or less, with a new House and
Barn thereon; a considerable quantity of this
Farm is interval, it at present cuts from eight
to ten Tons of Hay; the upland is under good
fence and tillage.

Also for sale or to rent—a Farm half a mile
above the Mills, containing 250 acres, more or
less—40 acres of which are interval, and the
whole Farm cuts from 25 to 30 Tons good
Hay; the upland is well covered with Hard
Wood, Spruce and Pine—on which is a very
comfortable dwelling House.

Also for sale—a Lot containing 250 acres,
three miles up the stream, part of which is
interval; on this Lot is a first rate Mill privi-
lege, and at a very trifling expense twenty
feet head of water could be raised, and the
whole neighbourhood is covered with Mill
Lumber of every description.

Also for sale—a large quantity of Timber
Land, well covered with Hard Wood, Pine
and Spruce, convenient to the Mill Stream;
the greater part of which is excellent land for
cultivation.

Any person wishing to purchase or rent
the whole or any part of the above described
Property, can apply to Messrs. Crookshank
& Walker, Saint John, Mr. Asa Coy, Fre-
dericton, or the Subscriber on the Premises.

T. B. SMITH.

Mill Town, Pennycook, Feb. 24, 1837.

FOR SALE OR TO LET.

THE Subscriber being about to
remove from Fredericton,
offers for Sale, or to Lease for a
term of years, that pleasantly si-
tuated House in which he now resides, front-
ing on King Street.—There is on the ground
four good Rooms, and three on the sec-
ond flat. A small Barn and Garden are
attached thereto, which, together with a
Well of excellent water, renders the House a
comfortable residence for a small family.

ROBERT WELLS.

May 2, 1837.