

## POETRY.

### THE HEART'S WRECK.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

The lulling winds may still the sea  
All beautiful in its repose;  
And with a soft tranquillity  
The rippling water ebbs and flows.

But when the tempests wildly blow,  
Its bosom heaves with many a wreck  
Which till that moment, slept below,  
Nor dimmed its surface with a speck.

So I can talk, and laugh, and seem  
All that the happiest souls could be;  
Lulled for a moment by some dream,  
Soft as the sunset on some sea.

But when a word, a tone, reminds  
My bosom of its perished love,  
O! fearful are the stormy winds  
Which dash the heart's wild wrecks  
above!

One after one they rise again,  
And o'er dark memory's ocean steal,  
Floating along, through years of pain—  
Such as the heart-struck only feel!

### LINES.

BY G. TUCKER, OF VIRGINIA.

Days of my youth! ye have glided away;  
Hairs of my youth! ye are frosted and gray;  
Eyes of my youth! your keen sight is no more;  
Cheeks of my youth! ye are furrowed all o'er.

Strength of my youth! all your vigor is gone;  
Thoughts of my youth! your gay visions are flown!

Days of my youth! I wish not your recall;  
Hairs of my youth! I'm content you should fall;  
Eyes of my youth! ye much evil have seen;  
Cheeks of my youth! bathed in tears have you been;

Thoughts of my youth! ye have led me astray;  
Strength of my youth! why lament your decay?

Days of my age! ye will shortly be past;  
Pain of my age! but a while can ye last;  
Joys of my age! in true wisdom delight;  
Eyes of my age! be religion your light;  
Thoughts of my age! dread not the cold sod;  
Hope of my age! be ye fixed on your God.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### COMPARATIVE SENSATIONS OF THE DYING.

The ideas of the sufferings of persons on the point of departing this life, are undoubtedly to a certain extent erroneous. The extreme agony, which is often presented under these circumstances is due to a more muscular agitation, independent of any extraordinary sensibility of the nerves of feeling. Those who die a natural death in the last stages of existence are scarcely conscious of bodily suffering—not more than they frequently are to the attentions and solicitude of friends. It is certainly a consolation to reflect that, whatever may have been the measures of suffering undergone by one of our cherished associates during the term of his illness, the final moment is not attended with an aggravation of distress.

Those who die by violence or accident, undoubtedly experience a degree of pain proportionate to the extent of the bodily mutilation.—Hanging is an unpleasant mode of death, but few after all "shuffle off this mortal coil," more easily than those who are suspended by the neck. It is akin to drowning in this respect. The blood immediately seeks the head and deprives it of all consciousness. The efforts to inhale the air which are kept up some time after the cord is attached, and which cause such violent movements of the chest and extremities, arise from the influence of the spinal marrow, whose sensibility is not so soon destroyed by the congestion of blood, as that of the brain. The person that dies by decapitation most probably.

"Feels a pang as great as when a giant dies," but it is only momentary; this is the case with those who blow out their brains. The sensation produced by a ball passing through the body would be difficult to describe by one who has not experienced it. But it is something singular in this case, that those who are shot, although the leaden messenger of death may not have penetrated any essential vital organ, immediately fall to the earth, apparently under an irresistible feeling of their approaching return to dust, exclaiming as it were, involuntarily, "I am a dead man." It is most singular that though they may have cause for the most violent hatred against their enemy, though he may be within the reach of easy and summary retribution—all motives of revenge seem to be taken away; their strength, fully adequate to such a purpose, is not exerted.

A dagger wound in the heart, for the few moments which are consumed in the ebbing of life, must occasion unutterable feelings of agony, independent of mere sensations of pain in the parts

sundered by the entrance of the blade. The rushing out of the blood at each convulsive pulsation of the heart, must seem like the actual spectacle of the flow of life.

Those who are crushed to death may not expire instantly, unless the cranium happens to be involved in the casualty. Where the skull is not fractured there is probably an inconceivable agony for a few moments, and all is over. Those who are cut in two by a heavily burthened rail road car must experience some similar sensations.

