

POETRY.

THE LAST DAY.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Hark! from the deep of Heaven, a trumpet sound
Thunders the dizzy universe around;
From north to south, from east to west it rolls,
A blast that summons all created souls;
The dead awaken from their dismal sleep
The sea has heard it; coiling up with dread,
Myriads of mortals from out their bod!
The graves fly open, and, with awful strife,
The dust of ages startle into life!

All who have breathed, or moved, or seen, or felt,
All they around whose cradles kingdoms knelt;
Tyrants and warriors, who were throned in blood;
The great and mean, the glorious and the good,
Are raised from every isle, and land, and tomb
To hear the changeless and eternal doom.

But while the universe is wrapt in fire,
Ere yet the splendid ruin shall expire,
Beneath a canopy of flame behold,
With stary banners at his feet unroll'd,
Earth's Judge, around ecstaphic minstrels throng,
Breathing o'er golden harps celestial song;
While melodies aerial and sublime
Weave a wild death-dirge o'er departing Time.

Imagination! furl thy wings of fire,
And on Eternity's dread brink expire;
Vain would thy red and raging eye behold
Visions of Immortality unroll'd!
The last, the fiery chaos hath begun,
Quench'd is the moon, and blacken'd is the sun!
The stars have bounded through the airy roar;
Crush'd lie the rocks, and mountains are no more;
The deep unbosom'd, with tremendous gloom
Yawns on the rum, like creation's tomb!

And, lo! the living harvest of the Earth,
Reap'd from the grave, to share a second birth;
Millions of eyes, with one deep dreadful stare,
Gaze upward through the burning realms of air;
While shapes, and shrouds, and ghastly features gleam
Like lurid snow-flakes in the moonlight beam.

Upon the flaming earth one farewell glance!
The billows of eternity advance,
No motion, blast, or breeze, or waking sound!
In fiery slumber glares the world around;
Tis o'er; from yonder cloven vault of Heav'n,
Throned on a car by living thunder driven,
Array'd in glory, see, th' Eternal come!
And while the Universe is still and dumb,
And hell o'ershadow'd with terrific gloom,
To immortal myriads deal the judgment doom!
Wing'd on the wind, and warbling hymns of love,
Behold! the blessed soar to realms above:
The cursed, with hell uncover'd to their eye,
Shriek—shriek, and vanish in a whirlwind cry!
Creation shudders with sublime dismay,
And in a blazing tempest whirls away!

[FOR THE BEE.]

Mr. Editor—Sir—I have copied the following lines
from a small volume of Bishop HELLERS' Poems, by
giving them a place in your paper, you will oblige a
subscriber. A.P.M.A.

IMITATION OF AN ODE BY KOODRUT IN
HINDOSTANEE.

Ambition's voice was in my ear, he whispered yester-
day,
"How goodly is the land of Room,* how wide the
Russian sway,
How blest to conquer either realm, and dwell through
life to come
Lulled by the harp's melodious string, checked by the
northern drum."
But wisdom heard, "O youth" she said, "in passion's
letters tied,
O come and see a sight with me, shall cure thee of
thy pride.
She led me to a lonely dell, a sad and shady ground,
Where many an ancient sepulchre, gleamed in the
moonshine round,
"And here Secundert sleeps" she cried, "this is his
rival's stoue,
And here the mighty chief reclines who reared the
Median throne; †
Inquire of these doth aught of all their ancient pomp
remain,
Save late regret and bitter tears for ever and in vain.

* The oriental name of the Turkish empire.

† Alexander the great.

‡ The founder of the Median empire was Ky-Kaous
or Picooes.

Return, return, and in thy heart engraven keep my
lore,

The lesser wealth the lighter load, small blame be-
tides the poor.

[Our Correspondent will please observe, that, al-
though we have inserted his favour, it is not so much
on account of the excellency of the piece, as for the
purpose of stating generally, that we prefer making
our own selections from the ample materials at our
command. Something original from the pen of
'Alpha,' would perhaps be more acceptable.]—Ed.

MISCELLANY.

