

THE AUTUMN EVENING.

Behold the western evening light!

It melts in deepening gloom;
So calmly Christians sink away,
Descending to the tomb.

The winds breathe low; the withering leaf
Scarce whispers from the tree;
So gently flows the parting breath,
When good men cease to be.

How beautiful on all the hills
The crimson light is shed!
'Tis like the peace the Christian gives
To mourners round his bed.

How mildly on the wandering cloud
The sunset beam is cast!
'Tis like the memory left behind
When loved ones breathe their last.

And now, above the dews of night,
The yellow star appears;
So faith springs in the heart of those
Whose eyes are bathed in tears.

But soon the morning's happier light
Its glory shall restore,
And eyelids that are sealed in death
Shall wake to close no more.

MISCELLANY.

TAILORS.

What profession in civilized life is most important? Unquestionably that of a tailor. What class of men most contribute to our comfort and happiness? Tailors again. Who bestow serenity of mind, ease of body, and the most extatic self-satisfaction? Tailors, most indubitably. Who secure us from the contempt of our superiors—the commiseration of our equals, and the ridicule of those below us? Tailors, beyond a question. Who furnish us with the only essential requisite for gentility, the only necessary passports to the best society—the only means of captivating the fair? Should we ask such questions forever, the only response would still be *tailors*.

A man's tailor is his only indispensable. Education compared with him is of no importance—its want is never seen or felt—or rather the man who has a good tailor and knows how to wear a fashionable coat, possesses the only science necessary, to enable him to shine in the *beau monde*, the only world worth living in.

Without tailors, the world would be a den of savages—without tailors, men would be little better than Orang-Outangs. Every thing valuable in life has been brought about by the magic of a tailor's yard stick. What, without tailors, would be statesmen, philosophers, orators, poets, warriors, and all that ever shone in the halls of learning and legislation? Where but for tailors would be the whole structure of society? Where the intercourse which constitutes its value?

It is the tailor's needle which has stitched society together—his goose that has pressed it to its present perfection of form and swiftness! Let tailors be banished, and it would fall to pieces as fast as the garments of their making—coats and characters would grow ragged together, the rents of our clothing would but shadow forth the tearing asunder of social relations, and our moral habits would degenerate with those which enveloped our persons!

Would you destroy a man's principles? take away his wardrobe. Would you corrupt his mind? oblige him to wear shabby garments. Would you render him completely despicable? first render him completely ragged.

To lose his credit with the whole world, a man has but to lose it with his tailor!

To dress elegantly is a moral duty—perhaps we ought to say *the* moral duty, for, by its performance, a man is fitted to perform every other.

Our individual happiness demands that we make the most of tailors. A good dress insures a good address. A good dress gives unbounded confidence in one's self, than which, no quality is more necessary to success in life. It gives buoyancy to the feelings, elasticity to the step, and grace and dignity to the whole manner.

When well dressed, we look around with pride, and are looked upon with pleasure.

The bright eye of beauty beams benignantly on the workmanship of a fashionable tailor, and nods and smiles, and the warm grasp of friendship greet the wearer of garments of exquisite form and texture.

Tailors are the most useful of men, and next to those to whom we owe our existence, should we respect and honour those who make us what we were intended to be, the ornaments of society. Every gentleman considers a tailor's bill a debt of honour.

ELECTIONEERING ANECDOTE.—'Well, Sam,' said Mr. Pickwick, as his valet appeared at his bed-room door, just as he was concluding his toilet; 'all alive to-day, I suppose?' 'Reg'lar game, Sir,' replied Mr. Weller; 'our people's a collecting down at the Town-Arms, and they're a hollering themselves hoarse already.' 'Ah,' said Mr. Pickwick, 'do they seem devoted to the party, Sam?' 'Never see such devotion in my life, Sir.' 'Energetic,' said Mr. Pickwick, 'eh?' 'Uncommon,' replied Sam—'I never see men eat and drink so much afore. I wonder they aint afeerd o' bustin.' 'That's the mistaken kindness of the gentry here,' said Mr. Pickwick. 'Werry likely,' replied Sam, briefly. 'Fine fresh, hearty fellows, they seem,' said Mr. Pickwick, glancing from the window. 'Werry fresh,' replied Sam; 'me and the two waiters at the Peacock, has been pumpin over the independent voters as supped there last night.' 'Pumping over the independent voters!' exclaimed Mr. Pickwick. 'Yes,' said his attendant, 'every man slept vere he fell down; we dragged them out one by one, this mornin' and put 'em under the pump, and they are in a reg'lar fine order now; shilin' a head, the Committee paid for that 'ere job.' 'Can such things be!' exclaimed the astonished Mr. Pickwick. 'Lord bless your heart, Sir,' said Sam, 'why, vere you ever baptized?—that's nothin', that an't.'—'Nothing!' said Mr. Pickwick. 'Nothin' at all, Sir,' replied his attendant. 'The night afore the last day o' the election here, the opposite party bribed the bar maid at the Town Arms, to hocus the brandy and water of fourteen unpoll'd electors as was stoppin' in the house.' 'What do you mean by hocussing the brandy and water?' inquired Mr. Pickwick. 'Puttin' lau'num in it,' replied Sam; 'blessed if she didn't send 'em all to sleep till twelve hours arter the election was over. They took one man up to the booth in a truck, fast asleep, by way of experiment, but it was not go—they would'nt poll him; so they brought him back and put him to bed again.—*Memoirs of the Pickwick Club*.

