

POETRY.

(From *Friendship's Offering*.)

THE TWO STREAMS.

BY HENRY W. CHARLIS.

Down from a mountain's misty height,
A torrent rushed, with foam and roar;
Above its track, in circling flight,
The whirling eagle loved to soar.
Whose upturned eye flashed back the beam
That glittered upon bird and stream!

And, hurrying, with resistless force,
The waters swept rude wilds among;
While all that strove to stay their course,
Rock, branch, and root were borne along.
On many a furious eddy tost,
Till in the ocean wrecked,—and lost!

Near to the mountain's shadowy side,
O'erhung with trees of varied hue,
A playful brook was wont to glide,
Mid flowers that on the margin grew,
Too wildly sweet, and simply fair,
To tempt the riller's footsteps there.

The blaze of sunshine never made
The streamlet's waves like liquid gold;
But, darkening in the verdant shade,
To distant vales they gently rolled,
With murmurings to lull the dove,
That nestled in the boughs above.

The rustic bard would thither stray,
Enwapt in spells that fancy weaves;
And children in its nooks would play,
Launching their fairy-fleets of leaves,
Which, as they sunk or sailed, might be
Their fates upon Life's chancing sea!

And many a year beheld it flow,
Clear, calm, and undisturbed,—save when
Old Time a withered branch would throw
Across the happy streamlet; then,
So pure a spray the ripple spread,
It seemed to weep some lover dead.

O might I, like that lowly rill,
Peaceful, and calm, Life's course pursue;
Though Time's cold withering influence will
Some blighted hopes around me strew;
I would not court Ambition's dream,
Nor tempt, for Fame, the mountain stream.

I LOVE THE MAN.

I love the man sincere at heart,
I love the man who takes his part;
I love the man who will be free,
I love the man of liberty;
I love the man who loves to labor,
I love the man who loves his neighbor,
I love the man who loves his wife,
I love the man who loves not strife,
I love the man who loves not gold,
I love the man candid and bold,
I love the man who loves his fellow,
I love the man, summer and winter,
Who ne'er forgets to pay the printer.

MISCELLANEOUS.

(From the *Knickerbocker* for September.)

A FEW THOUGHTS ON FUNERALS.

—'Tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death!"

SHAKESPEARE.

In my morning walk in the country,
The other day, a common poor-house
hearse passed me. It was a long box,
painted black, covered with a scant
piece of dark cloth of some kind, hard-
ly large enough to allow the tassels to
dangle down its sides, in imitation of
more gorgeous drapery. The little door
at the hind-end of it looked as if it
might open into the infernal regions.
This dismal box, mounted nakedly on
four frail wheels, was drawn along by
a pale, lean horse, and the driver sat
severe in his shirt sleeves and tattered
hat, like some desperate blackguard
driving a night-cart. As he passed the
cottages on the road-sides, I observed
anxious faces following its course; and
particularly that of one poor woman,
with an infant in her arms, whose poverty-
stricken cheek was blanched still
whiter, for the moment, as she contem-
plated the probable picture of her own
humble obsequies. I imagined her as
thinking of the time when she should
come to the chance charities of a heart-
less world—heartless to her—and her-
self to be carried in this same vehicle
to a stoneless grave.

I felt indignant at this unnecessary
harrowing up of her feelings, and my
own were not pleasantly affected; and
then, and since I have thought much
upon the subject of funerals.

What moral purpose is answered in
thus trucking the thought of their dis-
solution upon the poor and miserable,
amid their labours and wants? Is not
life hard enough for them to bear, bur-
thened with hunger and no food, with
ignorant vice—habitual and early in-
culcated vice—which, in their view,
is almost virtue, and certainly, is second
nature? Must they turn horror-struck
from the neglect, even to the remains
of the poor beings who, like themselves,
are not freed by death from the selfish
contempt of their fellows? Why must
the bell send forth those tones that
seem to the sick and weak nerves of
the feeble like a summons for the grave?
Why this sickening array in musty
black, this dressing up a banquet for
the worm, with terrific ceremonies?
Death is less awful to all, on account

of the departure from life, than because
of the black badges, the dark and
gloomy retinue, that are associated in
our minds with the event of it. When
we think of dying, it is of being put in
a coffin, the white shroud setting off,
in loathsome contrast, the yellow palor
of the face; and the indescribable ex-
pression of the human features without
a soul; and then comes the black car-
riage, and that decaying pall, which has
served so many like occasions, and
which will itself, though with the sex-
ton it looks as if it had a terrestrial im-
mortality, finally perish, and be cast
aside to rot, but with no ostentatious
funeral. The motion, too, of this pro-
cession is slow; and our torture is felt
as lingering and fated. At last, we
rest in the dark earth—we are lonely
and out of hearing—pinioned for ever!
It would seem that human ingenuity
had contrived a tissue of horrors to
close the troubles of a human life.

