

POETRY.

WOMAN'S TEARS.

Oh, what are woman's tears!
When they arise from fancied woe,
The ocean's waves—that waste and wide,
Bear worthless weed—in restless tide,
They have their ebb and flow.

Oh, what are woman's tears!
If from the fount of gentle love—
The dew drops of the blessed morn,
Kiss'd by Heaven's breath as soon as born,
As meet for realms above.

Oh, what are woman's tears!
If pour'd in scorn and wounded pride—
A torrent from a mountain source,
That, pent a moment, rends its course,
And spreads a ruin wide.

Oh, what are woman's tears!
If thankful joy the flood compels—
They fall but like the gentle rain,
That blesseth and is blessed again,
And fills the sacred wells.

Oh, what are woman's tears!
The one soft tear in pity shed—
Pearl beyond price, the crystal gem,
That shines in Morcy's diadem,
And such as Angels shed.

MISCELLANY.

From the Casket.

THE DOCTORED MONKEY.

A MELANCHOLY fate, I am sorry to record, (says Captain Hall in his 'Fragments of Voyages and Travels,') befell a monkey of mine. I was the in command of the *Lyra*, on the homeward voyage from China, after the embassy under Lord Amherst had been concluded. We touched on our way to Calcutta at the Philippine Islands, and, amongst other live stock, laid in a monkey which had seen the world. He was born they assured us, at Teneriffe, bred at Cradz, and had afterwards made the voyage across the Pacific Ocean, via Lima and Acapulco, to Manila. This splendid bay is the chief station of the Spaniards in the eastern world, and has long formed one of those links in the vast colonial chain which enabled that once powerful nation to boast with truth that the sun never set on their dominions. Our extensive traveller had made good use of his time and opportunities, and was destined to see a good deal more of men and manners, indeed almost to make out the circuit of the globe. We brought him with us through the Straits of Malacca to Poelo Penang, and from thence carried him across the Bay of Bengal to Calcutta and Madras. We next visited the Isle of Franco, the Cape, and lastly, St. Helena, at the very time the ex-emperor of the world resided there.

This distinguished monkey had a particular liking for the marines, who caressed and fed him, and sometimes even ventured to teach him to play off tricks on Jack, which the sailors promised one day to pay back with interest on the soldiers. In so diminutive a vessel as a ten-gun brig, there is but a small party of marines, merely a serjeant's guard, and no commissioned officer, otherwise I hardly think the following trick would have been attempted.

On Sundays the ship's company are mustered at divisions, ranged on either side of the deck. Every man is then dressed in his very best togs, shaved, and trimmed up as gaily as possible. The marines, of course, sparkled more as brightly as polished metal, scarlet coats, and the eternal pipe-clay, can-

make them. When all are reported present, the captain walks solemnly round, eyeing each man from head to foot, to detect a spot of dirt, or a thread opening at a seam, and peering under the breast of every gun to discover some neglected delta of unwashed-away sand.

One fine day, while going our formal rounds, I came to a figure which at first sight puzzled me not a little. This was no other than our great traveller the Monkey, dressed up as a marine, and planted like a sentry on the middle step of the short ladder which, in deep-wasted vessels, is placed at the gangway, and reaches from the deck to the top of the bulwark. The animal was dressed up in a complete suit of miniature uniform, made chiefly of the coloured bunting used for flags, with sundry bits of red baize purloined from the carpenters. His regimental cap was constructed out of painted canvas; and under his lower jaw had been forced a stock of pump-leather, so stiff, in itself, and so tightly drawn back, that his head was rendered totally immovable. His chin, and great part of the cheeks, had been shaved with so much care, that only two small curled mustachios and a respectable pair of whiskers remained. His hair behind being tied back tightly into a queue, the poor creature's eyes were almost starting from his head; while the corners of his mouth being likewise tugged towards the ears by the hairdresser's operations, the expression of his countenance became irresistibly ludicrous. The astonished recruit's elbows were then brought in contact and fastened behind by a lashing, passed round and secured to the middle step of the ladder, so that he could not budge an inch from his position. One of the ship's pistols, fashioned like a musket, and strapped to his shoulder, was tied to his left hand, which again had been sewed by the sail-maker to the waistband of his beautifully pipe-clayed trousers; in short, he was rigged up as a complete sea-soldier in full uniform.

