

POETRY.

VICTORIA'S TEARS.

"O maiden heir of kings,
A king has lost his place;
The majesty of death has swept
All others from his face.
And thou, upon thy mother's breast,
No longer lean adown—
But take the glory for the rest,
And rule the land that loves thee best."
The maiden wept,
She wept, to wear a crown.

They docked her courtly balls—
They reined her hundred steeds—
They shouted at her palace gate,
"A Queen succeeds!"
Her name has stirred the mountain's sleep,
Her presence has filled the town.
And mountains, God had stricken deep!
Looked looking up, and did not weep!
Alas she wept,
Who wept, to wear a crown!

She saw no purples shine,
For tears had dimmed her eyes:
She only knew her childhood's flowers
Were happier pageantries!
And while the heralds played their part
For million shouts to drown—
God save the Queen, from hill to mart,
She heard through all, her beating heart,
And turned and wept!
She wept, to wear a crown!

God save thee, weeping Queen,
Thou shalt be well beloved!
The tyrant's sceptre cannot move,
As those pure tears have moved!
The nature, in thine eyes we see,
Which tyrants cannot own—
The love that guardeth liberties,
Strange blessings on the nation lies,
Whose sovereign wept,
Yes, wept, to wear a crown.

God bless thee, weeping Queen,
With blessings more divine,
And fill with better love than earth's
That tender heart of thine;
That when the thornes of earth shall be
As low as graves, brought down,
A pierced band may give to thee,
The crown which angels shout to see,
Thou wilt not weep,
To wear that heavenly crown.

MISCELLANY.

THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.—British philanthropy, which has achieved so many triumphs over selfishness and oppression, and which has conferred so many and such important advantages on various classes of men, has attempted little, and accomplished less for the benefit of the Indians of North America; than whom no portion of the aborigines of our Colonial territories have suffered so much from our injustice and cupidity. It seems to be taken for granted, in many quarters, that, as a race, the righteous Governor of the Universe has doomed them to destruction, and that these red children of the same merciful God and Father with ourselves, are to be swept away with the woods and forests, in which they and their forefathers have dwelt, that provision may be made for his white offspring. Men have not been slow to act upon this heartless assumption. It was convenient, and as they thought profitable, for them to do so, and, in consequence, the flagitious principle involved in it, has been carried out to such an extent,

that only a small remnant of the Indians continues to exist. "We are driven back," exclaimed one of their ancient chieftains, "until we can retreat no further. Our hatchets are broken, our bows are snapped asunder, our fires are nearly extinguished. A little longer, and the white man will cease to persecute us, for we shall cease to exist!" To counteract this result, Christian missionaries have done much for a part of that remnant in Upper Canada, and, if they be not thwarted, will, we trust, by the Divine blessing, do much more. One of the fruits of this mission has spent upwards of a year in this country, under the care of the Wesleyan Miss. Society; and the name of Shah Wundis or John Sunday is familiar to many of our readers, who have listened to the interesting statements respecting the great things which the Gospel has done for him, as well as for many of his countrymen,—statements which put to shame the heartless theory that can consign them to utter decay and ruin. We are happy to find that the condition of these Aborigines of our N. American possessions is beginning to attract public attention.—*London Watchman.*

THE-TOTALLERS.—On Monday last a person brought his wife to the Edinburgh Police Office, on a charge of habitual drunkenness. The wife, stung by the complaints of her husband, retorted, "You're no sober yourself, man."—"Me no sober!" exclaimed the man; "it's four months the noo sin' I joined the 'Fee-Total Society, and I only fell through last week a wee; but you wasna joined a week, woman, till you began to smuggle, and you've scarcely ever been sober sin-syne. There's waur members o' the Society than me; but as for you, you're a disgrace to a' connected wit."—"Haud your wheisht, man; I kept steady enough till I got haud o' a' drap o' your ain ae Sunday that ye had hidden in a corner, whar ye thought I wadna' look for it."—"Eh, Jean, was't you that steal't that? That's waur than ever—you deserve to be sent to Bridwell for that itself; lock her up, policeman." The police, however, refused to interfere, and dismissed them both.

