

POETRY.

THE RAINBOW.

BY T. CAMPBELL.

THE evening was glorious, and light through the trees
Play'd the sunshine and rain-drops, the birds and the
breeze,

The landscape, outstretching in loveliness, lay
On the lap of the year, in the beauty of May.

For the Queen of the Spring, as she pass'd down the
vale,

Left her robe on the trees, and her breath on the gale;
And the smile of her promise gave joy to the hours,
And flush in her footsteps sprang herbage and flowers.
The skies, like a banner in sunset unroll'd,
O'er the west throw her splendour of azure and gold,
But one cloud at a distance rose dense, and increas'd,
Till its margin of black touch'd the zenith, and east.

We gazed on the scenes, while around us they glow'd,
When a vision of beauty appeared on the cloud;—
'Twas not like the Sun, as at mid-day we view,
Nor the Moon, that rolls nightly through star-light
and blue.

Like a spirit, it came in the van of a storm,
And the eye and the heart, hail'd its beautiful form.
For it look'd not severe, like an Angel of Wrath,
But its garment of brightness illum'd its dark path.
In the hues of its grandeur, sublimely it stood,
O'er the river, the village, the field and the wood;
And river, field, village, and woodlands grew bright,
As conscious they gave and afforded delight.

'Twas the Low of Omnipotence; bent in His hand,
Whose grasp at Creation the universe spann'd;
'Twas the presence of God, in a symbol sublime;
His vow from the flood to the exit of time.

Not dreadful, as when in the whirlwind he pleads,
When storms are his chariot, and lightnings his steeds,
The black clouds his banner of vengeance unfurl'd,
And thunder his voice to a guilt-stricken world;—

In the breath of his presence, when thousands expire,
And seas boil with fury, and rocks burn with fire,
And the sword, and the plague-spot, with death strew
the plain,

And vultures, and wolves, are the graves of the slain.
Not such was the Rainbow, that beautiful one!
Whose arch was refraction, its key stone—the Sun;
A pavilion it seem'd which the Deity graced,
And Justice and Mercy met there, and embraced.

Awhile, and it sweetly bent over the gloom,
Like Love o'er a death-couch, or Hope o'er the tomb;
Then left the dark scene; whence it slowly retired,
As Love had just vanished, or Hope had expired.

I gazed not alone on that source of my song—
To all who beheld it, there verses belong;
Its presence to all was the path of the Lord—
Each full heart expanded,—grew warm, and adored.

Like a visit—the converse of friends—or a day,
That bow, from my sight, passed for ever away:
Like that visit, that converse, that day—to my heart,
That bow from remembrance can never depart.

'Tis a picture in memory distinctly defined,
With the strong and unperishing colours of mind
A part of my being beyond my control,
Beheld on the cloud, and transcribed on my soul.

MISCELLANY.

A FEW OF THE MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE.

In your evening walk to be closely followed,
For a quarter of an hour, by a large bull-
dog (without his master), who keeps up a
stified growl, with his muzzle muzzling about
your calf, as if choosing out the fleshiest bite
—no bludgeon.

While you are laughing or talking wildly to
yourself, in walking, suddenly seeing a person
steal close by you, who you are sure must have

heard it all; then, in an agony of shame,
making a wretched attempt to sing, in a voice
as like your talk as possible, in hopes of mak-
ing your hearer think you had been only sing-
ing all the while.

When you have imprudently cooled yourself
with a glass of ice, after dancing very violent-
ly, being immediately told by a medical friend
that you have no chance for your life but by
continuing the exercise with all your might,
then, the state of horror in which you sudden-
ly cry out for "Go to the devil and shake your-
self," or any other such frolicsome tune, and
the heart sinking apprehensions under which
you instantly tear down the dance, and keep
reusing all the rest of the couples (who having
taken no ice, can afford to move with less spir-
it,) incessantly vociferating, as you ramp and
gallop along, "Hands across, sir!" "Set cor-
ners, ladies, if you have any bowels!" "Right
and left—or I'm a dead man!" &c. &c.

After walking in a great hurry to a place,
on very urgent business, by what you think a
shorter cut, and supposing that you are just
arriving at the door you want,—"No Two-
roomers."

Walking through the streets, side by side
with a cart containing a million of iron bars,
which you must outbray, if you can, in order
to make your companion hear a word you
have further to say upon the subject you were
earnestly discussing before you were joined by
this noisy article of commerce.

