

POETRY.

[From the Token for 1837.]

THE DYING PHOENIX.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

I've lived long enough! In my grandeur alone
I've ranged the free air, and conversed with the
spheres.

My bright, starry eyes full of kindness have shone,
But met not their kindred, through hundreds of
years.

I've looked for my likeness by morn's early blush,
To find it alone in the lake or the stream—
At noon 'twas but there; and by night's shady hush
The false water vision stole back in a dream.

How vain were the graces, that played in my crest,
And round my proud neck with its collar of gold;
The rich purple plumage that clothed my lone breast,
How worthless, with none like myself to behold!

Though perfect in beauty, O! who would be one
Where earth all around a wide solitude lies?
Unique in creation, I've moved like a gem,
In splendour to set ere another can rise.

And thus to the end of my course do I come,
Alone have I built my rich funeral pyre;
On wood of the myrrh-tree, spices and gum
Triumphant I sit as they're turning to fire!

My wings fanned the pile till they kindled the flame,
That wraps in its brightness my form as I burn,
From ashes and odours to being I came!
To odours and ashes content I return!

My heart melts with pity in death, for the heir
To all the fair kingdom of nature I've known,
With no one its wealth and its glory to share.
The joy is in dying—that's tasted alone!

The smoke rises sweet as my bosom consumes,
And softly it weaves a dark shade o'er my eyes.
It waves round my head—it is wreathed in my plumes!
My life mounts the cloud rolling off to the skies!

MISCELLANY.

UNITED STATES INDIANS.—We have heard so much within a few years, of the wrongs done to the Indians—so much has been written on this subject, merely to show how prettily sentences can be rounded off—for the theme is a fruitful one for young quill-drivers, that our feelings have become callous to their sufferings. We read with the coolest indifference, every new act of oppression they are called upon to endure. Or if any sympathy is expressed towards them, it is generally in pretty much the same language that one would use towards a suffering brute. We frequently read of "the poor devils being cheated—driven to despair—killed," and in such language as this, our sympathy evaporates. No plan is suggested for their relief—no protection to shield them from the blood-suckers who are draining their very life-blood—driving them from their lands—hunting them as they would wild beasts—Oh, no,—“poor devils, how they suffer,” is the sum and substance of our regard for their injuries. But when the red man, in his desperation turns and pierces the heel that is crushing him to the earth—when he lifts his hand to stay the march of the spoiler—when, to preserve his hearth and household gods, from the all-grasping clutches of the white man, he presumes to do that, which a white man would be scoffed at for not doing, viz standing up fearlessly and manfully for his rights—then, we say, one universal cry echoes and re-echoes throughout our whole country of 'savage barbarity.' 'Indian outrage,' &c. &c.

In our paper last week, we gave some extracts, exhibiting a painful picture of the condition of some of the Indians in Mississippi. We there read of one Indian shooting himself in despair, having been cheated out of all his possessions—of another destroying his wife and three children first, and then taking his own life for the same cause. And every day's mail brings us intelligence of the same shocking nature, from the same accursed cause.—And yet these horrid barbarities—these acts so disgraceful to every principle of humanity—so doubly disgraceful to the people and government who suffer them to take place within their jurisdiction, are passed by almost in silence. It makes us blush for our country when reflecting on this subject. A nation that prides herself on her strict justice,—on the faithful administration of her laws—and yet that suffers the commission of deeds within her borders, almost without a parallel in the history of any country—civilized or uncivilized. We use strong language we are aware, but no stronger than the facts of the case demand. The press should wake up on this subject, and not cease their efforts, until the strong arm of the government is interposed to protect the weak and trodden down Red Man, from the sweeping avarice and worse than brutal cruelty of the whites.—*Portland Daily Times.*

