

POETRY.

Like sounds and scents of yesterday they come.
Long years have past since this was last my home!
And I am weak, and toil-worn is my frame;
But all this vale shuts in is still the same.
'Tis I alone am changed; they know me now:
I feel a stranger—or as one forgot.

The breeze that cooled my warm and youthful brow,
Breathes the same freshness on its wrinkles now.
The leaves that flung around me sun and shade,
While gazing idle on them, as they played,
Are holding yet their frolic in the air;
The motion, joy, and beauty still are there—
But not for me!—I look upon the ground:
Myriads of happy faces throng me round,
Familiar to my eye; yet heart and mind
In vain would now the old communion find
Ye were as living, conscious beings then,
With whom I talked—but I have talked with men!
With uncheered sorrow, with cold hearts I've met;
Seen honest minds by hardened craft beset;
Seen hope cast down, turn deathly pale its glow,
Seen virtue rare, but more of virtue's show.

From "The Offering," for 1837.

TO MY MOTHER.

'Midst pleasure, trouble, indigence, or wealth,
Thou hast watched o'er me, guardian of my health,
My Mother!—Tell me, can I e'er requite,
Can words express, the care both day and night
That thou hast ta'en of me?—How, by my bed,
Thou'st carefully watched, while weary moments fled?
Each hour to Heaven my prayers for thee shall rise;
Rude, but sincere, they'll penetrate the skies!—
Each hour I'll pray—"May blessings from above
Reward thy care, affection, kindness, love!"

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE MONKS OF DRYBURGH.

THESE worthies were celebrated for "good hail," but they were no less remarkable for their ingenuity in directing the wealth of their neighbors and dependents into their own coffers.

In common with others of their profession, they assailed the death beds of the wealthy, and persuaded the dying sinner that he had no chance of Heaven, unless he came handsomely down for their holy brotherhood before his departure.

They were thus constantly on the alert when the death of a person in good circumstances was reported to be at hand. This intelligence no sooner reached them—and they were always well informed on such subjects—than they hastened to the couch of the dying person, at once to prepare him, by spiritual discourse, for the approaching change, and to secure what they could of the sinner's temporal possessions in return.

It was for such purposes as these that two of the brethren of Dryburgh set out, one day, in great haste, to visit the old Laird of Meldrum, whom, they had been informed, was suddenly brought to the point of death, but had passed it, and that ere they came. In other words, the laird was dead when they arrived, and their services, of course, no longer required.

This was a dreadful disappointment to the holy men; for they had reckoned on making an excellent thing of the job, as the laird had been long in their

eye, and had been carefully trained up for the finale of a handsome bequest.

It was with long faces, therefore, and woeful looks, that the monks returned to their monastery, and reported the unlucky accident of the laird's having slipped away before they had had time to make any thing of him in his last moments. The disappointment is felt by all to be a grievous one, for the laird had been confidently reckoned upon as sure game. While in this state of mortification, a bright idea occurred to one of the brethren, and he mentioned it to the rest, by whom it was highly approved of.

This idea was to conceal the laird's death for a time: to remove his body out of the way, and to procure some one to occupy his bed, and pass for a laird in a dying state: then to procure a notary and witnesses; having previously instructed the laird's representative how to conduct himself—that is, to bequeath all his property to the monastery. This done, the living man to be secretly conveyed away, the dead one restored to his place again, and his death publicly announced.

This ingenious scheme of the monk met with universal approbation, and it was determined that it should be instantly acted upon.

Fortunately, so far, for the monks, there was a poor man, a small farmer in the neighborhood, of the name of Thomas Dickson, who bore a singularly strong personal resemblance to the deceased—a circumstance which at once pointed him out as the fittest person to act the required part. This person was, accordingly, immediately wanted upon, the matter explained to him, and a handsome gratuity offered him for his services.

"A bargain he't," said Thomas, when the terms were proposed to him; "never ye fear me. If I dinna mak a guid job o't, blame me. I kent the laird weel, and can come as near him in speech as I'm said to do in person."

The monks, satisfied with Thomas's assurances of fidelity, proceeded with their design; and, when every thing was prepared,—the laird's body removed out of the way, Thomas extended on his bed, and the curtains closely drawn round him—they introduced the notary, to take down the old man's testament, (having previously intimated to the former that he was required by the latter for that purpose,) and four witnesses to attest the facts that were about to be exhibited.

