

## POETRY.

By the Author of the "Rising Village."  
TO THERESE.

Look round Theresé, how soft these scenes appear,  
How calm, how beautiful, and still;  
No sound now breaks upon the listening ear,  
But murmurs from yon little rill.

So calm it is, the zephyrs of the air  
Now sleep on every fragrant rose;  
In dawy softness resting languid there,  
Till morning wakes them from repose.

And look, how softly does the queen of night  
Descend along the cloudless skies;  
In beauty shining by her lovers light,  
And ever following as he flies.

At such a time when nature's magic powers  
Present a scene so pure as this,  
To stand of old that angels left their bowers,  
To taste on earth a mortal's bliss.

And well may they have left their happy skies,  
To linger for a moment here,  
When hearts like thine, and looks, and sparkling eyes,  
Are tenants of our humble sphere.

## MISCELLANY.

## COLUMN FOR THE BOYS.

TO OUR JUVENILE READERS.—In No. 15. we gave you a few salutary hints on the necessity of self-dependence, and at the conclusion promised that in a future number we would give you some directions as to the choice of a profession, this promise we now fulfill, and as these directions are from the pen of a very eminent man, and one well skilled in what is for your good—we have no hesitation in recommending to your attention what he says on the subject.

Should this selection—made with a view to your profit—be acceptable and engage your attention, it will encourage us to devote a page occasionally to such matters as will have a tendency both to amuse and inform you.

In the first place, try to attach yourself to a business that is of extensive application, and promises to last long. Avoid professions that will fasten you to a spot or country. Let it be one that will give you support wherever you may chance to be. Avoid all sinking professions: catch the tone and tendency of society, and seek to float down the stream of general utility. You can never go far wrong in following a trade, the assistance of which all mankind require. For instance, every branch of business connected with public instruction is at present rising and will still farther be extended, all over the world. All the useful arts are likewise extending themselves, while those of a contrary nature are becoming more limited. \* \* \* I shall suppose that at the age of fourteen or fifteen you are at length fixed in some line of business. Your situation is now exceedingly critical. You are the servant of a master, and it is absolutely necessary you should go through this course of servitude, to fit you for being some day a master yourself. You will perhaps be called on to do a good deal of dirty work, and to execute many orders not very agreeable to your pride. But go through all with alacrity and cheerfulness. Show willingness to do what you are bid, for, next to honesty and steadiness, there is nothing which masters like so much as willingness. If ever you show unwillingness, you are undone. If you be honest, steady, and willing, there is no fear of your success. We often hear a great many complaints about people not being able to find employment. A number of these complaints are certainly too well founded; but I can tell you, that masters have a far

greater difficulty in getting trustworthy servants and assistants, than servants and assistants have in getting good masters. Men in business in large towns generally prefer apprentices from the country. The reason for this is, that country boys are considered to be more honest and steady than town boys. They possess at least greater self-denial. They have not the misfortune to be known by genteel people, and therefore they do not "think shame" to be seen doing their master's work. This gives country boys an immense advantage over town boys, for an acquaintance with the higher ranks is often as dangerous to a boy as association with the dregs of the community. The fewer acquaintances of any kind you have so much the better.

