

## P O E T R Y .

## T E A R S .

There is a tear that early flows,  
The first to fall like morning dew,  
And leaves, like it, the cheeks; young rose  
Unsoared in life, undimmed in hue;  
It springs but from some transient cause,  
And chasing smiles are always near;  
'Tis lightly shed, like April rain—  
And this is childhood's griefless tear,

There is a tear, than smiles more bright,  
Which springs into the beaming eye,  
And sparkles there in all the light,  
Which souls now blessed in love supply.  
Fond hopes perfected, which the heart  
Decreed fate's hands bid to destroy,  
Will make it into being start—  
It is the tear of cordial joy,

There is a tear which yields relief  
To the o'erburthened anxious breast,  
But feeds, while it assuages grief,  
And never soothes the heart to rest;  
'Tis as the gushing stream, whose source,  
Though hid too deeply to appear,  
Exhaustless still supplies its course—  
And this is sorrow's ceaseless tear.

There is a tear, whose muteness speaks  
More than all language can convey;  
A tear, by which the full heart seeks  
Its warm emotions to portray;  
'Tis the most precious gem, in sooth,  
That can by virtue's eyes be viewed,  
In the heart's moor of age or youth—  
It is the tear of gratitude.

There is a tear that like the stream  
Of lava from the burning hill,  
Comes forth from souls, whose fierce fires seem  
Like hell's own fires, unquenchable;  
It flows, and scathes, where'er it falls,  
The Simoon's blast more sure to sear;  
On death the frenzied victim calls,  
To dry despair's guilt-springing tear.

There is a tear, more sweet and soft  
Than beauty's smiling lip of love;  
By angels' eyes first wept, and oft  
On earth by eyes like those above.  
It flows for virtue in distress,  
It soothes, like hope, our sufferings here;  
'Twas given, and it is shed, to bless—  
'Tis sympathy's celestial tear.

## M I S C E L L A N Y .

## O R I G I N O F G E N I U S .

Columbus was the son of a weaver, and a weaver himself.  
Claude Lorraine was bred a pastry cook.  
Robelais son of an apothecary.  
Moliere son of a tapestry maker.  
Cervantes served as a common soldier.  
Homer was a beggar.  
Hesiod was the son of a small farmer.  
Demosthenes of a cutler.  
Terence was a slave.  
Richardson was a printer.  
Oliver Cromwell son of a brewer.  
Howard an apprentice to a grocer.  
Benjamin Franklin a journeyman printer.  
Doctor Thomas, Bishop of Worcester, son of a linen-draper.  
Daniel Defoe was a hosier, and son of a butcher.  
Sir Cloudesly Shovel, rear-admiral of England, apprentice to a shoe-maker, and afterwards a cabin-boy.  
Bishop Præcox worked in the kitchen at Exeter College, Oxford.

Whitfield son of an innkeeper at Gloucester.  
Cardinal Wolsey son of a butcher.

Peterson was a shepherd.  
Neibufur was a peasant.

Thomas Paine, son of a stay-maker at Thetford.

Dean Tucker was son of a small farmer in Cardigan-shire.

Edmund Halley was the son of a soap-boiler at Shore-ditch.

Joseph Hall, bishop of Norwich, son of a farmer at Ashby de la Zouch.

William Hogarth was put an apprentice to an engraver of pewter pots.

Doctor Mountain, Bishop of Durham was the son of a beggar.

Lucian was the son of a statuary.

Virgil of a potter.

Horace of a shopkeeper.

Plautus a baker.

Shakspeare the son of a woolstapler.

Milken of a money scrivener.

Cowley son of a hatter.

Millet rose from poverty.

Pease the son of a merchant.

Gay was apprentice to a silk mercer.

Doctor Samuel Johnson was son of a bookseller at Litchfield.

Akenside son of a butcher at Newcastle.

Collins son of a hatter.

Samuel Butler son of a farmer.

Ben Johnson worked some time as a brick-layer.

Robert Burns was a ploughman in Ayr-shire.

Thomas Chatterton, son of a sexton at Redcliffe Church, Bristol.

Thomas Grey was the son of a money scrivener.

Mathew Prior son of a joiner in London.

Henry Kirke White son of a butcher at Nottingham.

Bloomfield and Gifford were shoemakers.

Addison, Goldsmith, Otway, and Canning, sons of clergymen.

Porson son of a parish clerk.