HARD TIMES.—High prices for every thing we eat and wear, are themes of universal complaint. Bacon, beef, veal, lamb, poultry, eggs, butter, and all the little et ceteras of the table, are double former prices; and not only double, but difficult to get at any price. Under such circumstances economy should be the word with all those who have to toil for their livelihood. Cut down every useless expense and useless indulgence; get up an hour sooner in the morning, and go to bed an hour later at night; work in a little additional elbow grease during the day, and if blessed with health, the poorest among us may soon bid defiance not only to high prices, scarcity of money and prospective starvation, but in due time to debts, duns, and difficulties in the bargain. Live light and live cheap; it is easily done. So much for cheap living; now for cheap wear-

ing: Brush up and repair the old shoes and stockings; pull the fad d waistcoats and pantaloons out of the closet and try them on again; they don't look as well as new to be sure, but they fit loosely and pleasantly, besides they are paid for. Get last year's summer coat from the garret, have the elbows patched, the missing buttons replaced, the dust brushed off, the grease spots taken out, and slip it on; then have the old hat brushed and ironed up, and look in the glass at yourself reader, if you have heeded and followed our counsel, and see how you like your personal appearance? The patches on the elbow are objectionable; true they are not very sightly, but which is the best, a patch on the elbow of your coat by a tailor, or a tap on your shoulder by a sheriff's officer.—*Petersburg (U. S.) Constellation.*

HOW TO GAIN A SUIT.—On Thursday afternoon, a person having the appearance of a labouring man, called, in great haste, at the residence of W. P. Ranney, Esq. in this city (St. John, N. B.,) and stated that Mr. R. had got wet from falling into the water from the Bridge now building near the Falls, and had sent for a suit of clothes that he might change his apparel before coming to town. As Mr. R. is an Agent for the Company, and is in the habit of constantly visiting the Bridge, no suspicion was entertained by Mrs. R. of the story being a fabrication, and she accordingly lost no time in despatching a complete suit of wearing apparel, as she thought to her husband: but judge of the mutual surprise that

followed, on Mr. Ranney coming home shortly afterwards, when it was ascertained that no accident of the kind had occurred, and that no person had been sent on such an errand! The rogue, no doubt, aware of Mr. R.'s presence at the Bridge, took this very feasible method of obtaining a respectable and comfortable outfit, with which he is perhaps now cutting a figure in the land of liberty!—*St. John Courier.*

RISE OF A MAN OF SCIENCE.—Mr. Faraday—now aged forty-two years, at the head of one of the noblest of sciences, honoured as the compeer of Cuvier, Laplace, and Buckland, was the son of a black-smith; he was apprenticed at nine years of age to an obscure book-binder in Blandford street, London, and earned his bread at that humble calling until he was twenty-two. Mr. Magrath, now secretary to the Athenæum, happening five-and-twenty years ago to enter the shop of Ribean, observed one of the backs of the paper-bonnet zealously studying a book he ought to have been binding. He approached—it was a volume of the old "Britannica," opened at "Electricity." He entered into conversation with the greasy journeyman, and was astonished to find in him a self-taught chemist of no slender dimensions. He presented him with a set of tickets for Davy's lectures at the Royal Institution; and daily thereafter might the nondescript be seen perched, pen in hand, and his eyes starting out of his head, just over the clock, opposite the chair. At last the course terminated, but Faraday's spirit had received a new impulse, which nothing but dire necessity could have restrained, and from that he was saved by the promptitude with which, on his forwarding a modest outline of his history, with the notes of these lectures, to Davy, that great and good man rushed to the rescue of kindred genius. Sir Humphrey immediately appointed him an assistant in the laboratory; and, after two or three years had passed, he found Faraday qualified to act as his secretary. The steps of his subsequent progress are well known; he travelled over the continent with Sir Humphrey and Lady Davy, and he is now what Davy was when he first saw Davy.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

ABERNETHY AND SPIRITS.—The late Mr. Abernethy was once consulted by a gentleman whose habits had greatly impaired his digestive powers. After receiving the advice of the celebrated physician we have named, the patient said, "But, sir, what spirits will you recommend me to drink?" Mr. Abernethy, in disgust, replied, "Why, sir, you may take tincture of rhubarb, that is a spirit; or you may take tincture of jalap, that is a spirit; and they have the advantage above other spirits; you may take them into your body yourself, but they will take themselves out of your body as fast as they can."—*Temperance Penny Magazine.*

BUILDINGS IN NEW YORK.—Eight hundred and fifty-three buildings, of different dimensions, have been erected in this city, from the 1st of last May to the 15th September, being a period of less than six months.—*New York paper.*

The Bowery, one of the fashionable Theatres in New York was lately burned down.

AGENTS

FOR THE BEE.

Charlottetown, P. E. I.—Mr. DENNIS REDDIE.
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—Mr. JAMES CAMPBELL.
Wallace—DANIEL McFARLANE, Esq.
Arichat—JOHN S. BALLAINE, Esq.