

POETRY.

YARROW VISITED.

Written in September 1814, by W. WORDSWORTH.

And is this Yarrow? This the stream
Of which my fancy cherish'd
So faithfully a waking dream?
An image that hath perished?
O that some minstrel's harp were near
'To utter notes of gladness,
And chase this silence from the air,
That fills my heart with sadness.

Yet why?—a silvery current flows
With uncontrolled meandrings,
Nor have these eyes by greener hills
Been soothed, in all my wanderings.
And, through her depths, Saint Mary's Lake
Is visibly delighted;
For not a feature of those hills
Is in the mirror slighted.

A blue sky bends on Yarrow vale,
Save where that pearly whiteness
Is round the rising sun diffused,
A tender hazy brightness;
Mild dawn of promise! that excludes
All profitless dejection;
Though not unwilling here to admit
A pensive recollection.

Where was it that the famous flower
Of Yarrow vale lay bleeding:
His bed, perchance, was yon smooth mound,
On which the hord is feeding:
And haply from this crystal pool,
Now peaceful as the morning,
The water-wraith ascended thrice—
And gave his doleful warning.

Delicious is the lay that sings
The haunts of happy lovers,
The path that leads them to the grove,
The leafy grove that covers:
And pity sanctifies the verse
That paints, by strength of sorrow,
The unconquerable strength of love;
Bear witness rueful Yarrow!

But thou, that didst appear so fair
To fond imagination,
Dost rival in the light of day
Her delicate creation,
Mock loveliness is round thee spread,
A softness still and holy;
'The grace of forest charms decayed,
and pastoral melancholy.

That region left, the vale unfolds
Rich groves of lofty stature,
With Yarrow winding through the pomp
Of cultivated nature;
And, rising from those leafy groves,
Behold a ruin hoary!
The shatter'd front of Newark's towers,
Renowned in border story.

Fair scenes for childhood's opening bloom,
For sportive youth to stray in;
For manhood to enjoy his strength,
And age to wear away in!
Yon cottage seems a bower of bliss
It promises protection
To all the nestling brood of thoughts
Sustained by chaste affection!

How sweet on this autumnal day,
The wild wood's fruits to gather,
And on thy true love's forehead plant
A crest of blooming heather!
And what if I enwreath'd my own!
'Twere no offence to reason;
The sober hills thus deck their brows

To meet the wintry season.

I see—but not by sight alone,
Lov'd Yarrow, have I won thee;
A ray of fancy still survives—
Her sunshine plays upon thee!
Thy eve-youthful waters keep
A course of lively pleasure,
And glad some notes my lips can breathe,
According to the measure.

The vapours linger round the heights:
They melt—and soon must vanish;
One hour is theirs, nor more is mine—
Sad thought which I would banish,
But that I know, where'er I go,
Thy genuine image, Yarrow!
Will dwell with me, to lighten joy,
And cheer my mind in sorrow.

MISCELLANY.

From Hall's Border Tales.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACTS.

Oh! how many ties there are to bind the soul to earth! When the strongest are cut asunder and the spirit feels itself cast loose from every band which connects it with immortality, how imperceptibly does one little tendril after another become entwined about it, and draw it back with gentle violence! Ho who thinks he has but one love is always mistaken. The heart may have one overmastering affection, more powerful than all the rest, which like the main root of the tree, is that which supports it; but if that be cut away, it will find a thousand delicate fibres still clinging to the soil of humanity. An absorbing passion may fill up the soul and while it lasts may throw a shade over the various obligations, and the infinite multitude of little kindnesses, and tender associations that bind us to mankind; but when that fades, these are seen to twinkle in the firmament of life as the stars shine, after the sun has gone down. Even the brute and the lilies of the field, that neither toil nor spin, put in their silent claims, and the heart that could have spurned the world, settles quietly down again upon its bosom.

A BEAUTIFUL REFLECTION.—It cannot be that earth is man's abiding place. It cannot be that man's life is a bubble, cast up by the ocean of eternity, to float a moment on its waves, and sink into nothingness. Else why is it that the high and glorious aspirations which leap like angels from the temple of our heart, are forever vandering about unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and the cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off to leave us to muse on their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars hold 'their festival around the midnight throne,' and set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory. And, finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view, and then are taken from us—leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will be spread out before us like the islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the beautiful beings which here pass before us like shadows, will stay in our presence forever.—*Mirac of the Lake.*

SCHOOLS IN INDIA.—In the schools which have been lately established in this part of the empire, of which there are at present nine established by the church missionary, and eleven by the Christian Knowledge Societies, some very unexpected facts have occurred. As all direct attempts to convert the children are

disclaimed, the parents send them without scruple. But it is no less strange than true, that there is no objection made to the use of the Old and New Testaments as a class book; that so long as the teachers do not urge them to eat what will make them lose their caste, or to be baptized, or to curse their country's gods, they readily consent to every thing else, and not only Mussulmans, but Brahmins, stand by with perfect coolness, and listen sometimes with apparent interest and pleasure, while the scholars by the road-side are reading the stories of the creation and of Jesus Christ. Whether the children themselves may imbibe Christianity by such means, or whether they may suffer these truths to pass from their minds, as we allow the mythology which we learn at school to pass from ours, some further time is yet required to shew; but this, at least, I understand, has been ascertained, that a more favourable opinion both of us and our religion has been apparently felt of late by many of those who have thus been acquainted with its leading truths, and that some have been heard to say, that they did not know till now that the English had "a caste or a snaster." You may imagine with what feelings I have entered the huts where these schools are held, on seeing a hundred poor little children seated on the ground writing their letters in sand, or their copies on banana leaves, coming out one after another to read the history of the good Samaritan, or of Joseph, proud of shewing their knowledge, and many of them able to give a very good account of their studies.—*Heber's India.*

RICHES.—It is a strange delusion for men to suppose that happiness consists in riches. Contentment is not to be found in splendour and magnificence; or why is it that princes have sometimes exchanged the grandeur of a palace for the more simple enjoyments of private life? Why is the countenance of the rich man furrowed with thought and anxiety, while the poor go on their way shouting and exulting in the blessings that God hath given them?—Why does the man who has grown in wealth, look back to the days of his poverty and ask himself why he cannot now rejoice as heartily over the much as he did over the little?

EXTENSIVE PRINTING OFFICE.—The Royal printing office of Paris possesses the Types of 56 oriental alphabets, comprehending all the known characters of the languages of Asia, ancient as well as modern; and 16 alphabets of those European nations who do not employ the Roman character. Of these the royal printing press possesses 49 complete founts of various forms and sizes. All these together weigh at least 750,000 lbs., and as the types of an 8vo page weigh about six pounds, this establishment is able to compose simultaneously 7812 8vo sheets, forming nearly 260 volumes, or 125,000 pages. The number of presses employed enables it to throw off 273,000 sheets per day, or 556 reams of paper, equal to 9299 volumes in 8vo of 30 sheets each. The annual consumption of paper by the royal printing office is from 80 to 100,000 reams, or from 261 to 325 reams per working day. The number of workmen constantly employed is about three hundred and fifty.

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