Death is serious business, to be sure,
and our passage thro' its shadows is a
fearful journey. Yet it is an entrance
to immortality. The entrance to the
magnificent temples, and brilliant thea-
tres, is through dark portals—necessa-
rily dark to be firm; and nothing hu-
man can add to the solemnity of death;
but we may, by our sympathetic at-
tempts at the terrible-sublime, change
what is solemn and salutary into a source
of disgust and aversion.

We come into a world of care, and
want, and affliction, and our unconscious
ears are struck with sounds of rejoicing.
We enter upon an immortality of bliss,
and around the self-same body there
are wailing and lamentation.

I was perplexing myself for a solu-
tion of this strange inconsistency in our
customs, when chancing to meet a phi-
losophic friend, he relieved my perplex-
ity, by saying: "Oh, people are afraid
of going to *** and that their friends
are gone there, and so they make all
this sad array. They usher their rela-
tives into eternity—for the soul in our
associations ever accompanies the body—
as criminals are led to execution. Their
awful fate thus finds an awful language."

If these be the true reasons of the
gloomy ceremonies of death, it is de-
voutly to be hoped that the fears of this
result may in some cases be unfounded.
We do not wish to controvert the idea
of rewards and punishments hereafter,
for they belong to the nature of the
soul, whether in this world or in the
next; but it seems rather extra-judicial,
a plain case of supererogation, to bestow
upon all the marks of divine justice
before-hand.

In case of executions in human justice,
if they take place in *terrorem*, to awe
the multitude into obedience, it is very
well to dress the hangman in the prob-
able habiliments of the devil, and to
ride the culprit through the streets as
a show upon a pine coffin. There
should be as little romance, as few flow-
ers in his way, as possible. It is gross
inconsistency, certainly, to introduce
any softening circumstances into public
executions, as well as mistaken mercy
to the passions of men. In saying this,
we suppose it is not pretended that the
execution of human beings is authorized
upon any other ground than support of
the law. To execute privately, or with
as little terror as possible, is to enact
over again the trick of Nero to ensnare
his subjects: for surely, the penalty is
part of the law, and the execution of it
should be as open as the condemnation,
or the people are robbed of these hor-
rid privileges of assisting their virtue.

Funeral occasions have been hailed
as special seasons for operating upon
the nervousness of people. Every poor
body is dragged about, and exposed to
the public gaze, in the church or meet-
ing-house, upon the same principle that
a recruiting sergeant drums his gaily
attired soldiers about a town. Public
men, the property of the people, should
be buried publicly, for all are supposed
to sympathize in the loss; all feel a
personal interest in the ceremony. But
it is otherwise with private individuals.
Then it is death we see, and not a de-
parted friend. But a still stronger ob-
jection lies against this display of corpses
and these very public burials, and it is,
that the poor are encouraged to indulge
in mourning apparel, which they often
can ill afford. The salutary terror upon
the wicked is more than counteracted
by the want and criminal shifts induced
by this unnecessary extravagance.

Talk with any man who is not a slave
to custom, upon the subject of burning
the dead, and he will, with few ex-
ceptions, express a liking of it for his
own body. If we retain the portraits
of our friends as sacred treasures, nay,
if a lock of hair, even, be held as a pre-
cious memento, why not retain their
very ashes embalmed in fire? Who
that has beheld the play of *Virginia*—
we are glad to connect a fine feeling

