

Poetry.

THE RETURN OF SPRING.

Dear as the dove, whose waiting wing
The green leaf ransomed from the main,
Thy genial glow, returning Spring,
Comes to our shores again;
For thou hast been a wanderer long,
On many a fair and foreign strand,
In balm and beauty, sung and song,
Passing from land to land.

Thou bring'st the blossoms to the bee,
To earth a robe of emerald dye,
The leaflet to the naked tree,
And rainbow in the sky;
I feel thy blest benign control
The pulses of my youth restore;
Opening the spring of sense and soul,
To love and joy once more.

I will not people thy green bowers,
With sorrow's pale and spectre hand;
Or blend with thine the faded flowers
Of memory's distant land;
For thou wert surely never given
To wake regret from pleasures gone;
But like an angel sent from Heaven,
To soothe creation's groan.

Then, while the groves thy garlands twine,
Thy spirit breathes in flower and tree,
My heart shall kindle at thy shrine,
And worship God in thee;
And in some calm, sequestered spot,
While listening to thy choral strain,
Past griefs shall be a while forgot,
And pleasures bloom again.

The Family.

Father Howe's Dream.

Rev. Mr. Howe, lately of Hopkinton, is known to have been an original man. His waking thoughts were peculiarly his own, and his dreams may be expected to partake of the same qualities. This dream we place in our columns on account of its originality. We give it publicity also for the benefit of singing choirs, who are sometimes liable to fall out by the way.

At one time during his ministry, the singers all took offence and left the choir. On the next Sabbath he related the following dream, which had the desired effect of restoring them to their places. He dreamed that a spirit from the other world appeared before him, and informed him that there was singing enough in heaven, but none in hell; and that one of the most essential distinctions between angels and devils consists in this, that the former delight in singing, while the latter have no inclination to engage in this heavenly employment.

The angels (continued the spirit) were all created in holiness; but in process of time a part of them became tired of employing their faculties in singing the songs of heaven. When these were urged to use all their talents in the service of God, they said that they had no encouragement to sing, or, in other words, no pay! They could not trust the Lord to reward them, but must be paid by their fellow-servants. The Almighty, therefore, prepared them a different place and name.

I awoke, (said Mr. Howe,) and lay musing on the subject for some time, and then fell asleep; my thoughts turned to my former dream; departed spirits appeared to me, and their conversation was audible. At length one of them stood forth to interpret the dream, and said it had respect to the people of Hopkinton. Your last year's singers (observed the interpreter) are all dead. I saw them go to heaven's gate and knock for admission. Whereupon Gabriel opened the gate and said, "Who are you? Can you sing?" "No!" "Then you cannot be admitted here." "We did sing for a time," replied they, "but were discouraged." "He that putteth his hand to the plough," answered Gabriel, "and looketh back, is not fit for the kingdom of God; you cannot be admitted here." "We would have sung, if there had been suitable encouragement." "Those who will not sing on earth," returned the angel, "shall not sing in heaven. You can't be admitted here: Depart, depart!" Upon this, the gulf opened and swallowed them up. Then I awoke, (said Mr. Howe,) and "behold it was a dream; but the thing was certain, and the interpretation thereof, sure."

INDUSTRY.

All the comely, the stately, the pleasant, the useful works which we do view with de-

light, or enjoy with comfort, Industry did contrive them, Industry did frame them. Industry reared those magnificent fabrics, and those commodious houses; it formed those goodly pictures and statues: it raised those convenient causeways, those bridges, those aqueducts; it planted those fine gardens with various flowers and fruits; it clothed those pleasant fields with corn and grass; it built those ships, whereby we plough the seas, reaping the commodities of foreign nations. It hath subjected all creatures to our command and service, enabling us to subdue the fiercest, to catch the wildest, to render the gentler sort more tractable and useful to us. It taught us from the wool of the sheep, from the hair of the goat, from the labors of the silk-worm to weave us clothes to keep us warm, to make us fine and gay. It helpeth us from the inmost bowels of the earth to fetch divers needful tools and utensils. It collected mankind into cities, and compacted them into orderly societies, and devised wholesome laws, under shelter whereof we may enjoy safety and peace, wealth and plenty, mutual succor and defence, sweet conversation and beneficial commerce. It by meditation did invent all those sciences, whereby our minds are enriched and ennobled, our manners are refined and polished, our curiosity is satisfied, our life is benefitted.—Isaac Barrow.

Who are your Aristocrats?

We take the following from Hunt's Merchants' Magazine:—Twenty years ago this one butchered, that one made candles; another sold cheese and butter; a fourth carried on a distillery; another was a contractor on canals; others were merchants and mechanics. They are acquainted with both ends of society—as their children will be after them, though it will not do to say so out loud. For often you shall find that these toiling worms hatch butterflies, and they live about a year.

Death brings division of property; and it brings new financiers; the old agent is discharged; the young gentleman takes his revenue and begins to travel—towards poverty, which he reaches before death—or his children do, if he does not. So that in fact, though there is a sort of moneyed rank, it is not hereditary; it is accessible to all; three good seasons of cotton will send a generation of men up; a score of years will bring them all down, and send their children again to labor. The father grubs, and grows rich; his children strut, and use the money; their children inherit the pride, and go to shiftless poverty; their children, reinvigorated by fresh plebeian blood, and by the smell of the clod, come up again. Thus society, like a tree, draws its sap from the earth, changes it into leaves and blossoms, spreads them abroad in great glory, sheds them off to fall back to the earth, again to mingle with the soil, and at length to reappear in new trees and fresh garniture.