CURIOS WAGER.—In a last year's number of Blackwood's Magazine it is stated, that for a wager, an individual stood upon Westminster Bridge from morning till night, with a box full of real golden sovereigns exposed for sale, at a penny a piece, and did not sell ten during the whole day, and these few were bought as counterfeits. Suspicion is ever ready to mar good fortune, and whispers in the ear of every passer by, 'all is not gold that glitters.'—Hence, a golden sovereign taken for a Birmingham button.—*Boston Post*.

CURIOS FACT.—*Effect of cold on an Animal*—The Lemming is the smallest of the Polar quadrupeds; and strange to say, it has been found in the highest latitude that has yet been attained. Even on the ice of the Polar Ocean to the northward of the 82d deg. latitude, the skeleton of one was seen. It is easily tamed and fond of being caressed. One that had been but a few days confined, escaped during the night, and was found next morning on the ice alongside the ship. On putting down it in a cage, which it recognized in the servant's hand it immediately went in. It lived for seven months in the cabin, but finding that unlike what occurred to our tame hares under similar circumstances, it retained its summer fur, I was induced to try the effect of exposing, for a short time to the winter temperature. I was accordingly placed on deck in a cage, on the first of February; and next morning, after having been exposed to a temperature 30 deg below zero, the fur on the cheeks and a patch on each shoulder had become perfectly white. On the following day, the patches on each shoulder had extended considerably, and on the posterior part of the body and flanks had turned a dirty white. During the next few days, the change continued but slowly, and at the end of a week it was entirely white, with the exception of a dark band across the shoulders prolonged posteriorly down to the middle of the back, forming a kind of saddle where the color of the fur had not changed to the slightest degree. The thermometer continued 30 and 40 deg. below zero until the 18th without producing any further change, when the poor little sufferer perished from the severity of the cold. On examining the skin, it appeared that all the white parts of the fur were longer than the unchanged portion, so that the ends of the fur only were white, so far as they exceeded in length the dark colour of the fur, and by removing these white tips with a pair of scissors, it again appeared in its summer dress but slightly changed in color, as precisely the same length as before the experiment.—*Ross's Voyage*.

The law of England is famed for its "great uncertainty"—that is, for leaving many dry loop-holes through which rogues may lawfully escape. Until a short time since if a woman's name were Anne Hayes, and she were indicted as Ann, (minus the final she was, forthwith, entitled to a verdict of 'not guilty,' aye, though before trial, she had confessed her guilt. At Cambridge assizes last week, two fellows tried for sheep-stealing were acquitted, by direction of the judge, because the animals were hoggerels (2 years old and not mentioned in the Statute! This may be *law*, but is it *justice*?

CHEWING TOBACCO.—This is a most abominable, filthy, dirty, blackguard, ungentlemanly wicked, unprincipled, felonious practice. Spitting and chewing, chewing and spitting—without qualification, a most impious reversal of the order of nature—converting the lips, the pearly teeth, the divinely cloaked mouth, into what we shall not name, but every man of taste can turn away his head and imagine. Oh, that I had the power making laws for one day! I would make tobacco chewing felony, without benefit of clergy—and exclude the felon's very remains from Christian burial.—*New York Herald*.

AGENTS FOR THE BEE.

Charlottetown, P. E. I.—MR. DENNIS REED
Miramichi—Rev. JOHN McCURDY.
St. John, N. B.—MR. A. R. TRURO.
Halifax—Messrs. A. & W. McKINLAY.
Truro—MR. CHARLES BLANCHARD.
Antigonish—MR. ROBERT PURVIS.
Guysboro'—ROBERT HARTSHORN, Esq.
Tatmagouche—MR. JAMES CAMPBELL.
Wallace—DANIEL McFARLANE, Esq.
Arichat—JOHN S. BALLAINE, Esq.