

'For if they e'er should see my knee,
 'Which much would shock my modesty,
 'As much as any fair lady ; }
 'To all the town they'd state with malice,
 'I'd worn my knees all to a callus,
 'With tapping heels and mending boots,
 'When leather aprons were my suits.
 'At Louis' house I once did board, }
 'Where by mechanics I was bored,
 'To rank above whom then I soared ; }
 'With them I'd not associate,
 'For smell of leather I did hate ;
 'I'd rather live on *pork and beans* ;
 'So off I went to Mr. G——ns ;
 'And swore, if ever 't was my boast,
 'Of Plattsburgh ton to rule the roast,
 'I would not have at the assemblies,
 'Lowlived mechanics, or their families.
 'And thus I got into this scrape,
 'Which frets me so it spoils my shape.
 'But here's the ladies ; with a smile,
 'Now I'll bamboozle 'em in style.'

Will you, good sir? said two arch girls, who listen'd,
 And laugh'd till their sweet eyes with moisture glisten'd,
 We Plattsburgh dames, tho' of a gamesome stamp,
 Won't be bamboozled—so,—be off to camp.

FOR THE SCRIBBLER.

The first Epistle of Titus.

Behold my brethren, I pray unto ye take heed unto the words of my writing, and to the maxims I inculcate.

Be thou sure to forget all those by whom thou hast been served.

Even in the days of thy youth, and of thy adversity ; if any one hath lifted thee up out of a pit ; warn him not of that into which he is falling.

Rather if thou perceivest a friend that is drowning, stretch forth thy foot, and place it upon his head, that he may the sooner be released from his sufferings.