

Poetry.

"GO IT ALONE."

Alas! for the player who idly depends,
In the struggle of life upon kindred or friends,
Whoever the value of blessings like these,
They never can atone for lagging ease.
Nor comfort the coward who flinches with a groan,
That his crutches have left him to "go it alone."

There's something, no doubt, in the hand you may hold,
Health, family, culture, wit, beauty, and gold.
The fortunate owner may fairly regard
As such in its way, a most excellent card.
Yet the game may be lost, with all those for your own,
Unless you've the courage to "go it alone."

In battle or business whatever the game,
In law or in love, it is ever the same;
In the struggle for power, or the scramble for gold,
Let this be your motto—"Relay on yourself!"
For whether the prize be a ribbon or throne,
The victor is he who can "go it alone!"

Miscellaneous.

The Pearl of Orr's Island:

A Story of the Coast of Maine.

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

CHAPTER XXIX.

[Continued.]

"It's no such thing! it's no such thing!" said Sally, lifting up her head, with her eyes full of tears, which she dashed angrily away. "What am I crying for? I hate him. I'm glad he's going away. Lately it has been such a trouble to me to have things go on so. I'm really getting to dislike him. You are the one he ought to love. Perhaps all this time you are the one he does love," said Sally, with a sudden energy, as if a new thought had dawned in her mind.

"Oh, no; he does not even love me as he once did, when we were children," said Mara. "He is so shut up in himself, so reserved, I know nothing about what passes in his heart."

"No more does anybody," said Sally. "Moses Pencil isn't one that says and does things straightforward because he feels so; but he says and does them to see what you will do. That's his way. Nobody knows why he has been going on with me as he has. He has had his own reasons, doubtless, as I have had mine."

"He has admired you very much, Sally," said Mara, "and praised you to me very warmly. He thinks you are so handsome. I could tell you ever so many things he has said about you. He knows as I do that you are a more enterprising, practical sort of body than I am, too. Everybody thinks you are engaged. I have heard it spoken of everywhere."

"Everybody is mistaken. Then, as usual," said Sally. "Perhaps Aunt Roxie was in the right of it when she said that Moses would never be in love with anybody but himself."

"Aunt Roxie has always been prejudiced and unjust to Moses," said Mara, her cheeks flushing. "She never liked him from a child, and she never can be made to see anything good in him. I know that he has a deep heart, a nature that craves affection and sympathy, and it is only because he is so sensitive that he is so reserved and conceals his feelings so much. He has a noble, kind heart, and I believe he truly loves you, Sally; it must be so."

Sally rose from the floor and went on arranging her hair, without speaking. Something seemed to disturb her mind. She bit her lip, and threw down the brush and comb violently. In the clear depths of the little square of looking-glass a face looked into hers, whose eyes were perturbed as if with the shadows of some coming inward storm; the black brows were knit, and the lips quivered. She drew a long breath and burst out into a loud laugh.

"What are you laughing at now?" said Mara, who stood in her white night dress by the window, with her hair falling in golden waves about her face.

"Oh, because these fellows are so funny," said Sally; "it's such fun to see their actions. Come now," she added, turning to Mara, "don't look so grave and sanctified. It's better to laugh than cry about things, any time. It's a great deal better to be made hard-hearted like me, and not care for anybody, than to be like you, for instance. The idea of any one's being in love is the drollest thing to me. I haven't the least idea how it feels. I wonder if I ever shall be in love!"

"It will come to you in its time, Sally," said Mara, "I suppose like the chicken-pox or the whooping cough," said Sally; "one of the things to be gone through with, and rather disagreeable while it lasts, so I hope to put it off as long as possible."

"Well, come," said Mara, "we must not sit up all night."

After the two girls were nestled into bed and the light out, instead of the brisk chatter there fell a great silence between them. The full round moon cast the reflection of the window on the white bed, and the ever restless moon of the sea became more audible in the fixed stillness. The two faces, both young and fair, yet so different in their expression, lay each still on its pillow, their wide open eyes gleaming out in the shadow like mystical gems. Each was breathing softly, as if afraid of disturbing each other. At last Sally gave an impatient movement.

