

POETRY.

From the *London Standard* and *Chronicle*.

THE DRUNKARD TO HIS FAMILY.

Weep on, poor wife! there was a day
When, had I seen thee thus distressed,
I could have kissed thy tears away,
And lushed thy sorrows on my breast.

Weep on—it grieves me nothing now,
To hear thee sob thy night away;
And see thee rise with haggard brow,
To toil and suffer through the day.

I do not heed thy bitter sighs!
My soul is so obdurate grown;
I now can meet thy sad meek eyes,
And dash their pleading with a frown.

I know thy heart is breaking fast,
I see thee fading every hour,
And well I know that misery's blast
Has never crushed a lovelier flower.

Ah! suffer on! it grieves me not,
To think upon thy joyous youth,
When love's pure blessing crown'd our lot,
And hope's sweet lay seem'd wholly truth.

It grieves me not to know that I
Have crushed the love that bloom'd for me,
And sunk thy hopes, so fair and high,
In abject want and misery.

Cry on! poor little hungry things;
It gives your father's heart no pain
To see you round your mother cling,
And shriek, and plead for food in vain.

I know your cries pierce through her soul,
For hunger gnaws her life-strings too,
For yester' night she gave the whole
Of her remaining food to you.

I might procure you bread, I know—
Might see those wet eyes bright with bliss;
And make this scene of want and woe,
A paradise of happiness.

Yes! I might yet be loved again,
Might meet affection's smile once more,
And these poor, trembling children, then
Would meet me laughing at the door.

And peace might dwell within this breast,
Now by the vengeful furies torn;
And I could sweetly sink to rest,
And rise with health and joy at morn;

I might!—but no—it cannot be—
The spell is on my abject soul;
I have no power to break its sway,
No wish to burst its vile control.

Away! away—this burning thirst,
I barter all to gratify.

I go, a wretch, abhor'd! accurs'd!
Fiend-like! and vile! *To drink and die.*

MISCELLANY.

WAR, AS IT IS.

How little do young men know of war and all its miseries! I do not wish to disgust young fellows with the military profession, as, with all its drawbacks, I prefer it to any other; but how apt a young man is to be led away when he sees an officer at home without his arm to say to himself, "How I should wish to look like that officer." He forgets the starvation endured before going into action, the cold and bitter nights spent in drenched clothes, in wet fields in bivouac; the momentary forgetfulness of all misery in action, until the shoulder-bone,

by a shot is splintered into bits; then the little sympathy felt, every one being for himself; then the excruciating pain endured by the shaking of the bullock-wagon, or the want of care in carrying him away, the little bones coming through the skin, making him shriek with agony; then the time he is to lie on the cold floor of a church, until the surgeon comes to dress him in turn; then the pain of amputation, and when that is over, the necessity of shutting his ears to the screams of the dying, and his eyes to the corpses of those carried past him, who, a few minutes before, had suffered an operation similar to his own. This appears to him very shocking, but this is nothing compared to the disgust which he experiences in the dressings, washings, splinterings, bandagings, and cuttings out, which are the daily, nay hourly detail of military surgery. Of the foul air caused by so many confined in the same spot, and suffering the same inconvenience, some idea may be formed, but no description given. Worst of all too, the patient is obliged to witness the deaths of many around him, who, almost before the breath is out of their bodies, are robbed, and have their effects distributed among the attendants, most of whom volunteer this service, to have an opportunity of plundering the dead and dying. Often when a patient is thirsty, these attendants are either too hardened or too drunk to be able to give him drink, and very possibly offer him the nearest liquid to them, probably something which was intended for a wash. Or, while the expiring man is saying his prayers, a wretch is holding up his head with one hand, while he is stealing the dollars of the dying man with the other. This was the daily scene for many days in the hospitals at Oporto, after the 29th, until they were to a certain degree emptied by death.—*Staw's Memoirs in Spain and Portugal.*

IMPROVEMENTS IN STEAM NAVIGATION.—The following is furnished by a Correspondent who was on board the *Sirius* on the occasion referred to:

