

POETRY.

THE COLD EARTH RESTS UPON HIS BREAST.

The cold earth rests upon his breast,
The cold dew o'er him weeps;
Yet heedless still of all around,
Calm—scoundily on—he sleeps.
The breeze that sighs his requiem
Breathes o'er a sunny strand;
But ah! it comes not from the flowers
Of his loved native land.

They say 'tis glory to career
Upon the field of fame,
To win, where distant dangers frown,
A fortune or a name.
But oh! if o'er the goal is gained,
Life's glowing years be fled,
What's glory to the sicken'd heart?
What's fortune to the dead?

They watched him with a brother's care,
They cheer'd his hours of gloom;
'Twas brave companions closed his eyes
And bless'd him at the tomb.
But ah! not half so tenderly
Could they each wound have bound,
As I, whose only joys were his—
Whose all in him was found.

You bid me wipe those tears away,
You talk of those who yet
Would win my hand—whose fond regard
Would banish each regret;
But oh! o'er first though I a pless love,
'Tis sweeter far to mourn,
Than revel 'midst those scenes which still
The broken heart would spurn.

MISCELLANY.

THE LOST DRAGOON.

It is not generally known that under the walls of Trinity College, Dublin, there is a range of gloomy vaults, in which are entombed many of the illustrious dead of the Irish Capital. The cemetery has been for many years shut; and about the time when it began to be disused, a melancholy and affecting circumstance happened, which I am now going to relate. An officer of the fourth Dragoons, who had enjoyed the affections of a fair Hibernian maid, and whilst every preparation was making for that consummation devoutly to be wished for by the attached and youthful pair, chanced to be on the guard at the castle, lounging about in his uniform and exhibiting to the admiring eyes of many a love-sick damsel, his handsome person, set off with all

"The pomp and panoply of glorious war."

A funeral procession passed him; and seeing that the remains of some person of consequence were about to be committed to the parent earth in a quiet unostentatious manner, curiosity induced him to follow in the melancholy train. The procession took the direction of the college, and passing under the archway, arrived at the entrance of the vaults. Here was seen the last of the gallant soldier. His place at the mess table, which he used to enliven with his hilarity and good humour, remained empty that evening. The following morning his mistress, to use the figurative language of the east, "dropped the anchor of hope in a harbor of anxiety," and conjecture was at a stand to account for his protracted absence.

Months rolled, a year passed, still no tidings of the fate of the absentee. At last another funeral wended its way to the Trinity vaults. The mourners descended into their

dark recesses. In passing along one of the sepulchral galleries, their feet crushed the mouldering bones of a skeleton. Imagine their astonishment when they discovered beside it a steel casque and rusted sabre. On examining the bones, the flesh seemed to have been eaten off by voracious rats. The sword-belt and pouch were also nearly devoured, and after a great deal of speculation as to the identity of the unfortunate individual, who evidently had strayed into the vaults upon some former occasion, and lost himself in their gloom, had been starved to death and finally devoured, it was found to be the young and ill-fated dragoon.

THE WOUND.—Vanity, ambition, vengeance, luxury, avarice—These are the virtues which the world knows and esteems. In the world integrity passes for simplicity; duplicity and dissimulation are meritorious. Interest the most vile, arms brother against brother, friend against friend—and breaks all the ties of blood and friendship—and it is this base motive which produces our hatreds and attachments! The wants and misfortunes of a neighbor find only indifference and insensibility, when we can neglect him without loss, or cannot be recompensed for our assistance.

If we could look into different parts of the world—if we could enter into the secret details of anxieties and disquietudes—if we could pierce the outward appearance, which offers to our eyes only joy, pleasure, pomp and magnificence, how different should we find it from what it appears! We should find it destitute of happiness—the father at variance with his child, the husband with his wife; and the antipathies, the jealousies, the murmurs, and eternal dissension of families. We should find friendships broken by suspicions, by caprice; unions the most endearing dissolved by inconstancy; relations the most tender destroyed by hatred and perfidy; fortunes the most affluent producing more vexation than happiness; places the most honourable not giving satisfaction, creating desires for higher advancement, each one complaining of his lot, and the most unhappy.

