

POETRY.

LINES ON THE 'TAJUE OF HIS DEAD CHILD,

BY RICHARD LANE, ESQ.

I saw thee in thy beauty ' Bright phantom of the past,
I saw thee for a moment—'twas the first time and the last;

And though years have g'ided by of mingled bliss and care,
I never have forgotten thee, thou fairest of the fair!

I saw thee in thy beauty ' Thou wast graceful as the fawn,
When in wantonness of gloe, it sports along the lawn,
I saw thee seek the mirror—and when it met thy sight,
Thy very air was musical with thy burst of warm delight.

I saw thee in thy beauty ' with thy sister at thy side,
She a lily of the valley, thou a rose in all its pride;
I 'looked upon thy mother—there was triumph in her eyes;
And I trembled for her happiness, for grief had made me wise.

I saw thee in thy beauty ' with one hand among her curls—
The other with no gentle grasp had sozod a string of pearls;
She felt the pretty trespass, and she chid thee, though she smiled;
And I knew not which was loveliest—the mother or the child.

I saw thee in thy beauty ' and a tear came to mine eye,
As I press'd thy rosy cheek to mine, and thought I even thou could'st die;
My home was like a summer bower, by thy joyous presence made,
But I only saw the sunshine, and felt alone the shade.

I see thee in thy beauty ' for there thou seem'st to lie,
In slumber resting peacefully!—but, oh, the change of eye—
That still serenity of brow—those lips that breathe no more—
Proclaim thee but a mockery of what thou wast before.

I see thee in thy beauty ' with thy waving hair at rest,
And thy busy little fingers folded lightly on thy breast;
But thy merry dance is over, and thy little race is run,
And the mirror that reflected two, can now give back but one.

I see thee in thy beauty ' with thy mother at thy side;
But her loveliness is faded, and quell'd her glance of pride;
The smile is absent from her lip, and absent are the pearls,
And a cap almost of widowhood conceals her envied curls.

I see thee in thy beauty ' I saw thee on that day—
But the mirth that gladden'd then my home, fled with thy life away;
I see thee lying motionless upon th' accustomed floor,
But my heart hath blinded both my eyes, and I can see no more.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FRENCH CANADIANS.

A Correspondent of the Springfield Gazette, describes some peculiarities of the Canadians as follows:—

St. Charles, denominated by some of our newspapers the Bunker Hill of Lower Canada, is a small village, situated on the right bank of the Richelieu, thirty miles below St. Johns.—The stage road which passes through, from St. Johns at the head of the river, to Sorel at its mouth, is so little travelled as to be considerably overgrown with grass. The Queen's mail stage runs between these important towns once a week; and is a clumsy covered wagon, drawn by two horses. The traveller in this region, usually mounts a horse-car, fastened by the thills to a rough little Canadian poney; and the driver, so seated that his feet dangle among the horses' heels, whips him up with the end of the reins and cries out *ma chère dame!*

Every few miles and sometimes more frequently, he may observe a large cross erected in the field, near the road, commonly surmounted by a wooden rooster. A number of these crosses bear the date of 1832, and were erected to keep off the cholera.

Many of the people also protect themselves from all diseases by a sort of amulet, called the *Nouvelle medal*. At the house of an uncommonly intelligent *habitant*, I found a book, which their priest had sold them, containing an account of its miraculous origin; together with the certificate of a great number of priests, both in France and Canada, stating some of the numerous miraculous cures it had effected by being worn upon the breast. In several of the cases, the physician had given the patient over; others were cases of cholera in its worst stages. I could not fail to envy those who enjoy the protection and instruction of such priests.

The houses, are usually built of hewn logs. They have a comfortable, though rude appearance, and are apparently stocked with tenants. It is said to be no uncommon thing for his son and grandson to rear up their successive broods together in the grandfather's cabin. The better class of dwellings are of unhewn stone.

The women, in short gowns and broad brimmed straw hats, may be seen in the fields gathering hay, pulling flax or reaping with the men. They are hired to do haying and harvesting for about three shillings per week, while a man's wages are usually forty coppers a day.

