

POETRY.

THE SHORT GENTLEMAN'S APOLOGY.

This poem, here printed for the first time, was written some years ago, after reading a similar drollery by Mr. H. G. Bell, in his Literary Journal, entitled—*"The Tall Gentleman's Apology"*—*Chambers Jour*

nalment, fairest of thy set, how can I match with thee.

When I'm but four feet and a half, and you are six feet three?

The time is really past, my dear, of which old writings tell,

When the little angels deep in love with giantesses teel.

I'm flattered much, I vow and swear, and may my oath be booked,

In not being by so tall a dame entirely overlooked; Yet what may be a pleasant thing in meaningless flirtation,

Might prove, in wedlock's graver tone, a pretty smart vexation.

First, now, suppose that courtship had commenced betwixt us two,

How strange a thing, if every time when I came here to woo.

I had to bring a telescope of Herschel's greatest size, To pitch at you, that I might read the language of your eyes.

And if at last, some summer night, you were to blush consent,

And I was almost overpowered with love's soft ravishment,

You'll own 'twould be, upon the whole, an awkward sort of bliss,

Had a ladder to be ordered ere I could reach a kiss.

These things, 'tis true, might be got over, being only *entre nous*,

But how, my dear, in heaven's name, d'ya think we e'er should do,

When we were going, man and wife, on friends and foes to call,

Already christened by some wag, "*The Cannon and the Ball*?"

'Twould break my heart, I'm very sure, though a stoutish heart it be,

I, while I walked on Prince's Street, hard trotting by your knee,

Some parlous dame were to cry out, "La, Mrs. So-and-so,

'Tis lady—sure, her reticule, she hangs it rather low."

I really am afraid, my dear, I should look something queer,

Coming from your lofty arm, like gem that hangs from Bishop's ear;

Why, as you fashion's lead sometimes, folk might begin to hint

At having patterns copied from your "elbow ornament."

These endless jokes, I see them all, by Jove, drawn out before me,

As clear and dreadful as the kings that made Macbeth so stormy;

But some one, in contrasting us, would give me credit due,

It is only that, on the whole, I feel a good deal short of you.

Another would remark that you must jealousy defy,

Seeing you kept your little man so much beneath your eye;

A third would wonder how at all I ever met your eyes.

Which ever go, like Milton's thoughts, "commencing with the skies."

No, no, my dear, it will not do, we can't be man and wife;

Let *actual* jokes," St. Paul has said, bring misery and strife;

Old life, d'ye think I'd wed with one, who, spite of previous speeches,

Would be, however ill they'd fit, so sure to wear the breeches!

MISCELLANY.

Nothing annoys an enemy more than kindness. It is an arrow that generally hits the mark. It is the most severe, yet the most noble mode of treatment.

Beware of little expenses;—a small leak will sink a great ship.—*Dr. Franklin.*

NOW.

AN ARTICLE FOR THE DOG-DAYS.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

