

POETRY.

ON A TEAR.

BY S. ROGERS.

Oh! that the chemist's magic art
 Could crystallize this sacred treasure!
 Long should it glitter near my heart,
 A secret source of pensive pleasure.

The little brilliant, ere it fell,
 Its lustre caught from Chloe's eye;
 Then trembling left its coral cell!
 The spring of sensibility!

Sweet spring of pure and heavenly light;
 In thee the rays of virtue shine;
 More calm! clear, more mildly bright,
 Than any gem that gilds the mine.

Benign restorer of the soul!
 Who ever flyest to bring relief,
 When first we feel the rude control
 Of Love or Pity, Joy or Grief.

The sage's and the poet's theme,
 In every clime, in every age,
 Thou charm'st in fancy's idle dream,
 In Reason's Philosophic page.

That very law that moulds a tear,
 And bids it trickle from its source,
 That law preserves the earth a sphere,
 And guides the planets in their course.

MISCELLANY.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

There does not appear any reason why the education of women should differ, in its essentials from that of men. The education which is good for human nature is good for them. They are a part—and they ought to be in a much greater degree than they are—of the effective contributors to the welfare and intelligence of the human family. In intellectual as well as in other affairs, they ought to be fit helps to man. The preposterous absurdities of chivalrous times still exert a wretched influence over the character and the allotment of women.—Men are not polite but gallant; they do not act towards women as to beings of kindred habits and character, as to beings who, like the other portion of mankind, reason and reflect and judge, but as to beings who please, and whom men are bound to please. Essentially there is no kindness, no politeness in this; but selfishness and insolence. He is the man of politeness who evinces his respect for the female mind. He is the man of insolence who tacitly says, when he enters into the society of women, that he needs not bring his intellects with him. I do not mean to affirm that these persons intend insolence, or are conscious always of the real character of their habits; they think they are attentive and polite, and habit has become so inveterate, that they really are not pleased if a woman by the vigor of her conversation, interrupts the pleasant trifling to which they are accustomed. Unhappily a great number of women themselves would rather be fascinating than respectable. They will not see, and very often they do not see the practical insolence with which they are treated; yet what insolence is so great as that of half a dozen men, who having been engaged in an intelligent conversation suddenly exchange it for frivolity if ladies enter.

For this unhappy state of intellectual intercourse, female education is in too great a degree adapted. A large class are taught less to think than to shine. If they glitter, it matters little whether it be the glitter of gilding or of gold. To be accomplished is of greater importance than to be sensible. It is of more consequence to charm by the tones of a piano,

than to delight and invigorate by intellectual conversation.—The effect is reciprocally bad. An absurd education disqualifies them for intellectual exertion, and that very disqualification perpetuates the degradation.

If then we were wise enough to regard women, and if women were wise enough to regard themselves with that real practical respect to which they are entitled, and if the education they received was such as that respect would dictate, we might hereafter have occasion to say, not as it is now said, that "in England women are queens," but something higher and greater; we might say that in everything social, intellectual and religious, they were fit to co-operate with man, and to cheer and assist him in his endeavours to promote his own happiness and the happiness of his family, his country and the world.

THE UNWRITTEN MUSIC OF SPRING.—How sonorous the voice of spring, proceeding from every living thing in the air, and among the reeds of the brook. Just listen! There's an old bull frog on the margin of the stream, with one leg in the water by way of a cooler. How he thrums away on his bass-viol—'thung—thung—thong—thung—chong—pout—chug!' That little frog opposite plays the treble to a charm, breathing most exquisite melody without scarce opening her mouth—'tec-wet—tec-wet—hurr-irr-ir—te-wet—gosh.' And down she darts into the water—her great too awfully mangled by a stone from some cruel boy. Then there's the old leader—that 'green-eyed monster' dressed in yellow breeches, and a white sash around him. Hear him as he stands up so majestically against the reed—'Paddy-got-droonk—paddy-got-droonk—conl-anh!'—and down he goes to wet his whistle. Then flatters a warbling chorister over head—calling upon his tribe to go and watch their sick mates—'bblink—bblink—stingy—tingy go and see Miss Philisey—Philisey so sweet—sweet—she'll die soon—oh dear!' 'Pshaw pshaw chuck' thrills the thrasher. 'Micw micw micw.'—squeakes the cat bird. 'Who whip poor Will,' cries one—'Katy did—Katy did' thrills another. 'I'll come and see—I will—I will,' sings the yellow bird. And so sing they all their unwritten music, without a discordant note, unless perhaps from some hoarse unsoaked bull-frog, who has caught a wheezing cold from lying too long on the ground. A lean mare who was nibbling near and listening to the chorus, would have shaken her sides and ventured three or four salutary horse laughs—if it had not been such confounded hot weather.—*Clarmont Eagle*.

