

POETRY.

ASPIRATION.

O for the thoughts, which unexpress'd
Awake and die within the breast:
The four winds of feeling stirred,
The music of the soul, unheard.

O! for the flowers which die unseen,
Where never human foot has been:
In stony cave, and woodland gloom,
With angel-purity that bloom.

O! for some isle far in the sea,
From turmoil of all traffic free:
Where never keel has touched the sand,
Some breezy, bloomy summer land.

My spirit pines to dwell apart;
To live alone for mind and heart:
To feel and think—but not the less
To love, and beautify, and bless.

O! to be something more than fair:
More than the secret and the rare.
To be, what God's own creature should,
Sweet fountain of perpetual good!

MISCELLANY.

ON BEING IN DEBT.—To be out of debt is accounted a part of happiness. Debt haunts the mind, a conversation about justice troubles it; the sight of a creditor fills it with confusion; even the sanctuary is not a place of refuge. The borrower is servant to the lender. A life at another man's table is not to be accounted for a life. It is mean to flatter the rich. It is humiliating to be the object of pity. To be the slave of unattainable desires is to be despicable and wretched. Independence, so essential to the virtues and pleasure of a man—independance can only be maintained by setting bounds to your desires, and owing no man anything. A habit of boundless expense undermines and destroys the virtues in a mind where they seemed to dwell. It becomes difficult, and at least impossible to pay punctually.

When a man of sensibility thinks of the low rate at which his word must henceforth pass, he is little in his own eyes; but difficulties prompt him to wrong his creditors without a blush. How desolate and woeful does the mind appear, now that the fence of truth is broken down! Friendship is next dissolved.

He felt it once; he now insinuates himself by means of sentiments and professions which were once there. He seizes the moment of unsuspected affection to ensure the friends of his youth, horrowing money which he will never pay, binding them for debts which they must hereafter answer. At this rate he sells the virtuous pleasures of loving and being loved. He swallows up the provisions of aged parents, and the portion of sisters and brethren. The loss of truth is followed by the loss of humanity. His calls are still importunate, he proceeds to fraud, and walks on precipices. Ingenuity, which in a better cause might have immortalized his name, is exerted to evade the law, to deceive the world, to cover poverty with the appearance of wealth—to sow, unobserved, the seeds of fraud.—*Dr. Chalmers.*

AN INTELLIGIBLE HINT.—Thimblebrig got the blind side of the planter, and every thing to outward appearances went on swimmingly, but suddenly he discontinued his visits at the planter's house. His friends enquired of him the meaning of this abrupt termination of his devotions. "I have been treated with disrespect," replied the worthy, indignantly. "In what way?" "My visits, it seems, are not

altogether agreeable." "But how have you ascertained that?" "I received a hint to that effect; and I can take a hint as soon as another." "A hint! and have you allowed a hint to drive you from the pursuit? For shame, go back again." "No, no, never! a hint is sufficient for a man of my gentlemanly feelings. I asked the old man for his daughter."—"Well, what followed? what did he say?" "Did'nt say a word." "Silence gives consent all the world over." "So I thought I then told him to fix the day." "Well, what then?" "Why then he kicked me down stairs, and ordered his servants to pump water upon me. That's hint enough for me."—*Colonel Crockett.*

IRISH WIT.—The answer of one of the officers of the British brigade to the French King after an action, was long a source of amusement in France, and is still on record as an instance of the pregnant *bisquerie* of the sons of St. Patrick. The King in portioning out his royal praise, observed that one of the regiments had behaved with great gallantry, "as was evident from the number of its wounded." "Yes, your Majesty," said the impatient and gallant Major, jealous for the honour of his own battalion, "they behaved well; but I may take leave to say, we behaved better; they might have many wounded, and no blame to them, but we were all killed."

INTELLECTUAL PROGRESS IN INFANCY.—If we examine the ways of an infant, we shall cease to wonder at those of an infant civilization. Long before we can engage the curiosity of the child in the History of England—long before we can induce him to listen with pleasure to our stories of seven of Poitiers and Cressy—and (*a fortiori*) long before he can be taught an interest in Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights, he will, of his own accord, question us of the phenomena of Nature— inquire how he himself came into the world—delight to learn something of the God we tell him to adore—and find in the rainbow and the thunder, in the meteor and the star, a thousand subjects of eager curiosity and reverent wonder. The *why* perpetually torments him; every child is born a philosopher;—the child is the analogy of a people yet in childhood.—*Bulwer.*

"There is a certain hostelry, inn, pot-house, tavern or hotel—for we are not certain which is its proper designation—about a mile beyond Westminster bridge, called the Elephant and Castle, at which fifteen hundred coaches and other vehicles 'pull up' every day. There is one brewery in London to which a rise or fall in the price of beer of one half-penny a pot, makes a difference of forty thousand pounds a-year."

