

POETRY.

The Nymph of the Cottage Well.

BY GEO. S. FURLONG.

Bring spade and pick, and on iron bar,  
Deep in the earth is a fountain head,  
Where a pure Nymph sleeps on a rocky bed,  
Unseen by sun and star.

Set free the mud!  
Huge in the sword, the shining blade  
Of your sturdy spade,  
And follow it quick  
With the swarming beak of your hungry pick

Open the chambers deep and wide,  
For a gush will on every side  
Down through the solid earth descend  
With steel and fire, a d-d-verse!

Till you reach the coil of your liquid friend  
Ho! now she is roused by the thunder-dock,  
The rakes, she leaps from the cloven rock!  
She has caught the light, on her stainless neck  
And gleams, and dances, and laughs to be  
To ever free

From the granite load on her puffed breast  
In triumph of need  
She will climb a rock less you for the deed.  
In thirst and  
She will kiss your lip and fevered brain,  
Should fire four times have,  
From the gashed coil of his iron fate  
I cap up with a torch, to shield and search  
Your sheltered walls, will rush to save,  
And smother the fiercer robe of mist,  
The young cheeks kissed

By her virgin lips, as where as she,  
Your very garments clean and sweet  
From the dripping play of her dancing feet  
To joining to be free.

Let now she is wearing a tell of moss  
And dripping fern, in the rocky urn  
You stay, for her dwelling, and it is as  
Its crowning stone  
A rainbow shoots in the noonday sun,  
When the basket filled in her bowl below  
Covers up with a crystal veil of  
And leans to the shower's lip,  
As if from her fingers tip

Tossed up in that sparkling drip  
Was the kiss of her fellowship  
That only her lovers know in w!

Pure, beautiful child of the sunless deep,  
Rocks of her cave from her age-long sleep,  
Rich gifts her grateful have shall tell;  
O never forget, in your d-d-need  
The lady maid from her boudoir freed,  
The Nymph of the Cottage Well.

Let them find it There  
A farmer, employed a gentleman from the  
Emerald Isle to take care for his grounds—  
He was exceedingly green, but he was simply  
to obey instructions, and accordingly, he came  
every morning to receive orders what to do  
for the day. His first order was to spread a  
load of manure.

Why, what! I thought, sir, said he?  
Why, said his employer, we spread it so  
that the roots will find it.  
And they will find it, spreading?  
Yes, was the reply.

Out went Patrick and commenced his  
hours. The manure was very heavy, and by  
and by began to wear upon the sinews of the  
toiler. About noon his employer went out  
to see how he got along, and found him sweating  
furiously, and putting for breath.

Did you say, sir, said Patrick, that plants  
would find the manure?  
Yes, of course they will find it.

Well then, b-b-b-b-b, said the perspiring Irish  
man, wiping his head upon his sleeve, wouldn't  
it be better to have it in the stable, sir, and let  
them find it there? It would save much hard  
work for you, sir?

Two good natured Irishmen, on a certain  
occasion, occupied the same bed. In the  
morning one of them inquired of the other:  
D-m-n-did you hear the thunder last night?  
No, Patrick replied, I didn't hear it.

Yes, it thundered as it often and it would  
come together  
Why in this devil this didn't ye wake me  
for ye know I can't sleep without it thundering?

THE WIND.—When it is like a certain fruit?  
When it is a cure?  
When it is like a man?  
When it is like a woman?  
When it is like a boy?  
When it is like a girl?

When like a fruit tree?—When it blows.  
When like a person in deep affliction?  
When it moans.  
When like a newspaper?—When it puffs.

An Irish painter declares in an advertise-  
ment that, among other portraits, he has a re-  
production of "Dante as large as life."

"Corn bread?" said an Irish waiter, "we  
can't get it in this house, but we have a  
yeast cake."

You seem to walk in perfect then usual  
framed. Yes, I have been straitened by  
circumstances.

One of the most curious things with which  
we are acquainted is a watch, should keep  
perfectly dry when it has a running spring in  
side.

A wedding it was formerly a custom to  
ask for dissolved in water, for thirty  
years. The origin of the  
honey moon. An old bachelor said as a reason  
why there are no bachelors.

Why will persons who make many changes  
in their lives? Because when they are ready to  
change will suddenly change their minds.

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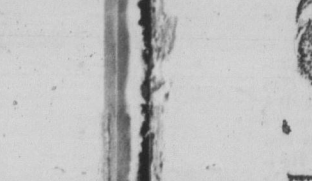
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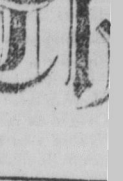
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