

Poetry

THE PRAIRIE FIRE AND THE RUM FIRE

BY REV. JOHN PIERPONT. The prairie fire! At midnight hour The traveller hears it roaring by— A form of terror and of power, That walks the earth and licks the sky.

Bees.

Any body can manage bees. It is the easiest thing in the world to do it, just as it is to make an egg stand on end, after one knows how.

Family Circle

The Bridal Wine Glass.

"Pledge with wine—pledge with wine," cried the young and thoughtless Harvey Wood, "pledge with wine;" ran through the brilliant crowd.

The beautiful bride grew pale—the decisive hour had come. She pressed her white hands together, and the leaves of the bridal wreath trembled on her purple brow; her breath came quicker, her heart beat wilder.

"Yes Marion, lay aside your scruples for this once," said the Judge in a low tone, going towards his daughter, "the company expect it; do not so seriously infringe upon the rules of etiquette. In your own home act as you please; but in mine, for this once, please me."

Every eye was turned towards the bridal pair. Marion's principles were well known—Henry had been a convivialist, but of late his friends noted the change in his manners, the difference in his habits—and to-night they watched him to see, as they sneeringly said if he were tied down to a woman's opinion so soon.

"Pouring a brimming breaker, they held it with tempting smiles towards Marion. She was still very pale, though more composed; and her hand shook not, as smiling back, she gracefully accepted the crystal tumbler, and raised it to her lips. But scarcely had she done so, when every hand was arrested by her piercing exclamation of 'Oh! how terrible!'"

"What is it?" cried one and all, thronging together; for she had slowly carried the glass at arm's length, and was fixedly regarding it as though it were some hideous object.

"Wait," she answered with an inspired light shone from her dark eyes, "wait, and I will tell you." "I see," she added slowly, pointing one jewelled finger at the sparkling ruby liquid—"a sight that begets all our description; and yet listen, I will point it for you if I can. It is a lonely spot; tall mountains crowned with verdure rise in awful sublimity around; a river runs through and bright fountains gush to the waters edge. There is a thick, warm mist that the sun seeks vainly to pierce. Trees, lofty and beautiful, wave to the airy motion of birds; but there—a group of Indians gather, they fit to and fro with something like sorrow upon their dark brows. And in their midst lies a manly form—but his cheek how deathly, his eye wild with the fitful fire of fever. One friend stands beside him—may I, should say kneels; for see his pillow that poor head upon his breast.

"Genius—oh! the high holy looking brow! why should death mark it, and he so young? Look how he throws back the damp curls! See him clasp his hands! hear his thrilling shrieks for life! mark how he clutches at the form of his companion, imploring to be saved. 'Oh! hear him call piteously his father's name see him twine his fingers together as he shrieks for his sister—his only sister—the twin of his soul—weeping for him in his distant native land."

"See!" she exclaimed, while the bridal party shrank back, the untasted wine trembling in their faltering grasp, and the Judge fell, overpowered, upon his seat—"see! his arms are lifted to heaven; he prays how wildly for mercy, but fever rashes through his veins. The friend beside him is weeping; a shriek, the dark men move silently away, and leave the living and the dying together."

"There was a hush in that princely parlour, broken only by what seemed a smothered sob from some manly bosom. The bride stood yet upright with quivering lip, and tears stealing to the outward edge of her lashes. Her beautiful hair had lost its tension, and the glass with its little troubled waves, came slowly towards the range of her vision. She spoke again; every lip was mute. Her voice was low; faint yet awfully distinct; she still fixed her sorrowful glance upon the wine cup.

"It is evening now; the great white moon is coming up, and its beams lay gently on his forehead. He moves not, his eyes are set in their sockets; dim are their piercing glances; in vain his friend whispers the name of father and sister—death is there. Death—and no soft hand, no gentle voice to bless and soothe him. His hand sinks back to one convulsive spasm—he is dead!"

"A groan ran through the assembly, so vivid was her manner—then what she described, seemed actually to have taken place then and there. They noticed also that the bridegroom hid his face in his hands and wept."

touch or taste that terrible poison. And he to whom I have given my hand—who watched over my brother's dying form in that last solemn hour, and buried the dear wanderer there by the river in that land of gold, will I trust, sustain me in that resolve—will you not my husband?"

His glistening eyes, his sad, sweet smile, was her answer. The adze left the room, and when an hour after he returned, and with a more subdued manner took part in the entertainment of the bridal guests, no one could fail to remark that he, too, had determined to banish the enemy at once and forever from his princely home.

Those who were present at that wedding, can never forget the impressions so solemnly made, many from that hour forswore the social glass.—Olive Clark.

Possibly, a still greater loss might accrue to domestic happiness, should the innate delicacy and prerogative of woman, as woman, be forfeited or sacrificed.

