

POETRY.

TO MY MOTHER.

BY DAVIDSON, AN AMERICAN POET.

O THOU whose care sustained my infant years,
And taught my prattling lip each note of love;
Whose soothing voice breathed comfort to my fears,
And round my brow hope's brightest garland wove,

To thee my lay is due, the simple song,
Which Nature gave me at life's opening day;
To thee these rude, these untaught strains belong,
Whose heart indulgent will not spurn my lay.

O say, amid this wilderness of life,
What bosom would have throbb'd like thine for me?
Who would have smil'd responsive? who in grief,
Would ere have felt, and feeling, grieve like thee?

Who would have guarded, with a falcon eye,
Each trembling footstep, or each sport of fear?
Who would have mark'd my bosom bounding high,
And clasped her to my heart, with love's bright tear?

Who would have hung around my sleepless couch,
And fann'd, with anxious hand, my burning brow?
Who would have fondly press'd my fevered lip,
In all the agony of love and woe?

None but a mother, none but one like thee,
Whose bloom has faded in the midnight watch,
Whose eye, for me, has lost its witchery,
Whose form has felt disease's midday touch.

Yes, thou hast lighted me to health and life,
By the bright luster of thy youthful bloom,
Yes, thou hast wept so oft o'er every grief,
That woe hath traced thy looks with marks of gloom.

O then, to thee, this rude and simple song,
Which breathes of thankfulness and love for thee,
To thee, my mother, shall this lay belong,
Whose life is spent in toil and care for me.

MISCELLANY.

EXTRAVAGANCE IN DRINK.—It is recorded of Curran, that going to his inn early one summer morning, after a long sitting with some friends in Glasgow, he observed a man sound asleep in the kennel, his upturned face gilded with the rays of the newly risen sun. Mr. Curran awoke the sleeper, who, like himself, had been indulging rather freely the previous night, and had no recollection of taking up the position in which he was found. After the first surprise was over, he thrust his hand into the pocket, where he found a quantity of small change, on discovering which, with a face of the utmost compunction and alarm, he exclaimed, "Gude guide us! hae I been see far left to mysel' as to change a note!"

A LUCKY CLUE.—Of all the instances we have heard of persons attaining wealth by lucky accidents, none equals the following;—A poor aged woman, who had long earned her livelihood by knitting, one day coming to the end of her worsted ball or clue, found it to be wound on a piece of an old newspaper, which she had the curiosity to read; when, to her astonishment and delight, she discovered it to contain an advertisement respecting herself, as the heir of a large property, which had she been unable to read, she might never have possessed.—*Anecdotes of Books and Authors.*

A RIVAL TO THE KILLARNEY ECHO.—On our passing the Lurlei, near Oberwesel, where there is a remarkably distinct echo, I was told that those joyous youths the *Burschen*, who frequently go up and down the river by the steam-boats, having made it a rule on approaching the Lurlei, to roar out "who is the Burgomaster of Oberwesel," the echo, true to the last sound, repeated, "Esel," that is, ass.

This so annoyed the worthy magistrate, that he petitioned the king of Prussia, I know not with what success, on the subject.—*My Note Book.*

A puzzling case in the law has recently presented itself in France, accompanied by the following circumstances:—

A small farmer in the Ardennes was lately in the act of setting fire to his barn, when a robber, who had concealed himself in a heap of straw, rushed out and alarmed the neighbourhood, attempting, at the same time, to escape, but was arrested. On being confronted with the incendiary, the latter asserted that he committed the act because he knew the malefactor was there, while the robber maintained that he was an innocent man, and only hid himself because he suspected the farmer of evil designs. It will be difficult to decide between such contending evidence. The barn was burnt to the ground.—*Galignani's Messenger.*

COLLIERY EXPLOSION.—On the morning of Tuesday last, about seven o'clock, two dreadful explosions took place in the B pit, at Hebburn, on the banks of the Tyne, in the county of Durham, by which a man and a boy were unfortunately killed, and three men and five boys were so severely burnt, that two of them are not expected to survive. It is supposed that the first explosion was occasioned by a flame having been left uncovered, and that the foul air had reached it, and killed the boy, Thomas Lamb, about seven years of age. It did no farther mischief, as none of the workmen were within the range of its influence; but it was immediately followed by another blast, more horrifying and dreadful in its effects, tearing up brattishes, and carrying away every thing which obstructed its course. The first man whom it struck was Thos. Fairs, the overman, who has a wife and family, and is supposed to be in a very dangerous state; and it killed Cuthbert Short, about thirty years of age. Seven others were shockingly burnt and maimed.—*Sunderland Herald.*

