

anecdote of the simplicity of a raw Pat, who had just been transplanted from the interior of Dublin. Pat had been sent by his master to purchase half a bushel of oysters, to the quay, but was absent so long, that apprehensions were entertained for his safety. He returned at last, however, puffing under his load in the most musical style. "Where the devil have you been?" exclaimed his master.—"Where have I been? why where should I be but to catch the oysters!" And what in the name of St. Patrick kept you so long?" Long, by my soul I've been pretty quick, considering all things." "Considering what things?" "Considering what things? why, considering the gutting of the fish; to be sure!" "Gutting what fish?" "What fish? why, blur-an-ouns, the oysters to be sure!" "What do you mean?" "What do I mane? why, I mane, that as I was resting myself forewent the Pickled Herring, and having a drop to comfort me, a journeyman asked me what I'd got in the sack?" "Oysters," says he. "Let's look at them," says he; and he opens the bag.—"Och! thunder and praties," says he, "who would you see these?" "It was Mick Carney," said I, "aboard the Powl Doodle Snack." "Mick Carney, the thief of the world!" says he;—"what a blackguard he must be to give them to you without gutting." "And aren't they gutted?" says I. "Devil of one of them." "Musha, then," says I, "what do I do?" "Do," says he, "I'd sooner do it myself, than have you abused; and so," he takes 'em in doors and guts 'em nate and clane, as you'll see; opening at the same time, his bag of oyster shells, which were as empty as the head that bore them to the house. If we had not this from an Irish paper, we should venture to doubt its authenticity.

NATURAL HISTORY.

Extract from a work published in London, on the Natural History of the Honey Bee, by Edward Bevan.

"It is a singular thing, that Bees, when deprived by accident of their queen, create a substitute. One of the working grubs is elevated to the throne; but not without an extraordinary education, which fits them to perform the duties of sovereignty. Nature takes especial care that no ambitious subject shall disturb the commonwealth by thrusting the monarch from her throne and usurping her place. There can be no bee-Cromwell, or bee-Vaughan, for the moment the intruder found himself seized by the royal sceptre, he would perceive himself entirely deficient in the usual requisites of a monarch. What bloodshed and confusion would it have prevented in the world had it been necessary for a monarch not only to wield the sceptre, but to lay a peculiar egg. This is a test which can admit of no doubt. A usurper might be instantly called into account. Lay your egg sir, or madam; prove your legitimacy, or vacate the place for the occupant of one who can perform the royal functions.

"Although the sovereign bee has nothing to fear from ambitious subjects, yet the moment she arrives at her queen's estate, she becomes conscious that there are rivals near the throne, proceeding in the spirit of oriental despot, she determines upon securing the peace of her reign in the surest manner. She will suffer no bee, nurtured with the royal jelly, and thus qualified for the sovereignty, to exist. Her first thought, on emerging from her cell, is put to death all the indwellers of the royal cradles. Of the manner in which this instinctive animosity displays itself, we find a curious description by Mr. Dunbar.

"In July when the hive had become filled with combs and bees, and well stored with honey, and when the queen was very fertile, laying a hundred eggs a day, Mr. Dunbar opened the hive and took her majesty away. The bees laboured for eighteen hours before they appeared to miss her: but no sooner was the loss discovered than all was agitation and tumult; and they rushed in crowds to the door, as if swarming. On the following morning he observed that they had founded five cells in the usual way under such circumstances; and in the evening of the same afternoon, four more were founded in a part of the comb where there were only eggs a day or two old. On the fourteenth day the six queens removal, a young queen emerged and presently the other royal cells evidently with a murderous intention. She was immediately pulled away by the workers with violence; and this conduct on their part was repeated as often as the queen renewed her destructive purpose. At every repulse she appeared sulky, and cried *peep, peep*,—one of the unhatched queens responding, but in a somewhat hoarse tone. This circumstance affords an explanation of the two different sounds which are heard prior to the issuing of second swarms. On the afternoon of the same day a second queen was hatched she immediately buried herself in a cluster of bees. Next morning Mr. D. observed a hot pursuit of the younger queen by the elder: but being called away, on his return half an hour afterwards, the former was dying on the floor, no doubt the victim of the other. Huber has stated that these artificial queens are mute; but the circumstances noted by Mr. Dunbar, of the two queens just referred to, having answered each other, disproves that statement. Contrary also to the experience of Mr. Huber, Mr. D. found that the cells of artificial queens were surrounded by a guard. I have just adverted to the protection which they afforded to the royal cells, when assailed by the first hatched queen.

