

## POETRY.

## JANET MACBEAN.

JANET Macbean a public keeps,  
And a merry auld wife is she;  
An' she sells hot yill wi' a jaunty air  
That would please your heart to soo.  
Her drink's o' the best—she's hoarty ayo,  
An' her house is neat and clean—  
There's no an auld wife in the public line  
Can match wi' Janet Macbean.

She has aye a curtesy for the laird  
When he comes to drink his can,  
An' a laugh for the farmer an' his wife,  
An' a joke for the farmer's man.  
She toddles but and she toddles ben,  
Like ony wee bit queen—  
There's no an auld wife in the public line  
Can match wi' Janet Macbean.

The beggar-wives gang a' to her,  
An' she sairs them wi' bread and choosen :—  
Her bread in bannocks an' choosen in whangs,  
Wi' a blythe gude-will she gies.  
Vow! the kintra-side will miss her sair  
When sho's laid anooth the green—  
There's no an auld wife in the public line  
Can match wi' Janet Macbean.

Amang alehouse wives she rules the roost;  
For upo' the Sabbath days,  
She puts on her weel-hained tartan plaid,  
An' the rest o' her Sabbath claes;  
An' she sits, nae less! in the minister's seat;  
Ilk psalm sho lifts I ween—  
There's no an auld wife in the public line  
Can match wi' Janet Macbean.

## MISCELLANY.

## NEW VERSION OF THE PROVERBS.

A Miss Isabel Hill has taken offence at the plain garb in which many of the English proverbs have been so long attired, and has dressed them up in a fashionable garment of her own, suitable to eyes polite, and the fastidious refinement of those "in whose mouths butter would not melt," and who "look as if they could not say boo to a goose." It is hardly necessary to say that she has spoiled them all; but as she has executed her task in an ingenious manner, we give a few of these "Curiosities of Literature," and Miss Hill's refinement upon them.

"Birds of a feather flock together," the modern Euphuist distils into "Feathered bipeds of similar plumage, will live gregariously."

For "What is bred in the bone, will never come out of the flesh," the new phraseology is—"That which is engendered in the osseous portions of the frame will never be extracted from its carnal covering!"

"Those who live in glass houses, should never throw stones," is a truism, and its application is still perceptible, in "Those, the illumining apertures of whose messages are vitrified, should never project fragments of granite."

There is an historical apothegm to the effect that "Rome was not built in a day;" this fact is communicated to us by Miss Hill in the sonorous period—"The capital of the papal states was not constructed in the diurnal revolution of the globe."

The concise adage that "Old birds are not caught with chaff," is sententiously paraphrased by the axiom—"Experienced warblers are rarely made prisoners by the husks of grain."

"A nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse," is a circumstance whose verity no amplification can weaken; in its refined acceptation we must express ourselves thus—"An ab-

rupt inclination of the head is equivalent to a sudden closing of the eye, to a racer labouring under the cataract."

The somewhat musty proverb, "It's a wise child that knows its own father," is dealt with after this fashion—"It is a sage infant who is intimately acquainted with his own paternal relative."

For "The devil is not so black as he is painted," and "There's no washing a black-mour white," we must now read—"The infernal being is not so sable as limners have represented him;" and "No ablution will convert an African into an Albino."

Instead of "When the cat's away, the mice will play," the following is substituted:—"In the absence of the miniature tiger, the muscular race will become festive."

The thrifty advice given to housewives, "Not to count their chickens before they are hatched," in order to prevent the disappointment likely to arise from finding the eggs addled, will be easily recognised, like an old friend in a new hat, a large pair of whiskers and a little cane—"Do not calculate the number of your juvenile poultry before the process of incubation be completed."

"What a long tail our cat's got," must be for ever hereafter written or spoken, expressed or understood, by these words—"In what a prodigious condicular appendage our domestic Grimalkin rejoiceth."

"Every one for their taste as the old woman said when she kissed the cow," although not an excuse for the old lady's fancy, is, at all events, a precedent. The English reformer thus combines the adage and the fact—"Let every person pursue the bent of his own genius, as the elderly matron observed while saluting her vaccine favourite."

