

Poetry.

LOVE.

We have not often met with a sweeter description of the tenderness of feeling, without which love cannot exist in the heart, than in the following verses.

Love?—I will tell thee what it is to love, It is to build with human thoughts a shrine, Where Hope sits brooding like a beautiful dove:

Yes, this is Love, the steadfast and the true, The immortal glory which hath never set: The best, the brightest boon the heart e'er knew,

While summer flowers with moonlight dews were wet, And winds sigh'd soft around the mountain's brow;

A FRAGMENT.

When the weary day hath passed away, and the pale moon shines on high, And every star, so distant far, is glittering in the sky—

When mortals sleep, and willows weep, and gentle murmuring streams Sing songs of love to the air above, and maidens dream their dreams—

MISS PIPSON.

The prettiest mouth that man could wish to lay his longing lips on, Is that belonging to the sweet and innocent Miss Pipson.

O when she goes along the street, the wink she often tips one, Which makes me feel confounded queer, the cunning wag Miss Pipson.

And when the snow-white French kid-glove her pretty hand she slips on, She seems the very queen of love—the beautiful Miss Pipson.

She is the lawful daughter of her father's father's rib's son, And thus you have the pedigree of elegant Miss Pipson.

She is so full behind, you'd swear that she had got false hips on, And yet you bustle doth she wear,—Magnificent Miss Pipson.

She sings and dances vastly well; and when the floor she skips on, You see at once she doth excel,—the nimble limb'd Miss Pipson.

'Tis dangerous to approach so near her fingers for she grips one, And puts the soul in bodily fear,—the cruel mixt Miss Pipson.

But yet you can't object, although in terror she so dips one, You rather glory in each blow received from fair Miss Pipson.

Pain from her hands no more is pain; and even when she nips one, You cannot for your soul complain,—the cruel, sweet Miss Pipson.

'Tis said she carries things so high, that sometimes even she whips one, But that I guess is "all my eye,"—adorable Miss Pipson.

At all events, she tips, and grips, and dips, and nips, and therefore I'll have nought to do with beautiful Miss Pipson.

Miscellaneous.

WILD WATER POND.

BY ROBERT SULLIVAN.

(Continued.)

There is a magnet-like attraction in These waters to the imaginative power, That links the viewless with the visible, And pictures things unseen.

My visits to the Mansion of the Moss were constant, and our acquaintance became more and more familiar, till the omission of a day was a subject of playful remonstrance.

Even Carroll, though he kept his words, and took little more notice of me than he would of a lap dog, appeared to grow more friendly, now and then sported a rough joke, and once or twice, when the weather was fine, and the sinking of his pond had caused a corresponding rise in his spirits, invited me to dine with him, and discuss the progress of his improvements.

On these occasions I saw more of the man's character than I should perhaps have discovered under other circumstances. He drank freely, and would then lose sight of his habitual caution, and shake off his taciturnity.

This, however, by no means improved my opinion of him, for the more his mind opened, the more dark and repulsive it appeared.

His choice themes of conversation, next to his dykes, and the lawsuit which he had commenced against the waste water, were the abuse of his two innocent victims, the one of whom he affected to despise for imbecility, while he hated the other for repaying that contempt upon himself.

into marrying him; and his victims gazed upon him, as much as to say, "why can you not always be thus?" The only drawback upon our pleasure was a heavy shower of rain, which continued all the evening to patter against the window, as though it threatened to avenge the cause of the river.

"Ay, ay!" exclaimed Carroll, every five minutes, "I hear you! How that cursed sluice would be pouring now if its mouth were not stopped!"

When I left them for the night, the rain poured down in a deluge, and the wind beat me about fearfully. I could scarcely accomplish the voyage to my cabin, and when I arrived there I was half drowned. It was as wild a storm as I had ever witnessed; and, when I lay down in my bed, I had serious doubts whether our little building was not going to take flight.

