

THE GARDEN.



"With sweetest flowers enrich'd,
From various gardens cull'd with care."

LITANY TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

In the hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I'm in confusion,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When I lie within my bed,
Sick at heart, and sick in head,
And with doubts discomfited,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drown'd in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the passing-bell doth toll,
And the furies in a shoal,
Come to fright a parting soul,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the tapers now burn blue,
And the comforters are few,
And that number more than true,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the priest his last hath pray'd,
And to God to say is said,
Because my speech is now decay'd,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the tempter me pursueth,
With the sins of all my youth,
And half-damns me with untruth,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the flames and hellish fires,
Fright mine ears, and fright mine eyes,
And all terrors me surprise,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the judgment is reveal'd,
And that need which was seal'd,
When to Thee I have appeal'd,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

THE REPOSITORY.

THE POLISH LOVERS.

For his only monument shall be the dry wood of the gibbet; his one shall be the tears of women and the long conversations of his countrymen.

On the beautiful banks of the Dneister, in Podolia, stands the ruins of an ancient castle. The remains of its grandeur remind us of former days of happiness and glory, and its ruins of misfortune and war. Two years since it was still inhabited, but it stands now, a lone and deserted monument. The dogs howl at its once hospitable doors, and no sound echoes through its desolate halls but the scream of the owl.

One morning the sun rose brightly, enlightening once more the old mansion, and painting with the golden colours the alleys of the garden. The birds were awake on the trees, praising, in a low voice, the glory of their Maker; but in a summer-house sat a yet gentler and lovelier bird, the sweet Halina of the castle. Her voice harmonized not with the merry notes of the birds around her, it was more tender and sorrowful.

HALINA'S SONG.

To-morrow shall sparkle the glorious star
And to-morrow my love will be on the way,
His dark eye will brighten to meet with the foe,
But he leaves my lone heart in the darkness of woe.

And to-morrow, perhaps, he will rest in the grave,
And no one will weep o'er the tomb of the brave;
Oh! this dark heart shall bleed for the doom of my love,
But never from the grave can his ashes remove.

As she finished, she hung her guitar on a rose-bush, saying: "Alas! my songs float away with-out an echo, his sweet voice will never more accompany me." She heard a rustling among the leaves, and turning quickly round, she beheld the figure of her lover, a youth dressed in the uniform of a Polish lancer.

"To-morrow," said he, "I go: it is the day appointed for our insurrection. Dearest, we shall meet no more; but, remember your Casimir, who left you only for his country."

"Farewell, my beloved," said Halina, as she gave him a banner, "take this and fight under its shadow: it is a gift to Poland, from her unhappy daughter."

She sighed deeply, but she wept not. Although she sacrificed to her country, her Casimir, her ideal, her world, she wept not—she was a Pole.

"This flag," replied he, "the work of thy gentle fingers, shall be my avenging angel in the day of battle. And when I return it shall be dyed with the blood of the Russians. Oh! I will never be unworthy of the gift."

"And let it be, also, your guardian angel, for in its embroidery are enshrouded many drops of my soul, many tears. They will guard you in the hour of danger. May the blood of the enemy, not thine, dye this flag, and at thy return, I will crown thee with laurels. But it thou shouldst perish—"

The words died upon her lips, and the burning tears rolled down her angelic face. And now, she was a woman.

all had changed but the summer-house, and the soul that dreamed within. Hope had ceased to linger in Poland; the land of Kosciusko was in bondage. The revolution passed away like the visions of a young dreaming soul.

Again Halina wept bitterly, but her tears were holy, they fell on the altar of patriotism—she wept for her native country—she was a Pole.

And yet when she thought of one brave defender of that country, and of his uncertain fate, tears of passion may have mingled with those of patriotism—she was a woman.

At this moment a stranger appeared among the trees. Halina's heart, the watch of her soul, that seemed to tell of the approaching hour of happiness, beat stronger and stronger as he approached with torn garments and a pilgrim's staff in his hand.

"Oh, my Casimir—they have not enshrouded my Casimir—but why is he in this garb?"

"It is the dress of a Polish pilgrim—not so far as the warrior's, but not the less honorable. Our swords are broken, but our hearts are not. I have come, my Halina, to behold you once more—but, alas! to say again, farewell. I will depart on a pilgrimage, rather than bow my proud heart to the despot. Yes, we will wander through the world, and invoke justice and vengeance. Let the nations of Europe see the projects of tyrants, and tremble from our examples. Adieu! yet, again we shall meet in happier days. The hope is not gone."