Mode of Collecting Debts.

There are divers fashions in this world, which those who do not follow or participate know nothing about, and perhaps never heard of. Among other curious matters, the Mahratta, and Ceylon modes of collecting debts lately met our eye in a curious old book, and as debt-collecting is attempted to a great extent in all communities, perhaps some creditors may derive useful hints from the description, which we shall condense for their benefit. First for Mahratta. There it was, and for aught we know still is, the fashion of the creditor to bring his creditor to a trial of stomach. After all other measures of persuading payment had been found of no avail, the creditor has only to walk to the house of his debtor and squat down at the door of it. That constitutes him the master and keeper. While he sits there he neither eats himself, nor suffers the debtor to eat. Nothing passes the unfortunate debtor's lips till the debt is paid; but like all suits for debt, the creditor suffers too. The debtor is confined to his apartment, and allowed to communicate with only such persons as the creditor permits, but the best part of the story is that the creditor must not eat either. Sometimes, if the debtor is the hungriest man, he makes out to fork over; sometimes the creditor cannot stand starving, and is thus nonsuited. This work is also done by deputy, but we take it our well fed and comfortable officers would hardly advocate such a custom here. The Brahmans have also adopted the same plan of levying. They will sit at a man's door and stand till he fork over a sum designated by them; and as the man might as well die himself as let a Brahman die, it is always found necessary to

pay the demand. It is however seldom done at once, but sufficient delay is made to try the beggar's stomach pretty effectually.

The Ceylon mode is more summary. If the creditor cannot get his money in any other way, he goes to his debtor, and tells him he must launch out, or he will kill—himself. This threat is no joke—for it is carried into execution often enough to alarm the debtor by remembrance of precedents; and he knows very well that the law will kill him if the creditor cuts his own throat, as every man is held guilty who causes the death of another. If but half the Ceylon fashion prevailed in this country some pettifoggers we wot of might kill themselves as soon as they pleased—but the last part of the fashion would not be so agreeable.—N. Y. Sun.

THE PERILS OF WINKING VIRGINS.—On the capture of Breslau, in Silesia, by Frederick of Prussia, strict orders were issued against all plunder. But a man was immediately brought before the King, charged with stealing a diamond necklace from an image of the Virgin. The king was indignant, and in the presence of the Bishop and the Clergy was about to send the soldier to be shot, when, to the astonishment of every body, he said "that the Virgin had made him a present of it." The priests all burst out into a rage. The thief was now ordered to give an account of the transaction. He said that going to his devotions in the first Church he found open, he saw the image begin to wink at him. She then desired him to come up to the altar, told him she was delighted with his devotion, begged his acceptance of her necklace, which she put into his hands accordingly. Frederick, a humorist, asked the priests was this probable? "Most improbable," was the out cry. "But was it possible?" asked the king. They hung down their heads. "Well, gentlemen," said Frederick, with a smile, "you will not expect me to shoot a soldier because he has been honoured by a miracle, so he must keep the necklace." They retired in confusion. "However," said the king to the soldier, "my good fellow, you have escaped for once, but let me tell you that you must accept of no more presents from ladies in churches, for if you do you shall be hanged."

CLERICAL WIT.—An old gentleman of 84, having taken to the altar a young damsel of about 16, the clergyman said to him:

"The font is at the other end of the church. "What do I want with the font?" said the old gentleman.

"O! I beg your pardon," said the clerical wit; "I thought you had brought this child to be christened!"

PRESERVING LARD.—Take lard in the leaf, excluding all bloody or lean pieces, then salt it down as you would pork. When wanted for use try out enough lard to last a few weeks. This mode is communicated by a gentleman who has had much experience in this business, and he prefers this mode, as the lard keeps perfectly sweet through the year.

TRUTHS.—A fat kitchen makes a lean will. What maintains one vice would train up two children.

A man is never irretrievably ruined in his prospects until he marries a bad woman.

If you do not hear reason, she will surely rap you on the knuckles.

If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some.

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A pleasant and Effectual Remedy for Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Tickling and Dryness of the throat, and to clear the Voice.

PARTICULARLY recommended to Public Speakers, Vocalists, &c., &c.—As many have testified to the beneficial effects this Candy produces, the Subscribers have no hesitation in recommending it. It may be taken at all times with perfect safety. When given to very young children, dissolve it in a small quantity of warm water.

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Since the introduction of Cod Liver Oil into general use, a great desideratum has been to furnish an article with the same medicinal virtue, but free from its disagreeable odor and taste, which have rendered it a "sealed book" to thousands of persons who are suffering under severe affections of the throat and lungs. After a series of experiments, the proprietor has succeeded in so combining the pure Oil with other celebrated curatives, in the form of a most AGREEABLE CANDY, possessing and preserving all the medicinal virtues of Pure Cod Liver Oil, without its nauseous and repulsive taste, presenting it in a form by which it can be administered to the most delicate invalid without inconvenience. So pleasant is the taste, that it may be administered to an infant without difficulty.

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

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