

POETRY.

From the New York Mirror.

HOME AT LAST.

A shivering child, one winter night,
(The snow was deep, and cold the blast,)
Hugging her ragged mother tight,
"Mother!" exclaimed, "we're home at last!"
And as she spoke, poor little one,
A ruinous hut she stood before,
Whence, ever since the morning sun,
They strayed—to beg from door to door.

Yo're home at last! Sad home is this—
All lorn without, all cold within;
The adder here might lurk and hiss,
Her poisonous web the spider spin—
But there's no fire to warm, nor light;
And crevices are yawning wide,
Through which the storm, this freezing night,
May lay you stifflened side by side!

And yet this wayward child had been
By many a gorgeous house—and past
Where mirth and music cheer the scene,
Nor envies—for she's home at last!
Thus may the heart be trained below
To love the cot wherein was cast
Its fate or poverty or wo,
Like hers who cried—"Wo're home at last!"

MISCELLANY.

THE EDITOR.—(BY ONE.)

The Editor is the dupe of Destiny. His lot was knocked down to him a bargain, and it turns out to be a take-in. His land of promise is a moving bog. His bed of roses is a high-backed chair stuffed with thorns. His laurel wreath is a garland of nettles. His honors resolve themselves into a capital hoax; his pleasures are heavy penalties; his pride is the snuff of a candle; his power but volumes of smoke. The Editor is the most ill-starred man alive. He, and he alone—the ten thousand pretenders about town notwithstanding—is indeed the identical martyr commonly talked of as the Most Ill-used individual. He seems to govern opinion, and is in reality the victim of the opinions of others. He incurs more than nine tenths of the risk and responsibility, and reaps less than one tenth of the reward and reputation. The defects of his work are liberally assigned to him—the merits of it are magnanimously imputed to his correspondents. If a bad article appear the Editor is unsparingly condemned; if a brilliant one be inserted, Anonymous carries off the eulogium. The editorial function is supposed to consist "in the substitution of *if it be for if it is*, and the insertion of the word *however* here and there to impede the march of a fine style. Commas and colons are the points he is reputed to make—his niche of fame is merely a parenthesis—he is but a note of admiration to genius! His life is spent in ushering clever people into deserved celebrity; he sits as charioteer, outside the vehicle, in which prodigious talents are driven to immortality. It is his fortune to insert all his contributors in the temple of glory, and to exclude himself for want of space. He is always to 'go in,' but expires unpublished at last. He bestows present popularity on thousands, without securing posthumous renown as his own share. His career in this life is a tale of mystery—to be continued in the next? He is only thought of when things go wrong in the journal. Curiosity then looks out at the corners of its eyes, and with brows and lips pursed up, querulously ejaculates, "Who is he? If, by any chance, praise, instead of censure should be meditated, the wrong man is immediately mentioned. People are only certain of their editor when they, desgu to horse-

whip him.—Is there a bright passage or two in an indifferent article, you may be sure that they are *not* indebted for their push to the editorial pen. Is there a dull phrase or a harsh period in some favorite contribution?—Oh!—the Editor has altered it, or neglected to revise the press! But if the editor is abused for what he inserts, he is twice abused for what he rejects. It is a curious feature of his destiny, that if he strikes out but a single line of an article, whether in verse or prose, that single line is infallibly the crowning beauty of the production. It is not a little odd, that when he declines a paper, that paper is sure to be by far the best thing its author ever wrote. Accepted articles may be bad; rejected ones are invariably good. It is admitted that judgment is the first essential for an editorship, and it is at the same time insisted on, that judgment is exactly the quality which the Editor has not. An author is condemned in a review—he is unspeakably disgusted with the editor.—Week after week, month after month, the said Editor succors the oppressed, raises up the weak, applauds virtue, exalts talent—he pens or promulgates the praises of friends—of their books, pictures, acting, safety-lamps, and steam paddles—but from the catalogue of golden names his own is an eternal absentee. Greater self-denial was not shown by the late Mr Massingham of Drury Lane, who held office in the theatre for nearly forty years without once witnessing play or farce! Being solely responsible, the Editor is compelled not only to review, but even to read new volumes. There is another peculiarity in their condition. Of all the MSS. that comes before him, it is his fate to peruse only those which will least repay their trouble. Observe; a contributor writes nonsense ten times over, the articles are returned—he sends one much better, it is inserted—a third exhibits a striking improvement—a fourth contains touches of genius—a few more papers are written and accepted, and their author has won a character for assured and established excellence of composition. *It is superfluous to read further.* Of so masterly a style, not another specimen need be perused. The Editor can rely upon his Contributor. His productions were read while they were worthless or indifferent, but they are now so admirable, so full of thoughts "that give delight and hurt not," that to inspect any more such MSS. would be clearly a waste of time. May it be so with ours!—*London News Monthly for June.*

