

## POETRY.

### CASH.

Cash! Cash!—for this we strive and toil  
From morning until night,  
Some plough the sea and some the soil;  
Some practice Coke and others Hoyle—  
On politics some write:  
And all who wish to cut a dash  
Must have their pockets crammed with cash.

I offer you my service, sir,  
And my good wishes too—  
Pray how much are you worth a year?  
Your pocket is too short I fear,  
To help my projects through:  
If so, your service is but trash;  
But I'm your man if you have cash.

Behold those interesting girls  
Who smile divinely sweet;  
Quite good enough for lords or earls;  
Whose snowy teeth and raven curls  
Are very hard to beat—  
Indeed, the sweetest girls on earth—  
Pray tell me how much cash they're worth.

And Love is bargained for and sold  
By rules precise and narrow!  
Changed from the god he was of old,  
His quiver is of burnished gold,  
And silver every arrow—  
And now when'er he bends his bow  
He's apt to lay a Fortune low.

For Cash we sail the ocean o'er,  
And many a distant sea—  
The want of Cash condemns the poor  
And Cash unbars the prison door,  
And sets the convict free—  
Stronger than learning of the schools,  
The destiny of earth, Cash rules.

Without it, man but badly fares  
In all terrestrial things;  
And when awhile he bravely bears  
Life's tempests, and its load of cares,  
And writhes beneath its strings—  
Down to where cash exerts no power,  
He sinks like a neglected flower.

### THE SONG OF THE SEA SHELL.

BY MRS. ARDT.

I come from the ocean—a billow passed o'er  
me,  
And covered with sea-weeds, and glittering  
foam,  
I fell on the sands—and a stranger soon  
bore me  
To deck the gay halls of his far-distant  
home:  
Encompassed by exquisite myrtles and roses,  
Still, still, in the deep I am pining to be;  
And the low voice within me my feeling  
discloses,  
And evermore murmurs the sound of the  
sea.

The sky-lark at morn pours a carol of plea-  
sure,  
At eve, the sad nightingale warbles her  
note,  
The harp in our halls nightly sounds a glad  
measure,  
And Beauty's sweet songs on the air  
lightly float:  
Yet I sigh for the loud breaking billows that  
tossed me,  
I long to the cool coral caverns to flee,  
And when guests with officious intrusion  
accost me,  
I answer them still in the strains of the sea.

Since I left the blue deep I am ever regretting,  
And mingled with men in the regions  
above,  
I have known them the ties they once cher-  
ished forgetting  
Of trust to new friendship, and cling to  
new love.

Oh! is it so hard to preserve true devotion?—  
Let mortals who doubt seek a lesson of me,  
I am bound by mysterious links to the ocean,  
And no language is mine but the sounds  
of the sea.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### GREATEST FARM IN ENGLAND.

The correspondence of the Boston Transcript furnishes the following interesting account of the manor of Mr. Coke, in Norfolk, recently elevated to the peerage by Queen Victoria:

HOLKAM HALL, Norfolk, June, 1837.  
—This place is renowned throughout England at least as the seat, and especially as the farm of old Mr. Coke, the Father of the farmers of Norfolk; and I am happy, therefore, to have enjoyed an excellent opportunity of seeing the estate. I shall not probably find in Great Britain a better specimen either of the style of life of a "good old country gentleman" of this realm, and of the ancient school, or of the management of a first rate practical proprietor's estate.

Let me begin by giving you some idea of the latter; presuming that this is the same Mr. Coke who moved in the House of Commons, the discontinuance of the American war of '75, and who, having carried it in that great and excited body by a majority of one, was himself, at the suggestion of his friend Mr. Fox, appointed at the head of a committee to take up an address to His Majesty George III. in pursuance of the vote. This he did in his farmer's dress, with his white topped boots and frock on, for that was the costume. Every American must respect the old man for this achievement, and they will not like him less to know that, every day at his table, during that war; he was accustomed, as he often declares now, to drink the

health of Gen. Washington, as the greatest man in existence. This liberal spirit has always distinguished Mr. Coke, and he began his career in Parliament with the war itself, and remained in it near 60 years. Were he still a member, which his age (82) now prevents, he would be by many years the "Father of the House."

Well! Now for the estate; and first merely as a farmer's. The land here is about 3500 acres: nearly the whole of it is enclosed by a neat, high, brick wall, extending about a circuit of 10 miles. This comprises the plantations of wood, and a beautiful "lake," as they call it, both of which are wholly artificial. The latter is the finest artificial water that I ever saw, and quite deceived me. Nothing could appear more originally rural than its borders which are completely overshadowed with forests, and as wild altogether as if I had discovered them and the lake itself in the depth of some solitude of Michigan. All these woods have been planted. The estate is plentifully sprinkled over with various species of trees, in copses, in acres of forest, and in avenues; and all is artificial work and yet that art so perfect that the warmest lover of nature cannot desire more. Instead of a mere park in one body, it is as one wants it—everywhere an ornament and a shelter—over hill and dale—but nowhere in excess, or yet in the way of the farmer.

