

A GRAVELY COMICAL POEM.

If a good educationist was to read the following "poem" in a miscellaneous company it would be thought quite impressive. If any one should attempt to analyze it he would be rather surprised at the result. How many poets have contributed the epigrams, couplets and comms and comms it is impossible to tell, but there are reminiscences of quite a number: How sweet, when evening's legendary smile breathes the soft blush of Myra's mystic tale. In emphatic peace alone to roam, Where the gray seaweed builds her leafy home!

And the dark Indian guides his frail canoe— 'Tis then the soul, in self-enclosed mood spreads the cool couch of sensit solitude. When hushed loquacity enchains the mountain blue. And the dark Indian guides his frail canoe— 'Tis then the soul, in self-enclosed mood spreads the cool couch of sensit solitude. When hushed loquacity enchains the mountain blue.

Artemus Ward is in London. MR. PUNCH, MY DEAR SIR,—I am very glad to hear that you are in London. I have been thinking of writing you for some time, but have been so busy that I could not find time to do so.

My dear friend, I have just received your letter of the 29th, and I am glad to hear that you are well. I have been thinking of writing you for some time, but have been so busy that I could not find time to do so.

Elizabeth to make Martin Truogold a baronet. The Warbler shows us some instruments of torture, such as thumb-screws, throat-collars, etc., stating that these were contrived from the Spanish Army, and adding what a crowd of people the Spaniards were in them days—which elicited from a bright-eyed little girl of about twelve summers the remark that she thought it was right to talk about the cruelty of the Spaniards, but that she thought she would like to see some of those screw-wheels, when we was in a tower where so many poor people's heads had been cut off. This made the Warbler stammer and turn red.

I was so pleased with the little girl's brightness that I would have kissed the dear child, and I would if she'd been six years older. I think my companions intended making a day of it, for they had sandwiches, saucers, etc. The sad-looking man who had wanted us to drop a tear before we started to go round, flung such quantities of saucers into his mouth, that I expected to see him choke himself to death; he said to me, in the Beauchamp Tower, where the poor prisoners writ their unhappy names on the cold walls.

"This is a sad sight," "It is indeed," I answered. "You're black in the face. You shouldn't eat saucers in public without some rehearsal beforehand. You manage it awkwardly," he said, "I mean this sad room." Indeed, he was quite right. Tho' so long ago these dreadful things happened, I was very glad to get away from this room, and go where the rich and sparkling Crown Jewels were kept. I was so pleased with the Queen's Crown, that it occurred to me what a agreeable surprise it would be to send a similar one home to my wife; and I asked the Warbler what was the value of a good, well-constructed Crown like that. He told me, but on cyphering up with a pencil the amount of fums I have in the Joint Stock Bank, I concluded I'd send her a genteel silver watch instead.

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And so I left the Tower. It is a solid and commandant edifice, but I deny that it is cheerful. I bid it adieu without a pang. "Alas! no," I answered, "we boast of our enterprise and improvements, and yet we are devoid of a Tower. America, oh my unhappy country! thou hast not got no Tower. It's a sweet boon." The gates were opened after awhile, and all the purloin tickets, and went into a well-known room.

"My friend," said a pale-faced little man, in black of face, "it is a sad day." "Inasmuch as to how?" I said. "I mean it is sad to think that so many people have been killed within these gloomy walls. My friend, let us drop a tear!" "No," I said, "you must excuse me. Others may do so if they feel like it, but as for me, I decline. The early managers of this institution were a bad lot, and their crimes were too foul; but I can't sob for those who died four or five hundred years ago. If they was my own relations, I could not. I've shed sob over other things which occur during the reign of Henry the Third. Let us be cheerful," I continued. "Look at the festive Warders, in their red flannel jackets. They are cheerful, and why should it not be thusy with us?"

