

Give Cupid the use of his wings;
 Ah, Fame's but a pitiful fortune—
 And hearts are such valueless things!"

" Oh Laura, forgive, if I've spoken
 Too boldly!—nay turn not away—
 For my heart with affliction is broken;
 My uncle died only to-day!
 My uncle, the nabob,—who tended
 My youth with affection and care,
 My manhood who kindly befriended,—
 Has—died—and—has—left me—his—heir!"

And the maiden said, " Weep not sincerest!
 My heart has been yours all along;
 Oh, hearts are of treasures the dearest,—
 Do, Edward, go on with your song!"

Good Old Times.

I do respect the times of old—the times of beans and pork,
 When our old clever honest dads went whistling to their
 work,
 When old cocked hats and breeches were the fashion of the
 day,
 And good thick bottomed shoes were worn with buckles
 shining gay.

The times of old—the times of old; when our good mothers
 wore
 Good homespun stuffs, and kept their muffs and tippets ever
 more!
 When good stout waists were all the rage, and cheeks ne'er
 painted were,
 And borrowed curls ne'er decked the girls with beauty de-
 bonair.

The times of old, the good old times, when home-brew'd
 beer went round,
 The merry hearth, where boisterous mirth and apples did a-
 bound;