

Poetry.

TO MY MOTHER.

The following lines, written by a convict in the Ohio Penitentiary, are touching'y beautiful. We have seen nothing of late that has so moved our sympathy. The man who can write such poetry who has such thoughts, cannot be utterly depraved. The cause of intemperance, with its attendant influences, has here done its work and a spirit noble and generous, that might and should be the pride and ornament of the social circle is now the degraded inmate in the walls of a prison. How sweet it would be if mother's heart bled if she shall hear of her darling boy, the inmate of a prison, in a foreign land!—Ohio State Journal.

I've wandered from thee, mother,
From my happy home;
I've left the land of my birth,
In other climes to rove;

And since we're here, has roll'd its years
And marked them on my brow;

Yet I have often thought of thee—
I'm thinking of thee now;

I'm thinking on the day, mother,
When at my tender side,

You watched the dawning of my youth;

And kissed me in your pride;

Then brightly was my heart up

With hopes of future joy,

While your bright fancy honours wove

To deck your darling boy.

I'm thinking of the day, mother,
When with anxious care,

You lifted up your heart to heaven—

Your hope, your trust was there;

Fond memory brings your parting word,

While tears rolled down your cheek;

The last long lost loving look told more,

Than even words could speak.

I'm far away from thee, mother,

No friend is near me now,

To soothe me with a tender word,

Or cool my burning brow;

The dearest ties affection wove,

Are all now gone from me;

They left me when the trouble came;

They did not love like thee.

I'm lonely and forsaken now,

Unspotted and unblest;

Yet still I would not have thee know

How sorely I'm distressed;

I know you would not chide, mother,

You would not give me blame;

But soothe me with your tender words,

And bid me hope again.

I would not have thee know, mother,

Since I deserved them;

And left thy trusting heart to break,

Beyond the deep blue sea.

O! mother, still I love thee well.

And love to hear thee speak,

And feel again thy balmy breath

Upon my care-worn cheek.

But, ha! there is a thought, mother,

Perches my bleeding breast,

Then the world may have down

To its eternal rest;

And whispers in my ear,

A voice that speaks of heaven and thee,

And bids me see thee there.

Miscellany.

The Two Boys.

About thirty-five years ago, I was a teacher in one of the large villages of the West. While thus engaged, two boys, whom I shall call Nathan and John, came to school from the same neighborhood. They were then about a dozen years old, and there was not much difference in their capacity for improvement. Both were fair scholars, and generally behaved with a good degree of propriety in school, and both might have been respectable and useful members of society. Nor did I think that when they should become men, there would be much difference in their standing and usefulness. After they had been in school a year or more, I removed to another part of the village, where it was not convenient for them to attend upon my instruction. Now let us for the present pass over the history of these boys, twenty years from the time they left my school, and see where we shall find them.

Well, within five days of the same time, Nathan was ordained a minister of the gospel, over a large Presbyterian church, and John was hanged. No doubt you would like to learn the causes that led to such widely different results in their history. Nathan was obedient to his mother, (she was a widow,) was regularly found in the Sabbath School and the sanctuary on the Sabbath, nor did he absent himself from home at night without her permission, and then was at home at an early hour. John broke away from parental restraint, was seldom seen in the sanctuary or the Sabbath-school, but roamed abroad in the fields and orchards, or wherever inclination or wicked associates led him. He of course fell into bad company. I said of course, for good boys are not ordinarily found abroad on the Sabbath, nor at unseasonable hours at night. He learned to play at cards when he should have been at church, or in the Sabbath-school, if not at home with his parents, and in a few years became a gambler and a "black leg." He failed however to get money as fast as he wanted it, by gambling. So he, with two other young men of like character, killed a man to obtain his money. The murder was committed in a dark night, and no eye but God's saw them; and they no doubt thought that they should escape punishment. But a very remarkable train of events soon led to their detection. They were tried, found guilty, and all three were executed together.

And now, my young friends, allow me to say to you, that John, when he was in the same school with Nathan, had no idea but when he should become a man, he would be as respectable and happy as his associate. And so he might have been, had he avoided the company of bad boys, and properly observed the Sabbath. And when he began to play at cards, he was not aware to what extent his course was tending; and only played for small sums at first. But the first step in a wrong course once taken, there is no stopping place; and the only safe way is, to avoid the society of bad boys, and constantly keep in mind, that whenever you may

succeed in hiding your actions from men, God sees all you do, and seldom allows sin to go unpunished, even in this world.—N. Y. Observer.

I got a going and couldn't stop.

A little boy named Frank, was standing in the yard when his father called him:

"Frank!"

"Sir?" said Frank and started full speed and run into the street.

His father called him back, and asked him if he did not hear his first call.

"Yes, sir," said Frank.

"Well, then," said the father, "what made you run in the street?"

"Oh," said Frank, "I got a going and couldn't stop."

This is the way that a great many boys get into difficulty; they got going and couldn't stop. The boy that tells lies, began first to stretch the truth a little—to tell a large story, or relate an anecdote with a very little variation, till he got a going and couldn't stop,

There is a superior BARREL, capable of accomodating thirty horses; together with a good well of Water attached to the premises.

A good OSTER always in attendance.

WILLIAM KEITH.

Hampton, K. C., May 30, 1855.

Linseed Oil.

RANCE HOTEL, at Hampton Ferry, (two doors

South of the Hampton Hotel, and formerly known as the Oliver Hallet House,) for the purpose of accomodating the travelling public, hopes, by good attention and moderate charges, to merit a share of patronage.

There is a superior BARREL, capable of accomodating thirty horses; together with a good well of Water attached to the premises.

W. H. HAYWARD, (late W. Farnock.)

The Proprietor returns thanks to his customers for their continued patronage received, and takes this method of informing them and the Public, that to meet their wants he has made arrangements with some of the first Earthenware Houses in Scotland, England, and on such terms that he will be able to supply the first Shipments of EARTHENWARE ever imported into this Province, and shall be able to sell at such prices as will be sure to give satisfaction.

By the Packet Ships of the 1st and 20th March, and April—CHINA BREAKFAST SETTS; TEA-BOARDS; CHINA PITCHERS AND SAUCERS; MILK-PAILS; MUGS; TEA-CUPS AND SAUCERS; PLATES; Dishes; Dinner Sets; Breakfast Sets; and Tea-Dishes, large variety; Lustre Ware, Tea-pots, Sugars, Pitchers Bowls, &c.; Printed Ware in all various Colors and Patterns, and every description of Earthenware in this Province, will be brought to market by the first Shipments of EARTHENWARE ever imported into this Province, and shall be able to sell at such prices as will be sure to give satisfaction.

At all times a full Stock will also be kept on hand, excepted Crates packed with care (no breakage) on hand or on way, to be packed to order, or parties may select at short notice.

March 29.

HENRY ROBERTSON,

Importer and Wholesale and Retail dealer in

CHINA, GLASS,

AND Earthen Ware.

No. 3, St. Stephen's Buildings, King's Square, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

NOTICE.

THE Partnership lately subsisting between the sub-

scribers under the firm of MORRIS & DENNIS-

TON, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. All

parties indebted to the late Firm are requested to make

immediate payment to WILLIAM T. MORRIS, who

will settle all demands against the Firm.

T. D. BROWN & L. L. TURNBULL.

SIR JOHN N. B.

Dear Sirs—Having been severely attacked with the

PAIN KILLER, I am compelled to give you a

short account of my sufferings.

On the 1st instant I was severely attacked with the

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