

Festivals.

THE TWO WISHES.

BY C. H. HUTCHINGS.

One man upon a rocky steep,
High up above the level earth,
Two youths, escaped the bonds of sleep,
Felt first and foremost birth.
A sense of life in every limb,
Of common minds that sought to reach
Which towers above the countenances,
Each turned his glowing thought to speech.

“Like this high rock my fate might be—
Commanding nations far and wide,
And famed through every land,
Or gaudy minds and many things
In kindly parent to send me—
My sons will still give me wings,
Forthadoing God for evermore.”

“Not thus said I, the younger said,
“Enter the party of lonely sons;
A simple wreath should crown my head,
By simple goodness grown to great,
Would that soul-like younger sin—
Still blessing all things best,
Her glowing love of man might sin—
God’s poet from the East to West.”

Each wish was heard;—The years rolled by—
The golden time of youth fled past—
And manhood with it, sleep at last,
To mark the instant when death lay
The elder’s head a knightly bane,
In purple splendor full arrayed—
The younger rated by song alone,
And reposed beneath the sylvan shade.

Lessons to love these pride of power
His proud eyes the older bore—
Till wrought to madness, one dark hour
Their fatal oath-conspires aware,
Nor less in secret than of love,
Howe’er fondly she the youngling sang—
Till sleep through every sylvan grove
The lays of freedom loudly rang.

Through many a grade of strife and wrong
The youngling to the world he went,
Through many a gloomy sphere of song,
Still upward soared the Poet’s mind,
Till came at last, the avenging hour
That broke for ye the Oppressor’s rod,
That trampled down tyrannic power,—
And crowned the foot-hill a God.

And still again the years rolled by—
And through a place there went alone,
With eyes towards the sunburst sky—
The Poet—“To sleep!—to sleep!”
Shivers beneath the lightning’s shock,
Whose bolt his mossy had given,
In snarling fragments lay the road,
While beamed the noon-tide sun in heaven.

Sigh high above the exulting hills,
As on that wistful moone in shone,
That sun his burning throne falleth
In love serene, sublime, alone,
And lofty power of earth that frown,
Gods of the morn, the moon, the sun,
Whose bolt his mossy had given,
In snarling fragments lay the road,

While beamed the noon-tide sun in heaven.

Allegro.

“Why is a blade of grass like a note of hand?—
Because it is blotted by falling dew. (dow.)

Young gentlemen who would succeed in love
should be gentle. It is not fashionable for
young ladies to take ardent spirits.

A poor cogged bargeman had his skull severely
fractured, was told by the doctor that the brain
was visible, on which he remarked, “Do write to
tell my father, for he always writes.”

“Say, Mr. Johnson, you’re a literary man,”
answering a girl, “what do you apply like pictures
and such?” “I don’t,” said he, “but I’m not confident,
and black man; it’s because their often in pie.”

“Yah, yah, yah!”

PLADING AT THE BAR.—A toper trying to
persuade a bar-keeper to treat him for a pup.

“Mind your heing there, a growed at old sea
captain, to a friandise in the wheel, ‘I thought
you to be a man, a plainer you, I’ll be a cap-
tain through a manning a eye.’ So I’ll be after
showing ye a quicks to find one; hasn’t been
hitting all round to find one to steer through.”

£250 Reward.

Is offered by Dr. THOMAS if anyone is able
to give information respecting the robbery of
the sum of £250,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,
which was committed on the 1st of January, 1848,
in the Bank of England.

The Subscriber has received his usual
supply of DRUGS, MEDICINES, Patent
MEDICAL Instruments, SPICES,
PERFUMERY, SOAPS, &c. &c.

15 tons BRANDWINE, 1400 lbs. 500 lbs., and 1120 lbs.

100 barrels RUM, Red Wine, Red and Yellow
Ocher, Venetian Red, Licharge, Crème Yellow
Prussian Blue, Sarsaparilla, and Glue;

50 barrels Whiting and White Paint;

5 tons LINSEED OIL;

100 barrels of various sizes.

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