

## POETRY.

## THE PATRIOT'S GRAVE.

The flowerets are fair where the ash and the oak  
Have twisted their roots in the rifts of the rock;  
The flowerets are fair where the mountains are high,  
And fair where the vallies are far from the sky;  
But birth to no blossom the earth ever gave  
So fair as the flower on the Patriot's grave.

If far, by the shoro, or the wild, or the shade,  
The Patriot's relics be silently laid,  
The spirits that roam the wide regions of air  
Heaven's honey shall gather, and scatter it there:  
The primrose shall bloom and the violet wave,  
Oh, no flower's like the flower on the Patriot's grave!

And there shall the bard wake his anthem sublime,  
And, sweet as the hymns in the childhood of time,  
Shall sing of the race all so brilliantly run,  
Of the foemen subdued, and the liberty won:  
And the fair maids shall say, 'mid the tale of t' brave,  
Oh no flower's like the flower on the Patriot's grave!

It blooms on the breast that was tender, yet bold,  
To freedom aye true, and to love never cold,  
It blooms on the bosom that, dauntless, the while  
Stood forth the warm guardian of kindred and isle;  
Whose power could repel, and whose influen: o save  
Oh no flower's like the flower on the Patriot's grave!

Casket.

## THE INDIAN GIRL'S LAMENT.

(From Poems by WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, an  
American Poet.)

An Indian girl was sitting where  
Her lover, slain in battle, slept;  
Her maiden veil, her own black hair,  
Came down o'er eyes that wept;  
And wildly in her woodland tongue,  
This sad and simple lay she sung:—

"I've pulled away the shrubs that grew  
Too close above thy sleeping head:  
And broke the forest boughs that threw  
Their shadows o'er thy bed,  
That shining from the sweet south-west,  
The sunbeams might rejoice thy rest.

"It was a weary, weary road,  
That led thee to the pleasant coast,  
Where thou, in his serene abode,  
Hast met thy father's ghost;  
Where everlasting autumn lies  
On yellow woods and sunny skies.

"'Twas I the broidered moesin made,  
That shod thee for that distant land,  
'Twas I thy bow and arrows laid  
Beside thy still, cold hand—  
Thy bow in many a battle bent,  
Thy arrows never vainly sent,

"With wampum belts I crossed thy breast,  
And wrapped thee in thy bison's hide,  
And laid the food that pleased thee best  
In plenty by thy side,  
And decked thee bravely, as became  
A warrior of illustrious name.

"Thou'rt happy now, for thou hast passed  
The long dark journey of the grave,  
And in the land of light, at last  
Hast joined the good and brave—  
Amid the flushed and balmy air,  
The bravest and the loveliest there,

"Yet oft thine own dear Indian maid,  
Even there thy thoughts will earthward stray  
To her who sits where thou wert laid,  
And weeps the hours away.  
Yet almost can her grief forget  
To think that thou dost love her yet.

"And thou by one of those still lakes,  
That in a shining cluster lie,  
On which the south wind scarcely breaks  
The image of the sky,  
A bow for thee and no hast made  
Beneath the many-coloured shade.

"And thou dost wait to watch and meet  
My spirit sent to join the blest,  
And, wondering what detains my feet  
From the bright land of rest,  
Dost seem, in every sound to hear  
The rustling of my footsteps near

## MISCELLANY.

**BENEFICENCE.**—Man is naturally a beneficent creature. The greatest pleasure wealth can afford, is that of doing good. All men of estates are in effect but trustees for the benefit of the distressed, and will be so reckoned when they are to give an account. Deser not charities till death: he that doth so is rather liberal of another man's substance than of his own. Reckon upon benefits well placed as a treasure that is laid up, and account thyself the richer for that which thou givest a worthy person. It is part of a charitable man's epitaph, "What I possessed, is left to others: what I gave away remains with me." Do good with what thou hast, or it will do thee no good. Men of the noblest dispositions think themselves happiest when others share with them in their happiness. It is better to be of the number of those who need relief, than of those who want hearts to give it. No object is more pleasing to the eye, than the sight of a man whom you have obliged; nor any music so agreeable to the ear, as the voice of one that owns you for his benefactor. *From a Scrap-Book.*

**MAGNANIMITY.**—When the Emperor Vespasian commanded a Roman senator to give his voice against the interest of his country, and threatened him with immediate death if he spoke on the other side, the Roman, conscious that the attempt to serve a people was in his power, though the event was ever so uncertain, answered with a smile, "Did I ever tell you that I was immortal? My virtue is in my own disposal, my life in yours; do you what you will, I shall do what I ought: and if I fall in the service of my country, I shall have more triumph in my death, than you in all your laurels."

