

THE POETICAL CONSENT.

Your keys no wonder you forget,
 Your very heart you left behind ;
 I send you those, yet oh, till death
 With love and truth your heart I'll bind.

I'll wreath it round with constant vows,
 I'll more enslave thee every hour,
 A laurel chain shall bind thy brows,
 And I'll appear thy own fond sun flower.

Through many a scene in gay delight
 You've seen the fairest of the fair,
 Since love has marked thy destined flight,
 And fixed thy fond affections here.

I'll rove with thee where thou has roved,
 Since thou hast fondly made thee mine ;
 I'll brave the angry storms unmoved,
 Through distant seas and warmest clime.

EPITAPH ON AN ATTORNEY.

Here lieth an attorney who went upon a journey,
 The Lord knows where ;
 If all the fraternity went with him to eternity,
 The devil may care !