

## POETRY.

## THE FOSSIL FLOWER.

Dark fossil flower! I see thy leaves unrolled,  
 With all their lines of beauty freshly marked,  
 As when the eye of Morn beamed on thee first,  
 And thou first turn'd'st to meet its welcome smile.  
 And sometimes in the coals' bright rainbow hues,  
 I dream I see the colours of thy prime,  
 And for a moment robe thy form again  
 In splendour not its own. Flower of the past!  
 Now as I look on thee, life's echoing tread  
 Falls noiseless on my ear; the present dies;  
 And o'er my soul the thoughts of distant time,  
 In silent waves, like billows from the sea,  
 Come rolling on and on, with ceaseless flow,  
 Innumerable. Thou mayest have sprung unown  
 Into thy noon of life, when first earth heard  
 Its Maker's sovereign voice, and laughing flowers  
 Waved o'er the meadows, hung on the mountain crags,  
 And nodded in the breeze on every hill.  
 Thou mayest have bloomed unseen, save by the stars  
 That sang together o'er thy rosy birth,  
 And came at eve to watch thy folded rest.  
 None may have sought thee in thy fragrant home,  
 Save light-voiced winds that round thy dwelling  
 played,  
 Or seemed to sigh, oft as their winged haste  
 Compelled their feet to roam. Thou may'st have liv-  
 ed  
 Beneath the light of later days, when man,  
 With feet free roving as the homeless wind,  
 Scaled the thick-mantled height, coursed plains un-  
 shorn,  
 Breaking the solitude of nature's haunts  
 With voice that seemed to blend, in one sweet strain,  
 The mingled music of the elements.  
 And when against his infant frame they rose,  
 Unurbed, unawed by his yet feeble hand,  
 And when the muttering storm, and shouting wave,  
 And rattling thunder, mated, round him raged,  
 And seemed at times like demon foes to gird,  
 Thou may'st have won with gentle look his heart,  
 And stirred the first warm prayer of gratitude,  
 And been his first, his simplest alter-gift.  
 For thee dark flower! the kindling sun can bring  
 No more the colours that it gave; nor morn,  
 With kindly kiss, restore thy breathing sweets  
 Yet may the mind's mysterious touch recall  
 The bloom and fragrance of thy early prime.  
 For he who to the lowly lily gave  
 A glory richer than to proudest king,  
 He painted not those darkly-shining leaves,  
 With blushes like the dawn, in vain; nor gave  
 To thee its sweetly-scented breath, to waste  
 Upon the barren air. E'en though thou stood  
 Alone in nature's forest home untrod,  
 The first-love of the stars and sighing winds,  
 The mineral holds with faithful trust thy form,  
 To wake in human hearts sweet thoughts of love,  
 Now the dark past hangs round thy memory.  
 Salem, Mass. 1837.

## MISCELLANY.

**FIERCENESS OF THE BULL-DOG.**—Naturalists have scarcely done justice to the wonderful fierceness and powers of endurance of the English bull-dog. In the year 1822, a large dog of this species, from some cause that was not observed, suddenly flew at a fine cart horse that was standing at the end of one of the Liverpool docks, and fixing his lacerating teeth in his shoulder, defied every effort to get him off. At first he was beaten with cart whips and sticks, with such fury as seemed enough to break his bones, but this being unavailing, a carpenter, with an adze in his hand, came up, and beat him with the blunt iron head of the instrument, till it was thought he pounded him to a jelly, but the dog never mov-

ed a tooth. A man then took out a large pointed clasp knife, with which he stabbed him repeatedly in the back, limbs, and ribs, but with no better success. At length, one of the spectators, who happened to have more strength of sinew and brain than the rest, squeezed the ferocious beast so tightly about the throat, that at length he turned up the whites of his eyes, and relaxed his jaws. The man threw him off to a distance, but the dog immediately went through the crowd, got behind the horse, and seized him by the thigh. As no terms could now be kept with the untamable brute, he was again loosened, and thrown into the dock to drown. He instantly, however, rose to the surface, when a sailor struck him a deadly blow on the head with a hand spike, which again sent him to the bottom. He rose once more, and was again sent down in the same manner, and this process was repeated five or six times. At length one of the bystanders, who either possessed or assumed some right of property in the dog, overcame by his amazing tenacity of life, and weary of persecution, got him out, and walked off with this prodigy of *English courage*, to all appearance very little worse for the horrible conflict he had undergone.

