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POETRY.

From the New York Tribune.

An Appeal for Ireland.

There is a new voice on the wind, a new wail in the air,
The blue of Heaven is pearced thro' with shriekings of Despair;
The wail is not so loud tho' long, the voice is piteous low,
And yet what depth of wretchedness there is in either's flow!
Oh many a day has passed away, and many a year has flown,
Since sounds so sad as that we hear were to our hearing known!

'Tis not the cry of one poor soul who some great wrong has done,
'Tis not the voice of a penitent whose sorrow is begun.—
'Tis not the shriek that goes from those who fall on battle-field,
Or wailings of a moving train where funeral bell is pealed;
But 'tis the weeping of a land with darkness overspread,
A nation's moan, a nation's groan, now famishing for Bread!

Oh God! it is an awful thing to know that on this day
Thousands for lack of bread to eat should slowly waste away;
That blood should dry, and flesh drop off, and eye grow glazed and dim,
And bones in all their nakedness come creeping thro' the skin,
Till every thought the sufferer has, and prayer that's by him said
Is of the food the body needs—for but a crust of Bread!

Ho! Rich men of this favored land, who nothing know of Want
Who never in your houses beheld a form with hunger gaunt,
As ye sit down beside your board with every luxury spread,
Remember that your fellow-men are starving now for Bread!
And heed their cry as ye may heed, nor let them longer wait
A-knocking with their bony hands against Compassion's gate.

Ho! Poor men of this happier land who Labor's bounty share,
And ready are to lift the load your suffering brethren bear,
See if you cannot of your mite still spare another tithe;
A pittance from your hand will keep a starving man alive;
Thank God that you have bread to eat, and do now what ye may
For while ye doubt, a thousand souls may pass from earth away.

Ho! mothers of my native land, look! look beyond the sea,
Where mothers with their starving ones in such vast numbers be
And as all sick you turn away, and thankful look upon
The gladness in your daughter's face—the bearing of your son,
Remember that such love as yours the same is everywhere,
And see if for the starving ones ye cannot something spare.

Ho! Maidens of this sunny land, ye flowers of the West,
From all there falls a holy light to make our dwellings blest,
Forget not those who love like you but still are filled with dread,
And ask not kisses for their lips, but only cry for Bread;
Oh! look upon them in their woe, and do what ye can do,
To stop their deep and solemn cry now piercing Heaven thro,

Oh! God of Mercy! look Thou down upon that suff'ring Land,
And open Thou our hearts to feel—make each a helping hand;
Let not this cry come to our ear and on it coldly fall,
But may its deep and solemn tones to Duty move us all!
Thou hast been grieved to us, oh God! Let us that good now show
In deeds, to lift from IRELAND her awful weight of woe!

MISCELLANY.

From the Columbian Magazine.

Debtor and Creditor.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Two men met in Wall street. They were merchants.

"What do you think of Carlton's affairs Mr. Elder?" asked one of them.

"I think we shall secure a pretty fair per centage. Don't you?"

"Yes, if we wind him up."

"That we shall do, of course. Why let him go on? It will take him two or three years to get through, if at all."

"If he can get through in two or three years, I shall certainly be in favor of letting him go on. Times have been rather hard and business dull. But everything looks encouraging now."

"I don't believe in extensions, Mr. Highland. The surest way, when a man gets into difficulties, is to wind him up and secure what you can. Ten chances to one, if you let him go on, you lose every cent."

"I have granted extensions in several instances, Mr. Elder," replied his companion, "and obtained, eventually, my whole claim, except in a single case."

"It's always a risk. I go by the motto, 'a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush,'" returned Elder. "I am always ready to take what I can get to-day, and never trust to the morrow. This is my way to do business."

"But do you not think the debtor entitled to some consideration?"

"How?" with a look of surprise.

"He is a man of like passions with ourselves."

"I don't know that I understand you exactly, Mr. Highland."

"Mr. Carlton has domestic relations as well as you and I."

"I never doubted it. But what of that?"

"If we break him up in business, the evil will not visit him alone. Think of the effect upon his family."

"In trade we never consider a man's family relations."

