

POETRY.

(FOR THE BEE.)

If the BEE can call any honey from the following bitter herbs, they are at its service.

Adieu, ye realms of froam,
Where fancy went to roam!
And conjure up the dizzy scene,
She fain would call her home.
No more shall thought run wild,
Your giddy mazes, through,
No more the bosom, caro-boguil'd,
Your empty joys pursue.
Farewell, ye fairy bow'rs!
Where Hope's gay fancies rise;
Where no foreboding vapour low'rs
On pleasure's cloudless skies:
No more shall these deceive,
With expectation high;
No more my sate I soul believe,
The promise broken, aye.
Too long my ardent mind,
On fancy's pinnac, flew;
And, on the void unstable wind,
The glowing landscape drew.
Too long the bowls I quaff'd
Which lying hope distill'd;
And thought each deep, succeeding draught
The promis'd bliss would yield.
Bliss:—Vain, elusive dream!
That glid'st the storm with light;
How well thy rainbow hues besooner
The soon succeeding blight!
If bliss to man pertain,
Not here the gem is found;
Care, disappointment, anguish, pain,
In every hour abound.
Lord! teach my soul to rise,
This transie scene, above;
And seek th' unmingl'd, boundless joys,
Of thy abundant love.

MONIMIA.

Pictou, December 16th, 1835.

MISCELLANY.

From the Working Man's Companion.
KNOWLEDGE LEADS TO COMFORT.

When a boy has got hold of what we call the rudiments of learning, he has possessed himself of the most useful tools and machines which exist in the world. He has got the means of doing that with extreme ease, which, without these tools, is done only with extreme labour. He has earned the time which, if rightly employed, will elevate his mind, and improve his condition. Just so is it with all tools and machines for diminishing bodily exertion. They give us the means of doing that with comparative ease, which, without them can only be done with extreme drudgery. They set at liberty a great quantity of mere animal power, which, having then leisure to unite with mental power, produces ingenious and skillful workmen in every trade. But they do more than this. They diminish human suffering—they improve the health—they increase the term of life—they render all occupations less painful and laborious; and by doing all this, they elevate man in the scale of existence.

The present Pasha, or chief ruler of Egypt, in one of those fits of caprice which it is the nature of tyrants to exhibit, ordered, a few years ago, that the male population of a district should be set to clear out one of the ancient canals which was then filled up with mud. The people had no tools, and the Pasha gave them no tools; but the work was required to be done. So to work the poor wretches

went, to the number of fifty thousand. They had to plunge up to their necks in the filthiest slime, and to bale it out with their hands, and with their hands alone. They were fed, it is true, during the operation; but their food was of a quality proportioned to the little profitable labour which they performed. They were fed on horse-beans and water. In the course of one year, more than thirty thousand of these unhappy people perished. If the tyrant, instead of giving labour to fifty thousand people, had possessed the means of setting up steam-engines to pump out the water, and scoop out the mud—it he had even provided the common pump, which is called Archimede's screw, and was invented by that philosopher for the very purpose of draining land in Egypt—if the people had even had scoops and shovels, instead of being degraded like beasts, to the employment of their unassisted hands—the work might have been done at a fiftheth of the cost, even of the miserable horse-beans and water; and the money that was saved by the tools and machines, might have gone to furnish profitable labour to the thousands who perished amidst the misery and degradation of their unprofitable labour.

