

## POETRY.

From the London Keepsake, for 1837.

## SUMMER DEPARTED.

BY J. WALKER ORD.

Whither gone, sweet summer,  
In thy holy light?  
To some distant region,  
Beautiful and bright,  
Is the creature wandered in her young delight?

Perfume heavenward soareth,  
From the heath bell's breast:  
Every lonely valley,  
Where the wild flowers roset,  
Bears her hues of glory to the golden west!

Gentle lovers tremble,  
For deep rapture gone:  
Bower and woodland arbour,  
Tree, and "trysting stone,"  
Lose the spell of gladness, that in summer shone.

Winter, winter cometh,  
Snow-wreaths on her brow:  
The red leaves are falling,  
In the valley low,  
And something of deep joy is past for evermore.

## MISCELLANY.

From the Trenton Emporium.

## THE SILVER SIXPENCE.

BY STACY G. POTTS.

"Do you see here," said a ragged little boy to a group of gaily dressed urchins, as he came up from Market street wharf, in Philadelphia, "do you see here, I've got a silver sixpence."

"Why," said Jeremiah Budd, whose father was a wealthy shipmaster, "I have six dollars to spend on Christmas, and that fellow is proud of a sixpence."

Theodore heard, and looking thoughtfully upon the ground for a moment, then recollecting himself, "six dollars to spend" muttered he, "but six pence to keep is better than that."

Theodore kept his sixpence in his pocket carefully wrapped up, for several weeks; when one day his uncle, who kept a fruit shop at the corner of the alley where he lived, said to him, "Theodore, your sixpence don't grow in your pocket, you should plant it."

The little boy understood him better when he told him he might buy some fruit in the market with it, and stand in his shop and sell it out again. He embraced the offer, doubled his money the first day, and went on until he had as much fruit to sell as he had room for in his little corner.

His uncle observing the thrifty, and withal honest turn of the boy, finally took him into his store as an assistant, and allowed him to trade sundry specified articles on his own account. The closest attention to business, the most careful management of his small funds, and that run of good luck as it is called, which generally runs with those who are saving, industrious, and prudent, in the course of three or four years, enabled him to go into full partnership with his uncle, and to extend his business, and double his former amount.

Having trimmed his sails right at first, it became a second nature with Theodore to keep what sailors call close to the wind—and he made headway astonishing now. Soon after he was twenty-one he was able to buy out the whole stock of a dry goods merchant, and got into business on his own account entirely.—Still he prospered, became an importer, changed, finally, his business for a wholesale concern; embarked in the India trade; and at last married a fine girl, whose fortune was little inferior to his own; and it was said after

that occurrence that he was not worth less than half a million.

Theodore now lived in an elegant mansion in Arch street, kept his carriage, and had every thing in pretty style, and yet attended as usual to his business. That he might never lose sight of his good fortune, the silver sixpence was blended with the arms on his carriage; it formed the seal with which he stamped his letters, and he had one of the coins—he used to say the very identical one he first owned; fastened upon his desk in his counting room. Remembering thus constantly, that by small means he had risen, he still, among much well-bestowed charity, and in the constant practice of true benevolence, looked well to small things, and never forgot how to reckon pence as well as pounds.

Thus smoothly were Theodore's affairs going forward, when one sultry summer's day, just as he entered his counting room, a thin, squalid person presented himself at the counter, and asked for employment. He wore a threadbare suit of black, an old hat, and his shoes were almost ready to drop off his feet. "In what capacity," said Theodore, "do you wish for employment?"

"In any capacity," was the reply; "but, sir," continued the stranger, wiping a tear from his eye with his coat sleeve, "my father was a merchant, and he brought me up in his profession; I should therefore be glad of employment as a clerk."

Theodore looked at him closely. He thought he saw in him some lineament he remembered.

"What is your name?" he asked.

The stranger hesitated a moment, hung down his head, and replied in a low voice,—"Jeremiah Budd."

"Ah!" said Theodore, recollecting him instantly "and you have got clear of your six dollars long ago, I fancy Jeremiah."

"Yes," said Jeremiah, with a sigh; "but I have not forgotten the ragged little boy with his silver sixpence.—Had I been half as careful of my thousands as he was of his pence, I should not have been here friendless and penniless this day."