Sometimes the women are also seen by the road side basking; the ovens being built at some distance from the house. Again they may be seen standing knee deep in a river washing clothes by the side of a platform,—first plunging them in the river and then pounding them on the platform with a flat billet of wood. The people have no trouble of digging wells, as all the water for drinking and cooking is drawn from the river at this platform.—As the stream is somewhat sluggish, the water is not very clear. The farmers have a convenient way of getting rid of their manure, by carrying it upon the ice in the winter. In the spring it disappears, and probably goes to enrich the water.

THE SUBTERRANEAN CITY.—We recently gave a description of an ancient subterranean city, destroyed by an earthquake or some other sudden convulsion of nature, lately discovered near the port of Guarmey, in Truxillo, on the coast of Peru. The only account of it which appears to have been as yet received in the U. States was brought by Capt. Ry of Nantucket, who a few weeks since returned from the South Seas in the ship Logan, and who, having visited the spot while the inhabitants of Guarmey were excavating the buried streets and buildings obtained several interesting relics of its ancient but its unknown population.

They are two grotesquely shaped earthen vessels, some what rudely yet ingeniously constructed of a species of clay coloured or burnt, nearly black. One of these was capable of holding about a pint, is shaped somewhat like a quail, with a spout two inches long rising from the centre of the back, from which also a hand extends to the side.

The other is a double vessel, connected at the centre, and also at the top, by a handle reaching from the spout or nozzle of one vessel to the upper part of the other—the latter not being perforated but wadded into the likeness of a very unprepossessing human countenance. At the back of what may be considered the head of this face, is a small hole, so contrived that on blowing into the mouth of the vessel a shrill note is produced, similar to that of a

boatswain's call. From the activity with which the excavations were proceeding when Captain Ry left the place, it may be hoped that discoveries will be made which will greatly add to the antiquarian history of this continent.

SIR EDWARD SUGDEN.—So far from feeling wounded when allusion is made to his lowly origin, Sir E. Sugden justly glories in the circumstance. When candidate, a few years since, for the representation of Cambridge, and when in the midst of an animated speech, in reply to a previous oration of Mr Spring Rice, some one in the crowd sought to discredit or annoy him by cries of "Soap" "Lather," &c. Sir Edward made a momentary pause, and, pointing to the part of the crowd from whence the interruption proceeded, observed, "I am particularly obliged to that gentleman for so politely reminding me of my humble origin. It is true that I am a barber's son, and was once a barber myself. If the gentleman who so politely reminds me of the circumstance, had once been a barber, he would have continued one to the end of his life."—*Bech and Bar.*

GENUINE ELOQUENCE.—Leitch in his "Travels in Ireland," says—"In my morning rambles a man sitting on the ground, leaning his back against the wall, attracted my attention, by a look of squallor in his appearance, which I had rarely before observed, even in Ireland. His clothes were ragged, to indecency—a very common circumstance, however, with the males—and his face was pale and sickly. He did not address me, and I turned back. 'If you are in want,' said I with some degree of peevishness, 'why do you not beg?'—'Sure it's begging I am,' was the reply. 'You did not utter a word!' 'No! is it joking you are with me, Sir! Look there!' holding up the tattered remnant of what had once been a coat—'do you see how the skin is speaking through the holes of my trowsers, and the bones crying out through my skin? Look at my sunken cheeks, and the famine that's staring me in my eyes! Man alive! isn't it begging I am, with a hundred tongues?"

Dr. Gebler, the companion of Humboldt, in his journey to the Altai mountains says that the Kalmucks who inhabit them, possess the art of making an inferior kind of gunpowder—This confirms the statement of Carpuai, a traveller of the 13th century, who visited Tartary and asserted that they possessed this art.—'They must have invented it themselves.

PROFESSIONAL.—Lord Tenterden, at a circuit dinner, asked a magistrate if he would take venison. "Thank you, my Lord, I'm going to take some chicken." His Lordship sharply retorted—"That, sir, is no answer to my question; I ask you again, if you will take venison? and I will trouble you to say yes or no, without further prevarication."

ASSES HEADS.—A countryman passing over the Pont Neuf at Paris, and seeing, among a heap of shops full of merchandise, that of a banker in which there was nothing but a man sitting at a table with pen and ink, had the curiosity to go in and inquire what it was he sold: 'Asses heads,' replied the banker: 'They must be in great request said the countryman, 'since you have only your own left.

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