

POETRY.

THE ADIEU.

Written in 1808, by LOAN BROWN, under the impression that he would soon die.

Adieu, thou hill where early joy
Spread roses o'er my brow;
Where Science wrecks each loitering boy
With knowledge to endow.
Adieu, my youthful friends or foes,
Partners of former bliss or woes;
No more through Ida's paths we stray,
Soon must I share the gloomy cell,
Whose ever-slumbering inmates dwell
Unconscious of the day.
Adieu, ye hoary Regal Fanes,
Ye spires of Granta's vale,
Where Learning robed in sable reigns,
And melancholy pale.
Ye comrades of the jovial hour,
Ye tenants of the classic bower,
On Cama's verdant margin placed,
Adieu! while memory still is mine,
For, offerings on Oblivion's shrine,
These scenes must be effaced.
Adieu, ye mountains of the clime
Where grew my youthful years:
Where Loch na Garr in snows sublime
His giant summit rears.
Why did my childhood wander forth
From you, ye regions of the North,
With sons of pride to roam?
Why did I quit my Highland cave,
Marr's dusky heath, and Dee's clear wave,
To seek a Southern home?
Home of my sires! a long farewell—
Yet why to thee adieu?
Thy vaults will echo back my knell,
Thy towers my tomb will view;
The faltering tongue which sung thy fall,
And former glories of thy hall,
Forgets its wanted simple note;
But yet the lyre retains the strings,
And sometimes, on Æolian wings,
In dying strains may float.
Fields which surround yon rustic cot,
While yet I linger here,
Adieu! you are not now forgot,
To retrospection dear.
Streamlet! along whose rippling surge
My youthful limbs were wont to urge
At noontide heat their phant course
Plunging with ardour from the shore,
Thy springs will lave these limbs no more,
Deprived of active force.
And shall I here forget the scene
Still nearest to my breast?
Rocks rise, and rivers roll between
The spot which passion blest;
Yet, Mary, all thy beauties seem
Fresh as in love's bewitching dream,
To me in smiles display'd:
Thy slow disease resigns his prey
To Death, the parent of decay,
Thine image cannot fade.
And thou, my friend! whose gentle love
Yet thrills my bosom's chords,
How much thy friendship was above
Description's power of words!
Still near my breast thy gift I wear,
Which sparkled once with Feeling's tear,
Of love the pure, the sacred gem;
Our souls were equal, and our lot
In that dear moment quite forgot;
Let Pride alone condemn!

All, all, is dark and cheerless now!
No smile of love's decoit
Can warm my vanes with wonted glow,
Can bid life's pulses beat.
Not o'en the hope of future fame
Can wake my faint, exhausted frame,
Or crown with fancied wreaths my head.
Mine is a short inglorious race,—
To humble in the dust my face,
And mingle with the dead!

Fame! thou goddess of my heart,
On him who gains thy praise
Pointless must fall the spectre's dart,
Consumed in glory's blaze;
But me she beckons from the earth,
My name obscure, unmark'd my birth,
My life a short and vulgar dream:
Lost in the dull, ignoble crowd,
My hopes recline within a shroud,
My fate is Letho's stream.

When I repose beneath the sod,
Unheeded in the clay,
Where once my playful footsteps trod,
Where now my head must lay;
The meed of Pity will be shed
In dew-drops o'er my narrow bed,
By nightly skies, and storms alone;
No mortal eye will deign to steep
With tears the dark sepulchral deep
Which hides a name unknown.

Forget this world, my restless sprite,
Turn, turn thy thoughts to heaven:
There must thou soon direct thy flight,
If errors are forgiven.
To bigots and to sects unknown,
Bow down beneath the Almighty's throne;
To him address thy trembling prayer:
He who is merciful and just,
Will not reject a child of dust,
Although his meanest care.

Father of light! to thee I call,
My soul is dark within,
Thou, who canst mark the sparrow's fall,
Avert the death of sin.
Thou, who canst guide the wandering star,
Who calms't the elemental war,
Whose mantle is yon boundless sky,
My thoughts, my words, my crimes forgive;
And, since I soon must cease to live,
Instruct me how to die.

MISCELLANY.

CURRAN.—One morning, at an inn in the south of Ireland, a gentleman travelling upon mercantile business, came running down stairs a few minutes before the appearance of the stage coach, in which he had taken a seat for Dublin. Seeing an ugly little fellow leaning against the doorpost, with dirty face and shabby clothes, he hailed him and ordered him to brush his coat. The operation proceeding rather slowly, the impatient traveller cursed the lazy valet, for an idle, good-for-nothing dog, and threatened him with corporal punishment on the spot, if he did not make haste and finish his job well before the arrival of the coach. Terror seemed to produce its effect; the fellow brushed the coat and then the trousers, with great diligence, and was rewarded with sixpence, which he received with a low bow. The gentleman went into the bar, and paid his bill, just as the expected vehicle reached the door. Upon getting inside, guess his astonishment to find his friend the quondam waiter, seated snugly in one corner, with all the look of a person well used to comfort. After two or three hurried glances, to be sure that his eyes did not deceive him, he commen-

ced a confused apology for his blunder, condemning his own rashness and stupidity—but he was speedily interrupted by the other exclaiming, "Oh, never mind, make no apologies—these are hard times, and it is well to earn a trifle in an honest way—I am much obliged for your handsome fee for so small a job—my name, sir, is John Philpot Curran, pray what is yours?" The other was thunderstruck by the idea of such an introduction; but the drollery of Curran soon overcame his confusion; and the traveller never rejoiced less at the termination of a long journey, than when he beheld the distant spires of Dublin glitter in the light of the setting sun.

THE AIR WE BREATHE.—Nothing is more interesting than those general laws by which God preserves the order of the world. If we had complete knowledge of all the wonderful contrivances that surround us, we should be filled with admiration and awe: to contemplate those with which we are acquainted, is the highest of intellectual pleasures.

One of these contrivances may be made intelligible even to those who have no acquaintance with Natural Philosophy.

The air is made up of two different gases, or airs, mixed together in a particular proportion. Of these, one (*oxygen*), which we will call *life-air*, is necessary for the support of men and all other animals, which would die without it; neither could any thing *burn* without the help of this *life-air*. Since, then, a vast quantity of it is consumed every hour, how is the supply kept up? How is it that the stock of *life-air* is still sufficient for us, and our fires and candles?

Now, besides these two gases, there is also present in the atmosphere another gas, called carbonic acid, which is made up of *carbon* and *life-air*. The name will be unknown to many, but all are well acquainted with the thing: it is what gives spirit to ale, wine, &c., and even to water, which is insipid after boiling, from the loss of its carbonic acid.

This carbonic acid is produced by the breathing of animals, and the putrefaction of animal and vegetable substances. Now, this constant supply *must be got rid of*, or it would kill us; and *it is got rid of* thus: all vegetables—grass, herbs, trees, &c.—suck in this carbonic acid during the day; nourish themselves with the *carbon*, and give back the *life-air* that was combined with it. In the night, they do the reverse; but still, taking a whole day, they lessen the quantity of carbonic acid gas, and furnish the atmosphere with that supply of *life-air* which is necessary for the existence of the animal creation.—*People's Magazine*.

SCOLDS.—I never knew a scolding person that was able to govern a family. What makes people scold, is, because they cannot govern themselves. How then can they govern others? Those who govern well are generally calm.—They are prompt and resolute but steady and mild.

Think nought a trifle though it small appear,
Small sands the mountain, moments make the year;
And trifles life: your care to trifles give,
Or you may die before you learn to live.

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