

POETRY.

TO AN OLD PLEASURE BOAT,
CONVERTED INTO A SEAT IN SHIRLEY PARK.

BY THOMAS H. BAYLEY.

Old boat! I wish a lot were mine.
In youth and age resembling thine!

When young and strong, like thee to go
O'er a calm and sunny tide;
For innocent enjoyment framed.
Pleasure named with me when I'm named!

In age, when too infirm to move
Amid the scenes I used to love,
A cheerful aspect still I'd wear,
Sought by the youthful and the fair;
And offering to every guest,
A shelter and a place of rest.

MISCELLANY.

From the Metropolitan.

MARTIN WERNER.

A SKETCH.

The shades of evening were beginning to creep darkly over the surrounding objects, ere Martin Werner laid down his brush and palette. His easel was placed so as to catch every ray of light from the solitary window that illuminated the room in which he sat. He had been working all the day to finish his picture, and it was with a heavy sigh he now desisted. But the sigh was not despair, for his nature was sanguine, and there was a buoyancy in his soul that had never yet deserted him. This might have resulted from the consciousness of a genius that must, either at a present or future time, find its reward in the applause of thousands; or it might be only the light-heartedness of youth and health. But certainly, to look at himself and his abode, most persons would have said that Martin Werner had great cause for melancholy. The apartment was large and cold, but he consoled himself by saying that he could not complain of having no room to work in; and though the window would not open to admit air as well as the yellowish light by which the painter worked, yet draughts poured in from every direction, which he said kept up a constant circulation of fresh air. No fire cast a cheerful glow over the desolate region, and the corner opposite to the empty grate was occupied by a lowly bed, beside which stood a large chest, containing the painter's wardrobe. Martin Werner had laid aside his colours, and was carefully searching for something that lay at the bottom of his chest. At length, he dragged forth the object and proceeded to the window to examine its contents. It was a leathern purse, and from it he drew—carefully wrapped in paper to preserve its lustre—a shining coin. In a happier hour he had been attracted by its brightness and he determined never to part with it. But now the hand of stern necessity was held forth; he had tasted no food all day. He gazed upon it, and, for a moment a tear dimmed his eye; for it recalled distinctly his mother, in her distant home; his brothers, tossing on fickle and deceitful waves; and his sisters, even now perhaps, thinking how their brother's pictures would be admired and gazed at in the great city. The whole course of his life passed as in a dream before him. Again he was in the cottage home which had sheltered his infancy; again he heard the shouts of happy urchins who had been his playmates; again he wandered from them, and stood alone with nature—the blue vault above, and the lovely earth beneath; he heard the gurgling of the thousand streamlets—the roar of the distant ocean—the song of the wild birds—and high overhead the lark, to him the sweetest song-

ster of them all, sending forth its notes, distinct and clear, while the straining eye could scarce perceive the motion of its fluttering wings. All the haunts of his boyhood passed, like the scenes of a magic lantern, before him; and with them the train of happy associations that were connected with each individual spot.

'I cannot part with it,' he said, unconsciously aloud; 'surely, such a dream of happiness is worth starving for. Besides, my picture will be finished to-morrow, and I can wait till then.'

With this heroic resolution he replaced his treasure; and folding his arms, he stood at the window whistling one of the plaintive little airs of his country. Group on group of chimneys, of all shapes and sizes formed the most prominent feature in the landscape before him; and houses, with flat roofs, a strange heterogeneous mass of buildings, through which the eye in vain wandered for some pleasing object on which to rest. Amongst them, however, our artist's imagination went to work. Lofty domes and stately palaces arose at the waving of the magic wind of his fancy—forms of beauty and loveliness, wandering amid gardens of luxury and delight, while angel messengers bore peace & happiness to their solitude. From these visions of bliss he turned to the destruction of worlds and empires, and the awful depths of the infernal regions—the gigantic billows overhanging the shuddering group of devoted wretches collected on rocks during the great deluge, or the conflagration of majestic cities doomed by the will of heaven to destruction.

