PATENT RHYMES,

BY CALEB CUSTOMS, "THE MAD POET."

1. There is something very curious in the manner
In which you can twist words into rhymes
Single and double;
To see how one thing with another chimes;
That is, if you have wit enough to plan a
Story, or something else to write about,
Without
Much trouble.

2. Suppose we try it now: One Ass Stokes,
One of those [illegible] everything provokes,
A early-tempered, evil-minded, beerish,
Ill-natured kind of being;
He was the [illegible] of the parish,
And had the overseeing
Of extra-mural matters such as ringing
Of the church bell, and note the lead in singing.

3. Well, Deacon Stokes had gone to bed
One night, in—37;
'Twas cold enough to make a Russian shiver,
I think I never knew one
Colder than this; in fact it was a STUN-OWL,
As the Alsatians, forsooth 'twas,
And Lapland night!
Good Lord! how cold 'twas!

4. There was a chap there, named Ezekiel,
A clever good-for-nothing fellow;
Who everyone used to get quite mellow
Of whom the Deacon always used to speak ill,
For he was fond of cracking jokes
At Deacon Stokes;
To show, on
What terms he stood among the women folks,
And so on.

5. It came to pass, that on the night I speak of
Ezekiel left the tavern-bar-room, where
He'd spent the evening, for the sake of
Warming his nose
By partaking
Of the drink-making
And enjoyment
Of some good fellows there, whose employment,
Was, (well kind of weather,
On every night,
By easy candle light,)
To get together,
Reading the papers; smoking pipes, and chewing
Long yarns, and pouring down the RUM!

6. Tipsy well cotsed, and up to any thing;
Drunk as a lord and happy as a king;
Blos as a peony, from his midnight revel,
Not fearing markets, women or the devil!
With a light heart, much lighter than a feather;
With a light soul that spurned the freezing weather
And with a head, too timesome light as either;
And a purse perhaps as light as all together
Did Ezekiel, with a great expansion
Of thought, until he brought
Up, at a post before the Deacon's mansion.

7. With one arm round the post, a time he
Stood
A thoughtful mood;
With one eye turned up towards the window,
There
With feeble glare,
A candle burned;
Then, with a serious
Face, and grave, mysterious
Shake of the head,
Ezekiel said—
His right eye, once more, thrown
Upon the beacon
(Not from the window shone,)
"ULEXIAH THE DEACON!"

8. Rap, rap, rap! went Deacon Stokes's knocker
At no one answered—Rap, rap, it went again—
"By George!—it must be after ten o'clock, or
Long after nearly hour for turning in!
Rap, rap, rap,—"My conscience how thy
Fellow waiting. Lord! how sound they sleep!"

10. The Deacon then began to be alarmed
And to agitated,
Threw up the casement;
And with a cap on head,
Of fiery red,
Demanded, what the cause was, of the riot
That, thus disturbed his quiet.

11. Quite cool this evening, Deacon Stokes,
Replied the voice below;
Well, well, sir! what's the matter?
Quite chilly, Deacon; how your teeth do chatter
You vagabond! a pretty time you've chosen
To show your wit, for I am almost frozen!
Be off, or I'll come down and put the lash on!"
Why, bless you, Deacon! don't be in a passion
'Twas all in vain to speak again;
For, with the Deacon's threat about the lash,
Down went the sash.

12. Rap, Rap, rap! went the knocker again;
And neither of 'em was a very slight rap.
Thump, thump! on the door went Ezekiel's cane
And that, once more, brought Deacon Stokes'
Night cap.

13. Very cold weather, Deacon Stokes, to-night!
Begone, you vile, insolent dog! or I'll
Give you a warming and should serve you right;
Go! Hain't it is time to end your hoax.'
Why, Bless your soul and body, Deacon Stokes!
Don't be so cross,
Than I'm come here
In this severe
Air, which is cold enough to kill a horse

The Girl and the Philosopher.

[illegible]

Accosted Kitty in the [illegible]
As she was going [illegible]
And sobb'd her of a kiss [illegible]
Saying, 'I'm a philosopher [illegible]
'A what?' said Kitty, [illegible]
And gave his cap a toss [illegible]
'Are you? Oh, yes!' and [illegible]
Whilst he toward'd the [illegible]

Neglecting the Ancients.

The New Orleans Bulletin [illegible] whimsical instances of this [illegible] especially in the answers of wine[illegible] literally as they speak [illegible] for instance, the [illegible] prisoner! [illegible] crack me with a broom on the head [illegible] broke the top of it. In narrating an accident some time since, we saw it stated that an old woman was run over by a fast aged kitty. So in a case of supposed poisoning, he had something in a blue paper in his hand, and I saw him lean his head over the pot and put it in. Another of circulating base coin: he snatched the half dollar from the boy which he swallowed. [illegible] seems to mark the boy, not the money, but still the sentence reads incorrectly. An old fellow who for several years sold some combustible matches, had the following as his invariable address—"Will you buy some matches of an old man made of the best kind of wood!"

