



A FINE CHILD FO ADOPTION.

Turn Not Away.*First Voice.*

Turn not away from me, my dearest!
Let me look again on thy sweet face:
Turn not away! Oh, can it be thou fearest
Another could for thee my love efface;
Oh, tell me dearest then, oh loved one say
Why from me your sweet face you turn away!

Second Voice.

Oh, no, my only love, it is not coolness;
Nor is it that I think you've proved untrue;
I know your love I have in all its fullness;
But yet to-night love I must say adieu!
I pray you leave me,—although to part is pain.
You won't,—I must disclose the mystery:
Why do I turn from thee? I will explain—
I've eaten four large onions for my tea!

Ye Flea.*Lively times in Hoboken, U. S.*

A special meeting of the Town Council of Hoboken was held the other evening. Present,—Messrs. Hotch, Ivegotem, Gracious, Bentsall, Ketchum, Didnever, Grinandbearit, Aldermen; Mayor Goforem in the chair.

His Worship the Mayor rose to explain the object of the meeting. They had met, as they well knew, to devise means for the expulsion of a class of enigrants yeleft fleas. They had a most demoralizing effect on the community, the majority of our citizens been reduced to a chronic state of yawn by the nocturnal activity of the lilliputian plagues. He would gladly listen to any suggestions, from the Aldermen present as to the best means of getting rid of these extraordinary enigrants, and s'help him, he could stand this no longer. Would they kindly excuse him if under the pressure of necessity he pulled his shirt over his ears and went for the beggars then and there. (Murmurs of "Certainly," "By all means," "Go it, your worship" &c., &c., amid which the Mayor undid his collar, stripped, and was soon after them, Tally ho!)

Alderman Hotch who had been swearing softly to himself, as he wriggled uneasily in his chair, rose up and said he believed they'd be the death of him. Had'nt had a wink of sleep for the last three weeks, and last night when he had dropped off through sheer exhaustion, he was awakened by his wife screaming to go for the doctor, the baby had got scarlet fever bad. Found the doctor scratching like all possessed, and after bringing him all the way to his house, he got mad, called Mrs. Hotch a fool, and said the redness was only flea-bites. His mother-in-law had invested all her fortune in camomile flowers, but there they were as lively as ever. Didn't know what they were going to do.

Alderman Ketchum said he was about inventing an electro magnetic flea-trap, which when perfected—

Ald. Ivegotem (angrily).—Who's going to wait for your fly-trap anyway? If something

wasn't done soon it would be "Good-bye John," and that before long. He believed they came across the river from Castle Garden, and suggested that a barricade of blazing tar barrels be placed at the water's edge to prevent them landing.

Here a whoop from the Mayor announced the capture of the enemy, which he first killed and then exhibited, saying, "Revenge is sweet."

Ald. Gracious, who had been diligently engaged in putting his forefinger down suddenly in divers parts of his socks and then looking round disappointedly, here stood up in his bare feet. "He had never heard of anything like it since the old Roman invasion, nor seen anything like it since his trip to Rome (Italy), last summer. He never felt for any man in all his life so much as he did for Pharaoh last night, and he was sure if he had any Israelites in bond he'd let them go immediately if not sooner, if that would do any good. He thought a deputation ought to wait on Mr. Vennor, weather clerk, Montreal, Canada, to petition him for a sharp instalment of frost in advance, and they would willingly take it out in mild spells about February.

Ald. Bentsall hadn't a fingernail left, nor, for that matter, a bit of whole skin, except what they saw on his face. He had cursed and swore more these few weeks than he had in years before. Last night he went to drown himself, but thought he'd wait till after this meeting, as it looked cowardly to forsake the Council at such a trying time. He had come to the conclusion that something ought to be done. To-night he proposed basting himself all over with molasses and sleeping in a nude condition on one of the cellar shelves and hoped by that means to scouro at least one night's rest.

Ald. Didnever requested a calm and impartial hearing. He thought the Council were in a state of physical and consequent mental irritability, quite incompatible with calm thought. He thought it possible, with the aid of modern science, to utilize these animals, and turn them to good account. A German philosopher had shown that they could be taught to propel a small wheelbarrow made of hair. He also fed them three times a day from his own arm. Now if these here could be induced to live on elephant's milk they would grow to such proportions that—Gentlemen! flesh and blood can't—; he begged to humbly apologize for his unphilosophical conduct, but really he must retire. He then retired to an antechamber, from whence came exclamations of an astonishing character.

