

POETRY.

Selected.

TO THE FIRST SPRING FLOWER. From the Scottish Guardian.

Thou art risen again, in thine own glad hour,
And welcome thou art, sweet fragile flower;
Thou tellest that Winter's dominion is past,
And that joyous Spring has arrived at last.

Not long shalt thou pine thus unsheltered and lone—
Though now the bleak garden be all thine own:
Thy lovely companions shall soon re-appear
To add to the charms of the opening year.

Not thus can we watch the revival of those
Who have slumbered awile in their mortal re-
pose,
Not thus shall the grave be bereft of its trust,
Nor consent to give back its mouldering dust.

Yet may not we liken our life to the flowers?
Theirs is fleeting and fragile: alas! what is ours?
As a vapour—a dream—as a tale that is told—
To the rich and the poor, the young and the old.

The flowers may be plucked when expanding in bloom,
And can beauty or youth ever save from the tomb?
Yet them Nature's voice will soon summon again—
O'er man's lowly bed she must sorrow in vain.

No sound upon death's deep silence shall break
Till the archangel's trump bid the sleepers awake;
Did they mourn or rejoice? both alike are now o'er,
And in life's busy scenes they shall mingle no more.

But could they, who once tasted of heavenly bliss,
Seek indeed to return to a world like this?
Oh no! they here fought with corruption and sin,
While they struggled in vain with the conflict within.

While here, they were often exposed to the rod—
For these ever lay betwixt them and their God:
There grief cannot enter, no clouds intervene,
But they know as they're known, and see as they're seen.

O had we true faith in that Spirit Divine,
We might even on earth as his chosen ones shine—
Waiting with patience, and glowing with love,
Till become living stones in his temple above.

THE FORGIVEN.

'Tis sweet to bask in the bright smile
That lighteth lovely lips,
Which beams unclouded all the while,
And knoweth no eclipse.
'Tis sweet to meet the thrilling glance
Of a love-lighted eye—
To feel young passion's wild romance,
And catch its first-born sigh.

'Tis sweet to stand beside the altar
With a fair hand in thine,
And hear a loved tone faintly falter
The vows of auld lang syne.
'Tis sweet to know that there's one heart
For ever all thine own,
In which thy image reigns apart
Unrivalled and alone.

But sweeter far than this—than all
Beside the bliss of Heaven,
Are the pure tears of joy that fall
For sin and guilt forgiven:
When bitter memory's scorpion stings
Have lost their mad'ning smart,
And blest repentance gently flings
Its balm upon the heart.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LIFE IN AN OMNIBUS.—Lord Snowden has just broken a shaft of his cabriolet, on a wet day, upon Barnes Common; an omnibus rattles up, and the tiger, no house nor aid being near, persuades his lofty master, the destined Governor-General of India, to "get in." "The Marquess stepped in, and the Conductor gave the word, 'all right,' but this was so soon after the admission of his Lordship into the vehicle, and he was so long picking out a clean place to sit down upon, the jerk threw his Lordship forward into the lap of the fattest woman that ever was seen out on a caravan at a fair, who, unfortunately, was carrying a jar of pickled onions on her knee, which upset by the Marquess's tumble, and its fall saturated the front of his Lordship's waistcoat and stock with its fragrant juice. The dirty dandy in the corner, as soon as he saw the involuntary contortions of poor Lord Snowden's countenance, as the huge thing bumped up and down, and twisted first one way and then another, began to affect a similar distaste for the conveyance; and to mark his sympathy with the new arrival, forthwith plumped himself up close to him. He looked at the Governor-General Bahauder for a moment or two, and then pulling out a sort of whitey-brown paper funnel, which did duty for a snuff box, offered it to the Marquess.

"After a short delay, during which several aristocratic carriages rolled by—at which periods the Marquess adopted the celebrated system of ostrichism, and hid his head—the omnibus rattled on towards town. At Waltham green, two tall scraggy girls from a boarding-school, sickly, smiling, gay, young and awkward, were poked in. A gentleman with very red mustachios, was picked up at the Queen's Elm gate; and a poulterer's

boy, with a couple of skinned rabbits in a tray, was added to the party at the corner of Slesne-street, the said rabbits on their way back to a poulterer's in Duke-street, St. James's, because they were not fresh.

