

## POETRY.

## A NOBLE PEASANT.

The Rev. GEORGE CRABBE so emphatically described as

Nature's sternest painter, yet the best,  
has left in the hearts of all, to whom genuine feeling and sincere Christian morality are dear, a memorial which shall long outlive the marble that records his worth. His Poems are a treasure in the literature of a Christian nation; and from their perusal we can never rise but with hearts chastened and subdued, by the tone of piety which breathes in every line. The following picture of a "Noble Peasant" is extracted from his poem, entitled the *Parish Register*. Oh! but that half our peasantry would emulate such a model! After enumerating sundry "Burials," he proceeds to tell us that next,—

A noble peasant, Isaac Ashford, died.  
Noble he was, contemning all things mean,  
His truth unquestion'd, and his soul serene.  
Of no man's presence Isaac felt afraid;  
At no man's question Isaac look'd demur'd;  
Shame knew him not, he dreaded no disgrace,  
Truth, simple truth, was written in his face;  
Yet while the serious thought his soul approved,  
Cheerful he seem'd, and gentleness he loved.  
To bliss domestic he his heart resign'd,  
And with the firmest, had the fondest mind,  
Were others joyful, he look'd smiling on,  
And gave allowance where he needed none.  
Good he refused with future ill to buy,  
Nor knew a joy that caused reflection's sigh,  
A friend to virtue, his unclouded breast  
No envy stung, no jealousy distress'd.  
(Bane of the poor! it wounds their weaker mind,  
To miss one favour which their neighbours find!)  
Yet far was he from stoic pride removed;  
He felt humanely, and he warmly loved.  
I mark'd his action when his infant died,  
And his old neighbour for offence was tried,  
The still tears stealing down his furrow'd cheek,  
Spoke plainer than the tongue can speak.  
If pride were his, 'twas not their vulgar pride,  
Who, in their base contempt, the great deride,  
Nor pride in learning, though my Clerk agreed,  
If fate should call him, Ashford might succeed,  
Nor pride in rustic skill, although we know  
None his superior, and his equals few;  
But if that spirit in his soul had place,  
It was the jealous pride that shuns disgrace;  
A pride in honest fame, by virtue gain'd,  
In sturdy boys to virtuous labours train'd;  
Pride in the power that guards his country's coast,  
And all that Englishmen enjoy and boast;  
Pride in a life that slander's tongue defied,—  
In fact, a noble passion, misnamed pride.  
He had no party's rage, no sectry's whim,—  
Christian and countryman was all with him:  
True to his church he came; no Sunday shower  
Kept him at home in that important hour;  
Nor his firm feet could one persuading sect,  
By the strong glare of their new light direct.  
In times severe, when many a sturdy swain  
Felt it his pride, his comfort, to complain,  
None their wants would soothe, his own would hide,  
And feel in that his comfort and his pride.  
Here is all the manly bearing, and bold outline of  
character which the pencil of a Salvator might have  
been proud to delineate in the sister art; but Isaac  
Ashford was mortal, and thus does his worthy Pastor  
chant his elegy.  
I feel his absence in the house of prayer,  
And view his seat and sigh for Isaac there;  
None no more those white locks thinly spread  
Round the bald polish of that honour'd head,  
No more that awful glance on playful wight,  
Compelled to kneel, and tremble at the sight,  
To fold his fingers, all in dread the while,  
Till Mister Ashford softened to a smile;  
No more that meek and suppliant look in prayer,  
Nor the pure faith (to give it force) are there:  
But he is blessed, and I lament no more,  
A wise good man contented to be poor.

E. A. J.

## MISCELLANY.

THE RATTLE-SNAKE.  
(*Crotalus horribilis*.)

This terrific reptile is found in great abundance on the continent of America, and, if its instinct induced it to make use of the dreadful means of destruction and self defence which it

possesses, it would become so great a scourge as to render the country in which it is found uninhabitable; but except when violently irritated or for the purpose of self-preservation, it seldom employs the fatal power bestowed upon it. The venom of the rattle-snake, is perhaps more virulent than that of any other creature of the same class, but experience teaches us, that its effects are modified by several circumstances, particularly the heat of the climate, and the season of the year. In all hot countries, the bite of serpents is found to be much more dangerous than in more temperate regions; and much depends upon the time which has elapsed since the reptile last employed its poison fangs. The Rattle snake inserts its poison into the body of its victims, by means of two long, sharp-pointed teeth or fangs, which grow one on each side of the fore part of the upper jaw. The construction of these teeth is very singular; they are hollow for a portion of their length, and in each tooth is found a narrow slit, communicating with the central hollow; the root of the fang rests on a kind of bag, containing a certain quantity of a liquid poison, and when the animal buries its teeth in its prey, a portion of this fluid is forced through these openings, and lodged at the bottom of the wound. Another peculiarity of these poison-teeth is, that, when not in use, they turn back, as it were, upon a hinge, and lie flat in the roof of the animal's mouth.

