

amuse him very much. Every one laughed, and the perpetrator was in confusion. The reply came soon after; and I think the judge has always been proud of his poem, although until now it has lain in his "Stanbridge Box," "a fountain sealed."

To J.—, M— and D—

Had I the magic power of poesy divine,  
I willingly would yield and to my fate resign;  
But since I've not, contented I must be,  
Until my slender frame and cheese agree.  
Indeed it was a cheese exceeding nice;  
So that six ounces scarcely did suffice  
To quench the appetite that in me raged  
For cheese possessed of such a dear old age.  
You deem it now a rash or greedy act—  
By poetry composed with wondrous tact—  
But yet perchance were you in a like state  
You'd eat at even a more voracious rate.  
My thanks to you I gratefully tender  
For sympathy which to me you did render.

W. W. L.

#### ONE OF THE OLD SONGS.

" Joys that we've tasted  
May sometimes return,  
But the torch when once wasted,  
Ah! how can it burn?  
Splendors now clouded,  
Say, when will ye shine?  
Broke is the goblet,  
And wasted the wine.  
  
Many the changes,  
Since last we met  
Blushes have brightened,  
And tears have been wept;  
Friends have been scattered,  
Like roses in bloom,  
Some at the bridal,  
And some at the tomb.