

POETRY.

SING.—THE GOOD OLD DAYS OF ELDON AND PEEL.

Alas, "The Good Old Days of Adam and Eve."
The days are gone,—those days of glory,—
When I, and every good old Tory,

THE BOXER.

From the Diary of a late Physician.

The patient who required my services,
proved to be one Bill —, a notorious boxer,
who, in returning that evening from a

him, or he'll drive us all out of our senses—
he'll be killing us!" "Do something,"
roared my patient, who had overheard the

shading my eyes from the vivid stream of
lightning that burst into the room, while the
thunder rattled overhead—apparently in

SELECTIONS.

THE CAPTAIN AND HIS SON.—I have already
mentioned the Emperor Napoleon's talent in
story-telling. When describing a naval

making a sign to him, to seize the youth.
But the latter taking one of his pistols, and
cocking it, threatened to shoot him if he did

BREACH OF PRIVILEGE.—On Tuesday week
Mr. W. Patten went into the House of Commons
with his brother, who was to remain

THE USE OF A DEAN AND CHAPTER.—A
worthy magistrate of this city related the
following anecdote to a dinner party at his

It is an authentic fact that one of the bishops
in the time of James I, (some say the
Bishop of Durham, others, as D'Israeli,

George the Third, being very near sighted
once touched the sun-dial on Winsor terrace
somewhat roughly. "Let it alone, your

SCENE AT A FRENCH MILITARY BALLOT.—
We went to the plateau to see them draw.
A little bossu made abundant merriment for

During the period of Lord Mansfield's occupation
of the bench, it was usual, whenever the
Merchant of Venice was played, for Portia,

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