

## POETRY.

## A LOVE PASSAGE.

NINETEENTH CENTURY.

"Beloved one, bend gently down—  
Bend gently down thy head;  
Let not a bump upon thy crown  
From my fond eyes be hid.

"Nay, murmur not dear girl, 'tis best—  
'Tis best it should be so;  
The revelation of this test  
May save us meikle woo,"

The lovely maiden bent her head;  
The youth with eager eye  
And trembling hand the bumps surveyed—  
Ah! wherefore does he sigh?

The maiden raised her face; dismayed  
She saw his look so sad.  
'Twas clear her cranium had displayed  
Developements quite bad.

"Farewell, farewell," the lover said—  
'Forever we must part.  
I cannot give the blow my head!  
I almost said my heart!"

[FOR THE BEE.]

## POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.—No. 4.

## PREMONITIONS.

Mr Dawson: Sir,—There is scarcely any occurrence, however trivial, that is not a forewarning to some.—A twig of the tea tree, floating on the surface of the liquid beverage, or the falling of a cinder, are prognostics of some visitor. I have seen the faces of a gay company, assume a melancholy aspect, upon seeing what they called a dead shaving curled down the side of a candle, and all eyes directed with a significant look to the person who happened to be sitting opposite where it pointed. The howling of the dog was a *vero sign* that death was soon to make inroads upon the family to which he belonged; and a dead candle was an unfailling warning of a funeral going in the same direction in which it seemed to move; and I have even heard some assert that they have seen the apparance of, and heard the tread of peoples' feet, as if a funeral procession was moving along—where to be sure a real funeral did go along a short time after. If the rooster crowed at an unusual hour, some extraordinary thing would happen in the direction his head pointed; and if a hen crowed, it was the next thing to a miracle if either the master or mistress of the house did not soon make their exit. Carpenters, that are in the way of making coffins, are sure to be warned before being employ'd in that way, by hearing their tools as if at work, or some noise among the boards that are to be used for the purpose. One old man, on whose veracity I could depend, told me that he was perfectly persuaded of this being the case, until one night that there was more than the ordinary warning among some boards set by the fire to dry, of which a coffin was to be made, and who upon his getting off the bed found a cat, which, being impatient of the confinement, had taken to jumping about amongst the boards and occasioned the noise, this shook his belief, and he is now as fully satisfied of there being no such warning, as before of its reality.

There is another species of forewarnings that some put confidence in, namely dreams: About this I shall say but little. In ordinary, they are the ravings of fancy untrammelled by reason, and generally are an echo of what the mind is most intently set upon. If the mind is ever acted upon in a supernatural way in dreams producing a presentment of what is to happen, it must be classed with miracles, and these I would consider it presumption in the highest degree to meddle with.

To those who have been in the way of looking to such oracles as are here pointed out for warning them of future events, I would advise to consider how untenable the position they have taken is, and so look for safer ground to tread upon. Reason and philosophy point to analogy, and the phenomena of nature. A few instances I shall give here as directing in this path. That a like cause will produce like effect is an axiom received by all, hence we may safely say that a *dry summer will give a shorter crop*. An acquaintance with, and careful observance of the operations of nature, will at once be an amusing study, and safeguard in many cases; for example, if there is a gloam of red at sun rising, confined to a small space above the horizon, it says there is a storm at hand, whereas if there is a light tinge of red diffused over the heavens, it shows there are no dense vapors to obstruct the sun's beams, and a fine day may be looked for; and when the sky presents a golden hue after sun set, the following day will likely be fine, but when of a copper colour it indicates a storm;—if after a warm day there is a copious dew at night, the following day may be expected to be dry, but if there is little or no dew, rain will soon follow.

In the observance of such signs as these, a Divine agency will be seen, and in becoming acquainted with the works of nature the mind may be led to nature's God, and that this may be the result, is the hearty wish of

Yours, &amp;c.

AMICUS VERITATIS.

FOR THE BEE.

MR EDITOR,

Sir,—In your last paper I found a piece, signed *Freeholder*, who recommends that I and other Freeholders should pay David Crichton his *antiquated claim* on the overseers of the poor. Now sir, I hope you possess sufficient honesty and independence to publish the antidote after publishing the bane. I live in New Lairg, and can discriminate between right and wrong as well as the people in Town, who would persuade the Country people that their minds cannot plough a furrow beyond the field they till, and are as rough as the harrows they use. I will tell you sir, we will not be imposed on. When George McKenzie acted as Overseer of the Poor, and I or any of my neighbors had a claim on the Poor's Fund, it mattered not what time we called on George McKenzie,—in one month, or six months, or two years after the debt became due, he repeated the unchangeable reply that "he had no funds, but Mr Crichton would advance." Advance what sir! not money but goods; goods which the poor creditor must take at Mr Crichton's own price, or employ a lawyer to enforce his claim, and then have himself and his lawyer hooted and abused for being so barbarous; and if he did not choose to do one of these things he must lose his debt altogether.