ANECDOTE OF THE PRESENT KING OF PRUS-
SIA.—Near Potsdam, in the reign of Frederick
the Great, was a mill which interfered with the
view from the windows of Sans Souci. Annoy-
ed by this eye-sore to his favourite residence,
the King sent to inquire the price for which
the mill would be sold by its owner. "For
no price," was the reply of the sturdy Prus-
sian; and in a moment of anger Frederick gave
orders that the mill should be pulled down.
"The King may do this," said the miller,
quietly folding his arms, "but there are laws
in Prussia;" and forthwith he commenced
proceedings against the Monarch, the result of
which was that the court sentenced Frederick
to rebuild the mill, and to pay besides a large
sum of money as compensation for the injury
which he had done. The King was mortified,
but had the magnanimity to say, addressing
himself to his courtiers, "I am glad to find
that just laws and upright judges exist in my
kingdom." The above anecdote is well known
to every reader of Prussian history, but it is
necessary to be related here as an introduction
to that which follows:—About three years ago
the present head of the honest miller's family
(his name is Frank,) who had in due course of
time succeeded to the hereditary possession of
his little estate, finding himself after a long
struggle with losses occasioned by that war
which brought ruin into many a house besides
his own, involved in pecuniary difficulties that
had become insurmountable, wrote to the pre-
sent King of Prussia, reminding him of the
refusal experienced by Frederick the Great at
the hands of his ancestor, and stating that, if
his Majesty now entertained a similar desire
to obtain possession of the property, it would
be very agreeable to him, in his present em-
barrassed circumstances to sell the mill. The
King wrote immediately, with his own hand,
the following reply:—

"My dear Neighbour—I cannot allow you
to sell the mill; it must remain in your pos-
session as long as one member of your family
exists; for it belongs to the history of Prussia.
I lament, however, to hear that you are in
circumstances of embarrassment; and I there-
fore send you \$6,000 (about £1,000 sterling)
to arrange your affairs, in the hope that this
sum will be sufficient for the purpose.

"Consider me always your affectionate neighbour,
FREDERICK WILLIAM."

SIMPLE EXPEDIENT.—In the granite quar-
ries near Seringapatam, the most enormous
blocks are separated from the solid rock by
the following neat and simple process. The
workman having found a portion of the rock
sufficiently extensive, and situated near the
edge of the part already quarried, lays bare
the upper surface & marks on it a line in the di-
rection of the intended separation, along which
a groove is cut. Above this groove a narrow
line of fire is then kindled, and maintained till
the rock below is thoroughly heat'd, immedi-
ately on which a line of men and women, each
provided with a pot full of cold water, sud-
denly sweep off the ashes, and pour the water
into the heated groove, when the rock at once
splits with a clean fracture.

TO PURIFY MUDDY WATER.—Dissolve an
ounce of alum in a pint of warm water, and
stirring it about in a punchon of water just
taken from any river, all the impurities will
soon settle to the bottom, and in a day or two
it will become as clear as the finest spring wa-
ter.

When we read the lives of distinguished
men in any department, we find them almost
always celebrated for the amount of labour
they could perform. Demosthenes, Julius
Cesar, Henry the fourth of France, Lord Bacon,
Sir Isaac Newton, Franklin, Washington,
Nepoleon,—different as they were in their in-
tellectual and moral qualities,—were all re-
nowned as hard-workers. We read how many
days they could support the fatigues of a
march; how early they rose; how late they
watched; how many hours they spent in the
field, in the cabinet, in the court; how many
secretaries they kept employed; in short how
hard they worked.—Everett's Discourse.

A MOTHER'S TEARS.—There is a touching
sweetness in a mother's tears, when they fall
upon the face of her dying babe, which no
eye can behold without imbibing its influence.
Upon such hallowed ground, the foot of profani-
ty dares not encroach. Infidelity itself is si-
lent and forbears its scoffings. And here wo-
man displays not her weakness, but her strength
—it is that strength of attachment which can
never, to its full intensity, realize. It is pe-
rennial, dependent on no climate, no changes;
but alike in storm or sunshine, it knows no
shadow of turning. A father, when he sees
his child going down to the dark valley, will
weep when the shadow of death has fully come
over him, and as the last parting knell falls on
his ears, may say, "I will go down to the
grave for my son mourning; but the hurry of
business draws him away—the tear is wiped
from his eye—and if, when he returns to his
fireside, the vacancy in the family circle re-
minds him of his loss, the succeeding day
blunts the poignancy of his grief, until at length
it finds no permanent seat in his breast. Not
so with her who has borne and nourished the
tender blossom. It lives in the heart where it
was first entwined in the dreaming hours of
night. She sees its playful mirth or hears its
plaintive cries. "She seeks it in the morn-
ing," and "goes to the grave to weep there."

Children should be enured as early as possi-
ble to acts of charity and mercy. Constantine,
as soon as his son could write, employed his
hand in signing pardons, and delighted in con-
veying, through his mouth, all the favours he
granted. A noble introduction to sovereignty,
which is instituted for the happiness of un-
kind.—Jortin.

If you want to make a sober man a drunk-
ard, give him a wife who will scold him every
time he comes home.

If you want to render your husband unhap-
py blame him for everything he does, right or
wrong.

If you wish your sons to become tiplers make
it a point to use ardent spirits in the morning
—before dinner—when cold, wet, heated or
fatigued; and occasionally recommend its use
in their presence.

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