

POETRY.

LINES

SUGGESTED BY THE WORDS "THERE IS A TEAR
FOR ALL WHO DIE."

BY HAMILTON BUCHANAN.

Weep not for childhood's perish'd bloom—
Flowers breathe upon the infant's tomb;
The cup which man must surely drain,
Sorrow hath mix'd for him in vain,
His lip but touch'd the honey'd trim,—
Weep not for him.

Weep not o'er manhood's deeper grave,
Though there the proud, the wise, the brave,
Cease from each scheme that once could please,
Of honour, wealth, ambition, ease;
Theirs was at best a fruitless aim,—
Weep not for them.

Weep not for helpless age: the plough
Of care hath furrow'd deep his brow;
He falls like ripe fruit from the tree,
And death, but sets the spirit free
From its cold prison, sad and dim,—
Weep not for him.

Weep not for beauty: 'tis a gleam
Of sunshine on life's troubled stream,
Which, ere our short-lived course is run,
Smiles to deceive us, and is gone!
Beauty at best a passing sweet,—
Weep not for it.

Weep thou for those on whom life smiles,
For whom young folly weaves her toils;
Weep thou for those whom pleasure charms,
Or vice is wooing to her arms,
Who seeks the path that leads to shame,—
Oh! weep for them.

For those who have no tears to weep,
Though with their guilt stain'd crimson deep;
For those who throw life's hours away,
Whom sorrow ne'er could teach to pray,
Nor blessings win nor threats reclaim,—
Pray thou for them.

MISCELLANY.

FANNY WILLIAMS.

A SECRET WORTH KNOWING.

The reader cannot have forgotten the brief sketch which we gave, a month since, of Lucky Tom, who was alleged, by his old cronies, to be in possession of some marvellous secret for becoming rich. He was a poor mechanic, and in a manner that puzzled his old drum loving associates, became by degrees rich, and one of the ornaments of the village. We have heard many unthinking ones wonder what this golden secret could be. It is hoped that others have been more successful. It is a secret that is of far more value to its possessor than the philosopher's stone—and yet is within the reach of every mechanic in the country. While they are searching anew, we beg leave to speak of another secret, or charm, which deserves the attention of young ladies. Being generally supposed to possess a much quicker apprehension than the other sex, they will unquestionably name it at once. There is no occasion, fortunately, for our requesting them to communicate it to their fair sisters—as it is not uncharitable to presume that if they discover it, they cannot keep it to themselves.

Fanny Williams was the daughter of a poor, hard working mechanic. She was the idol of a father's heart. Not eminently beautiful, she was what is termed by connoisseurs good looking. It is quite evident, however, to the good gossips of the village, who generally see farther than other people, that Fanny had "a way of

getting up in the world," quite different from that of their own daughters.

"What can it be!" said one, "Fanny was thought no more than our Nance when a child—and yet, bless my stars, she is going to marry the new parson! who would have thought it?"

"It is one of the most astonishing things in the world," said another, "how this poor girl has got up. Why she has no more beauty—lord!—than I have."

And then the good women would lift up their hands in amazement, and wonder prodigiously. Her former schoolmates were also almost dead with astonishment.

"Who would have thought it?" Why! Fanny is not showy at all: she never cares about the latest and handsomest fashions. She always would wear a plain calico, or a gingham which could never strike the fancy of all the beaux in Christendom—and yet, bless my stars—oh! dear—I'm speechless. And then how we used to romp about, laugh with the young fellows, and cut pranks with them to attract their notice and steal their hearts—and yet Fanny never joined us. She would courtesy and smile if spoken to—and that is all, and she is—it is too bad—too bad?"

"Hav'nt we been setting our caps for the young parson—making him presents, and rigging up with all our gaudiest and most peach blossomed dresses, and now to slight us all, and take that plain modest Fanny! It is too bad! She must have some charm!"

