

POETRY.

THE GRAVE OF THE MISANTHROPE.*

BY ROBERT CHAMBERS.

I SAT upon the hermit's grave.
 'Twas on a smiling summer's day,
 When all around the gloomy spot
 Was brighten'd by the skies of May.
 In undistinguish'd lowliness
 I found the little mound of earth,
 And bitter woods o'ergrew the place,
 As if his heart had given them birth,
 And they from thence their nature drew.—
 In such rank luxury they grow.

No friendship to his grave had lent
 Such rudely sculptured monument
 As marked the peasant's place of rest;
 For he, the latest of his race,
 Had left no friend behind, to trace
 Such frail memorial o'er his breast.
 But near his head a sapling waved
 The honors of its slender form,
 And in its loneliness had braved
 The autumn blast, the winter storm.
 Some friendly hand the tribute gave,
 To mark the undistinguish'd grave,
 That, drooping o'er that sod it might
 Repay a world's neglected scorn,
 And, catching sorrow from the night,
 There weep a thousand tears at morn.

It was an emblem of himself,
 A matchless, solitary thing,
 To which no circling season might
 An hour of greener gladness bring,
 A churchyard desert was its doom;
 Its parent soil a darkling tomb;
 Such was the Solitary's fate,
 So joyless and so desolate,
 For, blasted soon as it was given,
 His was the life that know no hope,
 His was the heart that know no heaven;—
 Then, stranger, by one pitying drop,
 Forgive, forgive the Misanthrope!

* This poem relates to David Ritchie, a deformed and eccentric pauper, who, for many years previous to 1811, dwelt in a solitary cottage in the vale of Manor, near Peebles, and is alluded by Sir Walter Scott to have been the prototype of the fictitious character of the Black Dwarf. With an intellect of considerable native strength, and by no means uncultivated, the poor hater of his kind had a superstitious veneration for the mountain ash, or rowan-tree, and his grave in Manor churchyard is marked by a plant of that species.

MISCELLANY.

LUDICROUS EFFECTS OF STRAMONIUM.—A correspondent of the Medical and Surgical Journal who was called to visit an Irish family at New-Haven, who had been poisoned by eating Datura Stramonium, (Thorn Apple, or Apple-Peru—sometimes also called Devil's Apple) which had been accidentally mingled with a mess of greens and boiled for dinner, thus describes the appearance of the group:

Their countenances had a wild idiotic expression—the pupils widely dilated—the sensorial functions perverted—and the muscular system subjected to an irregular agitation somewhat resembling that of cholera. The appearance of the family was extremely ludicrous. The children were laughing, crying, singing, dancing, and playing all imaginable pranks. They had no correct estimation of distances, or the size of objects—were reaching their hands to catch hold of objects across the room, and again running against persons and things which they appeared to view as distant. The nail heads in the floor were pieces of money, which they eagerly tried to pick up. A boy apparently fancying himself undressed, caught a hat belonging to a student, thrust his foot into it, pulled with both hands on the brim, and began to fret that he could not “get on his trowsers.” The parents frequently called on the children to behave themselves; but their own actions being equally eccentric, they afforded a ridiculous exhibition of family government.

RASCALITY EXTRA.—A fresh imported Frenchman at New Orleans, was lately introduced into a boarding house there, representing himself to be an *artiste*—a painter of portraits. Monsieur started his business, and on the first and second trials of his art was highly praised and admired for his skill. He proposed to paint the portrait of his landlady without charge, and actually executed her and her three daughters in a groupe, in exquisite style. The mother and daughters were highly delighted with the picture, and were of course as highly pleased with Monsieur Desmarque. They introduced him to all their friends, and he was quite a favourite with the family. Things went on well for six months, when Monsieur suddenly embarked for New York, in debt to his landlady about seventy dollars for board; and leaving not only the mother, but two of the daughters in rather an unenviable situation for unmarried women. He had severally promised his hand in marriage to each of the duped females, and on comparing notes, they found themselves all in a very awkward situation. Monsieur Desmarque is described as a dapper, dark-complexioned fellow, with neat black whiskers, and he is generally dressed in a black frock coat. He is very talkative, and is believed to have a sword wound on his right cheek. Any person in New York who can detect him, will confer a favour by directing a letter to John L. McGimpson.—*New York American.*

