

POETRY.

THE HEART.

The heart! the heart!—ah, toll me not
Of woman's tear or woman's sigh;
Nor paint the fair and floating tints
Of the ruby lip and the bright blue eye;
I scorn thee not—but a heart be mine
Whose chords are touch'd by a hand divine.

As echo sighs to melody—
As stars are mirrored in the pool—
Truly the gentle heart and free,
Gives back the bright and beautiful
But chilling falsehood's blighting breath
Is foul as the plagued-charged airs of death!

The tomb is dark, the seas are deep—
And ice-bound waters ever chill—
But the heart where guilty secrets sleep,
Is darker, deeper, colder, still,
And changeful as autumnal skies,
Where darkly frowning storms arise.

The heart! its sympathetic coros
By desolating cares are riven—
It sinks with deepest grief, or soars
On wings of holiness to heaven;
It bleeds with stormy anguish rare,
And wrestles with the fiend despair.

The glories of the Heavens above,
With impious mockery it scorns;
'Tis steeled by Hate, it glows with Love,
With quenchless indignation burns;—
Man measures worlds that roll in space;
Who can the heart's wide courses trace?

How many hearts have ceased to beat,
Or on the earth, or on the wave,
How many parted never to meet?
The beautiful, the kind, the brave,
Have past in silence, one by one,
Like sun-beams from the dial-stone.

Time's countless hurrying moments fail
Rapid and noiseless o'er thy head,
Thy pulses seem to beat the call
And sound the warning of the dead;
But the hour, like billow to the shore,
Comes on when they shall beat no more!

Thou of the rose and lily cheek,
The raven hair and snowy breast,
The dark blue eye and lips that speak
Of tranquil hours and golden rest!
Dream on! and gaze upon the light,
Ere comes the terror of the night!

Father above! our vital breath—
Our love, our life, our all be thine;
Ere yet the voiceless lips of death
Are, bloodless, coldly prest to mine—
Ere life's mysterious fountains start,
Oh! cleanse and purify my heart.

Visor.

MISCELLANY.

From the Boston Gazette, January 1.

Scarcely half a century has elapsed since the United States were just emerging from a cruel and sanguinary war with the parent country, the enfeebling effects of which had not only exhausted her treasures, but reduced her nearly to the lowest ebb of human suffering. From a weary, worn out and impoverished population of about three millions, over-burdened with debt, and unable to pay the small modicum that remained due to her poor heart-broken and mutilated soldiers—from such a small and feeble beginning, we say, to turn our eyes from the incredible metamorphosis that a single half century has produced, is indeed enough to excite our "special wonder." We are now fast ap-

proximating to FIFTEEN MILLIONS of inhabitants—our debts are all paid; not only so, but our law givers are in a sad dilemma to know what shall be done with the surplus revenue!

From thirteen, the original number of States, we have long been twenty-four, and shall soon be twenty-six—and the States themselves have, many of them, increased an hundred fold. From having no commerce at all, because it had been all driven from the ocean or otherwise destroyed, we have swept by that of Holland, Russia, Spain, and France herself, with almost fearful rapidity—till at length we find ourselves, in point of commercial importance, second only to Great Britain, and treading only upon the heels of the self-styled mistress of the ocean. In fact, there is not a mart upon the face of the globe but what is enlivened by our commerce; no sea, however distant, but is whitened with our sails. Our navy, too, our gallant navy, though far too small at present, is fast increasing, having fought itself into the favour of all parties—forming a sort of neutral ground, where opponents, however inveterate in other respects, may meet, and where, we trust, the surplus revenue may find a vent for many years to come. Our principal cities have likewise not only increased with unexampled rapidity in population, but they have acquired a standing for wealth, knowledge, and physical power, which places them in an imposing attitude, even when contrasted with the most powerful nations in Europe. To place this matter however, in a stronger point of view, we have prepared a few statistical items, and invite the attention of our readers to the following table and remarks:

At the present moment, the commencement of 1836, the population of the city of

New York is	269,873
Philadelphia,	200,000
Baltimore,	92,000
Boston,	78,603
New Orleans,	60,000
Charleston,	34,500

