

## POETRY.

## NAPOLEON AT REST.

His falchion waved along the Nile,  
His host he led through Alpine snows;  
O'er Moscow's towers that blazed the while  
His eagle-flag unrolled—and froze!

Here sleeps he now, alone!—not one,  
Of all the kings whose crowns he gave,  
Bends o'er his dust, nor wife nor son  
Has even seen or sought his grave.

Behind the sea-girt rock, the star  
That led him on from crown to crown,  
Has sunk, and nations from afar  
Gazed as it faded and went down.

Higl. is his tomb: the ocean flood,  
Far, far below, by storms is curled—  
As round him heaved, while high he stood,  
A stormy and unstable world.

Alone he sleeps: the mountain cloud,  
That might hang round him, and the breath  
Of morning scatters, is the shroud  
That wraps the conqueror's clay in death.

Pause here! The far off world at last  
Breathes free; the hand that shook its thrones,  
And to the earth its mitres cast,  
Lies powerless now beneath these stones.

Hark! Comes there from the pyramids,  
And from Siberian wastes of snow,  
And Europe's hills, a voice that bids  
The world be awed to mourn him?—No!

The only, the perpetual dirge  
That's heard here is the sea-bird's cry—  
The mournful murmur of the surge.  
The cloud's deep voice, the wind's low sigh.

## MISCELLANY.

From the Knickerbocker.

## THE VICTIM OF CONSUMPTION.

SKETCHED FROM REAL LIFE.

It was in the early part of June, 18—, that I was crossing the Chesapeake Bay, on a visit to the eastern section of Maryland. The boat, as usual, stopped at the ancient city of A—, to land and receive passengers. While I was busily watching the changes of a passing cloud, as they were reflected on the still waters, my attention was roused by a silvery laugh from a young creature, and by the gay voices of her companions, as they were stepping from the shore to the deck of a steam-boat. Her mother and brother were to accompany her; but there were some female friends, and several gentlemen, who had come with her, to defer their leave-takings, until the warning bell had tolled for the last time. While she was leaning against the railing, and gaily talking with the group, another and another gallant youth came on board to pay his parting compliments, some with bouquets of rare flowers, others with a volume of poems, or the last new novel. For each, she had a sweet smile, and a pleasant or witty reply. Her attentions were equally divided, and with all she seemed a favorite. I soon discovered that this lovely girl, was the wit, the beauty, and the belle of A—; and seldom was such a distinction more justly merited.

She was just of that age when the child is merging into the woman; that interesting age, when the youthful heart is as yet unswayed by the world's teaching—or the world's flatteries. She was a bright and beautiful creature. Her dark eye sparkled with animation and the bloom of her cheek varied with the quiet or excitement of her feelings; from the delicate tint of

the maiden-blush rose, to the richest hues of Provence. Her dimpled mouth, with its pearly teeth, seemed made for smiles, and nothing could exceed the light-heartedness, the music of her joyous laugh. It was like the wild carol of a bird, and thrilled through me, making my very heart feel glad, as if I had met with some unexpected pleasure.

Her companions bade her farewell, and our heavy boat was again ploughing its way through the waters. The gentlemen stood on the shore and waved their hats until we lost sight of them. She then sat down and opened one or two of the volumes, but soon threw them aside, and took her brother's arm. Her attention was excited by some aquatic birds, whose active pursuit of their prey seemed to her more like amusement than employment. 'Look brother,' I overheard her exclaim, 'at the sea-bird; one moment it darts toward the water, then it flies far up into the blue sky, and swiftly returning again, it rests upon the bosom of the waves, as if it loved the coolness. I wish I could be a sea-bird, for a little while, at least.' 'You are too much of one already, Kate,' said her brother, 'for the peace of the finny tribe you left gasping on the shore of our own fair river.'

'Brother,' said she, while the tears started in her beautiful eyes, 'you do not mean that I am a coquette, do you? O! if I thought that my levity had made me act like that cold, heartless thing, I would despise myself, and never be gay again.'

'No, my sister,' said the brother, fondly encircling her waist, 'you have too much soul about you, I believe, ever to be a coquette. I did not think you would take my jesting so seriously.'

When this little cloud passed by, the same sportiveness animated her fine countenance, and gave her step and her every action a buoyancy so light and graceful, that she seemed the embodied spirit of health and cheerfulness.