"But should we not, Mr. Elder? Should we not regard the debtor as a man?"

"As a man who owes us, and is unable to pay what is due, but in no other light," returned Mr. Elder, with a slight curl of the lip.

"There we differ widely."

"And will continue to differ. I imagine.—Good morning, Mr. Highland!"

The two men parted.

An hour previous, Mr. Carlton, about whom they had been conversing, sat with his family, a wife and three daughters, at the breakfast table. He tried to converse in his usual cheerful manner, but too heavy a weight was upon his heart. There had come a crisis in his affairs, which he feared would not be passed without ruin to himself. If the effects of this would not reach beyond his store and counting room; if upon *his* head alone would fall the fragments of a broken fortune, he would not have murmured. But the disaster could not stop there! It would extend even to the sanctuary of home.

As their father had little to say, the daughters chatted about various matters of interest to themselves. They little knew how many a pang their words occasioned. Bright hopes glittered for them in the distance; but the father alone knew how imminent was the danger that threatened destruction to all these luring hopes. He felt oppressed and gloomy when he left the house and bent his steps in the direction of his store. On the day previous, he had called in a few of his creditors and asked of them an extension. If this were not given, it would be impossible for him to keep on longer than a few weeks. The spirit in which most of his creditors had received the unexpected announcement that he was in difficulties, gave him little to hope. He was to have another interview with them during the day. From that, as it would exhibit the result of a night's reflection upon the minds of his creditors, he would be able to see clearly his chances of being sustained in business.—He awaited the hour with nervous anxiety.—When it arrived, and the few creditors called in had assembled, he saw little in their faces to give him hope. The first who spoke out plainly was Elder.

"I, gentlemen," he said, firmly, "am opposed to all extensions. If a man cannot pay as he goes, I think he had better wind up."

"If all do not agree in this matter, it will be no use to attempt extending Mr. Carlton's time," remarked one of the creditors, who thought and felt as did Elder, but was not willing to come out so plainly.

"That is very true," said a third. "A partial extension will be of no use."

The heart of poor Carlton almost ceased to beat.

"Have you any objection to retiring for a few minutes?" said Mr. Highland to the debtor.

"I will withdraw, certainly," returned Mr. Carlton, and left the room.

"My own view, gentlemen," said Mr. Highland, "is, that we ought to grant all that is asked. Mr. Carlton's business is good, and he will get over his present difficulties easily, if we only assist him a little. We should be just, as man towards man; and this I do not think we shall be in this case, unless we consider Carlton as well as ourselves. He is an honest man, and an honest man in difficulties is always entitled to consideration."

"That is all very well. But when a man gives his note payable at a certain day, he ought to be very sure that he will be able to take it up. Creditors are entitled to some consideration as well as debtors. The cry of 'poor debtor' is soon raised, but who, I wonder, thinks of the poor creditor? I, for one, am not prepared to extend."

This was said by Elder.

"As for me," spoke up another, "I never take but one view of matters like this. If I think I will do better by renewing, I am ready to do so; if by winding up the party now I can do better, I go for winding up. I have confidence in Carlton's integrity. I believe he means well. But can he get through? that is the question."

"I believe he can," said Mr. Highland.

"And I doubt it," returned Elder.

"Ought we not to consider him as well as ourselves?" urged Mr. Highland. "He has worked very hard for the last ten years, as hard as any one of us, and has been as anxious to secure a competence for his family as we have been. We should feel for him as well as for ourselves. It would be but a trifle for us to lose all our claims, in comparison to the utter ruin to him that would follow our immediate prosecution of them. We could bear to lose ten thousand dollars apiece, but could he bear the loss of all he has. I hope every man here will suffer his better feelings to become active in this matter. Let us think of his family. If that will not influence us, let us think of our own families, and imagine them threatened with the same evil that now threatens the family of Mr. Carlton. It is no light thing, gentlemen, let me tell you, to break down a man who is struggling to sustain himself for the sake of those who are dear to him. It is no light thing to extinguish the bright hearth fire, and scatter those who have gathered for years around it."

