

POETRY.

MY OWN FIRE-SIDE.

BY ALARIC A. WATTS.

"It is a mystic circle that surrounds
Comforts and virtues never known beyond
Its sacred limits." Southey.

Let others seek for empty joys,
At ball or concert, rout or play;
Whilst far from fashion's idle noise,
Her gilded domes and trappings gay,
I while the wintry cold—
'Twixt book and lamp the hours divide;
And marvel how I e'er could stray
From thee—my own Fire-side!

My own Fire-side Those simple words
Can bid the sweetest dreams arise;
Awaken fooling's tenderest chords,
And fill with tears of joy my eyes.
What is there my wild heart can prize,
That doth not in thy sphere abide,
Haunt of my home-bred sympathies,
My own—my own Fire-side!

A gentle form is near me now;
A small white hand is clasped in mine,
I gaze upon her placid brow,
And ask what joys can equal thine!
A babe, whose beauty's half divine;
In sleep his mother's eyes doth hide
Where may love seek a fitter shrine,
Than thou—my own Fire-side!

What care I for the sulken roar
Of winds without, that ravage earth,
It doth but bid me prize the more
The shelter of thy hallowed heart—
To thoughts of quiet bliss give birth—
Thou'st let the churlish tempest chide,
It cannot check the blameless mirth
That glads—my own Fire-side!

My refuge ever from the storm
Of this world's passion, strife, and care;
Though thunder-clouds the skies deform,
Their fury cannot reach me there.
There all is cheerful, calm, and fair,
Wrath, Malice, Envy, Strife or Pride,
Have never made their hated lair
By thee—my own Fire-side!

Thy precincts are a charmed ring,
Where no harsh feeling dates intrude,
Where life's vexations lose their sting,
Where even grief is half subdued;
And Peace, the halcyon, loves to brood.
Then let the pampered fool deride;
I'll pay my debt of gratitude
To thee—my own Fire-side!

Shrine of my household deities!
Fair scene of home's unsullied joys!
To thee my burthened spirit flies,
When fortune frowns, or care annoys,
Thine is the bliss that never cloy's!
The smile whose truth hath oft been tried,
What, then, are this world's tinsel toys
To thee—my own Fire-side!

O, may the yearnings, fond and sweet,
That bid my thoughts be all of thee,
Thus ever guide my wandering feet
To thy heart-soothing sanctuary!
What e'er my future years may be
Let joy or grief my fate betide;
Be still an Eden bright to me,
My own—MY OWN FIRE-SIDE!

Who taught the natives of the field and wood,
To shun their poison and to choose their food?
Search the least path creative power has trod,
How plain the footsteps of the apparent God!

MISCELLANY.

COLUMN FOR YOUNG LADIES.

THE former article under this head, referred only to the adornment of the person, this is devoted to a more important subject, the education of the mind.

The common system of Boarding-school education for Young Ladies, is generally admitted to be very defective, and, in some instances, worse than useless. At those schools, young ladies acquire almost no useful knowledge, and have their minds crammed with nonsensical trivials which are of no real utility. After passing through the boarding-school the young lady, now an accomplished woman, goes out into the world to display in her future conduct, the fruits of the education which she has received. Some ladies indeed, by mere strength of mind, overcome, in after life, the habits of inattention which they have acquired, but a great number abandon themselves to those frivolous follies by which the lives of fashionable ladies are distinguished; and thus woman's mind, the noblest work of God, is debased and degraded, and totally unfitted for the uses for which it was destined by its Creator. To the wrong direction of the studies of females we may also attribute at least one half of the crimes which are committed, as the conduct and opinions of mothers have an immense influence on their children. These results are rendered still more certain by the conduct of a class of gentlemen sometimes called "Beaux;" of this conduct I may give one example. If a member of these gentlemen happen to be talking on any serious subject, and, while they are thus engaged, ladies enter the room, the conversation is instantly dropped, and its place supplied by talk consisting of "compliments" and other nonsense. This conduct is generally considered by young ladies as an act of politeness, but they should rather view it as an insult; and they would do so, if they heard the reasons given for it in their absence, as for example, that "the change in the conversation was necessary, as the ladies could not understand it," and the same effect would be produced, if they heard the persons who, when they are present, call them "Angels," in their absence, speaking of "the natural inferiority of women." These are insults to which young ladies should not submit, and the way to be freed from them, is to show the gentlemen that your minds are not inferior to theirs. But though I am sorry to confess it, I must own that the minds of ladies are often, in point of information, far below those of gentlemen; let not young ladies however be discouraged by this, as it is only the effect of education, and may be easily remedied by a little perseverance.

