

Poetry.

HOME.

From O. W. Holmes's Poem of Astraea, now in the press, and to be published by W. D. Ticknor & Co.

Here, while the night wind wreaked its frantic will
On the loose ocean and the rock-bound hill,
Rent the cracked topsail from its quivering yard,
And rived the oak a thousand storms had scarred.
Fenced by these walls the peaceful taper shone,
Nor felt a breath to swerve its trembling cone.

Not all unblest the mild interior scene
When the red curtain spread its folded screen;
O'er some light task the lonely hours were past,
And the long evening only flew too fast;
Or the wide chair its leathern arms would lend
In genial welcome to some easy friend,
Stretched on its bosom with relaxing nerves,
Slow moulding, plastic, to its hollow curves;
Perchance indulging, if of generous creed,
In brave Sir Walter's dream-compelling weed.
Or, happier still, the evening hour would bring
To the round table its expected ring,
And while the punch bowl's sounding depths
were stirred,—
Its silver cherubs smiling as they heard,—
O'er caution's head the blinding hood was flung,
And friendship loosed the jesses of the tongue.

Such the warm life this dim retreat has known,
Not quite deserted when its guests were flown;
Nay, filled with friends, an unobtrusive set,
Guiltless of calls and cards and etiquette,
Ready to answer, never known to ask,
Claiming no service, prompt for every task.

The Family.

THE CHURCH AND THE TAVERN.

BY LAURIE TODD.

In the year 1793, when Louis the XVI. was beheaded, and the French Revolution was in full blast, I was a thorough-going radical.—With seventeen more of our club, I was marched, under a guard of the King's officers, and lodged in Edinburgh jail. After a summary hearing, I got liberty to banish myself, and accordingly took passage in the good ship Providence, and landed at New York in June, 1794. I was then in my twenty-second year. When the ship cast off from the wharf, in Scotland, and swung round with the breeze, my father stood upon the shore. He waved a last adieu and exclaimed, "Remember the Sabbath day." I arrived at New York on a Saturday, and the next day being the Sabbath, at 9 o'clock, A. M., three young men of our company called at my lodgings.

"Where are you going to-day?" they inquired.

"To the church," I replied.

"We have been ten weeks at sea; our health requires exercise. Let us walk out to-day, and go to church next Sabbath," they replied.

Said I, "You can go where you please, but I'll go to church; the last words I heard from my father were, 'Remember the Sabbath day,' and had I no respect for the Fourth Commandment, I have not yet forgotten his last advice."

They went to the fields, I went to the church; they spent forty or fifty cents in the tavern; I put a one penny bill in the plate at the morning, afternoon and night service:—total, three pence. They continued going into the country, and in process of time the landlady's daughter and the landlady's niece would join their company. Then each company hired a gig, at two dollars a day; wine, cake and ice cream on the road, fifty cents each; dine at Jamaica, one dollar each. They got at home at 8 o'clock, P. M., half drunk, and, having been caught in a thunder shower, their coats, hats and mantles were damaged fifty per cent. They rose the next morning at 9 o'clock, A. M., with sore heads, sore hearts, muddy boots and an angry conscience, besides twelve dollars lighter than when they started. I went to church, rose at five o'clock, A. M., head sound, heart light, bones refreshed, conscience quiet, and commenced the labors of the week in peace and plenty. They were all mechanics; some of them could earn twelve dollars a week. My business, that of a wrought nail-maker, was poor; the cut nail machines had just got into operation, which cut down my wages to a shilling. With close application I could earn only five dollars and fifty cents per week. Never mind, at the end of the year, my Sabbath-

riding shipmates had fine coats and hats, powdered heads and ruffled shirts; but I had one hundred hard dollars piled in the corner of my chest. Having lived fast, they died early.—Nearly forty winters are past, and forty summers ended, since the last was laid in the Pottery, or some other field; while I, having received from my Maker a good constitution, (and common sense to take care of it,) am as sound in mind, body and spirit, as I was on this day fifty-six years ago, when first I set my foot on shore, Gouverneur's Wharf, New York. Besides, it's a fact, for which my family can vouch, I have been only one day confined to my house by sickness during that period.

Now, Mr. Printer, I dare say you think, with me, that the church on the Sabbath is better than the tavern and the fields for the laboring man.—*Home Journal.*

Home and Woman.