You say, probably, that this is a case which does not apply to you, because you are free men, and cannot be compelled to perish, up to your necks, in mud, upon a pittance of horse-beans, doled out by a tyrant. Exactly so. But what has made you free? Knowledge. Knowledge—which, in raising the moral and intellectual character of every Englishman, has raised up barriers to oppression which no power can ever break down. Knowledge—which has set ingenious men thinking in every way how to increase the profitable labour of the nation, and therefore to increase the comforts of every man in the nation. Is it for the working men of this country, or for any other class of men, to say that knowledge shall stop at a certain point, and shall go no further? Is it for them to say, that although they are willing to retain the infinite blessings which knowledge has bestowed on them—the improved food, the abundant fuel and water, the cheap clothing, the convenient houses, the drainage and ventilation which make houses healthful, the preservation of life by medical science, and the profit and comfort of books—that we are to rest satisfied with what we have got; or rather, if the destroyers of machinery are to be heard, that we are to go back to what we were five hundred years ago? Depend upon it, if we once begin to march backwards, however slow may be the first steps, the retreat towards ignorance, instead of the advance towards knowledge, will soon become pretty quick; till at last there would be one mad rush from civilization to uncivilization. Then comes the labour of the despot, who has been comparatively idle while knowledge was labouring. There is no halting-place then; and the mud and horse-beans of the Pasha of Egypt will be the proper end and the fit reward of such monstrous folly and wickedness.

Machinery enters into competition with human labour, and, therefore, there are some people who say let us tax machinery to support the labour which it supersedes. The real meaning of this is—let us tax machinery, to prevent the cheapness of production, to discourage invention, and to interfere with a change from one mode of labour to another mode. There are temporary inconveniences, doubtless, in machinery; but we think that every man who suffers from these inconveniences possesses in himself the power of remedying those evils, or at least of mitigating them. But it appears to us that any proposed remedy for a temporary evil, which has a tendency to arrest the course of improvement, is a little like the ancient wisdom of the Dutch

market-woman, who, when the one pannier of her ass is too heavily laden with cabbages, puts a stone into the other pannier to make matters equal.

Boston, November, 1835.

An immense multitude, consisting probably of several thousand persons, two thirds of whom were ladies, assembled yesterday morning at Sergeant's wharf, for the purpose of witnessing the departure of the fine ship Louvre, for the East Indies, which carries out Twenty-One Missionaries of the Baptist persuasion, to disseminate the gospel of our blessed Redeemer among the heathen.

JONATHAN'S OPINION OF HIMSELF.—“There is no banner that waves upon the deep, which waves over prouder hearts, than our own stars. There is no ship that climbs the waves, that leaps off with a freer gait than our own.—And there is no man on the face of the earth, that can lift up his head with more real respect than a citizen of these United States. But the proudest spot, (if we may talk about pride,) on this or any other continent, is New England. You may talk about the mighty west—or the lofty character of the south—but go where you will, there is no spirit that walks the earth like that of the Yankee. Do you hear the fall of the mighty tree in the wilderness? depend upon it, it falls by the Yankee's axe. Do you find the stream turned away from yonder mountain, and apparently made to run up hill, and increase as it runs? it is his hand that digs the channel and guides it. Do you find the man near the southern pole who dares go and look into the mouth of the whale? he is a Yankee; to be sure he cannot make discoveries in the moon, and find mountains of precious stones there; but if you could only make him believe that there were such things there, I verily believe he would seek a ladder by which to get there, and then with a patent for the invention, draw it up after him.

“There is one trait in the character of New England people peculiar to them. It is the ardent, unquenchable love of money. Money the Yankee must and will have. On that he fixes his eye with a gaze ever burning and eager.—Sometimes you will find him chasing the whale, trapping the beaver, on the raft on the St. Lawrence, on the pedlar's cart among the mountains, or watching the machinery which every moment turns out a button or a roll of cloth. Sometimes you will see him seeking money by marriage at a distance—and I believe this is the only way in which he honestly acquires it, while at the same time he loses all self-respect. This leads him to inventions and patents, and I regret to say it, sometimes to a species of dishonesty which is well known by the name of wooden nutmeg selling. It also leads to many useful inventions; and in the words of the ballad which I lately heard beautifully quoted,

“If we the wooden nutmeg make,
We make the cotton gin, Sir.”

[The above are extracts from an Address delivered before the Agricultural Society at Northampton, by Rev. J. Todd.]

He who speaks of things that don't concern him, shall hear things that will not please him.

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FOR THE BEE.

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