

POETRY.

PROCRASTINATION.

"Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season, I will call for thee."

ALONE he sat, and wept. That very night
The ambassador of God, with earnest zeal
Of eloquence had warned him to repent,
And, like the Roman at Drusilla's side,
Hearing the truth, he trembled. Conscience wrought,
Yet sin allured. The struggle shook him sore.
The dim lamp waned—the hour of midnight tolled;
Prayer sought for entrance, but the heart had closed
Its diamond valve. He threw him on his couch,
And bade the Spirit of his God depart.

—But there was war within him, and he sighed—
"Depart not utterly, thou Blessed One!
Return when youth is past, and make my soul
I'er ever thine." With kindling brow he trod
The heights of pleasure, while the Viol's voice,
And Beauty's smile his joyous pulses woke.
To love he knelt, and on his brow she hung
Her freshest myrtle wreath.—For gold he sought,
And winged Wealth indulged him, till the world
Pronounced him happy. Manhood's vigorous prime
Swelled to its climax, and his busy days
And restless nights swept like a tide away.
Still striking earthward, like the Indian tree,
Shut out with woven shades the eye of Heaven,
When, lo! a message from the Crucified—
"Look unto me, and live." Pensive, he spake
Of weariness, and haste, and want of time,
And duty to his children, and besought
A longer space to do the work of heaven.
—God spake again, when age had shed its snows
On his wan temples, and the palsied hand
Shrank from gold gathering. But the rigid chain
Of Habit bound him, and he still implored.
A more convenient season:—

"See, my step
Is firm and free—my unquench'd eye delights
to view this pleasant world, and life with me
May last for many years. In the calm hour
Of lingering sickness, I can better fit
For vast eternity."

Disease approached,
And reason fled. The maniac strove with Death,
And grappled like a fiend, with shrieks and cries,
Till darkness smote his eye-balls, and thick ice
Closed in around his heart-strings. The poor clay
Lay vanquished and distorted. But the soul—
The soul, whose promised season never came
To hearken to its Maker's call, had gone
To weigh His sustenance with its own abuse,
And bid the audit.

INSECTS

PRODUCED BY CHEMICAL AGENTS.

If there is no deception in the experiment described below, it may be safely asserted that the discovery it announces is the most important which the annals of science present. *Living insects created by the agency of galvanism out of flint and potash*. This is a new and stupendous fact to which human knowledge offers nothing analogous, surpassing even the wildest dreams of philosophers. If science has really discovered the art of breathing life into inorganic matter, it will not of course, stop at insects; and who can say where it may end! But we will not trust ourselves to speculate on a matter so calculated to confound all our previous notions, till it is placed beyond a doubt.—[Scotsman.]

MR CROSSE'S EXPERIMENTS.

Mr Crosse has sent to Mr Stuchbury, of the Bristol Institution, an account of his late experiments, which produced the extraordinary results of apparently manufacturing insects. Mr S. has transmitted the letter to the Bristol Journal, from which we make the following extract:—"The following is an accurate ac-

count of the experiments in which insects made their appearance. Experiment the first—I took a dilute solution of silicate of potash, saturated with muriatic acid, and poured it into a quart basin resting on a piece of mahogany and wedgewood funnel, in such a manner that a piece of flannel, wetted with the same, and acting as a syphon, conveyed the fluid, drop by drop, through the funnel upon a piece of somewhat porous Vesuvian red oxide of iron, which was thus kept constantly wetted by the solution, and across the surface of which (by means of two platinum wires connected with the opposite poles of a voltaic battery, consisting of nineteen pair of five inch plates, in cells filled with water and 1-500 muriatic acid) a constant electric current was passed. This was for the purpose of procuring crystals of silic. At the end of fourteen days I observed two or three very minute specks on the stone, white and somewhat elevated.—On the 18th day, fine filaments projected from each of these specks or nipples, and the whole figure was increased in size. On the 22d day each of these figures assumed the form of a perfect insect, standing upright on four or five bristles which formed its tail. On the 28th day, each insect moved its legs, and in a day or two afterwards, detached itself from the stone and moved at will. It so happened that the apparatus was placed fronting the south, but the window opposite was covered with a blind, as I found these little animals much disturbed when a ray of light fell on them; and, out of about fifty which made their appearance at once, at least forty-five took up their habitation on the north side of the stone. I ought to have added, that when all the fluid, or nearly so was drawn out of the basin, it was caught in a glass bottle placed under a glass funnel which supported the stone, and was then returned into the basin without moving the stone. The whole was placed on a light frame made for the purpose. These insects have been seen by many of my friends, and appear when magnified, very much like cheese mites, but from twice to eight times the size, some with 6 legs, others with 8. They are covered with long bristles, and those at the tail, when highly magnified, are spinous. After they had been born some time they became amphibious, and I have seen them crawl about on a dry surface. Experiment the second—I took a saturated solution of silicate of potash and filled a small glass jar with it, into which I plunged a stout iron wire, connected with the positive pole of a battery of twenty pairs of cylinders, filled with water alone, and immersed in the same a small coil of silver wire connected with the negative pole of the same battery. After some weeks' action, gelatinous silic surrounded the iron wire, and after a long period the same substance filled up the coil of silver wire at the other pole, but in much less quantity. In the course of time one of these insects appeared in the silic at the negative pole, and there are at the present time not less than three well formed precisely similar insects at the negative, and twelve at the positive pole, in all fifteen. Each of them is deeply embedded in the gelatinous silic, the bristles of its tail alone projecting, and the average of them are from a half to three-quarters of an inch below the surface of the fluid. In this last experiment we had neither acid, nor wood, nor flannel, nor iron ore. I will not say whether they would have been called to life without the electric agency or not. I offer no opinion, but have merely stated certain facts."