In the eager pursuit of wealth men's hearts become incrusted over, and they seem to lose all regard for each other's personal condition. It requires something more than usual to break up the incrustation. The words of Mr. Highland had the effect to do this with more than one of Carlton's creditors; even Elder did not reply to what he said, but this was more from shame than any other feeling.

"It is rather a hard case, you must yourself confess," remarked one of those present, "to have money that you fully expected to receive and can use to advantage, locked up for two or three years."

"I grant all that, but would it not be a much harder case for Carlton to be broken up root and branch?"

"I suppose it would," the man replied.

"Then let us do by him as we would be done by ourselves were we in a similar position," said Mr. Highland.

The efforts of Elder to efface the impression the words of Mr. Highland had made, proved in vain. It was agreed that the debtor should receive the extension he asked. When informed of this decision, Carlton could not hide his emotions, though he strove hard to do so.—His grateful acknowledgements for the favor granted, touched more than one heart that had been cold as ice towards him a short time before. How different were his feelings when he met his family that evening, and silently thanked Heaven that the cloud which had hovered over and threatened to break in desolating tempests had passed the sky!

Long before the arrival of the time for which an extension had been granted, Mr. Carlton was able to pay off every thing, and to look in the face without unpleasant emotions every man he met.

Strange things happen in real life. Mr. Elder was a shipper and extensively engaged in trade. For a series of years every thing went on prosperously with him. His adventures always found a good market, and his consignments safe and energetic factors. All this he attributed to his own business acumen.

"I never make bad shipments," he would sometimes say. "I never consign to doubtful agents."

A man like Mr. Elder is rarely permitted to go through life without a practicable conviction that he is in the hand of One who governs all events. It is rarely that such a one does not become painfully conscious in the end that human prudence is as nothing.

The first thing that occurred to check the confident spirit of Mr. Elder, was the loss of a ship and cargo under circumstances that gave the under-writers a fair plea for not paying the risk. He sued and was cast. The loss was twenty-five thousand dollars.

A few weeks after, news came that a shipment to the South American coast had resulted in a loss. From that time every thing seemed to go wrong. His adventures found a glutted market, and his return cargoes a depression of prices. If he held on to a thing in the hope of better rates, prices would go down, until, in a desperate mood, he would sell; then they would go up steadily. The time was when he confined himself strictly to legitimate trade. But a mania for speculation now took hold of him and urged him on to ruin. He even ventured into the bewildering precincts of the stock markets, lured by the hope of splendid results. Here he stood upon ground that soon crumbled beneath his feet. A loss of twenty or thirty thousand dollars cured him of his folly, and he turned with a sigh to his counting room, to digest with care and prudent forethought, some safe operation in his regular business.

But the true balance of his mind was lost. He could not consider with calmness the business in hand. A false move was the consequence. Loss instead of profit was the unfortunate result.

Seven years from that day Mr. Elder opposed an arrangement with Mr. Carlton, which should regard the debtor as well as the creditor, he himself found it impossible to provide for all his heavy payments. For some time he had kept his head above water by making sacrifices, but the end of this came.

After a sleepless night the merchant started one morning for his store, oppressed with the sad conviction that before the day closed his fair fame would be tarnished. As he walked along Broadway Mr. Carlton came to his side with a cheerful salutation. Mr. C. was now a large creditor instead of a debtor. On that very day, bills in his favor had matured to the amount of five thousand dollars; and these Elder could not pay. The recollection of this made it almost impossible for him to reply to the pleasant observations of his companion.—Vividly, as if it had occurred yesterday, came up before his mind the circumstance that had transpired a few years previously. He remembered how eagerly he had sought, from the merest selfish motives, to break down Mr. Carlton and throw him helpless upon the world, and how near he was to accomplishing the merchant's total overthrow. Such recollections drove from his mind the hope that for a moment had presented itself of enlistiug Mr. Carlton's good feelings, and securing him as a friend in the trial through which he was about to pass.

Several times during the walk towards Pearl street he was on the point of breaking the matter to Mr. C.; but either his heart failed him, or his companion made some remark to which he was compelled to reply. At length they separated without any allusion by Mr. Elder to the subject on which he was so desirous of speaking. He had not the courage to utter a word.