with the stage—and seen the urn of
Virginia, has not felt a thrill of pleasure
that so much is left to the fond father
to hug to his bosom? (How Cooper
played *Virginia*!) Who has not felt
a wish, then, to have the ashes of some
departed friend, to embrace in like
manner in his arms? Suppose a father,
a brother, a husband, a lover, to return,
after long absence; death has cut
down his darling child, his saint-like
sister, his wife; perhaps, what is hard-
est to bear, because never thought of
as possible, his only love; perhaps, im-
mortality has swept away all of these.
He is pointed to their graves, or to the
common tomb of his kindred. A slight
mound of earth is all that is left him
to associate with the loved object; or what
is worse, he goes to the tomb, and there
is no charm in his sorrow to heal itself,
for it has lost all individuality: he looks
upon an array of coffins, and they all
look alike; he cannot separate his own
sacred sorrow from the intrusive pre-
sence of that of others. But place in
his hand the ashes of those he loved;
let him be alone with the embalmed
dead. He will kiss the cold urn; im-
agination will place the cold corpse in his
arms, and he will take his last embrace,
and serenity will begin to dawn upon
his mind. As he replaces the urn in its
sacred deposit, he will feel "She is not
dead, but sleeping!"

The headless trunk of the great Pom-
pey was not left to decay upon the sea
shore. How it rejoices us to learn, af-
ter following his fortunes to his unhap-
py death, when he is cast upon the sand,
neglected and uncoffined, that his faith-
ful slave gathered a small pile of wood,
and burned his body, carefully collect-
ing the ashes. As soon as the task is
done, Pompey is great again; and we
close his history with satisfaction, for
he is buried with affection. Far better
is such a fate, than the freezing cere-
mony of a modern funeral.

J. N. B.

A REGULAR JOHN BELL.—One mor-
ning when his late Majesty's ship *Hes-
perus* lay at the Cape, a seaman named
Wolfe applied to Lieutenant Strang-
ways for leave to go on shore.

"No, Wolfe," said Strangways, "I
cannot allow you to go on shore. You
know the last time you got leave, you
came on board drunk; and such conduct
cannot be permitted."

"I promise you, sir, I won't get
drunk," said Wolfe.

"What do you want to do ashore?"
inquired Strangways.

"I want to fight."

"To fight!" repeated Strangways;
"a pretty errand, truly! And with
whom, pray, do you mean to fight?"

"With black Sambo, the prize-
fighter, sir. He challenged me to a
match before I joined the ship, and has
been taunting me ever since, insinuat-
ing that I am afraid to stand to my
bargain. This is the morning on which
we were to meet, sir, and if I do not at-
tend, they will call me coward."

"It is extremely foolish in you to en-
ter into any such engagement, sir," re-
plied Strangways; "but what you say
is true: if you do not attend, those Cape
Town bullies may impute it to coward-
ice. You promise me you won't get
drunk?"

"I promise, sir."

"Then you may go."

Wolfe accordingly went on shore, and
after an absence of about an hour and
a half, he returned without having tasted
a drop of liquor. As soon as he got on
deck he went to Strangways, and report-
ed himself.

"I come on board, sir, sober."

Well," replied Strangways, "I am
glad you have kept your word. Did
you fight the match?"

"I did, sir."

"Was it a long one?"

"Fifty minutes, sir, by the watch."

"Who conquered?"

"I did, sir."

"Did you punish your opponent se-
verely?"

"Why, sir, I beat him, and that's
just saying enough."

"Right! You may retire, sir."

"I hope, sir, you will have no objec-
tions to let me go ashore again," said
Wolfe, still lingering in the neighbour-
hood of the Lieutenant.

"What! at present?"—"Yes, sir."

"Why, what do you want to do ashore
now?"—"Get drunk, sir!" replied Wolfe,
with the gravest possible expression of
countenance; while Strangways burst
into an immoderate fit of laughter.

"May I go, sir?" continued Wolfe,
when he thought the Lieutenant had
had sufficient time to indulge his merr-
iment.

"It is contrary to all rule, sir," said
Strangways, scarcely able to articulate
for laughter; "but since you have kept
your promise so faithfully, I will permit
you for this once to go."

"Thank you, sir," said Wolfe, with the same immo-

vable gravity of countenance, and in a
few minutes he was seen pulling off in
one of the Malay boats that attend the
ship with fruit. He kept his word as
faithfully on this as on the former occa-
sion, and towards evening he was car-
ried on board in a state of the "most
blissful oblivion."—*Theodore Hook's*
new novel of "Gentleman Jack," or
"Jack Brag."

THE WEST INDIAN VIPER.

