

“Non fonte labra prolui caballino,
Nec in bicipiti somniasse Parnasso
Memini, ut repente sic poeta prodirem.”

No more have I; and perhaps some of my readers may say that I should have done better had I waited for a sleep on Parnassus, and a drink of Hippocrene before I began to write. All I can say is, I hope to take one next year, if I visit Greece.

FYTTE I.—*Page 1-7.*—The fun of this first Fytte will be “real nuts” to every Bee-master. The whole economy of a Hive is viewed from a human stand-point. The sentinels watching with their own stings in their hands as lances; the early labours of the chamber and house maids; the architects setting out the day’s work; the swaddling clothes and pap boat for the Grub Royal; the State of the Queen; the idleness of the drones: all is well told, at least in the wood cuts.

“PIG IN THE GARDEN STRAYED ABOUT.”—*Page 8.*—A very improper place for Pig to take his constitutional walk. The wicket gate which leads to your Hives should be always properly secured, or results very different from the fattening of a pig may be produced. For what is possible, though not very probable, see one of the early chapters of Maryatt’s *Mr. Midshipman Easy*.

“WAS ERST ALL LEAN, WAS NOW ALL FAT.”—*Page 10.*—The alteration of the animal tissue in consequence of a sting is very wonderful; it is certainly not fat which is deposited. So that this method of getting Bacon Pigs ready for market, though it would save corn, would not be satisfactory to the Bacon Curer when he puts his fitches in salt, still less to the cook, when frying a rasher.

“FLY FORTH, DEAR BEES, 'TIS MORN, FLY FORTH.”—*Page 11.*—I shall be obliged to any one of my many friends, skilled in Musical Composition, if they will set this original Bee song. The prelude and refrain offer a fine opportunity for a Buzz-a-Buzz effect. On receipt of a satisfactory production I will forward to the Composer a bound copy of *Buzz-a-Buzz*, with the translator’s autograph. Inestimable reward!

JOHN DULL SITS WAITING FOR A SWARM.—*Page 11.*—as I have done for many an hour, and lost the swarm after all. John Dull drops asleep whilst watching. I have often ceased watching just as the swarm was about to rise. The Bees choose their own time, which is not always that which the Bee master would for them. But the whole