Immediately around the mansion, indeed, are only gardens, walks, and a wide extent of velvet lawns on every side; but even these latter are marked with their owner's scheme of the practical. It is not only the pheasant I see shuffling about in these cool shades. It is not alone the graceful deer that browse and bound along these soft lawns. These are a charm to the eye, and I like the taste which allows them this sweet free range and which saves the poor beautiful creatures from all harm. Here are the woods too. As I rode through their long winding lanes to-day on horseback, the air was filled with the chirping and fluttering of birds. The yellow hammer whirled away on his gay speckled wings, as we trotted up to him; the shining blue jay glaced "like a javelin by;" and "the wood pecker tapped at the hollow beech tree."

The remoter lawns are spotted with little flocks of sheep, of which over 3,000 are kept on the place of the famous South Devon breed. One meets also in the pastures these fine, sleek, bright looking Devon cattle, browsing in herds. There are more than 300 of them, including an immense dairy, besides Scotch cattle. Beyond the lawns, one gets at once into the cultivation, and a ring of this, skirted and sheltered here and there with avenues and copses of trees, encircles the whole estate. I rode along the edge of a field of 130 acres of barley in one place. In another were 60 of wheat; and there were two fields of 25 and 26 acres.

The arable land is divided about equally between these grains, turnips and grass, which four crops, sometimes having grass for two seasons, constitute the routine of the succession of tillage on the same ground. There are in cultivation at present about 430 acres of wheat and barley each, and in fine condition. The head farmer told me that 30 bushels an acre is rather an indifferent crop; and that 40 and 50 are more "the right thing." It must be borne in mind, when I say this, that Holkam has been completely made over by Mr. Coke. When he succeeded to the estate, it was a mere desert. There were no trees here even, and it was hardly believed that the land would let them grow. Mr. Coke says the rabbits were the only creatures who could live on it and they were starving! Now what a triumph is this!—Go with me to-day into this village of Holkam, which all belongs virtually to the estate, and lives by it in one way or another. Here are 500 persons, probably, besides those sent off well provided for elsewhere. Their cottages are a curiosity of rural neatness and comfort. Little gardens surround them, and flowers hang out of the windows and climb over the door ways. Some 150 persons are employed on the farm alone. Then in the gardens, the light acres of which are surrounded with a wall 1400 yards long and 14 feet high, are perhaps 40 more; in the brick yard 20; in the Blacksmith's shop, 10; and some wheelwrights and gamekeepers, I dare say; and a little army of servants, of course, for in the mansion, when the family is here, 20 females alone are employed. The women do some work also on the farm; such as weeding the grain, which, as well as the peas, and, in fact, all the crops, is drilled. I saw 20 women in one field weeding. Beyond that, and outside of the walls of the regular es-

tate, we come to a "little bit" of a plantation, of only 600 more. Here they were hard at work. In one field, where turnips were sowing, all the processes went on at once. There were 20 men and boys spreading manure out of five or six carts drawn by three horses each (of which there are a hundred on the place); five or six ploughs, drawn by two, who ploughed without a driver; then two cast iron round rolls, by two; three or four harrows, by one; and two drill machines, self sowing by two; and then the barrow again brought up the rear. I ought to speak of the almshouse for the old, and the schools for the young; and of the farming system more in detail, but there is no room. I will add only that young farmers come from all quarters to learn the science. I saw four of them riding over the grounds this morning, who are under the care of the manager. The whole place is considered a model of both the science and the art of farming.

### SCENES AT BADAJOS.

A work called "The Bivouac," has just appeared. The following extract gives a picture of the horrors of War:—  
When our division entered the town, all opposition was at an end; for the French, fearing that a dreadful retaliation would ensue, precipitately abandoned the city, and secured themselves in Fort Christoval until they effected a capitulation, and were permitted to retire to Elbas. In the morning I obtained a few hours' repose, notwithstanding the deafening yells of the excited soldiery, and their incessant discharge of musketry, as they went firing through the streets, or blew open the doors of the wine-houses, and indeed of all other dwellings which were vainly closed against them. I had seen the breaches in all their horrors; I had again crossed them in daylight, and I turned my steps towards the castle and bastion of San Vincent, to view the places where my more fortunate comrades had forced their way.