"How lonesome the sea sounds in the night," she said. "I wish it would ever be still."

"I like to hear it," said Mara. "When I was in Boston, for a while I thought I could not sleep, I used to miss it so much."

There was another silence, which lasted

so long that each girl thought the other asleep, and moved softly, but at a restless movement from Sally, Mara spoke again.

"Sally, you asleep?"
"No, I thought you were."
"I wanted to ask you," said Mara, "did Moses ever say anything to you about me?—you know I told you how much he said about you."

"Yes, he asked me once if you were engaged to Mr. Adams."

"And what did you tell him?" said Mara, with increasing interest.

"Well, I only plagues him. I sometimes made him think you were, and sometimes that you were not; and then again, that there was a deep mystery in hand. But I praised and glorified Mr. Adams and told him what a splendid match it would be, and put on all little bits of embroidery here and there that I could lay hands on. I used to make him sulky and gloomy for a whole evening sometimes. In that way it was one of the best weapons I had."

"Sally what does make you love to tease people so?" said Mara.

"Why, you know the hymn says,—

'Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature too.'

That's all the account I can give of it."

"But," said Mara, "I never can rest easy a moment when I see I am making a person uncomfortable."

"Well, I don't tease anybody but the men. I don't tease father or mother or you,—but men are fair game; they are such thumpy, blundering creatures, and we can confuse them so."

"Take care, Sally, it's playing with edge tools; you may lose your heart some day in this kind of game."

"Never you fear," said Sally; "but ar'n't you sleepy?—let's go to sleep."

Both girls turned their faces resolutely in opposite directions, and remained for an hour with their large eyes looking out into the moonlit chamber, like the fixed stars over Harpswell Bay. At last sleep drew softly down the fringed curtains.

CHAPTER XXX.

In the plain, simple regions we are describing,—where the sea is the great avenue of active life, and the pine-forests are the great source of wealth,—ship-building is an engrossing interest, and there is no fete that calls forth the community like the launching of a vessel.

And no wonder; for what is there belonging to this work-a-day world of ours that has such a never-failing fund of poetry and grace as a ship? A ship is a beauty and a mystery wherever we see it; its white wings touch the regions of the unknown and the imaginative; they seem to us full of the odors of quaint, strange, foreign shores, where life, we fondly dream, moves in brighter currents, than the muddy, tranquil tides of every day.

Who that sees one bound outward, with her white breasts swelling and heaving, as if with a reaching expectancy, does not feel his own heart swell with a longing impulse to go with her to the far-off shores? Even at dingy, crowded wharves, amid the stir and tumult of great cities, the coming in of a ship is an event that can never lose its interest. But on these romantic shores of Maine, where all is so wild and still, and the blue sea lies embraced in the arms of dark, solitary forests, the sudden coming of a ship from a distant voyage is a sort of romance. Who that has stood by the blue waters of Middle Bay, engirdled as it is by soft slopes of green farming land, interchanged here and there with heavy billows of forest trees, or rocky, pine-crowned promontories, has not felt that sense of seclusion and solitude which is so delightful? And then what a wonder! There comes a ship from China, drifting in like a white cloud,—the gallant creature! how the waters hiss and foam before her; with what a great free, generous splash she throws out her anchors, as if she said a cheerful "Well done!" to some glorious work accomplished! The very life and spirit of strange romantic lands come with her; suggestions of sandal-wood and spice breathe through the pine woods; she is an oriental queen, with hands full of mystical gifts; "all her garments smell of myrrh and cassia, out of the ivory palaces, whereby they have made her glad." No wonder men have loved ships like birds, and that there have been found brave, rough hearts that in fatal wrecks chose rather to go down with their ocean love than to leave her in the last throes of her death agony.

A ship-building, a ship-sailing community has an unconscious poetry ever underlying its existence. Exotic ideas from foreign lands relieve the trite monotony of life; the ship-owner lives in communion with the whole world, and is less likely to fall into the petty commonplaces that infest the routine of inland life.

Never arose a clearer or lovelier October morning than that which was to start the Ariel on her watery pilgrimage. Moses had risen while the stars were yet twinkling over their own images in Middle Bay, to go down and see that everything was right; and in all the houses that we know in the vicinity, everybody woke with the one thought of being ready to go to the launching.