**THE SPIRITED SHOEMAKER.**—The following pleasant anecdote used to be told by the eccentric Dr. Monsey:—The Duke of Leeds, the Doctor, and his Grace's Chaplain, being one morning, soon after breakfast, in his library, Mr. Walkden, of Pall Mall, his Grace's shoemaker, was shown in with a pair of new shoes for the Duke. The latter was remarkably fond of him, as he was at the same time clerk of St. James's church, where the Duke was a constant attendant. "What have you there, Walkden?" said the Duke. "A pair of shoes for your Grace," he replied.—"Let me see them." They were handed to him accordingly. The chaplain, taking up one of them, examined it with great attention.—"What is the price?" asked the chaplain. "Half a guinea, sir," said the shoemaker. "Half a guinea! what, for a pair of shoes!" said the chaplain. "Why I could go to Cranbourn Alley and buy a better pair of shoes than ever they were, or ever will be for five and sixpence." He then threw the shoe to the other end of the room. Walkden threw the other after it, saying, that as they were fellows, they ought to go together; and at the same time replied to the chaplain—"Sir, I can go to a stall in Moorfields and buy a better sermon for twopenny than my Lord gives you a guinea for." The Duke clapped Walkden on the shoulder, and said, "that is a most excellent retort, Walkden; make me half a dozen pairs of shoes directly."—*Crispen Anecdotes.*

**WHO WOULD NOT BE A FEMALE CRIMINAL.**—When a female transport-ship arrives at Sydney, all the *madams* on board occupy the few days which elapse before their landing in preparing to produce the most dazzling effect at their descent upon the Australian shore.—With rich silk dresses, bonnets *a la mode*, ear-pendants three inches long, gorgeous shawls and splendid veils, silk stockings, kid gloves, and parasols in hand, dispensing sweet odours from their profusely perfumed forms, they disembark, and are assigned as servants, and distributed to the expectant settlers. On the very road to their respective places of assignment, the women are told of the easy retirement of the factory, and advised to get themselves there where they will be allowed to marry, without having to obtain the consent of an assignee master. Offers of marriage are made to some of them from the way-sides; and at their new habitations they are besieged by suitors. The hapless settler, who expected a servant able, or at least willing to act, perhaps both as

house and dairy maid, finds he has received quite a *princess*! Her highness, with her gloved and delicate fingers, can do no sort of work! Attempts are made to break her in, but in vain. "If you don't like me, send me to the factory," is the constant retort; and the master having no alternative, takes her before a bench of magistrates, by whom she is returned to government, and consigned to the factory accordingly. And in this way England punishes female criminals, sending them to a colony where they are flattered and worshipped into consequence and insolence.—*Mudie's Felony of New South Wales.*

**A FRIEND AT COURT.**—In illustration of Scottish sagacity, Count Browne related an anecdote of one Grant, a Scotsman in the service of the Gr at Frederick of Prussia. Grant was observed one day, fondling the King's favourite dog. "Are you fond of dogs?" "No, please your Majesty," replied Grant, "but we Scots have a saying that it is right to secure a friend at Court." "You are a sly fellow," said the monarch, "recollect for the future that you have no occasion at this court for any friend but myself." Grant rose afterwards with great rapidity, and was intrusted with the command of the most important fortress in the kingdom.

**FASHIONABLE EDUCATION.**—"Up at eight—prayers always read by Miss Julietta Trimmings, whose grandmother was aunt to the Curate of Cripplesdon,—fine voice, sweet delivery, and as slow as a slug,—breakfast at nine,—no nonsense about nerves,—never let them touch tea, pure milk and water,—the cow and the pump; out for an hour, relaxation in the shrubbery, at ten school, every thing parcelled out, method is the only mode of managing the mind,—seven minutes and a half for geography,—ditto for knotting hearth-rugs,—a quarter of an hour for French,—ten minutes for astronomy,—ditto for the use of the globes,—a quarter of an hour for Italian, and twenty minutes for mathematics, then to learn lessons, dinner at two."

"Very pretty proceeding," said Cutlbert, "a little of every thing and not too much of any thing."

"Exactly so," said Mrs. Brandyball.—"Then till half past three, the play ground, is again fifteen minutes for music, six minutes for algebra, nine minutes for drawing, a quarter of an hour for English history, six minutes for hydraulics under the inspection of Dr. P., and nine minutes and a half for ethics and moral philosophy,—guitar twenty minutes (for those who learn it)—Newton's principia and dancing an hour and a half,—the playground again."—*New Monthly.*

**FEMALE BEAUTY.**—A man in New York who advertises a runaway wife, describes her as follows:

That none may be deceived, she is small headed, dark countenanced, sabby faced, bick nosed with large nostrils, broken backed, lopsided, and short of one leg, so that she wears it on a high heeled boot or shoe.

**APOPLEXY.**—*Tight Boots.*—A physician of New York says, that during the past week, he has attended four cases of apoplexy, caused by wearing tight boots.

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