It was nearly dusk, and the few hours while I slept had made a frightful change in the condition and temper of the soldiery. In the morning they were obedient to their officers, and preserved the semblance of subordination; now they were in a state of furious intoxication, discipline was forgotten, and the splendid troops of yesterday had become a fierce and sanguinary rabble, dead to every touch of human feeling, and filled with every demoniac passion that can brutalize man. The town was in horrible confusion, and on every side, frightful tokens of military licence met the eye. One street, as I approached the castle, was almost choked up with broken furniture; for the houses had been gutted from the cellar to the garret, the partitions torn down, and even the beds ripped and scattered to the winds, in hope that gold might be concealed. A convent at the end of the strada of Saint John was in flames; and I saw more than one wretched man in the arms of a drunken soldier.

Further on the confusion seemed greater. Brandy and wine-casks were rolled out before the stores; some were full, some half drunk, but more staved in mere wantonness, and the liquors running through the kennel. Many a harrowing scream saluted the ear of the passer-by; many a female supplication was heard asking in vain for mercy. How could it be otherwise, when it is remembered that twenty thousand furious and licentious madmen were loosed upon an immense population, among which some of the loveliest women on earth might be found! All within the devoted city were at the disposal of an infuriated army, over whom, for the time, control was lost, aided by an infamous collection of camp followers, who were, if possible, more sanguinary and pitiless even than those who survived the storm.

It is useless to dwell upon a scene from which the heart revolts. I verily believe that few females in this beautiful town were saved that night from insult. The noblest and the beggar, the man, the wife and daughter of the artisan, youth and age, all were involved in general ruin. None were respected, and few consequently escaped. The madness of those desperate brigands was variously exhibited; some fired through doors and windows, others at the church bells; many at the wretched inhabitants, as they fled into the streets to escape the bayonets of the savages who were demolishing their property within doors; while some wretches, as if blood had not flowed in sufficient torrents already, shot from the windows their own companions as they staggered on below. What chances had the miserable inhabitants of escaping death, when more than one officer perished by the bullets and bayonets of the very men whom a few hours before he had led to the assault?

As evening advanced the streets became more dangerous; and after I had examined the spot from which the escalade of the castle had been effected I determined to leave the fortress by the first sallyport, and return for the night to our half-deserted camp; for every one who could frame an excuse had flocked into the luckless town for plunder, and the tents were in many places left without an occupant. Having been for a week quartered in the city after the last year's siege, I fancied that I could find my way to the flying bridge, but the attempt was not an easy one. A swarm of drunken rioters infested the road, and at last I resolved to leave the more frequented streets, and endeavor to free myself from this infernal scene of tumult and villany by a safer but more devious path.

THE WIFE.—I have often had occasion to remark the fortitude with which women sustain the most overwhelming reverses of fortune. Those disasters which break down the spirit of a man, and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and give such intrepidity and elevation to their character that, at times, it approaches to sublimity. Nothing can be more touching than to behold a soft and tender female, who had been all weakness and dependance, and alive to every trivial roughness, while treading the prosperous paths of life, suddenly rising in mental force to be the comforter and supporter of her husband under misfortune, and abiding, with unshrinking firmness, the bitterest blasts of adversity. As the vine which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and been lifted by it in sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rified by the thunderbolt, cling round it with its caressing tendrils, and bind up its shattered boughs; so is it beautifully ordered by Providence, that woman who is the more 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. I was once congratulating a friend, who had around him a blooming family, knitted together in the strongest affection. "I can wish you no better lot," said he with enthusiasm, "than to have a wife and children:—if you are prosperous, there they are to share your prosperity; if otherwise, there they are to comfort you." And, indeed, I have observed that a married man, falling into misfortune, is more apt to retrieve his situation, more able to sustain a single one; partly because he is more stimulated to exertion by the necessities of the helpless and beloved beings who depend upon him for subsistence; but chiefly, because his spirit is soothed and relieved by domestic endearments, and his self-respect is kept alive by finding that, though all abroad is darkness and humiliation, yet there is still a little world of love at home, of which he is the monarch. Whereas a single man is apt to run to waste and self-neglect; to fancy himself lonely and abandoned; and his heart to fall to ruin, like some deserted mansion, for want of an inhabitant.—*The Young Wife's Book.*

THE THREE MARRIAGES.—A late minister of religion, in Worcester-shire, used to relate the following anecdote of one of his friends, who had been three times married. The unfortunate speculator in matrimony had married "For his first wife a very worldly avaricious woman who grasped at every thing, and never was satisfied. The second was a corpulent, easy, dirty, quiet soul, always in good humour, and satisfied with every thing; the last was a most violent temperament who rendered his life miserable whilst she lived. The good old man upon reviewing his life used to observe, 'my friends, I have had variety enough in the conjugal relation; and may literally say, I have married the world, the flesh, and the devil.'"

