

Tobacco
Host o' Raleigh, o' Bee's time,
Inspire me till I mak' a rhyme,
An' measure an' reason o'vetailed prime
Give me the knack o'
To prove its no' gainst taste a crime
To use tobacco.

The rich, wif' influence and greed,
Are crammed wif' luxuries, indeed;
They may or may not use the weed,
As suits their pleasure;
But by Zol's sons it is decreed
A precious treasure.

'Twas kind of Providence to grant
Mankind the fragrant Indian plant.
Earth's pleasures are oft scattered scant,
An' fit to reach;
But its sweet influence, void o' rant,
Might gladness teach.

When low in purse on Life's dool lamp,
An' faint rays glimmer free Hope's lamp,
When bleak misfortune fain wad swamp
The human craft,
On a whiff o' the weed, when chill and damp,
Folk breakfast af.

On sea an' shore, as at a shrine,
Its worshippers their praise combine;
And if a wreath were to be mine,
The plant I'd choose
Is that which yields the nicotine
And fools abuse.

A BEE HUNT.

"Did you ever see a bee-hunt? enquired my cousin, after breakfast.
"No, indeed. Are bees to be found so far in the woods?"
"Bees! There's swarms and swarms of 'em here. Didn't you see bees on the raspberry briars all along the trail comin' in here? Old Billy's goin' up the lake on a bee-hunt this mornin', and has asked us to go with him. The old rascal did it because he can't go to the hunt alone; but we'll all go up in the kiff if you say so."
Old Billy entered his canoe and paddled off. We took the skiff and followed in his wake. He laid his course up and across the lake to the old trapper's point. It was a warm, hazy day; the odor of the pines and cedars drifted from the sunless hollows upon the air, and was most sweet and grateful. A thin veil of blue smoke hovered in the air, obscuring the mountains; the air was still, the water like glass. By refraction the flat point, yet two miles off, appeared to hang in the air many feet above the lake; and as we neared it, it sank gradually to its real position.
Here we landed; old Billy stumped off through the scattering trees into the briars that flourished luxuriantly in the open spaces. They were bending with red, ripe berries and, as we listened, the droning of the wild bees came from all around. Old Billy now produced a little wooden box containing honey, with a bit of window-glass let into the cover. He laid it, open, upon a stump close by, and we watched with interest the next proceeding.
"I could jist burn a chunk of that 'ere mb and call every bee on this pint," said he; "but I don't want but three or four."
Shortly a bee alighted on the cover and landed; then another and another, until a half dozen were busily loading themselves with the unexpected hoard. Billy now closed the box; the bees within, too intent on the oil, took no heed; but when each had laden itself, it began to roam about for egress, and the bee-hunter slid the cover, and as each bee emerged one at a time, he dropped on each a little pinch of white flour.
"Now, look sharp," said he, "and see, as high as you can, which way they fly."
Standing an instant on the lid of the box, the insect arose and sped straight toward and across the bay beyond us. The bee-hunter took careful note of her flight as long as the insect was visible, which, to an eye like his, sharpened by practice, might be four five rods.
A second bee emerged and was floured likewise; she took flight in precisely the same direction. The third one, however, left in another course, flying at nearly right angles to the others.
"Them bees ain't out of the same swarm," marked Billy; "let us try another one." The next followed the two first.
"There! there's three a'ready out of one swarm, and it lays across on that flat over the bay. I've took up many a swarm there afore me. Keep that big dry pine 'o' the other side in your eye; they lined for that pretty nigh; it's out in range with this cedar behind us."
The bee-hunter still left his honey-box open, informing us that the same bees will return shortly, and no doubt, with others in their train. "We took our station bed, while he stood a few feet from the box, watching the motions of the busy insects with intense scrutiny. Five minutes might have elapsed, when old Billy cautiously stepped up and looked into the box, exclaiming: "Here's one on 'em back a'ready. Yes, there, too; that swarm must be nigh the bay across there; don't you see the flour them two? They are the same bees."
The floured bees, together with a number of others, were now in the box, intent only on re-loading themselves.
In this hunt, which, to the unskilled, would seem sufficiently hopeless, the bee hunter has with certainty upon the instinct of the preening little worker, which guides her, laden with honey, to the hive by the nearest route—a "bee-line"—no matter in what point she may be set free. So two bees may be let fly from opposite sides, their lines of flight to the hive will intersect. At this point it is to be found the "bee-tree," generally a large and hollow

