

POETRY.

EPITAPH

On the Marquis of Anglesea's leg, buried in the Field of Waterloo.

HERE rests—and let no saucy knave
Prosume to sneer and laugh,
To learn that mouldering in the grave
Is laid—a British calf.

For he who writes these lines is sure
That those who read the whole,
Will find such laugh was premature,
For here too lies a solo.

And here five little ones repose,
Twin born with other five,
Unhated by their brother toos,
Who all are now alive.

A leg and foot to speak more plain,
Rest here for one commanding,
Who, though his wits he might retain,
Lost half his understanding.

And when the guns, with thunder fraught,
Pour bullets thick as hail,
Could only in this way be taught
To give the foe leg bail.

And now in England just as gay
As in the battle bravo,
Goes to a rout, review or play
With one foot in the grave.

Fortune in vain here showed her spite,
For he will still be found,
Should England's sons engage in fight,
Resolved to stand his ground.

But Fortune's pardon I must beg,
She meant not to disarm,
For when she lopp'd the hero's leg,
She did not seek his harm.

And but indulged a harmless whim,
Since he could walk with one,
Sae saw two legs were lost on him
Who never meant to run.

MISCELLANY.

THE BITTER BIT.

A person who wore homespun clothes, stepped into a house in this city (Philadelphia), on some business, where some ladies and gentlemen were assembled in the inner room.—One of the company remarked in a low tone—though sufficiently loud to be overheard by the stranger, that a countryman was in waiting, and agreed to make some fun. The following dialogue ensued:

You're from the country, I suppose?
Yees, I'me from the country.
Well, Sir, what do you think of the city?
It's got a tarnal sight o' houses in it.
I expect there are a great many ladies where you came from?
O yees, woundy sight, jist for all the world like them there,—pointing to the ladies.
And you are quite a beau among them, no doubt?
Yees, I beau's 'em to meetin' and about.
May be the gentleman will take a glass,—said one of the company.
Thank'ee, 'dout care if I do.
But you must drink a toast.
I eats toast what aunt Debby makes, but as to drinkin' it, I never see'd the like.
Oh you must drink their health.
Wi' ail my heart.

What was the surprise of the company to hear the stranger speak clearly, as follows.—

Ladies and gentlemen, permit me to wish you health and happiness, with every other blessing this earth affords, and a

bear in mind that we are often deceived by appearances. You mistook me by my dress, for a country booby, I, from the same cause, thought these men to be gentlemen; the deception is mutual; I wish you a good evening.—*Phil. Ledger.*

TURNSPITS.—The enormous joints of meat which come to an English table are always roasted on a spit as long as the old two handed sword; these spits are now turned by a wheel in the chimney, which the smoke sets in motion, but formerly by the labor of a dog, who was trained to run in a wheel. There was a peculiar breed for the purpose, called turnspits from their occupation, long-backed and short-legged; they are now nearly extinct. The mode of teaching them their business was more summary than humane: the dog was put in the wheel, and a burning coal with him, he could not stop without burning his legs, and so was kept upon the full gallop. These dogs were by no means fond of their profession, it was hard work to run in a wheel for two or three hours, turning a piece of meat which was twice their own weight. Some years ago, a party of young men in Bath hired the chairman on a Saturday night to steal all the turnspits in town, and lock them up till the following evening. Accordingly on Saturday, when every one has roast meat for dinner, all the cooks were to be seen on the streets—"Pray, have you seen our Chloë?" says one. "Why," replies the other, "I was coming to ask if you had seen our Pompey," up came a third, while they were talking to inquire for her Toby—and there was no roast meat in Bath that day.

It is told of these dogs in this city, that one Sunday they had as usual followed their mistress to church; the lesson for the day happened to be that chapter in Ezekiel wherein the self-moving chariots are described. When first the word *wheel* was pronounced, all the curs pricked up their ears in alarm; at the second *wheel* they set up a doleful howl, and when the dreadful word was uttered a third time, every one of them scampered out of the church as fast as he could with his tail between his legs.

THE EARTH.—Experiments tried in a well or drill hole, 800 feet deep, at Montpelier, Vt., have shown that the increase of heat in descending, is at the rate of one degree for every 80 feet. Such an increase would indicate that in descending towards the earth's centre, at no very great distance from its surface, the heat must be such as to hold in a state of fusion, any body with which we are acquainted, and would seem to prove that the globe is in fact in the depths of its interior, a large mass of materials, heated to melting. How far the above experiment may go to account for the existence of the hot springs which are found in various countries, we leave it to the scientific to decide; one thing is certain, that whatever may be the state of things at the centre of our ball, people on its outside, are too often apt to get into hot water.

