

'Twas the eve before Christmas, when all thro' the house,
 Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse,
 Excepting three persons, with their coach and one wheel, *with*
 Intending, of course, the right bell to steal;
 Who, with footsteps quite noiseless, crept up Pilsbury's lane,
 Accomplished their purpose, and crept back again;
 And from that day to this, the compiler believes,
 The bell has been missing, and so have the thieves.

And now, lest it may be said of the compiler, as of Herne, the
 antiquary,

'To future ages may thy dulness last,
 As thou preserv'st the dulness of the past,'

I close my book with the following beautiful lines of poetry, by Miss
 Hannah Gould, concerning the magnificent elm tree, now standing in
 Parker street, before the house of Mr. Richard Jaques, which was
 transplanted and set out by his grandfather, Mr. Richard Jaques, in 1713.

THE OLD ELM OF NEWBURY.

Did it ever come in your way to pass
 The silvery pond with its fringe of grass,
 And threading the lane hard by to see
 The veteran Elm of Newbury?
 You saw how its roots had grasped the ground,
 As if it had felt the earth went round,
 And fastened them down with determined will
 To keep it steady, and hold it still.
 Its aged trunk, so stately and strong,
 Has braved the blasts, as they've rushed along.
 Its head has towered and its arms have spread
 While more than a hundred years have fled.
 Well, that old Elm, that is now so grand,
 Was once a twig in the rustic hand
 Of a youthful peasant, who went one night
 To visit his love by the tender light
 Of the modest moon and her twinkling host,
 While the star, that lighted his bosom most,
 And gave to his lonely feet their speed,
 Abode in a cottage beyond the mead.
 'Twas the peaceful close of a summer's day,
 Its glorious orb had passed away.
 The toil of the field, till the morn, had ceased
 For a season of rest to man and beast.
 The moth^s had silenced the humming wheel
 The father returned for the evening meal,
 The thanks of one, who had chosen the part
 Of the poor in spirit, the rich in heart,
 Who having the soul's grand panacea,
 Feel all is added that's needful here,
 And know this truth of the human breast,
 That wanting little is being blest.
 The good old man in his chair reclined
 At a humble door with a peaceful mind
 While the drops of his sun-burnt brow were dried
 By the cool sweet air of the eventide.
 The son from the yoke had unlocked the bow,
 Dismissing the faithful ox to go,
 And graze in the close; he had called the kine
 For their oblation at day's decline.
 He'd gathered and numbered the lambs and sheep
 And fastened them up in their nightly keep,
 He'd stood by the coop till the hen would bring
 Her huddling brood safe under her wing,
 And made them secure from the hooting owl
 Whose midnight prey was the shrieking fowl.