—The great viper, called *fer de lance*, is one
of the most dreadful scourges in the
West Indies, but is found only in Mar-
tinique, St. Lucia, and another small
island. This viper is so savage, that the
moment it sees any person, it immedi-
ately erects itself and springs upon
him. In raising itself it rests upon four
equal circles, formed by the lower part
of the body; when it springs, these cir-
cles are suddenly dissolved. After the
spring, if it should miss its object, it
may be attacked with advantage; but
this requires considerable courage, for
as soon as it can erect itself again, the
assailant runs the greatest risk of being
bitten. Often, too, it is so bold as to
follow its enemy by leaps and bounds,
instead of flying upon him, and it does
not cease the pursuit till its revenge is
glutted. A. M. Moreau de Jonnes
was once riding through a wood; his
horse reared; on looking round to dis-
cover the cause of the animal's terror,
he discovered a *fer de lance* standing
erect in a bush of bamboo, and heard it
 hiss several times. He would have
fired at it with a pistol, but the affright-
ed horse drew back so ungovernably,
that he was obliged to look back for
somebody to hold him. He now espied
at some distance a negro upon the
ground, wallowing in his blood, and
cutting with a blunt knife the flesh from
the wound occasioned by the bite of the
same viper. When M. Jonnes ac-
quainted him with his intention of kill-
ing the serpent, he earnestly opposed it,
as he wished to take it alive, and make
use of it for his cure, according to the
superstitious notions of the negroes.
He presently rose, cut some leaves,
made a snare with them, and then, con-
cealing himself behind a bush near the
viper, he attracted his attention by a low
whistling noise, by suddenly throwing a
noose over the animal, drew it tight, and
secured his enemy. M. Jonnes saw
this negro twelve months afterwards,
but he had not perfectly recovered the
use of the bitten limbs. The negroes
persecute these vipers with the greatest
acrimony. When they have killed one,
they cut off its head and bury it deep in
the earth, that no mischief may be done
by the fangs, which are dangerous even
after the death of the animal. Men
and beast shun this formidable reptile;
the birds manifest the same antipathy
towards it as they do to hawks and
owls in Europe, and a small one of the
lokia kind even gives warning, by its
cry, that a viper is at hand.

QUEER CASE.

—There are so many
instances on record of insane persons
succeeding in establishing their sanity
through the most severe investigations,
that we are not at a loss for precedents
to justify the necessity of exercising a
more enlarged discretion in such mat-
ters than is usually adopted. In one
memorable case a gentleman of large
fortune was defended through a lunatic
commission by a lawyer of eminence,
who after repeated interviews, and after
applying every test that he could think
of to his client, was so thoroughly con-
vinced of his sanity, that he devoted his
exclusive attention to the case, until he
obtained a verdict. The gratitude of
his client was overwhelming, and, on
the same evening, he wrote to his friend,
the lawyer, thanking him for his able
advocacy in terms of profound acknow-
ledgment, and adding that he was ut-
terly at a loss how to compensate him
for his labours; that he knew how in-
adequate any pecuniary testimony of
his feelings would be; but that, as he
was aware how much attached he was
to agricultural pursuits, he thought the
most acceptable attention he could show
him, would be to bespeak fine weather
for his crops in the spring, which he
assured him he would do without loss
of time. The astonishment of the law-
yer may be imagined. A new commis-
sion was immediately founded on the
letter, and the verdict was reversed.

A Paris Journal states that one Du-
puty, condemned to death at Lyons, has
attempted suicide, first by poison, and
then by the knife. "But," adds the
editor, "medical assistance being
promptly administered, he is now out of
danger, and will to-morrow undergo the
sentence of the law."

SUBLIMITY.—The *Salem Gazette* re-
lates a story illustrative of the compara-
tive effects of sublimity upon a man's
mind. He was looking out of the win-

dow during a tremendous thunder storm.
Peal on peal reverberated through the
sky, as though the whole artillery of the
heavens had entered to a single point.
"My—?" exclaimed he, "what
thunder! and there goes my wife's yeast
bottle!"

"I'M READY FOR EITHER."—James
Knowles of Point Judith, in the last war,
lived in an exposed situation near the
ocean, and never went to bed without
having his gun well charged by his side.
One night there was a violent thunder
gust, which shook the house to its founda-
tion. "Husband, husband," screamed
the wife, "get up, the British have
landed or the day of judgment has come,
and I don't know which." "By Gosh,"
said Knowles, springing up and seiz-
ing the musket, "I'm ready for either."
—*New York paper.*

An almanack, published in the year
1730, has the following very remarkable
predictions, which have been fulfilled to
the very letter:—

"By the power to see through the ways of
heav'n,
In one thousand eight hundred and thirty
seven,
Will the year pass away without any spring,
And on England's throne shall not sit a
king."

