

POETRY.

From the American Weekly Messenger.

GIVE ME THE WOODS, THE WOODS.

BY MISS CATHERINE H. WATERMAN.

Give me the woods, the woods—
My heart yearns for the breezes
That comes o'er nature's solitudes,
Among a thousand trees.

Give me the hunting grounds
Where the Indian bends his bow,
Where the wild deer boldly bounds,
Where roams the forest roe.

Give me the bright clear stream,
That loops around the hills;
Give me the sun's glad beam,
Upon the flashing rills.

Give me the broad blue skies,
That canopy the ground,
Where clustering wild-flowers rise,
In many tints around.

Give me the deep wood shade,
Where the winds come fresh and free.
That at morn had wildly played
With the billows of the sea.

Give me, oh! give me air,
This tightening chain unbind,
My soaring spirit pants to wear
The pinions of the wind.

Give me the woods, the woods,
My heart yearns for the breezes,
That comes o'er nature's solitudes,
Among a thousand trees.

From the Metropolitan.

THE BRIDGROOM TO HIS SLEEPING BRIDE.

Sleep, loved one, sleep—thy tangled hair
Flows loosely o'er thy bosom bare,
Yet sleep in peace, no prying eye,
Savour thy lover's own, is nigh.
Sleep, dearest, sleep, thy lover's breast
Pillows thy rest.

Sleep on, sleep on—may do not start,
'Tis but thy lover's beating heart,
Whose pulses throb against thy cheek,
Tokening the love they cannot speak.
Sweet dreamer, sleep, thy lover's eye
Is watching nigh.

Sleep on, sleep on, sweet folded flower,
Till rosy morning's dawning hour;
Sleep and dream on, thy lover's arm
Is fondly sheltering thee from harm;
Sleep and fear not, thy lover's ear
Is listening near.

Omnipotent of earth and heaven!
By whom all blissful gifts are given—
To whom this treasured love I owe
That sleeps upon my bosom now—
I give the thanks for every bliss,
But most for this!

MISCELLANEOUS.

We rarely meet with a more striking delineation of character than the following, from the *Foreign Quarterly Review*.

NAPOLEON'S CHARACTER.—Napoleon's held out a powerful attraction for the mind of a poet. Remote, stern and solitary, he suffered nothing of his grandeur to be diminished by the commonplace intercourse of mankind. Hidden from public view in a circle of statesmen and soldiers of high fame, he was almost wholly invisible to the popular eye, except on some great and chosen occasion, when he emerged from this living cloud, prepared to dazzle and perplex all minor curiosity by its full splendors. His private life was shrouded in mystery. His public life consisted of those overwhelming bursts and profound obscurities which heightened each other's effect, and alike bewildered the general mind.—One great purpose of his conduct was evidently to make the feeling universal that he was not a man like other men; that he was gifted with other and loftier faculties, and made to accomplish better and more extended designs—that he was less a statesman than a governing mind; less a general than a genius of war; less a man than a destiny. His idea of Napoleon "star," even if it originated in charlatanism, may have grown upon such a mind, and shaped such a destiny. There is no stimulant of human powers so vivid as the belief that some high achievement is yet to be wrought by those powers. The mind which thinks itself made only to creep on the ground will never start upon his feet.—All men of capacious intellects instinctively love to think that those intellects are given for more than the common career of life. They delight to believe themselves urged on by some resistless hand to the labors and triumphs of greatness; to rank themselves, in some sense, with those high agencies which, invisible in their nature, yet palpably mould and urge the course of human things to have some associate nature and kindred impulse with those resistless beings who "ride in the whirlwind and direct the storm." Napoleon's mind was less European than Oriental. His singular subtlety, his remorseless vindictiveness, his disregard of human life, were as Oriental as his passion for pomp, his haughty abstraction, and his rage of absolute power. He always had the vastness of Oriental conquest before his eye. The triumphs of European war

were trivial to him; his genius of battles was a Colossus, with one foot on Europe and one on Asia; Tamerlane and Jenghiz Khan, sweeping half the world with their tempest of cavalry, were his models; and, at the first moment in which he found himself at the head of an independent army, in the invasion of Egypt, he sketched a plan of conquest stretching from Africa over Asia Minor on the one hand, and Hindostan on the other; his banner was to concentrate the horseman of the South and North, and then, with his trumpet sounding at once to the Nubian and the Tartar chivalry, he was to march his unnumbered columns on Europe and unite Paris with Calcutta and Pekin.

