

POET'S CORNER.

The following is said to be from the pen of Lord Byron.

TO A LADY.

And wilt thou weep when I am low!
Sweet lady! speak those words again;
Yet if they grieve thee, say not so,
I will not give that bosom pain.

My heart is sad, my hopes are gone,
My blood runs coldly through my breast,
And when I perish, thou alone
Wilt sigh above my place of rest.

And yet methinks a gleam of peace,
Doth through my cloud of anguish shine:
And for a while my sorrows cease,
To know thy heart hath felt for mine.

Oh, lady, blessed be that tear,
It falls for one who cannot weep,
Such precious drops are doubly dear
To those whose eye no tear may steep.

Sweet lady! once my heart was warm
With every feeling soft as thine,
But beauty's self hath ceased to charm
A wretch, created to repine.

Yet, wilt thou weep when I am low?
Sweet lady! speak those words again;
Yet if they grieve thee, say not so,
I would not give that bosom pain.

St. Herbert.

A TALE.

(Continued.)

"Slow and dismal were the leaden-footed hours that passed, ere Aurora shot her purple beams through the crevices of my lonely prison; I was almost in a state of stupefaction—the transition from bliss to woe was so great—so sudden, that it scarce left me the faculty of thinking. I had believed Louisa mine, and that assurance was the extent of my wishes, the completion of my happiness; but this horrible discovery had blasted every hope, and forbade even memory to smile. The unbarred of my chamber door, at length roused me from my stupor. Some person entered, and upon pushing open one of the windows, discovered himself to be Maurisson; every pulse around my heart beat with indignation. 'Where is my Louisa?' demanded I. 'Where you will never see her,' returned he; 'this house is mine, and she is my prisoner within it: you are free; if you stay near this place, and conduct yourself with propriety, you may hear from her sometimes; but if you quit it only for a day, I will convey her where you shall have no tidings of her.' So saying, he unbound me, and I arose without reply, for hopeless grief had closed the avenues of utterance; and he, taking me by the arm, led me out of the mansion, and bolted the door after me.

"For three days successively did I wander around the building, looking in vain for my partner. I endeavoured to force the windows, but to no purpose; they were too well secured. I listened at the porch. 'Perhaps,' thought I, 'I may hear her pronounce my name.' It was a frail hope—there was no voice—no sound to realize it. O, how did incertitude and apprehension torture my breast!

"At the close of the third day, nature proclaimed herself exhausted, (for since I had been deprived of the sight of Louisa, I had neither slept nor eat;) a drowsiness—a stupidity oppressed me; and casting myself upon a grass seat that I had placed near the door, I rested myself against the wall, and fell into a slumber. As the wand of Somnus closed my swollen eyelids, fancy brought to my view, her, whose image was so deeply imprinted on my heart. Methought she was arrayed in a long white robe, that scattered a lustre from it, and was sitting on the bank of a placid river, with a beautiful dove in her hand. I approached her with my wonted eagerness of affection; but, with an angelic smile, she rose, and placing the bird upon the sod, retreated along the shore. 'Stay where you are, my too much adored St. Herbert,' said she; 'I must be going, but I leave you a dove. See, the river is smooth—we will meet on the other side, for Peace dwells there.' So saying, she dropt upon the flood, and was out of sight in an instant. Distracted at the circumstance, my busy spirit was going to pursue the lovely phantom, when some person calling me loudly by my name, awakened me.

I started up, and to my great astonishment, beheld Buller standing before me. 'Dear Mr. St. Herbert,' said he, 'follow me directly, for I believe my dear Miss Louisa is dying.' My breath stopped as he spoke. I made him no answer, but seizing his hand, hurried with him to the chamber where she was—as he opened the door, Maurisson met me and would have taken my hand, but I repulsed him with fury, and flew to the couch where Louisa was reclined. Upon hearing my hasty steps she raised her head, opened upon me her charming eyes; but Oh, how languid, how changed; fierce distress had tarnished their lustre, and had frightened the roses from her cheeks; a deadly paleness sat on every feature, and a bluish purple stained those lips that could once compare with the ruby! I knelt at her feet and gazed upon her face without uttering a word. For the distress of my heart was too great. She perceived it, and encircling my neck with her arms, feebly strained me to her breast, and attempting to smile, said, 'Why all this sorrow, my love, do I not embrace you again; You grieve upon my account, but cheer up—possess of you once more, I shall soon recover.' Maurisson drew near. 'Forgive, my son,' said he, 'forgive the mistaken zeal of a disappointed old man, I did not know your worth—your father and I have borne a long hatred to each other, and I was foolish enough to suffer an ill-grounded dislike to rest upon his son; but forgive me; and the tears ran plentifully down his withered face. I was going to reply, when Louisa, loosening her hold, begged me retire with her uncle.—At that moment the farmer's wife came in. We retired, and I traversed the next room in sullen silence for near an hour, the old man was walking by my side and wringing his hands, when the Indian girl called us. I obeyed the summons instantly, and on entering the apartment, found my wife, (for I must still call her so) in bed. 'Here my