NATURAL PHENOMENON.—One day in the beginning of last week, some of the workmen employed in the erection of the new buildings on Weensland Haugh, in the course of their operations, came upon a live trout enclosed in the solid rock. It was of the par kind, and measured about seven inches long. The writer of this paragraph saw it in less than an hour after it was discovered, in the possession of Walter Wilson, Esq. Its spine was unluckily broken a little above the greater dorsal in the process of exlapidation, and it lived only a few seconds afterwards. It had much the appearance of trout of the same species to which the writer thinks it belonged. If there was any peculiarity, it seemed to him to be in its great transparency.—*Kelso Chronicle*.

MURDER.—A most brutal murder was committed at Bangor, Me., on Friday week, on an old man of the name of Keuzer by his son and son-in-law. It appeared from the evidence given on the inquest, that the parties had been drinking to excess—the old man boasted that there was no man in the State who could throw him. The son replied that he could do it, and immediately seized and threw him.

The old man struggled, but was held down by the son. William Keuser, a younger son, attempted to interfere, but was prevented by the son-in-law, Treston, who struck him on the head with a shingle mallet and inflicted other blows. He then ran for assistance—went a few rods, and saw his brother striking the old man with a club. When he returned with others, the father was just breathing his last. The sons were arrested, examined and committed.—*Boston Post*.

AVRIL RESULTS OF DRUNKENNESS.—On Sunday night last, a man named Lacy, who resided in Boshawn, parish of Glynn, in this county, came by his death under the following dreadful and appalling circumstances. It appears that the unfortunate man was addicted to the free use of ardent spirits; that on the night in question, he came home in a state of intoxication; when his wife justly remonstrated against the life he was leading; but instead of her admonition having the tendency of producing compunction in the breast of the unfortunate man, they had quite the contrary effect, by inducing him, a state of great excitement, to turn to the road his wretched wife with an infant on her breast, himself retaining another child within the house, aged about 4 years. Early on the following morning, a smoke was observed by some of the neighbours in the village coming through the end of the house—when the door was burst open—and the unfortunate man found stretched on the burning embers of his bed, with one arm burned off to the elbow; and when the body was stirred in order to be carried out, the other hand fell from the wrist and his brains poured up the floor. The young child that remained was providentially only scorched on one side. The little innocent, when the bed took fire which was caused by a lighted candle being stuck against the post, crept under the counter, and remained there uninjured till rescued the following morning.—*Wexford Independent*.

Among the many strange modes of suicide which we have had to record, the following is not the least extraordinary.—A man living at Marre in the Mayenne, being jilted by a young woman who had promised him marriage, deliberately heated an oven, crept into it, and closed the door. Life was no doubt very soon extinct, though he seems to have made one effort to save it, as his head was found turned towards the door.

MOUSE STORY.—A friend informs us, that a mouse which had several times been caught in the act of nibbling the nice things in his wife's pantry, was yesterday traced to her nest, which was found to contain seven or eight little 'responsibilities.' The parent rogue was executed for larceny. On one side of the nest, a piece of an old bible was found, on which the following words were distinctly visible—'Thou shalt not steal.' What a hypocrite!—*Dedham Patriot*.

PROGRESS OF REFINEMENT.—A young woman meeting a former fellow servant, was asked how she liked her new place.—'Very well.' 'Then you've nothing to complain of?' 'Nothing' only master and missus talk such very bad grammar.'

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