To these from the Bulletin, may be added the following. An advertisement appeared not long since—Wanted, a man to drive a mill, part of a religious turn of mind. In the last edition of Morse's Geography it was stated that Albany contained two hundred houses, and six thousand inhabitants all dwelling with their gable ends to the street.

An Enthusiastic Naturalist.

Animal Magnetism, which was at a premium in this city last year, [illegible] wonderfully within the last few days. One of Dr. Collyer's patients, an Irishman, [illegible], while lying in a state of magnetic sleep, or ecstasy, was attacked with a violent [illegible] and [illegible] ted on by the cat of the house—[illegible] Jour.

When [illegible] Speaking of Col. Sue, we must say that he is one of the best bred men of his time. Happening to sit opposite to him at Gadsby's [illegible] a few weeks since, we heard him [illegible] "I say, waiter, bring me a hot [illegible] seven or eight good big dips [illegible] we made the following note in our common-place book: "Sue.—Last New York [illegible] When you ask for soup, instead of [illegible] with a few ladies full, you [illegible] with dozen or eight good big dips. [illegible] drinking, like travelling to improve one's knowledge of the customs, &c. [illegible]

A Lawyer [illegible]

It takes the [illegible] We know not where the following originated, but [illegible] it as an excellent as good as any of the bon mots of Curran:

An intelligent female witness having been [illegible] perplexed by a barrister in a long cross-examination, hesitated, in replying, to [illegible] Judge. "Madam," said the man of [illegible] not talk unintelligibly; what [illegible] to understand by the word humbug?" [illegible] hesitated. "Your Honor, madam," said the barrister, anticipating a victory, "that you proceed no further until you state plainly and openly what you mean by humbug." "Why then, sir," returned the lady, "I don't know how better to explain my meaning than by saying, if a stranger of persons who were strangers to you and should tell that where they saw you [illegible] prepare to meet a [illegible] looking [illegible]

A [illegible]

"Why, [illegible] nearly all this day on hard of an English man of war, and [illegible] the first [illegible] on shore, [illegible] said the adjutant. "Why, Sam, [illegible] replied Jack, "but they pay up in boxes and [illegible]

The Boston Morning Post is the happy medium for giving [illegible] of the [illegible] of wit under the [illegible] of Dr. [illegible] After observing for some five minutes a [illegible] the other evening at Boylston Hall, the lady coolly remarked, "I am glad that my nose is on neither of their faces."

Digby went into a store to buy a thin coat the other day, when the seller employed his [illegible] eloquence to induce him to purchase, by telling him how very cool it was. [illegible] Digby, "I [illegible] in moderate [illegible] to go in my shirt sleeves once in a while to warm me enough to wear it."

Late Case of Absence of Mind.—Digby says he saw a [illegible] his own cat [illegible] the other day.

Billiards to Exquisites.—The wearing of Long Hair.

An old experienced hair dresser [illegible] very strong terms, the present fashion of wearing the hair; and predicts that [illegible] will be [illegible] ceive, as the present [illegible] of wearing long hair is prevalent among young men. The fashionable [illegible] the present [illegible] of being assimilated to goats, baboons, and [illegible] and the future prospects of being young bachelors. If one of the [illegible] should have his hair parted over his forehead, and brought over his right ear in a mat, he might be taken for a cropped criminal; and the cluster on his chin might be taken for the concealment of an ugly face. A fine face and noble forehead cannot be too much uncovered; but not possessing these, or having the reverse, it may be well enough to cultivate excessive locks, and exhibit only an oval visage of three or four inches. If some of the gentlemen of the "tiger" should lay aside the "[illegible]" and assume petticoats, they would look very well for affected females.

A Large Onion.

"Do you call them large turnips?"

"Why, yes, they are considerably large."

"They may be so for turnips, but they are nothing to an onion I saw the other day."

"And how large was the onion?"

"Oh! a monster; it weighed forty pounds."

"Forty pounds!"

"Yes, and we took off the layers, and the sixteenth layer went completely round a demijohn that held four gallons!"

"Whew whopper!"

"You [illegible] to say that I lie?"

"Oh! no, whole whopper of an onion, I mean."

TO BE DISCUSSED AFTER DINNER.

A little sensible now and then
Is relished by the best of men.

An English paper, speaking of the whig ministry, says that it possesses great patience, before resignation.

Streeter's Ephraim says the habits of lawyers are very [illegible], and the [illegible] of pick-pockets peculiarly appropriate.

Married, in Boston, by the Rev. Mr. Fay, Mr. James Cobb, to Miss Mary Rotner. [Mr. Cobb has chosen a very pleasant way of getting Rotner.]

