

POETRY.

[FOR THE BEE.]

THE FUGITIVE OF POLAND.

Is there one joy this heart can claim
To cheer it in its darkest hour,
Or memory's voice one vision name,
That is not some long faded flower
Dismantled of its early bloom
And doomed to meet a cruel doom?

Here wandering o'er the boundless sea,
From home, and home's dear inmates driven,
I care not what my fate may be
When hope is dead and friends are riven.
Even persecution's foulest curse
Cannot appoint or give a worse.

Oh, Heaven! I cannot think upon
Life's early joys, and not blaspheme,—
A widowed wife, a murdered son
Must be my first and latest theme.
Could I those cruel scenes forget
A day of rest there might be yet.

Yat, Oh my country! is there none
Will save thee from the Despot's sway,
Must sons of freemen prop that throne
Their fathers blood would wash away!
And the fair homestead of the brave
Become the dwelling of the slave!—

The chain that galls the shrinking nerve
Can draw no thoughtless groan from me,—
Pure misery will never swerve—
True to the heart the enemy
Will no new pang nor feeling share
That does not grow and gather there.

July 30, 1835.

CECIL.

MISCELLANY.

A SECRET WORTH KNOWING.

Tom Spooner was the luckiest dog in the world, at least so said his old cronies. "He began like a poor good for nothing mechanic," they would say, without a cent in the world—without a whole shirt to his back, half shoe to his feet, and with nothing but his hands to work with. And yet Tom Spooner is one of the most wealthy and influential men among us. What a lucky dog that Tom Spooner has been! He went among those who started in life with him, who were now the frequenters of grog-shops—idle and dissolute, by the name of Lucky Tom. It puzzled his old friends not a little to account for his luck. "He had no rich relations, and though not extravagant, he was liberal. He was no skin-flint. Could he know some art of magic that would unhosom the treasures of earth, and spread its gold before him? He paid no attention to the words of fortune-tellers, and gold-finders; he merely stood at home, and yet his course was attended year after year and week after week with a wonderful share of good fortune—good luck. He must be in possession of some secret of which others are ignorant—What can it be? What on the earth can it be? If Tom had a lot of pork to dispose of, people were always willing to pay him a couple of cents more a pound than any other person? And the dog! he was always lucky enough to pay his debts? He was never so unlucky as to feel the grip of a sheriff, or hear the creak of a jail-door. Tom married. "Why! this poor mechanic has taken the sweetest and most beautiful girl in the place. Who would have thought it! What a confounded lucky dog Tom Spooner is! He must have got the girl by magic—yes, nothing less than magic." And then Tom's garden was a picture of neatness; the fences were never known to blow over, as did his

neighbour's. His land was rich while that of his very next door neighbours would produce hardly any thing but weeds! What does Tom put into his land! How he rises one step after another! If there is an important station to be filled, why Tom Spooner was always the man. He could get a note discounted at the bank without security. If any question between neighbours was to be settled, why, Tom—lucky Tom was always sure to be called in as umpire, "And now I think of it," says one, "I never knew Tom to speak an ill word against his neighbour—which shows plain enough that there are many in his secret, and therefore, that he dares not utter a word to their prejudice. He never drinks—because to be sure, if intoxicated, some one will snatch his secret from him. He has learned his wife the way, too. They both have the secret. He says nothing hard of his acquaintance. He goes to church regularly; but that is for mere appearance's sake. He pores over books when he can find them—he must be learning something more of his art of getting rich. He is lying up treasures. And then he always has a lamp in his work room late, and he is always the first up in the house, which furthermore shows that Tom's mind is always bent upon his secret. He can't find time even to take a glass with his old cronies at the grog shop. He must have a secret worth knowing. It occupies his thoughts so much that he minds nobody's business but his own. And yet it does not weigh heavy on his mind—he is always good natured—contented and happy—he has no quarrelling in his family. All is pleasant and agreeable. Nothing is out of place. Strange! strange! said these wisecracks, that Tom Spooner—that poor mechanic—who began with nothing, of whom all prophesied that he would come out at the little end of the horn—and who believed nothing of it, but stuck to his work, should have been so fortunate—so lucky in life! Up early—late to bed—ever at work with hands or head!—He must have a secret worth knowing." Ah! Lucky Dog! Lucky Tom! What can his secret be! Reader! what can his secret be!—*National Eagle.*