Some ladies however may object to the study of useful knowledge, from a dread of the odious appellation of "Blue Stocking;" but this fear is unfounded as no woman can be called a blue stocking, unless having a smattering of learning she seizes every opportunity for its display, in season and out of season. Another class devote themselves to frivolous pursuits from a desire of "catching husbands;" these should remember the saying of the Greek poet, that this conduct is like angling without a hook, the fish may greedily swallow the bait, but you cannot keep him.

Let then young ladies employ at least a small portion of their time in the acquisition of useful knowledge, and they will find its advantage, both with respect to their own happiness, and that of those with whom they are connected.

Great talkers are like modern banks, they issue ten times their capital.

PRACTICAL PRINTERS.—It is singular how many practical printers are at the head of the newspaper and periodical Press at this time, both in Great Britain and this country; and how many gentlemen of the same profession have been conspicuous in the halls of legislation, and the walks of science and elegant literature. Notwithstanding the sneers of would be gentlemen, and their affected depreciation of the very individuals by whom they subsist, we do not know a prouder or more gratifying title than that of a member of the "art preservative of all arts," by which currency and stability are given to the fleeting and otherwise transitory speculations of the philosopher and the moralist; by which the bright conceptions of the poet are embodied in a durable form, and are conveyed wherever a wave dances, a wind blows, or a languo is spoken; by which the business of life is realized; which is the source of every refined and elegant pleasure; to which all the modern cultivation, and improvements of science owe their origin; to which the liberal arts are indebted for their expansion and influence, and every member of which is as much superior to the supercilious and sneering acoliist in literature and manners, as the man of sense is to the drivelling idiot, or the polished inhabitants of New York, London and Paris, to the half naked savage of the Feejee Islands. There is scarcely a country newspaper which is not edited and printed by the same individual, and the majority of the journals of the cities are similarly circumstanced; which is a high eulogium on the industry, talents, perseverance and enterprise of these gentlemen, and at once proves the profession to be well entitled to the designation of a liberal art.—*New York Mirror.*

HOME.—The only fountain in the wilderness, of life, where men may drink of waters totally unmixed with bitterness, is that which gushes forth in the calm and shady recesses of domestic love. Pleasure may heat the heart into artificial excitement; ambition may delude it with its golden dream; war may indurate its fine fibres, and diminish its sensitiveness; but it is only domestic love that can render it happy.

It has been justly remarked by an ancient writer, that of the actions which claim our attention, the most splendid are not always the greatest; and there are few human beings who are not aware, that those outward circumstances of pomp and affluence which are looked on with admiration and envy, seldom create happiness in the bosoms of the possessors. It is in the unrestricted intercourse of the domestic circle, where the heart must find that real enjoyment, if experienced at all; not in threading the complicated labyrinth of politics; not amidst the glare of fashion, nor surrounded by the toils of state.

A countryman a few days ago, remarked to an Irishman that the winter had set in unusually early.—"Right," quoth Pat, "an' the sooner we get it over the better!"—*Am. paper.*

PICKPOCKETS.—The town is quite infested by these vermin chiefly young lads, who are trained up regularly to the profession. Yesterday five or six were brought before the Mayor, at the police court, and committed to the sessions for practising upon the pockets of his Majesty's lieges in various parts of the town.—*Liverpool paper.*

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