Nevertheless, I dropped off asleep. I believe my slumbers continued to bid defiance to the elements till two or three o'clock. About this time I was awakened by the most tremendous uproar I ever heard. At first I could not make out what it was. I started up, and shouted to my old landlord, but both he and his partner had already hopped out upon their crutches to see whether the world was over, and I threw on my clothes as hastily as I could to follow their example.

The storm had ceased, and the bright moonshine settled our doubts, as to what was the matter, at the first glance. The happy result of Carroll's lawsuit, and his excellent dam, had been the accumulation of more water than the river could hold. About a hundred yards of the old rotten bank had given way at a crash; and now, as my host of the Lock very sensibly observed, instead of having a pretty little fall of waste water, which would have purled beautifully through his park, whenever it might have merited such a title, he had got the whole river, all at once, and for the future, was about as likely to drain it off as he was to drink it.

The sight and sound was really awful. The old river bellowed like a wounded giant, and the tide of life leaped from his side in a foaming cataract, which bade fair to spoil him of his last drop. The whole morass was a sheet of living wrath, in which the struggling osier beds lay down soppingly, whilst the wild birds wheeled about in greater astonishment than ever.

In the midst of the turmoil, I heard the vociferations of the conjuror who had brought this wonder to pass, and presently I saw him making his way to the scene of action in a punt, which ever and anon spun round like a teetotum in the petty whirlpools, and obliged him to seek relief in oaths which might have appalled the river itself.

It was not long before the whole ragged population of the bogs came hovering about us in dismay, like ghosts which had been sore pressed by an inundation of the Styx. Carroll rushed to and fro despairingly, exhorting them to set to work and perform impossibilities. The breach could not have been filled up in a month; and indeed, such an operation, if it could have been performed in a moment, was now too late. The mischief was done, and nothing remained but to stand still and admire it. In this situation of things, the morning broke upon us, brilliant and sunny, as if on purpose to show the promising state of the park, of which but one small spot was visible, and that was the one whereon the house stood. All other objects were merely indicated by the bustle which they made under the water, which displayed nothing but eddies of white foam.

Carroll ground his teeth and bent his brow at this complete survey, in grim silence, as though he could not invent curses bitter enough to express his feelings. The first words which he uttered were execrations against his wife, for having given him money to gain his lawsuit—then against the water, for not rising, whilst drowning all his plagues together, that he might begin the world afresh—then against all the nations in the globe, for not having furnished a precedent to guard him against such an unlooked for catastrophe—and, finally, against himself, for not having been satisfied when he was well off, and unshackled by lands, wives, or daughters. As soon as he had uttered this sweeping malediction, and puzzled his busy myrmidons with a thousand absurd and opposite directions, he observed that his last spot of earth was growing less and less, and hastened homeward to scowl his household gods into a panic.

When he arrived, the enraged speculator was doomed to find things worse and worse. The land-springs in his cellars had burst, and inundated all the lower part of the house, knee deep. The waters were still rising, and Mrs. Carroll and Lucy were hiding themselves in the bed-rooms, in momentary expectation of being swept away. In spite of her terrors, the latter could not restrain a smile of irony and suppressed merriment, when orders were issued for packing up for flight, the increased urgency for which fulfilled her most sanguine wishes. Carroll's mortal enemy, the old river, was remorselessly pursuing him from stair to stair, as he staggered up to deposit his goods and chattels in the garrets, and the chairs and tables were beginning to float topsy-turvy out of the drawing room window. The preparations, as may be supposed, were not long in arrangement; and a punt was brought in at the hall door to the foot of the stairs. When I had handed the ladies in, and was going to push off, I called out to Carroll, to apprise him that every thing was ready.

"Then go along with them," he shouted, from a distant part of the house.

"But whither are we to go?" I inquired.