TO SALT BUTTER.—Butter must be salted as fresh as possible, any delay is injurious. Having dried the salt in the oven, and pounded it fine, wash the butter in several waters till it no longer imparts a milky appearance to the water. Spread it out, and sprinkle over it the pounded salt, one ounce to every pound of butter; knead them well together, till the butter and salt are thoroughly incorporated. Press the butter into stone jars, perfectly sweet and dry, and let it stand seven or eight days, when it will be found to have separated from the sides of the pot; as this space admits the air the butter would soon spoil if left in that state, and must therefore be further pressed till perfectly compact.

INDENTURES for Sale at this Office. March 29.

## LETTERS

Remaining in the Post Office, at Frederic-  
ton, 5th September, 1837.

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

B  
J. W. Brown, Horatio Bizard, Mrs.  
Martha Ann Brown, George Blaney, Josiah  
Burt, George Brown, Mrs. Alicia Burton,  
Thos. Bell, Jean Bell, Chas. Bateman, Mi-  
chael Borngt, John B. Babian, Francis  
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 Car-  
ter (2), W. Graham, John Camran (2), Ed-  
mund P. Cliff, Peter Cameron, Charles  
Couless, Peggy Carragher, Andrew Carr,  
Andrew Craig, Seth Cates, John Clarke,  
Norman Campbell, John Cahill, Margaret  
Corcodon, Mrs. John Carter.

D  
Patrick Doyle, Edward Doyle, Thomas  
Davies, Asa Dow, Mrs. Mary Daggett, John  
Dinneen, Michael Dornington, Charles  
Doran (2), Alexander Derrah, James Dor-  
an (2), Mrs. Driscoll, Bartholomew Daw-  
son, Robert Dougherty, Mrs. Dougherty,  
Robert Duncan.

E  
Mary Eagan, James Evans, Francis El-  
liott, Edward Elkin, Jos. Esterbrook, Da-  
vid Estv, Pierce Eleward, John Elliott (2),  
John Eddy.  
Mary Farley, Jephtha Foster, John Field,  
Philip Foraster, Jos. Foster, Thomas Fran-  
cis, Indian Governor, Daniel Ford.

G  
Wm. Gwinn, James Gray, Richard Gal-  
lagher, Asa Garlon, Nelson Gardon, A. N.  
Gardon, Benjamin Griffith (3), Sydney  
Gates, Wm. Gould, Wm. Green, Wm.  
Graham, Alex. Gerow, Nehemiah Gilman,  
Samuel Gilman.

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

J  
Miss Johnston (2), Mrs. Hannah Joslin,  
Charles Ingraham, Hugh Jimison.

K  
Wm. Kirk, Margaret Kelly, John Kin-  
ney, John Kerr, Thomas Kelly, Prince  
Kennedy, Thomas Kinealy.

L  
Thomas Latherson, Alexander Laker,  
John Longstaff, Andrew Lipsitt, 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  
Lovely.

M  
Margaret McDonald, Edw. M. Bridge,  
Patrick M. Bridge, Patk. M. Grant, Andrew  
Montgomery, Isaac Maracey, Mrs. Mary  
Menzar, Mary M. Dermot, Nelson H. Mar-  
tin, Wm. Moore, Cornilius T. Murphy,  
Charles M. McIntosh, John M. Laughlin,  
Sam. Murphy, Edward Manning, Wm.  
M. Kay, James M. Donald, Eliza Morrell,  
Mattie M. Elhaton (2), Jeremiah Murphy,  
Donald M. Gilvory, James Miles, Joel Mun-  
gon, Joseph Martin, Archibald M. Dougall,  
Celia M. Kay, Saml. M. Geithal, Moses  
M. Nally, Anthony M. Kay, Alexander Mon-  
dy, Martha Manson, John Mahoney, An-  
drew Miller, Mathew M. Clain, James Mo-  
zielt, Austin M. Donald, Robt. M. Colloff,  
Christopher Murray, Bess. M. Lauchlan,  
Patk. M. Colchester, Alex. M. Cormack, Tho-  
mas Myles, Archibald M. Cullum, Mrs.  
Francis M. Gwin, Rebecca M. Crea, Philip  
M. Cormack, Wm. M. Theoley, Wm. M.  
Pherson, Lawrence M. Gunn, 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, Tho-  
mas O'Leary, John Osburn.

P  
Patk. Power, Amas Plumer, Thomas  
Purdy, Francis Pue, Wm. Payne, Mary  
Perley, Robt. Parson, Alex. Paule, Dan-  
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 Sages,  
Alexander Scott, David Strangman, Alex-  
ander 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  
Tracy, Alexander Truscott, Thomas Tur-  
ner.

V  
Wm. Vinter.

W  
Jeffery White, Wm. Watson, Mrs. Wood-  
ford, 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.