IMPROVE YOUR EVENINGS.—As the season of long evenings is near at hand, we feel anxious to impress upon the minds of our young friends, the importance of spending them in some appropriate and useful manner. Such are the facilities for the dissemination of knowledge, at the present day, that every individual can have access, to the best of books and newspapers. Depend upon it, you will never have occasion to regret, such a use of your leisure hours,—you will not only sow the seeds of usefulness and enjoyment in after life, but you will derive immediate benefit and gratification, and secure the respect and confidence of all around you. If you have but one hour to yourselves each day, learn to improve that hour to the very best advantage.—*Mel. Adv.*

BATTLE BETWEEN A WEASEL AND SWALLOWS.—A Weasel was observed by some persons in the neighbourhood of Girvan, in Scotland, to attack some nests of bank swallows hollowed in the sand. A number of the bravest swallows placed themselves in battle array, and pounced upon him, seized him by the tail, raised his hind feet from the ground, and with great dexterity, tumbled him down the declivity, at the top of which the nests were ranged in a row. The invader renewed the attack several times, but was often repulsed in the same manner as at first, and, being at length worn out by fatigue, yielded up the palm of victory to his vanquishers.

ANECDOTE.—'We must be unanimous,' observed Hancock on the occasion of signing the declaration of independance, there must be no pulling different ways, we must all hang together. "Yes" added Franklin, "we must in-

deed all hang together, or, most assuredly we shall all hang separately

DRAGON SHIPWRECK.—The ship Clarendon, Capt. Walker, from St Christophers bound for London, was wrecked at Charle bay Isle of Wight, on the 11th October. The vessel was laden with a valuable cargo of West India produce. Her officers and crew consisted of sixteen, and a number of passengers left the island in her; among whom was Lieutenant Shaw, an officer of the army, his lady and four daughters; a gentleman named Pemberton; a planter, who was returning to Europe for the benefit of his health, and Miss Pemberton his daughter, twelve years of age; Miss Gawley, of Portsmouth; William Shepherd of Exeter, and others, names not ascertained. She struck the breakers at daylight, and immediately went to pieces.—The second mate George Harris, and two seamen, named Burney and Thompson, were the only individuals who escaped, which they effected by lashing themselves to some spars. They were all severely injured by contusions, and Thompson is not expected to survive.

MAKING SAUSAGES OF HUMAN FLESH.—The following is from a letter of a correspondent of the New-York S. M. News, writing from Havana—

'Some idea will be formed of the monstrous atrocities that could take place in Havana, from an event which I am assured is correct, however incredible it may appear. A few years since a celebrated sausage-maker was in the habit of entrapping young negroes, murdering them with the assistance of an accomplice in the cellar, chopping them up, and making sausage meat of them!! His sausages were famous for being of an exquisite flavour—far superior to those of his competitors, and he was making money fast. The horrid crime was discovered, and he and his assistants died by the Garotte. Many ladies who had been in the habit of eating his "delicious sausages" (for so they were called) had serious fits of illness on hearing of the process of their manufacture.

There is a report that the Elephant and pony belonging to the Menagerie on board the Royal Tar swam ashore to Birce's Island near Fox's Island,—that the Elephant went into a barn yard, and much frightened the cattle there and that the farmer learning the cause of the disturbance repaired to the spot, and afforded the shipwrecked visiter an asylum in his barn.

A merchant, a few miles from Petersburg, Va, on opening a hogshend of hardware, and comparing its contents with the invoice of it, found a hammer less than was charged therein. This he mentioned to a young Irishman, his assistant, who immediately exclaimed "oh, my honey, don't be after bothering your head about that, didn't the umber take it out of the hogshend to open it with?"

VINEGAR IN CREAM.—The difficulty and labor attending the churning of butter, led me to try a variety of experiments to ascertain if a method could be discovered for making butter come quicker than by the usual mode. After trying several things, I found that by adding a table spoon full of good vinegar to four gallons of cream when put in the churn, I obtained butter in seven or eight minutes.

## A G E N T S

## F O R T H E B E E .

Charlottetown, P. E. I.—Mr. DENNIS REDDEN  
Miramichi—Rev. JOHN McCURDY.  
St. John, N. B.—Mr. A. R. TRURO.  
Halifax—Messrs. A. & W. MCKINLAY.  
Truro—Mr. CHARLES BLANCHARD.  
Antigonish—Mr. ROBERT PURVIS.  
Grysboro'—ROBERT HARTSHORNE, Esq.  
Tatmagouche—Mr. JAMES CAMPBELL.  
Wallace—DANIEL McFARLANE, Esq.  
Arichat—JOHN S. BALLAINE, Esq.