

## POETRY.

## THE STEED OF THE DESERT.

THE desert steed—the desert steed—

That never man bestrode;  
He matches 'gainst the wind his speed,  
He drinks the streams that mountains feed,  
He gallops on a fenceless mead,  
Where man hath never trod.

Lo! where the reinless chargers stand,  
Lords of the boundless plain;  
Lo! where the leader of the band,  
With hoofs that iron never spann'd,  
Spurns high in air the glittering sand,  
And shakes his streaming mane.

You wild colts crop no covered lawn;  
Unpampered, fierce and free,  
On human hand they ne'er shall fawn,  
No spur, by heel of tyrant worn  
Shall ever lance the desert-born,  
Or mar their boundless glee.

Hark! a low, wild, and fiend-like yell,  
Upon the wind sweeps by;  
The herd have caught its dismal swell,  
That fatal cry they know too well—  
The mountain wolves with hunger fell,  
A thousand strong are nigh.

One howling monster, gaunt and grey,  
Leads on the phalanx grim;  
The desert coursers stand at bay—  
Loud rings their shrill and scornful neigh—  
A solid circle their array—  
A hundred heels its rim!

They come! they come! the famished troop,  
Their white fangs gleaming bare;  
Their necks the glossy chargers stoop;  
Spurred high above each lifted croup  
The foremost of the savage group  
Are whirling through the air.

Short space repelled, the daring pack  
Again the charge renew;  
Again from launching hoofs sent back,  
Maimed, crushed, and stunned, from the attack,  
They sullenly recourse their track,  
And vanish from the view.

Once more in freedom's wild excess  
Disperse the shining throng:  
These desert plains are verdureless,  
And on, in search of pasture, press  
The racers of the wilderness—  
The beautiful, the strong.

Oh! had I faith in Brahma's creed,  
That brutal form may shroud  
The soul from human vestments freed,  
And if my will my choice might lead,  
I'd be the bounding desert steed,  
That man had never cowed.

## MISCELLANY.

## AN IRISHMAN'S FAMILY CARE.

IN 1822, when the Western part of Ireland was afflicted with grievous famine, and when England stepped forward nobly and poured forth her thousands to save those who were perishing for want, a depot of provisions was established on the sea coast, for the relief of the suffering inhabitants of this remote district. A solitary family, who had been driven from their lowland home by the severity of a relentless middle-man, had settled themselves in this wild valley, and erected the clay walls of that ruined hut before you. The man was a shepherd to a farmer who kept cattle on these mountains. Here, in this savage retreat, he lived removed from the world, for the nearest

cabin to this spot is more than four miles distant. It may be supposed that the general distress afflicted this isolated family. The welcome news of the arrival of succours at Ballycrov at length reached them, and the herdsmen set out to procure some of the committee meal to relieve the hunger of his half-starved family. On arriving at the depot, the stock of meal was nearly expended; however, he obtained a temporary supply, and was comforted with the assurance that a large quantity was hourly expected. Anxious to bring the means of sustenance to his suffering little ones, the herdsman crossed the mountains with his precious burden, and reached the hillock where the stones are loosely piled. But during his absence at Ballycrov, the rain had fallen heavily on the hills; the river was no longer fordable—a furious torrent of discoloured water rushed from the heights and choked up the narrow channel. There stood the returning parent, within twenty paces, of his wretched but dearly-loved hovel. The children with a cry of delight rushed from the hut to the opposite bank to welcome him; but terrified by the fearful appearance of the flood, his wife entreated him not to attempt the passage for the present. But would he, a powerful and experienced swimmer, be deterred? The eager and hungry looks of his expecting family maddened the unhappy father. He threw aside his clothes, bound them with the meal upon his back, crossed himself devoutly, and "in the name of God" committed himself to the swollen river. For a moment he breasted the torrent gallantly—two strokes more would bring him to the bank—when the treacherous load turned, caught him round the neck, swept him down the stream, sank and drowned him. He struggled hard for life. His wife and children followed the unhappy man as he was borne away—and their agonizing shrieks told him, poor wretch, that assistance from them was hopeless. At last the body disappeared, and was taken up the following morning four miles from this fatal place. One curious circumstance attended this calamity; to philosophers I leave its elucidation, while I pledge myself to its accuracy in point of fact. A herd of cattle galloped madly down the river-side at the time their unfortunate keeper was perishing—their bellows were heard for miles, and they were discovered next morning grouped around the body of the dead shepherd, in a corner of a sandy cove where the abated flood had left it. —*Wild Sports of the West.*