The steam-boat stopped opposite the place where they were to land; a little skiff shot out from the bank toward it, and in a few minutes, the fair girl, with her mother and brother, were seated within it, and were passing rapidly to the shore. The light boat rose and fell with the heaving waters, and the dipping oars moved like the wings of a flying sea-bird. As it glided onward, her brother sportively rocked it from side to side, and her light laugh came ringing over the waves, as soft as the sound of distant bells. O! that silvery laugh! I can remember it yet!

It was about the middle of May, that I paid my next visit to my sister. As the boat drew near A—, I thought of the beautiful girl I had seen the year before, and wondered whether she was still a reigning belle, or had settled into the happy wife—the sober married woman. My thoughts continued to dwell on her, until the boat stopped at the wharf. A couch was prepared on deck, and a carriage drew up, from which a sick person was carefully lifted by a family servant, and borne on deck in his arms. A middle-aged lady followed, whose thick veil prevented a view of her features. But as soon as she threw it aside, to bathe the temples of the exhausted invalid, I saw it was the mother of that lovely girl who had been the subject of my thoughts. I looked on the emaciated face of the sufferer, and mentally exclaimed: 'Can this be the beautiful Catherine F—? There is some resemblance, indeed—but no, it cannot be.'

Upon my offering a fan to the lady, as she anxiously bent over the couch, she thanked me, and recollecting when we had met before, said:

'This is a great change in one short year.' I felt so much shocked, that I could say no-

thing in reply. Yes! it was a change—a sad sad change! To me it seemed but a few brief months since I had seen her entering the same boat with her buoyant step, her merry laugh, and attended by her gay companions. Where were they now? Her mother and the faithful servant were still at her side, but her brother was far away on the broad blue sea, and her friends and admirers left her when the hour of sickness came. And she, too, was Consumption's victim! I knew it by the steady lustre of her eye, the hectic flush of her hollow cheek, the sharpened outline of her features, and above all, by the peculiar transparency of her taper fingers, as they lay in dazzling whiteness across her rich dark hair.

I wondered much what could have caused this gay young creature so soon to become a prey to the insatiate spoiler. I was subsequently told, that after a summer spent in gayety, she returned home with a slight cold, contracted when out upon one of her moon-light strolls, or in one of the dances on the green, damp with the evening dew. It seemed to have nearly passed away, and nothing more was thought of it. But it returned again, upon the slightest exposure; and at last it showed that it had been secretly undermining its way, for it revealed its fatal symptoms, the bright fevered spot—the gradual wasting of flesh—and the painful sinking away into utter feebleness.

We parted when the boat reached its place of destination; and a few weeks afterward, upon taking up the village paper, I saw the following obituary notice: 'Died in A—, Catherine F—, aged seventeen; the idolized sister of an absent brother—the only daughter of a widowed mother.'

I have given but one of the many cases which memory records. How numerous are the cases of disease, that must have occurred within the remembrance of every one! Consumption, like the horrid idol of the Hindoos, rolls over our land, and annually crushes beneath its wheels more than fifty thousand victims. The number startles us, and appears incredible. But let every one look back for a few years, and see whether he will not find, in his neighbourhood, among his acquaintance, and it may be even in his own family, enough to bring conviction, not only that this is true, but enough, too, to make him feel that something should be done and that speedily, to arrest the progress of this desolating scourge.

ANOTHER COMET.—According to a correspondent of the Washington Globe, a Comet, has recently been discovered, which is said to be discernible, about 9 o'clock, and about 11 is very conspicuous. It is in the constellation Orion, about two points North of East, 4 degrees North of Betelgors, and 23 degrees 30 minutes West of Beatrix.

DELICATE EATING.—A fellow was lately taken up at Bath (England) for having devoured hard upon 700 oysters, from a poor woman, who had offered to give him, for a small sum as many as he could eat.

RAPID TRAVELLING.—An Irish gentleman remarked, that the rapidity of travelling by steam would soon be such that one could go from London to Brighton, in a shorter time than he could stop at home.

## AGENTS

## FOR THE BEE.

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St. John, N. B.—Mr. A. R. TRURO.  
Halifax—Messrs. A. & W. MCKINLAY.  
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Guysboro—ROBERT HARTSHORNE, Esq.  
Tatmagouche—Mr. JAMES CAMPBELL.  
Wallace—DANIEL MCFARLANE, Esq.  
Aitchat—JOHN S. BALLAINE, Esq.