

circumstances until he overcame them; while the want of family distinction and social eminence only afforded the opportunity for him to become the architect of an illustrious fame.

(ORIGINAL)

TO WM LAWRIE, ESQ., BRADFORD

BY THE FOREST EARD

Oh that my soul had language that my tongue Had sweeter strains than ever minstrel sung,

And thou wast here, on friendship's wings you came, With pledges dear as ever bard could name;

Oh how the soul in hours like this is cast Back through the vista of the shaded past,

Thus I with thee the same rich nectar quaff'd, Felt the same smile and laugh'd when thou hast laugh'd,

And time that had in moody moments slept, With speed of lightning onward now was swept;

And now with thee I wander back again, To many a scene on life's fair virgin plain;

But these are fancy's etchings quick they fly, On the same moment that has swept them by,

Thus while the heart says sadly fare-thee-well, The soul may melt at friendship's fairy spell,

Cobourg, June, 1853.

WASHINGTON'S LAST DAYS AT MOUNT VERNON.

We find in the Washington Intelligencer an article, of which it says, "We have the pleasure to insert the annual contribution of our venerable and respected friend, Mr. Custis of Arlington,

The year 1793 was in its last month; Washington had nearly completed his sixty-eighth year; the century was fast drawing to a close, and with it this great man's life.

Not was Washington unmindful of the progress of time, and of his liability to be called at any moment to "that bourne from which no traveller returns."

The last days, like those that preceded them in the course of a long and well-spent life, were devoted to constant and useful employment.

answered. He wrote with great facility, and it would be a difficult matter to find another, who had written so much and had written so well.

So punctual a man delighted in always having about him a good time-keeper. In Philadelphia, the first President regularly walked up to his watch-maker's (Clarke, in Second Street) to compare his watch with the regulator.

The affairs of the household took order from the master's accurate and methodical arrangement of time.

The establishment of Mount Vernon employed a perfect army of servants, yet to each one was assigned certain special duties, and these were required to be strictly performed.

Mrs. Washington, an accomplished Virginia housewife of the olden time, gave her constant attention to all her domestic household, and by her skill and superior management greatly contributed to the comfortable reception and entertainment of the crowds of guests always to be found in the hospitable mansion of Mount Vernon.

Invariably neat and clean in his person, with clothes of the old-fashioned cut, but made of the best materials, Washington required less waiting upon than any man of his age and condition in the world.

It pleased Providence to permit the beloved Washington to live to witness the fruition of his mighty labors in the cause of his country and mankind; while his success in the calm and honored pursuits of agriculture and rural affairs was grateful to his heart, and shed the most benign and happy influence upon his last days at Mount Vernon.

Humorous.

A little nonsense now and then, Is relished by the wisest men.

"We should like to have an answer to the following. As silence gives consent, and the lassies do not answer, we are going to try it:—

If a laddie meet a lassie, Comin' thro' the wood, Should'nt the laddie kiss the lassie, That is if he could?

—Youths Banner.

OUR DEVIL'S ADVICE.

Now, listen girls, and do not laugh, At printers and their better!

A girl that hath some gentle grace, A typo is always sure to— And when they join old Hymen's band, They come with both their heart and hand? So girls that would poor typos mash, Can ne'er succeed in cutting a—

—Youths Banner.

POPPING THE QUESTION.—A young lady said to her beau, after fifteen years' courtship, "Charles, I am going out of town tomorrow."

"Where?" "I don't know." "When are you coming back?" "Never." "What are you going for?" "I am going to look for something which you have not, never had, and yet can give me without any loss to yourself."

A TRAGEDY.—A Dutchman thus describes an accident—"Once a long vile ago, I went into mine abbie orchard to climb a bear tree to get some beeches to make vrow a blum pudding mit; and ven I gets on the tbermost branch, I vail from the lowermost limb, mit one leg on both sides of the fence, and like to stove mine outsides in!"

