

THE
SONG OF THE "ELL."*

BY T. S. S.

With visage sallow and pale,
With figure lank and thin,
A youth stood clad in a manly garb,
Behind a counter within—
Sell! Sell! Sell!
Chained as if in a cell,
And still with a voice of doleful air,
He sang the Song of the "Ell!"

"Sell! Sell! Sell!
While the sun is shining bright,
And Clip! Clip! Clip!
Till aided by gas light!
It's oh! to be Slave
Along with the Afric, or Turk,
Or to be laid in a youthful grave,—
If this is manly work!

"Measure—measure—measure!
All day and night confined;
Measure—measure—measure!
Till my eyes grow nearly blind!
Ell, scissors, and pen,
Pen, scissors, and ell,
Till over the goods I fall asleep,
Unfit to squad or sell!

"Oh! girls with brothers dear!
Oh! ladies with husbands and sons!
It is not Dry Goods you're buying out,
But the lives of loving ones!
Sell! Sell! Sell!
So full of care and distress,
Measuring at once with a double Ell,
The span of life—and a dress!

"But why do I talk of thee?
Thou phantom so ghastly pale;
Thou seem'st so like unto me,
Thy looks don't make me quail—
Thy looks don't make me quail,
I dream of thee in my sleep,
Oh God! that life should be so dear,
And Dry Goods sold so cheap.

"Sell—sell—sell!
My labour is never done;
And what do I gain? a salary small;
The stream of health—hath run;
A visage pale—an eye grown dim—
A diet—a Sunday stroll—
Robbed of pure air, my health purloined,
No time for mind, or soul.

"Sell!—sell!—sell!
For my employer's sake,
With energy and zeal,
As if my fortune I'd make.
Measure—clip—and sell!
Sell—clip—and measure!
As if for all this healthless work,
One day I'd find a treasure!

"Sell—sell—sell!
In the cold December night;
Sell—sell—sell!
When the weather is warm and bright;
When joyous nature hails
The voice of Spring in the breeze,
And little birds God's praises sing,
Hopping amongst the trees.

"Oh! but to breathe the air
Of the mountain, balmy, and pure,
To beasts, by our Creator bestowed,
To man, as well, I am sure;
To feel as when a boy,
And roam 'midst the verdant fields,
In health, and mirthful joy!
Which youth's bright season yields.

"Oh! but for one short hour!
On nature's beauties to gaze!
From monotonous toil relieved,
To sing my Maker's praise!
A tear doth often ease my heart,
When I look beyond the grave,
But then no time can I really find,
My care-worn soul to save!"

With visage sallow and pale,
With figure lank and thin,
A youth stood clad in a manly garb.
Behind a counter within—
Sell! Sell! Sell!
Chained as if in a cell,
And still with a voice of doleful air,
(Would that its tone could reach the Fair.)
He sang the Song of the Ell.

SONNET—SILVERY HAIRS.

Ha! on my brow, what straggling silvery hairs
Be ye who curl and mingle in the throng
Of a more youthful race? Beshrew my heart,
Ye have a frosty aspect right severe,
And come to babble nonsense of the times
That once have been, and of the days that speed
With noiseless pinions o'er me—of the grave
That hungers for me, and impatiently
Awaits my coming. Softly now, fair sirs,
Emblems of frail mortality; in sooth,
Are ye the fruits of time, or those chance weeds
That sorrow's sullen flood hath left to mock
The broken heart that it hath desolated,
And killed each bud of hope that blossomed there?

* This song, fashioned upon Hood's celebrated "Song of the Shirt," is inserted by request of a correspondent. It is intended to aid in the movement now generally making throughout Great Britain, and its dependencies, in favor of early shop-shutting. It is written with nerve and spirit, and will doubtless share the popularity of its prototype.