

## POETRY.

From the New York Emancipator.

## THE LAST OF THE RED MEN.

TICK Sun's last ray was glowing fair,  
On crag and tree and flood;  
And full, in mellow softness, where  
The lonely Indian stood.

Beneath his eye, in living gold,  
The proud Pacific lay;  
Untuffed there, a skiff might hold,  
Its bright and fearless way.

Far! far! behind him, mountains blue,  
In shadow distance melt;  
And far beyond the dark woods grow,  
Where his forefathers dwelt!

No breathing sound was in the air,  
As leaning on his bow,  
A lone and weary pilgrim there—  
He murmur'd stern and low.

"Far by Ohio's mighty river,  
Bright star, I've worshipped thee;  
My native stream, its bosom never,  
The Red Man more may see!"

The Paleface rears his wigwam where  
Our Indian hunters rove'd;  
His hatchet fells the forest fair,  
Our Indian maidens lov'd!

A thousand warriors bore in war,  
The token of my sires,  
On all the hills were seen afar,  
Their blazing Council fires!

The foeman heard their war whoop shrill,  
And held his breath in fear;  
And in the wood, and on the hill,  
Their arrows pierced the deer.

Where are they now?—the stranger's tread  
Is on their silent place!  
Yon fading light on mo is shed,  
The last of all my race!

Where are they now?—in the Summer's light,  
Go seek the Winter's snow;  
Forgotten is our name and might,  
And broken is our bow!

The White Man came, his bay'nets gloam,  
Where Sachems held their sway;  
And like the shadow of a dream,  
Our tribe has passed away!

Cur'd be their race! to faith untrue!  
False heart! deceitful tongue!—  
Hear me! O! evil Manitou,—  
Revenge the Indian's wrong!

I hear him in the hollow moan  
Of the dark heaving sea!  
And whispers murmur in the tone,  
Of vengeance yet to be!

What if no stone shall mark the spot,  
Where lonely sleeps the brave—  
Their mighty arm is unforgot,  
Their glory has no grave!

But to our foes we leave a shame—  
Disgrace can never die,—  
Their sons shall blush to bare a name,  
Still blacken'd with a he!

So be it ever to their race;  
False Friends and bitter cares;  
By fraud they have the Indian's place,  
The Indian's curse be theirs!"

## EXCERPLANY.

From the Pickwick Paper.

THE PATENT SAUSAGE MAKER'S  
"FELO DE SE."

"Werry n' e porkshop that 'a'e, sir." "Yes it seems so," said Mr Pickwick. "Celebrated sausage factory," said Sam, "Is it?" said Mr Pickwick. "Is it!" reiterated Sam with some dignity. "I should rather think it was. Well, I see your innocent eyebrows that's vere the mysterious disappearance of a

respectable tradesman took place, four years ago." "You don't mean to say he was burked, Sam?" said Mr Pickwick, looking hastily round. "No I don't indeed, sir," replied Mr Weller, I wish I did, far worse than that. He was the master o' that 'ere shop, sir and the inventor o' the patent never leavin' off sassaage steam engine, as ud swaller up a pavin' stone if you put it too near, and grind it into sassaage as easy as if it was a tender babby. Wery proud of that machine he was, asit was nat'ral he should; and he'd stand down in the cellar a lookin' at it, ven it was in full play, till he got quite melancholy with joy. A wory happy man he'd ha' been, sir, in the possession o' that 'ere engine and two more lovely infants besides, if it had'nt been for his wife, who was a most ow-dacious wixen. She was always a follerin' him about, and dinin' in his ears till at last he could'nt stand it no longer. 'I'll tell you what it is my dear,' he says one day; 'if you persevere in this here sort of amusement, he says, 'I'm blessed if I don't go away to 'Merriker; and that's all about it.' 'Your'e an idle willin,' says she, 'and I wish the 'Merrikens joy of their bargain.' Aster vich she keeps on abusin' him for half an hour, and then she runs into the little parlour behind the shop, sets to a screamin', says he'll be the death on her, and falls in a fit, which lasts for three good hours — one o' them fits which is all screamin' and kickin'. Well next mornin' the husband was missin'. He hadn't taken nothin' from the till, hadn't even put on his great coat, so it was quite clear he warn't gone to 'Merriker. Didn't come back next day, didn't come back next week; the misses had bills printed sayin' that if he'd come back, he should be forgiven everythin' (which was very liberal seein' that he hadn't done nothin' at all,) all the canals was dragged, and for two months afterwards, venever a body turned, it was carried as a reg'lar thing, straight off to the sausage shop. Hows'ever, none on 'em answered, so they gave out that he'd run away, and she kept on the business. One Saturday night, a little thin old gen'l'm'n comes into the shop in a great passion and says, 'Are you the misses o' this here shop?' 'Yes, I am,' says she. 'Well, ma'am,' says he, 'then I've just looked in to say, that we and my family ain't a goin' to be chonked for nothin'; and more than that, ma'am' he says, 'you'll allow me to observe, that as you don't use the primest parts of the meat in the manufacture o' sassaages, I think you'd find beef come nearly as cheap as buttons.' 'Buttons, sir,' says she. 'Buttons, ma'am,' says the little old gentleman, unfoldin' a bit o' paper, and showin' twenty or thirty halves o' buttons. 'Nice seasonin' for sassaages, is trowsers' buttons, ma'am.' 'The're my husband's buttons,' says the widdler, beginnin' to faint. 'What?' screams the little old gen'l'm'n, turnin' very pale. 'I see it all,' says the widdler; 'in a fit of temporary insanity he rashly converted his-self into sassaages!' 'And so he had sir,' said Mr Weller, looking stendily into Mr Pickwick's horror-stricken countenance, 'or else he'd been draw'd into the engine, but, however that might ha' been, the little old gen'l'm'n, who had been remarkably partial to sassaages all his life, rushed out o' the shop in a wild state, and was never heard on arterwards.'

