

POETRY.

FLOWER OF FRIENDSHIP.

BY ANDREW SHIELDS.

A fair infant blossom, one sweet summer gloaming,
On the banks of lake Maynard in beauty was bloom-
ing.

I've seen many wild flow'rs both nameless and known,
But I never have seen one so lovely and lone

The moon's softest beams on its bosom were sleeping,
And the holiest tears of a young maiden weeping
Were never so searching and sinless to view,
As the leaves of that flow'et embalmed in the dew.

The humming bird falter'd as onward he came,
And woo'd it with kisses that fancy must frame;
Moore's Loves of the angels might longer endure,
But surely they were not more saint-like and pure.

The breath of the zephyr is blent with the song
The beetle pours o'er it in passing along,
And the light wave that comes as an echo on shore,
Lies there, like a shadow, to ripple no more.

Accursed be the hand, tho' that hand were my own,
(But the curse for the curious and idle is thrown,
And the prodigal florist, more cruel than they,)
That would ravish one leaf from this vestal away.

O! say not, the Bard must idolator be,
Though over this wild flow'r he bended his knee;
For modesty, virtue, and love and content,
In many bright images round it are blent.

Though far be its dwelling, bewildered and lone,
On the banks of lake Maynard, unnamed and unknown,
The Bard must baptize it in fountains of fame,
And the T—, or Flower of Friendship's its name.

Fair gem of the lakelet, though light be this Lay,
Perchance it may live when thou'rt wither'd away;
If not—' is enough, should but one verse of mine
Have a tenure as brief—if as beautiful as thine.

MISCELLANY.

LADIES' BUSTLES: CAUTION.—On Tuesday last, as a well-dressed lady was proceeding down Watergate-street, a huge jackass was observed to

Throw up his nose, and snuff the air,
As if he smelt his jenny from afar.

Presently he kicked up his heels, and with a most sonorous yehaw! yehaw! yehaw! set off at the top of his speed down the street. The lady turned round and seeing Neddy dashing along, apparently intending to carry all before him, she ran, affrighted to the other side of the street, to get out of his way. The donkey tacked in his course and crossed over too, which the lady no sooner perceived than she tacked up her garments and scampered away with all her might, amid shouts of laughter from the spectators. The relentless jackass still gave chase, calling to the fair fugitive with an occasional yehaw! to halt and surrender at discretion. At length he "ran into her," as the fox-hunters have it, and, seizing her by that prominent posterior deformity which ladies call "a bustle," tore her gown and under garments fairly away from the body! The embarrassment and confusion, indeed the absolute state of fright into which the lady was thrown under such circumstances may be easier conceived than described. She held fast behind, and escaped, half denuded, into one of the shops, leaving a stream of brownish powder to mark her route, besides a considerable quantity that had been emancipated by the first assault of the donkey. The solution of this extraordinary circumstance was now obvious. The lady's bustle was stuffed with bran, and the poor jackass who had had a long series of banyan days, and had lately had

no fare than hard knocks and thistles, could not resist the temptation to treat himself to a mouthful of farinaceous food, even though to be obtained only by storming a bustle! Our fair countrywomen would grieve exceedingly if Nature had made them with one of these appendages on their backs; but if they to whom Nature has given sylphlike form will thus disfigure themselves, they will, at least, do well not to stuff their bustles with bran or oatmeal! There is more than one keen-scented and hungry donkey in Chester.—*Chester Chronicle.*

LONGEVITY.—For a few days past, there has been exhibiting at Niblo's Saloon, in the city, a person of color, who has arrived at the vast age of one hundred and sixty-one years. Her name is Joice Heth. A circumstance which, in addition to her unparalleled longevity adds interest to this antique personage, is, she was the nurse of George Washington.

