

POEM—FROM THE POLISH.

Some months since a young lady was much surprised at receiving from the Captain of a Whaler, a blank sheet of paper, folded in the form of a letter, and duly sealed. At last, recollecting the nature of the sympathetic ink, she placed the missive on a toasting fork, and after holding it to the fire for a minute or two succeeded in thawing out the following verses:—

From seventy-two North latitude,
Dear Kitty, I indite;
But first I'd have you understand
How hard it is to write.

Of thoughts that breathe and words
that burp,
My Kitty do not think—
Before I wrote those very lines,
I had to melt my ink.

Of mutual flames and lover's warmth,
You must not be too nice;
The sheet that I am writing on
Was once a sheet of ice!

For opodeldoc I would kneel,
My chilblains to anoint;
O Kate, the needle of the north
Has got a freezing point.

Our food *is* solids—ere we put
Our meat into our crops,
We take sledge-hammers to our steaks,
And hatchets to our chops.

So very bitter is the blast,
So cutting is the air,
I never have been warm but once,
When hugging with a bear.

One thing I know you'll like to hear,
Th' effect of Polar snows,
I've left off snuff—one pinching day—
From leaving off my nose.

I have no ear for music now;
My ears both left together;
And as for dancing, I have cut
My toes—it's cutting weather.

I've said that you should have my hand
Some happy day to come;
But, Kate, you only now can wed
A finger and a thumb.

To think upon the Bridge of Kew,
To me a bridge of sighs;
O, Kate, a pair of icicles
Are standing in my eyes!

God knows if I shall e'er return,
In comfort to be lulled;
But if I do get back to port,
Pray let me have it mulled.

T. Hood.

This is funny, but not much better after all, as a real joke, than the following, which we take from a Scotch paper:—

"SOMETHING LIKE A FROST.—The cold is terrible severe during the winter nights, in our American colonies. The sentinels, we read, are frequently obliged to be relieved every half hour, and the officers, so long as they are beardless, may enjoy horizontal refreshment in peace; but when they obtain those manly appendages, yeelp whiskers, they find that turning in bed becomes hopeless, and, by being 'brought up by a round turn,' discover that they are frozen to the sheets; and we were told that families have been awakened by their houses becoming roofless, owing to the intensity of the frost extracting the nails by which the shingles were fastened to the rafters. Provisions are brought into Saint John frozen hard, and they will keep perfectly well so long as the frost lasts. It is ludicrous enough to see pigs, hares, and large codfish, frozen stiff, and carried by a leg or tail over a man's shoulder like a musket."

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Said Stiggins to his wife one day—
"We've nothing left to eat;
If things go on in this queer way,
We sha'n't make *both ends meet*."

The dame replied in words discreet—
"We're not so badly fed;
If we can make but *one end meat*,
And make the other *bread*."

POEM—BY WHO-KNOWS.

Knows he who never takes a pinch,
Nosey! the pleasure thence which
flows?
Knows he the titillating joy
Which my nose knows.

Oh nose! I am as fond of thee
As any mountain of its snows!
I gaze on thee, and feel that pride
A Roman knows.