

POETRY.

From "Flowers of Ebor."

THE SLEEPING INFANT.

How calm thy sleep, my little one!
Gift of a hand divine!

Caro has no wreath to place upon
That lily brow of thine:

Yet on thy cheek are tears of grief,
Like pearl drops on a flower;
Faint emblems of thy sorrows brief,
At evening's lonely hour.

Yet thou wilt make a boundless gloe
When dewy morn appears,
Nor e'er remembered more will be
Thy bitter evening tears.

But what are the o' thy hopes which share?—
Thy scable hand is which fill?—
Thou'rt grasping with a miser's care
The little playthings still!

Come yield to me each useless toy,
Till Morn's young beams shall peep,—
Nay, struggle not!—can'st thou enjoy
These trifles in thy sleep?

'Tis thus with man, whom old age brings
To life's declining vale,
He weeps at Time's stern call, and clings
To trifles just as frail!

COLUMN FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

EXCHANGES.

But why should not each man make what he wants for himself, without going to his neighbour's to buy it?

Go into the shoemaker's shop, and ask him why he does not make tables and chairs for himself, and hats, and coats, and every thing he wants. He will tell you, that he must have a complete set of joiner tools to make one chair properly; the same tools as would serve to make hundreds of chairs. And if he were also to make the tools himself, and the nails, he would want a smith's forge, and anvil, and hammer. And after all, it would cost him great labour to make very clumsy tools and chairs; because he has not been used to that kind of work. It would be less trouble to him to make shoes that would sell for as much as would buy a dozen chairs, than to make one chair himself. To the joiner, again, it would be as great a loss to attempt making shoes for himself. And so it is with the tailor, the hatter and all other trades. It is best for all, that each should work in his own way, and supply his neighbours, while they supply him.

But there are some rude nations who have very little of this kind of exchange. Each man among them builds himself a cabin, and makes clothes for himself, and a canoe to go a-fishing in, and fishing-rod and hooks and lines, and also darts and bows and arrows, for hunting; besides tilling a little bit of land. Such people are all of them much worse off than the poor among us. Their clothing is nothing but coarse mats, or raw hides; their cabins are no better than pigsties; their canoes are only hollow trees, or baskets made of bark; and all their tools are clumsy. Where every man does every thing for himself, every thing is badly done; and a few hundreds of these savages will be half starved in a country, that would maintain as many thousands of us, in much greater comfort.

COMMERCE.

There is much useful exchange between different nations, which we call Commerce. All Countries will not produce the same things;

but, by means of Exchanges, each Country may enjoy all the produce of the others. Cotton would not grow here except in a hot-house. It grows in the fields in America, but the Americans cannot spin and weave it so cheaply as we can; because we have more skill, and better machines. It answers best, therefore, for them to send us the cotton-wool, while they take in exchange, part of the cotton made into cloth; and thus both we and they are best supplied.

Tea, again, comes from China, and sugar from West Indies; neither of them could be raised here without a hot-house. No more can oranges, which come from Portugal, and other southern countries. But we get all these things in exchange for knives, and scissors, and cloth; which we can make much better and cheaper than the Chinese, and West Indians, and Portuguese. And thus both parties are better off than if they made every thing at home.

How useful water is for commerce! The sea seems to keep different Countries separate; but, for the purpose of commerce, it rather brings them together. If there were only land between this and America, we should have no cotton; for the carriage of it by land, would cost more than it is worth. Think how many horses would be wanted to draw such a load as comes in one ship; and they must eat, and rest, on the journey. But the winds are the horses which carry the ship along; and they cost us nothing but to spread a sail.

Then, too, the ship moves easily, because it floats on the water, instead of dragging on the ground like a wagon. For this reason, we have made canals in many places, for the sake of bringing goods by water. One or two horses can easily draw a barge along a canal, with a load which twice as many could not move, if it were on the ground.

What a folly it is, as well as a sin, for different nations to be jealous of each other, and to go to war, instead of trading together peaceably; by which both parties would be the richer and the better off. But the best gifts of God are given in vain to those who are perverse.

