

POETRY.

A PATTLE-FIELD BY MOONLIGHT.

The mortal strife was o'er, and dunly shone
The waning moon upon the field of blood;
Rank upon rank; in swaths of carnage mown,
Lay the dead combatants for many a rood,
Mixed, man and steed, in crimson brotherhood;
A stifling mist steamed from the gory plain,
Tainting the freshness of that solitude;
While with glazed eyes and leaden stare inane,
Gazed through ghastly haze the faces of the slain.

Bright, here and there, among the trampled wreck
Of arms and banners, soiled with bloody clay,
The moonlight glimmered on some star-like speck
Ofurnished steel, unsuited in the fray;
Afar, the white tents of the vanquished lay,
Whence frequent pealed the victor's baccant cheer,
Oft mingled with the wounded charger's neigh,
Or groan of dying warrior,—while more near
A dog's long, piercing howl, smote on the startled ear.

It was the wail of a lorn brute that crouched,
Faithful in death, his master's corse beside;
Aught, save Ambition's heart, it would have touched,
To see with what devotedness he tried
To win some sign of love, where none replied;
Then, all his coaxing wiles essayed in vain,
He gazed on the pale features, as to chide,
But could not thro' mysterious look sustain—
And turning from the dead howled to the winds again.

With tireless feet, hard on the soldier's track,
Thro' smoke and dust, had toiled that noble hound,
To bay that lone, heart-broken coronach,
And die upon his post, without a wound!
Stilled was the voice at which he went to bound,—
Stirless the hand that late his head caressed;
And he was no base cringing morning found
The dog and warrior plied wed breast to breast,—
The dead brute's shaggy cheek close to the hero's breast

Where with a sudden bend, a river swept
Around a vine-crowned hill, the god of gore
Had thickest poured his bolts; you might have step
On human carcasses from shore to shore— [ped
A bridge of death, which late the living bore
To further massacre: the thwarted stream,
Oozed through the wolvering pile with sullen roar,
And shook and swayed it, till the dead did seem
To move like phantom shapes, in a delicious dream.

They slept in peace insensate as the swell
That round and o'er each tombless victim broke;
Far better thus than left, half-crushed, to yell
In torture's spasms, for the mercy stroke.
A few maimed wretches seamed with gore and smoke
Yet writhed and gasped upon the river's brink;
Thirst burning thirst, their very groans did choke,—
They saw the blessed waters rise and sink,
Mocking the fiery lips, and none to give them drink!

The wolf glared grimly from the mountain lair,
Snuffing the steam of death; then, as night's queen
Put on her robe of cloud, and died in air
The mad'n clamor from the festal scene,
The fierce-eyed monsters, ravenous and lean,
Came trooping onward with their fiend like call:
The flag left little for the beak to glean
Where'er they swept and fleshless bones were all
Vouchsafed for vulture's feast, or worm's cold carnival.

'Tis thus Ambition paves the path to Fame,
Conquest — 's, re-baptism, call it Guilt!
Man, wouldst thou blazon forth a conqueror's name,
Write his high exploits with the blood he spilt:
Lo! Glory's sword is red from point to hilt!
Go wear it, cleanse it, with the heart-wringing tears
Of those its edge has widowed, if thou wilt;
Tear back the wreath that laurel'd victors wear;
Behold the mark of Cam, Earth's primal curse—'tis there!

MISCELLANY.

TRACES OF ANCIENT CIVILIZATION AMONG THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.

Amongst the Caroline Islands, only 6 weeks sail from Sydney, is Ascension, (about 11 degrees north latitude) discovered very lately by his Majesty's sloop of war Raven. Mr Ong, now a resident of this colony, some years back, remained there for several months, and we have our information from a friend, who very frequently conversed with Mr Ong on the subject. On the above named island of Ascension the language of the inhabitants is more harmonious than in the other islands of the South Seas, a great many words ending with vowels. There are at the north east end of the island, at a place called Tamens, ruins of a town, now only accessible by boat, the waves reaching to the steps of the houses. The walls are overgrown with bread, coconut, and other ancient rees, and the ruins occupy a space of two miles and a half. The stones of those edifices are laid bed and quoin, exhibiting irrefutable traces of art, far beyond the means of the present savage inhabitants. Some of these hewn stones are twenty feet in length by three to five each way, and no remains of cement appear. The walls have door and window places. The ruins are built of stone which is different from that occurring in the neighborhood. There is a mountain in the island, the rocks of which are covered with figures, and there are far greater ruins eight miles in the interior. The habits of these islanders exhibit traces of a different social system; the women do not work exclusively, as is the case in the other islands. After the men's water is carried about by servants for washing hands, &c. Ask about the origin of these buildings, the inhabitants say they were built by men who are now above (pointing to the heavens).—*Hobartown Courier.*