"Then came hot July, boiling like to fire."—*Spencer.*

Now the rosy- (and lazy-) fingered Aurora, issuing from her saffron house, calls up the most vapours to surround her and goes veiled with them as long as she can; till Phoebus, coming forth in his power, looks every thing out of the sky, and holds sharp uninterrupted empire from his throne of beams. Now the mower begins to make his sweeping cuts more slowly, and resorts oftener to the beer. Now the carter sleeps a-top of his load of hay, or plods with double slouch of shoulder, looking out with eyes winking under his shading hat, and with a hitch upward of one side of his mouth. Now the little girl at her grandmother's cottage-door watches the coaches that go by, with her hand held up over her sunny forehead. Now labourers look well resting in their white shirts at the doors of rural ale-houses. Now an elm is fine there, with a seat under it, and horses drink out of the trough, stretching their yearning necks with loosened collars; and the traveller calls for his glass of ale, having been without one for more than ten minutes; and his horse stands wincing at the flies, giving sharp shivers of his skin, and moving to and fro his ineffectual docked tail, and now Miss Betty Wilson, the host's daughter comes, streaming forth in a flowered gown and ear-rings, carrying with her of her beautiful fingers the foaming glass, for which, after the traveller has drunk it, she receives with an indifferent eye, looking another way, the lawful two-pence: that is to say, unless the traveller nodding his ruddy face, pays some gallant compliment to her before he drinks, such as, "I'd rather kiss you my dear, than the tumbler," or "I'll wait for you, my love, if you'll marry me;" upon which, if the man is good-looking and the lady in good humour, she smiles and bites her lips, and says, "Ah! men can talk fast enough," upon which the oldstage-coachman, who is buckling something near her, before he sets off, says in a hoarse voice, "So can women too for that matter," and John Boots grins through his ragged red locks, and doats on the repartee all the day after. Now grasshoppers "fry," as Dryden says. Now cattle stand in the water, and ducks are envied. Now boots and shoes, and trees by the road side, are thick with dust; and dogs rolling in it, after issuing out of the water, into which they have been thrown to fetch sticks, come scattering horror among the legs of the spectators. Now the fellow who finds he has three miles further to go in a pair of tight shoes is in a pretty situation. Now rooms with the sun upon them become intolerable; and the apothecary's apprentice, with a bitterness beyond aloes, thirns of the pond he used to bathe in at school. Now men with powdered heads (especially if thick) envy those that are unpowdered, and stop to wipe them up hill, with countenances that seem to expostulate with destiny. Now boys assemble round the village pump with a lull to it, and delight to make a forbidden splash and get wet through the shoes. Now also they make suckers of leather, and bathe all day long in rivers and ponds, and follow their fish in their cool corners, and say millions of "my eyes!" at "tittle-bats." Now the bee, as he hums along, seems to be talking heavily of the heat. Now doors and brick-walls are burning to the hand; and a walled lane, with dust and broken bottles in it, near a brick-field, is a thing not to be thought of. Now a green lane, on the contrary, thick set with hedge-row elms, and having the noise of a brook "rumbling in pebble-stone," is one of the pleasantest things in the world. Now youths and damsels walk through

hay-fields by chance; and the latter say, "ha! done then, William;" and the overseer in the next field then calls out to "let thic thear hay thear bide;" and the girls persist, merely to plague "such a fumpish old fellow."

Now in town, gossips talk more than ever to one another, in rooms, in door-ways, and out of windows, always beginning the conversation by saying the heat is overpowering. Now blinds are let down and doors are thrown open, and flannel waistcoats left off, and cold meat preferred to hot, and wonder expressed why tea continues so refreshing, and people delight to silver lettuce into howls, and apprentices water doorways with tin canisters that lay several atoms of dust. Now the water-cart, jumbling along the middle of the streets, and jolting the showers out of its box of water, really does something. Now boys delight to have a waterpipe let out, and set it bubbling away in a tall & frothy volume. Now fruiterers' shops and dairies look pleasant, and ices are the only things to those who can get them. Now ladies loiter in baths; and people make presents of flowers; and wine is put into ice, and the after-dinner lounge recreates his head with applications of perfumed water out of long-necked bottles. Now the lounge, who cannot resist riding his new horse, feels his boots burn him. Now buckskins are not the lawn of Cos. Now jockies, walking in great coats to lose flesh, curse inwardly. Now five fat people in a stage coach hate the sixth fat one who is coming in, and think he has no right to be so large. Now clerks in offices do nothing but drink soda-water and spruce beer, and read the newspaper. Now the old clothesman drops his solitary cry more deeply into the creases on the hot and forsaken side of the street; and bakers look vicious; and cooks are aggravated; and the steam of a tavern kitchen catches hold of one like the breath of Tartarus. Now delicate skins are beset with gnats; and boys make their sleeping companion start up, with playing a burning glass on his hand; and blacksmiths are super-carbonated; and cobblers in their stalls almost feel a wish to be transplanted; and butter is too easy to spread; and the dragoons wonder whether the Romans liked their helmets; and old ladies, with their lappets unpinned, walk along in a state of dapidation; and the servant-maids are afraid they looked vulgarly hot; and the author who has a plate of strawberries brought him, finds that he has come to the end of his writing."—*Indicator.*

RASPBERRY AND STRAWBERRY JAM.—Take equal weight of fruit and lump sugar: pick the fruit, and put it on with the sugar in a preserving pan; put a spoonful or two of water in the bottom of the pan, and stir it frequently till it boils; allow it to boil half an hour; scum it, and fill it into earthen pots; when cold cover the tops with paper.

HOW TO SET A PAPER AGOING.—A year or two after the commencement of our paper, we called on one of our patrons who had been a subscriber during its existence, for the amount of his bill; but instead of cash we had to pocket the following emphatical and truly encouraging address: "I'll never pay for the paper—I never intended to pay for it—I only subscribed to set it agoing!"

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