**THE PEAR OF ABERDEEN.**—During a late jury trial at Jedburgh, in which three of the first luminaries of the law (Messrs M-ur-r-J-f-r-y, & C-ck-b-r-n) were engaged as counsel while the former was addressing the jury, Mr J-f-r-y passed a slip of paper to Mr C-ck-b-r-n with the following case for his opinion:—"A legacy was lately left by an old lady to the Peer of Aberdeen. As the will was written by the dowager herself, and by no means distinguished for correctness of orthography or expression, a dispute has arisen as to the intent of the testator, and the following claimants have appeared for the legacy—1st, The Earl of Aberdeen; 2d, The commissioners for erecting the pier at Aberdeen; and 3d, The manager of the charity workhouse, who grounds his right on the fact that the old lady was in the habit, *more majorum*, of pronouncing poor, *perer*. To which of the parties does the money belong?" Mr C-ck-b-r-n immediately wrote in answer—"To none of the three; but to the Horticultural Society of Scotland, for the purpose of promoting the culture of a sort of fruit called, or to be called, the Pear of Aberdeen."

**ALWAYS DRUNK.**—Lord Newton, an eminent judge in the Court of Session, about the beginning of the present century, was an extraordinary bacchunial, even at the time when all were

bacchunialian. He was proposing to buy an estate; and he mentioned to his friend and crony, J—C—, that he should like it to be one with a well-sounding name, as he might perhaps take his title from it. "Weel my lord," answered J—, "there's the yestate o' *Drunkie* in the mercat: buy it, and then ye'll no need to tak it amiss when folk say ye're *drunk aye*."

**SINGING.**—The American physician, Dr. Rush, thus speaks of the utility of singing, not only as an accomplishment, but as a corrective of the too common tendency to pulmonary complaints. "Vocal music," says this celebrated writer, "should never be neglected in the education of a young lady. Besides preparing her to join in that part of public worship which consists in psalmody, it will enable her to soothe the cares of domestic life; and the sorrows that will sometimes intrude into her own bosom may all be relieved by a song, when sound and sentiment unite to act upon the mind. I here introduce a fact which has been suggested to me by my profession, and that is, that the exercise of the organs of the breast by singing contributes very much to defend them from those diseases to which the climate and other causes exposes them. The Germans are seldom afflicted with consumptions: nor have I ever known but one instance of spitting blood among them. This, I believe, is in part occasioned by the strength which their lungs acquire by exercising them in vocal music, for this constitutes an essential branch of their education. The music master of our academy has furnished me with an observation still more in favour of this opinion. He informed me that he had known several instances of persons, who were strongly disposed to consumption, who were restored to health by the exercise of their lungs in singing."—*Harmonicon*,

**POOR MAN OF MUTTON.**—A leg of mutton, in its last stage of scraggism, is sometimes (in Scotland) deviled, or otherwise prepared for the table, and then bears the familiar title of "a poor man of mutton," or more briefly, "a poor man." It is related by Dr. Jamieson, in his Dictionary, that a Scotch nobleman entering an Inn in London, after a long journey, and being asked by the landlord what he would please to have, answered with a yawn, "I dare say I could take a bit of a poor man." "A bit of what?" inquired the landlord. "A bit of a poor man," repeated his Lordship. "The Lord have a care of my poor soul!" cried mine host, and made but one step from the top of the stairs to the bottom; nor could he be prevailed upon, till the phrase was explained by the nobleman's valet, to make his appearance again in the parlour.

**VALUE OF SMALL INSECTS.**—Of the small cochineal from Mexico, no less than £275,000 worth are consumed in Great Britain annually a vast amount for so small a creature, and well calculated to show us the absurdity of despising any animals on account of their minuteness.

"Frenchmen are mostly born in France,—  
Mouse-traps are not county jails,—  
Turkeys are seldom made to dance,—  
They don't stuff geese with copper nails."

AGENTS  
FOR THE BEE.

Charlottetown, P. E. I.—MR. DENNIS REDDIE.  
Miramachie—Revd. JOHN MCCURDY.  
St. Johns, N. B.—Messrs RATCHFORD & LUGGIN.  
Halifax—Messrs. A. & W. MCKINLAY.  
Truro—MR. CHARLES BLANCHARD.  
Antigonish—MR. ROBERT PURVIS.  
Guysboro'—ROBERT HARTSHORNE, Esq.  
Tataniagouch—MR. JAMES CAMPBELL.  
Wallace—DANIEL MCFARLANE, Esq.  
Arichat—JOHN S. BELLAINE, Esq.

ALMANACKS FOR 1835.  
For sale by the Subscriber, JAS. DAWSON.