

POETRY.

THE CONSOLATION.

NIGHT turns to day when sullen darkness lowers,
And heaven and earth are hid from sight;
Cheer up, cheer up, ere long the opening flowers,
With dewy eyes shall shine in light'

Winter wakes spring, when icy blasts are blowing
O'er frozen lakes, through naked trees;
Cheer up, cheer up, all beautiful and glowing,
May floats in fragrance on the breeze.

Storms die in calms, when over land and ocean
Rolls the loud chariot of the wind;
Cheer up, cheer up, the voice of wild commotion
Proclaims tranquility behind.

War ends in peace, though dread artillery rattle,
And ghastly corpses load the ground;
Cheer up, cheer up, where groaned the field of battle,
The corn shall deck the peaceful ground.

Toil brings repose; with noontide fervours boating,
When droop thy temples o'er thy breast,
Cheer up, cheer up, grey twilight cool and flowing,
Wafers on its wing the hour of rest.

Death springs to life, though sad and brief thy story,
Thy years all spent in grief and gloom;
Look up, look up, eternity and glory
Dawn through the shadows of the tomb.

MISCELLANY.

PHENOMENA OF DREAMS.

The bodily functions are in part suspended during sleep; that is those which depend upon volition. The senses, however, retain a portion of their acuteness; and those of touch and hearing, especially may be affected without awakening the sleeper. The consequence of the cessation which takes place of all communication of ideas through the senses, is that the action of the mind, and above all, of those powers connected with the imagination, becomes much more vigorous and uninterrupted. This is shown in two ways—first, by the celerity with which any impression upon the senses, strong enough to be felt without awakening is caught up and made the groundwork of a new train of ideas, the mind instantly accommodating itself to the suggestions of the impression, and making all its thoughts chime in with that; and secondly, by the prodigious long suggestions of images that pass through the mind with perfect distinctness and liveliness in an instant of time.

The facts upon this subject are numerous, and of undemable certainty, because of daily occurrence. Every one knows the effect of a bottle of hot water applied during sleep to the soles of the feet; you instantly dream of walking over hot mould, or ashes of a stream of lava, or having your feet burnt by coming too near the fire. But the effect of falling asleep in a stream of cold air, as in an open carriage, varies this experiment in a very interesting, and indeed instructive manner. You will instantly dream that the wind begins to blow—of being upon some exposed point, and anxious for shelter, but unable to reach it—then you are on the deck of a ship, suffering from the gale—you run behind a sail for shelter, and the wind changes so that it still blows upon you,—you are driven to the cabin, but the ladder is removed or the door locked. Presently you are on shore, in a house with all the windows open, endeavouring to shut them in vain; or, seeing a smith's forge, you are attracted by its fire, and suddenly a hundred bellows play upon it and extinguish it in an instant, but fill the whole smithy with their blast, till you are as cold as upon the road. If you from time to time awake, the moment you

fall asleep again, the same course of dreaming succeeds in the greatest variety of changes that can be rung on our own thoughts.

But the rapidity of these changes, and of the succession of ideas, cannot be ascertained by this experiment; it is most satisfactorily proved by another: let any one who is extremely overpowered by drowsiness—as after sitting up all night and sleeping none the next day—lie down to dictate; he will find himself suddenly falling to sleep after uttering a few words, and he will be awakened by the person who writes repeating the last words, to show that he has written the whole; not above five or six seconds may elapse, and the sleeper will find it at first quite impossible to believe that he has not been asleep for hours, and will chide his amanuensis for having fallen asleep over his words—so great, apparently, has been the length of the dream which he has dreamed, extending through half a life. This experiment is easily tried; again and again the sleeper will find his endless dream renewed; and he will always be able to tell in how short a time he must have performed it. For, suppose eight or ten seconds required to write the four or five words dictated, sleep could hardly begin in less than four or five seconds after the effort of pronouncing the sentence; so that at the utmost not more than four or five seconds can have been spent in sleep. But indeed, the greater probability is, that not above a single second can have been so passed; for a writer can easily finish two words in a second; and suppose he has to write four, and half the time is consumed in falling asleep, one second only is the duration of a dream, which yet seems to last for years, so numerous are the images that compose it.—Lord Brougham's discourse on Natural Theology.

