

## P O E T R Y

(From the New England Farmer)  
COLD WATER.

"Cold water cools, thus and clears the blood. It keeps the stomach, head and nerves in order, and makes people feel tranquil, serene and cheerful."

Water, delicious beverage let me sip!  
No purer nectar can approach the lip.  
Tho' bards of old have sung of crimson wine,  
Extolled the sparkling juices of the vine,  
Let modern bards in more exalted strain,  
The charms of water! nature's drink proclaim.

What liquid looks moe lovely to the eye?  
Who never watched the pure stream moving by?  
Or the clear drops that from the bucket fell  
As it came rising slowly from the well?

Water! ay drink it, every lovely thing—  
The fairest flower that decks the breast of Spring,  
And scents the breezes with its rich perfume  
Requireth water to preserve its bloom.  
The gay, bright feathered songsters of the air,  
Who tune their throats to drive away our care,  
Spread their light pinions o'er the sparkling rill,  
And in the crystal waters dip the bill;  
Then, with a happier song sail up the sky  
Waite richer music 'neath the vaulted sky.

And e'en the useful animal that's born  
To toil in summer's heat, and winter's storm,  
When thirsty, asketh nought but water pure,  
That he, his toil and labour may endure.

Water, the beverage which all creature's drink  
Save man, that noble being made to think!  
He turns away, from nature's purest spring,  
And cries, a cup of stronger liquid bring  
Puts to me by the poison! drinks it down!  
Staggered, and falls besotted to the ground!

Not so with water, water, simple, pure,  
Drink it, if ye would toil, fatigue, endure!  
Drink it, ye FAIR, if ye would long retain  
The hues of youth, of health and beauty's stain,  
Drink it, all ye who would life's journey go,  
And never, never feel the drunkard's woe,  
Nor, when the storms around you rave,  
Be called to slumber in a DRUNKARD'S GRAVE.

## M I S C E L L A N Y

APPRENTICES.—*The Mechanic Arts.*—We are all wrong in underrating the value of the mechanical operations—we are all wrong in making all our sons Doctors, Lawyers, Divines, and Merchants. Some branches of the family should be mechanics, and if when they are out of their time, we can give them some money to commence business with, we at once set them on the road to independence—to solid independence, weight and influence. Employment—labour, healthy, refreshing, constant labour, is the grand secret to keep boys correct and moral, to keep them out of vice in every shape, to make good sons and good citizens of them.

We have often wondered that so few sons of gentlemen of fortune offer as apprentices to some mechanical pursuit, for example to the Printing business—a business which is light and agreeable, and combines so many advantages. It may be asked what are the benefits of this branch of the Mechanic arts. The sons of persons in easy circumstances who can board and lodge them without cost until they are out of their time—who will superintend their comforts and morals; and feel an interest in their advancement, may realize the following advantages:—

1st. They learn a business which ranks high in the cultivation of the human mind—a business by which they at once become familiar with the moral and political condition of the country—the advancement of the mechanic

arts—the progress of internal improvements—a business which made Doctor Franklin the great man he is by the whole world allowed to have been.

2d. The printing business includes a knowledge of proof reading—some acquaintance with the art of paper-making—and in a newspaper office where a boy is intelligent, quick, ambitious to excel, he becomes familiar with editorial pursuits—and when out of his time becomes proprietor of a city or country paper, and if prudent, temperate and industrious, may become a conspicuous politician, and may fill any of the high offices of the country, as we see at present in beholding Printers Senators in Congress and Members of the House of Representatives. So much for our own profession, but there are many noble mechanical pursuits, which should be cultivated by young men of good family and education.

The Builder, which includes the beautiful science of architecture. The Ship Builder, a first and most respectable calling. Workers in gold, silver, copper, and other metals. Cabinet Making. In short, we could name fifty occupations—more valuable—more enduring—more healthy—more positively independent, than the range of professional callings and the sickly, poverty stricken, labour of the midnight lamp.

