

POETRY.

HYMN OF NATURE.

God of the earth's extended plains !
The dark green fields contented lie :
The mountains rise like holy towers,
Where man might commune with the sky.
The tall cliff challenges the storm
That hurls upon the vale below,
Where shade-fountains send their streams,
With joyous music in their flow.

God of the dark and heavy deep !
The waves lie sleeping on the sands,
Till the fierce trumpet of the storm
Hath summoned up their thundering bands;
Then their white sails were dashed like foam,
Or hurray, trembling, o'er the seas,
Till calmed by thee, the sinking gale
Serenely breathes, Depart in peace.

God of the forest's solemn shade !
The grandeur of the lonely tree,
That wrestles singly with the gale,
Lifts up admiring eyes to thee,
But more majestic far they stand,
When, side by side, their ranks they form,
To wave on high their plumes of green,
And fight their battles with the storm.

God of the light and viewless air !
Where summer breezes sweetly flow,
Or, gathering in their angry might,
The fierce and wint'ry tempests blow,
All—from the evening's plaintive sigh,
That hardly lifts the drooping flower,
To the wide whirlwind's midnight cry—
Breathe forth the language of thy power.

God of the fair and open sky !
How gloriously above us springs
The tented dome, of heavenly blue,
Suspended on the rainbow's rings :
Each brilliant star, that sparkles through,
Each gilded cloud, that wanders free
In evening's purple radiance, gives
The beauty of its praise to thee.

God of the rolling orbs above !
Thy name is written clearly bright
In the warm day's unvarying blaze,
Or evening's golden shower of light.
For every fire that fronts the sun,
And every spark that walks alone
Around the utmost verge of heaven,
Was kindled at thy burning throne.

God of the world, the hour must come,
And nature's self to dust return;
Her crumbling altars must decay;
Her incense fires must cease to burn;
But still her grand and lovely scenes
Have made man's warmest praises flow;
For hearts grow holier as they trace
The beauty of the world below.

MISCELLANY.

RIGHTS OF WOMEN.

It is not a little strange, that amidst all the discussions and zealous exertions to ascertain and establish the rights of different classes in the community, which have distinguished the last five years, so little has been said or done to restore the fairest and best half of our race to some of those original rights which "the lords of creation" have taken from them. Though christianity has done much for the female sex, and restored them many lost rights and privileges, still it is a humiliating fact, that in christian law, woman has far less freedom than justice and humanity demand. On this

subject we have thought and felt much, and, should Providence permit, we intend to write much, at some future day. Our present design is to offer a few hints only on a single point, which we rejoice to learn, has recently been agitated in the Legislature of New York. Mr Hertell has introduced a bill to secure the pecuniary rights of woman. This bill provides among other things, that all property, real and personal, belonging to a woman at the time of marriage, or afterwards obtained by gift or bequest, and the income of it, unless voluntarily relinquished to her husband, shall be at her sole disposal.

Such a law, we hope, will soon be enacted in every state in the Union, and in every nation on earth. It commends itself to the common sense and conscience of every enlightened citizen who will examine it. There is, when examined, something so manifestly unjust and absurd in our laws on this subject, that we are astonished to think how long they have existed, and how tamely they have been submitted to by the injured party. We wonder they have not risen *en masse*, and poured in petitions to the legislatures for a redress of grievances, till those who have oppressed their sex by legal enactments, would yield back the rights and property, which they have so unjustly wrested from them. Their long and patient forbearance only adds another proof, that woman is capable of enduring great sufferings and immense wrongs, with a patient submission to which man is a stranger.

