

POETRY.

[From the Coventry Herald, April 21.]

LINES.

On the Death of J. W. Hoste, Esq. Ensign in the Forty-third Regiment of Light Infantry.

A young man of high promise, and son of Sir J. C. Hoste, C. B., Colonel of the Engineers. He fell a sacrifice to typhus fever last year at Woodstock, New Brunswick, North America, at the early age of 19, while endeavouring, in conjunction with Lieut. Marley, of the Artillery, to explore a road through the woods from Woodstock to Quebec, so as to form a railway between those places. He entered the service at 15 years of age. The following tribute to his memory is from the pen of a young soldier, who for several years served under him, and by whom he will ever be remembered with feelings of gratitude and respect.

Let the bugle breathe sweetly, but muffle the drum,
As ye bear the lov'd youth to his wilderness grave;
Ere ye lay him for ever within the dark tomb,
Pay in full the last honours a warrior can have.
Place his helmet on high, lay the sword by its side
Which his father in parting bestowed with a tear;
"Let it never be stain'd with dishonour," he cried,
"Last hope of my age, in your glorious career."
"You have drawn it with honour," the youth he replied,
"Be assur'd that your son will not sully his name;
"With his father's last—best, honour'd gift by his side,
"Nor doubt that he'll find out the pathway to fame."
His mother in sorrow bestow'd her last blessing,
As the tear of affection gleam'd bright in her eye;
Now kissing—exhorting; now weeping—now pressing
Once more to her heart her own beautiful boy.
He wander'd away, but his young sun was setting,
As sinks yon bright orb 'neath the murmuring wave;
His home, and his parents—his country forgetting—
In a far distant land he has found a lone grave.
His mother may look through her lattice and languish—
"Why tarried" the son of my heart from his home;
But who shall describe in her bosom the anguish,
When she learns that her son is within the cold tomb?
Tell his father the son of his promise is gone;
That he died—that he perish'd, in honour's bright path;
We have pillow'd his head with a soft mossy stone,
And the muskets belch'd o'er him their echoing wrath.
Tread light on his grave—'tis a soldier that sleeps,
Far—far from his kindred—his country—his home;
Leaving parents and kindred, in sorrow to weep,
O'er the pride of their ruin'd hopes, wither'd and gone.

THE TIDE OF TIME.

BY FANNY KEMBLE.

I do believe
That at our feet the tide of time flows on
In strong and rapid course; nor is one current
Or rippling eddy liker to the rest,
Than is one age unto its predecessor;
Men still are men, the stream is still a stream,
Through every change of changeful tide and time;
And 'tis, I fear, only our partial eye
That lends a brighter sunbeam to the wave
On which we launched our advent'rous bark.

A PICTURE.

BY THE SAME.

Had dinner's hand
Traced such a heavenly brow and such a lip,
I would have sworn the knave had dream'd it all,
In some fair vision of some fairer world.
See how she stands, all shrimed in loveliness,
Her white hands clasped; her clustering locks
thrown back
From her high forehead, and in those bright eyes
Tears! radiant emanations! drops of light
That fall from those surpassing orbs, as though
The starry eyes of heaven wept silver dew.

* Since dead.

INCOGNITO.

THE HORRORS OF SOLITARY CONFINEMENT.—"At my first arrest," resumed Gerardi, "I was transported to a dungeon in the citadel of Turin, so framed as to render communication impossible, even with my jailor. My food was conveyed to me by a turning box inserted in the wall; and during a whole month not the slightest sound interrupted the stillness of my solitude. It needs to have undergone all I then experienced, fully to comprehend the fallacy of that savage philosophy which denied society to the natural condition of the human species. The wretch condemned to isolation from his kind, is a wretch indeed! To hear no human voice—to meet no human eye—to be denied the pressure of a human hand—to find only cold and inanimate objects on which to rest one's brow—one's breast—one's heart—is a privation to which the strongest might fall a victim! The month thus endured weighed like years upon my nature, and when,

every second day, I discerned the footsteps of my jailor in the corridor, coming to renew my provisions, the mere sound caused my heart to leap within me. While the box was turning round, I used to strain my eyes in hope to catch at the crevice, the slightest glimpse of his face, his hand, his very dress—and my disappointment drove me to despair. Could I have discerned a human face, even bearing the character of cruelty and wickedness, I should have thought it full of beauty; and had the man extended his arms towards me in kindness, have blessed him for the concession! But the sight of a human face was denied me till the day of my translation to Fenestrella, and my only resource consisted in feeling the reptiles which shared my captivity, and in meditating upon my absent child! At length a favorable chance befel me, even in my dungeon. I discovered, by means of a straggling ray of light, a crevice produced by the insertion of an iron cross by way of support, into the wall of my dungeon, which, though it only enabled me to obtain an oblique glimpse of the opposite wall, became a source of exquisite enjoyment. My cell happened to be situated under the keep of the citadel; and, one blessed day, I noticed for the first time, the shadow of a man distinctly reflected upon the wall.