Miss E.—was one evening busy
writing beside her father, when a servant
brought in the tea equipage. The autho-
ress measured the due spoonful into a china
cup, then "turned on" the boiling water
into the teapot, let it stand the time proper
for infusion; put into other cups cream
and sugar, pouring thereon—what? In her
literary abstraction she had omitted to put
in the hyson, so that the draft she now of-
fered her parent was very milk-and-waterish
indeed. "Were you blundering in Irish bulls
that you made such a blunder, Maria?" asked
the sire. "No papa," returned his wif-
ty girl, "twas Irish *Absent-tea-ism*."

MAN.—Philosophers have puzzled them-
selves how to define man, so as to distin-
guish him from other animals. Burke says
"Man is an animal that cooks his own vic-
tuals." "Then," says Johnson, "the pro-
verb is just; there is reason in roasting
eggs." Dr. Adam Smith has met his case;
"Man," says he, "is an animal that makes
bargains; no other animal does this, one
dog does not change alone with another."

The want of due consideration is the cause
of all the unhappiness a man brings upon
himself. Hear much, and speak little; for
the tongue is the instrument of the greatest
good and greatest evil that is done in the
world.

DUFF'S WARE ROOMS, KING-STREET, SAINT JOHN, N. B. 29th July, 1837.

THE subscriber respectfully solicits the at-
tention of his Customers to his present
extensive stock of SILK, WOOLLEN, LINEN,
and COTTON GOODS, which, in order to
make room for his Fall Importation, he is now
SELLING OFF at the following prices:
8-4 MUSLIN DRESSES—8 yards, at 4s;
7-8 fast colours Chintz patterns TWILLED
CAMBRIC ditto—9 yards, 7s;
Printed COTTONS, at 3½d. per yard;
Bombazetts, 7½d.;
Grey and White Shirtings, 4½d.;
3 Merinos, 11d. per yard; 6-4 ditto, 2s. 1d.;
Gros de Naples, at 2s. 4d.;
Gauze Ribbons, 2½d.;
Very low priced Lutestring ditto;
Ladies' kid Gloves, 4½d. per pair;
White and coloured Cotton Hose, 7d. pair;
Ladies' Leather Shoes, 1s. 10d.;
Morocco ditto, 1s. 8d. per pair;
Fast colour Buff French Gingham, 7d.;
32 inch Regatta Shirting, at 8d.;
Full size Regatta Shirts at 3s. each;
Foundation Muslin (20 yds.) 1s. 3d. pr piece;
Summer Trouser Stuff, 1s.;
Tolinet Vesting, 1s. per yard;
Boy's Patent Leather Belts, 3½d. each;
Braces, 3d. per pair;
4-4 Hemp Carpet, at 1s. 6d.
A large stock of black and fashionable colours
BROAD CLOTHS, at very low prices; stout
Blue ditto, at 6s. 8d. per yard; all wool white
and red Flannels, 9d.; silk pocket Handker-
chiefs, 2s. 6d. each; common Cravats, 5d.
each; silk Stocks, 1s.; Also, a large stock of
Bordered, Thibet, filled dress, and 8 4 Plaid
Shawls; Real Chaly Dress Patterns; ladies'
Muslin and Lace Capes; neck and bonnet
Frills; Cuffs, &c. all below the usual prices.
The subscriber farther intimates that he
has made his arrangements to sell in future ex-
clusively for Cash, and a reference to the above
list of prices, and a comparison of the quality
of his Goods with those of any other house
in the town, will show that he is offering pur-
chasers the full benefit of dealing on the ready
money principle.
P. DUFF.

NATHAN W. SMITH,
APOTHECARY & DRUGGIST,
Queen Street, Fredericton,
HAS taken the Shop lately occupied by
Dr. Hart, where he intends keeping
constantly on hand a general assortment of
FRESH DRUGS, MEDICINES, Chemicals,
Perfumery, &c.

—ALSO—

Paints, Oils, Dye Stuffs, &c. together with
every other article pertaining to the business;
all of which will be sold on the most reasonable
terms for Cash. Country Practitioners sup-
plied on the shortest notice.
Physicians Prescriptions carefully com-
pounded.

N. W. S. flatters himself that, from his ex-
perience in the above business and with strict
attention, he will be able to give satisfaction
to all those who may favor him with their pa-
tronage.
May 27, 1837.