"But echoes answered in a sepulchral tone, 'gone.'"

"And will you leave me again?" said she.

"Oh! weep not, my Halina, that I go, what will be our life without freedom?"

They conversed yet awhile. That which they spoke I will not repeat: I will not intrude into that sanctuary of the heart—not violate that mass of the feelings. How many thoughts they had to communicate in one hour—that hour of farewell.

Halina, at length, dried her tears, dispelled the gloom from her brow, and smiled once more on her lover. With those lips it seemed that a heaven opened on his view, something unearthly glowed in her eyes; he forgot the world, life, and Poland herself, in that moment of ecstasy. He took her in his arms, kissed her till his soul seemed stamped in that last embrace; he kissed her once more, and once more, again and again.

But the sound of farewell struck on her ear, and he was gone!

III.

Our patriots, though exiled, still nourished the hope of delivering their native country. Their project was to commence a war, similar to the Guerrillas in Spain, to be a prelude to the general insurrection, and, at least, to preserve, always, the spirit of revolution and freedom in the country, and to show the nations of Europe, that the Poles could never be wholly enshrouded. This was called the war of the Partisans. Their number, however, was too small, though their sacrifices were so great. They were obliged to hide themselves in the woods, or to fight but very small detachments of the Russian troops.

Nicholas, to defeat their projects, and deprive them of the sympathy of Europe, proclaimed them as robbers, and punished them as such. The gibbet was, and is, alas! until this time, the recompense of the Polish patriots.

A small detachment of Partisans attacked the city of Jozefaw, in the palatinate of Lublin. They knew not the state of the enemy, till the lightnings of the firing revealed their numbers. They continued, however, slowly to retreat, constantly and fearlessly firing. The Russians fell in great numbers, and three only of the Partisans were missing. They, being wounded, fell into the hands of the enemy.

"Ha! we have some of those bird-catchers* at last," said they, as they advanced to the prostrate forms of those who had fallen, content to revenge the death of so many of their companions on these. But two were already dead of their wounds, and in the third, the remains of organic life still lingered, but his brow was pale and spectre-like; no soul beamed from his eye. He seemed like the magic lantern, with no light within.

warrior was buried under his gibbet. The ministers of God offered no prayers for his soul; no noble plumes waved over his corse; no martial music; the muffled drum and the tolling bell, sounded not his dirge; warriors bore him not to his last rest. But prayers arose from the grave of the hero, though the priest offered them not; and tears fell upon his dust, though warriors shed them not. A beautiful form knelt there—the form of his beloved; a beautiful spirit sighed there—the spirit of his beloved. The pale moon rose and set, and still she knelt on his grave.

At morning some pansy came to look at the grave of the Partisan; she was yet kneeling, but pale and cold. The beautiful flower of Podolia was blighted and dead, like the spectre of a rose on the grave of a warrior; but her spirit, free and light, had already joined the strong soul of Casimir. Such was the fate of the Polish Lovers.

Childhood—A Domestic Scene.

BY W. D. GALLAGHER.

The day was well nigh o'er,
The sun, near the horizon, dimly shone;
And the long shadows of the door-yard trees,
Across the lawn were thrown.

Upon the soft, cool grass,
A little boy and girl were seen,
With bosom open to the evening breeze
Which now and then did pass.

Moving and dancing of the spirit's birth,
And its relation to the human eye,
I lay alone,
Borne on imagination's airy pinions,
Far from the world's turmoil, and sordid man's dominions.

Eye came on gently; and her step was seen
Stirring the blossoms on the violet green,
As if a wand she held; she drew a bee,
Yet labouring busily.

The while, her soft
And delicate fingers plucked the leaves aloft,
And whirled them round and round
In eddies to the ground.

Where I, an humble PARS, with many a wreath was crown'd.

Presently on my ear,
Rang full and deep,
Joyous, and musical, and clear,
A sound, which made my father's heart to leap,
And sent the warm blood to my cheek and brow,
Which with the recollection warm'd my eye.

It ceased, that thrilling tone;
And with it passed my bright but dreamy train
Of thought—and I was left as man again,
Earthly, and weak, and lone.

So slight a touch can jar the spirit's springs—
And e'en a word, or tone, or look, clip Fancy's wings.

Once more—once more, it rang upon my ear—
But bent with other sounds, as clear
And must be heard.

A childish just—and then a shout,
From one, or two, or three, rang out,
Full, free and wild—
Oh! childish laughter rent the dewy air!
And now my eye a glimpse caught of the fair
And lovely one: it was my own dear child!
She and her little friends, had at their play,
Upon the grassy slope, that softly stretch'd away.