As the captain and his train approached, the monkey began to tremble and chatter; but the men not knowing how their chief might relish the joke, looked rather grave, while I own, it cost me no small official struggle to keep down a laugh. I did succeed, however, and merely said, in passing, 'You should not play these tricks upon travellers; cast him loose immediately.' One of the men pulled his knife from his breast, and cutting the cord which fastened the poor Spaniard to the ladder, let him scamper off. Unluckily for the gravity of the officers, however, and that of the crew, Jacko did not run below, or jump into one of the boats out of sight, but made straight for his dear friends the marines, drawn up in line across our little hurricane-house of a poop. Unconscious of the ridicule he was bringing on his military patrons, he took up a position in front of the corps, not unlike a fugleman; and I need hardly say, that even the royals themselves, provoked though they were, now joined in the laugh which soon passed along the decks, and was with difficulty suppressed during the remainder of the muster.

A day or two afterwards, and while the monkey was still puzzled to think what was the matter with his chin, he happened to observe the doctor engaged in some chemical process. As his curiosity and desire for information were just such as ought to characterize a traveller of his intelligence, he crept gradually from chest to chest, and from bag to bag, till he arrived within about a yard of Apothecaries' Hall, as that part of the steerage was named by the midshipmen. Poor Mono's delight was very great as he observed the process of pill-making, which he watched attentively while the ingredients were successively weighed, pounded, and formed into a long roll of paste. All these proceedings excited his deep-

est attention. The doctor then took his spreader, and cut the roll into five pieces, each of which he intended to divide into a dozen pills. At this stage of the process, some one called the pharmacist's attention to the hatchway. The instant his back was turned, the monkey darted on the top of the medicine-chest, snaped up all the five masses of pill stuff, stowed them hastily away in his pouch, or bag, at the side of his mouth, scampered on deck, and leaped into the main rigging preparatory to a leisurely feast upon his pilfered treasures.

The doctor's first feeling was that of anger at the abstraction of his medicines; but in the next instant, recollecting that unless immediate steps were taken, the poor animal must inevitably be poisoned, he rushed on deck, without coat or hat, and knife in hand, to the great surprise and scandal of the officer of the watch.

'Lay hold of the monkey, some of you,' roared the doctor to the people. 'Jump up in the rigging, and try to get out of his pouch a whole mass of my stuff he has run off with.' The men only laughed, as they fancied the doctor must be cracked.

'For any sake,' cried the good-natured physician, 'don't make a joke of this matter. The monkey has now in his jaws more than a hundred grains of calomel; and unless you get it from him he will die to a certainty.'

This appeal, which was quite intelligible, caused an immediate rush of the men aloft; but the monkey, after gulping down one of the lumps of twenty-four grains, shot upwards to the top, over the rail of which he displayed his shaven countenance, and, as if in scorn of their important efforts to catch him, plucked another lump from his cheek, and swallowed it likewise, making four dozen grains to begin with. The news spread over the ship; and all hands, marines inclusive, most of whom had never been further in the rigging than was necessary to hang up a wet shirt to dry, were seen struggling aloft to rescue the poor monkey from his fate. All their exertions were fruitless; for just as the captain of the maintop seized him by the tail, at the starboard royal yard-arm, he was cramming the last batch of calomel down his throat.

It would give needless pain to describe the effects of swallowing the whole of this enormous prescription. Every art was resorted to within our reach in the shape of antidotes, but all in vain. The stomach pump was then, unfortunately, not invented. Poor Jacko's sufferings, of course, were great:—First, he lost the use of his limbs, then he became blind, next paralytic; and in short, he presented, at the end of the week, such a dreadful spectacle of pain, distortion, and rigidity of limb, that I felt absolutely obliged to desire that he might be released from the misery by being thrown into the sea. This was accordingly done when the ship was going along for the British Channel.

BEAUTY.—Beauty after five and thirty is like a forfeited peerage, the title of which is given by the courtesy of the well-bred to those who have no legal claims to it.

A TRUTH.—It is always a proof of false refinement, when a fastidious taste overpowers sympathy.—*Mary Wollstonecraft.*

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