Slipping your knife su' lenly and violently
from off a bone, its edge first shrieking across
the plate (so as to make you hated by your-
self and the whole company), and then driv-
ing the plate before it, and lodging all its con-
tents—meat, gravy, melted butter, vegetables,
&c. &c.—partly on your own legs, partly on
the cloth, partly on the floor, but principally
in the lap of a charming girl who sits by you,
and to whom you had been diligently endeav-
ouring to recommend yourself.

THE MISERIES OF DEBT.—A most graphic
description of the despotism of creditors, is
given below, from Fraser's London Magazine;
it is entitled 'A Father's Confession.'

"Believe me, my son, that of all kinds of
tyranny by which the spirit of man is bowed
down and crushed, and all his energies, moral
and physical, paralyzed and withered, there is
none so active in its oppression, and so bitter
in its torture, as that which a creditor exer-
cises over his debtor. It is a tyranny which can
even quell the springing elasticity of youth's
sanguine ambition. Observe, too, that its ex-
istence does not merely depend upon the dis-
position or acts of the master. The latter
may be the mildest and most long suffering
man upon earth; and so far from endeavour-
ing roughly to enforce his claims, may even
restrain from asserting them. Still by the very
nature of the relation which subsists between
the parties, is the debtor reduced to the con-
dition of his bondman or serf; the real inten-
sity of the tyranny consists in this—that the
creditor has ever in his service an officious
and indefatigable agent, who acts, not only
without his orders, but often in spite of his
expressed wishes; and that agent is, the mem-
ory of the indebted party. The master may
be willing to give time to his slave—he may
even desire him not to be disquieted by the
apprehensions of his violence; but can the
latter forget the existence of an obligation
that may be forced upon his memory by the
slightest circumstance of the passing moment?
Can he forget, too, that however humane his
present lord may be, his rights and claims
may, after his death, pass to another of an im-
perious and violent temper. Such are some
of the considerations which make the exis-
tence of a debt, without any other aggravat-

ing circumstances, in itself tyranny of the most
loathsome description. The parish pauper,
despicable as his lot may appear, enjoys a high-
er degree of liberty and independence, than
the man who has put it into the power of an-
other to come up and say 'pay me what thou
owest.' Think not that my description is over-
charged. The fool and the profligate would
laugh at the picture which I have displayed to
you—the one owing to his mental infirmity,
not being able to understand true liberty—the
other, from the baseness of his nature, being
dead to the degradation of servitude. But
the man of an ingenuous and sensitive dispo-
sition, will readily allow that there are fetters
for the mind as well as the body; and that in
order to be apprised of a subjection to bon-
dage, it is not necessary that one should hear
the clank of the iron chain.

Another circumstance which tends to make
the debtor's complaint still more intolerable, is,
that in most cases the infliction of it is either
occasioned or expedited by his own weakness
or folly. A weak submission to the imperious
yet trifling mandates of fashion, a vain com-
petition in the race of extravagance with more
wealthy competitors, and a shameful compli-
ance with the suggestions of unhealthy and artifi-
cial appetites: these are some of the principal
causes which, sometimes separately, but more
frequently in close league together, entangle
the young man in the toils of debt."

INEQUALITY OF THE EARTH'S SURFACE.—M.
Argo, the celebrated French astronomer, states
the following remarkable facts. Russia and
Prussia exhibit truly a very extraordinary
geographical phenomenon. In those two
countries is a vast region, where may be found
populous towns, immense commercial establish-
ments and fertile tracts, all of which are si-
tuated much below the level of the ocean. M.
de Humboldt estimates this low country to
contain 18,000 square leagues of land. If no
error has been made in taking the level, the
Caspian Sea, and consequently the city of
Astracan, are one hundred metres, (more than
three hundred feet) below the level of the Black
Sea, or of the ocean. We may add, that even
in the heart of Russia the course of the Volga,
and the countries which this river traverses,
have a depression of fifty metres, or more than
one hundred and sixty feet.—*Nantucket Inq.*

It is a most interesting fact, that the Scotch
peasant who sheltered Prince Charles after
his defeat at Culloden, and when the price of
£30,000 was put upon his head, was afterwards
hanged for stealing a cow!

LACONICS.

"Never be angry with a person for not being
of your opinion; he may as justly be angry
with you for not being of his: besides "the
road is wide and will hold you both."

It is the part of man's wisdom to hear im-
pertinence with patience, and to pity absurd-
ity.

Be open without levity; generous without
waste; secret without craft; humble without
meanness; bold without insolence; regular
yet not formal; mild yet not timid; firm yet
not tyrannical.

We sometimes think we hate flattery, but it
is only the manner of it.

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