

POETRY.

THE INDIAN CHIEF REDBIRD.

A distinguished Winnebago sachem, who died in prison at Prairie du Chien.

BY WILLIAM PITT PALMER.

Lonely and low in his dungeon cell

The captive chief was lying,

While the moorner-wind, like a spirit's voice,
Mid the grated bars was sighing.

The full bright beams of the midnight moon
From his wampum belt were streaming,
But keener the glance of the warrior's eye,
In its fitful wildness gleaming.

No kindly friend at that fearful hour,
By his dying couch was kneeling,
To whisper of that far sunny clime,
Whether his spirit was silently stealing.

Pale was the hue of his faded cheek,
As it leaned on its damp cold pillow;
And deep the heave of his troubled breast;
As the lift of the ocean billow:

For he thought of the days when his restless foot
Through the pathless forest bounded,
And the festive throng by the hunting-fire,
Where the chase-song joyously sounded.

And he thought of his distant hut the while,
By the bending hemlock shaded;
And the frowning ghosts of his awful sires,
By his own sad doom degraded.

But ah! the thought of his Indian boy,
In his wind-rocked cradle sleeping,
And the wail forlorn of his bosom one,
At his fate's absence weeping.

He heard too the voice of the shadowy woods
O'er the night-bird's music swelling,
And the jocund note of the laughing brook
As it danced by his lonely dwelling.

He heard those sounds—to his bosom dear
As the dreams of friend 'up warded,
While a gleam of joy o'er his withered cheek,
Like a flash of sunlight darted.

It fled—for the curl of the white man's chain
O'er its lightning trace came stealing,
And his frenzied spirit in darkness passed
In the rush of that conquering feeling.

He had stood in the deadly ambuscade,
While his warriors were falling around him;
He had stood unmoved at the torturing stake,
Where the foe in his wrath had bound him;

He had mocked at pain in every form—
Had joyed in the post of danger;

But his spirit was crushed by the dungeon's gloom,
And the chain of the ruthless stranger.

MISCELLANY.

FEMALE GRUMBLES.

There were more circulating libraries in the town than one, but the principal was that which had a new-room connected with it, and was kept by one of the congregation to which I had the honor of preaching. The keeper of the library was a widow, whose chief characteristic was the severity with which she regarded the failings and faults of mankind, mingled with a very lively feeling of the evils or inconveniences to which she practised grumbling, because she was naturally and constitutionally eloquent, or whether she became eloquent from the practice of grumbling, I could not tell. For my part, I never dared to pass a day without calling to see her; for if I did, I should have to undergo a most dismal expostulation from her. There was such a mournfulness in her style; it was not a good downright sturdy sort of grumble, it was all sorrowfulness, and almost, nay, sometimes quite crying. She used to say that she felt herself a burden to every one; and when any one came to see her, she used to express herself so deeply obliged by every kind attention, though at the same time any omission of such civility would provoke a serious fit of lamentation. She converted, or perverted everything into the means of mournfulness. She had the knack of making things joyful the means of sadness. Her thankfulness was lamentable; she had a kind of piny, peculiar, I think to herself, for every painful or unpleasant circumstance in life she regarded as a punishment for her sins, and every thing that was pleasant, prosperous, or

agreeable, set her upon grieving at the thought that it was more than she deserved. In dry weather, she thought that the earth would be parched up, and that all vegetation would perish; and in wet weather, if she could not see a rainbow, she thought that another deluge was coming to sweep away the inhabitants of the earth. She saw in the world nothing but sin and sorrow. She used to say that ministers of the gospel should never laugh, and that they wore black to intimate that they were in mourning for the sins of the world.—*Auto-Biography of a Dissenting Minister.*

