

POETRY.

From the Scotsman.

THE YOUNG MOURNER.

BY MARY HOWIT.

LEAVING her sports, in passive tone,

'Twas thus a fair young mourner said,

"How sad we are now we're alone—

I wish my mother were not dead!

I can remember, she was fair;

And how she kindly look'd and smil'd,

When she would fondly stroke my hair,

And call'd me her beloved child.

Before my mother went away,

You never sigh'd as now you do;

You used to join us at our play,

And be our merriest playmate too.

Father, I can remember when

I first observed her sunken eye,

And her pale hollow cheek: and then

I told my brother she would die.

And the next morn they did not speak,

But led us to her silent bed;

They bade us kiss her icy cheek,

And told us she was dead!

Oh, then I thought how she was kind,

My own beloved and gentle mother!

And calling all I knew to mind,

I thought there no'er was such another!

Poor little Charles, and I! that day

We sat within our silent room;

But we could neither read nor play—

The very walls seem'd full of gloom.

I wish my mother had not died,

We never have been glad since then;

They say, and it is true," she cried,

"That she can never come again."

The father checked his tears, and thus

He spake, "My child, they do not err,

Who say she cannot come to us,"

But you and I may go to her.

Remember your dear mother still,

And the pure precepts she has given;

Like her, be humble, free from ill,

And you shall see her face in heaven!"

MISCELLANY.

THE LONG LOST HEIR.

Intelligence from Ennis announces the arrival of a gentleman in that town on Friday last, whose return from Jamaica cannot have proved very agreeable to two families of distinction in the county of Clare, Sir Edward O'Brien and Mr Arthur. The history is very singular. Twenty-four years since, as the statement of the family of this stranger runs, he, then a boy of eleven years was at a school in England, where he had been placed by his father, Mr Smith of Clare. (the father of Lady O'Brien, Mrs Bran, and Mrs Arthur also.) He was there told that all his relatives were no more, and that he was left destitute, and was urged to seek his fortune in the West Indies, under the assumed name of Crosby. There he struggled on in comparative poverty until an advertisement from Mrs Bran, long continued in the journals of Europe and the Colonies, attracted his observation. It is understood that his death was stated to have taken place at the English school alluded to, and to have been followed by a mock funeral. Mrs Bran heard that the stranger in Jamaica, on reading her advertisement, remembered enough of his earlier

days to enable him most unequivocally to declare that he was the individual sought for as Tom Smith, whose father, so far from leaving him destitute, had bequeathed to him property worth about £35,000, which, on his disappearance, fell to the families of Arthur and O'Brien. The present members for the county of Limerick, Mr Smith O'Brien, was to have enjoyed a great part of the property left to Tom Smith on the demise of his mother, Lady O'Brien, in whose possession it now is. Mr Arthur, a gentleman who lives also in the world of fashion, has possession of another portion. Mrs Bran having satisfied herself that her alleged brother was indeed alive, furnished him with money, and he arrived in Limerick on Thursday last. As he drove into Ennis, he pointed out localities on the road which he named accurately. Conducted to the woman who had nursed the lost heir, she, having examined his features, declared that he was no impostor. Subsequent examination by the family and connections of Mrs Bran, so clearly convinced them that he was the long-lost Tom Smith, that doubt after doubt vanished, and every reliance was placed on the connected detail of the interesting stranger. Mr Bran, long sceptical on the subject of the strongly-conceived belief of his wife in the existence and possible return of her brother, at length satisfied, welcome him to the commencement of those proceedings, which are at once either to thwart all his hopes, or fully restore him to a distinguished place in society and an elegant independence. It will be naturally asked, who would have carried into effect the horrid act of banishing the son of a respectable gentleman, and depriving him of family and fortune? The high character of Mr Arthur forbids all doubt in that quarter. Sir Edward and Lady O'Brien are also far above suspicion, so that the matter remains at present as much enveloped in mystery as the past years of him were who toiled up to the age of thirty-five years in a tropical climate for a precarious existence. The manners and personal appearance of Mr Smith are in his favor. He is intelligent, if not well-educated; simple and unpretending in conversation.—*Dublin Correspondent of the Herald.*

DEATH OF A MISER.—Saturday morning an old man, between sixty and seventy, well known for the last twenty-five years as a sweeper of crossings in Scotland-yard and Parliament Street, expired at a miserable lodging in Westminster. After his death, documents were discovered of property which was invested in the funds, amounting to the enormous sum of one thousand six hundred pounds, which he had accumulated by his avocation of street sweeping. The general appearance of the deceased miser was most abject, and his living most humble. It is stated that he has bequeathed the whole of his property to his relatives, who are particularly respectable, residing at Colbrook, near Uxbridge, where at one period of his lifetime he resided, and kept an extensive farm.