A SKETCH.—A mother was kneeling in the deep hush of evening, at the couch of two infants, whose rosy arms were entwined in a mutual embrace. A slumber, soft as the moonlight that fell through the lattice over them like a silver veil, lay on their delicate lips—the soft bright curls that clustered on their pillow, were slightly stirred by their gentle and healthy breathing, and that smile, which breathes from the pure depths of the fresh glad spirit yet rested on their red lips. The mother looked upon their exceeding beauty with a momentary pride—and then as she continued to gaze on the lovely slumberers her dark eye deepened with intense and unutterable fondness, and a cold shuddering fear came over her, lest those buds of life, so fair, so glowing, might be touched with sudden decay, and gathered back in their brightness to the dust. And she lifted her voice in prayer, solemnly, passionately, earnestly, that the Giver of life would still spare to her those blossoms of love, over whom her soul thus yearned. And as the low breathed accents fell on the still air, a deepened thought came over her, and her spirit went out with her loved ones into the strange wild path of life, and a stronger horror filled her frame as she beheld midew and blight settling on the fair and lovely of the earth, and high and rich hearts scorched with desolating and guilty passions. And the prayer she was breathing grew yet more fervent, even to agony, that he who was the foundation of all purity, would preserve those whom he had given in their perfect innocence, permitting neither shame, nor crime, nor folly, to cast a stain on the brightness with which she received them invested from his hand as with a mantle. As the prayer died away in the weakness of the spent spirit, a pale shadowy form stood beside the infant sleepers. "I am Death," said the spectre, "and I come for thy babes—I am commissioned to bear them where the perils you deprecate are unknown; where neither stain, nor dust, nor shadow, can reach the rejoicing spirit. It is only by yielding them to me you can preserve them forever from contamination and decay." A wild conflict—a struggle as of the soul starting in strong agony, shook the mother's frame, but faith and the love which hath a purer fount than that of earthward passions, triumphed, and she yielded up her babes to the spectre. "Behold!" said Death, as he touched the fair forms, and the beauty of life gave place to a holier and yet deeper loveliness, "behold the smile of innocence is now forever sealed. They will awaken where there is neither blight nor tempest." And the benign power whom we call the Spoiler bore away the now perfect blossom of immortality to the far off sky.

AMERICAN FAST EATING.—We will suppose a stranger seating himself at the table of an American hotel, as is the custom of the country. Well, we will not suppose him one of your extremely particular or affected class, that cannot possibly eat without they have a room to themselves, but a free, hearty, cosmopolitan sort of a man, who has his preferences, but can keep them under, and dine either alone or among a multitude, as the whim takes him, or as circumstances may require: at the same time, mark you, a judicious man—a man that likes his dinner.—The stranger glances his eyes along the well-filled board, and experiences a glow of internal satisfaction at the result of his inquisition, for in no country under heaven is there greater abundance of substantial and delicacies—a more profuse mingling of substances for the gross appeasement of the appetite, and the playful and luxurious amusement of the palate, than on an American table. Well, he is helped to half a pigeon. He hears a strange commotion going on around—a rattling of the knives and forks—a change of plates—entreaties to be helped in an impatient or beseeching tone, and brief or querulous responses; but he looks not around; it is no business of his; he has no 'divided

duty' to perform; his entire faculties,—as a most proper,—are devoted to the due and proper appreciation of what he has before him. In due time he comes to a conclusion, and thoughtfully resolves within his own mind what is most worthy to succeed pigeon. In order to aid his decision he glances his eye along the board, when, horrors! what a scene of devastation meets his gaze! The late fair and goodly prospect has totally disappeared, and in its place fragmentary pheasants, skeleton turkeys, crushed and mangled ducks, and all the unseemly remains and marks of a horrid and atrocious onslaught upon the provisions, present themselves in every direction. Can this be possible? He can scarcely credit his optics, or believe that it has been brought about by natural agencies. It looks more like one of the sudden malicious changes recorded in an eastern tale. What can be the meaning of this? Can there have been some wager of importance pending, of which he was ignorant: can one side of the table have been eating against the other, or has it been a match against time? These, and a hundred other surmises float through his perturbed brain, the while a general rush from the table is taking place. He beckons the waiter and inquires if the house is on fire? or if any thing strange or wonderful is to be seen in the city that the company are crowding away in such extraordinary hurry and agitation? The waiter grins and continues to clear away the dishes. There is no alternative left for the unhappy man, and he rises from his recently commenced meal and departs, inwardly resolving,—if possible,—to dine alone on the morrow.