But this was only postponing, for a very brief period, the evil day. Several remittances were anxiously looked for that morning. He broke the sealing, letter after letter, with trembling anxiety. Alas! the mail brought him no aid. His last hope was gone. Nothing now remained for him but to turn his face bravely to the threatening storm and bear up against its fury.

For hours he debated the question as to what course it was best for him to pursue. At one time he thought of leaving all in ignorance of his condition, until the notary's protest should startle them from their ignorance. Then he thought it would be best to notify the holders of papers due on that day that it would not be taken up. It was one o'clock before he could calmly resolve on what course to take. Then it seemed to him best to give notice of his condition. He prepared brief notes to all, but Mr. Carlton first. His heart failed him when he attempted to write his name. Vividly, as if it had occurred but the day previous, came up before his mind all the circumstances attendant upon that gentleman's appeal to his creditors. His cheek burned when he remembered the position he had assumed in that affair.

But, even though such were his feelings, when he came to despatch the notes he had prepared, he could only find courage to send the one written to Mr. Carlton. The other creditors, whose bills had matured that day, he thought he would go and see; but half an hour passed without his acting upon the resolution to do so. Most of this time was spent in walking uneasily the floor of his counting room; or in examining certain accounts in his ledger, or entries in his bill book. He was bending, all absorbed, over a page of calculations at his desk, when some one who had entered unperceived pronounced his name. He turned quickly and looked Mr. Carlton in the face. The color mounted instantly to the temples of Mr. Elder. He tried to speak but could not.

"Your note has taken me altogether by surprise," said Mr. Carlton. "But I hope things are not so bad as you suppose."

Mr. Elder shook his head. He tried to speak but could not.

"How much have you to pay to-day," asked Mr. Carlton.

"Ten thousand dollars," was the reply, in a husky voice.

"How much have you towards it?"

"Not two thousand."

"How much falls due to-morrow?"

"Four thousand."

"How much in a month?"

"Fifty thousand."

"What will be your available resources?"

"Not half the amount."

"Havn't you good bills?"

"Yes; but not negotiable."

Mr. Carlton mused for some time. At length he said,

"You must not lie over to-day."

"I cannot help it."

"If you will transfer to me, as security in case you have to stop payment, the bills of which you speak, I will lend you the amount you want to-day."

The color retired from the cheeks of Mr. Elder, and then came back with a quick flush.—He made no answer, but looked steadily and doubtingly into Mr. Carlton's face.

"I have been in difficulties myself and I know how to sympathize with others," said the latter.—"We should aid if we can, not break down a fellow merchant when in trouble. Endorse bills to my order for the sum you want, and I will fill up a check for the amount."

Elder turned slowly to his desk and took therefrom sundry notes of hand in his favor at various dates from six to twelve months, and endorsed them payable to Carlton, who immediately gave him a check for eight thousand dollars and left the store.

A clerk was instantly despatched to the bank, and then Mr. Elder sunk into a chair, half stupified. He could hardly believe his senses until the cancelled notes were placed in his hands.

Rebuked and humble in spirit, the anxious merchant retired from his counting room and sought his home. His heart felt lighter than it had been for many days, and yet he could feel its weight in his bosom. In his extremity aid had come, but from a quarter least dreamed of—from one who, in a like extremity, had asked him for consideration, but asked in vain.

On the next morning, Mr. Elder went to his place of business with feelings but little less troubled, than they had been on the day before. His payments were lighter, but his means were, for the first time exhausted. The best he could do would be to borrow; but he already owed heavily for borrowed money, and was not certain that to go farther was practicable. He thought of Mr. Carlton; but every feeling of his heart forbade him to seek further aid from him.

"I deserve no consideration there, and I cannot ask it," he murmured as he pursued his way towards his store. The first thing that met his eye on entering his counting room, was a pile of ship letters. There had been an arrival from Valparaiso. He broke the seal of the first one he took up, with eagerness.—"Thank God!" was his almost immediate exclamation. It was from one of his captains, and contained drafts for fifteen thousand dollars. It also informed him that the ship Sarah, commanded by said captain, would sail for home in a week, with a return cargo of hides and specie amounting to thirty thousand dollars. The voyage had been profitable beyond expectation.

