

POETRY.

[From the New Yorker.]

TO SPRING.

Had, lovely Spring!—that is, if thou'rt done snowing,
The awakening Earth, from her deep trance uprising
Her mantle green, an ermine robe disguising
Finding the mirror-streams thro' dim woods stealing,
Wherein she braids her vernal tresses kneeling—

Drest in the livery of the stern Ice-King!
Instead of roses nought but noses blowing.

Vexed that the hours no fairer tributes bring,
Nor mosey alloys green by shady rill,

Nor wild-wood notes those alleys green to fill,
Nor wild-wood flower its rich perfume diffuses,

Nor banks of violets but snow-banks greening—
Her sweet eyes opened, no wreaths but snow-wreaths

meeting,
She, somnolently sinking, snugly snoozes.

MISCELLANY.

[From the Dublin Freeman's Journal.]

O'CONNELL'S DEFENCE.—The accusation and the defence are now before Ireland. Mr. Hardy, an English recorder, has become as illustrious in the ranks of Orange Toryism as an Irish recorder, whose name is so notorious as to render further allusion unnecessary. Mr. Hardy puts forth half the evidence, and industriously suppresses every circumstance which would triumphantly vindicate the accused. Afraid to be honest, he conceals from the eye of the house the solemn declarations of one of the most respectable men in Ireland, Mr. Vigors, that every farthing of the two thousand pounds was paid over to that gentleman by Mr. O'Connell. He also throws into the shade the glaring fact which Mr. Raphael could not have been such a blockhead as to conceal, that Mr. Vigors was the man who introduced Raphael to O'Connell, and that he, Raphael, was the very man to select O'Connell as the individual member of parliament best calculated to promote his (Raphael's) political views. In O'Connell's hand he proposed to deposit the money, to be transmitted to Mr. Vigors and the Carlow committee, as it was wanted; but, on reflection, we are glad that Mr. Hardy has been guilty of this foul injustice—of this premeditated suppression of the truth; because it gave the accused an opportunity of rising on his antagonist with double force, and not only of flinging him to the ground, but keeping him there when he was down. But further, look at the story of persecution which will be told on oath before the committee, when the Carlow committee come before that tribunal to give their evidence of the sufferings of the banished population, and the contemplated appropriation of any surplus of the two thousand pounds advanced by Raphael, in case there was no petition against his return. Well, even Hardy seems to give up the vile charge of pecuniary consideration, and clings, with some hope, to the more probable charge of personal consideration, or, in other words, to the charge that O'Connell, anxious to strengthen the popular arm in the house, did recommend to the electors of Carlow—the rich Raphael—the first Catholic Sheriff of London for 300 years—the probable friend of civil and religious freedom, who would naturally sympathize with that portion of his countrymen who were the victims of a ruthless and cruel persecution. Is Mr. Hardy so far situated by the spirit of faction as to suppose for a moment that the entire of the British empire can listen with patience to such monstrous nonsense as the accusation against a Representative of the people, for doing an act which shall entitle him to the gratitude of the entire Irish nation. What a mighty offence to recommend the vindicator of the people's rights—the

defender of persecuted innocence against savage oppression, to the people of Carlow, for their representative in parliament. Aro Mr Hardy and his friends serious when they make such an act their ground of accusation? If so, then heads must be as hard as their hearts are corrupt; and the ridicule of the world will condemn the entire party to an eternity of shame.

O'Connell, of course, is anxious for enquiry; nay, he challenges enquiry, and courts an investigation that will terminate in the disclosure of a system of cowardly, cold-blooded persecution as even in Ireland stands unparalleled.

He boldly and manfully acknowledges his power among his countrymen, and truly says that the injuries and persecution to which he is now exposed will only have the effect of multiplying that power ten-fold. What does his crime amount to? An honest and ardent anxiety in the cause of his oppressed countrymen, a prompt watchful eye to seize the first opportunity to ensure them protection. Does Mr Hardy or Lord Stanley think that such arrows as these will strike even a feather out of the eagle's wing? No, no; the bird will rise to still greater heights, and look down with contempt on the impotent aim that would vainly interrupt its ascent.

We have seen with pleasure the honest anxiety displayed by the most influential members, to select the most impartial men to constitute the committee. Among those, Mr. Warburton who ranks in the house for great power of intellect and high spirit of independence, is prominent.

Sir Robert Peel is represented, during the delivery of Mr. O'Connell's speech, to have exhibited in his countenance the marks of the deepest mental agony. He felt for the faction—he was their champion; he was punned for their crimes, and tortured for their iniquities; he saw that his party had but one hope—the conquest of O'Connell; that blasted, he gave himself up to despair.

