

## POETRY.

### THE DANISH WARRIOR'S DEATH SONG.

"Away, away! your care is vain;  
No leech could aid me now;  
The chill of death is at my heart,  
'Tis damp upon my brow.

Weep not—I shame to see such tears  
Within a warrior's eyes;  
Away! how can ye weep for him  
Who in the battle dies?

If I had died with idle head  
Upon my lady's knee—  
Had fate stood by my silken bed,  
Then might ye weep for me.

But I lie on my own proud deck  
Before the sea and sky;  
The wind that sweeps my gallant sails  
Will have my latest sigh.

My banner floats among the clouds,  
Another droops below;  
Well with my heart's best blood is paid  
Such purchase of a foe.

Go ye and seek my halls, there dwells  
A fair-haired boy of mine;  
Give him my sword, while yet the blood  
Darkens that falchion's shine.

Tell him that only other blood  
Should wash such stains away;  
And if he be his father's child,  
There needs no more to say.

Farewell, my bark! farewell, my friends!  
Now fling me on the wave;  
One cup of wine, and one of blood,  
Pour on my bounding grave."

L. E. L.

### BOYHOOD.

BY RICHARD HOWITT.

(From the Metropolitan Magazine.)

O, blessed boy, how full of joy  
And buoyant life art thou!  
Not yet dependant upon hope,  
Thy world is Eden now.  
Thy thoughts are cast upon no past;  
Thou hast not to complain,  
Of being as a barren waste,  
Of languor and of pain.

Thine eyes are bright, thy smiles are light,  
Thou darest not of care;  
Fierce passion lights not in thy breast  
The beacon of despair.  
But thou must know, must have, and know,  
Thy heart must be engrossed  
With hope's warm blessings undefined,  
And memories of loss.

I gaze on thee, and hear and see,  
And feel what I have been;  
And memories come from myriad things  
Which may no more be seen.  
With what is gained my heart is pained,  
And what has been resigned,  
For sorely pays the bleeding heart  
For treasures of the mind.

The ebbing tide swells back with pride—  
The bird, forewarned, that flies  
Before the wild and wintry blast,  
Will come with summer skies:  
But thou, my heart! canst have no part  
In this sweet scene, I see—  
For never, like returning spring,  
Can boyhood come o'er thee.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### LONDON SYSTEMS.

From the "Exile," by Count Peccchio.

Some people are quite thunder-struck at the silence which prevails among the inhabitants of London. But how could one million four hundred thousand persons live together without silence? The torrent of men, women, and children, carts, carriages, and horses from the Strand to the Exchange, is so strong, that it is said that in winter there are two degrees of Fahrenheit difference between the atmosphere of this long line of street and that of the West End. I have not ascertained the truth of this; but from the many avenues there are to the strand, it is very likely to be correct. From Charing Cross to the Royal Exchange is an encyclopædia of the world. An apparent anarchy prevails, but without confusion or disorder. The rules which the poet Gay lays down in his "Trivia, or the art of walking the streets of London," for walking with safety along this tract of about three miles, appears to me unnecessary. The habit of traversing this whirlpool renders the passage easy to every one, without disputes, without accidents, without punctilio, as if there was no obstacle whatever. I suppose it is the same thing at Pekin. The silence, then, of the passengers is the consequence of the multiplicity of business. I do not say it by way of epigram, but if Naples should ever have a population of a million and a half, it would be necessary for even Neapolitan windpipes to put themselves under some restraint! It is only in Spain that silence is the companion of idleness.

In London I have often risen early, in order to be present at the spectacle of the resurrection of a million and a half of people. This great monster of a capital, like an immense giant awakening, shows the first signs of life in the extremities. Motion begins at the circumference, and, by little and little, goes on getting strength, and pushing towards the centre, till at ten o'clock

commences the full hubbub, which goes on continually increasing till four o'clock, the "Change hour." It seems as if the population followed the laws of the tide until this hour; it now continues flowing from the circumference to the Exchange; at half past four, when the Exchange is shut, the ebb begins; and currents of people, coaches and horses, rush from the Exchange to the circumference.