By what principle of justice does the law wrest from a woman, the moment she is married, all the patrimony of her father, and all her own hard-earned wages, and place them at the entire disposal of her husband? We admit that in an important sense the husband and wife "are one flesh;" but certainly not in any such sense as to destroy the personal identity of each, nor ensure perfect harmony of opinion on all subjects, and "in all the cares of life and love." The husband may prove to be destitute of that good sense, sound judgment, and business tact, which are essential to manage property, or even make a livelihood. The wife may discover this when it is too late to retrace her steps. The property, perhaps a large estate given by her father, at the disposal of an indiscreet and stubborn husband, who will neither manage it properly himself, nor listen to the councils of his wife. She sees it wasting, but has no power to prevent it. Poverty and wretchedness are her portion. Or, however sober and virtuous when married, the husband may and often does become intemperate, or a gambler and squanderer away of his property. Shall the patrimony of his wife, and even the last farthing of her own earnings obtained by her daily toil and the sweat of her brow for the support of herself and children, be torn from her, as is often the fact, to sustain him in idleness and dissipation, and pay the bills of the wretch, who sold him intoxicating drinks? Where is the justice, good policy, or honor of such laws? Most manifestly they are unjust and oppressive. The laws should secure every cent of a woman's property to herself, and never take it to pay her husband's debts, unless voluntarily relinquished by herself. Every woman of sense and proper feeling would prefer that her husband should manage her property, so long as he did it well, and also that the income should all be applied to the support of the family; but it is time, that the old slavish doctrine, that women have no separate and independent rights, was given up, and more rational views adopted. We intend to recur to this subject again at some future day, and invite discussion.—*Cleveland Messenger.*

NOTHING.—An Irishman thus defines "nothing." "A footless stocking without a leg."

Mrs PETER JONES.—Most of the readers of the public press probably recollect the publication of a romantic story of a young lady of London, possessed of wealth and great personal beauty, who, two or three years ago, became enamoured of Peter Jones, a Seneca Indian, a missionary, and married him, in despite of the remonstrances of friends and scandal of the world. Mrs Jones migrated to the west, soon after her marriage, with her aboriginal lord; but, at last, having become disgusted with the life he led her, she secretly abdicated his wigwam, and returned to England, in the packet of the 16th of May. During the sojourn of Mrs Jones in the west, she became the mother of two children, both of whom are dead.—*N. Y. paper.*

OHIO AGAINST THE WORLD!!—The wife of Mr Ephraim Knoles, of Union township, was safely delivered, a few days since, of four daughters, at a birth. The children are said to be doing well. Mrs Knoles is in her forty-sixth year, and had previously given birth to thirteen children. Mrs K. has been visited by most of the married ladies in the neighborhood; and 'tis thought that her good fortune is likely to create some dissatisfaction among them.—*Chil. Gazette.*

RETRENCHMENT.—The ladies of New York, and other cities in the States, in conformity with the economical spirit of the times, have laudably determined henceforward to put only ten yards, instead of twenty, in the sleeves of their frocks and gowns. There will not now be so much danger of the light ones being blown away.

CHARACTER is like wealth. It takes many years to acquire it, but the actions of an hour may deprive us of it forever.

LITERARY CURIOSITY.—The following is a copy of an excuse recently handed in to a Schoolmaster for the non-attendance of his scholars:

"cepatemtogotaturin."

If our readers make out to solve the above without having it labelled, we give up at once that they are more apt at such things than our humble selves—and for fear that there may be some who would not understand it without an explanation, we subjoin the following.—*"Kept at home to go a taturing."*—*N. Y. Express.*

A wit, having lost the election to a Fellowship at — College, which was gained by a person of very inferior desert, "Well," said he, "Pope is right, 'Worth makes the man, the want of it the Fellow.'"

A country Editor says that his paper has succeeded beyond his most sanguinary expectations. What a thundering bloody disposition the fellow must have.

A GOOD WIFE.—A woman who uniformly makes good coffee, and does not scold, even on washing day, possesses two very important requisites in being a good wife.

"I say, Pat, what are you writing there in such a large hand?" "Arrah, honey, and its to my poor mother who is very deaf, that I am writing a loud letter."

AGENTS

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