

POETRY.

LIFE A DREAM.

Our life is a dream—when memory surveys
The scenes that have sped with the flight of her days,
They resemble those visions of grief or delight,
Which so frequently dance on the mind for a night.

The youth is in Eden, beneath the fresh bowers,
Or culling his temples a chaplet of flowers;
The glad offspring embraces its parent again,
And hears the fond voice it had longed for in vain.

The friend, whose dark destiny long had been wept
And whose dust the four winds of the heaven had
swept,

In the smiles of an angel from slumber returns,
And asks his beloved, "Why so sadly he mourns?"

The minstrel exults—for his exile is o'er,
And he rouses his harp from its silence once more—
But the least breathing whisper, the stir of a leaf,
Ushers in on the fancy the morning of grief!

"And where," asks the youth, "is my nosegay of
flowers,
Which I thought I had wove in the shade of the
bowers?"

And where, hapless child, is the parent you pressed,
In the rapture of joy, to your languishing breast?

And where is the smile of that friend who returned
From his slumber, and asked why so sadly I mourned?
'Twas a phantom—too gay, when it sports on the
mind;

But a phantom which always leaves sorrow behind.

So passes our life: in the slumber of night
The fancy is glided with dreams of delight—
But, ah! when again from that slumber we rise,
Every dream about pleasure deceitfully flies.

MISCELLANY.

THE STUDY OF NATURAL HISTORY.

It is rather a subject of surprise that, in our general associations and mixed societies in times so highly enlightened as the present, when many ancient prejudices are gradually sitting away, as reason and science dawn on mankind, we should meet with so few, comparatively speaking, who have any knowledge of, or take the least interest in Natural History, or if the subject obtain a moment's consideration, it has no abiding place in the mind, being dismissed as the fitting employment of children, and inferior capacities. But the natural historian is required to attend to something more than the vagaries of butterflies & the spinnings of caterpillars. This study, considered apart from the various branches of science which it embraces, is one of the most delightful occupations that can employ the attention of reasoning beings. And perhaps none of the amusements of human life are more satisfactory and dignified than the investigation and survey of the workings and ways of Providence in this created world of wonders, filled with his never absent power. It occupies and elevates the mind, is inexhaustible in supply, and while it furnishes meditation for the closet of the student, gives to the reflections of the moralising rambler, admiration and delight, and is an engaging companion that will communicate an interest to every rural walk.

We need not live with the humble denizens of the air, the tenants of the woods and hedges, or the grasses of the field, but to pass them in utter disregard is to neglect a large portion of rational pleasure open to our view, which may edify and amply many a passing hour, and by easy steps, will often become the source whence flow contemplations of the highest order.

Young minds cannot, I should conceive, be too strongly impressed with the simple wonders of creation by which they are surrounded; in the race of life they may be passed by, the busyness of life may not admit of attention to them, or the unceasing cares of the world may smother early attainments, but they can never be injurious. They will give a basis to a reasoning mind, and tend in some after thoughtful sobered hour, to comfort and to soothe. The little insights that we have obtained into Nature's works are many of them the offspring of scientific research; and partial and uncertain as our labours are, yet a brief gleam will occasionally lighten the dark path of the humble inquirer, and give him a momentary glimpse of hidden truths.