The *Sirius* steam-packet, Roger Langlands, Royal Navy, Commander, fitted by Messrs T. Wingate & Co. of Glasgow, with a pair of engines of 300-horse power, on the principle of Mr S. Hall's patent, went on Thursday afternoon, with a party of Gentlemen, as far as Cumbræ Light, for the purpose of proving her machinery. The distance from the Quay to the Clough Light was performed in 29 minutes, and from the Clough Light to the Cumbræ Light (about 22½ miles) in 1 hour and 50 minutes. On her return, meeting the *Eagle* proceeding to Liverpool, the *Sirius* put about and ran in company with her for about three quarters of an hour, during which time neither vessel could be said to gain upon the other. Considering the disadvantages always attending a first trial, and likewise the well-known speed of the *Eagle*, the above result may be considered highly creditable both to the builder and to the engineer. The main object of Mr Hall's improvements is to prevent the rapid destruction to which the boilers of steam-packets are exposed by the great deposit of hard matter which takes place when they are fed with salt water, and this object he has completely attained by his apparatus for condensing the steam without injection, but merely by contact with cooling surfaces, and returning back the water resulting from the condensation direct to the boiler, so that they are constantly fed with pure water, and thus no deposit can take place. A superior vacuum is likewise obtained, and from the waters in the boilers never requiring to be blown out, there is a considerable saving of fuel. During the trip the water, as it was returning to the boiler, was found to be perfectly fresh. To replace the loss of water arising from the escape

of steam at the safety valves, &c. there is attached to the boiler a very compact apparatus for obtaining fresh water from sea water by distillation *in vacuo*. We understand that two pairs of engines, one of 320, another of 460 horse power, upon the above principle, are in preparation at Glasgow, as also several others in London and Liverpool. The *Sirius* was built by Messrs Menzies and Son, of Leith, for the St. George Steam Packet Company, and is the fourth large vessel which they have had from Scotland within the last eighteen months. She is upwards of 700 tons, and is considered a fine sailing model. The cabins, which were fitted up by Messrs Black & Kerr, of this place, are spacious and handsome, and afford excellent accommodation. She is, we believe, intended to ply on the station between Cork and London.—*Greenock Advertiser.*

NOTICE, OR ALARM GONG.—A very ingenious instrument, of which we have seen a model, has been invented by Captain George Smith, R. N., intended to give warning of the approach, and to announce the course a steamer is sailing on in a fog. It consists of a gong on which a hammer is made to strike every ten seconds a certain number of blows, by very simple machinery, according to the course the steamer is sailing on. For example—if she be sailing north, the gong is struck once; if east, twice; if south, thrice; if west, four times, every ten seconds. By this systematic method, the position, course, and proximity of a steamer, will be clearly announced to any other vessel. In rivers Captain Smith proposes the gong to emit single sounds every ten seconds, which would be enough to give warning. He also propose to apply the instrument to railway trains, by the blowing of a trumpet. The peculiar merit of the invention appears to us to lie in the equality of intervals, and of intensity of sound, which cannot be equalled by any human means.—*Railway Magazine.*

LATE NEWS—IMPORTANT ITEMS!—A young lady passed down Washington street last week, whose beauty was so attractive as to draw the nails out of a board fence near which she passed, and the boards came lumbering about her heels.

An oyster was opened at Point Comfort lately, which was so large that it took three men to swallow it whole.

An Arabian courser, lately imported from Barbary, was put to his speed yesterday, and ran so swift as to overtake the horizon before it could get out of his way.

A foot race took place yesterday between a light footed gentleman and a running account, which he had at a grocer's store. He beat the account all hollow, and came out so far ahead as to be wholly out of sight. It is thought he is still running.

A tree was blown down lately by a strong newspaper puff. The roof of the printing office suffered much at the same time.

BREACH OF PROMISE.—Lady deserted by one man, appeals to twelve. Declaration, that the roof of her heart is so much damaged that another cant occupy. Five thousand dollars wanted for repairs. Jury says they'll think about it.

AGENTS

FOR THE BEE.

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