

for some time; but it is now beyond recall. Abel Adams, too, in his early years, could write quite cleverly, and there are some lines in his sister's album, of which she was very proud, and no doubt cherishes now with affection. One of the girls often wrote nonsense lines, parodies and jingles that amused her companions, but were not long remembered. One brief impromptu fared better, for it called out a response which, as Judge Lynch's first and perhaps only poem, must have place in these pages; Willie, and Ben Seymour, had partaken rather freely of some fine old cheese in Mr. Simon Cornell's store, near their boarding places. Willie, not a very robust youth, had at that time a bad cold, and an attack of acute indigestion followed the feast. When assured that he was out of danger, three of his girl friends sent him, from school, a note of sympathy; and by way of enlivening him a little, added these lines—

"Such a great lot of cheese,
 Willie, never agrees
 With persons of your constitution;
 At least when it's old,
 And you've a bad cold,—
 But you've met with a just retribution."

J., M., and D.

Now, certainly we did not think poor Willie had done anything that called for retribution; but the poet needed a rhyme and there was no time to search for a better one. The seeming reproach stirred Willie to self-defence, and having leisure while confined to his room, he answered at length. Before receiving the reply, however, Mr. Butler had visited the invalid, and on his return home, sitting down to dinner he exclaimed:—

"What do you think! J— has been perpetrating poetry! and he repeated the lines; the last seemed to