

## POETRY.

[FOR THE BEE.]

## ODE.

O MEXICO! 'tho' in thy leaf  
 He many tales that waken grief,  
 And many scenes on which the eye,  
 Refused to rest while they were nigh,  
 Yet in thy sacred, hallow'd treasures  
 Dwells a fund of mental pleasures  
 Tired of chasing airy dreams  
 Through dim futurity's abyss,  
 The mind returns to scenes  
 Of bye gone, real bliss:  
 She quits the giddy bow'rs  
 Where fancy loves to lead,  
 And cull's from thee, the flow'rs  
 Which yield delight indeed:  
 The sunny, happy days  
 Of childhood and of youth  
 Return with soften'd rays,  
 And the wounded feelings sooth.  
 Mellow'd by the hand of Time,  
 Every harsh, offensive line  
 Serves but to throw  
 A higher, richer glow,  
 By pleasing contrast, on the view;  
 Like as the rock and mountain blue,  
 At distance seen,  
 Melt into beauty, and bestow  
 A magic charm upon the rural scene.  
 "O Caledonia, stern and wild!  
 Meet nurse for a poetic child!"  
 Land of the brave, the free!  
 On thee my thoughts recoil,  
 And fondly doat a while,  
 Thou dearest gem of memory!  
 To thee, the rapt mind must fly  
 For joys which other climes deny—  
 Joys for ever, ever past—  
 Joys too richly sweet to last.  
 Castalia's font no longer plays,  
 To crown its votaries with bays,  
 Arcadia hears no happy swains  
 Breathe their mellow strains  
 On her happy plains,  
 And o'er Parnassus lies a woe—  
 Its glory fled—  
 Its Delphi mingled with the dust—  
 Its muses dead!  
 But thou, "my own, my native land,"  
 Home of the picturesque, the grand!  
 Tho' the muse forgot thee long,  
 Art now the chosen theme of song;  
 And, while the reckless savage roves  
 Through Tempe's ivy mantled groves,  
 Thy thousand scenes of sun and shade,  
 Of plain and mountain, heath and mead,  
 And sheeted lake in light array'd,  
 And wild precipitant cascade,  
 Devoted genius daily woos  
 To gain the favors of thy muse,  
 And con from Nature's tone, unbought,  
 The vivid image and the glowing thought—  
 "The grace beyond the reach of art!"  
 Which all its blandishments can ne'er impart.  
 How oft, in life's unthinking morn,  
 Have I those scenes roam'd thorough,  
 And quaff'd the cup of joy, in scorn  
 Of future pain or sorrow!  
 Where frowns the rough precipice, sombrous and stern,  
 The hall of the echo, the home of the horn,  
 How oft have I watch'd the impetuous wave  
 Scour frantic and fierce through the brave polish'd cave,  
 Or, shrouded in foam, on the tempest have gar'd  
 And heard the wild war-shout the elements rais'd.  
 How oft, upon the mountains breast,  
 Mantled in the silver mist,  
 Have I drank my fill of song,  
 And felt my youthful soul expand,  
 To see around myself the land  
 Where Fingal fought and Ossian sung!  
 Where, stretch'd along from sky to sky,  
 The desert wild for ever sleeps,  
 And hears no sound save the eagle's cry,  
 And the vigil the moor cock keeps.  
 There, oft have I mus'd on the dark days of yore,  
 When "coming events cast their shadows before,"  
 When the spell of the wizard distorted the sight,  
 And the day-star of Reason lay buried in night!  
 When Fairies, all in moonbeams veil'd,  
 On the midnight zephyr sail'd  
 Whiles in dance and whiles in song  
 Chasing the fleet hours along,  
 When the evil plotting Gnome,  
 In the cavern's sombre gloom,  
 Lur'd, with siren strains, away,  
 The day born traveller to stray—  
 When whisper'd the sylph in the wanderer's ear,

If peril beset, or protection was near  
 When the rushing ruthless Sprite  
 Flash'd upon the brow of night,  
 Or along the hush'd lake sail'd,  
 Or the tow'ring cygne seal'd.  
 When the elf, like wild fire gleaming,  
 Pierc'd upon the mountain's crest,  
 O'er the eagle's giddy nest,  
 Wan'd the live long night in screaming;  
 Till the sleeping desert borne  
 Woke, and scream'd in wild return,  
 As if Eris burst her urn,  
 And, in a freak,  
 Had made the echoes rear  
 A second Babel here  
 To foul their speech.  
 And teach  
 Their tongues in py than howls to speak!

R R M.

## MISCELLANY.

ROBBERY AND ATTEMPTED MURDER.—Chas. Caldwell, of Jamestown, Chautauque county, was shot on Friday night last, on the towpath of the canal, about sixty rods above the village of Albion, and robbed of about \$900 and some clothing, and rolled into the canal. About \$700 of the money was of the Jamestown Bank, two or three fifty dollar bills, the remainder in fives and tens. About \$250 are on Buffalo, Canada, Warren, and Pennsylvania banks. He was robbed also of a new suit of blue clothes, a drab hat, and a pair of boots.

