

ON TIME MIS-SPENT.

'Tis pain to reflect at the close of the day,
 On the valuable moments, we thoughtlessly
 spurn ;

Yet to-morrow shall pass us neglected away,
 And we'll sigh and lament that it cannot return:

But a day hastens on shall arrest this career,
 Of folly perverse, from the future to borrow ;
 A last sun shall set, and shall close a last year,
 And a last check be drawn on the hopes of
 to-morrow.

 EPIGRAM.

Gin Argus had sic fouth o' e'en,
 A *hunderd* gates war eas'ly seen :