

## POETRY.

## THE THINGS THAT CHANGE.

BY FELICIA HEMANS.

Know'st thou that seas are sweeping  
Whose domes and towers have been?  
When the clear wave is sleeping,  
Those piles may yet be seen;  
Far down below the glossy tide,  
Man's dwellings where his voice hath died.

Know'st thou that flocks are feeding  
Above the tombs of old,  
Which kings, their armies leading,  
Have lagored to behold?  
A short smooth greenward o'er them spread,  
Is all that marks where heroes bled.

Know'st thou that now the lichen  
Of cities one renown'd,  
Is but some pillar broken  
With grass and wall flowers crown'd,  
While the lone serpent tears her young  
Where the triumphant Lyre has wrung?

Well, well I know the story  
Of ages pass'd away,  
And the mournful wrecks that glory  
Hath left to dull decay,  
But thou hast yet a tale to learn,  
More full of warnings, sad and stern.

Thy pensive eye but ranges  
Thro' ruin'd fane and hall—  
Oh! the deep soul hath changes  
More sorrowful than all!  
Talk not, while these before thee throng,  
Of silence in the place of song.

See Scorn where Love hath perish'd,  
Distrust, where friendship grew,  
Pride, where once Nature cherish'd  
All tender thoughts and true,  
And shadows of oblivion the ground.

Grieve not for tombs far scatter'd,  
For temples prostrate laid;  
In thine own heart he shatter'd  
The alters it had made!  
Go, sound its depths in doubt and fear—  
Heap up no more its treasures here!

## MISCELLANY.

From the Pickwick Papers.

## THE COBBLER.

He was a sallow man—all cobblers are; and had a strong bristly beard—all cobblers have; his face was a queer, good-natured, crooked featured piece of workmanship, ornamented with a couple of eyes that must have worn a joyous expression at one time, for they sparkled yet. The man was sixty by years, and heaven knows how old by imprisonment, so that this having any look approaching to mirth or contentment was singular enough. He was a little man, and being half doubled up as he lay in bed, looked about as long as he ought to have been without legs. He had got a great red pipe in his mouth, and was smoking and staring at the rushlight in a state of enviable placidity.

"Have you been here long?" inquired Sam, breaking the silence which had lasted for some time.

"Twelve years," said the cobbler, biting the end of his pipe as he spoke.

"Contempt?" inquired Sam.

The cobbler nodded.

"Vell, then," said Sam, with some sternness, "wot do you persevere in bein' obstinat for, wasting your precious life away in this here

magnified pound? Vy don't you give in, and tell the Chancellorship that you're werry sorry for makin' his court contemptible, and you won't do so no more?"

The cobbler put his pipe in the corner of his mouth while he smiled, and then brought it back to its old place again, but said nothing.

"Vy don't you!" said Sam, urging his question strenuously.

"Ah!" said the cobbler, "you don't quite understand these matters. What do you suppose ruined me now?"

"Vy," said Sam trimming the rushlight, "I s'pose the beginnin' was that you got into debt, eh?"

"Never owed a farden," said the cobbler; "try again."

"Vell, perhaps," said Sam, "you bought houses, vich is delicate English for gain' mud, or took to buildin', vich is a medical term for bein' incurable."

The cobbler shook his head, and said—"try again."

"You didn't go to law, I hope?" said Sam, suspiciously.

"Never in my life," replied the cobbler. "The fact is, I was ruined by having money left me."

"Come, come," said Sam, "that won't do. I wish some rich enemy 'ud try to work my destruction in that 'ere way. I'd let him."

"Oh, I dare say you don't believe it," said the cobbler, quietly smoking his pipe. "I wouldn't if I was you, but it is true for all that."

"How was it?" inquired Sam, half induced to believe the fact already by the look the cobbler gave him.

"Just this," replied the cobbler; an old gentleman that I worked for, down in the country, and a humble relation of whose I married—she's dead, God bless her, and thank Han for it—was seized with a fit and went off."

"Where?" inquired Sam, who was growing clearer after the numerous events of the day.