"I have given her as a help-meet," said the Voice that cannot err, when it spake unto Adam, in the cool of the day, amid the trees of Paradise. Not as a toy, a clog, a wrestler, a barrier-fighter. No; a help-meet, such as was fitting for men to desire, and for women to become.

Since the Creator has assigned different spheres of action for the different sexes, it is to be presumed from His unerring wisdom, that there is work enough in each department to employ them, and that the faithful performance of that work will be for the benefit of both. If he has made one the priestess of the inner temple, committing to her charge its sacred shrine, its unrevealed sanctities, why should she seek to mingle in the warfare that may thunder at its gates, or rock its turrets? Need she be again tempted by pride or curiosity, or glowing words, to barter her own Eden?

The true nobility of woman, is to keep her own sphere, and to adorn it, not like the comet, daunting and perplexing other systems, but as the pure star, which is first to light the day, and the last to leave it. If she share not the fame of the ruler and the blood-shedder, her good works, such as "become those who profess godliness," though they leave no deep foot-prints on the sands of Time, may find record in the Lamb's Book of Life.

Mothers! are not our rights sufficiently extended—the sanctuary of home, the throne of the heart, the moulding of the whole mass of mind in its first formation? Have we not power enough in all the realms of sorrow and suffering—over all forms of ignorance and want—amid all the ministrations of love, from the cradle to the sepulchre?

So let us be content and diligent, awe, grateful and joyful, making this brief life a hymn of praise, until called to that choir which knows no discord, and whose melody is eternal.

The Priceless Diamond. There is no gem or jewel, or richest pearl in all the universe, of such priceless value as the soul! Worlds could not buy it, worlds could not redeem it, if once lost. Such a priceless diamond you carry about with you; reader, every day in your bosom, amid the dangers of earth, and where numerous and invisible foes are seeking to rob you of it. Do not delay to place it in the hands of the Almighty Saviour, who only can preserve and keep it safely till the final day! Think, oh, think, how much is at stake; even your soul, your precious soul. Suppose this world were a globe of gold, and each star in yonder firmament a jewel of the first order, and the moon a diamond, and the sun literally a crown of all-created gold, one soul, in value, would outweigh them all! Here is a man standing on board a vessel at sea, holding his hand over the side of the vessel: he is sporting with a jewel worth thousands of pounds, and which, too, is all his fortune. Playing with his jewel, he throws it up and catches it. A friend, noticing the brilliancy of the jewel, warns him of the danger of losing it, and tells him that if it slip through his fingers it goes down to the bottom of the deep, and can be recovered no more. "Oh, there is no danger; I have been doing this a long time, and you see I have not lost it yet." Again he throws it up, and it is gone, past recovery gone! When the man finds that his jewel is indeed lost, and by his own folly lost, who can describe his agony, as he exclaims, "I have lost my jewel, my fortune, my all! Oh, sinner, hear me! casketed in your bosom, you have a jewel of infinitely greater value; in hiding away your precious time, you are in danger of losing that pearl of price unknown, in danger of being LOST FOR EVER!"

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finds his stranger-vote weighs as much as that of the rulers of the land. The soldier, "sudden and quick in quarrel," bears his rights upon his sword, and the school-boy is first to stand for his rights and his wrongs, too, on the same belligerent people. Here, where freedom is the birthright of all, it is early claimed, so that babies rule their nurses, and children are in doubt whether they may not rule their parents.

In a republic, where such large liberty, and the abuse of liberty, prevail, it is not surprising to hear from the gentler sex, so contented of old, some claim for a grant of new rights, or an extension of privileges. This they occasionally, with a zeal which overleaps the barrier-opinion of the profound moralist, that "in contentions for power, both the philosophy and the poetry of life, are in danger of being trodden down."

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HALL & FAIRWEATHER, Flour Dealers, South Market Wharf, Saint John, N. B. After 1st January, 1856, will Remove to John-ton's Wharf. sept. 28.

Flour.—Landing ex "Blomner" and "28th," and in store—350 bbls. State and Southern SUPER-FINE FLOUR; 350 bbls. CORN MEAL. To arrive ex "Lewis Walker," from Philadelphia—500 bbls. Superior FLOUR; 200 do CORN MEAL.—For sale by sept. 10. HALL & FAIRWEATHER.

Saint John Young Men's Christian Association.—The Members of this Association hereby informed that their room in the Mechanics' Institute is open every evening, Sundays and Saturdays excepted, from 7 to 10 p. m. Young Men desirous of joining the Association will apply to one of the Officers or Members of the Standing Committee.

Removal.—D. & J. LEAVITT has removed to the store in Prince William-street, formerly occupied by Messrs. Rawlinson & Reading, & Co., with an entirely new and large stock of FLOUR, BREAD, BUTTER, PROVISIONS, &c., they beg to solicit a continuance of the patronage they secured at their old stand. sept. 17.

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