If there has ever been a more touching and eloquent eulogium upon the charms of home, and its dearest treasure, woman, than is contained in the following extract from the *Christian Inquirer*, it has not been our good fortune to meet it:—"Our homes, what is their corner-stone but the virtue of woman, and on what does social well-being rest but our homes? Must we not trace all other blessings of civilized life to the doors of our private dwellings? Are not our hearth-stones guarded by the holy forms of conjugal, filial, and paternal love, the corner-stone of Church and State, more sacred than either, more necessary than both? Let our temples crumble, and our academies decay; let every public edifice, our halls of justice, and our capitals of state, be levelled with the dust; but spare our homes. Let no socialist invade them with his wild plans of community. Man did not invent, and he cannot improve or abrogate them. A private shelter to cover in two hearts dearer to each other than all the world; high walls to exclude the profane eyes of every human being; seclusion enough for children to feel that mother is a holy and a peculiar name—this is home; and here is the birth-place of every virtuous impulse, of every sacred thought. Here the Church and the State must come for their origin and their support. Oh, spare our homes! The love we experience there gives us our faith in an infinite goodness; the purity and disinterested tenderness of our home is our foretaste and our earnest of a better world. In the relations there established and fostered, do we find through life the chief solace and joy of existence. What friends deserve the name, compared with those whom a birth-right gave us? One mother is worth a thousand friends; one sister truer and dearer than twenty intimate companions. We who have played on the same hearth, under the light of the same smile, who date back to the same scene and season of innocence and hope, in whose veins runs the same blood, do we not find that years only make more sacred and more important the tie that binds us? Coldness may spring up, distance may separate, different spheres may divide, but those who can love anything—who can love at all—must find that the friends whom God himself gave, are wholly unlike any we can choose for ourselves, and that the yearning for these is the strongest spark in our expiring affection."

Dr. Buckland and George Stephenson.

Once upon a time, at the gathering of "fine spirits" at Drayton Manor, Dr. Buckland, Sir William Follet, and Mr. George Stephenson were among the guests assembled. Sir William having the leading professor of geology at the same table with the expounder of new notions on stratification, contrived to bring them into an intellectual collision. Mr. Stephenson disputed the facts of the formations as alleged, and Dr. Buckland, defended them; and the latter combatted the arguments of his opponent with such happy fluency and facile reference, that he crushed his adversary with as much apparent ease as one of the engineer's own locomotives would an obtruding rabbit, when the engine was going at the rate of forty miles an hour. Mr. Stephenson felt that he was worsted, not defeated; but being pleasantly and politely "chafed," the efforts he made to recover his position only served to aggravate the pain of his wounds. Although it was but a friendly controversy, he was considerably irritated, and slept but little that night. He was up early next morning, and sought to cool his temper in the spacious garden of Drayton Manor.—He had not taken many turns on the silicia when Sir William Follet made his appearance.

His first salutation was, "George, you made a pretty fool of yourself last night." "I have a strong suspicion of that kind myself, Sir William," replied Mr. Stephenson; "but I am convinced I was right after all." "To be sure you were," said Sir William; "but you cannot talk. I never heard such a bungler. You were full of facts—wonderful facts—and Buckland had only sophistry and assertion to oppose your facts. He beat you to a standstill because you had no rhetoric." "Sir William, I am no lawyer." "But I am. Come, sit down in this alcove; and now, before we are called to breakfast, repeat to me your whole theory." Mr. Stephenson did as Sir William wished. He went through the process of fire and water, the operations of electricity, the nature of faults, the position of strata. "That will do, said Sir William. 'Now at dinner to-day hold your tongue: leave Buckland to me.' After dinner, Dr. Buckland, excited by the triumph of the previous evening, soon introduced mineralogy. Sir William in his gentle, quiet way, drew him into a controversy, closed upon him, and prostrated the professor as effectually as the professor had prostrated the engineer the evening before. Sir William enjoyed the encounter, no one was displeased; and, as they rose to retire, Sir William whispered, "George, what do you think now?" "Think!" replied Mr. Stephenson. "I think there is nothing on earth, or in it, like the gift of the gab."

Waste of Life among Literary Men.

Literary men are sad spendthrifts, not only of their money, but of themselves. At an age when other men are in the possession of vigorous faculties of mind and strength of body, they are often used-up, enfeebled, and only capable of effort under the influence of strong stimulants. If a man has the distribution of his own time—if his literary avocations are of that nature that they can be followed at home—if they demand only continuous effort, there is no reason why the waste of vital energy should be greater in his case than in that of the follower of any other learned profession. A man soon discovers to what extent he can safely and profitably tax his powers. To do well in the world he must economise himself no less than his money. Rest is often a good investment. A writer at one time is competent to do twice as much and twice as well as at another; and if his leisure be well employed, the few hours of labour will be more productive than the many, at the time; and the faculty of labour will remain with him twice as long. Rest and recreation, fresh air and bodily exercise, are essential to an author and he will do well never to neglect them. But there are professional writers who cannot regulate their hours of labor, and whose condition of life it is to toil at irregular times and in an irregular manner. It is difficult we know, for them to abstain from using themselves up prematurely. Repeated paroxysms of fever wear down the strongest frames; and many a literary man is compelled to live a life of fever, between excitement and exhaustion of mind. We would counsel all public writers to think well of the best means of economizing themselves—the best means of spending their time off duty. Rest and recreation, properly applied, will do much to counteract the destroying influences of spasmodic labor at unreasonable hours, and to ward off premature decay. But if they apply excitement of one kind to repair the ravages of excitement of another kind, they must be content to live a life of nervous irritability and grow old before their time.—*North British Review.*

Virtue is a garment of honor, but wickedness a robe of shame.

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Fredericton, October 9, 1850.—6 w

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