Elder had just finished reading the letter, when Mr. Carlton came in. Seizing the kind-hearted merchant by the hand, and pressing it hard, he said, with emotion—

"Mr. Carlton, you have saved me! Ah! sir—this would be to me a far happier moment, if, seven years ago, when you were in trouble, I had as generously aided you."

"Let the past sleep in peace," returned Mr. Carlton. "If fortune has smiled again, permit me to rejoice with you, as I do with all who are blessed with favoring gales. To meet with difficulties is of use to us. It gives us the power of sympathy with others; and that gift we should all desire, for it is a good thing to lift the burden from shoulders bent down with too heavy a weight, and throw sunlight over a heart shaded with gloom."

Mr. Elder recovered from his crippled condition in the course of a few months. He was never again known to oppress a suffering debtor.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

FELIX FLINDER'S NIGHTLATCH;

OR, TAKE YOUR WIFE'S ADVICE.

BY WM H. M'CALLA.

We know not of any more handsome row of houses, or one possessing a more pleasant locality, than a row which has been erected within a past few years, opposite to ——— Square, in the western part of this city. Setting aside the beautiful and finished appearance of the houses themselves, what can be more pleasant in the summer time, when Dame Nature is attired in her brightest "Sunday go to meeting" garb of green, when the little birds sing their songs of happiness from every tree, than to sit at your window and gaze into the square. To see the little girls with their hoops and jumping ropes, while the boys, ambitious of engaging in more extended sports, scour rapidly over the gravel walks in their velocipedes.

As it is not, however, our intention to write an essay upon the eligibility of particular residences we will at once proceed to our tale.

Occupying two of the above mentioned dwellings, almost similar in appearance—the silver plating in general on the door of the one, looking a shade brighter than that upon the other, being the only difference—lived two newly married couples. One was the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Todd, and the other, (with the brighter silver plating) that of Mr. and Mrs. Felix Flinder—and they it is of whom we have to write.

Mr. and Mrs. Felix Flinder had been Mr. and Mrs. F. F. about sixteen calendar months; and never months before had passed so happily by man and wife. Felix was a commission merchant—a member of the firm of Flinder, Tindor & Co. and in the receipt of a very handsome income. He wore a white hat and black whiskers, and was a very comely-looking personage; and bore the name of being a "clever" fellow, one who would never meet you in the vicinity of "Sanderson's" or "Our House," without asking you to drink, and one who went head and ears into the enjoyment of life.

Dolly Flinder—for such, gentle reader, was her unromantic name—possessed one of the most rosy cheeked, plump, May-morning looking countenances to be met with in a day's riding in one of Glenat's omnibusses, and that we consider a fair way of seeing all kinds of faces. See her at what time you would, she always looked neat and clean; her morning dresses, although of course, coarser in material than the afternoon ones, were yet made and put on in so snug and tidy a manner, that one would scarcely notice the difference; and she would appear as much dressed at the breakfast table as at any other time—unlike many a married lady we wot of, who does not think it worth her while to look dressed until afternoon, and who thinks of her husband as "*only him*," just as though he was not more entitled to her good appearance than any other man or woman in the world. Unlike this class of wives, Dolly took more pride in looking well before "*him*," than before any one else; and did he like an article of dress she had purchased, it was sufficient. She never crossed him and yet she in most every case had her own way at last. Did he object to any measure she proposed—she assented—when Felix, discovering she was willing to give in, would immediately change tactics, and become desirous of her doing that which before he strenuously opposed—an example followed by more married men than our hero.