D. Crichton took George McKenzie's personal obligation for the balance he conceived due, and his recourse is now on George McKenzie and not on us, for I repeat *we will not pay it*.

Your Paper with us is gaining reputation, and if you permit and encourage discussion on such public abuses, in your columns, take my word for it, the people, not of the Town but of the Country will support it.

I am another of the Freeholders of Pictou Township, and subscribe myself

Yours, &amp;c.

A FARMER.

New Lairg, March 19, 1837.

[As this Correspondent has not favored us with his name, we have taken the liberty of omitting a section of his communication, which stated as facts, things that we were not sure about. We may state further, that his views are erroneous, both as respects Mr. McKenzie and Mr. Crichton; we never doubted the integrity of the one, or the justice of the other's claims.—EDITOR.]

## MISCELLANEOUS.

## TAX ON KNOWLEDGE.

There is matter deeply affecting the press, which we are much surprised our brethren, who have been longer in the field than ourselves, have not hitherto taken more energetic measures to bring before Parliament, in order to the removal of a serious tax upon themselves. We allude to the postage of newspapers. We propose to insert a petition to both Houses of Parliament, that an Address may be presented to His Majesty, requesting him to take measures for our relief, and we request our brethren to forward to us immediately, (post paid,) an authority to subscribe their names to the petition.

The injustice of this tax, as well as its impolicy, is so apparent, that no fear can arise of want of support in its repeal. It is a check to the progress of knowledge and information which the liberality of the present day strongly deprecates; and we are satisfied that it requires only to be brought forward, that the same justice may be afforded to the Colonies which obtains to the Old Country, whence it has long been abolished.

The trifling revenue which it produces cannot be an object (even if it fell into that fund, which we doubt) to Great Britain, and we do not believe one moment's consideration will be given to it, but that on a representation of the fact to Parliament, the tax will be remitted.—*Royal Standard, Toronto.*

STREETS LIGHTED BY ELECTRICITY.—Professor Menecke of Halle, proposes to light houses and streets by means of an electric spark, and he thinks that this system may supersede that of gas, as giving a better light, and being more economical. His plan is to construct luminous tubes, having at intervals metallic plates, on which might be formed, by means of a machine, a rapid succession of electric sparks. The professor has obtained, by an operation of this kind, and from a two feet machine, a constant light in his apartment resembling a bright moonlight. By confining the sparks in a tube filled with rarified hydrogen gas, the professor thinks it will be easy to obtain the same result on a large scale.

A SENTIMENTAL PIGEON.—A man set to watch a field of peas which had been much preyed upon by pigeons, shot an old cock pigeon who had long been an inhabitant of the farm. His mate, around whom he had for many a year cooed, and nourished from his own crop, and assisted in rearing numerous young ones, immediately settled on the ground by his side, and showed her grief in the most expressive manner. The labourer took up the dead bird, and tied it to a short stake, thinking that it would frighten away the other depredators. In this situation, however, his partner did not forsake him, but continued day after day, walking slowly round the stick. The kind-hearted wife of the husband of the farm at last heard of the circumstances, and immediately went to afford what relief she could to the poor bird. She told me that, on arriving at the spot she found the hen bird much exhausted, and that she had made a circular beaten track around the dead pigeon, making now and then a little spring towards him. On the removal of the dead bird the hen returned to the dove-cot.

THE ANTI-PATHY OF THE HEN TO WATER.—It is well known, yet the following is a curious instance of habit overcoming nature:—A hen who had reared three broods of ducks in three successive years, became habituated to their taking to the water, and would fly to a large stone in the middle of the pond, and patiently and quietly watch her brood as they swam about it. The fourth year she hatched her own eggs, and finding that her chickens did not take the water as the ducklings had done, she flew to the stone in the pond and called them to her with the utmost eagerness. This recollection of the habits of her former charge—though it had taken place a year before, is not a little curious.—*Jesse's Gleanings in Natural History.*

APPEARANCES ARE DECEITFUL.—A dandy of the first water recently introduced his friend who was a very plain man into company, by saying "gentlemen I'll assure you he is not so great a fool as he seems." "No," replied the gentleman, "that is the difference between my friend and me."

## AGENTS

FOR THE BEE.

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