Again his dreams were painfully interrupted by the pangs of hunger; he thought that sleep might lull him into insensibility to them, and stretched himself on his bed. But sleep came not; and after tossing about for some time he started up and sought, through several streets the shop of a baker. One he at last espied, and hastily entered. The shopkeeper cast a suspicious eye upon his customer; for his clothes were not so new as they had been, and were besides, covered with divers spots and patches of paint, which did not by any means, add to the gentility of his appearance. Our artist demanded a loaf, in payment whereof he laid down his last bright coin. The baker took it, scrutinized it, turned it over and over, then dashed it violently against the board, and declared it to be a counterfeit.

'A counterfeit,' exclaimed the painter dismally. But fearing that his tone and look might betray his circumstances, he added carelessly at the same time laying down the covered loaf, 'well it is of no consequence; I don't happen to have another with me now; good night, sir.'

Affecting an independent swagger, he left the shop, and hastened down the street; but, had he looked back, he would have seen the face of the baker peering after him, as he muttered to himself, 'You don't happen to have any more with you now, sir, Aye, aye, you're a pretty scamp, I warrant you; and I shall look twice at your money if ever you come to my shop again.'

Martin Werner hastened home. Till that hour he had not known absolute want, and even his buoyant spirits threatened to desert him at the approach of grim penury. Once more he ransacked his chest, for in one corner he remembered to have seen a crust. He found it; it was mouldy, and covered with dust; but he shook that off, and ate it with a keen relish; then got into bed, and slept more soundly than he who had supped upon all the delicacies that wealth could procure.

The morning sun was shining brightly upon him through the window, when he awoke. He leaped from his bed exclaiming, as he hastily dressed himself, 'The crisis of my

adversity is past! I have climbed its steep hill, and shall now descend to the fair, sunny vale, on the other side. The sun shines gayly on my morning's work; I will take it for an omen—a prognostic of brighter days to come!'

Under those favourable auspices he finished his picture. It was sold, not for its full value as a work of art, but for more than the young and unknown artist had ventured to hope. Success did follow. Each succeeding production of his genius brought fresh fame and profit to the painter; and in after years when he had become the favored of kings and princes, when his pictures were admired by nations, and purchased by governments, he thought, with mingled feelings of pleasure and pain, of the mouldy crust which he had so contentedly eaten in his lonely and desolate garret.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.—A new machine for taking casts has been lately invented by a gentleman in Paris, and is called the Physiognotype. It is a very simple nature, and takes the exact imprint of the countenance, without any disagreeable sensation, by an application of less than two seconds. This instrument is a metallic oval plate, pierced with a large quantity of small holes, very close together, and through each of which a metallic wire passes with extreme facility. These needles have the appearance of a brush. The whole is surrounded with a double case of tin, which contains warm water, in order to keep the instrument of a proper temperature with the blood. If any figure be applied against this brush of needles, it yields to the slightest pressure, and leaves an exact mould. The needles are then fixed by a very simple process, and from this metallic mould the cast is taken.

CURIOUS ASSORTMENT.—At the sale of victualling stores, announced to take place at Gosport on the 17th instant, the lots are described to consist of old provisions, biscuit bags, and religious books.

ABSENCE OF MIND.—A gentleman on the steamboat wharf the other day hid his hand into a by-stander's coat pocket. When detected in the act, he apologized by saying that he thought it was his own!

STEAM BALLOON.—An ingenious artist in France has invented a steam balloon, supposed capable of being navigated in any direction with incredible swiftness.

A merchant well known on the Royal Exchange, London, who lately died suddenly, left in his desk a letter written to one of his correspondents which he had not sealed. The sagacious clerk seeing it necessary to send the letter, wrote at the bottom—"Since writing the above I have died!"

According to Nature's laws, CAUSES always produce EFFECTS, but in human law, a single CAUSE may deprive us of all our EFFECTS.

SWEETS OF LIBERTY.—An Irishman escaped from a prison by jumping out of a window. He came down upon the head of a molasses hogshead which broke and let him in up to the middle. 'Faith,' said he, as he scrambled out, 'I have often heard of the sweets of liberty, but never new what it meant before.'

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