It is a well known fact, that the human body will from want of exercise, and an excess of comfort, fall into an unhealthy and ill-conditioned state; and it is just the same with the mind of Felix Flinder. Having such a gentle, non-resistance principled wife, a first-rate income, a beautifully furnished house, and nothing under the sun to annoy him, he became disgusted with the even tenor of his existence. If he could only have got Dolly to contradict him once a day right positively—even that would have been some comfort. If, when he spit tobacco juice upon the grate, she would only have blown him up right well, like most other wives would have done, instead of ringing for the servant to come and wipe it off; or if, when he came home hungry to his dinner, and finding it not quite ready, commenced scolding about it, if then she would only have said something in return, he would have felt satisfied. But no, instead of standing to parley words, off she would dart to the kitchen, and "hurry up" the dinner in a manner truly surprising; and compel Felix, in spite of his determined sour looks, gradually to relax into a smile of approval. And it "just took her too," as the saying is, to get dinner; or at least to superintend the getting of one—for she comprised in herself the best edition of a cookery book ever yet published; and Boz may say what he pleases about the cookery of Ruth Pinch, and her miracles of beef-steak puddings, but had he ever eaten one of Dolly's make, we think his opinion would be considerably changed.

Felix had tried almost every means he could think of, just to provoke his little wife for once, but he had never as yet succeeded. At last, what he thought was a very exceedingly happy idea, entered his mind, which idea was very much strengthened by the following conversation, that took place the same day.

He was sitting in the little counting house back of the ware-room, towards the close of the afternoon, meditating pleasantly upon a good sale he had just completed when through the glass of the door he beheld the light at one end of a long cigar, at the other, the features of the next door neighbor, Augustus Todd, Esq.

"Ah! Todd, how are you?" exclaimed Felix, as the above named personage entered the room—"glad to see you—take a seat. What's the news from the seat of war?"

"Nothing very new," replied Todd, "of course you know General Taylor has entered Monterey?"

"Oh! certainly," replied Felix, "heard it days ago."

"By the by," continued Todd, "talking about entering, puts me in mind of a purchase I have just made."

"What is it?" inquired Felix—"a new Ledger?"

"No, no, something better than that," replied Todd; "a night latch"—and he drew from his pocket a curiously constructed key, and held it up to the gaze of Felix. "You've got one of course?"

"Oh! yes—that is," replied Felix, almost ashamed to say he had none, "I am going to purchase one. Where did you get it?"

'Oh! up at Rodgers,' replied Todd; 'it only cost three shillings.'

'Well,' exclaimed Felix, 'I must get one; I've been thinking of it for a long time—my wife, though, don't want me to have one. She says she would rather sit up for me, but that,' said Felix, very considerately, 'that, you know, is not to be thought of.'

'Oh! certainly not,' replied Todd, 'for just as I told Mrs. Todd—'Mrs. Todd,' says I, 'I am going to get a night latch.' Just as I expected, she burst into a passion—of course I flew into a passion also, and let out an oath or two—swearing I think,' said Todd, gravely, 'in moderation, and at certain times, has a great effect upon Mrs. T. and makes her give up sooner, as it did in this case; and when I left home she was in the best possible humor.'

'No use with my wife,' said Felix, thinking it would be some time before he would swear before his wife; 'no matter how happy the results it produced, no use at all.'

'Why not?' inquired Todd.

'Because,' replied Felix, 'she never contradicts me.'

'So much the better then,' said Todd; 'you can do as you please—' and giving Felix a jocose slap on the back, he left the office.

The [illegible] of Todd's advice was followed accordingly. Felix purchased a night-latch; and that evening at the supper table, Felix was seated opposite to his pretty little wife, sipping his cup of fragrant mocha when, looking fondly upon her cheerful, smiling face, he said:

'My dear Dolly, don't you ever feel vexed at having to wait up for me at nights, when I happen to stay out late, don't you feel angry at having to get up and open the door to let me in?'

'Why, bless your heart, no,' replied Dolly, in whose happy mind such a thought as being angry with her husband had never entered—'not in the least. You know you always get me plenty of new books to read, and then sometimes it happens—and I'm sure you are not late so very often—that Mrs. Todd comes in and sits with me. Oh! I am never lonely,—to be sure I miss your company—but then I am always glad to get up and let you in, and get you a little lunch.'

This was a complete overthrow to all the plans of Felix. He had expected at least she would say it was a little trouble, and so give him some pretext, however slight, to break the intelligence of his purchase to her; but no, not a straw did she throw out for him to catch at, so he changed his mode of operation.

'But, my dear,' he said, 'I cannot agree with you there, at all. I think it would be much pleasanter for you to be lying comfortably in your bed, than sitting up with sleepy eyes waiting for me—and so,' he continued with desperate determination 'I've got a night-latch.'