oak tree, the sooner that event would happen. Each party now set out on its line over the level ground through the heavy timber; the guides kept the lead, constantly keeping themselves from straying from right to left. Old Billy could stump along only very slowly, and therefore, it was a long time before the two parties sighted each other through the underwood. They met, finally, about a mile from the lake shore. Theoretically, here should be the "bee tree"; practically, we may have missed it many rods.
The hunter prepares to test that question. Several bees remain in the box; one is set free; the little insect darts away through the dark forest so rapidly as nearly to evade the eye. The "bee tree" is beyond us somewhere, at any rate. Another flies on the same course. The party push on, as nearly as may be, in the "line"; a fruitless search, it would seem, to pick out of this forest that single tree, but the hunter has not yet exhausted his resources. Proceeding some distance further he extracts from his box a piece of honeycomb, which he sets on fire. The odorless smoke pervades the woods. Hardly a minute elapses when a bee comes humming along and settles near; then another, and another, allured by the burning honey.
"That 'ere bee tree ain't fur off," declares the old man; "how quick they got the scent it's further ahead yet."
The party pressed through the thicket twenty rods further, and emerged into an open rift in the woods, through which the sunshine poured in upon them.
It appears, looking upon the confused "jam" of prostrate, decaying, mossy trunks, that years ago a "windfall" has ploughed its track across the spot. It is overgrown with briars and wild cherries. Here another of the surfeited insects was dismissed. She rises straight into the tree-top across the opening.
"There now! we're nigh that bee-tree now," gleefully shouted old Billy; "taint six rods from here."
The party crossed in the line indicated by the flitting insect, setting free others which also rose directly into the trees. We now began a minute scrutiny of every tree thereabouts. After an hour's search the keen eyes of the old bee hunter detected a stream of the busy insects passing in and out high up among the branches of a great beech. Closer scrutiny disclosed a small, round aperture in the trunk, like a knot-hole, at least fifty feet from the ground, through which a constant stream of bees was passing in and out. The trunk is smooth, and more than a foot in diameter. There is nothing to indicate that it is hollow or decayed.
"It's a big swarm," avers the old man, "I know by the way they go in and come out up there; but come, let's fell the tree."
It soon yielded to the biting axe wielded by the woodman and fell with a thundering crash. Meantime the hunter had kindled a fire close at hand, and, heaping on green leaves and wet wood, created such a thick "smudge" that neither the bees nor ourselves could live in it. The moment the tree fell the old man applied a smoking brand to the aperture, so that, as fast as the bees emerged, they were stifled and destroyed.
