

POETRY.

From the Bouquet.

THE COTTAGE GIRL.

How fair, and meek, and innocent,
Is that young maiden brow,
The seal and signet of content
Are stamped upon it now.
The face is like a summer sky,
No cloud is resting there;
Nor has the azure of the eye
As yet been dimmed by care.

Light is her toil; and oh! how sweet
To bear the noon-day meal;
Her father at his task to greet—
A loaf, fond kiss to steal—
Proud ones may sneer—she knows it not—
She does not heed their scorn;
Contented with her lowly lot;
The peasant's youngest born

How sad to look upon that face,
Bright with its gentle smile;
And know it will one day have place
Amid a world of guile—
How sad, how very sad, to think
That the world's iron chain
Will bind that spirit link by link,
Nor loose its hold again!

Childhood's sweet bonds are wreathed of flowers,
Youth's chains are light as air,
But manhood weeps its fostered hours,
Its iron links of care—
Glory—ambition—thirst of gain—
The pride of place and fame—
Still the world weaves its cankering chain
Unaltered, save in name!

MISCELLANY.

TURKISH PIETY.

There is another striking peculiarity in Eastern, or at least in Turkish manners, which never failed to excite my admiration. Let a true Ottoman be employed how he may, smoking, sipping his coffee, dining, sleeping, sailing, walking, riding, writing, reading, fishing, selling, or buying, the moment he hears from the minaret the call of the muezzin to prayer or perceives the approach of the hour for that duty, by the position of the sun, does he go to his carpet, which he spreads on the ground, and as speedily do you behold his person prostrate, and his whole attention engrossed in the performance of his daily onerous. He is utterly indifferent as to the effect which this movement may have upon those who happen to be near him. Whether he is surrounded by friends or strangers, whether in the steamboat or the street, the Harem or the bazaar, the town or the country, in the drawing-room or the forest, he never fails, at the appointed hour, to pour forth his supplications to the God of the universe.

Prayer is really in Turkey, that which it ought to be wherever man exists—a part, and an essential part, of the business of life. In Christian countries the man who would withdraw from a dinner or a card table to a corner of the room would be laughed at. Why so? Because it is unusual. But why is it so unusual? Because we think a great deal more of this world than of the next. That is the plain answer, colour it how we may: and I regret to add that even among some nations which pride themselves upon their Bible-printing, tract-distributing, almshouse-building, charity-giving associations, I have never been fortunate enough to discern any thing like the emotion which the act of prayer uniformly excites in a Mahometan mind.

I once travelled some hundred miles in company with an elderly Mussulman, whose regularity in performance of his devotions particularly engaged my attention. He watched in the early morning for the rising sun, and the instant the disc rose above the horizon, his carpet was carefully spread; turning his face towards the east, he stroked his beard two or three times; he then fell at once on both knees, and sitting back upon his heels, he clasped his hands, his lips the while moving rapidly in silent prayer. After prostrating himself thrice, he rose, folded his arms on his breast, continued his prayer, returned to his first position on his knees, and bent backward and forward as if suffering the pangs of sorrow for his past sins, and earnestly entreating forgiveness for them. He then prostrated his whole figure as before, pressing his forehead against the earth in humiliation before the Power which he had offended. These ceremonies he went through three times, concluding by stretching his hands, the palms open, toward Heaven. Finally rising, he stroked his beard once more, but with a manifest feeling of internal satisfaction, arising from the conviction of the omnipresence of that Power to whose protection he committed himself for the remainder of the day. From that moment he subsided into the cheerful traveller, ready to render to me every possible service.