An artist in this city, says the Mechanics Institute, in imitation of a bottle of spruce beer so naturally that the cork flew out before he could [illegible] a string to fasten it.

A dandy in New Orleans, wishing for an excuse for speaking to a beautiful lady in the street with whom he was unacquainted, drew his nice white cambric handkerchief from his pocket, as he approached her, and inquired if she had a drop it. The lady glanced at the handkerchief, [illegible] scent, then it and marched on, leaving [illegible] to be laughed at by his companion.

Niagara Falls, once a famous place of fashionable resort, have of late years been constantly running down.

Dr. Beteler said of strawberries, "Doubtless Nature could have made a better berry, but doubtless Nature never did."

A Spanish poet carried "the poetry of Heaven" to its highest possible sublimity, when he calls a star "a burning doubloon of the celestial bank."

"Ned has run away with your wife," said one friend to another. "Poor fellow—[illegible] Mine," was the reply.

Billy Porter—Guy Porter, of [illegible] was turned out of [illegible] the other day, but not seriously injured.

49 [illegible]

[illegible]

508

[illegible]

50th

[illegible]

[illegible]

The Widow's Children.

"I don't wish to hurt your feelings, Sally, but there is another thing which I must mention.—You will have to keep George, and William, and Margaret at home, more than you do. You can't expect me to let Thomas and Adeline make companions of them now. We move in very different circles, you know."

This was said with an air of self-importance, and in a calm, heartless tone, by a woman of fashion, dressed in rich attire, and ready to step out to her carriage that stood waiting for her before the door of her husband's splendid dwelling, to a pale, heart-stricken creature, poorly clad, who seemed to shrink more and more into herself, as the words, just uttered, fell like ice upon her heart. A tear stole out, and trickled slowly down her cheek. Its warmth and motion on her face, seemed to rouse her from a painful, dreamy state of wretchedness, for she, suddenly started, looked steadily for a moment into the face of the woman who stood before her, with a stern expression, and then turning away, she retired, hastily, without uttering a word.

"Humph!" ejaculated the fashionable lady; "I expected that she would get into a pet when I told her. She ought to have had more sense, any how, than to have continued to let her mean looking children come here, when she knows our circumstances are so different." Then, glancing at herself in the glass, and wreathing her face in artificial smiles, to see how well she looked, and how worthy of admiration, she swept, with an air of self-consequence, out of her richly furnished parlors, and was soon glancing along Chesnut street in her splendid carriage, proud as a vain queen of her own importance.

Meanwhile, the poor woman, to whose bruised heart, another pang had been given, wended her way slowly along, and in half an hour, reached a small dwelling on the extreme verge of the city. As she approached it, her thoughts seemed to take a more elevated and determined tone, her step become firmer, and her head more erect.

"My time may come yet," she murmured, while a faint smile flitted about her lips. "The widow and her children have much to hope for."

"O, mother, I'm so glad you have come!" exclaimed a little girl about eleven years old—dressed very plainly, but clean and neat—as her mother opened the door.

"What are you so glad about, Margaret?" asked her mother.

"Why I've been thinking a'most ever since you been gone, that, as soon as you came home, I'd ask you to let me go to Aunt Hardin's, to-morrow, and see cousin Adeline. Mayn't I go, mother?"

For a moment, the mother compressed her lips tightly against her teeth. A long drawn breath seemed to give her power over her feelings, and taking her little girl by the hand, she led her to a chair, and sat down beside her.

"Mayn't I go, mother?" again asked the child, looking anxiously in her parent's face for the expected answer.

"No, my dear, you can't go." And the mother's voice slightly trembled.

"O, mother, I want to go so much! I love Adeline, and she says that she loves me."

The mother felt a choking sensation, and her voice was somewhat husky, as she replied,

"Still, my dear, I cannot let you go."

"But, mother, I'll be good. And I won't run over Aunt Hardin's beautiful carpets, nor touch her nice furniture. Adeline and I will stay in the nursery all the while. Do let me go, mother! I want to go so bad!"

Despite of all her efforts to help it, a tear forced its way out upon the cheek of the mother. She lifted her little girl upon her lap, and kissing her tenderly, said—

"My dear child, I would willingly let you go, but your Aunt would not have you come there."

The mother's heart was full, and as she drew her weeping child closer to her breast, she felt more keenly than ever the bitterness of poverty.

They sat thus, the mother and her child, for some minutes, when the former disengaged her arm, and rising up, went about the duties of her little family. The latter sat quietly for nearly an hour after. Whenever her mother came near her, her heart bounded with a quicker pulsation, as she noted the silent grief of the child—grief at the loss of the companionship of one she loved, united with a sense of wrong done to her gentle and affectionate nature.