"To the devil, if you like!" responded the ruffian; and we left him to manage his affairs as he might. As we quitted the devoted walls, the stream was whirling up to their base; and our motion gave them the appearance of having already set sail. Carroll, at the same time, thrust his head from a garret window, to present a telescope at his cataract, which was running as merrily as ever; and awful as matters were, there was still something in this great man's washing himself out of house and home, which was mighty ridiculous. Even the melancholy Mrs. Carroll could scarcely help being amused.

As we proceeded towards the dry land, we held a consultation as to what was to become

of us; and, indeed, it was something of a mystery—for it was out of the question to suppose that the miserable assemblage of hovels, called the village, could afford accommodation. In this dilemma we were obliged to call in my travelling friend of the coal boat, who, as usual, was at no loss. In the course of his summer wanderings, he had pitched his tent on a choice spot of earth, called The Dark Common, from the umbrageous patches of wild oaks, and the ancient furze, which matted over the green roads in endless luxuriance. It was now in all its scented beauty of young leaves and yellow blossoms; and, on a gentle slope, which expanded its bosom to the fresh south, stood a small fairy formed villa, half hidden in the flowers which stole lovingly up its trelliced veranda, and echoing with the concert of a thousand guardian nightingales.

This pretty gem, it appeared, the last time that our friend had inspected the hen-roost, was not inhabited, and the chances were that it was vacant still. Lucy was charmed with the description. The sight of a tree, and the song of a bird, were blessings which she had never expected to enjoy again; and we commenced our voyage down the river with a prospect of reaching our destiny in good time.

The sun shone out brightly; and, after a few miles the country began to promise better things. The river gradually sunk into a level with green meadows, parted from each other by little obnoxious brooks, and sprinkled with cattle. Here and there a white-blossomed thorn gave token of more mature cultivation; and presently the young elms were seen outgrowing their dwarf neighbours of the hedge row, and breaking the blue horizon with the swelling outlines and tender tints of spring. The scene of freshness and life was truly heart-cheering to me, after the dreary regions in which I had passed the winter; but in Mrs. Carroll and Lucy, who had been doomed to them for three years, the effect which it created was inexpressible. The hurried and troubled conversation with which we had set out, had sunk to repose, like the clouds above us, and the feelings which had impelled it had melted into an exquisite calm. The silence was only broken by the unwonted notes of the lark and the cuckoo; and, as we stole through the soft labyrinth of increasing flower and foliage, the warm blood trembled in Lucy's cheek, and her bright eyes declined as though she could have wept. I gazed upon her listless and unconscious beauty, without daring to breathe a word, lest I should break a thread of the enchanting spell which it had cast over me. I loved to dwell upon it, without the intrusion of other thoughts—to expand my whole soul to its influence—for in proportion as I discovered my ability to value Lucy, I valued myself.

In this happy mood we continued our voyage till the gray stony banks were shelving over us, and the wild birch and the willow flung their light wreaths from either side in tangled profusion—now admitting a trembling glimpse of the warm blue sky, and now pierced by a sunset ray which trailed down some leafy tendril, and shot, like a star, upon the dark stream beneath it. The country rose gradually in the gentle hills which our conductor had described; and our voyage ended where a rude bridge united two mazy pathways, the one leading to a little overgrown hamlet, and the other to the romantic abode which we were seeking.

The charm which had hitherto bound us in silence was now broken by exclamations of wonder and delight. The cottage was, indeed, no less inviting than its description had been. It belonged to people of taste, who had furnished it, inside and out, with every kind of rustic ornament and convenience; and, what was of more importance, it was at our service, together with the peasants who had been left in charge of it.

In less than an hour I had installed my companions in their new home, as comfortably as though they had never known any other, and had procured for myself the state apartment of the little inn, about half a mile distant. Having effected this, we had nothing to do but to sit by the open casement and enjoy the soft breeze, which lent wings to the wild odours of the forest, and the music of the neighbouring stream. We sat till long after the sun had gone down, yet still we could not move from our station. The nightingales were beginning their revels, and the old white owl was performing his querulous evolutions, over the waving sheet of golden furze blossoms; the stars, too, were twinkling as if the heavens laughed upon us; and Lucy was flinging her fond arms round the neck of her mother, and wishing that such an hour could last for ever.