MISCELLANY.

THE DIFFICULTIES OF AN EDITOR.—An editor cannot step without treading on somebody's toes. If he expresses his opinion fearlessly and frankly, he is ignorant and presumptuous. If he states facts without comments, he dares not express his sentiments. If he justly refuse to advocate the claims of an individual to office, he is accused of personal hostility. A jack-anapes who measures off words into verse as a clerk does tape by the yard, hands him a parcel of stuff that jingles like a handful of rusty nails and a gimlet; and if an editor be not fool enough to print the nonsense—"Stop my paper; I won't patronize a man that's no better judge of poetry." One murmurs because his paper is too literary, another because it is not literary enough. One grumbles because the advertisements engross too much room, another complains that the paper is too large, he can't find time to read it all. One wants the types so small that a microscope would be indispensable in every family, another threatens to discontinue the paper unless the letters are half an inch long. One old lady actually offered to give an additional price for a newspaper that should be printed with such types as are used for handbills. In fact every subscriber has his plan for conducting a journal, and the labour of Sisyphus was recreation when compared with that of an editor who undertakes to please all.—*Scotch paper.*

From the Boston Pearl.

AMERICAN FAST EATING.—We will suppose a stranger seating himself at the table of an American hotel, as is the custom of the country. Well, we will not suppose him one of your extremely particular or affected class, that cannot possibly eat without they have a room to themselves, but a free, hearty, cosmopolitan sort of a man, who has his preferences, but can keep the munder, and dine either alone or among a multitude, as the whim takes him, or as circumstances may require: at the same time, mark you, a judicious man—a man that likes his dinner.—The stranger glances his eyes along the well-filled board, and experiences a glow of internal satisfaction at the result of his inquisition, for in no country under heaven is there greater abundance of substantial and delicacies—a more profuse mingling of substances for the gross appeasement of the appetite, and the playful and luxurious amusement of the palate, than on an American table. Well, he is helped to half a pigeon. He hears a strange commotion going on around—a rattling of the knives and forks—a clanging of plates—entreaties to be helped in an impatient or beseeching tone, and brief or querulous responses; but he looks not around; it is no business of his; he has no 'divided duty' to perform; his entire faculties,—as is most proper,—are devoted to the due and proper appreciation of what he has before him. In due time he comes to a conclusion, and thoughtfully revolves within his own mind what is most worthy to succeed pigeon. In order to aid his decision he glances his eye along the board, when, horrors! what a scene of devastation meets his gaze! The lute fair and goodly prospect has totally disappeared, and in its place fragmentary pheasants, skeleton turkeys, crushed and mangled ducks, and all the unseemly remains and marks of a horrid and ferocious onslaught upon the provisions, present themselves in every direction. Can this be possible? He can scarcely credit his optics, or believe that it has been brought about by natural agencies. It looks more like one of the sudden malicious changes recorded in an eastern tale. What can be the meaning of this? Can there have been some wager of importance pending, of which he was ignorant: can one side of the table have been eating against the other, or has it been a match against time? These, and a hundred other surmises float through his perturbed brain, the while a general rush from the table is taking place. He beckons the waiter and enquires if the house is on fire? or if any thing strange or wonderful is to be seen in the city that the company are crowding away in such extraordinary hurry and agitation? The waiter grins and continues to clear away the dishes. There is no alternative left for the unhappy man, and he rises from his recently commenced meal and departs, inwardly resolving,—if possible,—to dine alone on the morrow.

Scattered around the house, or lounging at the door, lie, sit or stand one half of the late congregation, the most of them dying of ennui, after having thus barbarously curtailed one of the most agreeable duties of the four and twenty hours.

AGENTS 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 HARTSHORNE, Esq.
Tatmagouche—Mr. WILLIAM MCCONNELL.
Wallace—DANIEL MCFARLANE, Esq.
Arischat—JOHN S. BALLAINE, Esq.