







# The Provincial Wesleyan.

### Poetry.

#### The Arctic.

A mighty steamship ploughs her billow way  
Across Atlantic's world of waters wide;  
No power of earth seems adequate to stay  
Her sweeping progress through the foaming  
tide;  
A thing of life—home-bound with strong desire—  
Whose iron pulses throbb with living fire.

Like dusky clouds which darken all the skies,  
And veil at noontide all the land in gloom;  
A mist to wrap for seamen's practiced eyes,  
No dense the ship, arched her for the tomb;  
Yet none quick her joyous rounds think  
How quickly they rush, how near to ruin's brink.

The merry laugh thrills through the bright as-  
sion;  
Joy sparkling in quaffed by many a lip;  
A social Eden's there—'O! how soon  
The knell of death tolls through the quiver-  
ing ship!

A crash—the steamer heaves a piteous moan,  
A scream of hearts send back an echoing groan.  
Hearts! O God what hours of agony  
For those for whom poor helpless ones to feel!  
No more a save!—the water waste must  
Have of all when sinks the foundering  
skiff.

Curses with prayers now burden every breath,  
We wail and pray for those whose lives impending death,  
The sea has gullied the vessel  
prone;

On coral beds recline her fishy forms;  
For those who were once tangled around;  
In depths profound, where comes not grief  
nor storm.

Thus sadly passed the loved from earth away!  
Like blasted flowers has closed their life's short  
day.

A voice of weeping comes on every breeze;  
Low tones of sorrow burden all the air;  
For living hundred perished in the seas  
Comes up a wail of agonized despair.

O, hush! O hush! O hush! O hush!  
With these a thousand voices have found a grave,  
Food parents, bending 'neath a load of years,  
Call mournfully for children in the deep;  
Lone stricken sisters shed affection's tears  
O'er brothers sealed in death's unchanging  
sleep.

While maidens from whose life's star has fled,  
Heart-broken, with them their loved have  
gone;

Compassionate, O Lord, we humbly pray,  
The bleeding hearts thus smitten to the dust;  
Bind up their wounds; in all thy grace display,  
That all may feel how sweet it is to trust  
Implicitly in Him who rules above,  
Whose word is truth, whose nature deathless  
love.

### Miscellaneous.

#### Cork—its Various Uses.

Cork is nothing more or less than the  
bark of an evergreen oak, growing princi-  
pally in Spain and other countries border-  
ing the Mediterranean; in English gardens  
it is only a curiosity. When the cork-tree  
is about fifteen years old, the bark has at-  
tained a thickness and quality suitable for  
manufacturing purposes; and after strip-  
ping a further growth of eight years pro-  
duces a second crop; and so on at intervals  
of eight years, to the extent of seven or  
eight crops. The bark is stripped from the  
tree in pieces two or three inches in  
thickness, of considerable length, and of  
such width as to retain the curved form of  
the trunk whence it has been stripped. The  
bark peeler or cutter makes a slit in the bark  
with a knife, perpendicularly from the top  
of the trunk to the bottom; it makes another  
incision parallel to, and at some dis-  
tance from the former; and two short hori-  
zontal cuts at the top and bottom. For  
stripping off the piece thus isolated, he uses  
a kind of knife with two handles and curved  
blade. Sometimes, after the cuts have been  
made, he leaves the tree to throw off  
the bark by its own weight. When the cork-tree  
is cut near the trunk, the detached  
pieces are soaked in water, and are, in fact,  
soaked a little on both sides, and acquire a  
somewhat more compact texture by this  
soaking. In order to get rid of the curva-  
ture, and to bring them flat, they are pressed  
under a heavy weight, or set flat.

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The road to Balaklava from the camp  
is a narrow, deep, and muddy, and the scene  
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in the belly as straws, and standing in  
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### The French Army.

A letter dated from a French officer in  
the camp before Sebastopol, says—'Scarcely  
a day passes but deserters and horses  
reach our outposts from the Russian army  
hungry and exhausted. We are neither in  
want of provisions, tents, fuel, nor clothing,  
and but for the rain and the atrocious mud  
our position would be comfortable enough.  
We have dug pits after the manner of the  
Laplacers in order to build them up, and  
as a substitute for the English we would  
gladly employ the English. The English are  
the singular industry and facility with  
which our men turn everything to account  
for their comfort. We are here assembled  
to the number of about 80,000 men on a  
space of four square leagues, covered with  
mud and water, and incessantly trampled  
over by a host of carts and horses. It is a  
curious and extraordinary moving scene—  
The poor horses alone suffer much from  
the want of shelter and from the mud in  
which they are constantly sinking. The greater  
part of the magnificent English horses have  
now become perfect skeletons and look im-  
miserably. The Arab horses are those which  
support better than any others the hard-  
ship of a bivouac. I have just had one given  
me to replace the one I have lost. It is the  
same with the uniforms. The richest and  
most elegant have become so grotesque that  
no man would wear them. Officers  
and soldiers wrap themselves in  
skins, pelts, and cabans of every kind  
from wherever they can get them.

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### WESLEYAN BOOK ROOM.

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Noticed that a Book Room has been opened in  
the City, and that the Public generally are particu-  
larly desirous to purchase the works of the  
Rev. John Wesley, and other eminent  
Methodist Authors,