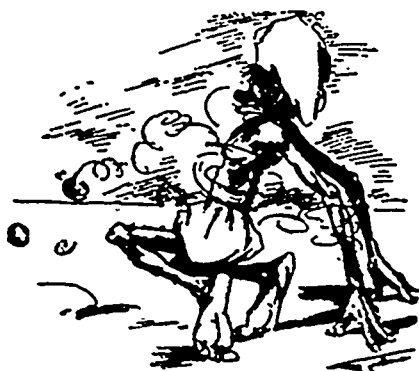
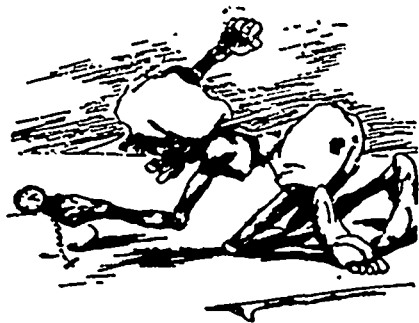


THE HINDOO AND THE WATERBURY WATCH
SPRING.

THE STORY OF AN OLD HAT.

The London Correspondent of the Hatter and Furrier says: I have made a discovery of some literary importance. It is not one of the lost books of Aristotle or of Livy, but a poem, which is undoubtedly from the pen of Alfred Tennyson. You will not find it in his published works, but probably it is one of his early effusions. An old battered silk hat has given it to the world.

It is an experience of all hatters in the retail trade, that when new tiles are bought, the old ones are left, now and then, to be called for—but they are never called for—and they accumulate, and after a while have to be cleared away. I know a hatter who has recently made a clearing out of dusty, battered old hats, such as would delight the heart of a South African king, and every one of them such as his dusky majesty would be glad to wear as the sole article of his gala dress. In the lining of one of these dilapidated head-pieces, under the sweat leather, and yellow with age and perspiration, was found a paper with the following lines written in pencil, which was with some difficulty deciphered:

SONNET.

By Alfred Tennyson.

Me my own fate to lasting sorrow doomed;
Thy woes are birds of passage—transitory;
Thy spirit circled with a living glory,
In Summer still a Summer joy resumeth.
Alone my hopeless melancholy gloometh,
Like a lone cypress through the twilight hoary,
From an old garden where no flower bloometh,
One cypress, on an inland promontory,
But yet my lonely spirit follows thine,
As round the rolling earth night follows day;
But yet thy lights on my horizon shine
Into my night, when thou art far away.
I am so dark, alas! and thou so bright—
When we two meet there's never perfect light.

Under these lines was written the following parody, evidently by an American drummer of drinking habits to his inebriate friend. He seems to have been occasionally rather short of funds, and when in his cups, a "striker," though "not given to filthy lucre." How his hat found its way to London is a mystery. It is to be hoped that he is reformed if he is still traveling for some American house. The chances are, however, that he was too much inclined to moistening his clay, that he has returned to his original dust, and that on his tombstone, if he has one, should be cut in deep letters—"Died of Bad Western Whisky":

THE UNHAPPY DRUMMER.

By Alfred Dennison.

Me, my old hat to constant brushing doometh,
Whose nap is worn, whose gloss is transitory,
No more a daisy or a morning glory—
A drummer, still a drummer's life resumeth.
About I travel much when business boometh.
I take a room in a hotel top-story,
Near some back door yard where no flower bloometh,
Where fighting cats have left their traces gory;
And yet—I have an awful jolly time
As round the rolling earth I make my way.
We cannot get a drink for half a dime,
So we must put it off another day.
I get so drunk, alas! and thou, so tight—
When we two meet we always want to fight

Let drummers read and heed the warning.