

POETRY.

THE ANCIENT MAIDEN.

TRUMP — *Wood and married and a'*

[We have been assured, by competent authority, that this song, intensely humorous as it is, was the production of a young clergyman of the dissenting persuasion.]

Oh dear, I am now thirty-six,
Though some rather mair wad me ca';
And ane just sae auld to get married,
Has little or nae chance ava.
And when I think upon this,
Lang sighs frae my bosom I draw,
Oh, is it not awfu' to think
I'm no to be married ava?
No to be married ava,
Oh, is it not awfu' to think,
I'm no to be married ava.

For it's a young lass that can boast,
That she has a lover or twa,
Will haud out her finger, and say,
That body has got nawe ava.
And then when they a' got married,
Their husbands will let them gang braw,
While they laugh at auld maids like mysell,
For no getting married ava,
Not to be married, &c.

Some wives that are wasters o' mon,
Wear dune naething less than their twa,
But this I wad haud as a crimo,
That ought to be punished by law.
For are they no muckie to blame,
When thus to themselfs they tak a':
Ne'er thinking o' mony an auld maid,
That's no to be married ava.
No to be married, &c.

But as for the men that get married—
Although it were some ayont twa,
I think they should aye be respoctit
For helping sae mony awa.
But as for the auld bach'lor bodies,
Their necks every ane I could thraw,
For naicht is the use of their lives,
No to be married ava.
No to be married, &c.

Oh, gin I could get but a husband,
Although he were never sae sma',
Oh, he what he liko, I wad tak him,
Though scarce like a mannie ava.
Come souter, come tailor, come tinkler,
Oh come but and tak me awa'
Oh gae me a hole ne'er sae little,
I'll tak it and never say na.
No to be married, &c.

Come deaf, or come dumb, or come cripple,
Wi' ae leg, or nae leg ava,
Or come ye wi' ae ee, or aae ee,
I'll tak ye as ready as wi' twa.
Come young, or come auld, or come doted,
Oh come ony ane o' ye a';
Far better be married to something,
Than no to be married ava.
No to be married, &c.

Now, lads, an there's ony among ye,
Wad like just upon me to ca',
Ye'll find me no ill to be courted,
For shyness I hae put awa
And if ye should want a bit wife,
Ye'll ken to what quarter to draw;
And o'en should we no mak a bargam,
We'll aye get a kissie or twa.
No to be married, &c.

MISCELLANY.

BURNING OF THE SHIP SIR WALTER SCOTT,
BY LIGHTNING.

The Sir Walter Scott sailed from New Orleans on the 21st of May, with a cargo of 1791 bales of cotton, eighteen seamen and three passengers, one of them a lady, Mrs. Hamilton, in a state of domestic solicitude. The ship was owned in Boston, was only two years old, and was valued at 22,000 dollars. Her destination was Liverpool. In coming down the gulf stream this vessel encountered a heavy gale from the south-west. The sea was running mountains high. On the morning of the 21st of June, about eight o'clock, in lat. 31, 24, long. 75, 43, when under double reefed topsails, and bearing upon the wind, opposite, or nearly so, to Charleston, South Carolina, a heavy peal of thunder broke over the ship. It seemed as if the heavens had been rent asunder. The captain and his three passengers were in their cabins. The lady started up in fright, and the captain jumped on deck, in so much haste as to be without shoes. The electric fluid had struck the foremast, ran into the forecastle, where the seamen were at breakfast, dashed every thing into pieces, sent the men sprawling in all directions, and completely raked the vessel fore and aft, and between decks, and in the hold. The suddenness and force of the terrible blow made the vessel hang in suspense for a moment on the top of the billow. Every person was astonished, but no one knew the extent of the injury. In a few minutes the cry of "Fire! fire! fire!" was raised, and the terror of that cry may be imagined—far at sea, surrounded with storms, at the mercy of the enraged element. The seamen were almost struck senseless by the electric shock. The passengers almost lost their senses, and the lady, Mrs. Hamilton, was the only one whose courage rose to meet the danger with promptitude and energy. "The long boat, the long boat," was shouted. It was now six or eight minutes since the lightning had struck, and every part of the cargo, fore and aft, was already on fire. The long boat was full of various articles, and could not be got out at the moment. The captain now ran below and seized a cutlass and pistol, came on deck and nerved himself to the occasion. "Men," said he, "you never yet deserted me in danger—rouse yourselves now—I'll shoot the first man that does not at once do his duty. Clear out the long boat—down with the gig—stir, stir, or in ten minutes we shall see eternity." The thunder-struck men, headed by the mate, hurried as well as they could, cleared out the long boat, launched the gig, and then swang down the boat on the boiling ocean below. "Put the lady in the long boat," shouted the captain. The ship was at this moment rolling tremendously—the flames bursting forth in all directions—her masts tottering to the gale. The lady reached the boat in safety. "Thank God," said the captain. The disabled seamen were placed near her—six others put in the gig. The captain and his mate were the last to leave the deck of the burning ship. All were now in the boats. "Cut adrift, east off," shouted the captain. They cut adrift from the burning ship, and pushed out of her wake. "All is lost," said the captain, "but our lives are yet left us. We have another chance to live out the gale." The moment the long boat and the gig left the burning vessel her masts fell by the board, the flames burst forth in greater magnificence than ever, the thunder rolled, the lightning still flashed, the sea was roaring around, and the two small boats floated over the billows before the wind, and entirely at its mercy. At last, in about 50 minutes from the first stroke, one long sheet of flame covered the wreck, and the whole gallant fabric of

