

## POETRY.

From the National Gazette

## MY NEEDLE.

Poets have oft invoked the muse,  
For themes as low as their old shoes;  
Why then should I disdain to choose

My needle

Thou little glittering pointed thing,  
How long a ditty could I sing,  
Of all the comforts thou canst bring.

My needle

How many a sad and lonely day,  
Far from the happy and the gay,  
Hast thou not helped to pass away.

My needle.

How many an hour of converse sweet,  
Has guided by with noiseless feet,  
While plying thee with tugs and fleet.

My needle.

Thou art a squire too of woe,  
Yet thou dost ne'er intrude, I know,  
On conversation's cheerful flow.

My needle.

The kindly care that seeks to soothe,  
The daily path of those we love,  
How should I wean without thee prove.

My needle.

When gratitude the gift would prompt,  
To friends, to land, and means were scant,  
Thy ready aid supplied my want.

My needle.

And oft when wintry tempests blow,  
And sadly mourns the child of woe,  
The power to serve, to thee I owe.

My needle.

And even England's monarch ought  
To bless the gentle hand that taught  
The use of thee with pleasure fraught.

My needle.

## MISCELLANY.

## EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

When about ten years old, I attended a primary school in N. Y. state, taught by a minister advanced in life, a man of violent temper and passions, especially when a little excited, as they often were, by whisky. He prayed in his school morning and evening, and was anxious to have all the scholars take delight in the exercises. He had a long whip with which he could reach all around to the circumference. When he prayed he placed himself usually in the centre of the room. There I seem now to see him stand, whip in hand, spectacles raised on his head, his light grey eyes wide open, glancing and glaring all about the room, from under his shaggy brows—praying; and if he saw a smile or a motion, he would cut us over our shoulders without mercy and keep praying while whipping, and whipping while praying. In this way he aimed to delight and profit his scholars by his prayers. But aside from the horrid impiety and irreverence of the scene, his course made the scholars utterly disgusted with him, his school, and his prayers.

All would say, that master little understood human nature. But, as well as those who whip children to make them love and obey their parents, or to love the Lord with all their hearts, and their neighbour as themselves; would you whip children to make them love to pray, read the scriptures, go to meeting, and to make them give their hearts, their time, and their efforts all to the Lord? Why not, if for any

thing? If any good objects can be secured by the whip, why not those? All feel that the direct way to make children hate and shun goodness, is to whip them to make them love and practise it.

There is something in the very nature of man, that leads him to resist, from earliest life, all efforts to control his will by physical violence. I mention the fact, not intending to say whether it is right or wrong; and the submission to right produced by the rod in children, is only *apparent* ostensor than *real*. The whole moral being rises up against all attempts at physical coercion. The law of love and kindness, moral power, subdues the soul: physical power may bend the body, but braces up the soul to a stronger and fiercer resistance.

It tends to blunt their moral sensibilities, to prevent their sense of right and wrong, and to make them think that might gives right, and to beget in them a spirit of brutal violence. I wonder children grow up with so much humanity, for they are generally treated as mere brute animals; and the only authority most parents attempt to establish over their children, is an authority based on mere brute force. These little immortals, God's representatives on earth, and bearing on their brows the image and superscription of Deity, are subjected to much the same degrading treatment as brutes. This destroys in them all sense of the dignity and glory of human nature, and they become assimilated to brutes in the violence and ferocity of their temper. Moral greatness and grandeur are not appreciated.

A parent's influence over his children should be based on higher and holier ground than his authority over his beasts. Our dominion over our beasts may be based on violence, but our influence over the souls of our children should be based on love, and the power of mind over mind.

An Irish attorney threatened the printer of a Dublin paper with prosecution, for inserting the death of a person who proved to be alive. The menace was accompanied with this shrewd observation, that "no printer should publish a death unless he had it expressly communicated by the party deceased."

HORRIBLE.—A child in Baltimore, aged five years, seeing its father drink some whisky, in the course of the evening, and observing where the bottle was placed, rose from his bed in the night, and drank so much that it expired before morning.