If the neck is broken low down, the person does not necessarily die on the instant. His situation is the most distressing perhaps of any which can be imagined. He may live and have a being for a few days, but he cannot move. His face may express all the passions, feelings, and emotions; but beyond the motions of the breast and countenance his energies do not go. His arms are pinioned to his side; his legs are lifeless; and he essentially beholds his body in the grave, while in that full possession of his faculties. The least disturbance of his position is liable to launch him at once into eternity.

Death by the division of the throat, is the least seeming mode of making way with life that ever entered the head of a madman; and it is the least certain and most painful mode of committing suicide. Such persons have the disadvantage of dying for want of breath and bleeding to death. They labour, too, under the difficulty of not knowing the precise seat of the arteries. They generally cut too high by several inches, and if their knife happens to be dull they can scarcely accomplish either of their objects in reaching the wind pipe or the important blood vessels. Unslightly wounds are created; and the unfortunate victim of temporary insanity, has the mortification of hearing his own folly made the theme of animadversion and jest.

In taking laudanum, a person exists in a state of insensibility for a length of time, a melancholy spectacle to his friends. In poisoning with arsenic a great amount of suffering is undergone. The sensibility of the stomach is exceedingly acute when inflamed, and the effect of arsenic is to produce a fatal inflammation of this viscus. Prussic acid is rapid and acts by paralyzing the brain.

Death by lightning is instantaneous. In a visitation of this subtle fluid, we might almost picture to ourselves the very parent of life (for such may electricity be deemed) assuming the arrows of death for the purpose of self-destruction.

In reflecting on the horrors which death present under these different aspects of violence, the mind becomes satiated with disgust. We cannot do better than turn to the contemplation of its feature in the milder course of disease, where, if the mind be at ease, the final exit is made without any of those revolting exhibitions of bodily suffering.

SLANDER.—He who can choke the sweet flowers of social love and taint them with disease; or in the paradise of earthly bliss where the plants of virtue flourish, spread the blight and mildew of desolation, hatred and distrust; who can crush his neighbour's fame to dust and build on its ruins; who can write infamy upon the brow of others to prove his own purity, is neither man nor beast; but a heartless fiend. Those who have seen their dearest interests tampered with; who know what it is to have the priceless gem of a good name sullied by the poisonous breath of cold, unpitied slander; these best can say he has no heart. If the lightning's flash ever darts from Heaven to strike the guilty down, it will blast the hope of murderers such as these.—*Sir Matthew Hale.*

SOCIAL AFFECTION.—Society has been aptly compared to a heap of embers which when separated, soon languish, darken and expire, but if placed together, glow with a rapid and intense heat, a just emblem of the strength, happiness and security derived from the union of mankind. The savage who never knew the blessing of combination, and he who quits society from apathy, or misanthropic spleen, like the separated embers, dark and useless, they neither love nor are beloved. To what acts of heroism and virtue, in every age and nation, has not the impetus of affection given rise? To what gloomy misery, despair, and even suicide, has not the desertion of it led? How often in the busy haunts of men, are all our noblest and gentlest virtues called forth? And how often, in the bosom of the recluse do all the softer emotions languish and grow faint?

DEATH.—The following beautiful extract is selected from D'Israeli's new novel, entitled *Vendia*:

"The first conviction that there is death in the house is perhaps the most awful moment of youth. When we are young, we think that not only ourselves, but that all about us, are immortal. Until the arrow has struck a victim round our own hearts death is merely an unmeaning word; until then, its casual mention has stamped no idea upon our brain.—There are few, even among those least susceptible of thought and emotion, in whose hearts and minds the first death in the family does not act as a very powerful revelation of the mysteries of life, and of their own being; there are few who, after such a catastrophe, do not look upon the world and the world's ways, at least for a time, with changed and tempered feelings. It recalls the past, it makes us ponder over the future; and youth, gay and light-hearted youth, is taught for the first time to regret and to fear."