Again—again—
From the descending plain,
Up rise those zephyr notes; but chief that voice
Which first broke on my ear,
And made my heart rejoice,
Ascends full, strong, and clear—
Approaching nigh, and higher,
As the strain grows high, and higher;

Then, like a water-cress, flowing
Away to every point, and grow-
Fainter, and fainter, till the fast tones die—
Lost, as far-journeying birds fade in the purple sky.

Bonnets were in the air,
And bonnet-ribands scattered on the ground;
Small shoes and pantafoles lay thick around,
And the little feet were all bound.

And frocks were sold'd and aprons rear,
But still they kept their frolic mood,
And laugh'd and romp'd; and when I went
And close by them, they drew a breath,
How hard each little elf did try
To win the most of my regard!

And striving still more hard
The spirit, so it seem'd to me,
The same in the great world we see,
Spurring the warrior on to victory,
And urging on the bard!

Evou with the thought came the quick resolution, and another moment found him lying—lying close and pressed upon the bosom of the flower—

There was a slight effort to escape from the embraces of the intruder—the flower murmured its dissent, but murmur died away into a sigh, was inhaled, as so much honey, by the pressing lips of the butterfly. He sang to the flower a story of his love—and, oh! saddest of all, the young flower be- loved him!

And day after day he came to the stolen em- brace, and day after day, more fondly than ever, the lovely flower looked to receive him. She sur- rendered her very soul to his keeping, and her pure white leaves grew tinged with his golden ringlets, while his kisses stained with yellow the otherwise delicate loveliness of her lips. But she heeded not this, so long as the embrace was still fervent—the kiss still warm—the return of the butterfly still certain.

But when was love certain?—not often, where the lover is a butterfly. There came a change over the habits of the butterfly. He gradually fell off in his attentions. His passion grew cool, and the ease of his conquest led him to undervalue its acquisition. Each day he came later and later, and his stay with the lovely flower grew more and more shortened on each return. Her feelings perceived the estrangement long before her reason had taught her to think upon or understand it.

At length she murmured her reproaches—and the grievance must be great when love will venture so far. "Wherefore," she said, "Oh, wherefore hast thou lingered away so long? Why dost thou not now, as before, vie with the sunlight in thy advances? I have looked for thee from the dawn, yet I have looked for thee in vain. The yellow beetle has been all the morning buzzing about me, but I frowned upon his approaches— The green grasshopper had a song under my bush, and told me a dull story of the love which he had for me in his bosom; and more than once, the glittering humming-bird has sought my embraces, but I shut my leaves against him. Thou hast been slow to seek me—thou whom I have looked to see."

Gaily then the butterfly replied to these re- proaches, nor, as he spoke, heeded the increasing paleness of the flower. "Over a thousand forests I've been flying, each as beautiful as this: on a thousand flowers I have been tending—none less loving to the right than thou. How couldst thou dream that, with a golden ringlet, broad and free and beautiful, like mine, in a single spot I still should linger, of the world unknowing aught? No, my mine is an exorcise spirit, for a thousand free affections made: wouldst thou have me, like groping spiders, working still to girdle in myself?"

It was a murmuring and sad reply of the now isolated flower, and lived not long after it had made it. "Ah, now I know mine error—having no wings myself to mate with the lover who had— Alas! that I have loved so fondly and foolishly; for while thou hast gone over a thousand forests, seeing a thousand flowers, I have only known, only looked, only lived, for a single butterfly!"

The false one was away, after this, to another forest; for his ear loved not reproaches, and he had sense, if not feeling enough, to see that they were uttered justly. The flower noted its departure, and its last sigh was an audible warning to the young bud which it left behind it. The wood- spirit heard the sigh and the warning—and when the bud began to expand in the pleasant sunshine, he persuaded the black-browed spider to spin his web, and frame his nest, in the thick bushes that hung around it; and many were the wanton but- terflies, after this, who, coming to prey upon the innocent affection, became entangled, and justly perished in the guardian net-work thus raised up to protect it.

IV.

Ned of the Toddin—an affecting story of an Idiot.