St. Herbert,' said she, as I approached her, 'see what a present your expiring spouse makes you; she placed a beautiful infant in my hands, 'take her,' added she, 'as the only recompense I can now offer you for all your affection and tenderness; Yes, I feel that I am dying, and the last favour I ask of you, is to be reconciled to my uncle.' I grasped his hand immediately, and brought it to my lips; when old Maurisson embraced me affectionately. My angel looked up, and smiled—yes in the agonies of death she smiled to see our mutual forgiveness. She made me a signal to bend over her pillow, which as I did, she enclosed me and the child in her arms and alternately caressed us—a glow of satisfaction over-spread her cheeks, and her eyes resumed their former brilliancy, but it was momentary, for the cheek faded again—the eyes grew dim—they closed—and her tranquil spirit took its everlasting flight.

"At first we flattered ourselves that she was only in a swoon, but when it appeared that she was really dead, then I gave myself up to the most unmanly woe, and determined upon following her by refusing to take any sustenance whatever; for two days did I adhere to this cowardly intention, without taking notice of any thing save the dear corpse; the family spoke to me, intreated and even wept over me, but to no purpose: I sat by the dead with dry eyes, mute as herself.

"On the third day, the day of her interment, her uncle came into the room with my infant in his trembling arms. 'Come, dear babe,' said he, holding it towards the bed, and bursting into tears, 'come, take a last look of thine unfortunate mother, for to-day she will be placed in the cold bosom of the earth, and would to heaven thou couldst go with her, for thy uncle is too old to protect thy rising youth, thou hast no father to foster; no father who will shew his affection for the mother, by living for and taking care of her precious child.' These words fell with force upon my heart, in an instant I perceived the cruelty of my conduct and was overwhelmed with shame, 'yes,' exclaimed I, stretching out my hands to receive my little one, 'yes, she has a father who will live for her, and will cherish her as long as memory shall impress upon his soul the idea of her incomparable mother; but ah! he must be indulged—he must be permitted to give vent to his feelings when he reflects upon his irretrievable loss.' He answered me in the most soothing voice of affection, gently remonstrating with me for my neglect of myself, and endeavouring to yield me all the consolation that reason could afford; 'it is not your Louisa (said he) who lies there insensible, it is only the prison that she once inhabited, the day of her enlargement has come, and long before this she has reached her appointed abode in Paradise; whether departed spirits are permitted to know what passes upon earth after they have quitted it, we may not presume to say; but upon the supposition, that they are, can it add to their bliss to see the tears and hear the big groans of those whom they most did love when here?—and if they are not, why should we waste in useless griefs those days which might be appropriated to the benefit of those who remain? be composed my son; I do not require of you to be gay—Oh no—you have indeed lost a treasure, and must feel it sensibly, but at the same time I would not have you forget that you have a new charge which demands your kindest cares.'

"His eloquence was not unsuccessful; at his request I quitted the apartment, and after having taken as much nourishment as my delicate situation would admit of, I endeavoured to repose for a little while upon a bed, when the sound of people walking slowly roused me. I immediately knew it to be the funeral procession, and summoning up all my fortitude I arose, and with a tottering step accompanied it leaning on the arm of Louisa's uncle. When we arrived at the cemetery, the coffin was uncovered, that I might take a last embrace of my love—it was a most melancholy one indeed—all who were with me, were deeply affected—none spoke a syllable—but the silent tears of sympathy glided profusely down many a cheek, and some who had not power to suppress their sensations sobbed aloud. The signal, after a short pause, was given to deposit the body in the earth. I saw them shut the coffin, and begin to lower it; I thought myself composed: I thought I was resigned when I saw it descend to the bottom of the tomb—but with the first clod that sounded hollow on the lid, the delusion was broken; my brain seemed all on fire—my heart beat with violence, and I was springing into the grave, when some of the attendants caught me in their arms, and bore me home, totally devoid of sense.