HARD TIMES.—The Eastern girls complain that the young men are so poor down there that they can't even pay their addresses!—*Boston Morning Post.*

KEEPSAKES.—Few things in this weary world are so delightful as keepsakes. Nor do they ever to my heart, at least, nor to my eye, lose their tender, their powerful charms. How slight, how tiny a memorial saves a beloved one from oblivion; worn on the finger, or close to the heart, especially if such loved one be dead. No thought is so insupportable as that of entire, total, blank forgetfulness, when the creature that once laughed and sung, and wept with us close to our side in our arms, as if her kisses, had never been. She and them are swallowed up in the dark nothingness of the dust.

In a village in Picardy, after a long sickness, a farmer's wife fell into a lethargy. Her hus-

band was a willing, good man, to believe her out of pain; and so, according to the custom of the country, wrapped in a sheet, and carried out to be buried. But, as ill luck would have it, the bearers carried her so near a hedge, that the thorns pierced the sheet, and waked the woman from her trance. Some years after she died in reality and, as the funeral passed along, the husband would every now and then call out, 'Not too near the hedge, not too near the hedge, neighbors!'

PROFESSION OF THE LAW.—Dr. Priestly says. "The profession of law, I cannot help considering as much inferior to those of theology and medicine, especially with respect to the principles of the mind. This profession has no particular connection with any branch of philosophical science, and when taken in its utmost extent, requires hardly any other knowledge besides the history of one particular country; and the habit of pleading, indifferently, for or against *right*, must be necessarily hurtful to the mind, and tend to make it indifferent to truth and right in general; just as the practice of acting and assuming any character. And when this indifference to truth and right is produced, the accomplished lawyer becomes a most dangerous member of society—his talents are at the pleasure of all who will pay the lure of them, and especially of kings and courts, whose views are unfavourable to people at large; who have seldom been able to succeed in their iniquitous design without some assistance of this kind, as well as that of a military force."

The following story is from the Charleston Courier. It belongs to a class which we should distinguish by the appellation of *Tough Yarns*. Truth, however, is said to be stranger than fiction, and this may be one of the facts intended to prove the assertion.

MOST WONDERFUL ESCAPE.—Some extraordinary escapes which have recently taken place, have brought my memory to a recollection of an incident told me some time ago, by a gentleman who was an eyewitness to the circumstance. He relates it thus—That while on his passage from London to Rotterdam, he among some other of the passengers, discovered an object at a considerable distance, which had his snakeship ever been seen in quarter, might have been taken for the great Nahant Sea Serpent; but on nearing it, it was discovered to be a cask and much to their astonishment, every now and then they would see the head, or top, fly off and on. This astonished the Captain so much, that he up helm and ran close aboard, when lo and behold, he was hailed from a man in a ship's harness cask; but every moment or two, he would draw his safeguard (the lid) over him, so as to prevent the sea from entering his frail tub. He was ultimately picked up, and stated he was the only survivor from a ship bound from Jamaica to London and while she was sinking he resorted to the harness cask, in which he placed himself, and soon found he was buffeting with the waves and on an even keel, having 50 pounds of salt beef on board, as ballast. He was in this situation for 15 hours, when by the will of Providence, he was thus discovered, and relieved from his perilous situation.—*An old Salt.*

AGENTS

FOR THE BEE.

Charlottetown, P. E. I.—Mr. DENNIS REDDEN
Miramichi—Mr. H. C. D. CARMAN.
St. John, N. B.—Mr. A. R. TRURO.
Halifax—Messrs. A. & W. MCKINLAY.
Truro—Mr. CHARLES BLANCHARD.
Antigonish—Mr. ROBERT PURVIS.
Guysboro'—ROBERT HARTSHORNE, Esq.
Tatmougouche—Mr. WILLIAM MCCONNELL.
Wallace—DANIEL MCFARLANE, Esq.