Mrs. Pennel and Mara were also up by starlight, busy over the provisions for the ample cold collation that was to be spread in a barn adjoining the scene,—the materials for which they were packing into baskets covered with nice clean linen cloths, ready for the little sailboat which lay within a stone's throw of the door in the brightening dawn, her white sails looking rosy in the advancing light.

It had been agreed that the Pennels and the Kittridges should cross together in this boat with their contributions of good cheer.

The Kittridges, too, had been astir with the dawn, intent on their quota of the festive preparations, in which Dame Kittridge's housewifely reputation was involved,—for it had been a disputed point in the neighborhood whether she or Mrs. Pennel made the best doughnuts; and of course, with this fact before her mind, her efforts in this line had been almost superhuman.

HORTON ACADEMY,
WOLFVILLE.

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Principal—Rev. T. A. HIGGINS, A. M.
Assistants—ROBERT VONE C. JONES, A. B., and MR. JONATHAN PARSONS.
Teacher in French—MR. HERBERT C. CREED.

Tuition Fees, from \$2.50 to \$5.00 per quarter. Board and washing, \$3.00 per quarter. Pupils furnish bedding and towels. Students in College boarded at \$2.00 per week. Fuel for class-rooms, 25c. per quarter. Rooms rent, (to such as wish private rooms), from 50c. to \$1.25 per quarter. Bills payable quarterly in advance.

When private rooms are supplied with bedding and furniture, the charge will be \$23 per quarter.

Principal—Miss Margaret J. Townsend, (Graduate of Holyoke).

Assistant—Miss Irene Elder.

Primary Department—Miss Anna D. Shaw.

Teacher of French—Mr. Herbert C. Creed.

Teachers of Music—Mr. E. C. Saffery and Miss Margaret J. Townsend.

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Pencil Drawing, \$3 per quarter.

Colored and Black Crayon Drawing, \$3.50 per quarter.

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Boards furnish Bedding, Towels, Light, and Fuel for their own rooms. Pupils not boarding in the Seminary will be charged for Tuition from \$2.50 to \$5 per quarter. Bills payable quarterly in advance.

A. S. HUNT, Secretary.

Aug. 13. 1 me.

BAPTIST SEMINARY,
FREDERICTON.

3rd Term in 1862 will commence 21st July.

4th Term " " " 6th October.

REV. C. SPURDIN, D. D., PRINCIPAL.

MR. J. JONES, ASSISTANT TEACHER.

The course of study embraces the usual branches of an English, Mathematical, and Classical Education. The year is divided into four Terms of eleven weeks each.

TUITION FEES.

Under 10 years of age, - - - 10s. a Term.

Between 10 and 14, - - - 15s. "

Above 14 years of age, - - - 20s. "

The French Language extra, 10s. "

Fuel 2s. 6d. a Term for three Terms.

Board by Mrs. Babbitt, 10s. a Term.

Bed, if furnished by the committee, 1s. a week.

YOUNG LADIES.

The Principal will receive YOUNG LADIES into his department.

Tuition Fee, 20s. a Term.

Fuel 2s. 6d. as above. French extra.

C. SPURDIN, Principal.

Fredericton, Aug. 28, 1862.

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UNDERTAKER,

IMPORTER OF COFFIN TRIMMINGS,

AND FURNITURE MANUFACTURER,

No. 55 and 57 Germain Street,

4, Doors North of Trinity Church.

COFFINS OF ALL SIZES ON HAND,

IN MAHOAGANY,

Walnut and Rosewood, Polished, and Covered in Cloth, Velvet, etc.

HEARSE POLLS, GRAVE CLOTHS,

AND TRIMMINGS, OF ALL SIZES,

AND QUALITY FURNISHED AT MODERATE PRICES.

Funerals attended in Person, and will assist in selecting burial lots without extra charge!

Furniture Repaired and Repolished.

Carpets, Oil Cloths, fitted and put down.

Pews Lined & Cushioned.

Mattresses in Hair, Palm Leaf and Corn Husk.—Feathers from 25 to 60 cents, per pound.

