

POETRY.

THE LONELY TREE.

THOU lonely tree that on the mountain standing,
Frownest in grandeur on the vale below,
In stern magnificence our awe commanding,
No soothing fellowship is thine to know;
Each wild-flower that this tranquil vale embosoms,
Seems in its social ties more blessed than thou,
We walk among them and we cull their blossoms,
But shun thy dizzy height—thou lonely tree.

In life I often thus sad homage render
To some fine mind, removed from grovelling ken,
Standing aloft in solitary splendour.
Beyond the reach or touch of common men,
The world inclines to those who crave protection,
Loving the suppliant voice and bended knee,
But O! if Genius ever seek affection,
It shares a fate like thine—thou lonely tree.

Stay, from a cloud a sunbeam brightly darting,
Even when I speak, invests thy boughs with light,
No radiance to the lowly vale imparting,
But resting long on the majestic height;
O! to thy dwelling place a charm is given,
Though unaccompanied by thy kind it be,
Thou hast a brilliant messenger from heaven
To cheer thy solitude—Thou lonely tree.

When I lament the gloomy elevation
That talent holds, this scene may I recall
And think that beams of holy inspiration
Perchance oft visit one unwooed by all,
Cold feeble minds may lesser boons inherit,
But Heaven's peculiar communications shall be
Reserved to gladden the ethereal spirit
That upward towers like thee, O lonely tree!

MISCELLANY.

MARLBOROUGH-STREET POLICE.—A half-starved lad, in the dress of a chimney-sweeper, was brought before Mr Chambers, charged with having been found sleeping about in the streets. The boy for some time had been seen by the police, wandering about the streets by day and lying in doorways by night, and out of humanity he was taken to the station-house, in hopes of mending his condition by getting him sent to the workhouse or prison.

Mr Chambers—well my poor lad what can I do for you?

Boy—Nobody can't do nuffin. I aint got friends, nor no-body wot cares a cus for me.

Mr Chambers—why don't you try to get work?

Boy—Cause it isn't of no use. I couldn't yaru a farden if I worked till I busted, because I'm grown out on it.

Mr Chambers—What do you mean?

Boy—Y'y I'm too big for chimbly climbing, and I aint big enough for journeywork, so ven I offers my services to a caster sweep he tells me I'm not worth a bunch of cats meat in the line.

Mr Chambers—I suspect there is something more against you than your size. You've lost your character, and that's the reason why the trade wont employ you. Come now, havn't you been detected in plundering the contractor, by stealing ashes out of dustholes?

Boy—Ve never considers a gemman has been guilty of "stealing" the stuff out of dustholes until he has been reglar convicted, vich nobody can't prove us I never vos. I vont go for to say as I harn't done a summut in the dusting line, vich ve only calls "slanging," but it vas a werry little.

Mr Chambers.—I thought so. You can't get work becuse you've acted dishonestly.—I do not know what to do for you, but certainly I cannot leave you to perish in the streets.

Boy—Chimbly vork werry different now to vot it vas at van time. Afore I vos bound there vorn't a better business in the whole world. A'prentice in five years could save enough to buy his kit, such as a scrapper brush, and snoot-bug, and so he could begin business for himself, or maybe if he was werry lucky he'd save tin enough to buy a donkey and cart to go in the garden-stuff profession, and make his fortin at vonce, but now if ve sweeps frow top to bottom of a house nobody don't give no browns and werry seldom a drink of svipes.

Mr Chambers asked the boy if he would like to go into the Refuge for the Destitute at Huxton, and on receiving a reply in the affirmative immediately wrote a letter to the governor of the establishment and dispatched a policeman, accompanied by the boy, with the recommendation.

SOMETHING NEW UNDER THE SUN.—Wade Hampton, Esq. has recently paid to the proprietor of the New-York Spirit of the Times 100 years Subscription, in advance, amounting to \$500!! This genteel thing was done to save the publisher the trouble of sending for his dues, and the gentleman-payer the trouble of filing his receipts. If there are any more yet of them who would like to get rid of the trouble of filing their receipts, there can be little doubt that they can find a number of publishers who would be happy to write, 'received payment 100 years in advance.'