By this course we shall bring into the line of mechanics an intelligent, well educated, highly respectable class of American citizens, free from monopolizing combinations, unjust extortions, and disreputable associations.—*N York Star.*

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.—A young lady about eighteen or twenty, was withdrawn from the convent in which she had passed her life since she was an infant. On being brought home she soon learned from her attendant, or in some other roundabout way, that she was ere long to be married, as her parents, however, said nothing to her on the subject, she could not even guess who the person was with whom she was to be connected; and the only official notice she had of the fact arose from her being carried to the milliner's and jeweller's to fit on the dresses and trunks suitable for the occasion. Her curiosity was now raised to the highest pitch, but as she never saw her mother except for a short visit once or twice a year, and of course had no intimacy with her, she could not at first bring her self to ask any direct question on the subject. One day two young men dined at their house; and as this was rather an unusual circumstance, she thought it probable that one of them—for they were both in the ensemble class of "el gibbles"—must be her intended husband.—They both paid her equal attention, but with very different success. To one she felt an invincible repugnance, to the other she was well disposed to yield her affection; and such had now become her anxiety to learn her fate, that, finding her mother in most unusually good humour with her, in the course of the evening, she ventured respectfully to say, 'Mamma, if it be not too great a liberty may I beg of you to tell me the name of the gentleman I am to be married to next week?' Liberty! exclaimed the astonished parent, 'liberty you may well call it! How dare you ask such a question?' And, added she with a significant shake of her head, 'let me warn you, my daughter, not to run the risk of incurring your father's displeasure by showing him any of this premature and undutiful curiosity; for if you do I should not wonder if he were to pack you back to your convent, not for a season but for life.' Accordingly she held her peace, and in ten days afterwards was married to one of the two men who had dined at the house; but, unfortunately, he was the wrong one.—*Winter in Lower Syria.*

*Sir Humphrey Davy's Opinion of the Marriage State.*—Upon points of affection it is only for the partners themselves to form just opinions of what is really necessary to insure the felicity of the marriage state. It has appeared to me not at all necessary, that competence I think is; and, after this, more depends upon the temper of the individual than upon personal, or even intellectual, circumstances. The finest spirits, the most exquisite wines, the nectars and ambrosias of modern tables, will be all spoiled by a few drops of bitter extract; and a bad temper has the same effect in life, which is made up, not of great sacrifices and duties, but of little things, in which smiles and kindness, and small obligations, even habitually, are what win and preserve the heart and secure comfort.

The New York Herald states that there are 10,000 children growing up in that city without education, without morals, without religion, and almost without shoes and stockings to their feet, or provisions for their mouths.

TRUE PHILOSOPHY.—As there is no worldly gain without some loss, so there is no worldly loss without some gain. If thou has lost thy wealth, thou hast lost some trouble with it;—if thou art degraded from thy honor, thou art likewise freed from the stroke of envy; if sickness hath blurred thy beauty, it hath delivered thee from pride. Set the allowance against the loss, thou wilt find no loss great.

SELF-FLATTERY.—We find a momentary gratification in the indulgence of appetite, or in obeying the dictates of our passions, and forget the lessons of reason or revelation. We bring diseases and misfortune upon ourselves, and we are so prone to self-flattery, as well as self-indulgence that we say, "I could not avoid it, I obeyed the dictates of nature." Thus we charge our own faults and their consequences on our creator. The intemperate man says, "I only seek the gratification which nature points out or makes necessary," he fires his blood with wine and brandy, and then flies to the haunts of impurity. Still he says, "I have these impulses from nature." If strife and murder, or disease and death, follow, all must of course be charged on nature. There is no evil which man brings upon himself by his own selfishness, that he does not endeavor to impute to necessity, fate, nature, or the Creator of the universe.

SELECT SENTENCES.—A man who gives his children industrious habits, provides for them better than by giving them a stock of money.

Never let your amusement be such as can cause pain to others. Never treat even the meanest insect with cruelty.

## IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.

He who owes and runs away,  
May live to pay another day;  
But he who is in jail confined,  
Can pay no debt of any kind.

HERRING FISHING.—Lochfine, especially in and about Tarbert, presents just now a very animated appearance, owing to the number of boats (from 200 to 300) engaged in the herring fishing. The success is pretty good for the early time of the season, and gives promise of a very productive fishing. The fish at present caught are of two qualities,—the one small in size and not in good quality, and the other very large and excellent in quality.—*Scotch paper.*

A G E N T S  
FOR THE BEE.

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