

POETRY.

THE BRIDE OF THE SLAIN.

"She watched him all the night and all the day,
And drove the bloodhounds from their destin'd prey."
HOMER.

She sat beside her glorious dust,
And watch'd it till the dews were laid,
And the warm blood had turned to rust
Upon the now-neglected blade;
His head upon her knee reposed,
His cold hand lock'd within her own—
Thus 'till the night's first shadows closed
She watch'd the dreary corpse alone.

She heeded not the coming light,
Though now the dusky shades were gone,
And the last hour of weary night
Slept in the bosom of the dawn;
For her no light was in the morn,
No glory in the living day;
Her glory from her heart was torn—
Her light to darkness waned away.

If from the fields—no longer green,
Unto the heavens she raised her eye,
The vulture's wing moved dark between
Her vision and the peaceful sky:
Her cold ear, dull to earthly sound,
Yet heard the one unbroken roar,
Where the dan wolves went prowling round,
Their eager fangs new-steeped in gore.

Yet swept the vulture's wing afar,
Or hovered o'er another prey;
Those sable-waving plumes of war
Her marble beauty scared away.
The ravening wolves along the plain
The magic of her silence fled,
And, turning to the unguarded slain,
In awe resigned her nobler dead.

They found her fallen and faded there,
Her head low drooping in its rest;
One sheltering arm lay coldly fair
Across her martyr'd warrior's breast,
And one half lifted to the day,
Rose, though the birds of air were gone,
As if, the last wing scared away,
Her spirit too had with them flown.

They bore her on her soldier's bier,
And laid her in th' ancestral tomb,
To sleep beside her gleamy spear,
And light his folded banner's gloom;
There does her sculptured presence rest,
Fair picture as her vassals found her;
Her white arm guards her lover's breast—
Her Hero's glory moves around her.

MISCELLANY.

Almost all countries present examples of the strange love which mankind have of doing things in a roundabout way. In England a Member of Parliament does not give up his seat, he only "accepts the Chiltern Hundreds." In the Ottoman empire, when the Sultan wants to dismiss a grand vizier from office, he sends a messenger, who enters the vizier's house, walks up to his table, and wipes the ink out of his golden pen. No more is said or done, but the vizier understands that he is forthwith dismissed.

A GOOD REASON FOR REDUCTION.—A certain runaway couple were recently married at Gretna Green, and the smith demanded five guineas for his services. "How is this?" said the bridegroom, "the gentleman last married married me that he only gave you a guinea." "True," said the smith, "but he was an Irishman, I have married him six times before; he is a customer—you I may never see again."

PRESERVATION OF TEETH.—Nearly all the expedients resorted to in these scientific days for the preservation of the teeth are directly calculated to hasten their decay. In the first place pulverised charcoal applied from day to day with a brush, an almost universal practice, wears upon the enamel by constant attrition; under this grinding operation, ultimately, the osseous or inner bony part begins to have a blue tinge, and finally carious spots give evidence of the certain commencement of disease. Salt, lemon juice, indeed any of the acids, are positively injurious, as they act directly upon the lime of which the teeth are constituted, destroy the cohesion of particles, and bring on a speedy decay. Ashes, next to charcoal, is intolerably bad. Peruvian bark is a good application for the gums, but possesses not the least control over the chemical composition of the teeth. Burnt crusts reduced to powder, also scratch and mar the enamel. Those persons who exclusively confine themselves to brushing their teeth daily with pure cold water, without any regard to the thousands of articles ostensibly prepared with cost, to arrest the progress of caries in teeth, with very few exceptions, preserve them in the highest state of organic perfection.—*Scientific Tracts.*

DRILLING HOLES IN GLASS.—A bow and steel drill kept moist with spirit rapidly drills a smooth hole through a glass of any thickness. I have drilled a hole through the thick bottom of a tumbler with a broken triangular file in a very short time. The drill is not blunted more than it would be by piercing iron of the same thickness of the glass.