"A sentinel had doubtless been posted on the platform over my head; for the shadow went and came, and I could distinguish the form of a man's uniform, the epaulet, the point of his bayonet—the very vascillation of his feather! Till evening extinguished my resource, I remained at my post; and how shall I describe the thrill of joy with which I acknowledged so unexpected a consolation. I was no longer alone; I had once more a living companion. Next day and days succeeding, the shadow of another soldier appeared; the sentinels were ever changing, but my enjoyment was the same. It was always a man—always a fellow creature I knew to be near me; a living, breathing fellow creature—whose movements I could watch, and whose disposition conjecture. When the moment came for relieving guard, I welcomed the new comer, and bade good bye to his predecessor. I knew the corporal by sight; I could recognise the different profiles of the men, nay (dare I avow such a weakness?) attitude of their persons, or comparative vivacity of their movements, became so many indications of character, from which their age and sentiments might be inferred.—One paced gaily along, turning lightly on his heel, balancing his musket in sport, or waving his head in cadence to the air he was whistling; he was doubtless young and gay, cheered by visions of happiness and love. Another paced along with his brow inclining, pausing often, and leaning with his arms crossed upon his musket, meditating mournfully, perhaps, upon his distant village, his absent mother, his childhood's friends. He passed his hand rapidly over his eyes—perhaps to dash away the tears gathered by these tender retrospections! For many of these shadows I felt a lively interest, an inexpressible compassion; and the balm thus called into existence within my bosom, shed its soothing influence over my fate. Trust me my good young friend, the truest happiness we derive is from our sympathy with our fellow creatures."—*Piccola, or Captivity Captive.*

CURIOUS FACTS RELATIVE TO INSANITY.—In an interesting official report by Baron Desportes, one of the commissioners of the two hospitals, Bicetre and Salpêtrier (Paris), we find that on the 31st of December, of the year 1824—27 and 30, severally, the number of insane persons, of both sexes, received in these hospitals, were 2,507, 2,514, and 2,536. The admissions in 1833, amounted to 3,222—this access is attributed to the double and violent commotion produced by the cholera and the revolution of July. We remark in this report the following prominent facts:—1st. That the admissions are more numerous in the hot season, and especially in the months of June and July. 2d. That the admission of males in both hospitals are by one-fourth less than those of females.—3d. That the period of life which affords the largest number of insane persons is from 30 to 39 years. 4th. That the number of maniacs has much decreased since the insane have been released from solitary confinement, and their exaltation has not been provoked by barbarous treatment. 5th. That insanity, coming earlier on men than women, afflicts a larger proportion of bachelors than married men, (the difference is from 40 to 50 per cent.) 6th. That among the causes of alienation, the most common is hereditary predisposition—next are congestions, epilepsy, and old age.

As we cast our eyes upon the table wherein the insane are classed, according to their profession, we cannot withhold a sentiment of interest and pity at the thought that even here the poorer classes are those that furnish the largest contingent. One would think a priori that the labour of intelligence, viz: such as solicit incessantly the action of the brain, and which oblige it often to strain itself beyond its power, that especially the toils of imagination which put all its fibres on the stretch—ought to be the causes which most frequently induce mental alienation—and that on the contrary those purely physical necessities, which call forth muscular action, and in which the mental faculties are quiescent, ought to be free of any predisposition to diseases of this nature. Will it be believed? The very reverse is proved to be the fact, and the phenomenon is accounted for in this way.

In the organization of man the parts which are kept in action are not those that suffer, but those that are inactive. Among labourers the muscles are fully developed, while the brain remains stunted. With men of intelligence the brain and its faculties are enlarged, but the muscles are enfeebled. Thus in the nine years that comprise the labors of Baron Desportes, there have been admitted in the above named hospital 943 labourers, 209 bleachers, 698 tailors, 459 domestics, 226 linen drapers, 81 hodmen, 107 porters, 71 bakers, 50 husbandmen, 69 locksmiths, 125 toy makers, 50 vinedressers. While in the same space of time there are enumerated only 1 lawyer, 2 chemists, 2 brokers, 1 surgeon, 1 consul, 7 painters, 14 public clerks, 1 architect, 6 literary men, 2 engineers, 1 judge, 4 physicians, 11 merchants, 2 notaries, 4 managers of large estates, and 2 book-keepers. Thus the proportion of manual labourers to men of liberal professions is as seven eighths to one-eighth. These decisive round numbers lead us to the consoling conclusion, that the amelioration of the condition of the poorer classes must produce a corresponding decrease of mental maladies; and civilization, which is only a general exercise of all the organic faculties tends not only to give more elasticity to social economy, but moreover to disperse a cloud of such infirmities that have afflicted the infancy of the human race.—*New Era.*