There was a half triumphant smile in Theodore's face, as he took the hand of his visitor, which seemed to spring from self-complacent feeling, which was excusable, because it rose partly from the consciousness of his ability to aid one whose imprudence had caused his misfortune, but who seemed now to confess his error. He took the applicant into his employ, and in process of time restored him to a business-doing, active, prudent, and valuable man.

The lesson taught in the story is too plain to need a word of addition. I will simply ask—where is the needy man, who has not spent more money foolishly in his life, than would be necessary to make him comfortable now?

**HORRIBLE ATROCITY.**—A mason living at Geler, Saxony, threw into a shaft of a mine, behind a vitrol factory, (a depth of 175 feet,) three daughters, respectively aged five, nine, and fifteen years. He assigns as his motive, that, before his marriage with their mother, he had seduced three young girls (sisters), each of whom came to an untimely end, and of whom he was continually reminded when looking at his daughters, and that to prevent the latter from meeting the same miserable fate, he had executed his horrid resolve of destroying them.

**BED ROOMS.**—There is no more pernicious and unhealthy practice, than the crowding of several persons into pent-up sleeping apartments; and in breathing over, during repose, an atmosphere which has become vitiated by a coal fire during the day.

**QUANTITY OF BLOOD IN ANIMALS.**—Each cavity of the human heart may contain from two to three ounces of blood. The heart contracts four thousand times in one hour; therefore there passes through the heart, every hour, eight thousand ounces, or seven hundred pounds of blood. The whole mass of blood in an adult man is about 25 or thirty pounds, so that a quantity of blood equal to the whole mass passes through the heart twenty eight times in an hour, which is about once every two minutes. What an affair must this be in very large animals! It has been said, and with truth, that the norta (principal artery) of a whale is larger in the bore than the main pipe of the water-works at London Bridge, and that the water roaring in the pipe is inferior in impetus and velocity to the blood gushing from a whale's heart. Dr Hunter in his account of the dissection of a whale, states that the norta measured a foot in diameter, and that ten or fifteen gallons of blood are thrown out of the heart at a stroke, with an immense velocity, through a tube of a foot diameter.

The wisdom of the Creator, says a distinguished anatomist is in nothing seen more gloriously than in the heart. And how well does it perform its office? An anatomist who understood its structure might say beforehand that it would play; but from the complexity of its mechanism, and the delicacy of many of its parts, he must be apprehensive that it would always be liable to derangement, and that it must soon work itself out. Yet does this wonderful machine go on, night and day, for eighty years together at the rate of a hundred thousand strokes every twenty four hours, having at every stroke a great resistance to overcome; and it continues its action for this length of time, without disorder and without weariness.

Never for a single moment night or day does it intermit its labor, neither through our waking or our sleeping hours. On it goes, without intermission, at the rate of a hundred thousand strokes every twenty-four hours, yet it never feels fatigued, it never seems exhausted. Rest would have been incompatible with its functions. While it slept the whole machinery must have stopped, and the animal must inevitably perish.—*Library of Useful Knowledge—Animal Physiology.*

If all the newspapers which are read were piled in a heap, they would make a mountain, then if all the newspapers which are paid for were placed in another heap beside the former and a man were to stand on the top of each heap, the one would be so far above the other that they could not converse without the aid of a speaking trumpet.

A cooper was once boasting how much knowledge he had acquired by study and reading. He was known to have a very bad memory, and after he had concluded his boasting, a brother Bung said, "But neighbor, although you seem to recollect all the knowledge which you have taken in at the bung-hole, you make no calculation for the leakage."

Why is a man being buried in a shower of rain, like a sailor in a storm?

## AGENTS

FOR THE BEE.

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

Niramichi—Rev. JOHN McCURDY.

St. John, N. B.—Mr. A. R. TRURO.

Halifax—Messrs. A. &amp; W. MCKINLAY.

Truro—Mr. CHARLES BLANCHARD.

Antigonish—Mr. ROBERT PURVIS.

Guysboro'—ROBERT HARTSHORNE, Esq.

Tatmagouche—Mr. JAMES CAMPBELL.

Wallace—DANIEL MCFARLANE, Esq.

Anchet—JOHN S. BALLANCE, Esq.