

Well might they shun the funeral feast
By that destroying angel spread'
One after one, the red men fell;
Our gallant war tribe passed away—
And I alone am left to tell
The story of its swift decay.

Alone—alone—a withered leaf—
Yet clinging to its naked bough:
The pale race scorn the aged chief,
And I will join my fathers now.
The spirits of my people bend
At midnight from the solemn west.
To me their kindly arms extend—
They call me to their home of rest!

MISCELLANY.

SHOCKING RAILROAD ACCIDENT—The following are further particulars of the sad accident on the Columbia Railroad which was noted yesterday in a letter from the Editor of *United States Gazette*. We believe we have stated that the cars on the Camden Amboy Railroad, are provided with some machinery for securing against a fall, in the event of breaking of an axle.

FAIRVIEW, Sunday, about 3 o'clock.

"This afternoon as the train from Lancaster was approaching Fairview, the axle of the forward car, or car next to the baggage, broke, which immediately precipitated the body of the car upon the railway, the fragments of the axle ripping up the bottom of the car in which was a Mr Gibson of Philadelphia, bound to Cincinnati with his wife and children. His wife and child fell through and nearly the whole train passed over her body. I cannot picture to you the heartrending scene that ensued when Mr. Gibson was called to the spot where his wife lay a mangled corpse, with the child about eighteen months old, by her side, covered with the blood of its dead mother. The top of her head was cut off, and the brains lay on both sides of the rail; the body, feet, arms and legs broken to atoms. Heavens what a sight! The distracted man tenderly dragging from the spot the remains of his 'Julia,' calling upon her in frantic exclamations; but she could only answer by an expiring look of agony. He next picked up his babe, and believing it too was dead, ran around among the crowd imploring assistance, when it was impossible to afford him the least consolation. The child was miraculously preserved. I was next called to witness another scene which beggars description.

"A black man who had vainly attempted to leap from the car when the accident took place, fell upon the ground, and the car running off the track upon the side he jumped, the wheels passed over both his legs and cut them off in the most shocking manner, grinding the dirt and clothing into the mangled flesh. He lay writhing in the most excruciating agony, under the body of one of the cars, until enough of assistance could be rendered to raise the car off him. He will not it is believed survive.

"A gentleman in the forward car had his left arm broken, and breast much injured, but it is possible he will recover.

"The train was propelled at the rate of 15 to 18 miles per hour at the time of the accident, and ran not more than the length of the train, or 50 yards, ere it brought up.

"I was with my family in the next car to the one which Mr Gibson was in, and the fragments over which we passed tore up the bottom without injury to any of its passengers. It was a miracle that we escaped; one of our wheels was spokeless, nothing but the naked rim left to give assurance it was ever a railroad wheel. Even the rails, for a considerable distance, were torn from their fastenings and some broken.

This seems to be one of those accidents

against which it is difficult to guard, unless by some new arrangement of the wheels and axles of the cars, or perhaps by a thicker flooring to the cars. It is mentioned in this that the engine and one car were immediately despatched to Lancaster city for medical or surgical aid for the sufferers, and that before it returned the cars were set on motion. In the hope of conveying the wounded towards medical aid, they had gone to a short turn, when the locomotive came sweeping round, and was not checked until it came in contact with the cars and did considerable injury.—*N. Y. paper*.

A NEWSPAPER.—Few parents know the importance of a newspaper to their children. The inclination I had to read I well recollect, was brought about by hearing the trial of Col. Burr for treason, talked of, and seeing that trial reported in the newspaper which my father then took. Having become interested in the affair, I always seized the newspaper on its arrival, with avidity, and read the continuation of the trial. But few, perhaps not another paper was then taken in the neighborhood in which I lived, and the consequence was that I soon found I knew much more of what was going on in the world than my school and playmates, and consequently became the oracle of our little circle. This gratified me, and I saw at once the advantage of reading, though I was then but ten years old. From that day to this I never have been without a newspaper, & may attribute my success in life to that circumstance.

STEAM-SHIPS FOR THE ATLANTIC.—Late letters from England announce that the British and American Steam Navigation Company, have contracted for the building of the first steam-frigate for the projected packet line between N. York and Liverpool. She is to be the largest steam vessel ever built, and is to measure 1700 tons; 235 ft between perpendiculars, 220 feet keel, 40 feet beam. Three decks and every thing else in proportion. She will carry two engines of 225 horse power each, 76 inch cylinder, and 9 feet stroke. In addition to her steam power, she is intended to be rigged in such a manner as to give her sailing qualities equal to any sailing ship, so that between steam and wind, we hope, she will make her way across the Atlantic in tolerable time. The expense of this steam frigate is estimated at £60,000. It is intended to have her ready for her first voyage in one year from the month of March ensuing.

MEDICAL STATISTICS.—A late fashionable physician, who for some years, received fees to the amount of £20,000 annually, endeavored, during the last three years of his life, to ascertain the sources of the diseases to which he was principally indebted for his wealth. After comparing the memorandums of each year, he made the following as an average calculation:—Places of amusement and places of worship, 1600; indulgence in wine, spirits and smoking 1300; indolence 1000; sudden changes in the atmosphere, 1200; prevalence of the North or East wind 1800; force of imagination, 1500; gluttony, 1300; quack medicines, 902; love, 150; grief, 850; successful gambling, 900; contagion, 600; study, 950; reading novels, 450; of the doctors, 150.

AGENTS FOR THE BEE.

- Charlottetown, P. E. I.—Mr. DENNIS REDDIN
- Abramichi—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 HARTSHORN, Esq.
- Tatmagouche—Mr. JAMES CAMPBELL.
- Wallace—DANIEL MCFARLANE, Esq.
- Arichat—JOHN S. BALLAINE, Esq.

o land was ours—this glorious land—
With all its wealth of woods and streams—
Our warriors strong of heart and hand—
Our daughters beautiful as dreams.
When we aried, at the thirsty noon,
We knelt us where the spring gushed up,
To taste our Father's blessed boon—
Unlike the white man's poison cup.

There came unto my father's hut
A wan, weak creature of distress;
The red man's door is never shut
Against the lone and shelterless;
And when he knelt before his feet,
My father lot the stranger in;
He gave him of his hunter meat—
Alas! it was a deadly sin!

The stranger's voice was not like ours—
His face at first was sadly pale,
Anon 'twas like the yellow flowers,
Which tremble in the meadow gale.
And when he laid him down to die,
And murmured of his father-land,
My mother wiped his tearful eye,
My father held his burning hand.

He died at last—the funeral knell
Rang upward from his burial sod,
And the old Powwah knelt to toll
The tidings to the white man's God!
The next day came,—my father's brow
Grew heavy with a fearful pain;
He did not take his hunting bow—
He never sought the woods again!

He died even as the white man died—
My mother she was smitten too—
My sisters vanished from my side,
Like diamonds from the sun-lit dew.
And then we heard the Powwahs say,
That God had sent his angels forth,
To sweep our ancient tribes away,
And poison and unpeople earth.

And it was so—from day to day
The spirit of the plague went on,
And those at morning blythe and gay,
Were dying at the set of sun.—
They died—our free, bold hunters died—
The living might not give them graves—
Save when, along the water side,
They cast them to the hurrying waves.

The carrion-crow, the ravenous beak,
Turned loathing from the ghastly dead;—