CHAPPED HANDS.—There is not a more common or a more troublesome complaint in the winter season, especially with females, than chapped hands. It is rather remarkable that few individuals seem to know the true cause of this affection. Most people attribute it to the use of hard water, and insist upon washing on all occasions with rain or brook water. Now the truth is that chapped hands are invariably occasioned by the injudicious use of soap; and the soap affects them more in the winter than in the summer, because in the former season the hands are not moistened with perspiration which counteracts the alkaline effects of the soap. There is a small portion of alkali in hard water, but not so much as there is in soft water with the addition of soap. The constant use of soap in washing, even though the softest water be used, will cause tender hands to be chapped, unless some material be afterwards used to neutralise its alkaline properties. In summer the oily property of the perspirable moisture answers this purpose; but in the winter, a very little vinegar or cream will, by being rubbed on the dried hands, after the use of soap, completely neutralise its alkaline properties, and thereby effectually prevent the chapping of the hands. Any other acid or oily substances will answer the same purpose. There are some very delicate hands which are never chapped. This exemption from the complaint arises from the greater abundance of perspirable matter which anoints and softens the skin. Dry and cold hands are most afflicted with this complaint.

CURE FOR THE TOOTH ACH.—It is with great pleasure we announce to our readers, that we are in possession of one of the greatest desiderata in the whole materia medica. The remedy is simple, easily applied, and effectual. We do not speak unadvisedly, for we have tried it upon our own mastentors, and those of our family, and some half dozen of our friends, and we are therefore enabled to speak with confidence and safety. The recipe is as follows: take a lump of unslacked lime about the size of a hickory nut, and dissolve or slack it in two-thirds or three-quarters of a tumbler of water. Hold the lime-water in the mouth, contiguous to the aching tooth, and certain relief will ensue. We never knew it fail. If the relief is not permanent, repeat the application as often as the pain returns. If the pain is stubborn and refuses to yield, the lime water may be made thicker and stronger.

FRIGHTENING CHILDREN.—At a lady's seminary near Hackney, a little girl, for some trifling fault, was put into a dark cellar, at some distance from the house, and suffered to remain there throughout the night. The dreadful cries and screams which the child uttered were unattended to, and when the door was opened in the morning, the unhappy child was an idiot. This is but one example of the injurious effects of frightening children—but should this account fall into the hands of any parent who has been guilty of so fiendish a practice, may it prove a warning.

To this it may be added that frightening children, even when not attended with such dreadful effects as those which have been mentioned, always has a tendency to weaken their intellect and make them more liable to superstitious fears.

A young man married a wife whose only claim upon his regard was her personal beauty. She said to him at the end of one of their quarrels—"you do not love me—you cannot look me in the face and say that you love me." "You mistake me, my dear," cried he, "for it is only when I look you in the face that I can say I love you."—*Bost. Her.*

A CHILD'S PHILOSOPHY.—Little G—when playing the other day on a pile of wood, fell down and hurt himself. As he lay crying very bitterly, one of his friends passing by, lifted him up, and patting him on the head, said to him—"Come, my little fellow, dont cry, it will be well to-morrow." "Well," said he, sobbing, "Then I will not cry to-morrow."

THE LUXURIES OF OUR ANCESTORS.—Hollinshed, who wrote in the time of Elisabeth, thus describes the rudeness of the preceding generation in the arts of life:—"There were very few chimneys, even in capital towns. The fire was laid to the wall, and the smoke issued out at the roof, or door, or window.—The houses were wattled and plastered over with clay, and all the furniture and utensils were of wood. The people slept on straw pallets with a log of wood for a pillow." In the former part of the reign of Henry VIII, there grew in England neither cabbage, carrot, turnip, or other edible root: and even Queen Catharine herself could not command a sallad until the king brought over a gardener from the Netherlands.

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