An unfortunate married man was ill used by his Xantippo, he was even treated with occasional thrashing. His friends rallied him upon this and at last spurred him on to declare that he would make an effort to be master. One day, not long after, his better half was so furious that he found himself compelled to seek shelter under the table. Just at this moment the voices of his friends were heard in the passage. "Come out, come out," cried the wife, fearful of an exposure. "No, no," cried the husband in triumph; "come out, indeed, not I, I'll show for once that I am master!"

SCIENTIFIC JOKE.—The Society of Arts in London have been handsomely hounded. A carriage with but one wheel, and to be used without horses, was advertised to be exhibited at a certain place, and the members of the Society, and the public in general, were invited to come and examine it. The ardour of their expectation was somewhat damped when they were shown a wheel-barrow.—N. O. *Picyans*.

Return what you borrow good; when you mean to steal, say so, and no return will be expected.

LADIES IN BORNBOU, AFRICA.—Sometimes the daughter or the wife of a rich farmer will be mounted on her particular bullock, and precede the loaded animals, extravagantly adorned with amber, silver rings, coral, and all sorts of finery; her hair streaming with fat, a black rim of kohl at least an inch wide, round each of her eyes, and, I may say, arrayed for conquest at the crowded market. Carpets and tobies are then spread on her clumsy pulfres, on which she sits, and with considerable grace, guides her animal by the nose. Notwithstanding the peaceableness of his nature, her vanity still enables her to torture him into something like caperings and curvetings.

WORTHY OF IMITATION.—In Bornbou, when a man refuses to pay his debts, and has the means, on a creditor pushing his claims, the cadi takes possession of the debtor's property, pays the demand, and takes a handsome percentage for his trouble. It is necessary, however, that the debtor should give his consent; but this is not long withheld, as he is pinnioned, and laid on his back until it is given; for all which trouble and restiveness, he pays handsomely to the cadi, and they seldom find a man that gets into a scrape of this kind twice. On the other hand, should a man be in debt, and unable to pay, on clearly proving his poverty, he is at liberty. The judge then says, "God send you the means," the bystanders say "Amen;" and the insolvent has full liberty to trade where he pleases. But if at any future time, his creditors catch him with even two tobies on, or a red cap, on taking him before the cadi, all superfluous habiliments, are stripped off, and given towards payment of his debts.

Sir John Cullier, the miser, used to return thanks that he had been born on the 29th of February, because then he kept his birth day only every fourth year.

A NEW LOAN—"I say, Jack," shouted a Smithfield drover the other day, to his pal, "these curs'd sheep von't move in this weather—lend us a bark of your dog, will you?"

EPICURAM.—An old gentleman of the name of Gould married a girl of nineteen. He wrote a letter to a friend, informing him of the happy event, with this couplet:

"So you see, my dear friend, though eighty years old  
A girl of nineteen falls in love with old Gould."

He received a reply in these terms:

"A girl of nineteen may love Gould it is true,  
But believe me, dear sir, it is Gold without U."

NEW ARRANGEMENT.—A western schoolmaster has the following sentence in a round text upon his door: "No licking the schoolmaster in the holidays."

The steamer *Sirius*, was to leave London on the 25th March, and Cork Harbour on the 2d day of April, for New York. She is not one of the large steamers intended to be employed in this line, but is chartered by the company, in order to make the experiment at an earlier date than they otherwise could if they waited for the completion of the great vessels now building for that purpose. The *Sirius* is said to be a new and beautiful boat of 700 tons burthen and 320 horse power; while the leviathans intended for the line, are to be 1800 tons burthen.—N. Y. *Emigrant*.

AGENTS  
FOR THE BEE.

Charlottetown, P. E. I.—Mr. DENNIS REDDIE.  
Halifax—Messrs. A. & W. MCKINLAY.  
Truro—Mr. CHARLES BLANCHARD.  
Tatmagouche—Mr. WILLIAM MCCONNELL.  
Wallace—DANIEL MCFARLANE, Esq.