GROSS SUPERSTITION AND IMPOSITION.—A case was decided on Tuesday last, before his Majesty's Justices of the Peace, which created considerable interest. The circumstances are these:—A Woman in a humble sphere of life, in High Street, got her chest opened in her absence, and money, &c., to a considerable amount carried away. No trace could be got of the thieves, but strong suspicions fell upon some of the neighbours, and the loser, in order to discover the thief, had recourse to divination. She waited upon a person who professed a knowledge of the black art and who engaged, by the performance of certain rites, to bring to light the whole matter. For this end he directed the deluded female to steal a black

cat, and take it along with such of the neighbours as were suspected, to the public Green at a certain hour at night. With this advice the foolish woman complied, and at the time fixed appeared in the Green with a black cat, and a number of her female neighbours.—There the "warlock," as he was termed, formed a circle with a rusty sword, into which they were desired to enter; the cat tied up in a bag, was to be loosed, all present were to go in, and the person who was last in the ring was to be declared the thief. But matters did not end there: she was accused before the authorities of being the thief, and apprehended on a Sheriff's warrant. She lay in jail fourteen days, and was at the end of that period liberated, from want of evidence against her. She then brought the present action against the loser of the money, &c., claiming £5 damages. The Court, after hearing parties and proof, awarded 10s. of damages against the loser. Mr. Douglas commented in severe terms upon this gross delusion; he thought all persuasions of Christians were better informed, at this advanced age of reason, than to believe in either witches, warlocks, or the mystic art; and hoped never to hear of a case of the kind again.—*Glasgow Argus.*

SPEED OF THE FOX.—The Dedham (Mass.) Patriot states that a Fox accidentally got on a track, before the engine, on the Providence Rail road, a few days since, and it being rather slippery was nearly run down. Reynard was aware that if he attempted to turn to jump the enemy would be upon him, and he was obliged to scratch for dear life. It afforded considerable sport to the engineer, to observe how nicely the cunning fellow calculated the distance when he made the final leap.

DEATH PREFERRED TO DISHONOR.—During the Irish "Reign of Terror" in 1798, a circumstance occurred, which in the days of Sparta would have immortalized the heroine; it is almost unknown, no pen has ever traced the story. We pause not to inquire into the principles that influenced her; suffice it that, in common with most of her stamp she beheld the struggle as one in which liberty warred with tyranny. Her only son had been taken in the act of rebellion, and was condemned by martial law, to death; she followed the officer, on whose word his life depended, to the place of execution and besought him to spare the widow's stay; she knelt in the agony of her soul and clasped his knees, while her eye with the glare of a mummy, fell on her child beside him. The judge was inexorable, the transgressor must die. But, taking advantage of the occasion, he offered life to the culprit on condition of his discovering the members of the association with whom he was connected. The son wavered—the mother rose from her position of humiliation and exclaimed. "My child, my child, if you do, the heaviest curse of your mother shall be poison in your veins." He was executed, the pride of her soul enabled her to behold it without a tear—she returned to her home, the support of her declining years had fallen, the tie that bound her to life had given way, and the evening of that day that saw her lonely and forsaken, left her at rest forever. Her heart had broken in the struggle.—*New Monthly Belle Assemblée.*

AGENTS

FOR THE BEE.

Charlottetown, P. E. I.—Mr. DENNIS REDDIN.
 Miramichi—Rev. JOHN McCURDY.
 St. John, N. B.—Mr. A. R. TRURO.
 Halifax—Messrs. A. & W. MCKINLAY.
 Toronto—Mr. CHARLES BLANCHARD.
 Antigonish—Mr. ROBERT PURVIS.
 Guysboro—ROBERT HARTHORNE, Esq.
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