A Warbler now took us in charge, and showed us the Trater's Gate, the armers and things. The Trater's Gate is wide enough to admit about twenty traters abreast; I should judge; but beyond this I can't see. It is quite like a superior to gates in general. Traters, I will here remark, are a non-fortuit class of people. If they wasn't, they wouldn't be traters. They conspire to bust up a country, they fall, and they are traters. They are a non-fortuit class of people. If they wasn't, they wouldn't be traters. They conspire to bust up a country, they fall, and they are traters.

Take the case of Gloster, afterwards Old Dick the Three, who may be seen at the Tower, on horseback, in a heavy tinovercoat—take Mr. Gloster's case. Mr. G. was a conspirator of the basist dye, and if he had the world he would have hung on a sour apple tree. But Mr. G. succeeded and became great. He was slewed by Col. Richmond, but he lives in history, and his equestrian figger may be seen there for a sixpence, in conjunction with other conspirators who have been extra charge for the Warbler's able and bootiful lecture.

There's one king in this room who is mounted on a foaming steed, and his hand grasps a barber's pole. I didn't learn his name. The room where the daggers and pistols and other weapons is kept is interesting. Among this collection of choice cutlery I notice the bow and arrow which those hot-headed chaps used to conduct battles with. It is quite like the bow and arrow used at this day by certain tribes of American Indians, and they shoot 'em off with such an excellent precision that I am almost signed to be an Injun, when I was in the Rocky Mountain region. They are a pleasant set of fellows. Mr. Cooper and Dr. Catin have told us of the red man's wonderful eloquence, and I found it so. Our party was stopt on the plains of Utah by band of Shoshones, whose chief said, "Brother, this man is a white man, and he is the sun-stikin in the West, and Wabnucko who will soon cease speakin. Brothers! the poor red map belongs to a race which is fast becomin extinct." He then whooped in a shrill manner, stole all our blankets and whisky, and fled to the primeval forest to conceal his emotion.

I will remark here, while on the subject of Injuns, that they are in the main a very snaky set, with even less sense than the Fenians, and when I hear philanthropists bewail the fact that every year "carries the noble red man nearer the settin sun," I simply have to say I'm glad, if it, tho' it is rough on the settin sun. They call you by the sweet name of Brother, one minute, and the next they scalp you with their Thomshawks. But I wander. Let us return to the Tower.

The Late Senator Wright of New Jersey. The following appeared in a portion of our edition yesterday. [From the Newark Advertiser, Nov. 1.] We record to-day the death of the Hon. John Wright, U. S. Senator from this State, at the age of 77. Mr. Wright was a prominent citizen of this town, first as a member of the firm of Smith & Wright, and afterwards as Mayor of the city, as member of Congress and U. S. Senator, and as a candidate for Governor. His ancestors were among the early settlers of Connecticut. Benjamin Wright, from whom he was in descent, was a native of New York, being a man of large wealth and adventurous spirit. About 1850 he first left Colony and established himself first at Galliford, near New Haven, and afterwards at the mouth of Wright's River, on Long Island Sound, near Saybrook. Here his father, Dr. William Wright, was born; and having himself been removed to Clarksville, Rockland county, New York, where he practised his profession for several years.

William Wright, the subject of this notice, together with his twin brother, was born at Clarksville, November 18th, 1790. His father, Dr. Wright, died during a visit to the Southern States, whilst William and his brother were at school in Foughkeepsie, and he never returned to his native land. The early death of his father, he was obliged to abandon his studies. He was, accordingly, placed with the late Isaac G. Phelps, at New York, where he remained until 1815 he commenced business for himself at Bridgeport, Connecticut, and in 1823 removed to Newark, N. J., and in connection with his twin brother, he commenced business in the well-known house of Smith & Wright, who for many years thereafter were the most extensive manufacturers of iron and steel in the country. The firm established branches at various points in the Southern States, with which they carried on their principal trade, and became very successful and wealthy by the Queen's Crown, that it occurred to me what a agreeable surprise it would be to send a similar one home to my wife; and I asked the Warbler what was the value of a good, well-constructed Crown like that. He told me, but on cyphering up with a pencil the amount of fums I have in the Joint Stock Bank, I concluded I'd send her a genteel silver watch instead.

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