STEAM EXPLOSIONS.—At the last meeting of the Academy of Sciences in Paris, Baron Segner read a memoir describing an invention of M. Tromot, for preventing the bursting of steam boilers. It consists in the adoption of a tube, terminated by a fusible stopper, and placed in the part of the furnace where the heat is most intense. The tube, which is a species of proof boiler, is to communicate with the body of the principal boiler by pipes, one of which is to be fixed in the part occupied by the steam, whilst another is fixed an inch or two below the point where the level of the water is to be maintained. This process was recommended by Baron Segner as the only effectual mode of effecting the object in question.

POPULAR IGNORANCE IN FRANCE.—The cabin boy of a French vessel having fallen into the water at Ostend, was almost immediately drawn out; and there is every reason to believe that he was still alive, and would immediately have recovered. At this moment, however, one of those meddling blockheads who are so fond of pretending to know everything, told the sailors that it was not permitted to take a drowned man out of the water except in presence of the police. The sailors were silly enough to pay attention to this absurdity, and actually left the boy in the water, suspended by a cord, till the police could be sent for. Attempts were afterwards made to recover him by the usual means, but in vain.—*National*

LONDON.—With all the boasted advantages of the climate on the Mediterranean shores, and sett'ed salubrious seasons of France, the glowing atmosphere, and serene blue sky of Italy, we find England, and even its gigantic, crowded, and almost boundless metropolis, enjoying a greater share of health, and consequently possessing a higher value of life, than the inhabitants of almost any foreign city or state in Europe, or perhaps in the world. It stands with respect to Paris in the scale of health, as forty to thirty-five; to Naples, as forty to twenty-eight and a quarter; to Rome as forty to twenty-four; and to Vienna as forty to twenty-two and a half; or, in other words, nearly five per cent of the whole population die annually.—*London As It Is.*

REMOVAL.—I have such a horror of moving that I would not take a benefice from the King, if I were not indulged with non-residence. What a dislocation of comfort is comprised in that word—moving! Such a heap of nasty little things after you think all is got into the cart; old dredging-boxes, worn out brushes, gallipots, vials, things that it is almost impossible the most necessitous person can ever want, but which the women, who preside on these occasions, will not leave behind if it were to save your life; they'd keep the cart ten minutes to stow in dirty pipes and broken matches, to show their economy. Then you can find nothing you want for many days after you get into your lodgings. You must comb your hair with your fingers wash your hands without soap, go about in dirty garters. Were I Diogenes, I would not move out of a kilderkin into a hoghead, though the first had nothing but small beer in it, and the second reeked claret.—*Lamb.*

ROUING FOR MINISTERS' STIPEND.—On Thursday the 24th ultimo, the village of Langham, in Rutlandshire, was the scene of a violent tumult, proceeding from the attempt of the Vicar to enforce payment of tithes by distraint. The property seized for sale consisted of hay. For the two lots first offered by the auctioneer not any bidding could be obtained, although a crowd of several hundred persons had assembled; for the third lot a bidding was made by Mr John Stimson, a butcher of Oakham; and instantly a scene commenced which beggars description, and can be likened to nothing but a row at an Irish wake. The bidding was scarcely out of the hatcher's mouth, when a horrible babel of exclamations was vented; and the unfortunate knight of the cleaver was hustled, at first by a number of women, and then by a host of men, who bent his hat over his eyes, and literally tore his clothes from his back, trampling upon their victim and beating him most severely; and it was only through the energetic interference of Mr Baker of Cottesmore, who happened to be at Langham, that the poor fellow escaped with his life. Any further attempt to proceed with the auction would have been in the highest degree inexpedient.—*Bradford Observer.* [The above paragraph affords no great encouragement to proceed to extremities with the 1961 distress warrants recently obtained for Ministers' Stipends in Edinburgh.—*Ed. Scotsman.*]

SECRECY CARRIED TOO FAR.—The Count de V—— Prime Minister to the King of Sardinia, affected mystery so much in all his transactions, both public and private, that, happening to hurt both his legs very severely, he employed a surgeon for each limb, while each was kept ignorant that the other was employed. The treatment, therefore, adopted by the medical men, and the nature of the drugs they administered, being quite inconsistent and contradictory, the consequence proved fatal to the Minister.

Work of necessity.—To unbutton a young man's vest, that he may pick up his cane.

Work of mercy.—To unlace a lady's stays, that she may be enabled to sneeze.

AGENTS

FOR THE BEE.

Charlottetown, P. E. I.—Mr DENNIS REDDIE
Miramichi—Mr H C D CARMAN.
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.