AN IMPOSTOR.—A woman named Mrs. McGirdle, was dismissed from the House of Industry of this city, a few days ago, for bad conduct. Previous to her departure, she was searched, in order to see if she were not "harrowing" some of the property of the establishment, when the sum of forty-six dollars in silver, and two sovereigns, were found on her. It was clear that with such a sum in her possession she could not be considered a Pauper. The Committee very properly made her pay

32s. 6d. for her board and lodging, and then turned her out.—Vindicator.

The English Law forbids any Postmaster to open mailed newspapers or lend them to any person.—They are considered of equal importance with letters.—Boston Transcript.

The last three years' expenditure on whisky in Ireland amounted to £18,000,000, which would afford nine guineas for each family (say for four persons in each family,) allowing the population to be eight millions of souls.—Cork Standard.

The deaths in London for the year ending December 1836, were 18,229. The deaths by consumption were 3238—the next is old age, by which 2320 died.

AGE AND FECUNDITY.—A Whale is supposed to live a thousand years, and a pair to count not less than 72,000,000 of their offspring!

## FARM FOR SALE.

THE Subscriber intending to quit the Province in the Spring of the year, offers for sale his

FARM, STOCK, FURNITURE, &c. as it now stands, situated on the West River of Pictou, seven miles from town, on the road leading to Halifax, and intersected by the roads leading from Rogers Hill, Loch Broom, Albion Mines, Green Hill, &c. all of which meet on the property; the new bridge on the river crosses at the door,—forming one of the most desirable situations for business to be found in the county, with every prospect of its soon becoming a thriving village. Three sides of the property front the roads, which will cause it to be highly valuable hereafter, should the possessor wish to dispose of any part of it in Lots. The land is of first quality, well watered, and lying dry; it abounds in freestone of good quality for building, and a sufficiency of wood for fencing, &c. Possession will be given in May.

For further particulars apply to Mr N. Beck, in Pictou, or to ALEXANDER FORSYTH, West River, 20th December, 1836. if

## JUST RECEIVED,

And for sale by the subscriber:  
CARBOYS OIL OF VITRIOL, Casks Blue Vitriol, Salt Petre, Soda, Ivory black, Emery, No's 1, 2, & 3, boxes sugar candy, liquorice, Zinc, Chrome Yellow, Crucibles, Arrowroot, Isinglass, Carrhene Moss.

JAMES D. B. FRASER.

September 21. if

## BARGAINS.

MESSRS D. & T. McCULLOCH beg leave to inform their friends and the public, that they have commenced selling off the remainder of their Fall Supplies, at much reduced prices. [March 1

## THE SUBSCRIBER

KEEPS constantly for SALE, a large assortment of  
DRUGS AND MEDICINES,  
Chemical preparations, Dye Stuffs, oil and water Colours, Apothecaries' Glassware, Perfumery, &c.

Every article usually kept for sale by Druggists may be had at his shop, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

JAMES D. B. FRASER,

September 21. if

Druggist.

## NOTICE TO CUSTOMERS.

THE subscriber in expectation of a large supply of Goods in the ensuing spring, will sell his present stock at greatly reduced prices.

R. DAVSON.

Pictou, January 4, 1837. if

## AGENTS-

## FOR THE BEE.

Charlottetown, P. E. I.—Mr DENNIS REDDIN.

Miramichi—Rev'd. JOHN McCURDY.

St. John, N. B.—Mr. A. R. TRURO.

Halifax—Messrs. A. &amp; W. MCKINLAY.

Truro—Mr. CHARLES BLANCHARD.

Antigonish—Mr. ROBERT PURVIS.

Guysboro'—ROBERT HARTSHORNE, Esq.

Tatmagouche—Mr. JAMES CAMPBELL.

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