

## POETRY.

## THE POET'S INHERITANCE.

BY ROBERT GILFILLAN.

WHAT is the bard's inheritance?

Whence do his pleasures flow?

Are his the joys that fortune yields—

That wealth and power bestow?

A nobler heritage is his,

Far in the shady bowers,

With all the woodlands waving green,

And not the world of flowers.

For him a thousand songsters sing

In brambly brake, or dell;

Their language is not known to all,

But he doth know it well!

Too linnet pours to him her plaint,

The stock-dove tells her woes;

The thrush unfolds to him her tale,

In words no other knows.

The sunny streamlets, in silver bright,

For him in gladness run;

And he partakes of every joy

That sparkles 'neath the sun;

'Tis his to strow each path with flowers,

Life's pilgrimage along,

His mornings are with music crown'd,

His evenings close with song!

And oh! how bright are poets' dreams,

All free from care or pain;

They rise from lowly earth 'o heaven,

And come from heaven again.

They picture forth a world of joy,

All lovely to the view.

Where woman reigns in virgin pride,

And virgin beauty too!

They are not poor whom men call poor,

For there's a glory given

To all who bow at Nature's shrine,

Be't ocean, earth or heaven!

And who is Nature's worshipper

Like him who walks abroad,

And talks with hills and woods and streams,

The children of his God?

There is a bound to wealth and fame,

A limit given to power;

And soon the pomp and pride of state

Exhaust their little hour!

But what can bound the poet's soul—

Wha' chain his spirit free?

He bursteth o'er the bounds of time,

And grasps Eternity!

## MISCELLANY.

**MILITARY ANECDOTE.**—The following anecdote connected with the battle of Orthes, relative to Lieutenant Macpherson, whose heroism at Badajoz, we have already recorded, will not be uninteresting. He was still a lieutenant at the period of the battle at Orthes, attached to the light company of the 45th foot. Just before the attack commenced, the regiment was drawn up in line, partly hidden by a kind of hedge or bank. The bugles had sounded the recall, and the light troops were hastening back to form in the rear. As the files opened to let them through, some of the enemy's trailblazers had followed them nearly up to the line, which made Macpherson anxious to see the whole of the men fall in before he himself retired. The skirmishing was still kept up as they fell back, and an occasional man fell on both sides, as these expert shots rapidly loaded as they moved, and then with deadly accuracy turned to stop the advance of their enemy. The gallant Macpherson, in his anxiety to do his duty, was left al-

most to the last, when he was about to effect his own retreat: but just at this moment he perceived one of the enemy's sharpshooters, within about twenty yards, raising his piece to take a deliberate aim at him. This man had ventured thus far alone; for his comrades having come within range of the fire from the line, had commenced retiring. Col. Macpherson's own description of his reflections are at the same time amusing and painful.

I saw the man taking a deliberate aim at me. What to do I did not know. I could not get at him before he could fire; while to run would be equally useless—I should be shot in the back; for I knew he was one of those picked men who never missed any thing: in fact, I could think of nothing else to do, but to stand fire. The fellow was a confounded long time taking his aim, as if determined to make sure of his mark; I put myself in an attitude, by presenting my right side to him, putting my arm straight down to cover me, and screwing myself up as small as possible; but I can assure you I felt smaller than I looked, as I stood like a target to be shot by a fellow that could hit any one of my buttons he pleased.

At last went his piece, and I felt in a moment he was right, I did not fall, but staggered a few paces backward, and then felt very much inclined to reach my soldiers, some of whom had witnessed the whole affair without being able to lend me assistance. My right arm was rendered unserviceable, and I felt confident that the ball had entered my body, but I was uncertain whether or not it had found its way out. I staggered towards the line, but must have fallen had not a brave fellow—named Kelly—an Irishman, and one of our crack shots—seeing that I was hit ran forward to support me. As soon as I felt his friendly grip round my body, I mustered fresh strength, although bleeding profusely, both inside and out.