Numbers of the insects, arriving moment by moment, were wildly and confusedly darting to and fro with angry droning overhead, searching for the hive. They gave no trouble, for they seemed too bewildered to observe what was taking place below.
Old Billy held his torch at the aperture of the hive until no more bees emerged; then he stopped it closely. Then he and Tony chopped into the trunk of the tree and split off the upper portion of the shell, disclosing the interior for three feet in length.
"Look at that, I vow!" exclaimed the old hunter; "ain't that worth the trouble?"
The cavity disclosed was nearly a foot in diameter; its walls were fastened the dainty and perfect rows of honeycombs in close ranks, nearly filling the hollow with a solid treasure sweets. A few of the combs had been shattered by the shock of the falling tree, and from these the pure shining honey, dripping down, gathered in the bottom. Some of the combs were dark and old and evidently stored two or three years ago.
The party sat down to rest and rejoice at the good luck, and ate heartily of the profusion of sweets before them. The honey was not as limpid and colorless as that deposited in the glazed hive of the apiary; it was of a dark golden hue, the combs varying in shade according to their age, those nearest the top being lightest. It possessed a wild, aromatic flavor, which was exceedingly delicious to the palate. Each comb weighed, perhaps, half a pound. With his knife, Billy carefully detached them from the hive, and we deposited them in the pails and a large wooden bowl which he had brought for the purpose. The bright, shining honey that had dripped down into the bottom of the cavity was scooped up and poured upon the rest.
When all had been taken out that could be reached, Tony clove off with the axe another section of the shell, disclosing yet further close ranks of luscious combs. Our vessels were overflowing, yet some remained.
"We've got to carry off the whole o' 'em now, boys," said Billy; "the bears will be around before we get back after it. They're crazy for honey; they won't leave a drop on't when they once find it, and that won't be long."
Tony now came up bearing several broad sheets of birch bark. Pinning them together, he improvised a rude vessel, in which were deposited a part of the unbroken combs. With such aid we succeeded in moving all the treasure, except a quantity of broken and dirty fragments. The ground and bushes around were smeared with the sweet dripping, a feast for bruin—perhaps his temptation and his ruin, if old Billy should carry out his idea of returning with his gun to look after him.
It was a fatiguing journey through the tangled underwood and over the thousand prostrate trunks of trees to the boats, laden as we were. Once on board, with the sweet cargo safely stored, Tony resumed the oars, and the five miles down the lake glided by us one by one delightfully. We reached the camp as day was waning, and there was not one of the party that did not for the time being regard honey as a tasteless drug. Old Billy averred that he had never "taken up" a better swarm; at any rate, it is safe to say that there was never more honey eaten in the same period of time by a like number of persons.—New York News.