THE DOOR LATCH.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A MARRIED MAN.

'Go back and shut the door!' roared I, in a voice of thunder.

'How can you, my dear,' said Julia, with a supplicating glance, 'speak so very loud, when I have just told you that my head is bursting with pain.'

'Because,' said I, 'I can bear it no longer. It is now ten years since we moved into this room, and ten times every day have I been compelled to get up and shut that door after one and another. I have talked—and talked—but it is of no use; the door still stands wide open, and I cannot bear it—No!—and I won't bear it any longer.—I'll sell the house sooner than endure it another week.'

Her tiny white hand was pressed against her throbbing forehead, as I finished the sentence with a glance at her of undissembled sternness, and the mild look of patient suffering and imploring submission with which she returned my angry frown—it cut me to the heart! I could read my own death-warrant at this very hour with less pain than I felt at that moment, as she raised her blue eyes glistening with suppressed tears, and with all the innocence and affliction of an expiring saint, begged me in

the silent eloquence of nature to spare her whom I had promised 'to cherish and love.'

'I have never seen you troubled,' said she. (uncomplaining spirit! there was no emphasis—no! not the *least* on the word *troubled!*) 'I have never seen you troubled at any thing except that door—and gladly would I remedy it, but you know I cannot.—Were a very little filed from the inside of the latch it would shut without difficulty—I should never think of it,' added she after a pause, 'on my own account, but it causes you so much vexation.'

It was true as she had said, that I had felt more anger in consequence of that unfortunate door than all the other untoward events which I had experienced from the time of my marriage. A heavy loss—a sore disappointment—a great calamity, I could endure with composure. The trial required philosophy for its support, and the exercise of philosophy was a gratification to *pride*. But the door latch!—What occurs in could it give for philosophy?—None, it is therefore I let it gull me *to the quick!*—It was, as I observed, so easy to shut it with a little care—such a little thing, if only attended to. 'True,' whispered Philosophy in my ear, 'but such a little thing to make you miserable for an hour every day! for shame, Mr Plowman!' To tell the truth I did begin to feel a little ashamed when I recollected how much unhappiness it had caused not only myself—but through me my dear wife.

'I declare, my dear,' said I, 'that if that door latch had only been filed ten years ago, it would have saved each of us one year of pain before this time!'

Thomas had brought in a file before my speech was finished, and in a few moments the door shut as easily and firmly as ever a door did. I swung it on its hinges a few times with an air of triumph, and I verily believe that the work of that single moment conferred more happiness on Julia as well as myself, than all his blood bought triumphs ever yielded to the conqueror.

'The root of bitterness,' said I, 'is removed at last, and I can only wonder at my stupidity in not thinking of this simple remedy before—but Heaven forgive me! I had entirely forgotten your headache: the sound of that file must have been torture to you!'

She smiled sweetly, as she leaned her head on my shoulder, declaring—though her forehead burnt my hand, and the blood was ringing through her veins, that it was 'quite cured, since the door shut so easily.' Uncomplaining, devoted, self-sacrificing treasure of my heart! How could I do less than clasp her to my bosom and swear to cherish her with tenfold care, and pray—while I kissed away the tear from her eye, that my own cruel thoughtlessness might never fill its place with another.

REMARKABLE DISCOVERY.—The Hon. R. H. Wild, of Georgia, furnishes a Southern Med. Journal with an account of a discovery made by Signor Segato, of Italy. It consists in putrefying or converting into stone the various parts of the human system. An American lady wrote to her friends, that having undergone the operation of the lancet, she sent a bowl of the fluid to Segato to have it putrefied, and would forward it to them cut into rings!

AGENTS FOR THE BEE.

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