

POETRY.

THE CHARACTER OF LORD BYRON.

BY ROBERT POPLICK.

A man of rank, and of capacious soul,
Who riches had and fame, beyond desire,
An hour of flattery, to titles born,
And reputation and luxurious life.
Yet, not content with occasional name,
Or to be known because his fathers were,
He, on this height hereditary, stood,
And, gazing higher, purpos'd in his heart
To take another step. Above him seem'd
Along the mount of song, too lofty seat
Of canonized bards; and thitherward,
By nature taught, and inward melody,
In praise of youth, he bent his eagle eye.
No cost was spared. What books he wish'd he read:
What sage to hear, he heard; what scenes to see,
He saw. And first, in rambling school-boy days,
Britannia's mountain-waters, and health-girt lake,
And story-telling gleams, and fountains and groves,
And meads, as dew-drops, sport, and I feel, his soul
With grandeur fill'd, and melody and love.
Then travel came, and took him where he wish'd.
He cities saw, and courts, and princely pomp;
And mus'd alone, on ancient mountain brows;
And mus'd on battle fields, where valour fought
In other days; and mus'd on ruins gray
With years; and drank from old and fabulous wells;
And pluck'd the vine that firstborn prophets pluck'd;
And mus'd on famous tombs, and on the wave
Of ocean mus'd, and on the desert waste.
The heavens and earth of every country saw,
Where'er the old map rang his name dwell,
Aught that could rouse, expand, refine the soul,
Thither he went and meditated there.
He touch'd his harp, and nations heard entranced;
As some vast river of unending source,
Rapid, exhaustless, deep, his numbers flow'd,
And open'd new fountains in the human heart.
Where fancy halted, worry in her flight,
In other men, his, fresh as morning, rose,
And soar'd untrod den heights, and seem'd at home
Where angels bask'd in love. Others, though great,
Beneath their arduous seem'd struggling wheels,
He, from above descending, stoop'd to touch
The loftiest thought; and proudly stoop'd as though
It scarce deserv'd his verse.

Great man! the nations gaz'd, and wonder'd much,
And praised; and many call'd his evil good;
Wits wrote in favour of his wickedness;
And kings to do him honour took delight.
Toss'd, full of tales, flattery, honour, fame,
Beyond desire, beyond attachment, full,
He died. He died of what—of wretchedness.
Drank every cup of joy, heard every trumpet
Of fame, drank early, deeply drank, drank draughts
Of thirst, because there was no more to drink.
His goddess, Nature, woo'd, embraced, enjoy'd,
Fell from his arms abhor'd; his passions died;
Died all but dreary solitary pride;
And all his sympathies in being, died.
As some ill-gouled bark well built and tall,
Which angry tides cast out on desert shore,
And then rotting, left it there to rot
And moulder in the winds and rains of heaven,
So he, cut from the sympathies of life,
And cast ashore from Pleasure's hoisterous surge,
A wandering, weary, worn, and wretched thing,
A scor'd and arid, and desolate, and blasted soul,
A gloomy wilderness of dying thought,—
Repined, and groan'd, and wather'd from the earth.
His groanings fill'd the land, his numbers fill'd;
And yet he seem'd astounded to groan. Poor man!
Ashamed to ask, and yet he needed help.
Proof this, beyond all lingering of doubt,
That not with natural or mental wealth
Was God delighted or his peace secured;
That not in natural or mental wealth
Was human happiness or grandeur found.
Attempt how glorious, and how surely vain!
With things of earthly sort, with aught but God,
With aught but moral excellence, truth and love,
To satisfy and fill the immortal soul.
Attempt, vain inconceivably! attempt
To satisfy the Ocean with a drop,
To marry Immortality to Death,
And with the unsubstantial shade of Time,
To fill the embrace of all Eternity!

T I M E .

Time was, is past; thou canst not it recall:
Time is, thou hast, employ the portion small.
Time future is not; and may never be.
Time present is the only time for thee.

MISCELLANY.

DOMESTIC CONCERNS.—In the management of domestic concerns order and method should be observed, and all hurry and confusion ought to be carefully avoided. If we would begin at the right end of the thing, it must be in the morning of life—this is an essential point.

Sleep should never be considered as a luxury, but only as a necessary refreshment to invigorate the body and prepare it for further exertions. Therefore, the propriety and advantage of early rising should be, by example and precept, fixed on the youthful mind.

When these ideas are fixed, and the practice of them becomes habitual, business may be pursued without anxiety, and scolding and hurrying, which tends to irritate the temper, avoided. By pursuing this method, the numerous cares in a farmer's family are rendered easy and agreeable, and to a woman who has been properly instructed, and who has a knowledge of her own concerns, it is a source of peculiar satisfaction to know that what she requires of her domestics, is consistent with the obligations they are under to her.

