

POETRY.

THE FUNERAL.

BY J. GRAHAM.

But wood and wild, the mountain and the dale,
The house of prayer itself, —no place inspires
Emotions more accordant with the day,
Than does the field of graves, the land of rest. —
Oft at the close of evening-prayer, the toll,
The solemn funeral toll, pausing proclaims
The service of the tomb; the homeward crowds
Divide on either hand; the pomp draws near;
The choir to meet the dead go forth, and sing,
I am the resurrection and the life.
Ah ne! these youthful bearers robed in white,
They tell a mournful tale; some blooming friend
Is gone, dead in her prime of years.—'Twas she,
The poor man's friend, who, when she could not give,
With angel tongue pleaded to those who could,
With angel tongue and mild beseeching eye,
That ne'er besought in vain, save when she pray'd
For longer life, with heart resigned to die, —
Rejoiced to die; for happy visions bless'd
Her voyage's la. days, and hovering round,
Alighted on her soul, giving presage
That heaven was nigh.—O what a burst
Of rapture from her lips! what tears of joy
Her beaming eye suffus'd! Those eyes are closed,
But all her loveliness is not yet flown:
She smiled in death, and still her cold pale face
Retains that smile; as when a waveless lake,
In which the wintry stars all bright appear,
Is sheeted by a nightly frost with ice,
Still it reflects the face of heaven unchanged,
Unruffled by the breeze or sweeping blast.
Again that knell! The slow procession stops:
The pall withdrawn, Death's altar, thick emboss'd
With melancholy ornaments.—(the name,
The record of her blooming age,)—appears
Unveil'd, and on it dust to dust is thrown,
The final rite. Oh! hark that sullen sound!
Upon the lower'd bier the shovell'd clay
Falls fast, and fills the void —

MISCELLANY.

THE MOON.—Some time since, a M. Gruthusen, of Munich, stated, that he had had incontestable proofs that the moon is inhabited—all Europe assailed him with ridicule, but he was not to be laughed out of his opinions, and has now republished them, in concert with a learned colleague and astronomer, M. Schræter. Their common conclusions are: first, that the vegetation on the surface of the moon extends to 55° S. lat., and 60° N. lat.; secondly, that from the 50th degree N. lat. to the 17th of S. lat. they recognise evident traces of the mode of animated beings. They repeat that which M. Gruthusen formerly asserted, that they perceive high roads in various directions, and have further discovered a colossal edifice, nearly under the equator of our satellite. At this place there is an appearance of a considerable city, near to which they are perfectly assured of the existence a construction similar to that called in fortification, a horn-work.

A WOODEN NOSE.—On Monday week, a new man named Butler, was presented to the London Medical Society. The case is remarkable, disease had entirely destroyed the nose externally, the palate, part of the orbital and frontal bones, as well as of the upper maxillary processes—exposing the tongue, &c. to view; so that the unfortunate sufferer was unable to speak without artificial assistance, and had too ghastly an appearance to be looked at without horror. Such artificial aid he has, however, contrived in the most ingenious manner, enabling him to speak distinctly, and appear in society. It consists of a wooden nose, which

is fastened on his face by means of a pair of imitation spectacles rivetted through the nose, a false palate, and other apparatus. The case excited much interest, both from the dreadful ravages of the disease, and from the ingenuity and skill manifested by Mr. Butler (who is a chief clerk in a mercantile house in the city) in the structure and adaptation of the various parts of his invention.—*English paper.*

How superior is the poor man with a rich spirit to a rich man with a poor spirit! To borrow the expression of St. Paul, he is 'as having nothing, and yet possessing all things;' while the other presents the melancholy reverse—he is as possessing all things, and yet having nothing, the last hopes nothing, and fears everything. There is no absolute poverty without poverty of spirit. The sunshine of the mind gives only the bright side. He who lives under its influence is courted by all men, and may, if he will, enjoy their goods without their troubles. The world is, as it were, held in trust for him; and, in freedom from care, he is alone entitled to be called a gentleman. He is the most independent of all men, because fortune has the least power over him. He is the only man that is free and unfettered; he may do what he pleases and nothing is expected from him. He escapes importunity and flattery, and feels a perpetual consciousness that he is not sought for but for himself. Suspicion of motives never chills his confidence, nor withers his enjoyment. He has an enriching power within himself, which makes his outward wants easily supplied with industry and prudence, without the necessity of anxious toil. A little is his enough, and beyond, is an incumbrance. This is the Christian doctrine, and the doctrine of reason, which ever go together.