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I INVITE attention to the superior article of NATRONA COAL OIL, Manufactured at the Chemical Works of the Pennsylvania Salt Manufacturing Company, Natrona, Penn., warranted non-explosive.

It burns with great brilliancy, is a beautiful transparent color, (which will not change), is perfectly uniform in quality, has an agreeable odor, and is unsurpassed by any illuminator in this market.

It is a safe and profitable oil to the consumer, I recommend it.

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Attention.

I WILL sell all descriptions of Building LUMBER, thoroughly seasoned, at very low rates.

M. T. BREWER, Britain Street, 3d Wharf east of Boston Steamboat Landing.

Jet. Jet. Jet.

A SPLENDID variety of Patent Jet BRACE LETA, BROOKES, D. ROPS, Necklaces, &c., just opened at 48 Prince William Street.

F. A. COSGROVE, may 15.

Laths. Laths.

A QUANTITY of laths for sale at very low rates.

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CELEBRATED DINNER PASTES.—A sure remedy for Indigestion and all Billious Complaints. Also, the best medicine made for general use. Five grains of the above justly Celebrated Pills. Just received—on sale at

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Just received at "Lester House":

1 box fine preserving PLUMS; 1 do FRUITS; 2 do APPLES; 2 boxes TOMATOES—on sale

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IN addition to the above, Mr. Graves, keep on hand the Books of all the Several Societies and Booksellers, which are suitable for

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The next term is to begin on Thursday, 31st July.

For further particulars send for a Circular.

H. PICKARD, Sackville, N. B., July 23.

Colonial Book Store.

NEW BOOKS.

THE Yellow Mask, by Wilkie Collins;

Sister Rose, by Olive Blake's Good Work;

Rifle Shots, by Olive Blake's Good Work;

Doctor Antonio, by Olive Blake's Good Work;

Ravenshoe, by Olive Blake's Good Work;

A Book about Doctors, by Olive Blake's Good Work;

Godley, Harper, Atlantic, Poise-won, Ballou, Le Bon Ton, Arthur's Home Magazine for August, and latest numbers of Cornhill Builder, Once a Week, Art Journal, and Good Words.

July 24. T. H. HALL.

Encourage Domestic Manufactures.

EXHIBITION PIANOS!

THE subscriber would respectfully

fully intimate to those who wish

to encourage NATIVE MECHANICS,

that he has now on hand several

PIANOS of his own Manufacture, made expressly

for the Provincial Exhibition. One of which is of

Native Wood, and the other of Foreign Wood, of

superior Tone, and Workmanship, and new design.

Are all 6 1/2 Octaves, and are warranted for three

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Pianos, Repaired, Regulated, Tuned

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Oct 29 d 4 ly St. John, N. B.

N. B.—For sale—One New Bagatelle Table, a

very small profit, giving purchasers the advantage of his Cash System. (ly v mar 19)

Oysters! Oysters!!

RECEIVED from Shediac on Consignment—

9 bbls OYSTERS, fresh from the beds; will

be sold low. Call and invest your money while

they are good.

—FROM BOSTON—

81 Sugar Loaf Pickles; 5 do

1 Extra Sweet Pickles; 5 do

5 boxes Sweet Pickles; 5 do

2 do Extra Lemons; 2 do

2 sacks Cocoa Nuts; 1 box

5 bbls Extra Cranberries; 1 box

On sale at Third door North of Country Mar-

ket, Charlotte Street

July 4 W. H. LESTER.

Tomatoes, New Apples, etc.

RECEIVED at the Forest City—1 basket Fine

TOMATOES;

2 bbls New Apples;

500 Carthagena Cocoa NUTS.

In Store—5 half barrels Prime Shad, put up in

good order. On sale at the City Grocery, third

door north of the Country Market, 28 Charlotte-

Street.

July 23—u W. H. LESTER.

Shingles.

JUST Received, 113,000 good Cedar Shingles

In Stock 250,000 do do do

A full assortment of Sawed pine Shingles.

I have a large Stock of Shingles on hand, and

will sell them at very low rates. Prices purchase-

ing will do well to call on me before purchasing

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Third Wharf east of Boston

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