GLASS CLOTH.

A new discovery has lately been made in Venice, by a manufacturer, by which he is enabled to weave threads of glass into the most delicate and exquisitely beautiful fabrics. The colours of these are of almost every variety of shade, and the structure is so flexible that it may be tied in a knot, or folded up like silk.—One great advantage in the use of these fabrics, besides their extreme beauty, is that they resist the action of fire. The mode of weaving differs entirely from any attempts hitherto made to manufacture this delicate substance.

MISCELLANY.

HOW TO CATCH, AND HOW TO CURE A COLD.—At this time of the year, says a Correspondent, colds are easily caught and difficult to cure. The following will be found effectual: After a quick walk in the evening, sit in the draught to cool; the consequence will be a severe cold, attended perhaps with cough; the next day hoarseness, short breath, and much expectoration. In the evening, at seven, go to a well-frequented tavern, and drink three or four glasses of strong punch, or stiff rum and water; stay till eleven or twelve o'clock, walk home cosy, and go to bed. You need not get up the next day, but send for the apothecary; the following day you must send for the physician, and the third day your friends will send for the undertaker. You will never feel the effects of an autumnal cold again.

NEWSPAPERS.—Small is the sum required to patronise a Newspaper, and amply remunerated is the patron, I care not how humble and unpretending the paper he takes;—it is next to impossible to fill a sheet with printed matter fifty-two times a year without putting in something that is worth the subscription price.

Every parent whose son is off from home at school, should keep him supplied with a newspaper. I well remember what a marked difference there was between those of my school-mates who had and those who had not access to Newspapers. Other things being equal, the first were decidedly superior to the last, in debate and composition at least. The reason is plain: they had command of more facts. A Newspaper is a history of current events, as well as a copious and interesting miscellany, and which youth will read with delight when they will read nothing else."

A MIS-DEAL.—The Rev. Mr Thom, of Govan, had just risen in the pulpit to lead the Congregation in prayer, when a gentleman in front of the gallery took out his handkerchief to wipe the dust from his brow, forgetting that a pack of cards were wrapped up in it; the whole pack was spread over the breast of the gallery Mr T could not resist a sarcasm, solemn as the act was in which he was about to engage. "Oh, man, man! surely your Psalm book has been ill bun (bound!)"—*Edinburgh Observer*.

THE TRANSPORTED INDIANS.—From all accounts the sufferings, hardships and privations of those poor creatures are most intense. Necessitated to leave their own warm clime in a pleasant season without preparations, for a more northern region, the intense cold has been most trying to them—but the greatest of all evils is, that their march being intrusted to the tender mercies of contractors, who are of course, deeply interested in getting them thro' as fast as possible, sufficient time for needful rest is not allowed them—but worn out and exhausted by the manner in which they are driven along, many have died, and all suffered most miserably. The system of contracts where life is thus concerned, is infamous—it is offering a premium for murder—an altar for sacrifice—a fee for death.—*New York Paper*.

Avoid an angry man for a while, a malicious one forever.

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. JAMES CAMPBELL.
Wallace—DANIEL MCFARLANE, Esq.
Arichat—JOHN S. BALLAINE, Esq.