

POETRY. Selected.

Burial of an Emigrant child in the Forests. THE FUNERAL HYMN. BY MRS. HEMANS. Where the long reeds quiver, Where the pines make moan, By the forest-river, Sleeps our babe alone, England's field-flowers may not deck his grave, Cypress-shadows o'er him darkly wave.

VARIEITIES.

The following, we believe has appeared before in some of the Provincial prints, but the story is so amusing, and so very excellent of its kind, that we think a second edition of it will be acceptable to most of our readers.

LUDICROUS STORY OF A MONKEY.

I don't think that in a nature there's a more curious creature than a monkey. I think this observe fræe being witness to an extraordinary event that took place in Hamilton, three or four days after my never-to-be-forgotten Battle of the Brecks. Some even gæd the length to say that it was to the full, more curious than that affair, in as far as the principal performer in the æe case was a rational man, whereas in the other he was only a bit ape. But folk may talk as they like about monkeys, and cry them down for being stupid and mischievous, I for ane will no gang that length. Whatever they may be on the score of mischief, there can be næe doubt, that, æe far as gumption is concerned, they are just uncommon; and for wit and fun they would beat any man black and blue. In fact, I gæna think monkeys are beasts æva. I hæe a half notion that they are just wee hairy men that canna, or rather that winna speak, in case they be made to work like their folk, instead of leading a life of idleness.

had on, as for ordinar' his Heeland dress, and walkit behind me, wi' the bit stick in his hand, and his tail sticking out frae below his kilt, as if he had been my flunky. It was after a' a queer sight, and as may be supposed, I drew a hail crowd of hairs after me, bawling out, "Here's Willy McGee's monkey," and ga'ing him nits and gingerbread, and makin' a smuckle of the cratur as could be; for Nosey was a great favourite in the town, and every one likit him for his droll tricks and the way he used to grin, and dance, and tumble over his head, to amuse them.

where he gæd us a friendly glass, and we kept talking about monkeys, and what nout in a manner: ænce edifying and ænnoting to hear æe words of æe old man. A MAN WITHOUT MONEY.—A man without money is a body without a soul, æ walking death—a specter that frightens every one. His countenance is sorrowful, and his conversation languishing and tedious. If he calls upon an acquaintance, he never finds him at home; and if he opens his mouth to speak, he is interrupted every moment, so that he may not have a chance to finish his discourse, which it is feared, will end with his asking for money. He is avoided like a person infested with disease, and is regarded as an encumbrance to the earth.

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and get these tools—I hæe a good mind to say I will never lend æny thing again, æe folks are so careless! "O, my dear," says the wife, "I would not fret about it—for I believe we are as negligent as other people—you remember I borrowed that kettle, and you borrowed that saddle and bridle several days ago, and we have not returned them—I am afraid they have wanted them. We must try to be more careful ourselves, before we find much fault with our neighbors." Well, I wish things could always be sent home. I suppose we are, as bad, if not worse than other folks; but this don't set my men to work. I will try to have it otherwise, and I hope our neighbors will.