PARIS STREET-WALKERS.—The following particulars in relation to an unfortunate class of beings in Paris, are from the last number of the *Foreign Quarterly Review*:

"Out of five thousand one hundred and eighty-three prostitutes in Paris, the causes of whose fall it was possible to discover:—1441 were reduced to this state by sheer destitution; 1254 were either orphans, or had been abandoned by their parents; 37 took to this course in order to support aged and destitute relatives; 29 sought support for younger relatives; 23 were widows endeavouring to bring up families; 280 came to Paris to conceal themselves; 404 were brought to Paris by soldiers, students, &c.; 239 were servants seduced by their masters and turned out; and 1,425 were kept mistresses, deprived of their protectors or abandoned by them.

"More than one-half became guilty from the pressure of want: idleness and vanity seem responsible for the greater part of the remainder. Those who came to Paris with protectors, those who lived as concubines, those servants who were seduced by their masters, seem to have been, in most cases, the victims of a hatred to work and a passion for dress. Duchatelet declares that libertinism is so rarely a cause of degradation, that he could not find one authentic instance of it.

"The records of the lunatic asylums in this country confirm the assertion, that remorse in these unfortunate beings frequently produces mental alienation; and an intelligent physician, connected with one of those institutions, assured us that they formed more than one half of the female cases in the asylum over which he presided. In England and France all who inquired into this subject, agree that those degraded beings are almost utterly ignorant of religion."

EXTRAORDINARY FACT.—A live Rat embedded in Stone.—Yesterday week, as two Miners, of the names of Jonathan Thompson, and George Douglas, were occupied in blasting a drift in a strata of solid stone, called the Scar Lime Stone, at Alston Moor, six fathoms below the surface, they shot into a small cavity of the rock, out of which, to their surprise, sprang a full grown Rat. The miners endeavoured to take the animal alive, but in their attempts to do so, it was killed. How long the Rat had been embedded in its living grave, and in what manner it had contrived, in such a situation, to exist, (considering the organic formation of the animal,) are questions that must be left to conjecture. On examination, the strata round the cavity was found to be perfectly solid and close in every part. Such are the facts as communicated to us by a correspondent on whom we can rely, and who made particular enquiries upon the spot. We have often heard of toads being found in such situations, but never before of a rat having been so placed. The men were excavating in a garden, the property of T. Dickson, Esq.—*Newcastle Journal.*

THE TOBACCO NUISANCE.—It is a remarkable instance of the perversity of the human will when left to itself, that while coffee, with all its singular powers of cheering the mind and refreshing the nerves took nearly four hundred years to make itself known in Europe, and while the potatoes is scarcely more than coming into use in a large portion of the continent, tobacco took little more than half-a-dozen years to be known as far as ships could carry it; that it is now the favourite filth of every savage lip within the circumference of the globe—that it fills the atmosphere of the continent with a perpetual stench—that the Spaniard sucks it, as he says for the heat—the Dutchman for the col-

—the Frenchman because he has nothing else to do—the German because he will do nothing else—the London apprentice because "it makes him look like a gentleman," and all because it is in its own nature, the filthiest, most foolish, dullest, and most disgusting practice on the face of the earth.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

WOMAN.—As the vine which has long twisted its graceful foliage around the oak, and been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant has been rifted by the thunderbolt, cling around it with its caressing tendrils and bind up its shattered bough; so it is beautifully ordered by Providence, that woman who is the mere dependant and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden calamity, winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart.

DEFINITIONS.—Getting up in the world—putting on a pair of high-heeled boots.

Renouncing the world and its vanities—going into State Prison.

Beauties of Literature—a score of blue stockings discussing the merits of a new novel.

Preparation for death—sending for the doctor.

Thrilling adventure—to tumble into a horse pond in the month of February.

Darkness visible—a naked African negro standing on a rock.

Honestly—cheating none but those who are too ignorant to find it out.

Wearing the breeches—a wife supporting her drunken husband, and paying his debts for him.

Loving your neighbour as yourself—stealing half the money out of his purse, and thus making your advantages and chances equal.—*N. Y. American.*

SCRAPS FROM THE GERMAN OF JEAN PAUL.—Hypocrites soar up to Heaven, not like the lark to sing praises, but like the hawk, to pounce upon their prey. When they look up to the Mount of Olives, it is to build an oil-mill; and if they weep by the brook Kedron, they are watching to catch fish or throw some one into it; and when they kneel, it is like soldiers in the front rank, load and fire. They call mankind their brethren, and treat them as the Turkish sultans do their relatives.