She did not even look astonished; her brow was calm and smooth as ever, and her voice as clear and pleasant as before, when she said:

'Well, my dear Felix, if you have got the key there is no help for it; but I had much rather you had not purchased one, for as my mother has often told, a night-latch is the worst companion a married man can have—for while he knows his wife is waiting up for him, he will generally endeavor to come home in good time; but when he has a key he feels at liberty to stay out as late as he chooses every night. Not that I think it will make that difference in you, Felix; but I would rather you had allowed me to be your night-latch—and see,' she said laughingly, shaking at him the tiniest of taper fingers, 'see if before the week is out, you do not regret having bought it.'

'Well,' replied Felix, delighted with her good nature, 'we will see. But you need not sit up for me to-night, as I am going to a meeting of the Society, and as we are to have an Anniversary supper after it is over, I will not be home until late.'

'Very well, my dear,' replied Dolly, 'I will go to bed, and allow you a fair opportunity of testing the virtues of your key.'

'This is right,' said Felix kissing her; 'you will find it much pleasanter than sitting up,' and putting on his hat he left the house and soon arrived at the place of meeting. After the usual routine of business had been gone through, the Society adjourned, and proceeded in a body to a certain well known Hotel, and sat down to an inviting supper. Many were the jests uttered, and many the glasses of wine and other liquors drank by the company, not excepting our friend Flinder, who drank a full magnum to every toast. These were not without their effect, for by the time this jovial assembly was ready to disperse, according to the mind of Felix, the number of the company present had increased amazingly; and upon issuing forth into the street, in company with two or three brother members, the hotel seemed to be engaged in a waltz with the opposite building—while the street lamps resembled so many unsteady watchmen, walking up and down with their torches held above their heads. They thus proceeded together until opposite the Circus, when with vows of the most unfailing regard for each other they parted.

Now Flinder, although not what would be called sober, was by no means drunk; but just in that stage when a man's brain very much resembles a Kaleidescope, reflecting a thousand images in an unconceivably short time, each object vanishing with every motion, but giving rise at the same time to new ones.

'That was a confoundedly funny song of Tom Jones,' a confounded funny song,' said Felix, as he staggered up the steps—not of his own dwelling, but that of Augustus Todd, Esq., and after a great deal of fumbling, at last succeeded in opening the door, left unlocked for a servant who had gone out to a ball. There was a lamp standing upon a table in the entry, and picking it up, Felix, walking as steadily and as quietly as he could, sought the dining-room.

'Bless her kind heart,' said Felix, espying a table set out with a piece of cold ham, &c., upon it. 'Bless her kind heart, she has left this for me to eat; now I'll just sit down and take a bite and then creep up stairs to bed without waking Dolly.' So laying his hat upon the floor, Felix sat down to the table and commenced eating.

'Ha! ha! ha!' said Felix, as he conveyed a piece of the juicy ham to his lips, 'that was a confounded funny song—let me see—how does it go—' Come all jolly blades, who good members would be,' and having hit upon the words and tune, Felix bawled forth most melodiously.

'My love,' said Mrs. Todd, turning in bed, and awaking her sleeping partner, 'my love, there's thieves in the house—I heard them singing just now, something about blades—they mean, perhaps, to cut our throats my love.'

'Cut our throats,' said Mr. Todd, 'pshaw! my dear, you have been dreaming—you women are too great cowards!'

The voice of Felix, loud and prolonged, suddenly startled Mr. Todd, as it came in tones that admitted no dissent, up the stairs.

'There,' said Mrs. Todd trembling, 'do you hear it now?'

'Ha!' said he, 'it's robbers—they've got into the house, and have the impudence to have a feast off that ham, I expect. Mrs. Todd, my love,' he said, with dreadful calmness, 'I believe there is a pair of pistols in that closet, I must get up and go down.' And he made a convulsive movement with his lower limbs, as though he would have risen. 'Oh! hear, dear Augustus, don't think of such a thing! If they should happen to see you coming down stairs, and fire a ball into your head, what would become of me?'