Towards night-fall, two lads came in, one thirteen, and the other sixteen, and their cheerful, even happy faces, chased away a great portion of the gloom that, since her interview with her sister, had settled upon the heart of the widow. The eldest of these was named George, and the youngest William, and they were brothers to Margaret.

"I'm so glad you have come!" exclaimed the sister, as the two boys came in.

"And what makes you so glad?" asked George, affectionately.

"Why, I've got something to tell you, and it made me feel so bad," replied Margaret.

"Indeed, sister, and what is it?" said George.

"Why Aunt Hardin don't want us to come there any more."

"Because we are poor, I suppose," William said, drawing himself up proudly. "But we're as good as they are, any day!"

"Yes, that is what we are. And I'm determined that I'll know as much as Thomas does, if he is going to school all the while," added George, while a bright spot burned on his cheek.

"I'll tell you what I want you to do, George," said the little girl, putting her arm around her brother's neck, and looking wise beyond her age.

"Well, sis, what is it?"

"Why I want you to get rich, and then we'll be as good as they are."

"We're as good as they are any how, if we have poor, replied George.

"Yes, but they don't think so," urged Margaret.

"They shall think so, one of these days!" George said, with emphasis.

The mother here interfered, and said—

"You must not, my children, entertain bad thoughts, nor say hard words against your Aunt and your cousins. If your Aunt and Uncle do not treat you well because you are poor, you should try and not feel angry at them."

"But how can I help it, mother?" urged George.

"You cannot, my child, if you think about it, and brood over it. But you can, if you will, put it out of your thoughts, and keep your mind occupied with other things. Now, have you nothing to tell me, that has occurred during the day, that will help us to put aside these unpleasant thoughts?"

"O, yes, I forgot," said George, with animation, his eye brightening as he spoke. "Mr. Martin told me to-day, that he was so well pleased with my attention and correctness in business, and my usefulness to him, that, after this year was out, and it will be out next month, he would raise my salary to three hundred dollars."

"That is good news, indeed, my son," replied his mother, her face instantly changing its subdued and even painful expression, to one of real delight. An attentive observer might have seen an instantaneous glancing of her eye upwards.

"And I've got some good news too," broke in William, with animation. "Mr. Martin is going to raise my salary to two hundred dollars. He says, I and George are good boys, and if we keep faithful to him as we have been, he will give us more the next year."

"That will make five hundred dollars in the year," said George. "And we can live on that, without you having to take in any sewing, can't we, mother?"

"Yes, my dear children, we can live very comfortably on that and we must be very thankful to our Father in Heaven for being so good to us. If we are faithful to Him, he will never forsake us."

"And Margaret can go to school, can't she, mother?" asked George, glancing at his sister with a look of pride and affection.

"Yes, she will have more time to attend to her lessons, now that I shall have no occasion for her services at home. And you know, my son, that it is necessary for her to learn as much as you do, when she is of your age, for she is a girl."

"Sally always had to be taught propriety," responded her fashionable sister. "And she always seemed to have a fondness for low company. Even while her husband was doing a good business, I had to be continually at her to have things like other people."

"She can live as low as she likes, now," Mr. Hardin said, with an unfeeling sneer.

"And she (that keep herself to herself, too) can tell her," added Mrs. Hardin. "When I objected to her children coming here, I meant to preclude her, but did not like to say so outright. If she don't take the hint, I shall have to speak out plainer. We should lose caste in less than no time, if it were known, that people in her condition were allowed to visit here on terms of equality."

"Well, I'm glad, Fanny, that you possessed the fortitude and good sense to act so decidedly in this unpleasant affair. It will be much better in the end, than if you had been so weak as to tolerate what your judgement condemned as wrong," said Mr. Hardin, yawning.

"Yes it is an unpleasant affair," Mrs. Hardin remarked, affecting a tone of sentiment. "But, then the weakness that would have prevented my doing as I did, is never indulged by sensible people."

Mr. Hardin again yawned, and his wife this time caught the infection, and yawned in concert. Thomas, who was a little shocked when the conversation opened, gradually began to come under the influence of his parents' views and feelings. When the subject was dropped, he felt a very perceptible disposition to look upon his Aunt and cousins with feelings nearly allied to disgust and contempt.

On the next day, while Thomas and his sister Adeline were looking over a book of engravings, which their father had just bought for the centre table, the latter, while admiring them, said—

"O, I wish cousin Margaret would come here to-day—I want to show her these beautiful pictures!"

"Well, she's not going to come here any more," responded her brother, in a positive tone, which seemed to have in it something of anger or indignation.

"What's the reason she ain't?" asked Adeline, looking up earnestly into her brother's face.

"Why, because Pa and Ma say that she's no—nor George nor William, neither."

"What have they done?" asked the child, [illegible]