

## POETRY.

## HE WEDDED AGAIN.

Her death had quite stricken the bloom from her cheek,

Or worn off the smoothness and gloss of her brow,  
When our quivering lips her dear name could not speak  
And our hearts vainly strove to God's judgment to bow;

He estranged himself from us, and cheerfully then  
Sought out a new object, and wedded again.

The dust had scarce settled itself on her lyre,  
And its soft, melting tones still held captive the ear,  
While we looked for her fingers to glide o'er the wire,  
And waited in fancy her sweet voice to hear,  
He turned from her harp and its melody, then  
Sought out a new minstrel, and wedded again.

The turf had not yet by a stranger been trod,  
Nor the pansy a single leaf shed on her grave,  
The cyprus had not taken root in the sod,  
Nor the stone lost the freshness the sculptor first gave,

He turned from those mournful remembrances then,  
Wove a new bridal chaplet, and wedded again.

His dwelling to us, oh how lonely and sad!  
When we thought of the light death had stolen  
away,

Of the warm hearts which once in its keeping it had,  
And that one was now widowed, and both in decay;  
But its deep desolation had fled even then—  
He sought a new idol, and wedded again.

But can she be quite blessed who presides at his board?

Will no troublesome vision her happy home shade,  
Of a future love tiring and charming her lord,  
When she with her lost one forgotten is laid?  
She must know he will worship some other star then,  
Seek out a new love, and be wedded again.

## MISCELLANY.

**INEFFECTUAL ATTEMPT AT TEE-TOTALISM.**—Shortly before the new year, a couple in town (says the Paisley Advertiser,) who indulged somewhat freely in the use of spirits, became sensible of the miseries which their favorite beverage entailed on them. One night when the husband came home drunk, his wife said to him, 'Jonny, ye maun gie over this drinking, or we'll be ruined, a' thegither; ye maun join the tee-totalers.' 'Will ye join wi' me, Jenny?' 'Deed will I.' 'Come awa then, and we'll strike the air while its hot.' Off they went and joined the tee-totalers, and affairs, thenceforth, began to mend. But the new year came and Jonny proposed that they should have a wee drap in the house—not for themselves, but for 'ony friend, that might drap in. Are ye gairt to break through, Jenny?' 'Only for a wee.' 'Aweel, aweel, I'se join wi' you.' Off the two went together, with an infant in the wife's arms, to lay in the new year's stock. As a lute bit of rejoicing at having kept their vows so well, and as a reward for their resolution, they partook of a gill together, and by the time they arose to go home, the pavement was found rather narrow for them. Besides the wee drappy for the use of chance callers, one carried two stones of meal, the other the child, and these burdens they exchanged occasionally on their way home, it being deemed advisable that the one who walked most steadily should carry the child. On arrival at home they did not seem to know what change had last been made, and the husband deposited his burden into the cradle, while the wife locked her one into the press. By and by the child began to cry, the wife sat down about rocking the cradle, and as the cries increased, her rocking exertions increased, in equal proportion, but she could not pacify the child. A neighboring woman hearing the noise went in to see what was the matter, and in going to lift the child from the cradle, no child was there, but in lieu thereof were the two stones of meal in a bag!

The key of the press was obtained, the press

was opened, and there was the child occupying the shelf usually allotted for the meal! We have not heard whether this canny couple have yet rejoined the tee-totalers.

**ANECDOTE.**—Rather an amusing incident happened in open court, after the Judges had come to the determination of wearing wigs, in addition to the custom which, in every thing but the wig, was the ordinary judicial dress.—The wigs were ordered from England, and in due course arrived carefully packed in boxes. Unluckily, the cockroaches had found their way into the wig-box of Sir T. Strango, and fed, much to their satisfaction, upon the side of it. Unfortunately after the judges had seated themselves, each with his new wig, the holes gnawed by the voracious insects began to make way for Sir Thomas's ears which in a few minutes, were visible through them. The laughter that ran through the Court having attracted his attention to the circumstance that afforded so much amusement—in a moment, off went the wig indignantly over the heads of the prothonotary and his clerks, upon the area of the Court. The example of the Chief Justice was instantly followed by the other Judges, and one by one, like a leash of partridges, the three wigs flew across and lighted on the floor. This ludicrous circumstance so completely unhinged Sir Thomas, that he adjourned the Court till the following day, for it was found impossible to hush the merriment it occasioned.—*Anglo India.*

**VALUE OF INGENUITY AND INDUSTRY.**—Both the main and the hair springs of watches, are made of steel first drawn into wire. In the former description of spring, the workman gives to the material its wonderful elasticity by hammering it out upon an anvil; it is then rounded, hardened, coiled, and tempered by bluing as we see it. The manufacture of the latter article has frequently been selected as an illustration of the extent to which the value of a material of small intrinsic worth may be raised by the application of industry and ingenuity. "A pound of crude iron costs one half-penny; it is converted into steel; that steel is made into watch springs, every one of which is sold for half-a-guinea and weighs only the tenth of a grain; after deducting for waste, there are in the pound weight 7000 grains; it, therefore, affords steel for 70,000 watch-springs, the value of which, at half-a-guinea each, is 35,000 guineas!"