The Marquess made a thousand well bred apologies, and was got up upon his legs by the exertions of the fat woman, whose struggles to rescue herself from the imposing weight of nobility, were materially assisted by the efforts of a good-natured dirty little man in the corner, and a thin spare woman, who was carrying a bantam-cock and three hens in a basket to London, having on her other hand a large faced child, with great blue eyes and a cold in its head. It wore a brown skin cap, with a gold band round it, while a green net comforter was twisted round its chin and body, bearing very strong evidence that the dear little thing was an extremely bad traveller. Near the door, and over whose shins the Marquess first tumbled upon getting in, was placed a stout, blue-aproned market gardener; and opposite to him, a smartish looking man, a Mosaic gold chain round his neck, and a bunch of oily curls coming out from his hat just over his hair—he was the dandy of the party. "Off went the omnibus—rattle went all the windows—slap went the weather boards, bang went the axle-trees; and away went the whole concern at a rate and with a noise, of which the Marquess till that moment had but a very faint conception. At the top of St. James' street, the caravan stopped. The day had cleared up; the pavement was dry. The king was in town; there were many people about. Lord Snowden just peeped through the windows, and saw groups collected—men he knew. Here it was clear he could not get out—whither should he go?—how far—what place was safe? At length he resolved upon going the whole journey to the Bank, so that he might emerge in the City, and then enveloping himself in a hackney-coach, reach the habitable part of the town, without fear of discovery. "Any body for White Oss Cellar?" said the man on the steps. Out went the dirty dandy, the man with the apron on, and the boy with the rabbits. But their places were instantly supplied by a portly gentleman lugging in a small sized green garden-engine with a fan spout, and three fishing-rods, which he had just bought at the corner of Abemarle street, and a fond mother who had provided herself with a heap of toys for her six children. Still the Marquess kept peeping out of his prison—nobody saw him—and it was pleasant to peep the loop-holes thus unobserved. In a few minutes all was right, but the pavement in Piccadilly was up; and it was necessary, therefore, that the huge machine should go down St. James' street; and so it did; but short was its progress in that line of march—all the bumpings and thumpings which its rapid course in the earlier part of its journey had excited, now were to be compensated for joy. The driver smacked his whip, the horses obeyed the sound; when bang went something, and in an instant the whole fabric came down with a crash like thunder, exactly in front of White's. The shrieks of the women, the cries of the men, the noise of the fall, all combined to attract a thousand spectators, fifty heads were out of Crockford's Coffee-room; all the guardsmen rushed into the balcony; and in the bow-window of White's itself, which was instantly thrown up, were heard the well-known voices of the leaders of the clique, in a sort of war-hoop, which, like the whistle of Rhoderick Dhu, roused the clan to observe the dreadful denouement. In detail were the passengers extricated. The dear little boarding-school girls jumped out first, the fat man with his garden-engine, stuck in the door-way, and was only ejected by the ponderosity of the still fatter woman, with what she called her "union jar," clasped like a lovely baby to her bosom; the lady with the toys was trampled under foot; the sick child was jammed under the dirty man in the corner, and the thin woman who took care of it, getting anxious about its fate, unwillingly abandoned the poultry; and when the most Noble the Marquess of Snowden, K. G. and Governor-General of India, emerged amidst the cries of "take care of the old gentleman," he came out without his hat, with a fine bantam cock perched upon his head, and a couple of fuzzy-legged hens roosting upon his shoulders."—*Hook's Sayings and Doings.*

