

POETRY.

THE DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM.

FROM THE CASKET.

As the plagues which approaches with fear and with woe,

On Salem's high places descended the foe,
And that temple renowned, long our pride and our boast,

Fell stonè upon stone, 'fore the Emperor's host.

That moon, which now silvers yon soft flowing sea,
That washes the shore of our loved Galilee,
On that night of destruction behold it all gory,
As she beamed on the foe, who passed o'er in his gl'or,

Our proud palaces now are the pilgrim's resorts,
And hermits inhabit where kings had their courts;
Where our banquets were held, where high revelry shone,

Now deserted by all, save the nightbirds alone.

Ah! once they resounded to music's high strain,
And the gates were unclosed to the minstrel's gay train;
But the heathen's vain altars, thy holy abode
Have profaned, and polluted thy temple, oh God!

Oh, the daughters of Zion may weep and lament—
Their hair is dishevelled, their garments are rent,
And now, even now, do our prophets record,
How at length came to pass the dead word of the Lord!

July, 1821.

PELIKAR.

WHY LOOKED I ON THAT FATAL LINE.

Why looked I on that fatal line,
Why did I pray that page to see?
Too well I knew no word of thine
Was fraught with aught but pain to me.

I should have known, I should have thought,
The fleeting hope would soon decay;
So oft the gleam of joy it brought
Has only shone to pass away.

Thy hand had traced the words I read,
And in that dream I wandered on,
I forgot their cherished spell was fled,
Thy vows no more, thy fondness gone

I lived whole years of joy again,
I dwelt on each recorded vow—
Oh, tender was their meaning then,
Alas! they have no meaning now!

L. E. L.

MISCELLANY.

STATE OF PRINTING IN PORTUGAL.—Among the volunteers in the cause of Don Pedro, who left Scotland about two years ago, there was a young man from Edinburgh, by profession a Printer. He has now returned and gives a deplorable account of the state of the noble art of Printing in Portugal. In Lisbon there are only two printing offices—the one publishes a weekly newspaper, and employs four compositors and two pressmen; the other prints a twice-a-week paper, and employs six compositors and two pressmen. In Oporto there are three printing establishments upon a similar scale: one of which is supported by the English merchants, and the work executed in it is chiefly in the English language. The types are of a very inferior description, and the press is an extremely rude and inefficient machine, the impression being imparted from the types to the paper by the weight of a large stone, which is raised and lowered by a rope and pulley attached to the ceiling. What a woful contrast to the beautiful types and powerful screws and lever presses of Britain—not to speak of our wonderful steam machines, some of them printing at the rate of 4000

sheets per hour. In June 1833, there were in Edinburgh fifty four printing offices and 754 individuals employed in them, besides a considerable number out of employment; while in the same year there were in the city of Lisbon only two printing establishments with fourteen men in both! These simple facts speak volumes. The people of Portugal are in the lowest state of mental and moral degradation. Our informant seldom met with a person who could read, and the priests every where discouraged education. The manuals of the Church are mostly imported from France, and those who possess them, seem to know their contents chiefly by rote, as, with few exceptions, they were unable to read any other works which were casually presented to them.—*Weekly Chronicle*

PUBLICATIONS IN NEW SOUTH WALES.—The contrast between New South Wales and Van Dieman's Land, in the Press, appears in favour of the latter.—A new paper to be called the Colonist was to be published at Sydney, on the 1st of January, making in all six journals in New South Wales; viz.—the Government Gazette, the Sydney Gazette, the Australian, the Sydney Herald, the Times, (a two-penny one) and the Colonist. The other periodical works—Magazines and Scientific Journals, appear to have ceased. In Van Dieman's Land we have eleven journals, viz. Hobart Town Gazette, the Hobart Town Courier, the Tasmanian, the Colonial Times, the Colonist, the Hora Boy, the Trumpeter, the Trumpeter General, the Morning Star, and the Launceston Advertiser and Launceston Independent, to say nothing of the projected Colonial Advocate, Wreath, and several others.—*Australian, Dec. 1831.*

