

POETRY.

CASH.

Cash! Cash! for this we strive and toil
From morning until night,
Some plough the sea and some the soil;
Some practice Cook and others Hoyle—
On politics some write:
And all who wish to cut a dash
Must have their pockets crammed with cash.

I offer you my service, sir,
And my good wishes to—
Pray how much are you worth a ye it?
Your pocket is too short I fear,
To help my projects through:
If so your service is but trash;
But I'm your man if you have cash.

Behold those interesting girls
Who smile divinely sweet;
Quite good enough for lords or earls,
Whose snowy teeth and raven curls
Are very hard to beat—
Indeed, the sweetest girls on earth—
Pray tell me how much cash they're worth.

And love is bargain'd for and sold
By rules precise and narrow!
Changed from the god he was of old,
His quiver is of burnished gold,
And silver every arrow—
And now when'er he bends his bow
He's apt to lay a Fortune low.

For Cash we sail the ocean o'er,
And many a distant sea—
The want of Cash condemns the poor
And cash unbars the prison door,
And sets the convict free—
Stronger than learning of the schools,
The destiny of earth, Cash rules.

Without it, man but badly fares
In all terrestrial things;
And when a while he bravely bears
Life's tempests, and its load of cares,
And writhes beneath its stings—
Down to where cash exerts no power,
And sinks like a neglected flower.

SONG OF THE OLD BELL.

In an old village amid older hills,
That close around their verdant walls to guard,
Its tottering ago from wintry winds, I dwell
Lonely, and still, save when the clamorous rooks,
Or my own sickle changes wound the ear
Of silence in my tower!—anon.

For full five hundred years I've swung
In my old grey turret high,
And many a different theme I've sung
As the time went stealing by!
I've peal'd the chaunt of a wedding morn;
Ere night I have sad'y toll'd,
To say that the bride was coming, love turn,
To sleep in the church-yard mould!
Ding-dong,
My careless song;
Merry and sad,
But neither long!

For full five hundred years I've swung
In my ancient turret high,
And many a different theme I've sung
As the time went stealing by!
I've swell'd the joy of the country's pride
For a victory far off won,
Then chang'd to grief for the brave that died,

Ere my mirth had well begun!

Ding-dong,
My careless song;
Merry and sad,
But neither long!

For full five hundred years I've swung
In my breezy turret high,
And many a different theme I've sung,
As the time went stealing by!
I have chimed the dirge of a nation's grief
On the death of a dear loved king,
Then merrily rung for the next young chief;
As told, I can weep or sing!

Ding-dong,
My careless song;
Merry or sad,
But neither long!

For full five hundred years I've swung
In my crumbling turret high;
'Tis time my own death song were sung,
And with truth before I die!
I never could love the themes they gave
My tyrannized tongue to tell;
One moment for cradle, the next for grave—
They've worn out the old church bell!

Ding-dong,
My changeful song,
Farewell now,
And farewell long!

MISCELLANY.

A MONKEY DISTRIBUTING TYPE.—A printer who served his time in Londonderry (Ireland) tells a very good story of the imitative genius of a monkey. The animal was the property of an apprentice boy who having won him at a raffling match brought him home and tied him to his *stool*.

There Mr Skipjack, who was an observing character, had a fine opportunity to learn the printer's trade; at least as far as it could be learned by merely watching the movements of others. How far he profited by it, will presently be seen. If he did not in the end, *make the most satisfactory progress, it was certainly not for the want of close observation on his part.*

He watched the movements of his young master with the most profound attention.—He observed how he set the type, and how he distributed them. But it was the latter which most especially struck his fancy. He saw the lad throwing the bits of metal about him, into the various departments of the case, from *A* down to *Ansperand*; and his monkey fingers itched to be employed in a similar manner.

At last an opportunity was afforded him. The apprentice and all hands having gone to dinner, the monkey was carelessly left on so long a string, that he could easily leap upon the case, and have abundant room for his "free and easy" movements when there.

On the upper case, were a couple of galleys full of type already set for the next paper.—Upon these the monkey commenced his distribution. He was not at all careful about taking a single word at a time, or distributing the types according to the alphabet. On the contrary he lawed them up by whole handfuls, and distributed them in the most preposterous manner, throwing them about him on all sides, not caring whether *A* went in *B*'s box, *B* into *C*'s and *C* into *D*'s, or in how great disorder the various letters became mingled together.

In a word, the monkey, with all his imitative ingenuity, was doing nothing better than making *pi* of the two galleys full of type.—And this he accomplished in the most rapid and effectual manner. Afraid lest the printers should return from their dinner before he had

accomplished his job, he threw with might and main, and had nearly finished his piece of journey work, when the boy's master, who had first returned to the office, opened the door and beheld the new printer at work.

So tickled was the man in spite of the mischief that the monkey was doing, that he burst into a roar of laughter, and called all hands to witness the ludicrous movements of their brother typo. They came just in time to see him throw in the last handful of the two columns of type which had taken a man a whole day's labor in setting.

The monkey having completed his job, much to his own satisfaction, turned round and looked the printers in the face, grinning and chattering, as if to congratulate them on the accession of strength they had gained to their office.

But whatever the men might have thought of the industry of their new compeer, they were not altogether satisfied with the manner in which he did his work. It was therefore resolved, *mem. con.*, that Skipjack should handle no more type in that office.

But the discredit he suffered in the office was of no little service to his reputation out of it: for the story of his distributing the two columns getting wind through Londonderry, he became a very profitable object for a new raffling match, and his owner putting him up at forty chances of 6s each, got £10 sterling, for an animal that had rendered himself so famous among types.

TITLES OF OLD BOOKS.—The following are the titles of some of the books which were in circulation in the time of Cromwell. The authors in those days must have thought there was "something in a name."

"A most delectable, sweet-perfumed Nose-Gay, for God's saints to smell at."—"A pair of Bellows, to blow off the dust cast upon John Fry."—"The snuffers of Divine love."—"Hooks and Eyes for believers' Breeches."—"High-heeled Shoes for Dwarfs in Holiness."—"Crumbs of Comfort for the Chickens of the Covenant."—"A Sigh of Sorrow for the Sinners of Zion breathed in a hhole of the wall in an earthen vessel, known among men by the name of Samuel Fish."—"The Spiritual Mustard Pot to make the Soul Sneeze with devotion."—"Salvation's Vantage Ground—or, a Louping Stand for heavy believers."—"A Shot aimed at the Devil's head-quarters, through the tube of the Cannon of the Covenant."—"A Rousing Hook well-tempered for the Stubborn Ears of the Coming Crop; or, Biscuits baked in the oven of charity, carefully conserved for the Chickens of the Church, Sparrows of the Spirit, and the Sweet Swallows of Salvation."—"Seven Sobs of a Sorrowful Soul for Sin; or, seven Penitential Psalms of the Princely Prophet David, whereunto are also annexed Wm. Hummis's handful of Honey Suckles, and divers Godly and Pithy Ditties now newly augmented."

TWO LAWYERS' MISTAKE.—When the regulations of West Boston Bridge were drawn up by two famous lawyers—one section was written, accepted, and stands thus: "And the said proprietors shall meet annually on the the first Tuesday of June, provided the same does not fall on Sunday."

AGENTS

FOR THE BEE.

Charlotte town, P. E. I.—Mr DENNIS REDDAN
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