Alderman Grinandbearit said he had heard a great deal of phlebotomy, but had never before experienced it personally. If he had been a believer in the transmigration of souls, he would say the spirits of all the defunct office-seekers from Declaration Day down, had entered into these fleas, for he could compare them to nothing but the suckers round the White House. If only they had been better acquainted with the old gentleman below stairs, he might have lent us a few devils who'd have run them right into the sea; but of course being total strangers, such a thing was not to be thought of. The only remedy was to get the individual flea under thumb, and then ten to one he ain't there.

Mayor Goforem, who by this time had resumed his apparel and was sitting in comparative comfort, thought that they ought to appoint a committee to deal with the matter, and announced his intention of writing to Mr. Garr, of Canada, in order to induce him to use his boundless influence in favor of annexation. Could we only get our neighbors to annex, this plague could be spread over "fresh fields and pastures new," along with the taxes and other benefits which we would most cheerfully share with them.

The meeting then adjourned, the members clutched handfuls of their clothing and rubbing their limbs intermittently therewith.

Love Letter Writing Under Difficulties.

Get oot the gate ye glaikit flec,
An' dinna draggle a' my paper!
A perfect nuisance ye're tae me,
Would that ye were a floating vapor,
Or that ye had na bein' got,
For aye when I begin the writin',
Ye flee intae the ink, then blot
My guide clean paper, me despitin'.

If twas a sang I socht to write,
I wadna care a single spittal,
But something else I wad indite,
That is than poetry far mair kittle.
The Frenchman ca's't a *billet doux*,
The Englishman, a lone epistle,
But I maun mak' it plain tae you,
In Scotch, and pointed as a thistle.

It is a—'tis a—in a word—
(My heid is turning doonricht dizzie.)
A few lines for my bonnie bird,
My charmin', a' suppassin' Lizzie.

There ne'er was ain in a' this earth,
That bore the stamp o' Eve oor mither,
Mair fond o' fun, or fir, o' mirth,
Than Lizz, wham I lo'e as a bither.

What! as a bither did I say,
Can ye suppose a lo'e mair tender?
Ye can. If 'tis a crime, ye may
Put me doon as a rash offender.

But O, the fa't lies na wi' me,
The fa't is hers, if fa't there's ony;
Her tender heart an' pale blue e'e;
Her smilin' mow, an' broo sae bonnie.

'Twas these that wrocht the unco spell,
That mak's me stan' condemned afore ye,
But hoo it is I canna tell,
That this strange feelin' has cam' o'er me.

I was contented aye before,
But since I've seen her face, I'm wantin'
Mair siller added tae my store,
An' after something else I'm pantin'.

That something else is her ain dear sel',
Tae be forever mair aside me,
While in this changefu' earth I dwell,
Sharin' the pleasures that beside me.

Her joys are mine when she is mine,
And mine are hers when we're united;
Oor happiness can never tire—
In her delights I'll be delighted.

The sorrows and the cares o' life,
Will be far lighter when divided;
And we'll divide them—man an' wife,
By true love's star we shall be guided!

But noo, enough, I've sharedly said,
Far mair at least than I intended,
Sae noo I'll slip intae my bed,
An' on the morn tae Lizz, I'll send it.

Guid night, dear lass, my note I'll en',
I'm yours forever,
A. McN.

LIZZIE'S REPLY.

Ye sae "the flec is glaikit,"
In fact I think it's true;
It maun hae been a glaikit flec,
Inspired a fule like you.

For glaikit flecs, an' glaikit men,
I'll seek tae ain anither,
As birds that o' ae feathers are,
Aye strive tae flock together.

As shares I'm here, I really think,
That ye hae gane clean gyte,
Or nonsense sae sublime as that,
Ye wadna try tae write.

But stop noo! let me think a bit—
Some nonsense noo an' then
Is relished, I hae heard it said,
E'en by the wisest men.

An' maybe ye are wisen than
At first sicht ye appear,
I hope ye may, but by my sooth
I've muckle cause tae fear.

For wis men's nonsense seems tae me,
Far wiser than your sense.

Aside: I love, I love him from my heart,
Far wiser than your sense.

Ye say your love is "tender,"
This love ye bear tae me;
Mair tender than noo an' bithers love—
Could ever ever be.

But let me tell you plainly here,
That tender love I hate,
It maun be strong, an' burnin' love,
Or else I winna ha'e't.

Would ye be guid enough my freen,
Tae sen yer card tae me,
That I may a' yer beauty spots,
Hae placed before me e'e;

Twould help me greatly tae decide
Which course wi' you I'll tak'
An' if it does na please me,
I'll be share tae send it back.

As brevity's the soul o' wit,
I maun draw tae a close,
Wi' hopin' you may never want
Through love, a nicht's repose,

Until I hear from you again,
And O, may that soon be,
I shall remain your truest friend and lover.

L. E. G.