

Poetry.

I LOVE AN OPEN, HONEST HEART.

I like an open, honest heart,
Where frankness loves to dwell,
Which has no place for base deceit,
Nor hollow words can tell;
But in whose throbbings plain are seen
The import of the mind;
Whose gentle breathings utter nought
But accents true and kind.

I scorn that one, whose empty act
And honied words of art,
Betray the feelings of the soul,
With perfidy's keen dart;
No more kind friends in such confide,
Nor in their kindness trust,
For black ingratitude but turns
Pure friendship to disgust.

CONTEMPT is but a gentle word,
A feeling far too mild,
For one who confidence betrays,
And guilt has sore beguiled;
That hate which hellish fiends evince,
When in dark torments tossed,
Is not more loathsome to the soul
Than one to honor lost.

Then give me one with heart as free
And generous as the air,
Whose ready hand and greeting kind
Give proof that trust is there.
Whose smiling countenance well shows
Affection warm is found,
And springs pure as saints whose notes
Through Heaven's vaults resound.

The Family.

A VIEW OF LIFE.

I will relate an adventure which occurred to me last summer, and which teaches a lesson that may not be agreeable, but it accords with the realities of life.

I was traveling toward Binghampton in the stage-coach, and when we arrived at Oxford it stopped for the night, though two or three hours of daylight remained still unexpended. Anxious to complete my journey, and with only forty miles further to travel, I called at several neighboring houses to procure, if possible, some immediate conveyance onward. I was ultimately directed to a farmer, who resided about half a mile from Oxford, and owned a one-horse wagon, which my informant supposed I could procure. I walked to the house and found that the owner kept a small tavern, on rather a lonely by-road. He was not in the house, but his wife told me he was in the barn, trimming his lambs. I felt no little curiosity to know what the woman meant by saying he was "trimming his lambs," nor was I quite sure whether her words were to be understood literally or referred figuratively to the farmer's children; but as I disliked to expose my ignorance by venturing any questions, I walked toward the barn to satisfy my curiosity, as well as to procure the man's wagon.

As I approached the barn I was soon relieved from any doubt as to the nature of the lambs; and while their bleating manifested that they were veritable sheep, it indicated that the trimming to which they were subjected was no agreeable operation. I found all the doors of the barn closely shut, and from the commotion within I began to doubt whether I ought to invade what seemed to be designed as an act of private discipline. I however summoned up resolution enough to open one of the doors, and was immediately assailed from within by several voices at once to shut the door, which I had inclined through caution to keep open, by reason of the doubtful light that pervaded the interior; being, however, thus clamorously enjoined, I hastily closed the door after me as I timidly entered this seemingly rural Pandemonium. After becoming familiarized to the surrounding twilight, so as to see distinctly what was transpiring, I discovered several children of both sexes, who were struggling to drag some affrighted lambs toward the farmer; and he no sooner received one in his powerful grasp than he, with a sharp and bloody knife, cut off the lamb's tail, and then permitted him to escape.

I was shocked at this apparent cruelty, especially as I deemed it one of those wanton and gratuitous mutilations which the caprice of fashion or taste sometimes causes to be inflicted on horses, dogs, and other animals. I even ventured to suggest my abhorrence of the act, though it seemed to the actors, especially to the boys, a matter of much sport; but the

farmer assured me that the operation was dictated by benevolence rather than cruelty, as the tail, if left unpruned, would, during the summer and winter, contract so much extraneous adhesions, that the sheep would be incommoded by the weight, and the fleece injured by stains and tangles. My wrath was appeased by thus finding that every lamb was to participate in the benefits which were to result from his present pains, and I began to look on the scene with the coolness that results from a pious consciousness that present evils are but mercies in disguise.

I now observed that some of the lambs which were brought by the children to the farmer were dismissed without his inflicting on them any mutilation. They cried as lustily as their brothers and sisters till they were dismissed, and found themselves safely located in the part of the barn which was allotted for the lambs which had been operated on, when, shaking their tails several times, as if to satisfy themselves the appendage was still where it ought to be, they gradually ceased their outcries, and became reconciled to the troubles of their neighbours. I thought I could even detect, despite the demure Quaker-like look of the uncut lambs, that they shook their tails a little more than was necessary to simply satisfy themselves that all was well with them. I was quite willing that the tails should be shaken till all doubt of their safety was removed; nay, I was willing that they should be shaken some time longer, in joy that the valued appendages were unharmed; but I was not willing they should be shaken in any spirit of ostentatious superiority over the less fortunate companions of the fold. Still the shaking was continued, and the owners of the tails would turn round and obtrude them into the faces of their unfortunate friends, till I thought I could hear the sly rogues say, as plainly as pantomime can speak, "Look, brother; I have not lost my tail, though you have yours."

I ventured to inquire of the farmer his reason for treating his fleecy subjects so unequally. "Why," replied he, "those whom I leave uncut are fine fat fellows, that I intend for the butcher, who is to call for them in the morning." "Alas! alas!" said I, "their exemption from misfortune, about which they are glorying themselves, is then but a precursor to their destruction! Oh! lambs! lambs! can you not profit by this lesson! You, I mean, with facerated tails. Seeing you know not the end of events, will ye not hereafter bear success with meekness and moderation, and at least refrain from despondency and mutiny under disappointments and trouble?" But I might as well have kept silent, for the farmer and his children stared at me as if they thought I was crazy; and as for the wounded sheep, they made no response but baa! baa! and that, I believe, is all the response real affliction will usually yield to merely verbal consolation.—*Knickerbocker.*

The Pen and the Press.