THE MISSING TRIBES.—Curiosity which had been on the tip-toe to hear the lecture of Mr. Noah on the missing tribes, was gratified at length on Tuesday the 14th ultimo, when he delivered it before a very crowded audience, at Clinton Hall. The subject, which

is one of history and religion, was deeply interesting. Everything relating to the Jewish nation—to that people preserved in a manner so singular—the parent, we may say, of all religion—so venerable for its antiquity, so fruitful of great events, which has survived so many revolutions and vicissitudes, and which even now retains so much of the original faith—a religion concerning which we hear so much from the pulpit, and is so identified with the origin of Christianity, partakes of double interest, coming from one who is so familiar with its history and character as Mr. Noah, and who has ever laboured to elevate the reputation of his people, and allay those prejudices which happily have retreated before the march of science and civilization. The theory that the American Indians have descended from the ten tribes of Israel, captured by the Assyrians, is by no means a novel one. All the missionaries and travellers among the various nations, from the time of the Spanish conquest, were of this opinion. There are many Indian festivals and ceremonies strikingly analogous to those of the Jews, but it was still considered a vague and indefinite idea, more as a dream, singular, yet unaccountable. Mr. Noah, however, carries out the theory in bold relief, amounting almost to conviction. He maintains according to Esdras, that the tribes apprehensive of falling into idolatry, left Samaria, to travel into a country "wherein mankind had never dwelt," that they passed through Persia, Tartary and China, and reached the western coast of Asia, and crossed to our continent through Behring's Straits, which, being less than thirty miles wide and frequently frozen, presented no impediment, and spread themselves to Cape Horn; the more hardy keeping towards Labrador and Hudson's Bay, and the more civilized and refined to Mexico and Peru. He contends that the Indians have all the elements and principals of the Jewish persuasion; that their four festivals; their computation of time by new moons; their sacrifices, their following the Mosaic laws in regard to eating, and abstaining from eating certain things; their numerous Hebrew words; their belief in one God; and, finally, their participation in the great covenant commanded by God to Abraham, clearly and undoubtedly proves their origin from the missing tribes. These proofs following each other in rapid succession, required no ingenuity on the part of Mr. Noah to sustain his position; they were all strong and emphatic in themselves, and were corroborated by numerous missionaries, particularly Mr. Adair, who resided many years among our North Western Indians. He evidently proved that the Indians were of Asiatic origin, and must have descended from the Hebrews, the Tartars or Malays; and of the three nations be offered strong evidences of their Hebrew descent. On the antiquities in Mexico and Central America he advanced a most startling theory, and contended that the pyramids of Cholula and the great temple at Palenque, near Guatemala, were found by the Phœnicians, who crossed from the Mediterranean after building Tyre and Carthage, and founded an immense empire in this country of the Ophite worship, and that a thousand years afterward, the tribes passed through Asia to this continent, and fell upon the Canaanites a second time, and destroyed the nation and levelled their cities. Several travellers, among them Lord Kingsborough, are firm in their belief, that those great antiquities were the work of the Phœnicians; but Mr. Noah is the first who has advanced the belief that those temples and cities were razed by the irruption of the missing tribes from the North West coast. It is singular, but by no means improbable, our country is full of evidences that it was inhabited many ages before the discovery by Columbus. The lecture throughout was listened to with intense interest by a very enlightened audience, and such has been the desire to hear it repeated, that we learn Mr. Noah may be induced, at no distant day, to deliver it again.—*New York Mirror.*

BEAUTIFUL VARIETIES OF PINKS.—Very many beautiful varieties of the Pink may be obtained by the following process.—Just before sunrise carefully open the flower to be operated upon, and extract the anther with small pinners. About nine o'clock, place the ripe pollen upon the stigma of the flower and repeat this two or three times in the course of the day. If the act of impregnation has taken place, the flower will fade in twenty-four or thirty-six hours, but if not, it will remain in bloom and beauty, in which case the attempt must be repeated. This should be done in fine weather, and the flower should be defended from rain or mist. Plants raised from the seeds which have been crossed bear the form of the mother, but the colour of the male parent. These are less visited by bees than others. These are curious facts.

A GOOD HAND AT ACCOUNTS.—"Amiable man that 'ere, Sammy," said Mr. Weller, smoking violently. "Seems so," observed Sam. "Good hand at accounts," said Mr. Weller. "Is he?" said Sam. "Borrows eighteen-pence on Monday, and comes on Tuesday for a shilling to make it up half-a-crown; calls again on Vensday for another half-a-crown to make it five shillings, and goes on doubling, till he gets it up to a five pound note in no time, like them sums in the 'rithmetic book 'bout the nails in the horse's shoes, Sammy." Sam intimated by a nod that he recollected the problem alluded to by his parent.—*Pickwick Papers.*

BAD MEMORY.—A village pedagogue in despair with a stupid boy, pointed at the letter A, and asked him if he knew it. "Yes, sir," "Well, what is it?" "I know him very well by sight, but not me if I can remember his name."