Love, as well as hate, is preserved by letters, and I defy any one to take up the letters of an estranged friend without a renewal of his friendship. The sight of the beloved hand-writing, the kind words, the welcome seal, reflect a gleam of sunshine over the heart which never fails to meet it.

Those who leave out a man's genius in estimating his respectability, are like Linnæus, who classed the nightingale, disregarding its tunefulness, in a family of small silent birds.

THE WRONGER NEVER PARDONS.—"The oppressor," said Lord Brougham in a speech, "always errs. Those who begin with hurting, such is the perversity of human nature, always end with hating."

It is better to tread the path of life cheerfully, skipping lightly over the thorns and briars that obstruct your way, than to sit down under every hedge lamenting your hard fate.

"Come friend," said a creditor to his debtor, "I want that money." "I haven't got it." "But I must have it now." "Well, if you get it before I do, just let me know, will you?"

EDITORIAL LABOR.—The Otsego Gazette is printed in a barn, which answers every purpose for a publication office, bulletin office, editorial office, printing office and chamber, parlor, kitchen, dog house and stable, for the editor, his family and cattle. He does all the composition, writing, selecting, book keeping, marketing, and deviling himself.—He says with perseverance and economy, he thinks he can get along. If he don't it will not be his fault.—*New Era.*

MARRIED LADIES.—A married lady alluding in conversation to the 48th Psalm, observed, that while "young men and maidens, old men and children," were expressly mentioned, not a word was said about married women. An old clergyman, whom she was addressing, assured her they had not been omitted and that she would find them included in one of the preceding verses, under the description of *vapors and storms*! At a late celebration of the old bachelors at Bloomington, Indiana, the following villainous toast was drank:—

"The fair!—Saints in the churches—angels in the ball-room—and devils in the kitchen."

A soft answer turneth away wrath," as the man said when he hurled a squash at his enemy's head!

IDLENESS.—There is a Spanish proverb which says—"The devil tempts all men but the idle man, and the idle man tempts the devil."

## LETTERS

Remaining in the Post Office, at Fredericton, 5th September, 1837.

A. Mr. Wm. Armstrong, P. C. Amorecia, G. Archibald (2), Benjamin B. Armstrong, James Annand (2).

B. J. W. Brown, Horatio Blizard, Mrs. Martha Ann Brown, George Blaney, Josiah Burt, George Brown, Mrs. Alicia Burton, Thos. Bell, Jean Bell, Chas. Bateman, M. Babin, John Boyle, Thomas Banks, Wm. Boone, Converse Brown, Mary Buswell, James Bailey (2), James Bubar, James Blair, Duncan Buchanan, John Buchanan, Joseph Boggs, John Bubar, J. D. Berton, John Baytes, Patk. Brown.

C. Pieri Carson, Sarah Coleman, John S. Cox, Daniel Campbell, James Campbell, Barnard Carrott, Mrs. Chandler, John Carter (2), W. Graham, John Camran (2), Edmund P. Cliff, Peter Cameron, Charles Couless, Peggy Carragher, Andrew Carr, Andrew Craig, Seth Cates, John Clarke, Norman Campbell, John Cahill, Margaret Corsecodon, Mrs. John Carter.

D. Patrick Doyle, Edward Doyle, Thomas Davies, Asa Dow, Mrs. Mary Dagett, John Dinneen, Michael Dorrington, Charles Doran (2), Alexander Derrah, James Doran (2), Mrs. Driscoll, Bartholomew Dawson, Robert Dougherty, Mrs. Dougherty, Robert Duncan.

E. Mary Eagan, James Evans, Francis Elliott, Edward Elkin, Jos. Esterbrook, David Esty, Pierce Eleward, John Elliott (2), John Eddy.