Scattered around the house, or lounging at the door, lie, sit or stand one half of the late congregation, the most of them dying of ennui, after having thus barbarously curtailed one of the most agreeable duties of the four and twenty hours.—*Boston Pearl.*

A REG'LAR FAT MAN.—"I'll tell you what it is, young boar constrictor," said Mr. Weller, expressively, "if you don't sleep a little less, and exercise a little more, ven you comes to be a man you'll lay yourself open to the same sort of personal inconvenience as was inflicted on the old gen'l'm'n as wore the pig tail.—"What did they do to him?" inquired the fat boy, in a faltering voice. "I'm a goin' to tell you," replied Mr. Weller; "he was one of the largest patterns as was ever turned out; reg'lar fat man as hadn't caught a glimpse of his own shoes for five and forty years." "Lor!" exclaimed Emma; "no, that he hadn't my dear," said Mr. Weller; "and if you'd put an exact model of his own legs on the dining table afore him, he wouldn't ha' known 'em. Well, he always walks to his office with a very handsome gold watch chain hanging about a foot and a half, and a gold watch in his bosom pocket as was worth—I'm afraid to say how much, but as much as a watch can be—a large, heavy round manufacturer, as stout for a watch, as he was for a man, with a big face in proportion.—You'd better not carry that ere watch, said the old gen'l'm'n's friends, you'll be robbed on it, says they. Shall I? says he. Yes, you will, says they. Well, says he, I should like to see the thief as could get this here watch out, for I'm blessed if I ever can; it's such a tight fit, says he, and venever I wants to know what's o'clock, I'm obliged to stare into the baker's shops, he says. Well, then, he laughs as hearty as if he was agoin to pieces, and out he walks agin, with his powdered head and pig tail, and rolls down the strand with the chain hangin' out furder than ever, and the great round watch almost burstin' through his great kersey smalls.

There warn't a pickpocket in all London as didn't take a pull at that chain, but the chain 'ud never break, and the watch 'ud never come out, so they soon got tired of dragging such a heavy old gen'l'm'n along the pavement, and he'd go home and laugh till the old pig-tail vibrated like the pendulum of a Dutch clock. At last, one day as the old gen'l'm'n was a rollin' along, and he sees a pickpocket as he know'd by sight a comin' up, arm in arm with a little boy with a very large head. Here's game, says the old gen'l'm'n to himself, they're a goin' to have another try, but it won't do. So he begins a chucklin' wery hearty, ven all of a sudden the little boy leaves hold of the pickpocket's arm, and rushes head foremost straight into the old gen'l'm'n's stomach, and for a moment doubled him right up with the pain. Murder, says the old gen'l'm'n. All right, sir, says the pickpocket, a whisperin' in his ear. And ven he come straight again, the watch and chain were gone, and what's worse than that, the old gen'l'm'n's digestion was all wrong ever afterwards to the very last day of his life. So just you

look about you young feller, and take care that you don't get too fat."—*Pickwick Papers.*

A SERPENT-TONGUED INFANT.

Tiverton, (R. I.) May 22, 1837.—I embrace the earliest opportunity to make you acquainted with such of the facts as have come to my knowledge relative to the "serpent-tongued infant" of which we had casually heard. Quite unexpectedly, day before yesterday, I found myself in the very neighbourhood, of this strange and wayward production of nature.—My curiosity as you may well suppose, was greatly excited, and I confess I felt an intense anxiety to examine for myself an object which began to excite so much interest in the neighbourhood of its occurrence. Mr. T——, a worthy old gentleman in the vicinity, a former acquaintance of mine with whom I accidentally met, kindly offered to accompany me to Mr. W's the father of the unfortunate child. We reached there about 9 o'clock this morning, and were received very courteously by Mr. W——and his interesting young wife. After an agreeable introduction, my aged friend stated the object of our visit, and the desire I had manifested to see their unfortunate little child of whom I had just heard. Mr. W——informed us that for several weeks he had, almost in every instance, declined admitting strangers, as he thought their presence had an unfavourable effect upon the child, but as I had come considerable distance out of my way, he was disposed to gratify my wish, the more especially as he thought I might give him some advice in relation to the course he ought in future to pursue. We were then invited into an adjoining room, in one corner of which we beheld, tied in a small low chair a most horribly emaciated little child, apparently about two years old. I am aware that I shall totally fail in giving you any thing like an idea of the miserable object before us. Imagine, if you can, an infant, or mere child, of about the age above supposed, reduced to a very skeleton, hairless, and covered with a parched and shrivelled skin, dark and unelastic as the corresponding structure in the withered octogenarian. Its little red, firey eyes, rolling restlessly, in the deep recesses of its fleshless sockets, sent forth horrid flashes of indignation when the door to its apartment was thrown open. The little sufferer opened his mouth, and in the place of its tongue, a serpent's head and neck were thrust out, vibrating and hissing with an intensity peculiar to the more venomous varieties of that repulsive species of animated nature! I could not, for several minutes, muster sufficient courage to approach the object of my curiosity. I was fixed to the spot which I at first occupied, while the serpent-headed tongue continued to dart forth and recede with the quickness of thought: its little forked and fiery tongue at the same time playing about the lips and nostrils of the child, equalling in velocity the lightning's flash!—Mr. W——, the father gradually approached the child, all the time speaking very soothingly to it, and in a few minutes succeeded in producing quiet—the head receded, the lips closed over it, and the infant exhibited the aspect only of extreme emaciation. But the moment I moved towards the child, even but a single step, the mouth would suddenly dart forth, and the same dreadful spectacle I have already imperfectly described, would be again presented. The father, however beckoned me to approach, which I did, but never shall I forget the tremendous hissing, which came from the serpent headed tongue of the little sufferer. It was several minutes before quietude could be produced, and even the slightest motion on my part would cause an instantaneous protrusion of the unsightly organ, more or less intense according to the fears of the child. I had several fair opportunities of seeing the strange member, and will endeavour to give you a description of it. Its colour is a dark copper, shining, and in places inclining to streaks of green. Its eyes are a jet black, and when the light strikes them no diamonds ever send forth more brilliant scintillations of light! A bright yellow ring encircles the neck, and really has much the appearance of gold. The mouth of this serpent-headed tongue is quite large, and was slightly open when the head was protruded beyond the lips. Its little forked tongue, as I have already said, was incessantly in motion. We stayed in the room just 30 minutes, during the latter part of which time the child became very quiet, and took freely of milk its usual food. The father told me he had known the tongue to bite several times, and once when it fastened upon one of his fingers, much swelling and soreness followed, indeed he was only relieved by a copious