Belfast papers contain elaborate reports of the banquet given at the Ulster Hall, Belfast, on the 26th of November, in honor of Lord Dufferin, late Governor-General of Canada. The reception which greeted Lord Dufferin on his rising to respond to the toast of his health was flattering in the extreme, and must have afforded him unbounded gratification. At the outset he remarked that never in the annals of Ulster had any one been so honored as he. The past six years of his life, he remarked, had been "spent among a population it was a delight to rule and serve." His Lordship, in eloquent terms, paid a tribute to the loyalty and devotion of the Canadian people; he eulogised the ability and bore testimony to the implicit confidence existing between him and his Ministers; spoke kind words of his Irish fellow-countrymen in Canada, remarking that as for the good-will shown by them, "whether Catholics or Protestants, Orangemen or Nationalists," towards him, words could not describe it. He said a good many things about the Americans; eulogised the ability of his predecessors and paid a well merited compliment to the late Colonial Secretary, Lord Carnarvon. He referred to his early connection with Belfast, and then proceeded to deal with the relations between Canada and the Empire. His reference to the imperial question, with which he concluded his speech, we publish in full:
"We have to win and keep the confidence both of the mother country and of the colony and, if possible, to harmonize their views—to liberalize the one and imperialize the other. (Loud cheering.) But oftentimes these two public opinions not only diverge, but fly off from one another at a tangent, and between the two the unfortunate colonial official runs great risk of coming to grief—in fact, on such occasions he resembles one of those equestrian acrobats we have admired in a circus, who display their agility by straddling over two horses at once. (Laughter.) As long as the steeds keep close together on an even front all goes well but if they sunder, or one drops behind the other, or breaks into a canter, while his companion keeps his canter, the discomfited acrobat comes to the ground. (Renewed laughter and cheers.) But, gentlemen, quite apart from the selfish pleasure I experience at thus finding myself welcomed home by persons of all shades of political opinion in the province—(loud cheers)—I derive a still keener gratification from the thought that this demonstration is something more important and significant than a compliment to a mere individual. It is a direct intimation upon the part of a large and most important section of the British people of the interests and sympathy they feel for the Canadian Dominion. (Continued cheering.) That will be the interpretation put upon it, and rightly put upon it, in Canada; and I will frankly tell you there is nothing which gives our Canadian fellow-countrymen greater pleasure, which so gratifies their best affections, than these intimations—which happily every year are becoming more frequent—of the pride which England takes in their expanding importance—of the confidence England reposes in their unflinching loyalty—of her recognition of them as living integral portions of the empire, contributing not less effectually than any one of the three kingdoms themselves to its prestige, majesty and renown. (Great cheering.) And, gentlemen, in my opinion the visibly increasing liberality of sentiment with which their obligations as a great colonising Power have come to be regarded by the English people is a great improvement upon the self-centered insular spirit which at one time regulated their relations with every community, even of their own blood, that lay outside the narrow seas. I do not speak so much of our policy, though that was open to criticism, as of the mental attitude we instinctively assumed towards them. John Bull is not naturally a sympathetic person, nor is his imagination always sufficiently lively to put himself in other people's places to define their feelings, or make allowance for their susceptibilities. (Hear, hear.) His own nature is so robust, vigorous, and healthy that he can scarcely understand the feelings of 'une femme incomprise.' It is true this imperviousness to sentimental impression has often proved his chief strength, and has left him to the unclouded exercise of his common sense. Still, in politics, especially where we are dealing with kindred and dependent communities, it is very dangerous to omit taking into consideration their sentimental tendencies as well as their material interests. The history of Ireland affords many a sincere illustration of what I mean, and if this obligation had been better understood at the time the American revolutionary war might have been avoided. (Cheers.) Happily, however, a great change has taken place since those days. Increased facilities of intercourse, the multiplicity of enduring domestic ties which have been created and are maintained between thousands and thousands of families at home and their emigrant relations abroad, the proximity superinduced between England and her most distant settlements by constantly accelerating means of transit, have unified and compacted the colonial system, and as a consequence, instead of concentrating his attention upon his home farm alone, John Bull is learning every day to appreciate more keenly the splendor and importance of his Imperial estates. (Loud cheers.) I confess that for one I regard this result with unmitigated pleasure. From early days I have always believed in our colonial future, and my official experience has confirmed my conviction that if England will only be true to herself, and to those she has sent forth to establish the language, the laws, the liberties, the manliness, the domestic peace of Britain over the world's surface; if she will but countenance and encourage them in maintaining their birthright as her sons; if she will only treat them in an affectionate and sympathetic spirit; this famous empire of ours, which is constantly asserting itself with accumulating vigor in either hemisphere and under every sun, instead of exhibiting any disreputable tendencies, will find the associated realms which compose it daily growing more disposed to recognize their unity, to take a pride in their common origin and antecedents, to draw more closely together the bonds which bind them to each other and the mother country, to oppose in calamity and danger to a more solid front to every common foe, and to preserve sacred and intact in every quarter of the globe, with an ever deepening conviction of their superiority, the principles of that well-balanced monarchical constitution which the past experience and the current experiments of mankind continue to prove is best fitted to secure well ordered personal liberty and true

