

THE DYING SWAN—AN EMBLEM.

Upon the river, through the leafy forest,
Soft stirring in the breeze's gentle breath,
Like a fair snow-flake—in the summer glory
Floated the swan, so musical in death.

Just as the sunset tinged the wave with crimson,
The white swan raised her graceful neck so fair ;
And notes of melody though sweet yet mournful,
Rang through the stillness of the evening air :

But as the last note echoed o'er the waters,
The dying Queen drooped to the wave her head,
And on that tropic river, in the moonlight,
She floated peaceful, but her life was fled.

And still the river flowing ever onward,
Bears to the sea the story of her death :
And still the dying Christian's hymn of praise is
The sweetest music of his failing breath.

M. V. P.

BROWN'S FOLLY, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

Brown.—I've got it.

Robinson.—Glad to hear you say so, my good fellow, for you've been uncommonly dull all the afternoon.

B.—Dull or not, I'll knock a little of the dulness out of this place, which, indeed is rightly named Verdleton [*i. e.*, very dull town]. I'll start a Magazine.

R.—*Dulce est desipere in loco.*

B.—Quite so, and this is just the place in which to fool it to one's heart's content. Here am I stuck, by an adverse destiny, behind the counter of a County Bank for five hours per diem, Sundays excepted. I've had a liberal education—*ingenuas artes*—and that sort of thing ; and I'm determined not to hide my light under a bushel. I'll start a Magazine.

R.—But remember you will have to pay for the privilege in hard cash.

B.—Leave that to me. I am in receipt, as all the world knows, or shall know, of sixty pounds a year, payable quarterly ; I pay my washer-