**THE PRESS IN SOUTH AMERICA.**—In South America there are altogether 133 newspapers, of which 25 are published in Brazil. Of these the advertisements form the most interesting and curious part. If an honest citizen forgets to accept an invitation or neglects to visit his friends, he is sure to see his negligence reproved in the *Peublo* or the *Sol*; or if one, who has borrowed a book forgets to return it, his memory will receive a filip by seeing the subject noticed in the *Diario*, with hints that if the book is not quickly returned the name will be published. The greater part of these journals are so badly printed that it is almost impossible to read them, and in this respect, cannot compete with those of Nor America, which rival, without disadvantage, even the English newspapers, by the beauty and clearness of their typogtaphy.—*Engl. sh. Paper.*

**ARTISTS BEWARE!**—A Paris paper states, that a case is before the Tribunal de Contances, in which a lady claims redress from a young councillor, who had been amusing himself in court by taking her likeness.

**NEW MUSICIANS.**—A Dunkirk Journal asserts that a cloth merchant of Abbeville has taught a drake to sing several airs; and encouraged

by success, is now proceeding to teach a turkey to take part in a duet with the quack musician.

**THE GOOD OF WANTING A NOSE.**—A man who has lost his nose, says an old Scotch Journal, has peculiar advantages as well as disadvantages; he cannot follow his nose, but then he cannot be said to be poking it into everything. He cannot blow his nose, but then he saves his pocket handkerchiefs. He cannot be stuffed up in his nose, but then he cannot take snuff, which is, however another saving. If he goes to sleep, you cannot tickle his nose; and when he's awake, he cannot run his nose against a post. Let him drink what he will, he will never have a red nose, and never be exposed to the nickname of "Nosey;" and let him be as impertinent as he will he may defy you to pull his nose. "Sir," said a man to another with a false nose—"I'll pull your nose." "Sir" said he, "I shall put my nose in my pocket."

## SMALL POX AMONG THE INDIANS.

*Extract of a letter from Major PILCHER, dated St. Louis, Feb. 27, 1838.*

SIR,—Having received authentic information from the remote region of Upper Missouri, of a highly important character, I deem it my duty to communicate it without delay, though not entirely applicable to my own agency, having, as I conceive it does, a bearing upon Mr Harris's letter of the 11th ultimo.

It appears that the effects of the small-pox among most of the Indian tribes of the Upper Missouri surpasses all former scourges, and that the country through which it has passed is literally depopulated, and converted into one great graveyard. The Mandans, consisting of 1,600 souls, had been reduced by the 1st of October last, to thirty-one persons. The Gros Ventres or Minetarees, a tribe about 1,000 strong, took the disease a month later than their neighbors, the Mandans. One-half had perished, and the disease was still raging. They, no doubt, shared the same fate with the Mandans. The Ricaras, who had recently joined the last-named tribes, and numbered about three thousand, were most of them out on a hunting excursion when the disease broke out among the Mandans, and consequently received it something later. One-half of them had fallen, and the disease was raging with unabated fury, not more than one out of fifty recovered from it.

Most of those that survived subsequently committed suicide, despairing I suppose at the loss of their friends, and the changes wrought by the disease in their persons—some by shooting, others by stabbing, and some by throwing themselves from the high precipices along the Missouri. The great band of Assiniboins, say 10,000 strong, and the Crees, numbering about 3,000, have been almost annihilated; and notwithstanding all the precautions used by the gentleman engaged in the trade of that remote region to prevent it, the disease had reached the Blackfeet of the Rocky Mountains; a band of 1,000 lodges had been swept off and the disease was rapidly spreading among the different bands of that great tribe, numbering, I think, about 60,000 souls. I have no doubt but the predictions contained in my letter of the 27th ultimo, will be fully realized, and all the Indians on the Columbia River, as far as the Pacific ocean, will share the fate of those before alluded to.

Gen. W. CLARK, Sup. Ind. Affairs.

## AGENTS

FOR THE BEE.

Charlottetown, P. E. I.—Mr. DENNIS REDDIE.  
Halifax—Messrs. A. & W. MCKINLAY.  
Truro—Mr. CHARLES BLANCHARD.  
Tatmagouche—Mr. WILLIAM MCCONNELL.  
Wallace—DANIEL MCFARLANE, Esq.