And THAR sot Little-Breeches and chirped
As peart as ever you see,
"I want a chaw of terbacker,
And that's what's the matter of me."

How did he git thar? Angels.
He could never have walked in that storm
They just scooped down and toted him
To whar it was safe and warm.
And I think that saving a little child,
And bringing him to his own,
Is a derned sight better business
Than loafing around The Throne.

Col. Hay's agreeable, pleasing and affable manners have made him a great favourite with whomsoever he has come in contact. His scholarly attainments are high, and he speaks both the French and German languages with considerable fluency. Of his two poems "Jim Bludso" is by all odds the best. It is deeply pathetic, and its rough homely termination is so true and full of meaning, that it stamps its author at once, as a poet of the heart and of our better natures.

"Christ ain't agoin to be too hard
On a man that died for men."

How beautiful are these lines, coming as they do, from the lips of a Mississippi Steamboatman? The whole Christian Religion is embodied in that simple couplet. It is eminently touching and provocative of much thought. We must quote the poem in its entirety:

JIM BLUDSO.

(OF THE PRAIRIE BELLE.)

Well, no! I can't tell whar he lives,
Because he didn't live, you see;
Leastaways he's got out of the habit
Of livin' like you and me.
Whar have you been for the last three year
That you haven't heard folks tell
How Jimmy Bludso passed in his checks,
The night of the Prairie Belle?

He waren't no saint—them engineers
Is all pretty much alike—
One wife in Natchez-under-the-Hill,
And another one here, in Pike.
A keerless man in his talk was Jim,
And an awkward man in a row—
But he never flunked, and he never lied,
I reckon he never know'd how.

And this was all the religion he had—
To treat his engine well;
Never be passed on the river;
To mind the pilot's bell;
And if ever the Prairie Belle took fire—
A thousand times he swore,
He'd hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last soul got ashore.