A SMILE.—A preacher, while descending on the impossibility of the sinner retracting his steps after he had gone a certain length, used the following illustration of his position:—"My brethren, it is a very easy task to row a skiff over Niagara falls, but a tremendous job to row it back again!"—*American Paper.*

NOLENS VOLENS.—A girl forced by her parents into a disagreeable match with an old man whom she detested, when the clergyman came to that part of the service where the bride is asked if she consents to take the bridegroom for a husband, said with great simplicity, "Oh dear, no, sir; but you are the first person who has asked my opinion about the matter."—*Quebec paper.*

SAILOON'S NOTION.—A sailor seeing some of our domestic slave-traders driving negro men, women and children on board a ship for New Orleans market, shook his head and said, "Jim, if the devil don't catch 'em fellers, we might as well not have any devil!"—*N. York Evangelist.*

A lady once remarked to Swift that the air of Ireland was very healthy; "For heaven's sake madam," replied the Dean, "don't say so in England, or the liberals will surely tax it."

RATHER ODD.—In the outer office of the Masters in Chancery, in Southampton buildings, and placed prominently over the fireplace, in the view of all sunnors and others who have to do with the Court, is an elaborately-coloured engraving of a Lunatic Asylum.

Call on business men in business hours, only on business, do your business, and go about your business.

LIST OF LETTERS

Remaining in the Pictou Post Office, 15th April, 1837.

Archibald Sarah M. R.	McLeod John Pictou
Aisbet Thomas P.	" David W. R.
Bryden William R. H.	Ross & McLeod M. D.
Brayden Edward G. H.	Lamb John R. H.
Beattie James W. R. D.	McLean A. Car. Island
McBean Angus M. R.	McLellan John W. R.
Brayley Mary	Logan Alexander
Bone David Cariboo.	" William Cariboo
Campbell Dan. W. D. R. J.	" Hugh Pictou
" Lauchlin L. H.	" Janet "
Crocket Wm. B. M. R.	Landesbury Alex. W. R.
" John "	Laid Vancent "
Cool Duncan Cape John	Munro Murdoch G. M. B.
Dickson Andrew M. D. H.	" John M. D.
McDonald John Cariboo	" George D. H. M.
" " W. R.	" Donald E. Town
" " L. H.	Murray Angus M. T.
" " E. Town	" Hugh R. H.
" Alexander L. H. 2	" Robert B. M.
" James S. H.	" William E. Town
" Angus L. H.	Murdoch Alex. B. H.
" Allan H. W. H.	Matheson " R. H.
" Robert B. H.	Morrison Hugh
Fraser Catherine M. R. L. S.	Olson Isabella
" Donald R. B. W. R.	McPherson Neil M. T.
" William M. R.	McQuarry John
" " M. T.	Ross Donald St. Ryan,
" Alexander F. M. R.	Manager Rail Road
Forbes William A. P. 2	Work, near Cathrine's
" Ann Widow	Cross, No. 84 Pictou.
Fergusson Jas. Cariboo	Ross David, W. R.
Gunn John M. R.	" Hugh H. W. R.
" Donald Berradale	" Catherine M. T.
Grant Peter L. H.	" Murdoch M. R.
Gass Robert	" Andrew M. B.
Irvin Jane R. H.	" Charles M. R.
Johnston Rod'k R. J.	Rose John W. B. R. J.
McKenzie John M. B. G.	Rankin Colin
" William W. B. R. J.	Smith Richard M. R. 2
" Alex'r. Cariboo	" Alex. C. John
" A. M. T.	" Mary M. R.
" Mary W. R.	Sutherland Alex. L. B. 2
McKay John E. Town	" " R. H.
" William S. Cove	" William W. R.
" David W. B. R. J.	" Donald W. B. R. J.
McLeod Donald M. B.	Stewart William W. R.
" Anthony W. R.	Urchard James M. T.
" William Cariboo	Wright Mrs. M. R.

AGENTS

FOR THE BEE.

Charlottetown, P. E. I.—Mr. DENNIS REDDIN.
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.
Guysboro—ROBERT HARTSHORNE, Esq.
Tatmagouche—M. JAMES CAMPBELL.
Wallace—DANIEL MCFARLANE, Esq.
Arichat—JOHN S. BALLAINE, Esq.