POLITENESS.—Politeness does not consist in laying down your knife and fork in a particular manner, nor yet by scalding your mouth by drinking out of a cup, to avoid the indecorum of cooling your tea or coffee in a saucer. There is an anecdote of George IV. which conveys a better idea of politeness than all that Chesterfield has written. When His Majesty was as yet Prince of Wales, he honored a tea-table with his presence, where there happened to be some young ladies not deeply versed in the code of etiquette. These innocent creatures, in the simplicity of their hearts, never dreamed that there was any dire enormity in pouring their tea into their saucer to cool; a titter ran round the table, among the polite guests; but the Prince observing it and the occasion, to relieve the embarrassment of the young ladies, he poured his own tea into a saucer. THAT is what may be called politeness.—*Sunday News.*

Dr. H.—J— was one of the most able, talented and eccentric surgeons of the last century. His practice embraced a large circuit, and his fame extended to every part of the State. The Dr was one morning sitting in his office poring over some medical work fresh from the mother country via Boston, when a loud rap at the door aroused him. "Come in," said the Doctor, and an old lady hobbled into the apartment, who seemed the very embodiment of dirt and negligence.

"Doctor! I've got a desperate sore foot—can you help it?"

"I will try—let me see it."

The old crone proceeded to divest her understanding of the apology for a horse with which it was covered, and displayed to the astonished Doctor a foot—and such a foot!

"Heavens," exclaimed the Doctor, throwing up both hands in amazement—"what a dirty foot!"

"La! Doctor, yo need'nt be in such a wondrousment about it—there's dirtier feet than that in the world—I see warrant—aye, and a dirtier foot than that in your own house, as proud as the young ladies your daughters are—for all that"—and the old hag cackled forth her pleasure at the astonishment.

"Woman! if you can find a dirtier foot than that in my house, I will give you a guinea, and cure your foot for nothing."

"Pon honor?" said the Beldam.

"Pon honor," cried the Doctor.

The woman stripped off her other stocking, and displayed a foot that hoggared all description, grinning in the face of the astonished Doctor, exclaiming—"Gie me the guinea! Gie me the guinea! I knowed it! I washed 'tother 'fore I came here!—*New Hampshire Gazette.*

A RADICAL ECONOMIST.—A man in this city celebrated for his extreme economy—to give it no other name—bought three pounds stale, sour cherries, one evening last week, for which he paid six cents, and fearing that they would not keep till morning, eat the whole at once. The consequence naturally enough was, that he had a severe attack of cholera, so that the Doctor had to be called in. After stating his case, and being cross questioned, the physician told him that it was brought on by the great quantity of cherries he had eaten—and that one third was as many as could have been taken with safety. The griped economist answered that he was forced to eat them all, as they already showed signs of rottenness. "No matter," replied the physician, "you should not have eaten them." "What! ejaculated the winching patient, "and let 'em spile? Never!" And thus, for the sake of saving, as Mr Savenall considered it, four cents worth of cherries, he run himself into four dollars' worth of medical attendance! And so it is with too many of the world; they will, in the language of the old saw, "skin a flint," for a cent, and ruin a knife worth sixpence.—*German-town Telegraph.*

GRIEF, JOY, AND MADNESS.—It has been observed, that the passion of joy is more likely to occasion mental derangement than grief, because the former cannot, like the latter, find relief in tears, they being the natural vent for the cerebral excitement and congestion. If intense grief does not find this natural outlet for cerebral action, derangement of mind with a propensity to suicide, is the frequent consequence.—*Neville on Insanity.*

In 1769 there were but 20 Roman Catholic Chapels in England and Scotland. At the present time, there are more than 500. In a single county there are 87. Forty more are building and forty in contemplation.

ECONOMY.—"Oh, eat it up dear—eat it up," says mamma. "I can't ma, I've ate enough." "Oh yes, dear, eat up what's on your plate, so that it need'nt be lost!" How common a practice this is; stuffing children beyond the wants of nature, and making them gluttons all their lives! Precious economy this!

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