FACT FOR THE NATURALIST.—*Adventures of two geese.*—The efforts made by salmon to regain their native river are well known, and animals also possess strong local attachments and a retentive memory. The following, however, is the first instance we have heard of geese being endowed with faculties of this description.—Mr. D. Campbell, a respectable sheep farmer lived at Borley, in the county of Sutherland, close by a fresh-water lake, near the Kyle of Durness. Subsequently he took the farm of Mudale, inland from Borley about thirty miles where he now resides. When he left this former residence, Mr. C. took with him as a part of his moveable, a pair of geese.—The wings of the geese was clipped, and they were carried across the country in a covered basket. Their new locality did not seem to please this *douce* and cordial couple; and accordingly, after residing a few days at Mudale, they set off together down the river to Loch Naver, a distance of three miles.—Here they remained two or three days, after which they continued their aquatic excursion for thirty miles further, to Inver Naver. The sea was now before them, but they boldly entered upon their voyage; they crossed the Kyle of Tongue and rounded the Whiten-head (well known to mariners as a stormy head land,) steering athwart Loch Dribel, and landed at Rispond, the first point of land at the west side. At this place they bated, and after a short stay pursued their course along the coast till they arrived at Durin. To save a distance of about twenty miles by sea, round Farrethead, the geese then, sagaciously and courageously, walked across the country to their native lake, Borley, giving the worthy minister of Durness a call as they passed.—The wanderers had been six weeks on their travels, having performed a circuitous route of about a hundred miles, first north east to the sea, and then north-west to Loch Borley. The fate of the poor geese after their long and perilous journey was hard and unmerited. They had come to Borley (as some other travellers had done) somewhat hungry & exhausted, and they took the liberty of feasting a little in a cornfield. Mr. Campbell had offered a reward to any person that would secure the geese; and, this failing, he offered to pay the amount of damage inflicted by their trespass. The grievance, or steward, on the farm, was apparently as ruthless as Coleridge's ancient mariner when he shot the albatross, for he shot both the geese. Thus perished the unfortunate wanderers whose exertions certainly entitled them to a better fate. This story is well known in the district, and the correctness of the above narrative can be vouched for by Mr. Campbell and the other inhabitants.—*Scotch paper.*

The following ludicrous, though somewhat alarming adventure, happened to a gentleman in the course of a late visit to the celebrated cathedral of St. Paul's, London. In his inves-

tigation of the several curiosities of the place, he arrived at the turret which contains the machinery of the clock. Here the dial plate is accessible, and on its inside is a small square aperture, for the convenience of the person shifting the hands of the clock. Our friend being of a decidedly inquisitive disposition and particularly fond of thrusting himself into every strangle and out of the way corner, immediately popped his head through the inviting opening. He was instantly absorbed in the enjoyment of the view his elevated situation afforded him, his position in reference to the hands of the clock never costing him a thought, when, guillotine like, down comes the ponderous bar which constitutes the larger hand, right over his devoted head. A gentle & gradual pressure on the spine soon gave him a hint of the predicament in which he stood.—But the organ of phallogogeniveness being very strikingly developed, it was too late. To draw in his head was impossible, and it became an unavoidable fixture, while the powerful and steady motion of the machinery was scarcely at all impeded. Decapitation in its most lingering and shocking form must have been inevitable, had not the bell ringer, in the exercise of his duty, at this moment arrived. He instantly perceived how matters stood, and with the quickness of thought stopped the machinery. The bar was shoved up by means of levers, and the terrified and astounded man released from his peril. It is said that he has ever since been very shy of trusting his head off the perpendicular, and gives an involuntary shudder when, in looking out of a window, his neck by accident touches the frame.—*Greenock Advertiser.*

You may respect the opinions of others without following them, even as you may receive a man for a friend without making him your master. To spurn all advice is to acknowledge that you are afraid of it, and to close your ears to the warning of a friend, proves that you dread his influence. He is more of a slave who fears to listen than he who listens and changes his intention.

The Northern Courier says—A bill is before the Maryland Legislature, making it a penal offence to climb and rob fruit trees. Does not this come within the statute against *high treason*?

An economical man is one, who files away a newspaper for future reference.

A parsimonious man is one, that stops his paper to keep from paying a small pittance for it.

PROGRESS OF TIME.—A pedlar going through the land with wooden clocks.

Miss Rebecca Theresa Reed of Convent notoriety, recently died in Boston. On her dying bed she affirmed to the truth of her narrative.

HARD TIMES.—"John, go to the pump and bring me a can of water—I am as dry as a fish."

"So is the pump, father."

"If I were so unlucky," said an officer, "as to have a stupid son, I would certainly by all means, make him a parson." A clergyman, who was in the company, calmly replied "you think differently, sir, from your father."

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