

## POETRY.

## ON REVISITING THE COUNTRY.

BY W. C. BRYANT

I STAND upon my native hills again,  
Broad, round, and green, that in the southern sky  
With garniture of waving grass and grain,  
Orchards and beechen forests, basking lie;  
While the deep sunless glens are scooped between,  
Where brawl o'er shallow beds the streams unseen.

A hisping voice and glancing eyes are near,  
And ever-restless steps of one, who now  
Gathers the blossoms of her fourth bright year:  
There plays a gladness o'er her fair young brow,  
As breaks the varied scene upon her sight,  
Upheaved, and spread in verdure and in light;

For I have taught her, with delighted eye,  
To gaze upon the mountains, to behold  
With deep affection, the pure ample sky,  
And clouds along the blue abysses rolled;  
To love the song of waters, and to hear  
The melody of winds with charmed ear.

Here I have 'scaped the city's stifling heat,  
Its horrid sounds, and its polluted air;  
And, where the season's milder fervors beat,  
And gales, that swept the forest borders, bear  
The song of bird and sound of running stream,  
Have come a while to wander and to dream.

Ay, flame thy fiercest, sun: thou canst not wake,  
In this pure air, the plague that walks unseen;  
The maize leaf and the maple bough but take  
From the fierce heats a deeper, glossier green;  
The mountain wind, that faints not in thy ray,  
Sweeps the blue streams of pestilence away

The mountain wind—most spiritual thing of all  
The wide earth knows—when, in the sultry time,  
He stoops him from his vast cerulean hall,  
He seems the breath of a celestial clime,—  
As if from heaven's wide open gates did flow  
Health and refreshment on the world below.

## MISCELLANY.

[From "Sketches by Boz."]

## THE WIDOW AND HER SON.

The new lodgers at first attracted our curiosity, and interest. They were a young lad, of eighteen or nineteen, and his mother, a lady of about fifty, or it might be less. The mother wore a widow's weed, and the boy was also clothed in deep mourning. They were poor—very poor; for their only means of support arose from the pittance the boy earned by copying writings, and translating for the booksellers. They had removed from some country place, and settled in London partly because it afforded better chances of employment for the boy, and partly, with the natural desire to leave a place where they had been in better circumstances, and where their poverty was known. They were proud under their reverses, and above revealing their wants and privations to strangers. How bitter these privations were, and how hardly the boy worked to remove them, no one ever knew but themselves. Night after night, two three, four hours after midnight could we hear the occasional raking together of the scanty fire, or the hollowed and half stifled cough which indicated his being still at work; and after day could we see more plainly that nature had set that unearthly light in his plaintive face which is the beacon of her worst disease. Actuated, we hope, by a higher feeling than mere curiosity, we contrived to establish first an acquaintance and then a close intimacy, with the poor strangers. Our worst fears were realised; the boy was sinking fast. Through a part of the winter, and the whole of the following

spring and summer, his labours were unceasingly prolonged. The mother attempted to procure needle work, embroidery—any thing for bread. A few shillings now and then were all she could earn, and the boy worked steadily on—dying by minutes, but never once giving utterance to complaint or murmur. It was a beautiful autumn evening when we went in to pay our customary visit to the invalid. His little remaining strength had been decreasing rapidly for two or three days preceding, and he was lying on a sofa before the opening window gazing at the setting sun. His mother had been reading the Bible to him, for she closed the book as we entered, and advanced to meet us. "I was telling William," she said, "that we must manage to take him into the country somewhere so that he may get quite well. He is not ill, you know, but he is not very strong and has exerted himself too much lately." Poor thing! The tears that streamed through her fingers, as she turned aside, as if to adjust her close window's cap, too plainly showed how fruitless was the attempt to deceive herself. The boy placed one hand in ours, grasped his mother's arm with the other, drew her hastily towards him, frequently kissed her cheek. There was a short pause as he sank back upon his pillow, and looked with appalling earnestness upon his mother's face. "Willst thou, William" said the terrified parent, "dost look at me so; speak to me, dear." The boy smiled languidly, but an instant afterwards his features resolved into the same cold, solemn gaze. "William, dear William," said the distracted mother, "rouse yourself, dear: don't look at me so, love; pray don't. Oh my God what shall I do! My dear, dear boy, he is dying." The boy raised himself by a violent effort, and folded his hands together—"Mother, dear, dear Mother, bury me in the open field—any where but in these dreadful streets. I should like to lie where you can see my grave, mother, but not in these close, crowded streets; they have killed me. Kiss me again, mother, put your arms around my neck." He fell back; a strong expression stole upon his features, not of pain or suffering, but an indescribable fixing of every line and muscle—the boy was dead.