bleeding. He informed me also, that the child eat voraciously of milk, and sometimes other kinds of food, but that it preferred the former. The child is one of the female sex. He stated further that several eminent physicians and surgeons had been to see the child, and that it had been recommended by one, the eminent Dr. W., that the tongue be extirpated. I coincided in this opinion, and advised that the Dr. be called upon to perform the operation. The father, Mr. W——is about twenty eight years old, and the mother, I should judge, about twenty two. She is very beautiful, has been married about five years, and this is their first and only child. I have omitted names in this hasty sketch at the request of the parties concerned.—*Fall River Patriot.*

SALTING HAY.—There can be no greater improvement in the economy of provender, than that of moderately salting succulent or coarse hay, when it is mowed or stacked for preservation, in barns, barracks, or stacks and ricks. Not less, nor much more than half a peck to a ton, is better than a larger quantity. The use of salt has often proved the soundness of the trite adage—"Too much of a good thing is good for nothing." If too much salt be applied, excess of moisture is the consequence, and heating or mow burning follows; so that all the nutriment of the hay is extracted, and the residuum is no better than salted saw dust. To clover hay this often occurs; though if it be stacked with layers of straw, the straw absorbs superabundant moisture. This mode prevents, in a great degree, the tendency of second-crop clover to cause *slabbers* or *phlegm* in horses; yet to them it is highly improper, when other hay can be given. With horned beasts it agrees well, when thus prepared, the straw, having imbibed the juices of the clover and the brine, is palatable and nutritious to cattle and sheep. Oat straw is the best, (though any other, good and sound, will answer,) for stacking with clover. Some farmers have lightly salted buckwheat straw; which has since fed profitably to store cattle and sheep. Those who exceed a peck of salt to a ton of hay, have repented of their overweening desire to do good. That salt is not only a preservative of hay, but a wholesome condiment; inviting and necessary to our domestic animals, is proved by long experience. The wild animals of our forests furnish proofs in abundance, by their instinctively frequenting, for licking and lapping at their pleasure, the salt springs, which are benignantly afforded to them, whilst they roam unmolested through our unsettled country.

In England the quantity of salt allowed to a ton of hay, is generally from ten to fifteen pounds, scattered through a seive; one person used twenty-five pounds, but alleges it was uncommon, though it was highly beneficial.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

House of Assembly.

Wednesday, 28th Feb. 1837.

WHEREAS this House has heretofore granted a return of Provincial Duties on articles consumed by fire to such persons as were not insured thereon: And whereas it is expedient that all persons should know in what way applications of a similar nature would hereafter be received by the House therefore

RESOLVED, unanimously, That this House will not in future entertain any application for return of Duties on articles consumed by fire, even though it should be made to appear that no insurance had been made on articles so consumed.

CHAS. P. WETMORE,

CLERK.

The Editors of the several Papers in the Province are requested to insert the above for three months from the date of their first publication. April 26.

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. Gould'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 PERLEY, Agent.

January, 1837.

NOTICE.

4 SHARES CENTRAL BANK STOCK for sale. Apply to **M'PHERSON & COY.** Fredericton, 29th May, 1837.