Kelly commenced a dialogue, observing, 'by my soul, sir, you're badly wounded, sure.' I felt very faint, but replied, 'Yes, Kelly, I think so, feel if the ball is out.' Kelly winced at its course, and then placing his hand upon my loins, where it should have made its exit, exclaimed, 'No, by my soul, then it is 't, and you're spaking yet. But where's the man that did it?' Without, at the moment, any feeling of revenge towards him whom I then thought my destroyer, I pointed in the direction from whence he had fired, and there, on the very same spot, stood this daring fellow, deliberately re-loading, to have another shot at my assistant or to finish me. But Kelly quitted hold of me for a moment, and I saw his unerring gun raised to his shoulder. The French soldier was unmoved. Kelly fired and he fell dead.—The Colonel, in relating this incident spoke with much regret of the fate of his gallant enemy.—*Robinson's Life of General Pitcairn.*

**SWEDISH LAWS WITH RESPECT TO INTOXICATION.**—The laws against intoxication are enforced with great rigour in Sweden. Whoever is seen drunk is fined, for the first offence, three dollars; for the second, six; for the third and fourth, a still larger sum, and is also deprived of the right of voting at elections, and of being appointed a representative. He is, besides, publicly exposed in the parish church on the following Sunday. If the same individual be found committing the same offence a fifth time, he is shut up in a house of correction, and condemned to six months' hard labour; and if he is again guilty, to a twelve month's punishment of a similar description. If the offence has been committed in public, such as at a fair, an' auction, &c. the fine is doubled; and if the offender has made his ap-

pearance in a church, the punishment is still more severe. Whoever is convicted of having induced another to intoxicate himself, is fined three dollars, which sum is doubled if the person is a minor. An ecclesiastic who falls into this offence loses his benefice; if it is a layman, who occupies any considerable post, his functions are suspended and he is dismissed. Drunkenness is never an excuse for any crime; and whoever dies when drunk is buried ignominiously, and deprived of the prayer of the church; it is forbidden to give, and more especially to sell, any spirituous liquors to students, workmen, servants, apprentices, and private soldiers. Whoever is observed drunk in the streets, or making a noise in a tavern, is sure to be taken to prison, and detained till sober, without, however, being on that account exempted from the fines. Half of those fines goes to the informers (who are generally police officers,) the other half to the poor. If the delinquent has no money he is kept in prison until some one pays for him, or until he has worked out his enlargement.—Twice a year these ordinances are read aloud from the pulpit by the clergy; and every tavern keeper is bound, under the penalty of a heavy fine, to have a copy of them hung up in his house.

**EXPERIENCE.**—'To most men,' says Coleridge, 'Experience is like the stern-light of a ship, which illumines only the track it has passed.' This is very pretty, and very true; but like a great many pretty and true things, it does not amount to much. Suppose experience were like a light on the bow. What would be the difference? It would then only show you the danger, just as you would be on the point of feeling it. It would not penetrate the gloom sufficiently to point it out in time to avoid it. For my part, I do not calculate largely upon the benefit which the human family is likely ever to derive from the lights of experience. A cool, cautious, well-balanced head will carry a man safely over a sea in which experience would wreck him in any minute.—*Blackwood.*

**A PRETTY PAIR.**—The St. John Papers recently told a good story, of a fellow who called on a lady for a suit of dry clothes for her husband, who, he said had fallen into the water near the site of the new Bridge. Having provided himself with a handsome coat and trowsers, and all the appurtenances to boot, he made himself scarce, before the gentleman returned—dry as dust—to hear from the lips of his wife an account of the "melancholy accident." A game of the same sort was playing in Halifax about the same time, and for a while seemed to be rather more successful. A young girl, of the name of Bilby, about fifteen years of age, who had been learning the dress making business, went round to about a dozen ladies—young and old—in succession, and delivering the compliments of each to the others, borrowed a handsome dress for a pattern—she seemed to have a peculiar fancy for shawl dresses, and had collected a valuable stock—besides some handsome articles, got from dry good stores under similar pretences, with all which she probably intended to have made off. But suspicions were excited—the lady was traced—the Police officers got their hands upon her, and she has been lodged in prison. If the New Brunswick Sharper should be in want of a wife, this is a Girl worth his notice; he would have nothing to teach her but—how to get off.—*Novascotian, Oct'r 19.*

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