MATRIMONIAL ADVENTURE.—A few weeks ago, a pair of lovers, sick of freedom, presented themselves at the altar of St. Margaret's Church, that they might be united in the bonds of marriage. But the Rev gentleman having learned that the bans had been published in the parish church of one only of the parties, he declined to perform the ceremony, stating that as they lived in separate parishes, it was necessary that proclamation should be made in both. Reluctantly they withdrew, to pass a few more weeks of tedious courtship, while the bans were duly published. On Sunday last they again presented themselves, and were buckled together hard and fast. The Gordian knot being tied, the "happy man" refused to pay the fees, as he had been subjected to an extra expense in the publication of bans, whereupon he was locked up in the chancel, in company with his new-made wife, who (as all "better halves" should) refused to desert her partner in his adversity. Imprisonment made no impression on his resolution—he persisted in refusing to pay the charges—(perhaps for a sufficient reason)—and the relenting sexton liberated him in time for the wedding dinner.—*Leicester Chron.*

THE IRISH CLERGY.—J. B. Wildman, Esq., at the Canterbury Meeting, on the 11th instant, for the Irish clergy, stated that "he would vouch for the truth of a narrative he was about to give them:—A clergyman in Ireland, possessed of an income of £200 per annum, recently went to an office in Dublin to insure his life in favor of his wife and children. Some hesitation having been evinced, he asked if there was any objection to him. The reply was, "We cannot sir; we dare not run the risk of insuring clergymen. We cannot make out a policy for you unless you agree to a proviso that the insurance shall be void in the event of your being murdered." A thrill of horror followed this anecdote.—*Kentish Gaz.*

CHOICE OF A WIFE.—The general and constant advice he gave, too, when consulted about the choice of a wife, a profession, or

whatever influences a man's particular and immediate happiness, was always to reject no positive good from fears of its contrary consequences. "Do not," said he, "forbear to marry a beautiful woman if you can find such, out of a fancy that she will be less constant than an ugly one; or condemn yourself to the society of coarseness and vulgarity for fear of the expenses, or other dangers, of elegance or personal charms, which have been always acknowledged as a positive good, and for the want of which there should be always given some weighty compensation. I have, however," continued Mr. Johnson, "seen some prudent fellows who forbore to connect themselves with beauty lost coquetry should be near, and with wit or birth, lest insolence should lurk behind them, till they have been forced by their discretion to linger life away in tasteless stupidity, and choose to count the moments by remembrance of pain instead of enjoyment of pleasure.—*Johnsoniana.*

INSECTS IN THE HUMAN SKIN.—Numerous animalcules have been discovered in the skin of a patient labouring under scabies, at the London Infirmary for Diseases of the Skin. These insects burrow under the skin, and give rise to the most intolerable itching; they are scarcely visible to the naked eye, but, when seen by the aid of a powerful microscope, present the appearance of a white gelatinous body, with eight many-jointed legs of a deep red colour. The insect belongs to the order *aplura*, and is named *acarus scabiei*.—*From a Lecture by Dr. Itchfield.*

DEATH OF A FEMALE BURGLAR.—A farmer who keeps a house for the entertainment of travellers, on the road leading from Banbridge to Lurgan, had in his service a woman named —. It appears she was up about three o'clock serving some travellers, who were on their way to Hillsborough fair, with oats, &c. After she had given the oats she went to rob a brother of her master, who resides a short distance from the place, and keeps a grocery shop. She got up the office-house, ascended to the roof of the dwelling-house, descended the parlour chimney, and when half way she stuck fast (the funnel being narrow,) her clothes and arms remaining right above her head. Some of the children being unwell the master of the house had occasion to rise, and after having lighted a candle, heard a voice crying, "John, dear come and relieve me." He proceeded to the parlour chimney and found that the voice came from it. He asked who was there? She mentioned her name. "What brought you there?" She answered, "The Devil." He then asked her was it she that attempted to break into his house some time ago? She at first answered it was, but afterwards denied this. Her interrogator then asked her had she many accomplices? She said she had none. Upon this he went for his two brothers, but they all found it impracticable to bring the unfortunate woman either up or down the chimney. During all this time she was conversing freely with the family. They then made a breach in the funnel, and by this means brought the woman out, when to their astonishment, she proved to be lifeless. They sent for a neighbour to bleed her, and used such means as were in their power to restore animation, but without effect.—*Norwy Telegraph.*

AGENTS FOR THE BEE.

Charlottetown, P. E. I.—Mr. DENNIS REDDIN.
Miramichi—Rev. JOHN MCCURDY.
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.
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