

of state. A man in the middle rank of life, universally respected, and remarkable alike for kindly and generous feelings and a convivial spirit, was unanimously elected to fill the throne. He entered with his whole heart into all the humours of the pastime, in which the citizens of Dublin so long delighted. A journal was kept called the *Dalkey Gazette*, in which all public proceedings were inserted, and it afforded great amusement to its conductors. But the mock pageantry, the affected loyalty, and the pretended homage of his subjects, at length began to excite the imagination of "King John," as he was called. Fiction at length became with him reality, and he fancied himself "every inch a king." His family and friends perceived, with dismay and deep sorrow, the strange delusion which nothing could shake. He would speak on no subject save the kingdom of Dalkey and its government, and he loved to dwell on the various projects he had in contemplation for the benefit of his people, and boasted of his high prerogative.—He never could conceive himself divested for one moment of his royal powers, and exacted the most profound deference to his kingly authority. The last year and a half of his life were spent in Swift's hospital for lunatics. He felt his last hours approaching, but no gleam of returning reason marked the parting scene. To the very last instant he believed himself a king, and all his cares and anxieties were for his people. He spoke in high terms of his chancellor, his attorney-general, and all his officers of state, and of the dignitaries of the church; he recommended them to his kingdom, and trusted they might all retain the high offices which they now held. He spoke on the subject with a dignified calmness well becoming the solemn leave-taking of a monarch; but when he came to speak of the crown he was about to relinquish forever, his feelings were quite overcome, and the tears rolled down his cheeks; "I leave it," said he, "to my people, and to him whom they may elect as my successor!" This remarkable scene is recorded in some of the notices of deaths for the year 1788. The delusion, though most painful to his friends, was far from an unhappy one to its victim; his feelings were gratified to the last while thinking he was occupied with the good of his fellow-creatures.

[ORIGINAL.]

A

Snowdrop for the Mayflower.

On hearing that Moore the Poet was labouring under mental imbecility.

Poet of the warm-hearted Isle,
And does thy consciousness retire?
And does thy Muse forget to smile,
And does thy flashing wit expire?
And dost thou find that all is vain,
"This short enduring world can give"
That but one gift, thou might'st obtain,
That would, with thee, forever live!

O! may'st thou with the morning light
Have glimpses of the mental ray,
To cheer thee in the "stilly night,"
And lead thee to enduring day,
Thy Country's idol thou hast been,
Hilarity and mirth to impart,
How will they grieve, if thou art seen,
The Poet of the scathed heart.

O! might thy soarings mount above!
O'ercome the waste of time and years,
Reach to that land of life and love.
Then might'st thou leave this vale of tears.

Halifax, December, 1850.

M.

Enigma.

I'm a wonderful thing, of remarkable size,
Though I have only two hands. I have twenty large eyes;
But, although I've these eyes all placed in my face,
I have not a nose my strange features to grace.
I always am going, but never am gone;
I'm always undoing, but never am done;
Nobody respects me, yet I'm looked up to more
Than the prince of the present, or the yeoman of yore.
My hands often shake, and in friendly mood too,
When I'm telling a fact to your neighbour, or you;
When I'm bidding good morning, or wishing good night,
Suggesting that darkness is coming, or light:
For my voice, though 'tis speechless, does more facts
convey

To more people around me, by night and by day,
Than your tongue could do if it lived to the last
Of the teeth in your head, no longer held fast.
I never move out, e'en by way of a treat,
Though my hands may be truly pronounced as six feet,
I eat not, and drink not; but, if not well attended,
I get sadly put out, and my labours are ended.
A message is often brought me from the sun,
And sometimes behind, or before I I run;
I am not in the globe, but am some way below it,
And when you rise high o'er the earth you may know it;
For, though I am higher than you're likely to be,
There may come a time when you'll look down on me.
But don't come too near; for, should I not like you,
I may be impelled, and severely may strike you.
If you e'er go birds-nesting, you may find me out then,
For the place I am perch'd in was built by a wren.

As I am a compound of soul and body, I consider myself as obliged to a double scheme of duties; and think I have not fulfilled the business of the day, when I do not thus employ the one in labour and exercise, as well as the other in study and contemplation.