

POETRY.

THE EARTH IS BEAUTIFUL.

BY CAROLINE GILMAN.

THE whole broad earth is beautiful
To minds attuned aright,
And whereso'er my feet are turned,
A smile has met my sight.
The city with its bustling walk,
Its splendor, wealth, and power,
A ramble by the river side,
A passing summer flower.

the meadow green, the ocean swell,
The forest waving free,
Are gifts of God, and speak in tones
Of kindness to me.
And oh where'er my lot is cast,
Where'er my footsteps roam,
If those I love are near to me,
That spot is still my home.

LINES ON A SHIP'S CREW,

Who bore the names of eleven eminent divines.

Is life's unsettled, aid career,
What changes every day appear,
To please or plague the eye!
Men bearing names of pious priests,
Here in this ship are swearing beasts.
That heaven and hell defy.

Here Bonner, brimmed with many a knock,
Has changed the temple for a knock,
While E. shows us the tin locks;
And Watts, a name that pleasure took
In writing hymns, is here a cook—
Sinner he does not vex.

Here Bunsen, Tillotson, and Blair,
With Harvey, how they curse and swear,
While Cudworth moves grog!
Pearson the crew to dinner hails,
A graceless Sherlock trims the sails,
And Bunyan heaves the log!

LINES ON A SHIP'S CREW.

MISTAKEN VIEWS OF RELIGION.—Religion, which is the greatest subject that can engage the attention of man, should be clothed with no garb of sadness. It is like the sun, and to cloud it, dims its lustre. On this subject, the Christian Register very properly says:

One cause which impedes the reception of religion, even among the well-disposed, is the garment of sadness in which people delight to suppose her dressed, and that life of hard austerity, and pining abstinence, which they pretend she enjoins upon her disciples. And it were well, if this were only the misrepresentation of her de-lared enemies;—but, unhappily it is the too frequent misconception of her injudicious friends. But, such an over-charged picture is not more unamiable than it is unlike, for I will venture to affirm, that religion, with all her beautiful and becoming sanctity, imposes fewer sacrifices, not only of rational, but of pleasurable enjoyments, than the uncontrolled dominion of any one vice. Her service is not only perfect safety, but perfect freedom. She is not so tyrannizing as passion, so exacting as the world, nor so despotic as fashion. Let us try the case by a parallel, and examine it, not as affecting our virtue, but our pleasure. Does religion forbid the cheerful enjoyments of life as rigorously as avarice forbids them? Does she require such sacrifices of our ease as ambition, or such renunciations of our quiet as our pride? Does devotion MURDER sleep like dissipation? Does she destroy health like intemperance? Does she annihilate fortune like gaming?—embitter

life like discord; or bridge it like dueling? Does religion impose more vigilance than suspicion? or halt as many mortifications as vanity? Vice has her martyrs, and the most austere and self-denying Ascetic, (who mistakes the genius of Christianity, almost as much as her enemies,) never tormented himself with such cruel and causeless severity, as that with which envy lacerates her unhappy votaries. Worldly honour obliges us to be to the trouble of resenting injuries, but religion spurs us that inconvenience, by commanding us to forgive them; and by this injunction consults our happiness, no less than our virtue, for the torment of constantly hating anyone, must be, at least, equal to the sin of it. If this estimate be fairly made, then is the balance clearly on the side of religion, even in the article of pleasure.