NEW MUSIC.—We publish the following little story for the benefit of all families who pretend to high accomplishments and possess a great deal of false pride. It is from the *Haverhill Gazette*:

"A young lady of high accomplishments, (and no pride) in the absence of the servant, stepped to the door on the ringing of the bell, which announced a visit from one of her admirers. On entering, the beau glancing at the harp and piano, which stood in the apartment, exclaimed, 'I thought I heard music, on which instrument were you performing, Miss?' 'On the gridiron, sir, with the accompaniment of the frying pan!' replied she, 'my mother is without help, and she says I must learn to finger these instruments sooner or later, and I have this day commenced taking a course of lessons.'

HONOUR AMONG THIEVES.—A gentleman was at the theatre in Paris, one evening, with a friend. Towards the close of the performance, seeing his friend's handkerchief projecting from the pocket, he drew it out gently and cautiously, and thrust it into his own pocket, intending to amuse himself awhile with the owner's vexation when the loss should be discovered. At the same moment a snuff-box was slipped into his hand by a well dressed personage sitting behind him, and a voice whispered in his ear, "I beg pardon, Sir; I did not know you belonged to the profession, or I would not have picked your pocket. It is against my rule to practice on a brother." The snuff-box was his own.

WEST INDIES.—A late Barbadoes paper asserts that the uniform testimony of Planters is, that *Apprenticeship works better than Slavery*. The results of the new system are said to be, more work in less time, better cultivation, less sickness and skulking, not more expense, less trouble and care to the Master, and increased facility in procuring labour. The Planters now say, that in getting rid of slavery they got rid of an intolerable burthen, and that they would not see slavery restored for any consideration. What an extraordinary change of feeling this exhibits within the last few years. Who that recollects the agitation, the abuse, the threats, the symptoms of rebellion or the expressions of it at least, which were displayed some time ago, but must be pleasingly surprised at this revulsion,—and fell the wisdom of abiding by good principles through evil report and through good report; the wisdom of nations as well as individuals, holding the old maxim, "honesty is the best policy."—*Halifax Telegraph.*

A NEW WLAPOK.—The Memphis, (Tenn.) Enquirer, noticing the death of Mr Graham, says, "He died of that unappeasable battle-axe of Death, the congestive fever."

MAKING BAD WORSE.—An Islington wight being charged with the dog-tax (as he thought, unjustly,) wrote to the commissioners of taxes on the subject. He was about to wafer the letter, when a friend (save us from our friends!) said to him "Don't you go for to send it in the common way: seal it, my boy, seal it." Mr Wikes, being thus advised by his friend Tompkins, dropped into the shop of a seal engraver (another friend), who lent him a dashing aristocratic crest, and the letter was dispatched in the first style of rank. Alas for friendship! back came a letter from the commissioners, declining to take off his dog-tax, and clapping upon him the duty for "armorial bearings!"

A DESPERATE RESOLVE.—Married on the 14th inst. F. Madden, Esq., to Emily Sarah, daughter of W. Robertson, Esq.

"No longer," quoth Emily, "single I'll tary,
For solitude can only sadden me;
To banish dull care and blue devils I'll marry,
Although such proceeding should Madden me!"

A FRIEND IN NEED.—Married on the 14th inst., J. W. Need, Esq., to Letitia Mary, only daughter of the late Major-General Hall.

She sigh'd for wedlock's joys, 'tis said,—
What joys can those exceed?—
And when she felt inclined to wed,
She found a friend in Need!

A BANK.—The Rev. Henry Colman, in a late sermon, said, "the best bank ever yet known is a bank of earth; it never refuses to discount to honest labour, and the best share is the ploughshare, on which dividends are always liberal."

A poor Yankee, on being asked the nature of his distress, replied—"that he had five outs and one in"—to wit, *out* of money, and *out* of cloths, *out* at the heels, and *out* at the toes, *out* of credit and in debt.

AGENTS
FOR THE BEE.

Charlottetown, P. E. I.—Mr. DENNIS REDDIE.
Niramichi—Mr. H. C. D. CARMAN.
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. WILLIAM MCCONNELL.
Wallace—DANIEL MCFARLANE, Esq.