From the interesting letters of Espriella, just published by Dearborn, we make this extract— A long time ago there was in these parts a poor idiot, who, being quite harmless, was permitted to wander whither he would and receive charity at every house in his regular rounds. His name was Ned of the Toddin, and I have just heard a tale which has thrilled every nerve in me! from head to foot. He lived with his mother, and there was no other in the family; it is remarked that idiots are always particularly beloved by their mothers, doubtless because they always continue in a state as helpless and dependent as infancy— This poor fellow, in return, was equally fond of his mother: love towards her was the only feeling which he was capable of, and that feeling was proportionately strong. The mother fell sick and died: of death, poor wretch, he knew nothing; and it was in vain to hope to make him comprehend it. He would not suffer them to bury her, and they were obliged to put her into the coffin unknown to him, and carry her to the grave when, as he imagined, he had been deceyved away to a distance. Ned of the Toddin, however, suspected that something was designed, watched them secretly; and as soon as it was dark, opened the grave, took out the body and carried it home— Some of the neighbors compassionately went into the cottage to look after him: they found the dead body seated in her own place in the chimney cor- ner, a large fire blazing, which he had made to warm her, and the idiot son with a large dish of pap offering to feed her. "Eat mother!" he was saying, "you used to like it!" Presently wonder- ing at her silence, he looked at the face of the corpse, took the dead hand to feel it, and said, "Why d'ye look so pale, mother? why be you so cold?"

LONGEVITY OF FISHES.—Fishes are among the most long lived animals. A pike was taken in 1754, at Kaiserslautern, which had a ring fasten- ed to the gill covers, from which it appears to have been put in the pond of that castle, by order of Frederick II, in 1487, a period of 267 years.— It is described as being 19 feet long and weighed 350 lbs.

Eternity.

I take whatever I can conceive most long and durable. I heap imagination on imagination, and conjecture. First, I consider these long lives, which all wish, and few obtain. I observe those old men, who live for four or five generations, and who alone make the history of an age. I do more; I turn to ancient chronicles, I go back to the patri- archal age, and consider life as extending thro' a thousand years; and I say to myself, all this is not eternity—all this is but a point compared with eternity. Having represented to myself real objects, I form ideas of imaginary ones. I go from our age to the time of publishing the Gos- pel, from thence to the publication of the law— from the law to the flood—from the flood to the creation—I join this epoch to the present time, and imagine Adam still living. Had Adam lived till now, had he passed all this time in fire on a rack, what ideas must we form of his condition? At what price would we agree to expose ourselves to misery so great? What imperial glory would appear glorious were it to be followed by so much woe? Yet this is not eternity, all this is nothing compared with eternity?

I go farther still. I proceed from imagination to imagination—from one supposition to another. I take the greatest number of years that can be imagined: I form of all these one fixed number and stay my imagination. After this, I suppose God to create a world like this which we inhabit; I suppose him creating it by forming one atom after another and employing in the production of each atom the time fixed in calculation just now mentioned. What numberless ages would the creation of such a world, in such a manner re- quire? Then, I suppose the Creator to arrange those atoms, and to pursue the same plan in arranging them as in creating them. What numberless ages would such an arrangement require! Finally, I suppose him to dissolve and annihilate the whole, and observe the same method in this dissolution, as he observed in the crea- tion and disposition of the whole. What an im- mense duration would be consumed. Yet this is but a speck compared to eternity.

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Catching a Flea.

An English lady who lived in the country, and was about to have a large dinner party, was ambitious of making a great display as her hus- band's establishment, a tolerably large one, could furnish; so, that there might seem no lack of ser- vants, a great lad, who had been employed only in farm work, was trimmed and ordered to take his stand behind his mistress's chair, with strict injunctions not to stir from the place, nor do any thing unless she directed him; the lady well know- ing that, although no footman could make a better appearance as a piece of still life, some awkward- ness would be inevitable if he were put in motion. Accordingly, Thomas, having thus been duly drilled and repeatedly enjoined took his post at the head of the table behind his mistress: and for a while he found sufficient amusement in looking at the grand set out, and staring at the guests.— When he was weary of this, and of an inaction to which he was so little used, his eyes began to pry about nearer objects.

It was at a time when our ladies followed the French fashion of having the back and shoulders, under the name of the neck, uncovered much lower than accords either with the English climate or with old English notions; a time when, as Landor expressed it the usurped dominion of neck, had extended from the ear downwards, almost to where mermaids become fish. This lady was in the height of lowness in that fashion; and between her shoulder-blades, in the hollow of the back, and not far from the confines where nakedness and clothing met, Thomas espied what Pasquier had seen upon the neck of Mademoiselle des Roches.