gentlemanly, I have to thank you still more—and I cannot find words sufficiently strong to give evidence of my feeling—for the hearty, generous and noble manner in which you have welcomed my return home to my native country. (Cheers.) The only way in which I can ever hope to repay you will be by devoting my best energies to the interests of this neighborhood and the welfare and the advancement of the people of our beloved Ireland. (Tremendous cheering.)

The King.

COMING PRIZE FIGHT IN CANADA.

From the New York *Heid* we clip the following. Why Canada should be chosen for the brutal exhibition is an unfathomable mystery. One would have thought the United States was large enough for all the villainy that could be hatched in New York or anywhere else:
"The sporting fraternity had a genuine sensation yesterday, as the rival heavy-weights, John J. Dwyer and James Elliott, both of Brooklyn, were matched to fight for the championship of America and \$1,000 aside. The men, together with particular friends and interested acquaintances, assembled at the *Clipper* office at one o'clock, making a gathering that reminded a few of those present of the crowds that came together in the arrangement of important matches of a like nature in the years gone by. Joe Goss, Barney Aaron, Billy Edwards, Wary Edwards, Mike Henry, Ned Mallahan, Arthur Chambers, Pete Croker, Johnny Reilly, Uncle Bill Tovee, Dooney Harris, Charley Johnson, Johnny Lazarus, Jimmy Frawley and delegations from Philadelphia and Brooklyn, were on hand to take a look at the men and hear the arguments that always preceded the drawing up of the articles of agreement, which are necessary in such important matters. In one respect the crowd was disappointed, as Dwyer and Elliott, with one or two friends each, were taken into another room and the door locked. Here the conference lasted nearly two hours before anything was satisfactorily settled. When Dwyer and Elliott first met and exchanged a word or two about commonplace matters, Dwyer said, looking at the crowd:—
"Put you in mind of old times, don't it Jim?"
"Yes, indeed, it does," returned Elliott, rubbing his hands together.
When in the private room the first stumbling block was the place of fighting. Objections were made to many localities named, and at last reasons were given why the battle should not come off on United States soil. Though some locality West or South was the choice of one of the men, it was at last mutually agreed that Canada should be the place and the naming of the ground be left with Elliott, as the latter has serious objections to some portions of that territory. Then came the time of fighting, and as each wanted the weather to be of a pleasant character this point was not very difficult to adjust. Next the manner of the deposits and the appointment of a final stakeholder were discussed, when at last, with few additional but minor matters being agreed upon, the men signed their names to the articles. Though the discussions were of an earnest nature there was nothing unpleasant said by the men, though an occasional remark was sufficient to show what their feelings were. During an interchange of opinions regarding one of the propositions submitted Elliott felt that unless it was then settled the whole affair would fall through, saying to Dwyer:—
"I want this to be a fight, John, and I don't want it to fall through." The latter instantly returned:
"Don't be alarmed, Jim; you shall have a fight from me."
Stripped of the superfluous language in which such articles of agreement are usually made out, the match of Dwyer and Elliott, in a nutshell, is as follows: The men agree to fight a fair stand up fight for the championship of America and \$1,000 aside, according to the new rules of the prize ring, on Thursday, May 8th, 1879, in Canada. The first deposit of \$260 aside is now in the hands of Mr. Frank Queen, who is acting as temporary stakeholder, and the other deposits will also be made at the *Clipper* office. The second is due on Thursday, January 6th, and will be of \$250 aside, and the third and last, of \$500 aside, will be posted on Tuesday, April 15th. At the time of the second deposit the final stakeholder will be named, and at the last deposit Elliott must advise his opponent of the locality of the fighting ground. The men are required to be in the ring between the hours of ten a. m. and two p. m., or the one absent will forfeit the money up. In case of magisterial interference before the referee is agreed upon—and the selection of that important official will take place at the ring-side—the stakeholder is empowered to name the next place of meeting, which must be on the same day or within the same week. Should the referee be chosen and interruption then occur, that official has the power of naming the next place of meeting.
Dwyer is thirty-one years of age and about five feet nine and a half inches in height. At present he is very heavy, weighing in the neighborhood of 200 pounds, but in the ring will strip about 165 pounds. It is not certain how soon he will go into training, but as a few citizens of Boston have tendered him a benefit, he will appear there on the evening of the 23rd inst. and wind up with Goss.
Elliott is thirty-five years of age, about six feet in height, and in condition will weigh in the neighborhood of 170 pounds. He has fought seven times in the ring, and is not much the worse for these encounters.