RUSSIAN MARRIAGES.—Generally, without asking the children, the parents on both sides arrange the affair between themselves, to which arrangement succeeds the bridal promenade, whereat, if the young people are not already known to each other, they are conducted, as if accidentally, into the same walk, and introduced. The father of the young man then sends a kind of female confidant, or go-between (very useful on such occasions), to the father of the bride; and if he declares himself willing, the young couple, the parents, relations, bride's-maids, &c. all meet together, when the arrangements are concluded, and in these the dowery is never overlooked. Then follows the betrothal; on which occasion the elect pair kneel down on a fur-skin mat and exchange rings, during which scene the bride's father holds over the head of the bridegroom a saint's image, and the mother holds over the head of the bride a piece of bread, as a sign of abundance. The bride's-maids then sing several national songs, appropriate to the ceremony, and the guests are entertained with various sorts of beverage, during which many a good-natured joke circulates. The remark that the wine is bitter, and must be made sweet, is always construed as a challenge for the betrothed couple to salute each other. The guests then make divers presents to the bridal pair; and the bridegroom afterwards takes his leave, whilst the companions of the bride sing a song, wherein they invite him soon to return. Now begins for the lovers—or rather for the future wedded pair—a new life. Every evening until the nuptials, the betrothed husband must visit his intended partner, bringing her presents of sweet-cakes, bons-bons, &c., of which the Russian ladies are extremely fond. The bride's maids are generally present at these interviews, and after a fashion that seems singular enough, accompany the fond chit-chat with different characteristic songs. On the nuptial eve the bride entertains her female friends, and receives from the bridegroom a gift of various articles necessary for the toilet table, with a certain sum of money. The maiden then retires to the bath, and on her return the bridegroom re-appears, is received with music, and has handed to him the marriage-portion, respecting which, however, there are often serious disputes. On the wedding-

day, the bride's maids unbraided the lady's hair, and she receives her swain with flowing locks. After the marriage ceremony, performed according to the rites of the Greek church, a dinner is given—at which, usually, the parents are not present—and at its conclusion the young couple are conducted in triumphal procession, with vocal and instrumental music, to their apartment.—*Teitz's St. Petersburg.*

Excuse.—A gentleman, who had just put aside two bottles of capital ale to recreate some friends, discovered, just before dinner, that his servant, a country bumpkin, had emptied them both.—“Scoundrel!” said his master, “what do you mean by this?”—“Why, sir, I saw plain enough by the clouds, that it were going to thunder, so I drank up the yale at once, lest it should turn sour, for there's nothing I do abominate like waste.” Fuseli, when he failed in any of his serious caricatures, used to complain that nature had put him out, and the sluttish housemaid, when scolded for the untidiness of the chambers, exclaimed, “I'm sure, the rooms would be clean enough, if it were not for the nasty sun which is always shewing the dirty corners.”—*Tin Trumpet.*

RAT TRAPS.—A very simple process has lately been practised by a farmer near Edinburgh, of exterminating rats. His barn had been infested with them to an alarming extent, and he fell upon the following plan to get rid of them. He placed a large copper kettle in his corn loft, then filling it about half full of water, strewed chaff over it so as to cover the surface of the water, and placing boards from the walls to the kettle, the rats mistaking the chaff for grain, made the fearful leap, and in this way 400 of them were drowned.

A man has been arrested in New York for stealing an umbrella! This arrest is in direct opposition to the Common Law, for it has been the universal practice to steal umbrellas, ever since the shower at the time of the flood.—*Am. paper.*

BLOOD IN THE HUMAN BODY.—With regard to the quantity of blood in man, Haller supposed that about fifty pounds of fluid circulated in a person weighing 160 pounds, of which he considered twenty-eight pounds to be blood. There has not, however, been yet contrived any mode of ascertaining the precise quantity of blood in different people, and it is not at all improbable that the quantity may vary much in the same individual at different times; neither is it at all certain whether persons afflicted with diseases which are relieved by the abstraction of blood from the system, have had an undue quantity of that fluid. It is generally considered that in proportion to the size of their body, young persons have a greater quantity of blood than adults, that adults have a greater quantity than the aged, and that fat people have also less blood than the lean.—*Dr. Wardron on Blood-letting.*

An American paper states that the fashionable damsels of Philadelphia wear their dresses so tight about their shoulders, that they are obliged to unhook them to sneeze.—*Herald.* [This is evidently a new version of the sailors having their hair so tightly fastened into a queue as to be unable to shut their eyes!—*Globe.*

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