

POETRY.

THE CHILD OF EARTH.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

Fain'er her slow steps fall from day to day,
 Death's hand is heavy on her dark'ning brow;
 Yet doth she fondly cling to earth, and say,
 "I am content to die—but oh! not now!"
 Not while the blossoms of the joyous spring
 Make the warm air such luxury to breathe—
 Not while the birds such lava of gladness sing—
 Not while bright flowers around my footsteps wreath.
 Spare me, great God! lift up my drooping brow—
 I am content to die—but oh! not now!"

The spring hath ripened into summer time
 The season's viewless boundary is past;
 The glorious sun hath reached his burning prime;
 Oh! must the glimpse of beauty be the last?
 "Let me not perish while o'er land and sea,
 With silent steps, the Lord of light moves on;
 Not while the murmur of the mountain-bee
 Greets my dull ear with music in its tone!
 Pa'e sickness dims my eye and clouds my brow—
 I am content to die—but oh! not now!"

Summer is gone; autumn's soberer hue
 Tint the ripe fruits, and gild the waving corn;—
 The huntsman swift the flying game pursues,
 Shouts the halloo! and winds his eager horn.
 "Spare me awhile, to wander forth and gaze
 On the broad meadows and the quiet stream,
 To watch in silence while the evening rays
 Stiant through the fading trees with ruddy gleam!
 Cooler the breezes play around my brow—
 I am content to die—but oh! not now!"

The bleak wind whistles; snow showers fat and near
 Drift without echoes to the whitening ground—
 Autumn hath passed away, and cold and dear,
 Winter stalks on with frozen mantle bound;
 Yet still that prayer ascends. "Oh! laughingly
 My little brothers round the warm hearth crowd,
 Our home fires blaze abroad, and bright, and high,
 And the roof rings with voices light and loud.
 Spare me awhile! raise up my drooping brow!
 I am content to die—but oh! not now!"

The spring is come again—the joyful spring!
 Again the banks with clustering flowers are spread;
 The wild bird dips upon its wanton wing
 The child of earth's numbered with the dead!
 "These never more the sunshine shall awake,
 Beaming all red's through the lattice pane;
 The steps of friends thy slumbers may not break,
 Nor fond familiar voice arouse again!
 Death's silent shadow veils thy darkened brow—
 Why dost thou linger—thou art happier now!"

MISCELLANY.

THE CAMPHOR TREE.—One of the useful and magnificent productions of the vegetable kingdom that enriches China, and more particularly the provinces of Keang-si and Canton, is the *laurus Camphora*, or camphor-tree. Thus stipendous laurel, which often adorns the banks of the rivers, was in several places found by Lord Amherst's embassy about fifty feet high, with its stem twenty feet in circumference, and with branches not less than nine feet in circumference. The Chinese themselves affirm that it sometimes attains the height of more than 300 feet, and a circumference greater than the extended arms of twenty men could embrace; but the English found no instance that justified their description. Camphor is obtained from the branches by steeping them, while fresh cut, in water for two or three days, and then boiling them till the gum, in the form of a white jelly, adheres to a stick which is used in constantly stirring the branches. The

fluid is then poured into a glazed vessel, where it concretes in a few hours. To purify it, the Chinese take a quantity of finely-powdered earth which they lay at the bottom of a copper basin; over this they place a layer of camphor, and then another layer of earth, and so on until the vessel is nearly filled, the last or topmost layer being of earth. They cover this layer with the leaves of a plant called *po-ho*, which seems to be a species of *mentha*. They now invert a second basin over the first, and make it air-tight by luting. The whole is submitted to the action of a regulated fire for a certain length of time, and then left to cool. On separating the vessels the camphor is found to have sublimed, and to have adhered to the upper basin. Repetitions of the same process complete its refinement. The camphor obtained from this tree is less valued by the Chinese themselves than that imported from Borneo. Mr. Clark Abel conjectures that the preference proceeds from the adulteration of the article by the Chinese manufacturers, since the mode of refining is well known. Besides yielding this valuable ingredient, the camphor tree is one of the principal timber-trees of China, and is used not only in building but in most articles of furniture. The wood is dry and of a light colour; and, although light and easy to work, is durable and not liable to be injured by insects.