He assumes no borrowed appearance. He seeks no mask to cover him, for he acts no stupid part; but he is indeed what he appears to be—full of truth, candour, and humanity. In all his pursuits, he knows no path but the fair and direct one; and would much rather fail of success, than attain it by reproachful means. He never shows us a smiling countenance while he meditates evil against us in his heart. He never joins in traducing us among our enemies. We shall never find one part of his character at variance with another. In his manners he is simple and unaffected; in all his proceedings, open and consistent.

IMMORTALITY OF THOUGHT THROUGH THE PRESS.—The life of man fires like a shadow. The wealth which he toiled for is squandered by other hands. The lands which he cultivated are waste. That hearth-stone, on which he gathered up the affections of his own home, is sunk into elements. The very marble, which his children raised over his ashes for a memorial into eternity, is scattered to the winds of heaven. His sons, his kindred, his name, his race, his nation, all their mighty works, their magnificent monuments, their imperial cities, are vanished like a mist; and swept out of the memory of man. Yet the very word that he spoke—that little winged word, a breath, a vapor gone as it was uttered, clothing a new and noble thought, embodying one spark of heaven's own fire, formed into letters traced into hairy lines upon a leaf, enrolled, copied, printed, and multiplied, spreads over the whole earth; is heard among all tongues and nations; descends through all posterity, and lives forever, immortal as his own soul.

PREJUDICE, THE SPIDER OF THE MIND.—Of prejudice it has been truly said, that it has the singular ability of accommodating itself to all the possible varieties of the human mind. Some passions and vices are but thinly scattered among mankind, and find only here and there a fitness of reception. But prejudice, like the spider, makes every where its home. It has neither taste nor choice of place, and all that it requires is room. There is scarcely a situation, except fire and water, in which a spider will not live. So, let the mind be as naked as the walls of an empty and forsaken tenement, gloomy as a dungeon, or ornamented with the richest abilities of thinking; let it be hot, cold, dark, or light, lonely or inhabited: still prejudice, if undisturbed, will fill it with cobwebs, and live, like the spider, where there seems nothing to live on. If the one prepares her food by poisoning it to her palate and her use, the other does the same; and as several of our passions are strongly characterised by the animal world, prejudice may be denominated the spider of the mind.—*Retrospective Review.*

WOODSTOCK AND FREDERICTON STAGE COACH COMPANY.—THE Public are respectfully informed, that the above Company will continue to run a STAGE three times a week between Woodstock and Fredericton, leaving Woodstock on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, and Fredericton on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 6 o'clock, A. M. until further notice. Persons desirous of securing a passage can enter their names on Books kept at the Fredericton Hotel, (Segee's), and H. Gold's Woodstock. Persons travelling to or from the United States will find immediate conveyance from Woodstock to Bangor, or from Fredericton to Saint John. Every attention will be given to the conveyance and comfort of Passengers. A reasonable portion of Baggage will be taken. Parcels and Baggage at the risk of the Owners. For further particulars, the public are referred to J. W. Thompson, Esquire, Bangor, G. E. Ketchum, Esquire, Fredericton, or to the Subscriber, Woodstock.

CHARLES FERLEY, Agent.
January, 1887.

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at this Office. *March 29.*

POST OFFICE. Fredericton, 5th March, 1887.

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Jarmin Goodin, Richard Gilbert.

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Holditch, Jr. Daniel Hallett, Richard
Hawkins, Patrick Heney, Miss Sarah L.
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Loweagan, John Long, Mrs. E. Leonard.

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Woodforde Smith, Robert Slowman, Har-
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George Treadwell, B. S. Taylor, Messrs.
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Woodward, James White, Jun.

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Mr. Edward Youn (2), William Yezzo.