THE guests were too much engaged with the busi- ness and courtesies of the table, to see what must have been worth seeing, the transfiguration pro- duced in Thomas's countenance by delight, when he saw so fine an opportunity of showing himself attentive, and making himself useful. The lady was too much occupied with her company to feel the flea; but to her horror she felt the great finger and thumb of Thomas upon her back, and to her greater horror heard him exclaim in exultation, "to the still greater amusement of the party—'a vlos, a vlos! my lady; egod, I've catch'd'en!"

Anecdote.—The Archbishop of Dublin tells us of a horseman, who having lost his way, made a complete circle; when the first round was finished, seeing the marks of a horse's hoof, and never dreaming that they were those of his own beast, he rejoiced, and said—"This at least shows me that I am in some track;" when the second cir- cuit was finished, the signs of travel were doubled, and he said—"Now, surely I am in a beaten way and with the conclusion of every round the marks increased, till he was certain he must be in some well known thoroughfare, and approaching a populous town; but he was all the while riding after his horse's tail, and deceived by the track of his own error."

Anecdote of Napoleon.

When Napoleon returned to his palace, imme- diately after his defeat at Waterloo, he continued many hours without taking any refreshment.— One of the domestics of the chamber ventured to serve up some coffee, in his cabinet, by the hands of a child, whom Napoleon had occasionally dis- tinguished by his notice. The emperor sat motionless, with his hand spread over his eyes.— The page stood patiently before him, gazing with infantine curiosity on an image which presented so strong a contrast to his own figure of simplici- ty and peace; at least the little attendant present- ed his tray, exclaiming, in the familiarity of an age which knows no little distinctions, "Eat sire— it will do you good."

The emperor looked at him, and asked, "Do you not belong to Genes?" (a village near Paris.)

"No, sire, I come from Pierricite."

"Where your parents have a cottage and some acres of land?"

"Yes, sire."

"There is true happiness," replied that extror- dinary being, who was still emperor of France, and king of Italy.

MATTER AND NO MATTER.—Two metaphysicians debated the question whether the soul is matter or no matter. "I will prove to you," said one "that it is matter. Suppose you were to knock out my brains?" "That," said the other, "certainly would be no matter."

EFFECTS OF LEAP YEAR.—Encouragement to unmarried Ladies. Joined in the "holy bonds" of matrimony on Thursday evening last in this city, by the Rev. Mr. La Clause, the Rev. Asher Gilbert of Troy, aged 80 years, and Mrs. Mary Comstock of Putnam county, aged 75 years, late widow of Daniel Comstock, deceased, making the fourth time Mr. Comstock has been led to the hymenial altar.—Barnstable Jour.

Uncle Men.

The angry man—who sets his own house on fire in order that he may burn that of his neigh- bor. The envious man—who cannot enjoy life because others do. The robber—who for the con- sideration of a few dollars, gives the world liberty to hang him. The hypocochondriac—whose high- est happiness consists in rendering himself miser- able. The jealous man—who poisons his own banquet, and then eats of it. The miser—who starves himself to death, in order that his heir may feast. The slanderer—who tells tales for the sake of giving his enemy an opportunity to prove him a liar.

EPITAPH.

ON A BLACKSMITH.

My eloge and hammer lie declined,
My bellows too have lost their wind,
My fire's extinct, my forge decay'd,
My vice is in the dust all laid,
My coal is spent, my iron gone,
My nails are drove, my work is done,
My fire dried corps lies here at rest,
My soul, smoke like, soars to heaven.

ON A STAY MAKER.

Alive unnumber'd stays he made,
(He work'd industrious night and day);
E'n dead he still pursues his trade,
For here his—bones will make a stay.

ON ELIZABETH KENT.

Elizabeth Kent when her glass was spent,
She kick'd up her heels and away she went.

Quoth Tom to Bot, "I've thump'd my brain
An hour and above,
And for my life I cannot find
A simile for love."

"Laf what a dolt! sir, love is like
The moles, or being hung;
Folks never have it twice, you know,
And always catch it young."

"O mother," said a very little child, "Mr S— does love aunt Lucy—he sits by her—he whis- pers to her—and he hugs her." "Why Edward, your aunt does not suffer that, does she?" "Suff'r it, yes mother, she loves it."

In the very warm weather, a gentleman observ- ed to a friend, who paid him a morning visit, "It is so hot that one is quite melted." "True," said his friend, "so that in paying you a visit, I have literally dropped in."

An Irishman going to be hanged, begged that the rope might be tied under his arms instead of round his throat, "For," said Pat, "I am so remarkably ticklish in the throat, that if tied there, I'll certainly kill myself with laughter."

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