the Sir Walter Scott sunk down into the water and was seen no more. The captain, crew, and passengers, now sailed for the coast. They had little provisions, every thing had been lost, and their prospect was gloomy enough. The two boats kept each other's company all that day and the succeeding night. It was still blowing hard. At the peep of dawn the next day the captain espied a sail to the leeward. It was immediately determined to send the gig to the vessel in sight, and endeavour to get aboard if possible. Accordingly a sail was rigged out of an old sack, a mast was raised, and this sail was spread before the wind. "Mate," said the captain, "you must go alone to that vessel, and get on board the best way you can." "Ay, ay, sir," said the Mate. Away started the gig on the swelling billows before the gale, with the mate at the helm. "What a cheering sight it was," said the captain: "she treaded, sir, over the billows like the forked lightning down the masts of the Sir Walter, now under, now above the water." In a short time the gig reached her destination. The vessel proved to be the Saladin, Humphries. She backed her yards. In another brief space the long boat appeared; all were taken on board, not forgetting the lady, who in the greatest danger cheered and animated the men to their task.

IRISH JESTS.

A POSTSCRIPT.—The wife of an Irish gentleman being suddenly taken ill, the husband ordered a servant to get a horse ready to go to the next town for the doctor. By the time, however, that the horse was ready, and his letter to the doctor written, the lady recovered, on which he added the following postscript and sent off the messenger.—"My wife being recovered, you need not come."

A NEW ILLUSTRATION OF A GREAT POLITICAL MAXIM.—An Irish traveller, who had ridden all day over a stony road, came at last to a piece of about a mile in length, which, having been macadamized, was exceedingly pleasant to ride upon. On this little tract he trotted backwards and forwards for some time, to the great astonishment of all who observed him, one of whom at last asked what he meant by such strange conduct. "Indeed," said he, "and I like to *let well alone*; now I have got upon a good bit of road, why, sure, I should make the best of it; from what I have seen, I don't expect to get a better bit of ground the whole way."

KITCHEN.—"Kitchen" is a Scottish word, applied to the more delicate and palatable of two articles of fare taken together, as cheese in respect of bread, milk in respect to potatoes, and so forth. A citizen of Glasgow asked a poor Irishman, living there, what food he gave to his children: "Potatoes," was the reply. "Ay," said the Scot; "but what to kitchen the potatoes?" "Och," said the Irishman, on being made to understand the word, "they make the little ones kitchen the big ones!"

If you would live happy—endeavour to promote the happiness of others.

If in conversation you think a person wrong—rather hint a difference of opinion than offer a contradiction.

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