



It was graced by no ornament, slender or stout,
 No picture of martyr or saint,
 Nay—in truth, it was guiltless, both inside and out,
 Of even the commonest paint.

A thing called a *chimney* was built at one end,
 But it looked quite as much like a *tomb*,
 And up this the smoke was *supposed* to ascend
 But as often came out in the room!

About this same chimney, so ugly and old,
 This wonderful structure of stone,
 You'll remember a capital story was told
 Of *Gilliland's leg*, which had grown

So tight to the roof where the chimney came through,
 He could neither get up nor get down,
 Till luckily came to his timely rescue
 Jim Davis and good Master Brown.*

* This memorable trio were engaged late one afternoon in building a top to the chimney, and in their haste to complete the job before dark, Gilliland, who was sitting on the roof with his legs hanging down through the hole, became so much interested in his work as to forget himself, and when the chimney was finished he found he had masoned in his legs so that he could not move till his comrades rescued him by pulling down the stones he had so industriously been building up! Gilliland, of course, was the *Irishman* of the party.