# POEMS OLD AND NEW.

TO CORRESPONDENTS .-- Owing to the big number of original poems sent to this office we have decided to throw open a column for Local Poets and to use as much of the poetry received as possible.

that we cannot use in their entirety before they can be used.



And, when he made his exit, bore	666	
1 Hoe, 1 Spade, 1 Wheelbarrow.	20200000	
From thence the hero promptly went		