The twin sisters of civilization and reform, the pen and the press are the lever and the fulcrum of the world's redemption from the thralldom of ignorance, weakness, and degradation. One has said, "Let me make the songs of a country, and I care not who makes its laws." The pen and the press being as they are, the silent disseminators of thought, on ten thousand wings, give form and body to opinion, modeling law, religion, and judgment, conspire to put into the shade, nay, laugh to scorn, the sword and all the glittering ensigns of power which do not receive the signet of their favour. The pen and the press embody public sentiment, and make it immortal. The voice of the living oracle is confined to time and place; a few at most can hear, and the memory of the listener is the only treasury of the "thoughts that breathe and words that burn." To many it is like the ripple on the wave, a momentary agitation, while a recorded thought may live over a thousand times in ten thousand homes at the same moment and in all time. Orators famed in Greece and Rome, in their own narrow limits, and during their short lives, are remembered as having lived, and breathed burning thoughts; but when we seek in that tradition which reveres their names, the full measure of those thoughts, we are answered by indistinct echoes, that neither define the thoughts or give them a real existence. They are like the last year's work on the school boy's slate, a portrait in midnight darkness, or like one overlaid with a coating that hides forever the lineaments which once adorned it.

Besides, the pen and the press speaks to men in their quiet homes, where all is calm,

where the judgment, which at first might object to an opinion, is cool, and has ample time to re-read, digest and acquiesce; it is here that thought becomes distilled, like the dew upon flowers, into every open mental recess of the soul, becoming incorporated with its growth and development until it imperceptibly becomes a part of its being, until indeed it rears on the soul's basis a temple of opinion, imperishable as the soul itself.—*Temperance Era.*

How to be Rich.

The following rules are said to have been highly valued by a late tradesman, who died wealthy at an advanced age. They are in many respects, excellent, and we commend them to the attention of all: The way to get credit is to be punctual! The way to preserve it is not to use it too much. Settle often; have short accounts. Trust no men's appearances—they are deceptive—perhaps assumed for the purpose of obtaining credit.—Beware of a gaudy exterior. Rogues usually dress well. The rich are plain men. Trust him, if any one, who carries but little on his back. Never trust him who flies into a passion on being dunned; make him pay quickly if there be any virtue in the law. Be well satisfied before you give a credit, that those to whom you give it are safe men to be trusted. Sell your goods at a small advance, and never misrepresent them; for those whom you once deceive will be aware of you the second time. Deal uprightly with all men, and they will repose confidence in you, and soon become your permanent customers. Beware of him who is an office seeker. Men do. A man's affairs are rather low when he seeks office for support. Trust no stranger. Your goods are better than doubtful charges. What is character worth if you make it cheap by crediting all alike! Agree before hand with every man about to do a job, and if large, put it in writing. If any decline this, quit or be cheated. Though you want a job ever so much, make all sure at the onset; and in a case at all doubtful, make sure of a guarantee. Be not afraid to ask it; it is the best of responsibility; for, if offence be taken, you have escaped a loss. And lastly, if all the above advice be followed, the only other sure guarantee to success is to advertise.

Style in Dress.

The tendency of the present century has been all along toward simplicity in dress.—Men and women have been making approaches toward a simple and rational costume, far removed as they still are from it. It is said that in 1607 a clergyman by the name of Wilkinson, wrote a sermon on the following text:—"Prov. xxxi. 14—"She is like a merchant's ship, that bringeth her food from afar." It contains the following passage:—"But, of all qualities, a woman must not have one quality of a ship, that is, too much rigging. Oh! what a wonder it is to see a ship under sail with her tacklings and her masts, and her tops and her topgallants, with her upper decks, and her lower decks, and so bedecked with her streamers, flags and ensignes, and I know not what; yea, but a world of wonders is it to see a woman, created in God's image, so miscreant oft times and deformed with her French, her Spanish, and her foolish fashions, that He that made her, when He looks upon her, shall hardly know her, with her plumes, her fannes, and a silken vizard, with a ruffe like a saile, yea, a ruffe like a rainbow, with a feather in her cappe like a flag in her top, to tell, I think, which way the wind will blowe."

The real object of education is to give children resources that will endure as long as life endures; habits that time will ameliorate, not destroy; occupation that will render sickness tolerable, solitude pleasant, age venerable, life more dignified and useful, and death less terrible.—*Rev. Sydney Smith.*

READ'S HOTEL.

THE subscriber, in returning thanks to the public, for the liberal patronage received during some years past, wishes to intimate to his friends, and the public generally, that he has taken that large and commodious house in King Street, owned by Mr. Peter Reed, a few doors below the Saint John Hotel, and is now ready to receive permanent and transient BOARDERS, and trusts from long experience and strict attention to business, to merit a share of the patronage heretofore received.

JOSEPH READ.

St. John, December 29, 1849. J. R.

REMOVAL.

THE Subscriber has removed to the uppermost store in LAWRENCE'S BUILDING, Head of King Street, opposite the St. John Hotel.—He has just received per Lisbon from London, a very superior lot of DRUGS, CHEMICALS, &c., suitable for Prescriptions, which he hopes will not be overlooked. He also begs to recommend to the notice of the public his new stock of PERFUMERY, BRUSHES and SEEDS, which are all of excellent quality. LEACHERS kept constantly on hand; personal attendance given to Prescriptions, and every effort will be made to accommodate his customers.

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JOHN CHALONER.

Apothecary, &c. &c. Head of King Street, North Side St. John, N. B. May 17, 1850.

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PATENT MEDICINES &c., may be had at this establishment, genuine.

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