Three days of perfect bliss melted over us without the dreaded visit from Carroll, to whom we had been compelled to send tidings of our fortune. On the fourth evening, as I was returning to the cottage with Lucy upon my arm, we encountered Mrs. Carroll, who was seeking us, with the very unwelcome news of an invasion from her husband. He had stood manfully by his castle as long as it was tenable, and considerably longer than the other folks would have thought it so, in hopes that the waters would subside and allow him to estimate the damage which he had sustained.

In these hopes Carroll was at last gratified; and his calculation was, that to clear out the cart loads of slime which had been washed into the ground floor, and to repair the ill cemented walls which had never been dry or otherwise than rotten from the time they were built, together with the necessity for new doors, new papering, new furniture, &c., would cost about twice as much as the famous Mansion of the Moss was worth—bog, water rats, and all. He had consequently left it in the peaceable possession of the monsters of the mire, and had come to obtain our sympathy in his sufferings, by obliging us with a very liberal share of them.

Mrs. Carroll had a flush upon her cheek, and I thought I could perceive the trace of tears. Lucy eagerly inquired what more had occurred to disturb her?

"Nothing new," she calmly replied: "Mr. Carroll is in want of means to repair the delapidations which his property has suffered, and has again been importuning me for my poor Lucy's fortune."

should be satisfied, for, when nothing is left to grant, we may, perhaps, rest in peace."

"No, never, Lucy. My only support has been that you will hereafter enjoy the comforts of which your early days have been so cruelly deprived. Conceive how ineffectual your persuasions must be when my resolution has remained unshaken even by the prospect of—"

she paused for a moment, "of parting with you Lucy."

Lucy repeated the words in dismay. "Does Mr. Carroll dare to contemplate this climax to our misery?"

"He tells me that the repeated failures in his plans must oblige him to leave the country, unless I concede to his terms of remaining—that he must go, I know not whither, on fresh speculations, and that you—that you must be left with your friends. Perhaps it is for the best—perhaps."

Indignant as I was at Carroll's villainy, I still felt under obligations to him; for the time was surely arrived for the disclosure of my love for Lucy; and throwing myself at her feet, I requested that she would endow me with a husband's power—to save her from increased wretchedness. Lucy's look was consent, and her maiden confusion cast an additional purity and bloom over her beauty, as if to complete the model of a seraph. I need not dwell upon what followed. Mrs. Carroll's sorrows were converted into a gush of joy. She considered me an especial gift of Providence for the protection of her daughter, and declared that she could now cheerfully meet any trial to which she might be exposed. The conversation which had begun in gloom had struck into a gleam of the purest sunshine. There was no dissatisfied thought amongst us, and before we arrived at the cottage our plan of conduct was completely arranged.

When we entered, Carroll was sitting with his grim visage sunk deep into his shoulders, his legs extended, and his hands thrust into his pockets. Altogether he looked very much like a man whose occupation was gone, and whose prospects of obtaining another were somewhat precarious. It was no wonder, therefore, if he could afford us but few words of welcome. Our countenances evidently did not bear the expression which he had expected and desired, if we might judge from the dismal appearance of his own. He made a few surly remarks on the water having damaged his map of America, but seemed rather studying how to enter upon the subject of the separation.

"You will be ready," he at last commenced, with a dark look at his wife, "to move in the course of a week or two?"

Mrs. Carroll answered placidly in the affirmative, and he appeared scarcely to know what to make of such cheerful compliance.

"And you have acquainted your daughter with our measures?"

