

Confess'd to open day ? Come forth to view ;  
 Naught will avail thy name and face assum'd,  
 And regal head with *George's* laurel bound :  
 Thy telltale paleness speaks thee counterfeit,  
 Lives there a beggar wreth with hunger prest  
 Would take thee offer'd ? thou art known so well  
 The honest tradesman will not sell thee wares,  
 The gawky clown too late, alas ! has found  
 He took a sharper, when he harbour'd you.  
 I've got thee safe ; no more expect to thrive  
 By cheating innocence ; in durance firm  
 I'll fize thee, to deter thy bastard race.  
 Thus many a harvest, by deceit and fraud,  
 The cunning juggler thrives ; till by success  
 He grows less cautious, nor to weeding maids  
 By promis'd sweethearts, he his art confines :  
 But in ill fated hour attempts to trick  
 More knowing townsmen ; they, averse to frauds,  
 Or'take his greasy galligaskins down,  
 And birchen smart inflict ; or shut in cage,  
 To curse his fortune, and atone his crimes.

WINDSOR.



## FINDS OF OLD COINS

Old Roman and Greek coins are found in large quantities every year in tombs and in the ruins of old houses. Messrs Hunt and Grenfell found two large jars of Roman silver and gold coins in Lower Egypt in 1895, in which were over 4,000 coins in perfect preservation. The latest coins were those of