

## "LITTLE PAUL."

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

Through the curtains poured the sunlight  
 With a sudden gush of joy,  
 Where, upon his bed of weakness,  
 Lay the dying little boy.  
 On the rising airs of evening  
 Balmy sounds of summer came,  
 And a voice amid their music  
 Seemed to call him by his name ;  
 And the golden waves were dancing  
 On the flooded chamber-wall—  
 On the sunny hair of Florence  
 And the brow of little Paul !

As the sunset's tide receding,  
 Ebb'd again against the sky,  
 Passed the faint hue from his features,  
 And the lustric from his eye ;  
 As if up the rosy surges  
 Of that shining river's flow,  
 Went his spirit to the angel  
 Who had claimed it long ago !  
 Fonder still, and full of yearning,  
 Seemed to come her gentle call,  
 And the throb of life grew fainter  
 In the heart of little Paul !

But the fond arms of a sister  
 Like a link around him lay.  
 Chaining back his fluttering spirit  
 To the love which was its stay ;  
 And his own weak arms were folded  
 In a clinging, dear embrace,  
 Till his cheek and dewy forehead  
 Rested gently on her face.  
 Slowly sank his weary eyelids ;  
 One faint breathing—that was all,  
 And no more the kiss of Florence  
 Thrilled the lips of little Paul !

A CELEBRATED toper, intending to go to a masked ball, consulted an acquaintance as to what character he should disguise himself in. 'Go sober,' replied his adviser, 'and your most intimate friend will not know you.'

Your conduct to others should form the measure of your own expectations.

M. LE DUC, one of the last writers upon Russia, asks how it can be expected that the Russian populace will abstain from intoxication when the practice is sanctified daily in their eyes by the example of the priests, their natural instructors? In one parish in the interior it is within the author's knowledge that the inhabitants, for a long time past, have invariably kept their spiritual pastor under lock and key from Saturday evening until 12 o'clock on Sunday, to prevent his becoming too much intoxicated to be able to perform the mass.

IN Captain M'Clure's arctic expedition, an Esquimaux stated that his countrymen were incensed against the whites, because they had sold their countrymen *bad water, which had killed some and made others sick.*

SHAM INQUEST.—On Nov. 29, an inquest on a woman who died through drink in the Isle of Man was held ; all the jurymen were in the traffic, and the verdict was—Death by suffocation or apoplexy !

## PUZZLE.

SIR,—If you will give a place to the following puzzle, you will oblige me.

I am composed of 16 letters.

My 10, 7, 4, 4, 3, 9, is a celebrated engineer.

My 8, 7, 15, 4, 3, 7, 8, a French satirical poet.

My 16, 7, 9, 10, 7, 4, a German historian.

My 15, 10, 2, 5, 8, 2, 4, a celebrated Irish orator.

My 12, 13, 10, 4, 1, a Scottish poet.

My 12, 10, 3, 15, 15, 11, an English mathematician.

My 5, 13, 10, 7, 4, 4, 9, a French general.

My 2, 5, 16, 7, 4, 2, 9, 13, 1, a Greek grammarian.

And my whole the name of a celebrated European city.

D.

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