"Fully," said Lucy, with the same serenity. He felt abashed by her calm, contemptuous manner, and endeavoured to stammer out a sort of apology for the necessity of such plans, with an inquiry as to her future intentions. "I am not quite certain," she replied, "as to whether my destiny may lead me, but I think it will probably be to America." He looked up with his usual scowl, but averted it again, as though he had encountered a flash of lightning. "You seem surprised, Mr. Carroll," she continued, "but here is a friend who has taken compassion upon the outcast, and having imbibed from you a taste for draining ponds, is prepared to convey me to the Lake of the Dismal Swamp, or any other desirable neighbourhood your greater experience may lead you to adopt. We can then mutually assist each other in our trade of wills-o'-the-whisp, and I can already perceive what comfort you anticipate from our society."

Mrs. Carroll interfered to preserve the peace by explaining matters in a more methodical style, which, however, her husband did not seem to like much better. We had made a counter speculation which he had not expected, and the only circumstance of it which did not produce a frown was the intended departure of Lucy to her friends, for the purpose of preparing for her marriage.

"Humph!" said the cunning man, spreading his map and his elbows on the table. His thoughts, however, were nearer home than the Blue Mountains, and his face would have made no bad frontispiece to a book of puzzles.

In a day or two, the carriage arrived which was to take Lucy, with a trusty attendant (for Carroll could not lose so good an opportunity of separating her from her mother, who, he insisted, had not strength to accompany her,) to London. The morning was chiefly devoted to the anxious and agitated Mrs. Carroll, so that I could seize but a single moment for an unobserved farewell. It was such a one as convinced me that I possessed the whole romantic fervour of her affection, and enriched the prospect of our next meeting with visions too intense to be dwelt upon. Her last words were to remind me that she was only supported in parting from her mother by her confidence that she left a guardian behind who would watch over her with equal solicitude, and to desire the repetition of my promise that I would write to her daily. At length I handed her into the carriage, and she was borne off like the beautiful phantom of a dream.

My engagement to report all that occurred was faithfully performed. I spent the greater part of my time at the cottage, talking over the delights of days to come, and forming plans to counteract every possible manoeuvre of Carroll, who had too many cogitations to interfere with us. He had, all of a sudden, hit upon some new speculation, which was too good to be shared; and his mornings, for several days, were employed in nothing but writing letters, and taking them to the post himself. He never said who was his correspondent, but I had accidentally caught a glimpse of the name and address, and noted them down in my memory. In a short time he relieved us of his company altogether, under the pretext of repairing to the nearest seaport to arrange for the voyage to America.

Whether such was really his business, I did not give myself the trouble to inquire, for by this time I had affairs of my own to afford me sufficient employment, and to cause a degree of alarm to which his evil machinations were nothing.

"Then let him have it, I beseech you. It is for my happiness, no less than yours, that he

POST OFFICE, Fredericton, 5th March, 1838.

Letters remaining in Office this date.

Mr. James Atherton, R. M. Andrews, Joshua Atherton, Israel Atherton, Wm. Anderson, Millison Adair, S. A. Aiken.

Mr. Nathl. Beattie, Richd. Bartlett, Jas. W. Balstan, Wm. Barker, Saml. Ball, Israel Banks, Saml. W. Barker, John Breen, Messrs. Appley and Burpe, Mrs. Livina Soobar, Mr. Andrew Blair, Enoc O. Bradley, Peter Bogan, Mrs. George Bonell, Alden Baymer, Thos. Bradley, Oliver Bradley, Wm. Bailly, Jas. Boagle, Wm. Brittain, Merritt Brackett, Patk. Bermingham, Miss Blair, Mr. Conors Brown, (2), Adly Brown, Denn W. Barton, Jas. Brown, Ellen M'beety, H. N. Blizard, Isaac Blither, Chs. Bartlett, John Barrett, Robt. Burt.

John Champion, Mr. Stephen Cahill, Robt. Cousins, Danl. Coughlin, Benjn. Creighton, Edward Coy, Thos. Cheft, Saml. Cameron, John Campbell, Jas. Connelly, Francis Car, Wm. Crangle, Andrew Crookshank (2), Danl. Corsa, Phebe Carle, John Crawford, Saml. Colter, John Cullen, Hugh Chace, Isaac Cogswell, John Clarke, Ross Cooper, John Curran, Andrew Coggin, John Christy, Marry Collins, Thos. Camber, Wm. Croke, An li vicy li Crit, John Clarke, Peter Clements, Robt. Crossman (2).