SURPRISING.—The following round-about mode of announcing a marriage, we find in a paper published at Brownsville. A young lady in Missouri, was sleeping one morning in her bed, when a bee more industrious than she, came buzzing into her room in quest of honey. Spying her ruby lips, it alighted, no doubt mistaking them for a rose. The buzzing of the little wings awoke the fair one, who instantly, struck the honey sucking insect with her hand, receiving in return a sting on her lip. She went with a swollen lip to a young doctor, who happened to be quite near, and begged him to extract the sting. He set his head to work to devise a plan, to effect the purpose; and finally concluded that the only way was to suck it out. He proposed the plan—she agreed—the sting was extracted; but it seems it went to the young man's heart, for he kept trying to extract bee stings from her lips, till they were summoned by old Cupid to appear at Hymen's holy altar.

An English journal remarks that "the tariff, and other causes of disagreement in America, threaten the dissolution of the Union, and that in that event the transposition of a single letter will effect all the change required in the appellation of the country—the United States will become the Untied States."

EXTRAORDINARY.—On the 26th ult. died, at Crookhaven, near Cork, Patrick Grady and Ellen his wife. They were born in the same house, on the same day, were married in the same house they were born in, where they fell sick on the same day, about a week previous to this date, and died on the same day, after having lived 96 years. Their bodies were escorted to the grave by 96 of their children, grand and great-grand-children!

RATHER DANGEROUS.—A mechanic named David Ritter of New-Haven, has invented an iron horse, that is propelled by springs by the turning of a crank which the rider does with the greatest ease; the horse is a fac-simile of a live one, and will go at the rate of twenty miles an hour. He thinks there will be no use for rail roads as it will be much cheaper, as the horse will not eat one bushel of oats in fifty years, only a little oiling three or four times a year.

ENDEARMENTS.—A gallant wag lately sitting by the side of his beloved, and being unable to think of anything else to say, turned to her and asked why she was like a tailor.

'I don't know,' said she with a pouting lip, 'unless it is because I am sitting beside my goose.'

'This is a world of change,' said a sober moralist in a hotel the other day.

'Zounds!' cried the bar-keeper, 'if you find it so, I wish you would change some of my bills, for I cannot get a flip high or low.'

MORE REBELLION.—The Northern papers say that since the stir in Canada hogs have risen—to five dollars per hundred.

ORIGIN OF DISEASE.—I tell you honestly what I think is the cause of the complicated maladies of the human frame; it is their gourmandizing, and stimulating the digestive organs to excess; thereby producing nervous disorder and irritation. The state of their mind is another grand cause—the fidgeting and discontenting yourself about that which cannot be helped; passions of all kind—malignant passions and worldly cares pressing upon the mind—disturb the cerebral action, and do a great deal of harm.—Abernethy.

EDUCATION.—Education is a companion which no misfortune can depress, no climate destroy, no enemy alienate, no despotism enslave;—at home a friend, abroad an introduction; in solitude a solace, in society an ornament. It lessens vice; it guides virtue; it gives at once grace and government to the genius. Without it what is a man? A splendid slave! a reasoning savage! vacillating between the dignity of an intelligence derived from God, and the degradation of brutal passion.

PROLIFIC.—A woman at Pinette, P. E. Island, gave birth to a daughter, being her twenty first child,—twenty of whom are living, thriving, and healthy.

A man without money, and a heart full of philanthropy, whose coat is a little threadbare, is shunned like a thief, a man with a pocket full of money, and a heart full of villainy, is courted for his virtues!

A country editor in speaking of a steamboat, says, "She had twelve berths in her ladies' cabin."

"O life of me!" exclaimed an old lady, on reading the above, what squalling there must have been!"

A poet hurts himself by writing prose; as a race-horse hurts his motions by condescending to draw in a team.

A man has generally the good or ill qualities which he attributes to mankind.

The fortunate have many favorites.—Hope is the only one that vouchsafes attendance upon the wretched and the beggar.

When the body feels the least disposed to exercise, it generally stands the most in need of exercise.

AGENTS
FOR THE BEE.

Charlottetown, P. E. I.—Mr. DENNIS REDDIN
Miramichi—Mr. H. C. D. CARMAN.
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.
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