

## POETRY.

## AMERICA.

BY R. MONTGOMERY.

THOU! hugest region of the quarter'd globe,  
Where all the climates dwell and Nature moves  
In majesty,—hereafter, when the tides  
Of circumstance have rolled their changing years,  
What empires may be born of thee!—Thy ships  
By thousands, dancing o'er the isle strewn deep;  
Thy banners waved in every land. Ev'n now  
Defiance flashes from thy fearless eye:  
While Nature tells thee, greatness is thy own.—  
Who on those dreadful gulf's of the South,  
Those pyramids by thy Creator reared,  
Thine Arctics, girded with the storms, can gaze;  
Or hear Niagara's unearthly might,  
Leap downward in a dais of proud despair,  
Mocking the thunder with unpassioned sound,—  
Nor think the spirit of ambition wakes  
From each free glory?—What a grandeur lives  
Through each stern scene!—In yon Canadian woods,  
Whose stately poplars clothe their heads with clouds,  
And dignify creation as they stand;  
Or in the Zam floods,—rivers where they fall!—  
Or hurricanes, that howl them-celves along,  
Life-winged monsters, ravenously wild,  
Sublimity o'er all her soul hath breathed,  
And yet a curse is on thee!—'tis the curse  
Of havoc, which the violators reaped  
For thy young destiny, when first amid  
Thy wilds the cannon poured its thundering awe,  
Shaking the trees that never yet had bow'd,  
Save to the storminess of Nature's ire.

## MISCELLANY.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

## ADVANTAGES OF LYING IN BED.

We have ourselves seen more than once the benefit of this practice, it has invariably led to longevity. The fact is, at a certain age, and especially after a life of labor (as overseers of the poor well know), there is no killing a regular bed here. If he even wastes, he becomes a more concentrated vitality, a sort of living mummy. He is as safe from the common slayer as the auted-shavian tomb in his block of marble, the difference being, that one has a warm, the other a cold bed.

We knew two old men that had lived, or rather ear, dozed, and slept away years together in the same room, much like Master Peter and the Florentine, excepting that their fare was not quite so luxurious. Death came to the village his quarterly and monthly visits, and disposed of young and old as busily as if he were a New Guardia of the Par; but somehow or other he always overlooked them, even when he stepped into the door, just after the doctor. The fact is their heads were seldom out of the blankets, and their breathing as soft and healthy as infants. Ever tranquil Michael, happy Philip! They could scarcely be said to have an external world; if there was one, their eyes were closed to it. Often as we visited them, we could not swear we heard Michael's articulate voice; he never wasted his breath, as if determined not to die for want of it. Philip was occasionally communicative. So dead was he to common cares, so was he out of the reach of vexations and emotions, that, as we learned from himself, though he had had a numerous family, and most of them settled within a few miles of the parish poor-house where he lay, he knew not if they were dead or living. He communicated the valuable secret of life precisely.

"Philip," we said to him, "you will live for ever."

"Why," quoth he, "when young I was but

sickly, but I think now my constitution is beginning to get strong."

"And how old are you then, Philip?"

"Eighty-nine."

Eighty-nine, and the constitution beginning to get strong, and without ever taking a dose of Dr Morrison's! ninety, ninety-one, ninety-two, ninety-three, ninety-four, and there was no visible alteration. There is no knowing how long they might have lived had it not been for an accident. One cold, wintry morning, very early, Michael thrust his left foot out of bed, whether in a dream, or that, like a grain of barley, he was growing out from keeping, never will be known. But at that moment Death or the Doctor passing, a blast, with a sharp whistle, came through the casement. It was the fatal dart; Michael's toe received it. It was nipt off before he could draw it in, the icy mortality crept upwards, and Michael's thin breath was frozen, and "stif" in a moment.

Philip slept through the death and burial of his friend Michael, and wot not of the matter. It was the only shock, they say, he ever was known to feel, when he awoke seven days after, and said, "Michael, a'nt you hungry?" The no answer would not have surprised him; but the old woman coming in to feed him, and her very peculiarly calamitous look, and the one mess instead of two, touched him, and his appetite failed him. Man can bear age and all its infirmities, but he cannot bear solitude. In a few days he became weak. The curate's wife was sent for. He had been a favourite; he wanted support, and she raised him in bed.