Everything being in readiness—the lawyer with pen in hand, and the witnesses in profound attention—one of the monks intimated to the dying man that he might now proceed to dictate his will.

"Very well," replied the latter, in a feeble, tremulous tone. "Hear me, then, good folks a'. I bequeath to honest Tammas Dickson, whom I hao lang respect for his worth, and pity for his straits, the half o' my movable goods and lym' money. Put doon that." And down that accordingly went. But, if the house had blown into the air with them, or the ghosts of their great grandfathers had appeared before them, the monks could not have expressed more amazement or consternation than they did, at finding themselves thus so fairly outwitted, by the superior genius of the canny farmer. They dared not, however, breathe a word of remonstrance, nor take the smallest notice of the trick that was about being played on them; for their own character was at stake in the transaction, and the least intimation of their design on the laird's property would have exposed them to public infamy—and this Thomas well knew. It was in vain, therefore, that they edged towards the bed—concealing, however, their movements from those present—and squeezed and pinched the dying laird. He was not to be so driven from his purpose. On he went, bequeathing first one thing and then another, to his honest friend, Thomas Dickson, till Thomas was fairly put in possession of everything the laird had worth bequeathing. Some trifles, indeed, he had the prudence and discretion to bestow upon the monks of Dryburgh; but trifles

they were, truly, when compared to the valuable legacy he left to himself.

When the dying laird had disposed of everything he had, the scene closed. The discomfited monks returned to their monastery—the notary and the witnesses departed—and Thomas Dickson, in due time, stepped into a comfortable living, and defied the Monks of Dryburgh, on the peril of their good name, even to dare to hint how he had come by it.

LOVER AND HUSBAND.—The following sentences were put to paper by a set of saucy fair ones, in the presence of their husbands, whom, forsooth, they accuse of having adopted since their marriage, a phraseology different from that which they used when *Lover*.

Lover. You do every thing well, Madam.

Husband. My dear, you don't seem to know how to do any thing.

Lover. How well you look to-day; indeed you are charming in any dress.

Husband. How frightful you are—I wish you would put on your clothes a little more becomingly.

Lover. That's a pretty cap; how elegant is your taste.

Husband. That hideous hat—my dear you will never learn to dress yourself.

Lover. What pretty sentiments; how well you express yourself on every subject.

Husband. You know not how to talk on any subject as you ought to do; therefore hold your tongue.

Lover. Let me know your opinion, my dear Madam; it shall ever guide me.

Husband. What does it signify, my dear, what you say on this subject; I never consult women.

Lover. How neatly you carve that fowl; it is a pleasure to see you.

Husband. How awkward you are; the meat grows cold before you can eat it up; and after all, it is done in such a manner I cannot eat it.

Lover. I am so concerned to see you indisposed; can I offer nothing that will be of service to you Madam.

Husband. It is all your own fault, my dear, that you have got this cold; you never take care of yourself.—*Dedham Patriot*.

LUXURIOUS INDOLENCE.—It is related of Goldsmith as a characteristic of his indolence and carelessness, that his mode of extinguishing his candle, when in bed until he was inclined to sleep, was by throwing his slipper which in consequence was usually found in the morning lying near the overturned candlestick, daubed with grease.

A BURNING BRIDEGROOM.—A pair of lovers presented themselves at the altar, at Norfolk, England; but in the midst of the ceremony, smoke was seen issuing from the person of the bridegroom. The alarm being given, the Parish Clerk, with the assistance of the wedding party, extinguished the conflagration—which was caused by a short pipe which the bridegroom had been using, and which, in the luxury of the moment, when called upon to go through the interesting ceremony, he had thrust in his pocket.

Lightness of conversation is often but a flimsy veil covering a thoughtful head and a heavy heart.

AGENTS

FOR THE BEE.

Charlottetown, P. E. I.—Mr. DENNIS REDDIN.
Miramichi—Rev. JOHN McCURRY.
St. John, N. B.—Mr. A. R. TRENO.
Halifax—Messrs. A. & W. MCKINLAY.
Truro—Mr. CHARLES BLANCHARD.
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