CONDUCT IN THE PROSPECT OF DEATH.—We have heard a great deal of those brilliant scintillations of intellect that sometimes cast a dazzling lustre round the dying couch. Eloquent orations on this topic have been addressed to audiences more disposed to swallow the marvellous than investigate the probable. The whole is, in my opinion, an innocent romance calculated to gratify the feelings, perhaps flatter the pride of the living, by throwing a halo round the couch of the dead. Every one knows how prone are the friends and spectators of the dying man to mark each expression, treasure it up in the mind, and embellish it in the rehearsal. But the experienced physician and the calm philosophic observer reduce these exaggerations within the narrow and sober boundary of truth. Few have had the melancholy task of witnessing more death-bed scenes than myself, whether amid the storms and havoc of war, or in the quiet walks of peace. But no such coruscations of the mind have I ever beheld, when the immortal spark was deserting its unhabitable tenement. The phenomenon is contrary to nature and experience, and miracles I leave to those who prefer them to experimental truths. The alleged fact, though grossly exaggerated, had some foundation. In a very considerable number of instances, the dying man and woman retain possession of their mental faculties till within a very short period of dissolution. And this depends on the nature and seat of the disease. Many maladies destroy life without materially disturbing the organ of the mind, the brain, till the last hours of existence. In such cases, we frequently observe a serenity of mind a tranquillity, a placid resignation to the will of the Almighty, and even a cheerfulness in contemplating the approaching change. But as to any preternatural blazing up of the expiring taper, at such moments, it is either sheer imagination in the bystanders, or a poetical creation of after thought. No rational or physiological explanation of the phenomenon has been attempted by the historians of these death bed illuminations! No! They have left them to the easy and convenient solution of supernatural agency. The explanation which I have given is founded on physical facts, and with the miraculous I have no concern.—*Johnson on the Economy of Health.*

(From the New York Express.)

Every body, the Millionaires excepted, and they are always frugal and economical, for that is the way they win their millions, must begin to accommodate himself or herself to the new times. Simplicity is now and henceforth to be the order of the day. The men must be economical. The women must keep away from the milliners. The bottle of wine must not go so freely upon the table. Family dinners must be given instead of parade dinners. The old times must come back, when a friend could pop in and see a friend, without pomp and display,—with a place for him at table, if he is there at the eating hour,—with a wife glad to welcome, and not reddening her cheeks, if she has on a calico frock,—no silver forks, no rich china dining service,—no servants in livery,—no bonbons, grapes, whip sillabubs, and so on. Our beloved country has been running stark mad for the last eight or ten years past. Our pretty ladies have been floated over sea, in those floating palaces of ours, to while away a winter in a Parisian soiree—to be made happy by the quadrille, or mazourka of some Baden Baden in summer—to be captivated by the delicious softness of Tuscan melody, or dazzled by Roman pomp, and enraptured by Neapolitan effeminacy—and when they come home to this matter of fact land of ours, they come bewitched with visits of European glory, and bewitching all of us—for who in his heart, man foremost and first of all, can withstand the temptations of asking eyes, or the melodious eloquence of rosy lips? They ask, and they win—and Eyes have won cities which a Napoleon stormed in vain—and empires have thus fallen, where the battle axe and the pike have for naught shed oceans of blood. A hard hearted husband is he, whose soul is not touched by what the eyes of his wife demand, and a monster he must be, if he can withstand the asking lips.—Women thus win only by asking. They ask for palaces, and they have them, conjured up Aladdin-lamp fashion, not by the magic of old, however, but by the magic of credit of bank paper. They ask cottages and they come—and country seats and estates, and gorgeous furniture, upholstery, and trappings and jewelry, come with them. The milliner transfers them from sweet country girls, as they were—the Venuses de Medici of the American forest—the Dianas of the woods—into Egyptian caryatides, supporting columns of head dresses, or Egyptian mummies stocked and bandaged, as when they came out of the inmost recesses of the Pyramids. The lusty waist of that beau ideal of Grecian beauty, and captivates the world on its pedestal in that jewel of a room in Florence—the good, firm, generous foot—the compact, strong, and hearty body, that looks as it had been fed on Yankee Indian pudding and could run six miles an hour without being out of breath, would horrify a belle now-a-days! The fact is, our sweet country women, the prettiest on earth, in spite of fashion, and dolls they love to be instead of women,—have got some wrong ideas in their heads; and unless we who are beginning to be bachelors, can get them out, the beginning is the oegum, and bachelors, alas! we shall be,—floating houseless, homeless, heartless, and hopeless, down the sad tide of time:—for who, now-a-days, dare marry—unless he has a Tattersalls, a millinery, a furniture warehouse, an upholstery shop,—a jewelry manufactory,—one railroad at least, two towns in lithograph, and two Banks in Wall street.