ROSE LEAF SPICE.—The following method of preserving Rose leaves for use as a spice, was told us the other day by a friend who is a good housewife, and withal a very intelligent and worthy woman. She gathers the leaves when they are fresh and in their prime, and presses them into a jar—first a layer of leaves and then a layer of sugar, thus alternating the leaves and sugar until the jar is full, when a leather is tied over it tightly. They will keep thus for a long time. But the cheapest and best way is the following—Press your leaves singly in a decanter or bottle, and when very nearly full, pour in a little spirits, sufficient to use up and keep the air from the leaves; then stop the bottle tight. In this state, the leaves may be kept good for any length of time, and when wanted, some of them may be taken out for giving a flavour and perfume to sauces, puddings, or any thing else. Here now, good farmer's wives, is an inducement for you to cultivate the rose, even if you have no particular desire to cultivate flowers, for there is a simple and practical use to be made of them in a domestic line. It will no doubt make yourself and family more independent, to raise your own spice on your own land and at your own doors, than be trotting off every month or two to the merchant's to swap away your butter and eggs, for alspice and nutmegs. And besides, the ornament of the bush, will raise the value of your premises some few per cent in the eyes of every person of taste.—*Maine Farmer.*

In addition to the above preparation as a

spice, we have often found it a grateful preserve as a medicine in diseases of the lungs. We cheerfully join with our old friend of the *Maine Farmer*, in recommendation of the rose—economy and benevolence both demand it. *Ed. Idce. & Farmer.*

Tower of Skulls at Algiers.—If the following from "Major Temple's Excursions in the Mediterranean," be correct, the place described would make an admirable place for a Phrenologist:

"They took us to see a most remarkable edifice, called *Burgher Roos*; which, as its name implies, is a tower entirely constructed of human skulls, reposing in regular rows, on intervening layers of the bones, of the appertaining bodies. This curious tower stands close to the sea, at a little distance from the fort, or *Burges Sook*, and is at present twenty feet in height, and at its base ten feet in diameter, but tapering to its summit; with these data, knowing what space is occupied by a skull, a calculation might easily be made of the number of men that was required to build it, though there appears no doubt that it was formerly, as the natives assert, much wider and higher. No tradition is preserved of its origin, except that the skulls are those of Christians.

To preserve it, it is occasionally covered with a coat of mortar; but when I saw it, a great part of this had fallen down, and exposed to view the ghastly grinning skulls."

A RELIGIOUS NEW-PAPER IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.—The Missionaries of the American Board, at the Sandwich Islands, have resolved to establish a religious newspaper, and have appointed one of their number to take charge of it. But a few years ago, the inhabitants of these Islands were in all the darkness of idolatry, and sunk in the lowest depths of moral degradation. Since the communication of the Gospel to them, by the preaching and instruction of the missionaries, a great and happy change has been wrought in their conditions. Last year, more than 4,000,000 of pages of different works, principally in the native language, were issued from the mission press. Common schools and a high school are in successful operation. Now a newspaper is to be published among them. Thus the light of the gospel is spreading. When we look at such changes as have in a few years, come over the moral character and prospects of those beautiful Islands in the Pacific, well may we exclaim—"What hath God wrought!" and take encouragement for large expectations and more strenuous and praiseful exertions in the great course of christian missions to the heathen.—*New Orleans Observer.*

SPRUCE BEER.—Take three gallons of water, of blood warm, three half pints of molasses, a table spoonful of essence of spruce, and the like quantity of ginger—mix well together, with a gill of yeast; let stand over night, and bottle in the morning. It will be in good condition to drink in twentyfour hours. It is a palatable, wholesome beverage.

Those who understand the value of time, treat it as prudent people do their money; they make a little go a great way.—*Hanway.*

AGENTS

FOR THE BEE.

Charlottetown, P. E. I.—Mr. DENNIS REDDIE.
Miramichi—Rev. JOHN MCCURDY.
St. John, N. B.—Messrs RATCHFORD & LORAIN.
Halifax—Messrs. A. & W. MCKINLAY.
Truro—Mr. CHARLES BLANCHARD.
Antigonish—Mr. ROBERT PURVIS.
Guyaboro—ROBERT HARTSHORNE, Esq.
Talmagouche—Mr. JAMES CAMPBELL.
Wallace—DANIEL MCFARLANE, Esq.
Arichat—JOHN S. BALLAINE, Esq.