

Was Thomas Tickell-ish at all?
 Did Richard Steele, I ask?
 Tell me, has George A. Sala suit?
 Did William Ware a mask!
 Does Henry Cabot Lodge at home?
 John Horne Tooke what and when?
 Is Gordon Cumming? Has G. W.
 Cabled his friends again?

--*Ex.*

 NARCISSUS.

Narcissus, weary with the chase,
 Stopped at a crystal well to drink,
 And bending o'er the mossy brink,
 Saw in its depths a shining face.
 A fairer nymph ne'er left in spray
 A fountain's basin deep and cool,
 Nor sported in a woodland pool,
 To tempt the traveller from his way.
 Narcissus gazed in rapt delight,
 Then soft spoke a tender name,
 And listened—but no answer came
 From the sweet, silent water sprite.
 Impatient, now, Narcissus tries
 To hold her in a loving clasp,
 But swiftly she evades his grasp
 And vanishes before his eyes.
 Through little waves that melt away,
 Again the nymph's fair face appears,
 But heeds she not her lover's tears,
 And shuns the hand that bids her stay.
 Unhappy lover! thus he dies,
 Pursuing still the wayward elf,
 The first that ever loved himself,
 Believing it was otherwise.

--*College Folio.*

 RUTH, THE RURAL BEAUTY.

She was lying by the stream,
 This charming beauteous Ruth,
 And I loved her; Oh! I loved her
 For her beauty and her truth.
 And as she leaned her head
 Far o'er the yielding grass,
 She saw reflected there
 In this natural looking-glass,