The mistress who treats them with mildness and suitable attention, is generally much better served, than she who treats them with harshness and severity. Their love and attachment create a desire to please, and these mutual interests contribute very much to the quietude and happiness of all around.

By this mode of procedure there is much time for literary pursuits, which are highly important.

It is from the mother, that the early education of children is mostly received. It is the example at home that will educate them; your conversation, the business they see you transact, the likings and dislikings they hear you express: these will educate them, employ what teachers we may. The influence at home will have the mightiest influence in education.

Schoolmasters may cultivate the intellect, but things done and said at home are busy agents in forming the character, hence the importance of our families being well regulated; and if a mother would faithfully perform her duty to her offspring, she must be willing to make many sacrifices. The comfort and improvement of her family must be her principal object. Social visiting and virtuous intercourse with those we love, are some of the greatest comforts of life, yet even these must be under such restrictions that nothing may suffer by her absence.

While her children are young, and their minds susceptible of suitable impressions, she should sow the seeds of virtue, benevolence, and all those amiable qualities that will, in ripper years, render them honorable and dignified in their pursuits, respectable and useful members of the community, and virtuous and exemplary heads of families.

A COUNTRY TOWN.—A country town is awake only once a-week and that is on market-day. Pass through it at any other time, and you see indeed the shops open, and the houses open, and the people, some of them, walking about with their eyes open; but the shops, and the houses, and the people, are all asleep. The few that you see walking about look as if they knew not whither they are going; what they are doing; or why they are out of doors. The shops are as cold and as still as pictures. You see all manner of things in the windows, which seem as if they had been in the same state ever since the flood, for some of the goods are old-fashioned enough to have come out of Noah's ark, and you see the shopkeeper standing at his door, not looking for customers, for that would be a vain and hopeless employment, but merely gaping for something to fill his vacant eyes with; and should a neighbour happen to

be sauntering by, he stops for a bit of chat; so these two, propping their backs against the wall, and thrusting their hands into their breeches pockets talk for a while about things in general, and when they are tired they part; the loungers crawl down the street, seeking for somebody else to gossip with, and the shopkeeper goes yawning into his shop, and endeavours to keep himself awake by killing flies and wasps. When the London coach passes through the town and changes horses, that is an event; it assembles together at the inn gates all the loose, idle, indolent, gaping, staring, yawning, surplus population of the town, who come to look at the horses, and the coach, and the coachman, and the passengers, and most admirable is the placid curiosity with which the bystanders watch the interesting process of taking off one set of horses and putting on another. The very horses seem to wonder what the people can be staring at; and when the coach is gone so quiet is the place that you can hear the quacking of a sleepy duck, or the squeaking of a pump handle, from one end of the town to the other.—*Provincial Sketches: The Rival Farmers.*

POSSIBILITIES OF GREATER CIVILIZATION.—Those who are doubtful of the further advance of civilization would do well to observe how every successive age has looked upon itself as a ne-plus-ultra in that respect. Even Scotland in the time of Queen Mary—a country and age now usually set down as singularly barbarous—was looked upon by her own writers as then in a highly improved state. "As often," says Buchanan in his *De Jure Regni*, "as I turn my eyes to the niceness and elegance of our own times, the manners of our forefathers appear sober and venerable, but withal rough and horrid." In what other terms could an admirer of the nineteenth century express himself?

LAZINESS OF THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.—There is always an air of gentlemanly laziness hanging about the Indians. They live they know not how, and they care not where. A little suffices them: if they can get it, they are satisfied; if not, they are satisfied without it. They belong to a sect of philosophers ranging between the Epicureans and the Stoics. When pleasure presents its cup, they drink it to the dregs; and when the reverse is the case, they bear it without a murmur. They have no objection to beg, or if it is equally convenient, to steal; for, to tell the truth, they are much troubled with confused memories, and are terribly given to mistaking the property of other people for their own. It is a universal practice among them, and brings with it no disgrace. To all this is added a most gentlemanly abhorrence of labour of all descriptions, and a great store of patience in enduring the pinching hunger which is often the result of indolence. On a wet day you may travel for miles over the prairies, or through the thickets, and not a single Indian will cross your path; but let the sun again beam forth and you will see them around in every direction, lounging in the long grass or sunning themselves upon some high prairie peak, with a most profound forgetfulness of the past, and lordly contempt for the future.—*Irving, junior's, Indian Sketches.*

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