"For several weeks I had no knowledge of what was transacted about me, then every thing appeared to me like those fancies which only exist in a morning dream; but recollection, by degrees resuming her functions, I remembered something of great distress—of a burial, of an infant, but could not connect their idea; and as the eye of reason opened more clearly, these images passed more frequently through my mind, and perplexed me exceedingly.

"As I was permitted to walk out, as soon as I had sufficient strength, I frequently strolled to the woods, through which in my happier days I had been accustomed to ramble—and chance led me one afternoon to the burial place—the heavy dews dropt from the bending branches of the dark hemlock, which, uniting its foliage with the gloomy verdure of the thick woven cedar, cast a deep damp shade over the solemn spot, while a solitary Robin, that sat upon the withered bough of a neighbouring pine, threw a note of such plaintiveness to the lingering breeze, as bade my bosom feel—yes, finding a congenial dreariness, I clambered over the fence to take a nearer view of the few scattered graves, that were there inclosed. Passing from one to another, a novel object arrested my attention; it was a grey marble monument, covered with a white slab. I approached it, and read the following inscription;

"Sacred to the memory of
LOUISA ST. HERBERT,
A victim
To the misguided affection of an Uncle,
Who has raised this marble
Over her dust
As a testimony of his sincere and lasting
contrition."

"At that moment, each woeful scene through which I had passed, recurred to me—memory seemed to resume her throne at once; I clasped the cold tomb, and washed it with my tears; then having vowed to the spirit that watched it, to visit it daily, I turned my steps and slowly proceeded homeward in search of my child.

"The joy visible in the countenances of all the family, at my sudden and unexpected recollection made a sensible impression upon me; they were all assiduous in attending on me, and none approached me, but with a cheerful aspect; even my little girl who was now between three and four months old, smiled in my face, and by her artless playfulness seemed to lure me from my griefs. In fine, in the course of a few days, I was quite a rational being and finding that the whole study of Mr. Maurisson, was to render me contented in my situation; I was resolved to make him not less so if possible; accordingly, I evaded every conversation that would tend to a renewal of our regret; however as my health increased, I perceived with infinite concern, that his was fast declining, and that though he appeared pleasant in my presence, yet a heavy melancholy had instamped itself upon every feature; he courted solitude, and often when I was busy in the garden, would leave me under pretence of taking rest.

To be continued.

APPROACHING GOLDEN AGE.

(From the Album.)