"How should I know where he went?" said the cobbler, speaking through his nose, in an intense enjoyment of his pipe. "He went off dead."

"Oh, that indeed," said Sam. "Vell."

"Well," said the cobbler, "he left five thousand pounds behind him."

"And wery gen'leel in him so to do," said Sam.

"And being surrounded by a great number of nieces and nevy's, as was always quarrelling and fighting among themselves for the property, he makes me his executor, gives me a thousand pounds, and leaves the rest to me in trust, to divide among 'em as the will provided."

"Wot do you mean by leavin' it on trust?" inquired Sam, waking up a little. "If it ain't ready money, vore's the use on it?"

"It's a law term, that's all," said the cobbler.

"I don't think that," said Sam, shaking his head. "There's verry little trust at that shop. How's ever, go on."

"Well," said the cobbler, "when I was going to take out a probate of the will, the nieces and nevy's, who was desperately dissatisfied at not getting all the money, enters a caveat against it."

"Vell, it's that?" inquired Sam.

"A legal instrument vich is as much as to say, it's no go" replied the cobbler.

"I see," said Sam, "a sort of brother-in-law o' the have-his-carcase. Vell."

"But," continued the cobbler, "finding that they couldn't agree among themselves, and consequently couldn't get up a case against the will, they withdrew the caveat, and I paid all the legacies. I'd hardly done it, when one

nevy brings an action to set the will aside. The case came on some months afterwards before a deaf old gentleman, in a back room somewhere down by Paul's Churchyard; and after four counsels had taken a day a piece to bother him regularly, he takes a week or two to consider and read the evidence in six volumes, and then gives his judgment that how the testator was not quite right in his head, and I must pay all the money back again and all the costs. I appealed; the case come on before three or four very sleepy gentlemen, who had heard it all before in the other court, where they're lawyers without work; the only difference being that they're called doctors, and in the other place delegates, if you understand that; and they very dutifully confirmed the decision of the old gentleman below. After that we went into Chancery, where we are still, and where I shall always be. My lawyers have had althyn thousand pounds long ago; and what between the estate, as they call it, and the costs, I'm here for ten thousand, and shall stop here till I die, mending shoes. Some gentlemen have talked of bringing it before Parliament, and I dare say would have done it, only they hadn't time to come to me, and I hadn't power to go to them; and they got tired of my long letters, and dropped the whole business. And this is God's truth, without one word of suppression or exaggeration, as fifty people in this place and out of it very well know."

The cobbler paused to ascertain what effect his story had produced upon Sam, but finding that he had dropped asleep, knocked the ashes out of his pipe, sighed, put it down, drew the bed-clothes over his head, and went to sleep too.

**KIDNAPPING A SHERIFF**—Dublin, August 2.—A most singular story is afloat in Town to-day of the kidnapping the Sheriff of Waterford with the election Writs in his pocket, by the eccentric Marquis of Waterford. They were both walking on the quay, the day being warm, when the Marquis hospitably invited the High Sheriff to partake of a glass of champagne. The Sheriff accepted the offer, requesting that his Lordship would delay it until he went to the Post Office to get any letters which might have arrived for him. He did so, got the election Writs which had arrived by that day's mail, put them into his pocket, went on board, and neither the vessel, the Marquis, nor the Sheriff, have since been heard of. The noble Marquis was about to sail for Norway, and the first account of the Party is expected to be from the inhospitable shores of the Scaggerack.

**AN EXTRA-ORDINARY.**—An avaricious person, who kept a very scanty table, dining one Saturday with his son at an ordinary in Cambridge, whispered in his ear, "Tom, you must eat for to-day and to-morrow." "Oh yes," reiterated the half starved lad, "but I ha'n't eaten for yesterday and the day before yet, father."

**FATAL RASHNESS.**—A certain Editor in Massachusetts has lately got married!—The Southern Telescope thinks he is crazy, unless his wife has an appetite to live on old exchange papers.

Foots has defined marriage as bubbling for a single eel in a barrel of snakes.

## AGENTS

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