THINGS I HATE.—A woman riding in a stage with seven band-boxes, and a squalling infant; a dull razor when I am in a hurry; an album sent me to put rhymes into; a long call when I am busy; hot tea in a hot day; dinner at a half hour after the time; a cravat so full of holes that I cannot find one layer whole; grid-iron bridges and Portland side walks; a long prayer in church when I don't know where to put my eyes or lay my hands; the fumbling of a new beginner over the keys of a piano; a letter to write and nothing to write about; a hole in the heel of my stockings so that I must walk lame to keep it in my shoes; three or four yards of advice from one I know to be a fool.

VERY IMPORTANT FROM TEXAS.—We have received to-day from a gentleman in Texas a letter dated the 6th of September, giving the important intelligence that a convention was to be held on the 15th October, composed of five members elected from each jurisdiction of the Province, to consult on the public safety, and intimating that one of its acts would be a "Declaration of independence." The following are extracts:

"The state of our affairs which have been for some time extremely threatening to our new settlement, has at last come to such a pass that leaves us no alternative but to yield our brilliant prospects with our beloved country to the Mexicans, or to expel them by force of arms from Texas our adopted country.—This we will do or die in the attempt. We occupy a country which but for our presence would ever have remained a wilderness, because the Americans were afraid to occupy a country inhabited by so many Indians. Those numerous tribes which are settled about us in every part, they are by spies and emissaries trying to raise to strike the first blow on the American settlers of Texas, and embroil their murderous tomahawks in the blood of our defenceless women and children. Our particular location is more exposed than any other, the neighbourhood having settlements of North American Indians who having become dissatisfied in the United States, came here several

years ago. They consist principally of Chickerokees, Shawnees, Kickapoos, Delawares, Goshatoes and Alabamas, and there are besides numerous small Spanish tribes, all of whom reside within 25 to 60 miles of Nacogdoches, and the two first mentioned who are the most numerous, within 25 or 30 miles. Some of these Indians are visiting us daily to trade. Sixty horses were counted the other day in the town. These Indians always have been friendly with us, and would remain so, were it not for the infamous overtures made to them by the Commandant of the Mexican army, who has taken possession of San Antonio, distant from us 340 miles, situated in the direction in which our neighbouring Indians go to hunt.

"This desperate state of affairs will oblige me to change my plans. I have it in contemplation to take my family for immediate safety to Fort Jessup, and leaving them there for a short time, as we have several friends in the garrison, till a more healthy season to descend Red River and ascend the Mississippi, where in case our troubles continue they can remain. I shall not be able to accompany them, as all my future prospects are in Texas, and they are now most probably to be left to a state of war. The confidence which the Americans in Texas feel in their powers over the Mexican troops gives them much less uneasiness than they have from their more powerful neighbours, the Indians, most of whom we consider equal warriors to ourselves, while we calculate to whip the Mexican troops with great facility.

"Enclosed I send you the proceedings of a meeting at Columbia. On the 15th of October a general Convention of Delegates from all Texas will meet, when they will declare us "Independent of Mexico." Red River is all alive to our interest, and offering us their assistance as individuals, as well as Mississippi and New Orleans, whence we look for considerable aid.—*Phil. Gaz.*

BOY'S MARBLES.—The games with marbles played by boys, are of great antiquity, and originated in the more manly games with bowls. In early times before the invention of grinding marbles into a perfectly round form was known, boys used nuts in their stead. It is said of Augustus when young, that, by way of amusement, he spent many hours in playing with little Moorish boys, cum nucibus, with nuts.—This trifling circumstance presents us with a pleasing trait in the juvenile character of the greatest of all the Roman emperors.

TIME FOR PAINTING HOUSES.—The Genevieve Farmer says, that repeated experiments show that paint put upon houses late in autumn, or in winter will last far longer than that put on in warm weather. In cold weather the oil dries on the clapboards, and with other ingredients forms a durable body; but in hot weather the boards absorb the oil, and what remains on the surface has but little substance.

RATHER NOVEL.—A lady in New York was, a few days ago, brought up before the mayor, charged with biting off a piece of her husband's ear.

Moderation is commonly firm—and firmness generally successful.

AGENTS FOR THE BEE.

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