She was born in the Island of Madagascar, on the coast of Africa, in the year 1674. She was once, apparently, a woman of full common stature and proportions, but now she weighs but 46 lbs. Her left hand and arm have been much injured and crippled, no doubt by sheer neglect, since the helplessness of old age came upon her, she is perfectly sightless, and has been so for seventy, perhaps ninety years. Her finger nails have grown to an enormous length; some of them we presume, project an inch beyond her flesh; and the nails of her toes, which have grown thick rather than long, have assumed the conical form of a thumb, and the roughness and colour of a piece of bark from a sturdy oak. Indeed, she is a mere skeleton covered with skin, and her whole appearance very much resembles a mummy of the days of the Pharaohs, taken entire from the catacombs of Egypt. Some physicians, as we were informed by the gentleman who waited on us, have given it as their opinion, that if after death, she were to be eviscerated, her body would not turn to putrefaction. And yet she enjoys perfect health, and has a remarkable appetite. She eats three or four times per day and hearty food, as hitherto is her custom.

She has been the mother of fifteen children, the youngest of whom died two years since, at the advanced age of 114.

She retains her intellectual faculties beyond what could be expected, converses freely, sings numerous hymns, relates many anecdotes respecting the Washington family, and often laughs heartily at her own, or other's remarks.

She was baptized in the river Potomac, and received into the Baptist Church one hundred and fifteen years ago. This is ascertained from the fact that she was baptized the year her youngest son was born, whose age was known as above stated. She spends much time in silent prayer, takes pleasure in conversing with ministers and other religious persons. The last Lord's day she was desirous of commemorating the death of our Lord and Saviour; accordingly, a few christian friends, with a clergyman, of the Baptist Church, were convened by request, and this interesting ordinance was administered. The sermon was one of uncommon interest to the parties. At the close of the service, the old lady commenced an antiquated hymn, and waving her time-withered hand with great animation sang—

"There is a land of pleasure,
Where joy and peace forever roll," &c.

Upon the whole Joice is an interesting spectacle. She has outlived five generations of her fellow beings, and is now waiting with longing expectation, herself to go the way of all the earth, but she "dare not," in her own phrase, "be impatient against the handwork of God." We would add, that there are documents of

an unquestionable character, which prove her to be as old as stated, principal of which is a bill of sale, by which it appears that Washington's father sold her in the year 1727, and that she was then fifty-four years of age. A copy of this bill has been found upon the public records in Virginia.

The latter part of her life, until within the last ten months, has been spent in great neglect and destitution in the state of Kentucky.—*American Baptist.*

To Housewives.—In this day of improvements, few have been suggested of more importance, especially to females, than the new mode of washing clothes, which has recently been introduced into this town [Newburyport] through the agency of two benevolent individuals, now residing at a distance from us. It has been tried by quite a number of families with complete success, and those who have tried it are desirous of communicating it extensively, that others may reap the same benefit which has accrued to them. It is to be used only for white clothes. It does not answer the purpose in case of calicoes and woolsens.

1. Mixture.—Five gallons soft water, add half a gallon of lime water, a pint and a half of soft soap, and two ounces of carbonate of soda.

2. Method of washing.—Soak the clothes over night if very dirty, at any rate wet them thoroughly before putting them into the mixture. When the above mixture is at boiling heat, put in the clothes that have been soaked or wet, merely rubbing such parts with a little soap that are unusually soiled. Boil them one hour. They are then to be taken out and drained, and thoroughly rinsed in warm water, then in the indigo water as usual, and they are fit for drying. The lime water may be prepared and kept on hand—the soda, sub carbonate, (be sure to get the right kind) may be procured cheap, by purchasing it in a large quantity. Let all who feel that washing-day is a day of hard work and weariness, cease to complain, until they are willing to try this safe, easy and expeditious mode of lightening their burdens.—*Essex North Register.*

THE CUSTOM OF KISSING THE LADIES, by their relatives and lovers, was originated by the ancient Romans, not out of respect to the fair, but to find by respiring their breath, whether they had been drinking wine—a crime that if thus detected, disgraced any ladies found guilty of it, and excluded them from all elegant and virtuous circles of fashionable society.

I will suppose that you have no friends to share, or rejoice in your success in life,—that you cannot look back to those to whom you ought to afford protection; but it is no less incumbent on you to move steadily in the path of duty: for your active exertions are due not only to society, but in humble gratitude to the Being who made you a member of it, with powers to serve yourself and others.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

Speak well of your friend—of your enemy say nothing.

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