"The unhappy drones, when the end of their being is answered, are ruthlessly massacred. The scene of fury to which they fall a sacrifice is thus described by Dr. Bevan.

"After the season of swarming, viz. towards the end of July, it is well known, a general massacre of the drones takes place. The business of fecundation being not completed, they are regarded as useless consumers of others' labours, love is at once converted into furious hate, and a general proscription takes place. The unfortunate victims evidently perceive their danger, for they are never, at this time, seen resting in one place, but darting in and out of the hive with the utmost precipitation, as in fear of being seized. Their destruction has generally supposed to be effected by the workers harassing them until they grow quite alive; this was the opinion of Mr. Hunter, who says the workers pitch them to and fro, without stinging them, and he considers their death as natural rather than an untimely one. But Huber has observed that their destruction is effected by the stings of the workers: he ascertained this by placing his hives upon a glass tube. Reumer seems to have been aware of this, for he has remarked that notwithstanding the superiority which the drones seem to have from their bulk, which they cannot hold out against the workers, who are armed with a poignard which conveys poison into the wound it makes. The moment this formidable weapon has entered their bodies, they expand their wings and expire.

MODERN DICTIONARY.

Distant relations.—People who imagine they have a right to rob you if you are rich, and to insult you if you are poor.

Belle.—A beautiful, but useless insect without wings, whose colours fade on being removed from the sunshine.

Heart.—A rare article, sometimes found in human beings. It is soon, however, destroyed by commerce with the world, or else becomes fatal to its possessor.

Housewifery.—An ancient art, said to have been fashionable among young girls and wives; now entirely out of use, or practiced only by the low orders.

Editor.—A poor wretch who every day empties his brain in order to fill his stomach.

Virtue.—An awkward habit of acting differently from other people. A vulgar word. It creates great mirth in fashionable circles.

Water.—A clear fluid, once used as a drink.

Death.—An ill bred fellow, who visits people at all seasons, and insists upon their immediately returning his call.

Author.—A Dealer in words, who gets paid in his own coin.

Friend.—A person who will not assist you because he knows your love will excuse him.

Wedded bliss.—A term used by Milton.

Doctor.—A man who kills you to-day to save you from dying to-morrow.

Lunatic Asylum.—A kind of Hospital, where detected lunatics are sent by those who have had the addressness to conceal their own infirmity.

Jail.—The penalty of misfortune, and often the reward of virtue.

Opera.—A species of dramatic entertainment to which the audience brings apples and peanuts.

To the Editor of the British American.

MR. EDITOR,

It may not perhaps be unamusing to many of your readers to learn a brief account, or Memoirs of John Edmund Crafer, Surgeon. This Gentleman, unlike the aspiring genius of the age, who seek fame and fortune in the thronged city, or the busy haunts of men; has for a series of years secluded himself in a remote and obscure corner of the world, or rather in the bosom of the woods of the Island of Prince Edward. I am certain from a long intimacy and friendship, that this method of holding him up to public view, will be anything but pleasant; but as a small tribute of friendship and a knowledge of his talents, which I consider in a great measure, lost to society, from his retired habits. This alone has induced me to make this feeble attempt, to rescue him from that oblivion which too well suits his turn of mind. Mr. C. was brought up with a Gentleman of considerable eminence in his profession; and received his anatomical Education from the celebrated Joshua Brooks: after passing through the routine of medical science at the different schools in London, he was placed in a genteel practice, and at the same time, officiated as an Assistant to the former Gentleman, in a very extensive practice, and also became private demon-