A CLEAR STAGE AND NO FAVOUR.—A frightful scene occurred on the 6th ult. at the theatre of Czerny, in Bohemia, during the performance of a melo drama, call the *Bear of the Mountains*, the principal performer in which was a bruiser of such wonderful docility and dramatic talent, that for a long succession of nights he attracted overflowing audience. On this occasion, however, something had put this star out of humour, and he was observed to be wanting in those brilliant displays of the histrionic art which had previously overwhelmed him with applause. In the third act, instead of coming down the mountain by a winding path, with the slow and solemn step prescribed by the plotter's lock, he nagged on the stage in one bound like the descent of an acrobat. On his return behind the scenes he received severe reproofs, which instead of improving, made his temper still more sullen; and it was with difficulty he could be prevailed upon to go through with his part. In the last scene he was induced to commence a waltz with a young and beautiful peasant girl, and seemed to take so much enjoyment in the dance, that the whole audience were raised from their seats, and, standing on the benches, drowned the sounds of a powerful orchestra with their exclamations of praise and delight. In a moment, however, the joyous spectacle was changed into one of indescribable horror; a piercing shriek was heard above all the commotion of noise, the stage was in one moment in the utmost confusion, and the next was left of every performer except the bear, who appeared with his muzzle unfastened and hanging round his neck, while he, after making a wide display of his tremendous gullet, leapt into the orchestra, which may be easily imagined, was in an instant as vacant as the stage. The flight of the audience was equally as precipitate, but the consequences much more serious. Numbers were severely crushed and bruised in the struggles at the door, and several were dreadfully injured by being thrown down and trampled upon. After a pause, a platoon of soldiers went into the pit with fixed bayonets and loaded barrels and ordered to bring out the cause of all the evil, dead or alive; but they found bruin, like other great actors who have performed their parts and become exhausted by their exertions, and incapable or unwilling to make any resistance. He was it once muzzled again and led to his den, and on the following day the piece was suppressed by order of the authorities.

CURE FOR SCALDS AND BURNS.—Mix lime water and sweet oil together, and apply the liquid with a feather or soft rag to the wound. The lime and oil will form in proper proportions a white mixture rather thicker than cream and should be stirred until they become of this consistency. Under the application, the pain of the severest burn instantly subsides,

and if duly renewed is an effectual cure. This application is not generally known, and as we have seen its efficacy frequently tested, we can recommend it as the speediest and safest that can be used.

TECHNICALS.—The following note has made a deal of fun in London: "Dear Sir.—How comes it that I have had no proofs of love from you since last Saturday? I have waited with the utmost impatience." Signed Charlotte Berry. But the fun vanishes when the reader learns that Lady Charlotte Berry had a novel entitled "Love" in the press, and that the note was to her printer.

SCRAPING ACQUAINTANCE.—A genteel looking coffee house lounge wishing to introduce himself to a wealthy stranger, addressed him with, "It appears to me, sir, that I have before seen you somewhere!"—"Very likely; I have been there frequently," replied the other, and turned upon his heel.—*Focus*.

PATRIOT WIT.—A Sovereign remedy.—The United States officers on board the steam boat New England, under the command of Lieut. Champlin, on her recent visit to Dunkirk, found all the boxes containing arms and ammunition marked "A cure for the King's Evil!"—*Buffa Jour*.

RIOTOUS WIT.—During the memorable abolition mob in this city, a few of the rioters gave chase to William Knapp, the publisher of the *Liberator*. While on the full run, they were met by several of their acquaintances, who hailed them with—"Aha! my good fellows—it seems you are wide a wake!"

"So far from that," answered one of the pursuers—"we are going to take a knapp."

A black man went to the shop of a roguish barber to get his hair powdered. The latter sprinkled lye upon his head, by which means his hair was, in a short time removed. The case came into court, when the counsel for the defendant looked at the plaintiff and said that as near as he could tell this was one of those cases where there is "great cry and little wool."

GALLANTRY.—A sailor who had spent all his days on the blue water and knew little of land gear, came on shore, and in passing up a street saw a little woman going along with a large muff before her. He stepped up very politely and offered to carry it for her, as he was going that way!

Imitation garden seeds are made of box-wood in Connecticut. Some of them are so nicely disguised as to take root in the earth and grow.

Those who make a business of pursuing fame, generally fail to realise their hopes and expectations. Like an artist who is continually thinking of his pay, they neglect the work which is necessary to ensure a title to remuneration.

"How beautiful the face of Nature looks after the shower?"

"Yes madam—but any body's face would look better for being washed."

A HARD CASE.—An apprentice in abedding from Springfield, had his stage passage charged to his employer.

AGENTS

FOR THE BEE.

Charlottetown, P. E. I.—Mr. DENNIS REDDEN.
Halifax—Messrs. A. & W. MCKINLAY.
Truro—Mr. CHARLES BLANCHARD.
Tatmagouche—Mr. WILLIAM MCCONNELL.
Wallace—DANIEL MCFARLANE, Esq.