

be a resemblance in idiom, and in comparison to things celestial as well as terrestrial? We give both of Col. Hay's poems, and we ask the reader to compare "Little Breeches" with "Cicely," and a wide difference will be at once apparent, sufficient at all events to disarm any suspicion that may attach itself of plagiarism :

LITTLE-BREECHES.

A PIKE COUNTY VIEW OF SPECIAL PROVIDENCE.

I don't go much on religion,
 I never ain't had no show ;
 But I've got a middlin' tight grip, Sir,
 On the handful o'things I know.
 I don't pan out on the prophets
 And Free-will, and that sort of thing--
 But I b'lieve in God and the angels,
 Ever sence one night last Spring.

I came into town with some turnips,
 And my little Gabe come along--
 No four-year-old in the country
 Could beat him for pretty and strong.
 Peart and chipper and sassy,
 Always ready to swear and fight--
 And I'd larnt him to chaw terbacker,
 Jest to keep his milk-teeth white.

The snow came down like a blanket
 As I passed by Taggart's store,
 I went in for a jug of molasses
 And left the team at the door.
 They scared at something and started--
 I heard one little squall,
 And hell-to-split over the prairie
 Went team, Little-Breeches and all.

Hell-to-split over the prairie !
 I was almost froze with skeer ;
 But we roused up some torches,
 And sarched for 'em far and near.
 At last we struck hosses and wagon,
 Snowed under a soft, white mound,
 Up sot, dead heat--but of little Gabe
 No hide nor hair was found.

And here all hope soured on me,
 Of my fellow critters' aid--
 I just flopped down on my marrow-bones,
 Crotch-deep in the snow and prayed.

* * * * *

By this, the torches was played out,
 And me and Isrul Parr
 Went off for some wood to a sheep-fold
 That he said was somewhar thar.

We found it at last in a little shed
 Where they shut up the lambs at night,
 We looked in, and seen them huddled thar,
 So warm, and sleepy and white.