**WILL OF MR YATES.**—The late John B. Yates, Esq. of the State of New York, by his will left a large property in the hands of Trustees, appropriated, after the payment of certain bequests to members of his family, and other individuals, to the establishment of a *School of Polytechny*. His object is stated by him to be to endow a school, which besides affording literary instruction, shall educate its pupils in the practical pursuits of real life. The amount of his property has been represented in some of the papers as equal to three or four hundred thousand dollars.—*Boston paper.*

**UNFATHOMABLE WELLS.**—The Alleghany Magazine, published in Pennsylvania, states that a well was dug some years since in the great valley between the North and the South Mountains in Franklin County, Pennsylvania, and another 30 or 40 rods distant, in Cumberland County, the bottoms of which, at the depth of 36 feet, in each, suddenly gave way, and a torrent of water flowed up. A lead, with 50 fathoms of line, was sunk without finding any obstruction, and the wells remain in the same state at present. The presumption, says the writer, is that there is a

subterranean lake in that quarter, extending under the base of the vast primitive ranges of mountains, between the Susquehanna and Pittsburgh on the Ohio.

**"JACK OF ALL TRADES."**—A man in Maryland advertises and returns his sincere thanks to the public for the liberal encouragement he has received in the *wholesale and butcher business*. He likewise takes the liberty to inform them, that he has provided himself with a *horse and materials for making coffins*, and that he will be at all times ready to attend to any calls in the *shoe-making and blacksmithing business*, and that he is willing to fill up his time in *filling at pig shavers*.

On Friday morning, about 7 o'clock, the brick front of a building of questionable fame situated near the corner of Ann and Rickmond streets, fell out with a tremendous crash. No one was injured. When the wall tumbled, it left the "inmates," male and female, in rather an awkward predicament. Old Sol, with whom they had neglected to rise an hour or two before, was not the *only* one who looked upon them as they started up, in wonder and amazement, enrobed in white, like spectres from the tombs, glaring with awful fierceness at the laughing throng, who were feasting their eyes and shaking their sides at the ludicrous scene before them. The scene which followed after the poor ghosts had recovered from the first shock, can be imagined, not described.—*Boston Times.*

The Post says, that the steam apparatus is so perfect for washing, drying, and ironing linen, at the Pearl Street house, that the laundress will take a man's "inmost garment," pass it through these three operations and return it to him in perfect order, while he is putting on his socks and washing his face.

**PRIDE.**—Without pride man is in reality of little value. It is pride that stimulates us to all our great undertakings. Without pride, and the secret persuasion of extraordinary talents, what man would take up the pen with a view to produce an important work, whether of imagination and poetry, or of profound science, or of acute and subtle reasoning and intellectual anatomy? It is pride in this sense that makes the great General and the consummate Legislator—that animates us to tasks the most laborious, and causes us to shrink from no difficulty, and to be confounded and overwhelmed with no obstacle that can be interposed in our path.

The late Professor Vince, one morning, (several trees having been blown down the night previous) meeting a friend in the walks of St John's college, Cambridge, was accosted with, "How d'ye do, Sir?—quite a blustering wind this." "Yes," answered Vince, "it is a rare *mathematical wind*." "Mathematical wind," exclaimed the other, "how so?" "Why," replied Vince, "It has extracted a great many roots."

"Will you lend father your newspaper, Sir?—he only just wants to read it." "Yes, my boy; and ask him to lend me his dinner, I only just want to eat it."

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