Yes, steam is the great pledge of what we are, and what we shall be, and the earnest of all our brightest dreams being fulfilled. Who, twenty years ago, could have surmised that we might be expedited, in the annus mirabilis now elapsing, from Iron gate Wharf to Devil's Point at Calais, by means of a cauldron of boiling water? What is the sailing of a witch through the air in a sieve, or winds tied up in bags of Lapland conjurers, to this? Who is ignorant that one piece of Mr. Perkins's Steam artillery would destroy, in one hour, more men than were assembled in the plains of Waterloo, and that some dozens of them would be sufficient, in one day, to depopulate the globe? Who, again, can be ignorant of the Steam Washing Company, and the interesting squabbles which have resulted from an indelicate collision of male and female night-caps? It is but lately we had the pleasure of observing an advertisement of Lieutenant Johnson, undertaking to convey any of his Majesty's liege subjects by steam, to India, in five-and-twenty days; and we have no doubt that in time, by means of the same process, they may be able to pay a bathing visit to the Ganges, stopping to lunch with Mahommed Pasha by the way; and safely returned either to Tooley-street or Bond-street, as it may happen, in the short course of one eventful week. Have we not steam mail-coaches, about to start for Liverpool and Manchester, and why should we doubt the possibility of having aerial mail coaches, buoyed up by gas and directed by steam? Indeed the every-day phenomena which one meets with in the street, and which scarcely attract our notice, are proofs of the perfectibility of man. Even in the economy of our toilet, the line of our progress towards perfection is, to use a "lady's phrase" much in vogue, "very pronounced." We have glass eyes, cork legs, and most excellent noses supplied upon the shortest notice, and the most reasonable terms; indestructible teeth, stays for man or woman, "to remedy any deformity," and oil of Macassar to make the hair grow in bald places, just as dew operates upon a barren soil. The very genius of commerce is becoming classical and learned. Eye, ear, and corn curers, are respectively ophthalmists, aurists, and chiropodists. We have barber's oils called Kalydor, an immodest book, Kallygonomia. Our streets are filled with Panoramas, Cosmoramas, Dioramas, Eidouranions, Panharmonicous, and Heptaplasies-optons. A gardening summary is an aboration; and a boy's school where the master is ignorant of English, a classical seminary; a girl's school is a finishing establishment. How admirably adapted are these said establishments for the purpose of universal improvement on the part of future mothers and their offspring! The young ladies are taught a little smattering of French; a little smattering of Italian; to waltz, to draw a little, and to strum on the piano a little. The morals are not thought of, but then the deatist comes regularly. There is no provision against a faux pas on entering the marriage state; but a false step on entering a carriage is sedulously averted. If they do not learn to speak the vulgar tongue, they speak fine English; they "perambulate," they do not walk; they "compose poetry," they disdain prose; they "work fine work," not plain; they are in dishabille, which means that when their relations call, they find them squalid and indolent. Who, on looking at these nurseries of future men, can doubt that the reign of perfectibility is on the very threshold? What an immense progress in the diffusion of that heaven born sentiment, philanthropy, may be every day embarked in the advertisements of newspapers! Nothing can exceed the instances of pure generosity which they exhibit. What noble disinterestedness in the assistances of every kind offered to those in want! What praiseworthy hospitality in the lodging keepers! What splendid liberality in the offers of money lenders! What disregard of self in the retail tradesman, who offers his goods 50 per cent. under prime cost! Who, while reading these things, can doubt that the wolf has already begun his future operation of dandling the kid, and that the lion and the lambs are lying down together! In short, it is quite evident, that there is little or no vice left in either man or horse, &c.

Preservation of Grain.—M. le Comte Dejean, concluding that an essential precaution for the preservation of grain in qualities, was to prevent air and moisture from having access, has made some experiments with this object in view, and with the most satisfactory results. In 1819, he constructed wooden cases, lined with lead, and which, when filled with grain, properly dried were closed hermetically. At the end of three years, the cases were opened, and the grain found in the most perfect state. M. Saint-Faré Bontemps

who directed the experiments, reported on them, in March 1824; and from his calculation it appears that the expense of a leaden lining to a case capable of holding 33,000 wine gallons, would be, at most, 4,500 francs, and that of a case containing 10,000 hectolitres, or 264,190 wine gallons, about 18,000 francs. As the grain suffers no loss whilst in the case, and requires no laborious attention, the interest of the capital required would be amply compensated by the advantages of the process. We do not doubt but that, in many circumstances, these cases lined with lead, will be found preferable to magazines constructed in the earth the preservation of the grain will assuredly be more certain. M. Dejean's magazines appear, therefore to be a very important acquisition to Agriculture.—Ann. de Chim. XXVI.

College of New-Brunswick.

DESIGNS for a new COLLEGE BUILDING, to be erected in the vicinity of Fredericton, will be received at the Office of the Subscriber in Fredericton, until the first day of June next.—The building to be of the rough Stone of the Country, with Hewn Quoins for the Corners, Windows and Doors: Slated Roof, to project over the Wall—and not to be more than two Stories in height besides the basement story, which is to rise four feet above the surface of the Ground; and the whole to be sufficiently large to afford accommodations for a President, a Vice-President, one or two Professors, Twenty Students, a Seward and Servants; also Rooms for a Chapel, Public Exercises, a Dining Hall, a Library, Philosophical Apparatus, and Lectures—Allowing to the President two handsome Sitting Rooms, and two Bed Rooms, with Kitchen and Servants Rooms, so as to accommodate a Family if necessary. To the Vice-President and Professors four Rooms, that is two Sitting Rooms and two Bed Rooms, planned for the accommodation of single men only, and therefore not necessarily as large as those for the President.—Rooms for the Students to be planned so as to allow one Sitting Room with two Dormitories for two Students, making in the whole, for the Students, ten Sitting Rooms, and twenty Dormitories or Sleeping Rooms, one large Room for the Chapel and Public Exercises, one do. for Philosophical Apparatus and Lectures, and for Dining Hall and Library two Rooms,—making in the whole Forty-two Rooms besides the Basement Story, which must contain the accommodations for the Steward, Servants, Kitchens, Cellars, and other necessary Offices.—The whole to be upon as moderate a scale as will admit of the accommodations above specified, consistent with the necessary convenience and comfort of the inmates thereof—and upon a plan that will allow of future additions without injuring the uniformity of the Building. Those who wish to Contract for the Building, must send in (with their designs) an estimate of the amount for which they will undertake the work.