Oarsmen are beginning to realize that the development of the science of boat-building for racing purposes has not kept pace with the science of rowing. Many of them are just learning that in some shops scores of boats have been built on the same mould, and from the same measurements, for men of different weights and power, without any idea of conforming the build of the boat to that of the oarsman for whom it was intended; and in future they will pay more attention in that direction. There has been considerable curiosity in boating circles regarding the model of M. F. Davis' boat, and but little is generally known about it. It seems that Davis has been experimenting for several years on different models, and, before deciding on the one finally adopted by him, visited several of the prominent boat-builders of the country, with a view of comparing ideas. Of those with whom he talked, only two agreed with him, viz: Stevens, of Bath, Me.; and Mr. Wm. B. Smith, formerly a partner of Ruddock, of Charlestown, but now located on O street, South Boston. A call was made on Mr. Smith recently, with a view of getting his ideas on Davis' boat, and the conversation had not been going on long before it was discovered that Mr. Smith knew exactly on what lines the boat was built. It seems that Davis called on Smith several times, and both talked over the different models from which the highest rate of speed could be obtained, Davis arguing in favor of concentric semi-circles, and holding that a boat should be shaped after a cylindroid, beginning at midships, at the widest part, and running to nothing, both fore and aft. With such a model, it is claimed that the resistance of the water strikes the sides of the boat at the same time, with no drag of the water as it leaves it. The lines modelled after concentric semi-circles are as near perfect as can be made. Another point, which it is claimed is greatly in favor of his boat, is that due care was taken that the boat should sit as near the surface as possible, where the least resistance would be met. Smith claims the deeper a boat lies, the denser the water, and that there is a decided advantage in any boat that carries its occupant well up. An application has been made at Washington for a patent on this model. Mr. Smith thinks Davis' souls are a great improvement over those ordinarily in use, as they do away with cramping the wrist, and go far towards preventing the oar from turning while in the water. Mr. Davis has had many conversations with Mr. Smith, and considers him one of the progressive boat-builders.—Boston Herald.

The Dangers of Hurry.

A recent painful case illustrates the danger of hurrying to catch a train. The peril is very considerable, and it besets most men in these busy times. It is not perhaps a matter of social concern, but it is one in which every member of the community has a personal interest. The high pressure and speed at which we live, and the impetuous haste of business in these days of extreme utilitarianism, do not allow any exemption from the common rush. Even the staid and deliberate classes are affected by the rapid movement around them, and must needs hurry to keep their place. No inertia can check the torrent, and the stoutest resolve to move slowly is powerless to stem the flood. It remains to adapt the conduct to the inexorable conditions. There is only one remedy for the evil of hurry, and a single protection against its consequences—that is orderly method. Never in the history of intellectual and commercial progress was the need of order more urgent. It is not the amount of work accomplished that exhausts the strength and leads to a breakdown; it is the effort made, and the worry of making it, that overtax the energy of control and the strength of action. Perhaps one of the most prolific causes of collapse in recent times has been the lack of training. This is not sufficiently recognized. In the old days of "apprenticeship" and slowly built-up qualifications for work, youths were specially trained for their business in life, and the difficulties of the career came upon them gradually. Now one half of the laborers in any department of industry have entered it in some sudden way, and industry has become a general *meele*, in which those who can by effort accomplish the greater results are counted successful. The effortless, though not always the least capable, are vanquished. What takes place in regard to work finds its parallel in, and is to a great extent the cause of, the hurry and worry of the busy world as a whole. Everything and everybody presses forward at high speed, and success means outrunning competitors. The maxim of safety—to avoid physical hurry and mental hurry alike—is, prepare, deliberate; in a word, adopt an orderly method. The man with a weak heart who endangers his life by hurrying to catch a train, unless under altogether exceptional circumstances, is probably the victim of a defect in early training, which leaves him at the mercy of impulse without order; or he is striving to fill a place in life for which his chief qualification has been the faculty of accomplishing by effort more than can be achieved naturally by steady labor. Some persons are ever hurrying after their engagements; others are goaded onward by the pressure behind them; but however the "hurry" is produced, it is full of peril to happiness of mind and health of body, and in the end, by exhaustion, if not prematurely by accident, it kills.—Lancet.

DREAMING.—Dreaming is the occupation of the mind during sleep by a series of thoughts or train of ideas. Of the great influence exercised by the body in its several states and conditions over the mind we need no stronger proof than is afforded by the phenomena of dreams, the cause of which may be commonly traced to some functional derangement or other. Thus from indigestion comes nightmare, and all who have had anything to do with children, know full well that disturbing dreams are common indications of disorder of the bowels and stomach; so organic diseases, such as that of the heart or anything that causes oppression at the chest, will frequently give rise to visions of a distressing character. When children are much given to dreaming they are generally troubled with worms or some visceral obstruction which a purgative will often relieve. When dreaming is the result of great mental labor or excitement during the day, a temporary relaxation with more physical exertion and the use of the shower-bath would afford relief, with the use of such means as will divert the thoughts and brace or energize the system.