Warren Drake, Asa Dow, Hugh Daly, Jas. Doran, Danl. Doherty, Gabriel De Veber, H. S. Daggett, Rev. Father Dollard, John Davies, Miss Mary Duffy, Edward Daly, Sally Dougherty, Elizabeth Daly, Jacob Dunphy, John W. Deforest, Alexdr. Donald, Wm. Dyer, Thos. Douglass, Wm. Day.

John Evans. Daniel Fowler, John Ferney, Wm. Fangor, Tomer Francis, Patk. Fitzgerald, Wm. Fitzroy, John Fran, Jas. Fortune, Patrick Fox.

James Groves, N. W. Garden, Walter Greaves, Benjn. Glasier, John Gray, Henry Garcelon, David Griffiths, John Gillasky.

Mrs. Mary Ann Horton (2), John G. Harthe, Michael Holland, Mary Howard, Pady Haran, Henry Harit, Thos. Harrison, George Humble, Saml. Hauntington, John Hagerman, John Hosford, Wm. Harper, Benjn. M. Hanson (2), Wm. Hickey, Wm. Higgins, Mrs. Jane E. Harper, A. B. Hammond, Jas. Hoyt, Prince B. Hall.

David Jones, Benjn. Johnston (2), Jas. Johnston, Danl. Irvine, Francis Johnston, John Joyce, George Irvine, Margaret Jennings, Robt. Johnston, C. P. Ingraham, John D. Jouett, Jas. Jackson.

George Kelly, Wm. Kitchen, John Keys, Wm. Kinn, Patk. Kerr, Francis King, Joshua Knight, Thos. Kenedy, John Kirkland.

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John Marr, Nicholas Murray, Patk. M'Nob, Frederic Manual (2), Wm. M'Kana, John Morris, Miss Mary Morrell, Mrs. Jane Morrison, Archd. M'Lean, George M'Kenzie (2), Catherine M'Laughlin, Antony Gallagher, Malcolm M'Farlan, George M'Daniel, Jeremh. Murphy, Richd. M'Farlan, Jas. M'Elhoney, John M'Sorley, Archd. MacFord, Jonathan M'Donald, Alexdr. Moody, Mary Morgan, George Miles, Viscount Madsonchie, James Maxwell, Wm. M'Rangie, Hugh Managhan, Joel Monson.

N. T. S. Nicholson, George Newcombe, Robt. Nickles, E. Norris.

Alexdr. Ockerd, George Jas Owens, Denis O'Leary, Michl. O'Conor.

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Jas. Tilley, Wm. Toid, George Turner, B. S. Taylor (2), Sandy Tapley, Elizabeth Tompkins, Jonathan P. Taylor, Mrs. Margret Tearney, Mary Ann Thompson, Wm. Taylor, Govener Thomas, Robert Truocote.

John Venning, Nehemiah Vail.

George Wightman (2), R. C. Worker, Rev. Mr. Wivell, Wm. H. Wheaton, Mrs. C. Wiggins, Edmd. Ward, Jas. Watson, Mary Ann Wright, John Walker, Robt. Wood (2), Margaret Welch, Jas. Whitehead, George Wake, Benjn. Whelcer, John Walsh, Jas. E. Watson, Wm. J. Wicks, George Wilson, John Watts, Jas. Wortman, Miss Watson, Wm. West, John Walker.

Thos. Young, Elias Yerxa. Wm. B. PHAIR, Post Master.

Superfine Wheat Flour. SMALL lot of the above article, of the very best description, on hand, and for sale for Cash only. R. CHESTNUT Fredericton, January 9, 1838.

[To be concluded in next Gazette.]