After the robbers left him, he so far recovered as to get out of the canal, and walk to the house of his sister in Albion, and to state as follows:—Near Knowlesville, a tall, slim man dressed in grey, came on board the boat, of whom he enquired the price of land in the vicinity. The Stranger told him likewise of a farm near by, for sale, for thirty dollars per acre, and which he accompanied him to see in company with another man. He left them at Eagle Harbour, and proceeded on his way by the towpath. He heard footsteps behind him, turned round, saw two men—thinks the same he rode with at Knowlesville—when one shot him down—the ball entered his breast—rifled his pockets, and rolled him into the canal.

STEALING A HEART.—At the Chelmsford adjourned Session, Sarah Rentall was put to the bar, charged with an offence very common among the ladies of these realms, but which, through the mercy of poor suffering man, the criminal law has hitherto forborne to deal with—viz., stealing a heart from one William Ames, at Sible Hedingham. She admitted her guilt, and was sentenced to two month's hard labour. Listen to this, ye fair plunderers, if the downcast look, leading even unto suicide, and the pale face of the lover, excite not your pity, at least have the fear of the treadmill before your eyes. Hereafter the constable's warrant, a bill of indictment, and the Quarter Session, will be resorted to by the "rejected one," instead of a farewell note, oxalic acid, and the sexton. Then—

"The time will come when thou  
 Shalt feel far more than thou misleest now;  
 Feel for thy dear self-loving self in vain."

It is true the lady above-named took the heart from a butcher's shop, but this was a mitigation of her offence; for all the world—at least all the male portion of it—knows, by sad experience, the injury which might otherwise have been inflicted; and we have no doubt that, if she had taken the heart from a human breast, she would have been transported.—Chelmsford Chronicle.

REMARKABLE PHENOMENON.—On Friday evening, 29th ult. about 11 o'clock, the family of Mrs. Routh, of this city, were startled and somewhat alarmed by the heavy fall of a human body, apparently within a few feet of the house. The occurrence was attended with a sort of hissing noise, and resembling the rattling

of a shower of hail on the roof. On arriving at the spot, which was so well defined as not to be mistaken, a compact mass of vegetable bitumen was found, which, on examination, left no doubt of its being of meteoric origin. The weight of the mass was about five pounds. It must have been a detached portion of an extensive meteor, similar to that which traversed our atmosphere a few years since, the particulars of which were published in Silliman's Journal, and portions of which fell to the earth in various parts of the United States. The fragment which fell on Friday evening bears a striking resemblance to portions of this meteoric body, which are yet to be found in the possession of scientific individuals.—Norwich Con., Courier.

A MISS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.—A strange-looking thing, retaining very little of the human form about it. It spends its time at home—dressing and undressing, eating, reading Annuals and all sorts of sentimental periodicals, copying out love songs, clipping and carving coloured papers, inventing match-boxes, yawning, strumming, and humming; abroad—chattering, giggling, singing, and playing, waltzing and quadrilling. Can this thing have a soul? It is not altogether a mere machine; there are indications of volition about it; and at times, when the actuating spirit does manifest itself, it betrays a spice of malevolence and envy, selfishness and dissimulation.

A TALL KENTUCKIAN.—I have said the Louisvillians can boast of one thing, they can boast of two, the best public house in the West, and the tallest man in all christendom. They challenge, and well they may, not only this, but any other country, to exhibit what they can—a youth of 19 years of age, measuring 7 feet 6½ inches in height! I have seen him, and without knowing his length, should judge it to be nearer 10 than 7 feet! I conversed with him but with difficulty. Standing on the ground and conversing with a man in a steeple, or holding converse with the spirits of the clouds is no easy matter. He informed me that at the age of twelve, he was unusually small—and growing three inches and a half last year, he is sensible of being still on the increase. His patriotism who can doubt? He stands, or stood when I saw him, a living monument to his country's greatness. He is not corpulent but rather slender—hence he appears taller than he really is—but really he is tall enough. Add, or rather superadd, anything to a man that has attained to anything like his height, and inches appear almost like feet.—American paper.

NOSEOTOMY.—An action at present depends in the Sheriff Court, Forfar, at the instance of a carrier in Coupar-Angus, against a farmer in that neighbourhood, for biting off his nose! Fifty pounds is the amount of damages sought to be recovered for his alleged outrage, which seems to indicate the estimated value of a nose in Coupar-Angus. When the case comes to be decided, we shall notice the valuation which the Sheriff puts on that important organ.—Montrose Review.

A great hotel is now building on the "burnt district," N. York. The edifice is to extend from Pearl to Water-st., 150 ft. with 52 ft. front on Pearl-st. & 75 on Water. Height 7 stories.

## AGENTS

FOR THE BEE.

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