While you are young, and in the capacity of an apprentice, I would advise you to make a point of going straight home every evening when your day's labour is over. Avoid above all things sporting-clubs, theatres, horse-races, and all similar places of mountebank entertainment. They only tend to blunt the moral feelings, and to bring you into contact with individuals of a loose way of thinking. I once knew a young man with excellent prospects who was completely ruined by attendance at a fencing-school. There was nothing wrong in the fencing; but the learning of this accomplishment brought him into contact with frivolous, idle, and dissipated young men, who vitiated his naturally good habits, and were otherwise the means of deeply injuring him. Take up any biographical dictionary of distinguished characters, and you will not find a single person who attained celebrity by attending places of frivolous amusement. You will discover that among some thousands of individuals, a very large proportion became eminent by private study during the intervals of their daily labour—that is by informing their minds at leisure hours after they left school. Private reading, attendance at schools of arts, and lectures on the sciences, ought to be your main resources in this respect. It is astonishing how much useful knowledge a boy may acquire in the midst of privation and difficulties. It is at the same time astonishing how far a boy may contribute to his own support, even although possessing but a small weekly wage, provided he be animated with the wish to do well. Read the life of Benjamin Franklin, and see what he accomplished. I adopted Franklin as my model when I entered upon a profession. I tried to follow all his rules. My weekly wage was for some years only four shillings. On this sum I paid eighteen pence for my lodgings, other two shillings supplied me in food; and I generally contrived to lay past the remaining sixpence for contingent expenses. I lived thus for several years, for I had resolved not to be burdensome to my parents, who lived in the country, and had suffered many misfortunes. All my spare hours I spent in reading; and from poring over Franklin, and a volume of an old encyclopedia, I became possessed with the notion of constructing an electrical apparatus, which I at length accomplished by the aid of my spare sixpences and some tools. I mention these things merely to show how much may be done by a boy of fifteen or sixteen years of age. I do not imagine I reaped any material advantage from studying the science of electricity; but I can now perceive that this species of rational recreation, as well as my desultory reading, were at least negatively beneficial. I was preserved from the society of acquaintances of my own age, and that I reckon to have been a great point gained. There were no schools of arts in these days, and few useful works were accessible to the young. What an extraordinary change is now effected in society! How thankful ought you to be for ri-

sing into maturity in an age in which every description of useful knowledge is brought within your reach!

It is possible, that, by attempting to follow these simple rules of conduct, you may encounter a little ridicule among thoughtless young persons, but do not allow a thing so insignificant to disturb your arrangements. Neither be discouraged because you see many boys better off, with finer clothes, finer friends, and more pocket money, than you are blessed with. We are told on the best authority that the "race is not to the swift, neither is the battle to the strong." There is a curious saw motion continually going forward in society, by which the poor are rising and the rich as regularly sinking. I have known many young men who were left fortunes by their fathers, who are now in a state of beggary, or worse; while I see as many about me in the respectable walks of life whose origin was as poor as your own, whatever that may have been; and that enviable station you will undoubtedly reach, by following the admonitions here and elsewhere given for your government.

**THE MURDER OF ROBERTSON.**—We have seen a letter written by Mr. Robertson, (the day before his death,) who was hung at the South for having abolition publications in his possession. He declares his entire innocence of the charge for which he is to suffer death, and states that so far from circulating incendiary publications at Lynchburg he never was at that place. He expressed his willingness to die, but concluded with declaring his innocence of the crime. This man was a teacher of mathematics, and a citizen of Great Britain. He had been travelling through the south for his health, but being a stranger in a strange land, and probably not sufficiently vociferous in his encomiums on the traffic in flesh and blood, he was suspected, seized and executed, without judge or jury. We cannot find words to express our regret at this transaction. He was a citizen of another country and when the news shall have crossed the Atlantic, what expressions of public opinion will be given by his fellow citizens at home time alone can determine. The South must stop this mode of proceeding. They must cease to hang men without a trial by jury.—How much soever the north may be opposed to the course pursued by the abolitionists, they will not consent to this summary mode of sending people out of the world without giving them an opportunity to show their innocence. We have conversed with many gentlemen on this subject since the receipt of the news of the death of Robertson, and they are unanimous in their expressions of regret and abhorrence at this outrageous transaction. "We will lend our aid to protect the rights of the South" say they, "but we will never consent to give up the right of trial by jury." Again we say, the south must immediately desist from the headstrong and unconstitutional course it is so determinedly pursuing.

Since the above was in type we have received the Richmond Whig, which states that Robertson was not hung, as it was expected he would be; and that after all he turned out to be an anti-abolitionist. We hope this last rumor may prove true as far as it relates to the hanging.—New York Paper.

AGENTS  
FOR THE BEE.

Charlottetown, P. E. I.—Mr. DENNIS REDDIE.  
Alamachi—Rev. JOHN McCURDY.  
St. John, N. B.—Messrs. RATCHFORD & LUCIEN.  
Halifax—Messrs. A. & W. MCKINLAY.  
Truro—Mr. CHARLES BLANCHARD.  
Antigonish—Mr. ROBERT FURVIE.  
Guysboro'—ROBERT HARTSHORNE, Esq.  
Tatmagouche—Mr. JAMES CAMPBELL.  
Wallace—DANIEL McFARLANE, Esq.  
Aricat—JOHN S. BALLANTINE, Esq.