TO MAKE HOME HAPPY.—Nature is industrious in adorning her dominions; and man, to whom this beauty is addressed, should feel and obey the lesson. Let him, too, be industrious in adorning his domain—in making his home—the dwelling of his wife and children—not only convenient and comfortable, but pleasant. Let him, as far as circumstances will permit, be industrious in surrounding it with pleasing objects—in decorating it, within and without, with things that tend to make it agreeable and attractive. Let industry make home the abode of neatness and order—a place which brings satisfaction to every inmate, and which in absence draws back the heart by the fond associations of comfort and content. Let this be done, and this sacred spot will become more surely the scene of cheerfulness, kindness and peace. Ye parents, who would have your children happy, be industrious to bring them up in the midst of a pleasant, a cheerful, a happy home. Waste not your time in accumulating wealth for them; but plant their minds and souls in the way proposed, with the seeds of virtue and true prosperity.

THE PHYSICIAN.—No class or profession has better opportunities than the physician, for the close and accurate study of the nature of man. He sees man under all circumstances, and talks familiarly with them about all their troubles. Men conceal nothing from a physician in whom they confide; they unburden their whole souls to him, and entrust him with the knowledge of all those secret affections which oppress their hearts and create disease. They tell him all their weaknesses which they would be ashamed to acknowledge to another person who might be inclined to despise them for the confession. They do not fear, however, that by such acknowledgment they shall forfeit the esteem of one who is familiar with the mental as well as

the physical infirmities of human nature. Those persons are most apt to feel the sentiment of contempt who are the most ignorant of themselves and of their fellow men. The patient's confidence in his physician arises from the consideration, that he is already acquainted with the weakness of all his patients. He sees the ambitious man—who acts before the eyes of the world that character for which he wishes to be renowned, prostrate in his mind and strength, upon the bed of sickness, confessing a thousand weaknesses, which he strives to conceal from his most intimate friends, the physician sees all his dignity laid aside, all his courage vanished, and the veil of dissimulation cast off, which concealed his real character from the eyes of an admiring world. Hence, the physician is seldom an idolator of men; for it is chiefly when the great are reduced to a level with the little, that he is most intimate with them.—*Boston Post.*

DURATION OF HUMAN LIFE.—Hufeland thinks the life of man might reach the period of 200 years, were it not for the various diseases and accidents by which it is shortened. Observations made in Russia seem to favour this idea. Thus from the mortality lists of Moscow and St. Petersburg, we find that during the last century, more than 1000 persons reached the age of 100; several hundred were from 100 to 110; 62 from 110 to 120, 25 from 120 to 130; 12 from 130 to 140; 5 from 140 to 149; one individual reached the age of 150 and another 163. The latter lived not far from Plotz in the year 1796, and was born under the reign of Peter the Great's grandfather; he had seen eleven dynasties. At the age of 93 he was re-married for the third time, and lived with his wife fifty years. His family consisted of 133 descendants, and all lived together in a little village appointed by Catherine II. The old man was fresh and healthy in his 163d year.

CHANGE OF NAME.—A Miss *Sheep-shanks* has applied to the Legislature of Pennsylvania for a change of name. The Philadelphia Ledger says, with some show of reason: "Nonsense! Why does not the lady get married, and thus change her name, without expence to the state?"

AN EPICURE.—A French prisoner, confined at Liverpool, Eng. in 1800, exhibited a taste in gastronomical matters as unique as it was refined. He was particularly fond of cats, and is said to have eaten 174 live ones in the course of a year.

FALLING OF COAL IN MINES.—When a piece (in pillars) of coal is about to fall, it makes a low crackling noise first, like the gentle noise of breaking a stick. Little pieces of coal, called 'fore-runners,' are generally heard to fall. The person who first hears the notice (and their ears are very quick) cries out immediately 'listen,' and every thing is perfectly still; there is a death like silence instantly, and if the crashing of the coal continues, they withdraw to a place of security. Sometimes a face or slip sits in, which cannot always be seen. This being a dislocation, will sometimes fall down without notice, and accidents more commonly arise from that circumstance than from any thing I know of.—*Witness before the Committee on Accidents in Mines.*

AGENTS
FOR THE BEE.

Charlottetown, P. E. I.—Mr DENNIS REDDIN.
Miramichi—Rev. JOHN McCLEUDY.
St. John, N. B.—Mr. A. R. TRURO.
Halifax—Messrs. A. & W. MCKINLAY.
Truro—Mr CHARLES BLANCHARD.
Antigonish—Mr. ROBERT PURVIS.
Guysboro'—ROBERT HARTSHORNE, Esq.
Tatmagouche—Mr. JAMES CAMPBELL.
Wallace—DANIEL McFARLANE, Esq.
Arichat—JOHN S. BALLAINE, Esq.