The power said to be possessed by the Rattle-snake of fascinating its prey, has been the theme of many an astonishing tale, and the possession of this faculty is still believed by many. There is no doubt that the smaller animals on which the reptile subsists are alarmed in the presence of their known enemy, and that fear may cause them to lose their self-possession, and thus they are more readily seized by their cunning opponent.

The Rattle-snake, in general, flies from the sight of man; but, if this was not the case, it could with ease be avoided, for, unlike the harmless snake of England, its movements are extremely sluggish. If, however, the creature be alarmed, and sufficiently near to reach the intruder at one spring, much caution may be requisite to avoid the attack.

The name Rattle-snake is given to it on account of the very surprising apparatus with which the extremity of its tail is furnished. This consists of hollow hornlike substances, placed loosely one behind the other, in such a manner as to produce a kind of rattling noise, when the tail is shaken; and as the animal, whenever it is enraged, always carries its tail raised up, and produces at the same time a tremulous motion in it, this provision of nature gives timely notice of its dangerous approach. It is said that the number of pieces of which this rattle is formed points out the age of the possessor, who acquires a fresh piece every year. Some specimens have been found with as many as from forty to fifty, thus indicating a great age; and, as the animal is very slow in its growth, it is a fact we should be led to expect, for the same rule holds good throughout all nature.

The duration of life in an animal always bears a certain proportion to the time required for its attaining maturity. The age of the enormous whale is said to extend to one thousand years. It is the same, also, in the vegetable world: the oak does not arrive at maturity until it has weathered a hundred winters; and in the first year of its growth it scarcely attains the height of three inches, while, on the other hand, the short-lived gourd grows to the length of thirty feet in a few months.

The mechanism of the jaw of most serpents is truly wonderful, allowing them, from its great power of expansion, to swallow animals of great comparative size. Like all other creatures which swallow their prey whole, their teeth are merely formed to prevent the escape of their

victim, and not for the purposes of mastication.

The effect of music upon snakes is very powerful, and often employed in the East Indies by serpent-charmers. The Viscount Chateaubriand relates that, in 1791, in the month of July, in Upper Canada, on the banks of the Genesee, he saw a native appease the anger of a rattlesnake, and even cause it to follow him, merely by the music of his flute.—*Sat. Magazine*.

DURABLE WHITEWASH.—I am enabled to certify the efficacy of marine salt in fixing whitewash made of lime. In the year 1795, when I was director of the naval artillery at the Port of Toulon, I was commissioned to ascertain the utility of a method proposed by the master painter of that Port, M. Maquilan, for a whitewashing the ships between deck, and likewise their holds in a durable manner, by means of lime. Our report was in favour of this process, which consists in saturating water in which the lime is slacked with muriate of soda, (common salt.) The whitewash produced by it is very permanent, does not crack, nor come off upon one's hands or clothes. The experiment was made only on wood. It appears from M. St. Bernard's account, that it succeeded equally well on walls.—*Annales des Arts et Manufactures*.

TRUE HUMILITY.—True humility, while it brings to light our own sins, is ever sure to cover a multitude of the sins of others.

The man who is the most sensible of his own failings, will always be heard to talk the least of the failings of others. It is the proud man, the proud professor of the Gospel, who is the reviling man, the censorious professor.

Pride takes a pleasure in bringing to light the infirmities of others, that itself may be exalted; while humility delights in contemplating their excellencies, that it may be laid still lower by them in its own esteem, and be led to imitate their graces.

The reason why we are censorious and hard-hearted is simply this, we have not the spirit of Christ, and are none of his. Never let us deem ourselves Christians, till we bear some resemblance to our meek, lowly, and compassionate Master. The religion which he puts into the heart of his followers, softens the character, sweetens the temper, and enlivens all the tender affections of the soul, and fills it with kindness, and with love.—*Bradley's Sermons*.

An Italian bishop, who had endured much persecution with a calm, unruffled temper, was asked by a friend how he attained to such a mastery of himself: "By making a right use of my eyes," said he: "I first look up to heaven, as the place whither I am going to live for ever; I next look down upon the earth, and consider how small a space of it will soon be all that I can occupy or want; I then look round me, and think how many are far more wretched than I am."

The hardest and the best arithmetic we can learn is this,—so to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom; but this we must learn of a divine Teacher.

If happiness has not her seat,  
And centre in the breast,  
We may be wise, or rich, or great,  
But never can be blest.

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