Among an industrious nation, incessantly occupied, panting for riches, man, or physical force, is a valuable commodity. Man is dear, and it is therefore, expedient to be very economical of him. It is not as in the countries of indolence, where the man and the earth alike have little or no value. A Turkish effendi or gentleman, always walks about with a train of useless servants at his heels. In the same manner a Polish nobleman, or a grandee of Spain, consumes a great quantity of men, who are otherwise unproductive. I was told that the Duke of Medina Coli has in his pay four hundred servants, and that he goes to the Prado in a carriage worse than a Persian *faccie*. It was the same in England when there was a foreign commerce and no home manufactures. Not knowing in what way to consume their surplus revenues, the old English landowner used to maintain a hundred, and, in some cases, even a thousand followers. At the present day, the greatest houses have not more than ten or twelve servants; and, setting aside the wealthy, who are always an exception in every nation, and taking the greatest number, it cannot be denied that in England, and especially in London, there is a very great saving, both of time and of servants. But how can this be reconciled with the loudly vaunted comfort of the English? There: the milk, the bread, the butter, the beer, the fish, the meat, the newspaper, the letters—all are brought to the house every day, at the same hour, without fail, by the shopkeepers and the postmen. It is well known that all the street doors are kept shut, as is the custom in Florence and the other cities of Tuscany. In order that the neighbourhood should not be disturbed, it has become an understood thing for all tradespeople to give a single rap on the knocker, or a single pull at the bell, which communicates with the underground kitchen, where the servants are; while the postman distinguishes his visit by precisely two knocks, the more loud and noisy according to the real or assumed consequence or fashion of the visitor.

The custom requires punctuality in servants, and an unflinching attendance at their posts. The price of every thing is fixed, so that there is no room for haggling, dispute or gossip. All this going and coming of buyers and sellers is noiseless. Many bakers ride about London in vehicles so rapid, elastic, and elegant, that an Italian dandy would not disdain to appear in one of them at the Corso. The butchers may be frequently met with, conveying the meat to their distant customers, mounted on fiery steeds, and dashing along at full gallop. A system like this requires inviolable order and a scrupulous division of time. For this reason there are clocks and watches every where—on every steeple, and sometimes on all the four sides of a steeple; in the pocket of every one; in the kitchen of the lowest journeyman. This is a nation working to the stroke of the clock, like an orchestra playing to the "time" of the leader, or a regiment marching to the sound of the drum. Nothing can be more ingenious than the various ways in which the English contrive to mark the division of time. In some machine, or example, of every certain number of strokes, the machine rings a bell, to inform the workmen of the fact. The tread mill, introduced for a punishment and an employment in the houses of correction, also rings a bell every time it makes a certain number of revolutions. In the wool carding manufactory at Manchester there is a species of clock to ascertain if the watchman, whose duty it is to guard against fire, has kept awake all the night. If, every quarter of an hour, he omits to pull a rope which hangs from the wall outside, the clock within notes down and reveals his negligence in the morning.

One shopman, therefore, in London, supplies the place of 40 or 50 servants; the shops may be distant, and remotely situated, without any inconvenience. The shopkeepers themselves do not remain idle, and, instead of men, in some places lads or children are employed. The newspapers are circulated from house to house at a penny an hour; the carrier is a boy of 10 or 12 years old, active as a sprite, exact as time, who brings them and takes them away.

By this system, the servants remain at home, with nothing to divert them

from their occupations. The servant maids, especially, very seldom go out during all the week, until the arrival of Sunday sets them at liberty for three or four hours. It follows, also, that an English family has no need of keeping any great store of provisions in the house; there is in consequence less occupation of room, and less occasion for capital, less care, less waste, less smell, and less wear and tear.

THE PENNY-A-LINERS.—The Penny-a-Liners sometimes bring themselves into awkward predicaments by a too liberal exercise of their inventive faculties. They generally, however, contrive, by having recourse to some ingenious expedient or other, to make their escape out of it. Some years ago one of the fraternity gave a "full and particular"—I cannot say "true"—account of an alleged suicide of a gentleman by leaping off Waterloo Bridge into the river. The writer, of course, said he witnessed it, and was surpassingly pathetic and eloquent in the expression of his regret that the deceased should have "committed the rash act." An elaborate description of the personal appearance of the party was given. The body, of course, was not found. The account having appeared in two of the morning papers, two gentlemen called at the office of one of the journals, and expressing their apprehensions that from the description given of the unhappy man, it was a near relation of their own who had been missing two days—wished to see the writer, to make some inquiries as to the identity of the deceased. An intimation to this effect was sent to the Penny-a-Liner, who, on the first blush of the thing, was afraid he had got himself, to use his own elegant phraseology, "into a hobble." However, a thought afterwards struck him which he doubted not would enable him to get out of the difficulty with great eclat. He accordingly proceeded to the office where the two gentlemen were anxiously waiting his arrival.—"Oh we're very sorry to trouble you; but this is a very affecting case," observed one of the gentlemen, in melancholy accents, immediately upon the Penny-a-Liner presenting himself. "It is indeed," observed the other, sighing deeply as he spoke. "About the unhappy man who threw himself into the river, I suppose you mean," said the Penny-a-Liner, putting on a face as grave of that of an undertaker, and appearing to sympathise freely with the manifest distresses of the gentlemen. "Yes, about the unfortunate deceased," observed one of the gentlemen. "Ay, we're very much afraid he's a near relation of ours, sir," remarked the other. "Would you do us the favour of giving us any further information respecting his personal appearance, so that we may be able to satisfy our minds as to whether or not he is our relative?" he added. "What was the colour of your relative's hair?" inquired the Penny-a-Liner. "Yellow haired," answered both at once. "O, then, the unfortunate deceased was not your relative: for his hair was jet black." A gleam of joy irradiated the countenances of the two gentlemen. I assure you, sir, we are infinitely obliged to you for your readiness in complying with our wishes." "Don't name it," remarked the inventive genius. "Exceedingly obliged to you indeed," said the second gentleman. "Will you accept of a couple of sovereigns for the trouble to which we have put you?" at the same depositing two circular pieces of gold in his hand. "Really, you are very kind. I am extremely happy the unfortunate gentleman was not your relative," said the Penny-a-Liner, putting the sovereigns into his pocket. He went home, and penned another "invention" that evening, respecting the alleged suicide of an "interesting and elegantly dressed female"—all the females of Penny-a-Liners are "interesting and elegantly dressed"—by throwing herself into the Regent's Canal.—The Great Metropolitan.

SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCE.—Mr. John Parkyn, of Polperro, lately caught a conger, and brought it on shore alive. On going to bed, he hung it up in a basket, but, in the course of the night, it managed to escape from its pendant prison to the floor, where a battle took place between it and a large rat, that had for some time infested the house. The next morning the rat was found in the conger's mouth, and both the combatants were quite dead.—Western Luminary.

QUICK WORK.—Last Saturday week, Bailie Clarkson, of Selkirk, sat down to dinner in a pair of inexpressibles made of wool, which that same morning was growing on the back of a sheep. In the brief space of eleven hours and half the fleece was shorn from the animal, scoured, dyed, carded, spun, woven, and made into a pair of breeches for a bailie!

A quaint old author denounces oysters as being ungodly, uncharitable, and unprofitable meat; ungodly, because they are eaten without grace; uncharitable, because they leave nothing but shell; and unprofitable because they must swim in wine.

BAD THINGS.—An unfaithful servant, a smoky house, a stumbling horse, a scolding wife, an aching tooth, an empty purse, an undutiful child, an incessant talker, a dull razor, a buggy bed, a slip, and a subscriber that won't pay for his paper.

A SHARP REPORT.—Our old friend, Lady Morgan, recently advising a young Hibernian damsel to avoid wedlock, "You had better, my love, precipitate yourself," said her ladyship, "into the waters of the Bay of Dublin than marry." "Pon my honour, then," was the answer, "sure I would, if I could find a husband at the bottom."

HARD FASTING.—Naturalists agree that the crocodile can live two months without nourishment, the scorpion three, the bear six, and the chameleon eight months. Of all animals, however, the viper can endure hunger longest, being able to live ten months without eating.

The President of a Bachelor's Club in Philadelphia has committed matrimony! The Club has voted to wear crapes for thirty days on the left leg.

## LETTERS.

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

A  
Mr. Wm. Armstrong, P. C. Amorecine, 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, Michael Borngt, John B. Babain, Francis Babin, John Boyle, Thomas Banks, Wm. Boone, Converse Brown, Mary Buswell, James Bailey (2), James Bubar, James Blair, Duncan Buchanan, John Buchanan, Joseph Boggis, 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 Corseodon, Mrs. John Carter.

D  
Patrick Doyle, Edward Doyle, Thomas Davies, Asa Dow, Mrs. Mary Daggett, 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 Fried, 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. Gerow, Nehemiah Gilman, Samuel Gilman.

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

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 Lieder, W. P. Lethbridge, Isaac Lovely.

M  
Margaret M'Donald, Edwd. M'Bride, Patrick M'Bride, Patk. M'Grath, Andrew Montgomery, Isaac Marancey, Mrs. Mary Menzar, Mary M'Dermot, 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'Elharty (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 Moziet, Austin M'Donald, Robt. M'Cuith, Christopher Murray, Bess. M'Lauchlan, Patk. M'Colleston, Alex. M'Cormack, Thomas Myles, Archibald M'Collum, 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 Norriss, Lawrence Neville, John Neville, John Norriss.

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. Paul, 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. Shelswell, 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 Sage, Alexander Scott, David Strangman, Alexander Seamon, T. T. Shaw, Thomas B. Smith (4).

T  
Stephen Tracy (2), David Tapley, Galt B. Taylor, Wm. Tovey, Ann Thompson, Johana Thun, Benjamin, S. Taylor, John Tracy, 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.