RESPECT TO THE LADIES.—In a late communication in one of the city papers, we found the following true sentiment: "I have found that the men who are really most fond of the society of ladies, who cherish for them a sincere respect, any reverence, are seldom the most popular with the sex. Men of more assurance, whose tongues are lightly hung, who make words supply the place of ideas, and place compliment in the room of sentiment, are the favorites. A true respect for women leads to respectful action towards them, and respectful is usually distant action, and this great distance is mistaken by them for neglect and want of interest."

Of the truth of the above, no one who mingles in society is ignorant—and we must confess that we have never felt our respect for the female sex to diminish so much, as when we have seen them wasting their smiles and their attention on the unworthy.—*Boston Pearl.*

A CRIER EXTRAORDINARY.—A gentleman informs us that while sojourning at one of the towns in Virginia, he encountered in the street, a stout, double-lunged Negro, who was ringing a hand-bell most manfully. After laboring at it some time, the fellow made a dead halt, and bellowed out something to the following effect: "Sale dis night—frying pans, grid-irons, books, oyster-knives, and odder kinds of medicines. Joe Williams will hab some fresh oysters at his stall-ishment, by tickler desire. Mr Hewlett will gib limitations ober again.—Two or three damaged discussion gun-locks, and Rev. Mr. P—Q— will deliver a sermon on temperance, half-past six o'clock precise—dat's not all—without money or price—the great ball Philip will be station at Squire Sam's, and dat's not all neither. Dare will be a perhite and select colored Ball at Mrs Johnson's, just after dis is bin done!"

RIVALRY BETWEEN NEWSPAPERS.—"By far the most amusing circumstance that has ever come to my knowledge respecting the rivalry of any two country papers, occurred in the case of two West-of-England Journals. As the chief recommendation of all provincial papers is the interest and quantity of the local news, the two editorial personages to whom I refer principally displayed their hostility to each other by a deadly rivalry in that kind of intelligence. One journal was published on Friday, the other on Saturday. It occurred one moonlight Thursday evening, while he of the Saturday paper was walking alone about half a mile distant from the town, that he observed a short distance off the road, the body of a man suspended by the neck from a tree. The man, in other words, committed suicide by hanging himself. A fit of alarm seized the editorial "we" lest the discovery of a man having destroyed himself should be made that night, and consequently the rival Journalist be the first to give the particulars of a circumstance which could not fail to give a great sensation in the place. If Friday's 'Chronicle' had the intelligence before Saturday's 'Courant,' it would be making the fortune of the former, while it would be all but the ruin of the latter. What was to be done to prevent it? A thought struck the conductor of 'The Courant'; he would, assisted by a confidential person employed in the office, cut down the body, and secretly convey it to a stable of his own, where he would conceal it till the following night,—against which time the rival Journal would be published,—and then return with it to the spot where he found it. A horse and cart were procured, and the deceased was conveyed to the editor's stable, where the body was covered with straw. Next morning, a servant having occasion to remove part of the straw, discovered the body of the deceased. He immediately informed some persons who were passing the stable at the time: in ten minutes the authorities were apprised of the circumstance. An enquiry into the matter was immediately instituted. Suspicion fell upon the Journalist: he had been seen, attended by one of the young men in his employ, taking something out of a cart, and carrying it into the stable on the preceding night. He was taken into custody: a Coroner's Jury sat on the body; a number of circumstances, strongly presumptive of his having strangled the deceased, transpired in the course of the Coroner's investigation; and his own life, according to all appearance, was about to become the price of his anxiety to deprive his rival of "interesting local news," when happily a small slip of paper, which had been overlooked in the first instant, was found in one of the deceased's pockets, which contained in his own hand writing—a declaration of his intention to destroy himself.

His narrow escape, and the trouble he got himself into, made the journalist more cautious in future as to the means he took to obtain "exclusive local news."

DANDIES.—A Judge of Boston has decided that dandies are nuisances, and may be kicked into the gutter or put any where out of the way. An editor thinks this rather cruel, and advises that they be caged, and fed on sweetmeats.

AGENTS FOR THE BEE.

Charlottetown, P. E. I.—Mr. DENNIS REDDEN.
Niramichi—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—Mr. JAMES CAMPBELL.
Wallace—DANIEL McFARLANE, Esq.
Lichat—JOHN S. BALLANTINE, Esq.