By order of the Governor and Trustees of the College
GEORGE P. STREET, Clerk.
Fredericton, March 14, 1825.

New and Cheap Brass Foundry, Copper and Lead Manufactory, in the City.

THE New and Cheap Brass Foundry, near the residence of J. R. Partlow, Esq. Charlotte-Street, under the Firm of KNOWLES & HAYWARD, will continue to be the cheapest establishment, from the general encouragement they have received heretofore.—They flatter themselves, from their former experience in Business, zeal, attention, and assiduity in the execution of any orders with which they have been favoured that they shall not be found unworthy of the patronage they have so long enjoyed, and a continuance of which they most respectfully solicit. They will carry on the above business in its various branches.—Rudder Braces, Dove-tails, Rings, Spikes, Nails, &c. of the best quality; Hawse and Scupper Leads, on an improved plan; Deep sea and Island Leads, lead Pipes, &c. Mill and Machine Brasses, warranted lasting to a limited time, as may be agreed upon; Clock-Work, Brass Andirons, and Candlesticks, Ship and Cow Bells, Brass Cocks, of all descriptions; fancy Fanlights, of a durable composition; Brass and Copper Work, repaired at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms.

MARMADUKE KNOWLES,
WILLIAM HAYWARD.

N. B.—The best prices given for old Brass, Copper, Pewter and Lead. March 22, 1825.

TO BE PUBLISHED, OBSTETRICAL OBSERVATIONS

BY
ROBERT BAYARD, M. D. D. C. L.
Formerly Annual Assistant at the Lying-in-Hospital of Edinburgh, and subsequently Lecturer on Midwifery and on the diseases of Women and Children, in New York, &c.
N. B. "Doctor BAYARD has been induced to offer his 'Observations upon Obstetric Practice, from a conviction that many errors have long prevailed in it, and in the management of Diseases incident to Child-bed Women, which although sanctioned by the older Authors, and Practitioners in Midwifery, and perpetuated by prejudice, are nevertheless repugnant to reason, and admit of refutation by later experience, by the established operations of medicine, by the laws of animal economy, and by anatomical facts. But as the sale of a Medical Work would be very limited in this and the adjoining Provinces, Doctor BAYARD has forwarded a prospectus of the contemplated volume to New-York for Subscribers, and when sufficient encouragement is given to indemnify him for the expenses of publication, the Observations, which will engross a full-sized octavo 'will be sent to the press.'"
St. John, March 26, 1825.

JAMES WOOD, BLACKSMITH,

GRATEFUL for the encouragement received in the line of his profession, begs leave to return his unfeigned thanks therefor; and informs his friends and the public in general, that having employed Workmen well acquainted with their business, and having on hand a large assortment of round, flat, and sheet Iron, he will be enabled to execute orders for

Stoves and Stove Pipes;
Edge Tools of all kinds;
Ship and Mill Work;
Large and small Fish Screws;
Locks made and repaired, &c. &c.

on the shortest notice and most reasonable terms for Cash, or approved Credit, at his Shop, near the Mill Bridge. July 3.

Notice.

ALL Persons are cautioned against trespassing on Lots, Nos. 1, 4, and 5, belonging to the Subscriber, at Mace's Bay.
Dec. 21. GEO. ANDERSON.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given, that an Inspection of the Military Allotments on the Saint Andrews Road and Mirimacchi Portage, will take place in the month of June, after which a Grant will be passed, free of expence to the Parties, to all such Military Settlers as shall be found actually settled upon their Lands; and any Disbanded Soldiers who may be desirous of settling on any of those Allotments not already occupied, may obtain location Tickets for that purpose.

By Order of His Excellency the
Lieutenant-Governor.
Fredericton, March 8, 1825.