72 page

T

JOSEPH R. ECCLEST

NEW SERIES—V

TERMS

PUBLISHED EVERY SATU

AT TWO DOLLARS AND FIF
payable half yearly in advan
will be received for a shorter pe
and no paper discontinued until
ADVERTISEMENTS in
terms, and where the number of
ited, they will be continued un
them is received, and charged a

THE MUSES' I

EPITAPH ON A C

A *wicked* one lies buried he
Who died in a *decline;*
He never rose in rank I lie
Tho' he was born to *shin*

He once was *fat* but now, i
He's thin as any grieve
He died—the Doctors all ag
Of a most *burning* fever.

One thing of him is said wit
With which I'm much ar
It is—that when he stood, f
A *stick* he always used.

Now *winding-sheets* he son
But this was not enough,
For finding it a poorish trad
He also dealt in *snuff.*

If e'er you said "*Go out,* I
He much ill nature show'
On such occasions he would
"Vy, if I do, *I'm blow'd.*"

In this his friends do all agre
Although you'll think I'm
When *going out* 'tis said tha
Was very fond of *smokin*

Since all religion he despised
Let these few words suff
Before he ever was baptized
They *dipp'd* him once or t

THE CHURCHES OF

BY MISS MARY ANNE

[The following beautiful verses
Ladies Fair in Liverpool.]

They he in vallies buried de
They stud the barren hills
They're mirror'd where pro
And by the humbler rills;
A blessing on each holy time
Wherever they may stand
With open door, for rich and
The Churches of our Lan

Ye boast of England's palace
Her cities and and her to
O mansions where her sons
Dwell midst her greenwoo
But a deeper sense of reveren
God's temples should com
While knee shall bend, and p
In the Churches of our La

Oh! pleasant are the pealing
Heard at the Sabbath time
Calling to prayer from hills a
With their melodious chim
And glorious is the sacred so
Swell'd by a fervent band,
When the organ's note doth
Through the Churches of

Talk not of England's "wood
Her better strength is here
Here trust around the spirit f
Subduing doubt and fear;
Here her brave sons have ga
Nerving each heart and ha
Most fearless prove those wh
The Churches of our Land

They stand, the guardians of
For which our fathers died;
God keep those temples still
Our blessings and our pride
Our energies, our deeds, our
All these should they com
That never foe may lay them
The Churches of our Land.

A Poetical Correspondence.
through our Post Office a few da
following direction:—
"To Potts Town, P. O. I am b
Let me ride in your mail bag, I'
When you are there, don't let m
Cupboard,
But hand me straightway to Rob
One cent you shall have, for all
As that is the price, for one not

"Cuffy, go to the meadow and
High Olympus." "Yes, massa
much bout de *hio*, but he's limp
tin."

The New York Mechanic say
gist has invented a plaster so str
landscape views; cider from a ba
teries; a wagon to church, &c.,
for a drawbridge.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc6044_1_64-0006.jpg