Our pilgrim fathers derive their name from the way faces they used to make at phisic

A gentleman was accused by a poor loafer, who asked for charity. "I will remember you next time," replied the gentleman. "Please your honour," said the loafer, I don't credit; I deal on the cash principle."

ON MRS ANNA BREAD.

When belies their lovely graces spread, And fops around them flutter, I'll be content with Anna Bread, And won't have any but her

Punch answers the question, "How to insure against railway accidents?" by saying, "Tis a couple of Directors a la Macgregg to every engine that starts with a train."

In a bar-room, in one of the towns of the United States, the following hint was lately stuck up by a wagg—Gentlemen learning to spell are requested to use yesterday's papers.



Ladies' Department.

These exquisitely beautiful lines, from the maternal heart of sweet Fanny Fern, so widely known and justly celebrated, will need now, as when first they flowed from her pen, a sweet echo in every true mother's heart.

MY BIRD

BY FANNY FERRESTER

Ere last year's moon had left the sky, A birding sought my Indian nest, And folding, oh so lovingly, Its tiny wings upon my breast.

MRS. GRUMBLE'S SOLILOQUY.

BY FANNY FERN.

"There's no calculating the difference between men and women boarders. Here's Mr Jones been in my house the last six months, and no more trouble to me than my grey kitten."

"Take a woman to board, and 'if it is convenient,' she would like drapery, instead of drop-curtains; she'd like the windows altered to open on the top, and a wardrobe for her flounced dresses, and a few more halls and another shelf in the closet, and a cricket to put her feet on, and a little rocking chair, and a big looking-glass, and a pea-green shade for her gas-burner."

"She can't drink coffee, because it is exhilarating; brown is too insipid and chocolate too heavy. She don't fancy cocoa—'English breakfast tea' is the only beverage which agrees with her delicate spinster organization."

"She can't digest a roast or a fried dish; she might possibly peck at an egg, if it were boiled with one eye on the watch.—Pastry she never eats, unless she knows from what dairy the butter came which enters into its composition. Every article of food prepared with butter, salt, pepper, mustard, vinegar or oil or bread that is made with yeast, soda, milk or salaratus, she decidedly rejects."

"She is constantly washing out little duds or laces, collar, handkerchiefs, chemisettes and stockings, which she festoons to the front windows to dry; giving passers by the impression that your house is occupied by a blanchisseuse;—then jerks the bell for an hour or more, for relays of hot smoothing irons, to peck the finishing stroke to her operations."

"She is often afflicted with interesting colds and influenza requiring the immediate consolation of a dose of hot lemonade or ginger tea, choosing her time for these complaints when the kitchen fire has gone out, and the servants are on a furlough.—Oh! nobody knows but those who've tried it, how immensely troublesome women are! I'd rather have a whole regiment of men boarders. All you have to do is, to wind them in the morning with a powerful cup of coffee, give them carte blanche smoke, and a night key, and your work is done."

An extraordinary story is told by Captain Wallace, of a bar and his mistress who were saved in a miraculous manner from the jaws of a shark.—A transport, with part of a regiment on board, was sailing with a gentle breeze along the coast of Spain (one of the officers was leaning over the poop railing, conversing with a young lady who had inspired him with the tender passion. The fair one was in the act of handing a paper to her lover, who overreaching herself, she fell into the sea, and supported by her clothes, drifted astern. The officer lost no time in jumping after her, and upheld her by one arm. The sails were quickly backed, the ship lay to, and preparations were made to lower a boat, when to the dismay of all on board, a large shark appeared under the keel of the vessel, gliding towards its victims. A dose of terror from the agonized spectators called the attention of the officer to the approaching danger: he saw the messenger of death near him; he made a desperate effort, plunged and splashed water so as to frighten the shark, which turned and swam on its right. The current had now carried the officer and lady close to the vessel, when the shark appeared a second time, and was the act of turning on his back to seize the hapless pair whom private of the officer's company, who was in the hammock stowing, jumped fearlessly overboard, with a bayonet in his hat which he plunged into the back of the shark, which, instantaneously disappearing, the three were saved before he dared to make his reappearance.