Fanny was never known to run about the village and tattle; and be familiar with the young gentlemen. Instead of attending balls and parties, and dancing night into day, why this mechanic's daughter was found with the poor—watching the sick and the dying. What could be more against Fanny Williams than this, asked her old companions. And then she is not fond of being at the card table. A strange and unaccountable in a young girl of eighteen, she would not go about the streets and talk of the promising young men of the village. Every body appears to like Fanny, but she is no belle, and people notice her only to encourage her. She would not read novels all night, and therefore was not sentimental. She was no heroine, but would generally be found poring over some idle history, or moral book—a good enough book perhaps, but not exactly the thing for a girl who expects to be married. She would not go to church in silks and satins, and when she got there, she would not stare about like other girls to see who was who, and what was what. What had got Fanny Williams along so? It was surprisingly strange. She was not fretful nor peevish, and never scolded on washing days, and how therefore could she make a good wife? They say she is sweet tempered, but that is nothing in a girl. We are all sweet tempered. At home she does the house work, from boiling an apple dumpling, down to sweeping the floor—and other such idle and unfashionable things, which soil the hands and are ungentle. Beside all this, she is as poor as Job's cats, and never appear to care about money any more than shining in the world. She was pleasant and sociable enough for some folks, but how was it possible, that a girl who makes so little noise with her tongue as Fanny, should have caught the notice of the parson, above all men! She never pryed into the affairs of her neighbours—how then should she know how to manage her own! When she is not reading or assisting her parents, she is busy with her needle for her family or the poor. She is altogether too modest for a girl of eighteen; and has not half brass enough to say "yes" to any man. She has a graceful figure enough, but she never laces herself, or takes pains to set it off in the most graceful manner. And yet has

Fanny Williams got married to the parson! How marvellous! strange! said these good souls, who had contrived every possible way to entrap the parson. "Ah! it is quite plain," they continued with a knowing toss of the head, "that she is in possession of some marvellous secret,—that accounts for all." That a poor mechanic's daughter should succeed after this sort, unless she possessed some indescribable charm, is highly ridiculous.—And the worst of the matter is that should she have been married without appearing to have once thought of having recourse to these common means for husband catching, those little artifices, winks, innuendoes, smiles and all the well directed artillery of the eyes, was absolutely astonishing, and proof conclusive that she was in possession of something that others had not. What a lucky man old Williams is! and oh! what a lucky girl is Fanny! A pretty wife, truly, such a girl will make for a clergyman. She is in league with some old witch or grandame—some fortune teller at the foot of a hill, who has revealed to her the art of making every body love her. It must be so—else why should she be thought so much of, and we neglected, who have for years been master of all the female accomplishments—in which she is so evidently wanting. She is not like other girls.

Thus thought and spake the old and young women concerning Fanny Williams. It was a mystery how she had so gained the affections of every body. She had never put herself forward in the least, but now she was before them all. "Fortunate Fanny—the daughter of a poor mechanic—who has thus risen so mysteriously from poverty to competency—what may the secret be! She has some charm that works upon the hearts of all. We must pry into it." Ay, pry into it! go and ask the sweet girl, and certainly most fortunate will you be in discovering the charm, if you allow it to make you all as charming as Fanny Williams. —*Claremont Eagle.*

A FACT FOR GEOLOGISTS.—Several days ago, the workmen engaged in getting out stone at Mr. Defree's farm, two miles below this place, found, on breaking a mass of rock, two lizards and a small rattle-snake. On exposing them to the sun a few moments, they became perfectly alive. From the thickness of the rock, in which they were found, and the slow formation of the limestone species of rock, ages must have passed since they were thus encompassed.—*Piqua (O.) Courier.*

LONG BREAKFAST.—A farmer observing his servant a long time at breakfast, said, "John, you make a long breakfast." "Master," answered John, "a cheese of this size is not so soon eaten as you would think of."

REVENGE.—A person being asked why he had given his daughter in marriage to a man with whom he was at enmity, answered, "I did it out of pure revenge."

TO KEEP MOTHS, BEETLES, &c. FROM CLOTHES—put a piece of camphor in a linen bag, or some aromatic herbs, in the drawers, among linen or woollen clothes, and neither moth nor worm will come near them.

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