new printing-press, which will eclipse every thing of the kind heretofore put in operation. It is intended for stereotype plates, and will work off fifty reams of paper, of mammoth size, per day. It is intended to be attached to paper mills, and will print as fast as any mill can manufacture, without any other help than that required to manufacture the paper. The register, by a simple regulation, can easily be changed, and made perfect. We have now a sheet in our office, worked on this new press, twenty-six feet long, printed on both sides at a time, in a quarter of a minute. The sheet contains two books, of one hundred and sixty pages each. The cost of a first-rate press, on this principle, will not exceed \$1000.—*New York Post.*

New Banks are springing up all over the city of New York. The hotel-keepers, &c. &c. issue tickets for 6-13 cents, 12-1-2 cents and 25 cents, payable in pies, oysters, small beer, &c.

WALL-STREET SHAVING OUTDONE.—Even the Barbers have commenced issuing small tickets for small sums. They read as follows:—"This is good to the bearer for a shave."

NEW DEFINITION.—The Aurora Standard gives the following definition, which is thought to be better than any in Johnston or Webster:

A lucky man.—He who turns two corners without being accosted with a dun, or meets a Sheriff without being saluted "in the name of the people." These are very attentive times.

PROTECTION INSURANCE COMPANY, Of Hartford, (Connecticut.)

THE Subscriber having been appointed Agent for the Protection Insurance Company will insure Houses, Stores, Barns, and every sort of Goods and Wares against

LOSS OR DAMAGE BY FIRE at the most reasonable rate of premium. The subscriber will also attend to the renewal of Policies issued by the former Agent in this place. JAMES TAYLOR, AGENT.

ACCOMMODATION STAGES.

THE Subscribers beg leave to inform their friends and the public, that they are now running Stages from Fredericton to Miramichi, leaving and arriving at these places as mentioned:

One starting from Fredericton on Monday, and arriving at Miramichi on Wednesday; leaving Miramichi on the Monday following, and arriving at Fredericton on Wednesday. The other leaving Fredericton on Thursday, and arriving at Miramichi on Saturday; leaving Miramichi on Thursday following, and arriving at Fredericton on Saturday.

Terms—40s. for each Passenger, with a reasonable allowance of Baggage.

Being grateful for past favours, the Subscribers humbly hope their friends and the public will continue their patronage as formerly, as they are determined to do all in their power for the accommodation of all and every thing entrusted to them.

WILLIAM SWIM, JAMES SWIM, Fredericton, 21st February, 1837.

NOTICE.

THOSE persons having demands against the Estate of the late Lieutenant George West, R. N. will please render the same to either of the Subscribers for settlement, and such as are indebted to the Estate are required to make payment forthwith.

For the convenience of parties at a distance, communications may be sent to the care of Mr. Spafford Barker, Fredericton.

FRANCES E. WEST, Executrix, JAMES T. HANFORD, Executor Prince William, 22d May, 1837.

NOTICE.

ALL Persons having demands against the Estate of the late Ezekiel Sloat, are requested to present the same, duly attested, within six months from the date hereof; and all those indebted to said Estate are desired to make immediate payment to

CHARLOTTE M. SLOAT, Admtr. JAMES TAYLOR, } Admrs. B. WOLFAUTER, } Fredericton, Feb. 21, 1837.

NOTICE.

ALL Persons having demands against the Estate of Jedediah Slason, deceased, late of this place, Merchant, are requested to render the same, duly attested; and all those who are indebted to said Estate are desired to make immediate payment. JOSEPH GAYNOR, Sole Admstr. Fredericton, 27th December, 1836.

NOTICE.

THE SUBSCRIBER offers his services as General Agent to Persons wishing to obtain Land or Timber, or having business of any description to transact with any of the Public Offices at this place. GEORGE H. HART. Fredericton, May 3, 1837.

NOTICE.

ALL persons having any just demands against the Estate of William Morrison, of the Parish of Burton, deceased, are requested to present their accounts within six months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to ELEANOR MORRISON, Sole Administratrix Burton, 22d Nov. 1836.

NEW PRINTING PRESS.—One of our most ingenious and worthy mechanics, Mr. Thomas Trench, has invented a