"Put a beggar on horseback and he'll ride to the devil," is a pungent sarcasm on all parvenus and upstarts. In future, when you wish to make a personal allusion of this sort you will have the goodness to observe with the politeness and elegance of Mr. Boatswain Chucks, "An equestrian mendicant will journey toward the realms of his satanic majesty."

Who could recognise the maxim, "A rolling stone gathers no moss," as exhortatory to steadiness in, "A pebble in a state of circumsolution acquires not the lichens of mural vegetation!"

"A cat may look at a king," is a short homily calculated to check the arrogance of high rank. The derogatory axiom is modernized by, "Royalty may be contemplated with impunity even by a feline quadruped."—*Mirror*.

G. D. Prentice, a Kentucky editor, thus luts off an editorial antagonist—"The editor of the Advertiser thinks we cannot, with a pistol, hit a water cask, at the distance of ten feet. It he chooses to set himself up at that distance, perhaps we may be disposed to see whether we cannot hit a brandy cask!"

QUEER CATALOGUE.—A catalogue of paintings exhibited some time since in London, embraced the following:—No. 16, a man:—nine tailors at work. No. 27, The spirit of contradiction:—two brewers hearing a cask, the men going different ways. 35, a man in his element:—A cook roasted on his spit, before a kitchen fire. 36, A man out of his element:—a sailor thrown from his horse, and his head sticking against a mile stone. 73, a man loaded with mischief:—a fellow with a magpie, a monkey, and a woman on his back

PLEASANT TRAVELING.—In Edinburgh resides a gentleman, who is as huge, though not so witty, as Falstaff. It is his custom when he travels, to book two places, and thus secure half the inside of the coach to himself. He once sent his servant to book him to Glasgow. The man returned with the following

pleasing intelligence:—"I've booked you, sir—there war'nt two inside places left, so I book; ed you *one in and one out*."

An old lady telling that one of her sons had a singular propensity to kill rats, was told that that accounted for his being so *Puss-illanamous*!

GONE OUT!—A person calling one day on a gentleman at the west end of the town, where his visits were more frequent than welcome, was told by the servant that her master had gone out. "Oh, well, never mind, I'll speak to your mistress." "She is also gone out, sir." The gentleman not willing to be denied admission, said, "As it was a cold day, he would step in and sit down by the fire a few minutes." "Ah! sir, but that is gone out too," replied the girl.

EXTREME ACCURACY.—*Chevronn*, in his history of the world, tells us, that it was created on Friday, the 6th of September, a little after four o'clock in the afternoon! The historian does not inform us that Adam dined on fish that day.

ANCESTRAL PRIDE.—In the castles and palaces of the ancient nobility of France the tapestry frequently presents memorials of their pride of ancestry. On the tapestry of an apartment in the palace of the Duke de C— is a representation of the Deluge, in which a man is seen running after Noah, and calling out, "My good friend, save the archives of the C. family." Another piece of tapestry, in the palace of the Duke de L—, displays the Virgin Mary, with an ancestor of the L.'s standing bareheaded before her: "Dear cousin," says she, "pray be covered!" He replies, "dear cousin, I would rather remain as I am!"

AN IRISH DUEL.—Mr. O'Connor related an instance where the parties in "an affair of honour," had actually agreed to put the muzzle of their pistols (so invertebrate were they) into each other's mouths; and yet, would you believe it? said he, one of them escaped.

\* \* \* Just as one second was about to give the signal, the other said to his principal, "Jack, look hither." Jack turned his head, and just in time, for the ball passed through his left cheek, doing him little hurt, while his opponent was killed on the spot—*Tales of my Neighbourhood*.

ASSOCIATION OF IDEAS.—Bishop Stillingfleet tells us a story of a clergyman who was eagerly engaged in a fox chase, when the fox took to earth, on which he cried out "Gentlemen, I must leave you. This puts me in mind that I have a corpse to bury at four o'clock this evening; and I fear that I shall be an hour too late."

A little girl was dispatched by her mother one New Year's day to wish a grocer a "Happy New Year," with directions to tell him that she would "take the gift in molasses." Accordingly she took a jug and went to the store and did her errand as follows.—"Morn told me to come and wish you a happy new year, and here's a jug to put it in.—*Dedham Advertiser*.

The work done by machinery in England is stated to be equal to the labour of four hundred millions of men!

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