

## AN ODD PAIR OF SCALES.

A monk, when his rites sacredotal was o'er,  
In the depth of his cell, with its stone-covered floor,  
Resigning to thought his chimerical brain,  
Once formed a contrivance we now shall explain :  
But whether by magic, or alchemy's powers,  
We know not--indeed, 'tis no business of ours.  
Perhaps it was only by patience and care,  
At least, that he brought his invention to bear.  
In youth 'twas projected, but years stole away,  
And ere 'twas complete he was wrinkled and gray ;  
But success is assured, unless energy fails,  
And at length he produced those remarkable scales.  
" What were they ?" you ask ; you shall presently see :  
Those scales were not made to weigh sugar and tea,  
O no, for such properties wondrous had they,  
That qualities, feelings, and thoughts they could weigh,  
Together with articles small or immense,  
From mountains or planets to atoms of sense,  
Naught was there so bulky, but there it could lay,  
And naught so ethereal but there it would stay ;  
And naught so reluctant but in it must go--  
All which some examples more plainly may show,  
The first thing he weighed was the head of Voltaire,  
Which retained all the wit that had ever been there,  
As a weight he threw in a torn scrap of a leaf  
Containing the prayer of the penitent thief,  
When the skull rose aloft with so sudden a spell  
That it bounced like a ball on the roof of the cell,  
One time he put in Alexander the Great,  
With a garment that Doreas had made for a weight,  
And though clad in armor from sandal to crown,  
The hero rose up and the garment went down,  
A long row of alms-houses, amply endowed  
By a well-esteemed Pharisee, busy and proud,  
Next loaded the scale while the other was prest,  
By those mites the poor widow dropt into the chest ;