Curious Discovery.—There is a strange account in the papers of a discovery alleged to have been recently made in France, which may occasion a deal of trouble in various quarters. It appears that a chemical preparation has been discovered, by means of which writings performed with any other material than Indian ink, may be effaced in such a manner as to defy any risk of detection. This bleaching substance is supposed to be the deutoxide of nitrogen; and some startling details of its effects are given. A passport was recently obtained from an office in France, and all the words descriptive of the individual were effaced by the liquid. The experimenter then carried the paper to Mr Gisquet, the superintendent of police, and asked him how any of his people could venture to give away a passport ready signed but not filled up! the Minister was horror-struck, and the greatest confusion prevailed in the office, till the trick was revealed. A similar trick was played off upon a banker who doubted the effects of the preparation. The number on one of his notes was effaced and replaced by a larger sum, which his cashier paid without hesitation. The discoverer says that he has a kind of paper which he names *papier de sûreté*, which every one must use who wishes to avoid such risks as these. It is said that the stamp office in France has suffered severely by the practice of washing old stamps with this preparation, and using them over and over again.

DISCONTENT.—How universal is it! We never yet knew the man who would say, "I am contented." Go where you will, among the rich and the poor, the man of competence or the man who earns his bread by the sweat of the brow, you hear the sound of murmuring and the voice of complaint. The other day we stood by a cooper, who was playing a merry tune with his adze around a cask—"ah" sighed he, "mine is a hard lot—forever trotting

round and round like a dog, driving away at a hoop." "Higo," sighed a blacksmith, in one of the late hot days, as he wiped the drops of perspiration from his brow, while the red hot iron glowed on his anvil—"this is life with a vengeance! melting and frying one's self over a burning fire." "Oh that I were a carpenter," ejaculated a shoemaker, as he bent over his lap-stone, "here am I, day after day, wearing my soul away in making soles for others, cooped up in this little 7 by 9 room—hedge!" "I am sick of this out door work," exclaims the carpenter, "broiling under a sweltering sun, or exposed to the inclemencies of the weather—if I were only a tailor!" "This is too bad petulantly cries the tailor, "to be compelled to sit perched up here, plying my needle all the time—would that mine were a more active life." "Last day of grace—banks won't discount—customers won't pay, what shall I do!" grumbles the merchant, "I had rather be a truck horse— a dog— any thing!" "Happy fellows," groans the lawyer, as he scratches his head over some perplexing case, or pores over some dry, musty record—"happy fellows! I had rather hammer stone, than cudgel my brains on this tedious vexatious question."

And so through all the ramifications of society—all are complaining of their conditions—finding fault with their peculiar calling. If I were only this, that, or the other, I should be content, is the universal cry—any thing but what I am. So wags the world, so it has wagged, and so it will wag.

We have no idea of writing a sermon upon the subject—all the preaching in the world would not persuade men out of their habit of grumbling. Like food it is necessary to their existence—they must grumble or die. Were we called upon for a definition of man, we should say, *Man is a grumbling animal*. Paley says he is a bundle of habits. We opine that grumbling is the greatest stick in the bundle. Only think of a man going through the world without a murmur—without a sigh—satisfied with his allotment—the weather—the times—his food—his clothing, and invulnerable to the few thousand little et ceteras which go to bother a man's soul out,—only think of it! But the age of miracles has gone by.

The printed surface of the London Atlas is upwards of forty square feet, and it is printed, on both sides at once. The demand for the first of its enlarged numbers was so great, that the press was kept open, day and night for three weeks. The pressure and tumult were such at the office, that policemen were continually employed. The newsmen immediately sold their copies, just outside of the door, for half a crown each, and they were preserved as curiosities in the museums, universities, &c.

A very useful little volume on etiquette says, "If you meet a lady of your acquaintance in the street it is her part to notice you first, unless indeed, you be very intimate. The reason is, if you bow to a lady first, she may not choose to acknowledge you; and there is no remedy; but if she bow to you—you as a gentleman cannot cut her."

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