TO WORKINGMEN.—If we have no other estate than our faculties and our time, we must be willing to sell time enough to support our families, and to be laying by something against a wet day; for he who does not provide for his household has denied the faith of all honest workingmen, and is not only as bad as, but as St. Paul says, a good deal worse than an infidel. What time is left after this provision, you have a right to devote either to increase your earnings, to present enjoyment, or to improve your education. And now I anticipate a difficulty which is arising in the minds of many of my friends. How can we improve our education, you say, when we have no time left, after providing for our families? You are mistaken, my friends. Benjamin Franklin found time enough. Be frugal of your time, and you have enough for all uses. After deducting the time necessary for sleep, for meals and recreation, you may have sixteen hours to dispose of. You may labour at your trade the whole of this time, but will your constitution hold at this rate many years? Can you do as much in every hour of the sixteen, as you could in every hour of twelve hours a day? And above all, could you not, in one year, labouring twelve hours, and devoting four hours a day to studying the principles and rules of your trade, inquiring into the most improved modes of practice, and informing yourself of other matters connected with your pursuits, so improve your judgment and skill that twelve hours of your labour will be worth more, and so yield you more than sixteen hours now? These questions deserve your serious consideration, for you are to decide them for yourself, and the character of your future life will very much depend on the decision. If I may not venture to advise you how much time you should spare for these purposes, I will at least suggest the wisdom of appropriating enough to make perceptible progress in your improvement, whether it be a half hour, an hour, two hours, or four. If your circumstances are such that you think you can spare but an hour a day, so much the more important is it that you make a proper choice of your books, and other means of improvement. Half an hour's reading of the best of books will do you more good than twelve hours' reading of books taken at random.

Get some intelligent friend to assist you in the selection; adhere steadily to your plan whatever it be, and even if you allot but half an hour on working days to study, yet if this is well managed, you will be astonished at the end of the year when you look back and measure your intellectual and moral advancement.

It is the prerogative of man to be continually rising higher and higher in the scale of being; and you have a right to share in the perfectibility which is the distinguishing characteristic of your species. Set apart to yourself, therefore, so much of your time that you may every day grow wiser and better. Let the reservation though small, be sacred, and you will not only accomplish the objects directly aimed at, to a greater extent than you would have supposed possible, but you will be none the poorer for it at the end of the year, and after a few years you will find yourself manifold richer. As time is money, you have a right to turn every moment to account. No one can ask you to give it away; it is imprudent folly to throw it away. If it is all that you have now, make the most of it, and in a very few years you will not

want for capital in any other shape you may prefer.—*Rantoul's Address to Workingmen.*

ONE THING AT A TIME.—Step among your neighbours, reader, and see whether those of them who have got along smoothly, and accumulated property, and gained a good name, have not been men who bent themselves to one single branch of business; who brought all their powers to bear upon one point, and built upon one foundation. It must be so. Go out in spring, when the sun is yet far distant, and you can scarcely feel the influence of his beams, scattered as they are over the wide face of creation; but collect these beams to a focus, and they kindle up a flame in an instant. No the man that squanders his talents and his strength on many things, will fail to make an impression with either; but let him draw them to a point—let him strike at a single object, and it yields before him.

WEARING FLANNELS.—As the genial sunshine of spring advances, those accustomed to flannel under garments are too much disposed to lay them suddenly aside. This is an error of great magnitude. Keep them on till the east wind is no longer elaborated; till the flowers are blooming in the fields, and a uniform atmospheric temperature is established. A multitude annually, are hurried to an early grave, in the very meridian of life, in consequence of not understanding, or by neglecting, this simple though important advice.—*Medical Journal.*

I HAVE NO TIME LEFT FOR STUDY.—The idea about the want of time is a mere phantom. Franklin found time in the midst of his labors to dive into the hidden recesses of philosophy, and to explore an untrodden path of science. The great Frederick, with an empire at his direction, in the midst of war, on the eve of battles which were to decide the fate of his kingdom, found time to revel in all the charms of philosophy and intellectual pleasures. Bonaparte, with all Europe at his disposal; with kings in his ante-chamber begging for vacant thrones; with thousands of men whose destinies were suspended on the brittle thread of his arbitrary pleasure, had time to converse with books. Cæsar, when he had curbed the spirit of the Roman people, and was thronged with visitors from the remotest kingdom, found time for intellectual cultivation. Every man has time, if he is careful to improve; and if he does improve it as well as he might, he can reap a three fold reward.

RESULT OF KNOWLEDGE.—Three farmers in the State of New Hampshire, who had attended a course of lectures on geology, and thereby became familiarly acquainted with the different kinds of minerals, afterwards purchased a quantity of land abounding with the finest granite—a fact unknown to the owner of the soil—for \$3000, the price asked for it. They have since been offered five hundred thousand dollars for the land. "facts are stubborn things"—*Pittsburgh Visitor.*

A little rule, a little way,
A sunbeam in a winter's day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.—*Dyer.*

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