And this table will shew the gradual increase:—

	New-York	Philadelphia	Baltimore	Boston	New-Orleans	Charleston
1790	33131	42520	13503	18039	6500	16350
1800	60489	70287	26614	24937	9500	18712
1810	96373	96664	46555	33250	17342	24711
1820	123706	119325	62788	43298	27176	24780
1825	167059	140000	70000	58277	35000	27500
1830	203007	137811	80625	61381	46310	30239
1835	269873	200000	92000	78603	60000	34500

One hundred years ago, the entire population of the above six principal cities in the United States scarcely amounted to 35,000. Fifty-five years after, in 1790, when the first national enumeration was taken, it had increased to 120,780; and at the present time amounts to 635,000

Such indeed has been the wonderful increase of the city of New York within the last 40 or 45 years, that from a population of about 30,000 when it was outranked by more than fifty cities of Europe, it has already, incredible as it may seem, and in less than half a century, acquired a rank and importance that is only exceeded by the following six cities throughout the whole extent of the European Continent:—

London,	1,500,000
Paris,	850,000
Constantinople,	500,000
St. Petersburg,	350,000
Naples,	350,000
Vienna,	300,000
New York being	270,000

has already outranked:—

Dublin	250,000	Venice	150,000
Livorpoo	200,000	Milan	130,000
Manchester	175,000	Prague	110,000
Birmingham	130,000	Moscow	250,000
Edinburgh	150,000	Berlin	250,000
Glasgow	150,000	Amsterdam	200,000
Lyons	140,000	Copenhagen	120,000
Bordeaux	110,000	Palermo	160,000
Marseilles	120,000	Barcelona	150,000
Lisbon	250,000	Madrid	120,000

It must, at the same time, not be forgotten, that most of the above cities of Europe have existed nearly or quite a thousand year, and have only acquired their present rank and importance during the lapse of ages. St. Petersburg, if our memory serves us, is the only one among them that may be considered at all contemporary with our own cities, having entirely grown up within the last century and a half. Philadelphia too, although outranked in some degree by the superior growth of New York, has already taken a proud stand along side, or ahead of many of the oldest cities of Europe, while Baltimore and Boston are fast treading upon the heels of some that a few years since were out of sight ahead of them. New Orleans is also pushing on with rapid strides, and in the "far West" innumerable towns and cities are springing into existence and assuming an importance that twenty or thirty years ago was little thought or dreamed of. Some of them already number 10, 20, 30, nay 40,000 inhabitants, and in the course of every few years, will outstrip many in the old world, whose names have been familiar to us, and our fathers before us, for an hundred years.

Such in fact is the wonderful impulse bestowed upon a free people by a free government.

ON THE HATCHING OF POULTRY.—In the hatching of poultry, as in most other things, Nature is the best guide. The hen and duck, if left to themselves, find some dry, warm, sandy hedge or bank, in which to deposit their eggs, forming their nests of leaves, moss, or dry grass. In this way the warmth is retained when the bird quits the nest for the moments she devotes to her scanty and hurried meal. The good housewife's mode is the reverse of this. She makes a nest, or box, of wood, and fills it with clean long straw. By these means, less heat is generated by the hen, and that which is produced quickly escapes in her occasional absences;—the eggs are chilled and addled, and frequent failures ensue in the expected brood. To obviate this, the best mode is to put at the bottom and sides of the boxes of the henhouse, a sufficient quantity of fine, dry sand, or of coal or wood ashes, lining them with a little well-broken dry grass, or untwisted haybands, or moss, or bruised straw. Wood-ashes have been found to be the best, as they produce the effect of destroying the fleas by which poultry are so much infested; and that this will not be disagreeable to them is evident from the propensity which they have to roll in heaps of dust, or of ashes of any kind. An experienced rearer of poultry adopted the method above described during a long course of years, and scarcely ever met with a disappointment. As this is the season for the incubation of every species of domestic poultry, we have thought the above might be acceptable to many classes of our readers

AGENTS FOR THE BEE.

- Charlottetown, P. E. I.—Mr. DENNIS REDDY.
- Airamichi—Rev. JOHN McCURDY.
- St. John, N. B.—Mr. A. R. TRURO.
- Halifax—Messrs. A. & W. MCKINLAY.
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