ROYAL SPORTS.—Louis the Eleventh ordered the abbot of Baugne, a man of great wit, and who had the knack of inventing new musical instruments to get him a concert of swine's voices, thinking it impossible. The abbot accordingly mastered up a number of hogs of several ages, and placed them under a pavilion covered with velvet (before which he had a sound-board) painted with a certain number of keys, thus making an organ; and as he played on the keys with little spikes, which pricked the hogs, he made them cry in such a tune and concert, as highly delighted the King and the Court. Is there not in this story something covert as to the usual treatment of the people by Kings?—*Farmer's Magazine.*

CYRUS AFFAIR.—A man named Benjamin Carr, who wished to be exceedingly polite to a female on board the steambot plying between Albany and New York, offered to accompany her to her home on their arrival here. She bore in her arms a little babe of six months old, which Mr. Benjamin Carr paid particular attention to, and the mother being somewhat thirsty, requested the amiable Mr. Carr to hold her little cherub whilst she stepped in and quenched her thirst. Mr. Carr, with his little charge, sat him down, and for a very long time, say an hour, he fondled and caressed his pretty little thing, but at last he became impatient, and thought he would see where mammy whiled away her time; but poor fellow, he looked in vain. She could not be found, and after telling his story to a number, he went to the commissioners of the Alms House, but they refused to receive the child, thinking Mr. Carr knew more of the affair than he chose to tell, and so he had to walk off with the infant, which he determined to take to Albany.—*New York Star.*

MAGNANIMITY AND GRATITUDE OF A LION.—Prince, a tame lion on board H. M. Ship *Attache*, had a keeper to whom he was much attached; the keeper got drunk one day, and, as the captain never forgave the crime, the keeper was ordered to be flogged; the grating was rigged on the main deck opposite Prince's den, a large barred-up place, the pillars very strong, and cased with iron. When the keeper began to strip, Prince rose gloomily from his couch, and got as near to his friend as possible; on beholding his bare back, he walked hastily round the den; and when he saw the

boatswain inflict the first lash, his eyes sparkled with fire, and his sides resounded with the strong and quick beating of his tail; at last, when the blood began to flow from the unfortunate man's back, and the clotted 'cuts' jerked their gory notes close to the lion's den, his fury became tremendous; he roared with a voice of thunder, shook the strong bars of the prison, as if they had been osiers, and, finding his efforts to break loose unavailing, he rolled and shrieked in a manner the most terrific that it is possible to conceive.—The captain fearing that he might break loose, ordered the marines to load and present at Prince; this threat redoubled his rage, and at last the captain desired the keeper to be cast off, and go into his friend. It is impossible to describe the joy evinced by the lion: he licked with care the mangled and bleeding back of the wretchedly-treated seaman, caressed him with his paws, which he folded around the keeper as if to defy any one renewing a similar treatment; and it was only after several hours that Prince would allow the keeper to quit his protection and return among those who had so ill used him.

EXTRAORDINARY SCENE.—In the course of a trial at York, a few weeks ago, a most extraordinary scene occurred while a little girl was under examination. A large cat, in a very wild and infuriated state, rushed from the body of the court upon the counsel table: it next jumped upon the bench, and after attempting to pay a visit to the jury, it made a rapid descent on the head of one of the learned counsel, inflicting a scratch upon his forehead with its claws, leaving, as one of the learned gentlemen observed, 'a mark of the beast upon him.' This outrage was the signal for a general movement among the 'profession.' The feline intruder, regardless of all dignity and decorum, dashed anew among the briefs upon the table; from thence it made its way into the crier's box, and almost instantly quitted the court. It was some minutes before business was resumed, the learned judge and every one in court being almost convulsed with laughter.—*Eng. paper.*

NEWSPAPER READERS.—Shenstone, the poet, divides the readers into the following classes:—"The ill-natured man looks to the list of bankrupts—the tradesman to the price of bread—the stockjobber to the lies of the day—the old maid to the marriages—the prodigal son to the deaths—the monopolist to the hopes of a wet harvest—and the boarding school misses to every thing that relates to Gretta Green!"

CONJUGAL AFFECTION.—In the vicinity of Johnstown, N. Y. an old pensioner, while on his way home intoxicated, from a neighboring village, where he had been to procure a supply of whiskey, fell from his wagon and broke his neck. His wife, when his dead body was brought into the house, and she informed of what had taken place, remained in her bed, and the first question she asked was, "Where is the Jug?"

THE DOG WAR.—Six thousand, five hundred dogs have been killed in New York, and paid for, since the recent ordinance on the subject went into operation.

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