[From the London Court Journal.]

EARL GREY'S VISION.—For some time past there has been a ridiculous rumor current, that Earl Grey was haunted by a spectre, and that his health had materially suffered by the anxiety of mind which it occasioned. We would have treated this rumor with contempt, if it had not got into good circles; but such being the case, we made inquiry, and the following statement, to which we attach credit, on account of the quarter from which we received it, but the entire authenticity and correctness of which we cannot guarantee, has been handed to us. It is stated to us that several years ago, when Earl Grey was at his seat in the country, he was after a hard day's study, suddenly struck, on raising his eyes from his book, with the vision of a head. At first his Lordship conceived that this was the shadow of some bust, and he examined carefully the situation of all the busts in the library, in order to ascertain whether this was the fact. He found however, that it was a mere illusion, and treated it, as every wise man would do, as a cerebral affection, arising from a disordered state of the stomach, brought on by a too sedentary life.

For some time afterwards, the Noble Earl is said to have been occasionally subject to the same vision; but as his health has improved, the illusion went off—latterly, however, the cares of office are stated to have deranged his health and to have brought on a frequent recurrence of this cerebral affection, which is

only to be regretted as the proof of ill health. The story of Lord Grey's giving way to melancholy about it is exquisitely absurd, for the complaint is one to which many sedentary men of strong powers of imagination are occasionally subject, although it is rare in this country, compared with Holland, where it is attributable to the lowness of the soil.—We have heard that an eminent physician attributed the vision to an optical defect; but it is easily to be accounted for, as the result of indigestion, depending for removal, upon the cure of this complaint. It is a curious fact, that many years ago, Earl Grey was speaking in the House of Lords, when an eminent foreign phrenologist who was present, struck with the formation of his Lordship's head, exclaimed, "That man sees visions!" This gentleman was the friend and disciple of Dr. Gall himself, who was a man of great powers of mind, labored, for a long period, under a similar cerebral affection to that which is said with what degree of truth, we repeat, we do not know—to afflict Earl Grey.

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.—Last Sunday morning, about one o'clock, a lady living in arch street near Eleventh, who was sitting up with her sick husband, was surprised by the sudden bursting of a flame on the dressing table, on which lay half a quire of letter paper, and on the top of it a newspaper. The reflection of the flames from the looking-glass made the whole table at first appear to be in a blaze. Although very much alarmed at so unexpected and unaccountable an occurrence, she had the presence of mind to take up the burning mass of paper on the shovel and throw it into a tub of water, which stood near.—With the same instrument she smothered the blaze which had communicated to the dimity table-cover and the varnish of the table. The only light in the room at the time was a small floating taper, which stood upon a stand several feet from the dressing case. When she had sufficiently recovered from her surprise to investigate the cause of this singular occurrence, she recollected that on the Thursday before she had spread a rag with sweet oil to be laid over a blister, and had left it for a few moments on the dressing table, which had occasioned a grease spot on the cover. The papers lay on or near this spot. At 9 o'clock on Saturday night a peculiar empyreumatic smell had been perceived in the room, but the source of it had not been suspected. No doubt the process of combustion had been going on slowly for some time in the cloth and letter paper, until reaching the air, it burst into a flame in the newspaper. May not many fires, which have been considered the work of incendiaries, have originated from a similar cause.—Philadelphia paper.

QUEER EFFECTS OF TREPIDATION.—A Boston paper says, that on the night of the fire in Holland-St. House, two strangers who lodged in the same room, jumped out of bed at the alarm of fire, and both grabbed the same pair of pantaloons, and each inserted a leg into them, and thus chained together, like galley slaves, they got into the street, and cried Fire! lustily.

"LIVING WITHOUT MEANS," is the title of a little Book recently published in Boston.

AGENTS  
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