"Philip," quoth she, you are going; tell me your last wishes! what shall I do for you?"

Society had its charm; Philip was comforted.

"What is your last wish?" replied the good lady, "what shall I do for you?"

"Give me," said Philip, with astonishing strength of voice, "summat to eat."

The curate's wife was too bountiful. She ran home, and brought him not only a plentiful meal, but a good stiff tumbler of gin and water. This was injudicious. The slender threads of life, that, quiescent and relaxed, would, with regularity, have long held the vital current, could not bear the sudden heat and extension from being thus wetted, and gave way, and the vapor of life escaped. There was one filip too much, and very soon one Philip less. He was killed by kindness. Thus they were cut off in the flower of their old age. One went off below zero, the other evaporated at 180 of Fahrenheit.

Examples from real life are worth a thousand theories. We will offer but one more. We knew an old lady, that lived in her bed to a wonderful old age, and retained all her faculties and all her cheerfulness. Her heir, thinking she was too long "withering out," and now "a young man's revenues," came to visit her about her hundredth year. Whether it was that he was naturally or habitually an early riser, or could not sleep of mornings for thinking of his inheritance, he paid her very early visits to her room, to enquire if she slept well. She was a shrewd observer, and determined he should be up betimes. At three o'clock in the morning (and she kept awake on purpose) she rang her bell violently, and down came the half-dressed expectant heir.

"My dear madam, I hope you are not very ill?"

She bade him come near. She laughed in his face and said,—

"It is the first of April."

Now, what life and jollity was here—to make her heir an April fool in her hundredth year!

Now let not any one imagine that we are the advocate of sluggards, and indulge in sleep. As yet we find five or six hours quite enough, but care not when we take it; and if we do wish occasionally to enjoy the sunrise, can be content with three winks and a nimm and are on tiptoe. Nor would have any, like Thomson, play the hypocrite; for he wrote his panegyric on early rising, in bed at mid-day. But we have reached this conclusion—that when we do come to the "sere and yellow leaf," we will not let it hang shivering to the morning winds, a scoll and exhibition to every rampant weed, to be blown off by the first wintry blast, and trodden into the earth, but will have it carefully gathered up ere it be quite withered; and we have seen many a leaf so carefully laid up between pages of love and poetry, and though the softer substance may wear away, how beautiful are the ramifications of sensitive life! So may it lie, reflecting honour upon that stock of humanity on which it was once green, and flourished—a cabinet specimen of a bed-lie.

ODIORNE NEW PUMP.—Mr Thomas Odiorne, of Portsmouth, N.H. is exhibiting at the Castle Garden bridge, a specimen of Yankee ingenuity, which it seems to us must really be considered the *ne plus ultra* of the *pumping interest*; and we don't see as there will ever be the least necessity hereafter, of a vessels sinking, if the owners will provide her with one of the machines. We have seen it in operation, and feel fully convinced that there is no mistake about this improvement at least. It will discharge one hundred and twenty gallons in fifty five seconds, merely by the application of a power less than is required at the common pump brake—thus performing nearly fourfold as much as the ordinary machine now in use. The operation, powerful and efficient as it is, is perfectly simple, consisting of two buckets alternately playing up and down the pump—one of which is constantly pouring forth an abundant volume of water, while the other is descending by its own gravity to perform the same office the succeeding second. The ascending bucket, the instant it rises to the surface and discharges its contents, is disengaged from its fellow by an ingenious, but at the same time, exceedingly simple self-acting motion, and goes down after more; rising in its turn to the top, and again descending. This invention is but just patented, and of course has not gone into general use; but it must of necessity soon do so. Mr Odiorne, we perceive has a certificate of Commodore Crane of the Navy, expressing strong approval of the plan, and we understand too, that the shipmasters at the Eastward are unanimous in their opinion of its importance; but the invention does not need certificates. Every man must see at once its obvious superiority.—*L. J. Star.*

In a house of insignificant appearance, in Pompeii, there have recently been discovered, pictures in fresco representing Narcissus and Endymion, sixteen silver vases, and a great quantity of coins, some of them struck during the reigns of the first Roman Emperors.

It has been discovered that egg-shells may be used for hops in the brewing of beer.

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