

Tender hearted? You bet!
Heart like a child
Thet's happy at play
And not easily riled.
Strong man? No, of course;
He's ez weak ez a horse!
Looks delicate, eh?

Know all about him?
Well, pard, I should ruther
Surmise thet I did,
Sence I'm his brother.
Do I drink?—Do I eat?
I'll just take mine neat.
No, thanks, Jack; no water.

Before the Storm.

On through the gloom, slow rolled the restless wave;
Dim burned the stars, enhaloed in a mist
Of silvery light, that faintly, softly kissed
The fretted aisle, and pillared, shining nave
Of ocean's sanctuary—a sea-girt cave.
There, through translucent depths of limpid green,
The sacred relics of the dead were seen,
There gently sleep Britannia's true and brave:
Aye, slumber on in still, unbroken calm,
A hallowed sepulchre, an honored name
In every heart, these things can never fail.
Far o'er the waters, like a funeral psalm,
A prelude to some mighty requiem, came
One long, deep sigh that heralded the gale.