AN AWKWARD DILEMMA.—A singularly unusual startling occurrence took place in the Old Church on Sunday afternoon last. An honest country-woman who had brought bread and cheese, and also a bottle of beer, with her to town, for her dinner between sermons, had apparently deferred the enjoyment of her "grace drink" till after the afternoon service; and accordingly carried the bottle of beer to church with her under her cloak. During the service it was, much to the amusement of some who sat near her, seen peeping from under the folds of her cloak. By and by, whether prompted thereto by the heat of the weather, or of the woman's person, it made itself be heard, and that with a vengeance; for just as the clergyman was in the act of administering the ordinance of baptism, the cork flew to the ceiling with a report like that of a pistol, the noise of which reverberating along the aisles, was heard by every one in the church. The sensation produced by this sound, so unwonted in a place of worship, was prodigious. The clergyman was brought to a dead stand-still, but instantly discovering how matters stood, composed his mind and features, and went on with the solemn service in which he was engaged. The countenances of those who were in the vicinity of the pistol, were disturbed in a manner most unbecoming the place. The "brewer lads," and a wag in their neighbourhood well up to the starting of corks, whether long or short, at once recognised the well-known, though unseasonable sound, and had recourse to their handkerchiefs to smother other explosions. The honest woman tried to look from her as if nothing particular had happened, but it would not do: she was obliged to stuff her thumb into the orifice which the cork had just so unceremoniously left, to prevent the contents of the bottle from following it, and hurry along the passage out of the church, the beer fiz, fiz, fizing the whole way.—*Dundee Advertiser.*

PERSONAL BEAUTY.—A recent writer concludes his observations on the means to be adopted to procure beauty in the person in these words.—"Let then the ladies observe the following rules:—In the morning use pure water as a preparatory ablution: after which they must abstain from all sudden gusts of passion, particularly envy, as that gives the skin a sallow paleness. It may seem trifling to talk of temperance, yet must this be attended to, both in eating and drinking, if they would avoid those pimples for which the advertised washes are a cure. Instead of rough, let them use moderate exercise, which will raise a natural bloom in their cheek, inimitable by art. Ingenious candour, and unaffected good humour, will give an openness to their countenance that will make them universally agreeable. A desire of pleasing will add fire to their eyes, and breathing the morning air at sunrise will give their lips a vermilion hue. That amiable vivacity which they now possess may be happily heightened and preserved, if they avoid late hours and card-playing, as well as novel-reading by candle-light, but not otherwise; for the first gives the face a drowsy, disagreeable aspect; the second is the mother of wrinkles; and the third is the a fruitful source of weak eyes and a sallow complexion. A white hand is a very desirable ornament; and a hand can never be white unless it is kept clean; nor is this all, for if a young lady would excel her companions in this respect, she must keep her hands in constant motion, which will occasion the blood to circulate freely, and have a wonderful effect. The motion recommended is working at her needle, brushing up the house, and twirling the distaff."

HOW TO ACQUIRE KNOWLEDGE.—Young men, would you be intelligent? Carry a book about you always. Not a novel—but a work of utility—a work in which you may read of realities, not fiction. Would you be wise? Open and read that book whenever you have a moment of leisure. I recollect to have read an anecdote of a shoemaker, even after he worked a journeyman, who always kept a book open before him, so that he might not lose a moment, but be preparing himself for future usefulness—and the result was, that he became not only one of the most eminent, but one of the most useful men of his day. Why, my young friends, may you not by pursuing a similar course, also become eminent and useful to your country and your fellow men? Adopt the course, and give it a fair trial, and if you do not succeed to the extent of your ambition, I will guarantee that you will not be the worst mechanic or citizen for the experiment

WAVES OF THE OCEAN.—The largest waves proceed at the rate of from thirty to forty miles an hour; yet it is a vulgar belief that the water itself advances with the speed of the wave. The form of the wave only advances, while the substance, except a little spray above, remains rising and falling in the same place.—*Arnott's Physics.*

Never speak but when you have something to say.—Wherefore shouldst thou run, seeing thou hast no tidings?—*Bishop Butler.*

AGENTS

FOR THE BEE.

Charlottetown, P. E. I.—Mr. DENNIS REDDIN.
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Halifax.—Messrs. A. & W. MCKINLAY.
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