F. Mary Farley, Jephtha Foster, John Friedl, Philip Foraster, Jos. Foster, Thomas Francis, Indian Governor, Daniel Ford.

G. Wm. Gwinn, James Gray, Richard Gallagher, Asa Garcelon, Nelson Gardon, A. N. Gardon, Benjamin Griffith (3), Sydney Gates, Wm. Gould, Wm. Green, Wm. Graham, Alex. Grow, Nehemiah Gilman, Samuel Gilman.

H. Andrew Hay, Geo. Hamilton, Andrew Henry, Thomas Hartin, Joseph Hiscok.

I. Miss Johnston (2), Mrs. Hannah Joslin, Charles Ingraham, Hugh Jemison.

K. Wm. Kirk, Margaret Kelly, John Kinney, John Kerr, Thomas Kelly, Prince Kenny, Thomas Kinealy.

L. Thomas Latherson, Alexander Larkey, John Longstaff, Andrew Lipsett, J. W. Ladds (3), H. Lombard (3), David Lyons, Alex. Lyons, Dennis Leary, John Lawson, Isaac Laurence, John Little, James Loyard, John Lioder, W. P. Lethbridge, Isaac Lively.

M. Margaret M'Donald, Edwd. M'Bride, Patrick M'Bride, Patk. M'Grath, Andrew Montgomery, Isaac Marancey, Mrs. Mary Menzar, Mary M'Dermott, Nelson H. Martin, Wm. Moore, Cornelius T. Murphy, Charles M'Clintock, John M'Laughlin, Saml. Murphy, Edward Manning, Wm. M'Kay, James M'Donald, Eliza Morrell, Mattie M'Elhatton (2), Jeremiah Murphy, Donald M'Gilvory, James Miles, Joel Mungon, Joseph Martin, Archibald M'Dugald, Colin M'Kay, Saml. M'Gerihah, Moses M'Nally, Anthony M'Kay, Alexander Moody, Martha Manson, John Mahoney, Andrew Miller, Mathew M'Clain, James Moziott, Austin M'Donald, Robt. M'Colullo, Christopher Murray, Bess. M'Lauchlan, Patk. M'Colleston, Alex. M'Cormack, Thomas Myles, Archibald M'Cullum, Mrs. Francis M'Gwin, Rebecca M'Crea, Philip M'Cormack, Wm. M'Pheely, Wm. M'Pherson, Lawrence M'Guinn, Arthur M'Cann, Edward M'Cool, Mrs. Martha Moran.

N. Norris Norris, Lawrence Neville, John Neville, John Norris.

O. Patk. O'Conner, Mary O'Donnell, Thomas O'Leary, John Osburn.

P. Patk. Power, Amas Plumer, Thomas Purdy, Francis Pue, Wm. Payne, Mary Perley, Robt. Parson, Alex. Paule, Danl. Thos. Patterson, Mary J. Phillips, Mrs. Charity Peters, Thomas Piercy.

Q. Ellen Quinn.

R. James Ryan, Danl. Ross, John Ryan, John Ritchie, Newman Raymond, Sarah Robison, Aaron Robertson, John Rankin, Patk. Rider, Andrew Rourke, John Russell, Nicholas Ridout, John Riley, Elizabeth Robson, Wm. Ross.

S. Ranald Smith, Mrs. Shellsell, Lemon Stone, Saml. Sharp, Elijah Sisson, Mary Springer, Robt. Smith, Wm. Scott (2), Ranald Smith, Wm. A. Smith, Wm. Sweeney, James Shannon, John Sullivan-Nathan Smith, Andrew Soles, Abraham Sagee, Alexander Scott, David Strangman, Alexander Seamon, T. T. Shaw, Thomas B. Smith (4).

T. Stephen Tracy (2), David Tapley, Gain B. Taylor, Wm. Tovey, Ann Thompson, Johana Thun, Benjamin, S. Taylor, John Treacy, Alexander Truscott, Thomas Turner.

V. Wm. Vinter.

W. Jefery White, Wm. Watson, Mrs. Woodford, Wm. Wilson, Jacob Worman, Robt. Warner, George Weir, Thomas Winter, John Wade, Mary Wilson, James Wilson, Robt. Wilson.

Y. John Young, James Yerxa, Elias Yerxa, Charles Yerxa.