

SHELDON O'BRIEN'S Epistle to Miss. BETTY BRADFAC.

DEAR BET, if your face were as broad as a platter, your nosefull as a pancake, or flatter; your bulk like a hoghead, your shape like a churn, I'd have you, for "better to marry than bourn."

I have a small cot, in the side of you hill, Some acres of land, just sufficient to till. Am this side of foolish, and clever and heavy. Attach'd to no friend, and a friend to no party. My height is six feet, and two inches extra. I'm stout to proportion, of Irish extract.

Tell me truly, that I'm not apt to brag, Or that no Yankee can find me a fog. At this I'm good hunting. I am well enough, I'll pale slate my nails, and my whiskers so rough.

I'll mount my Ditch horse and a courting pony.

At St. Patrick, I'll you Bet, whether or no,

We're no inclination to abide your complaints.

For who's more creature than maid that is evering?

But turn your formous, be gay as a lark.

You BETTY you'll find me a good sport.

To Congress as her with penitent abroad,

In tons of dependence, pray not a word more said;

If our endevours shoud chance to prove

WE FOLK'S A CLEVER WELL OF KENTUCKY,

Halt Yester, halts, own fashions;

And do what we can to increase population.

From a LATE ENGLISH PAPER.

VERSES  
By aldy is a galleon who had failed in his  
governance to her, in returning him a gold shield

WHEN you implored and I believed,

Thisgolds hebbeth I recy'd.

"Look, look, my love, you hardly cry'd

How fast the little grantees glide,

Let us the precious hours improve,

And wing each instant, that we have

Till awfull death, my dearest friend,

Your loze with my earth still blend,

Time never my darling girl, shall see

Horatio, and bid her,

These spires sharded in your eye,

These maces breath'd in ev'ry sight;

Then, telling on your breathing breast,

Each thinking my astful soul exult;

And trusting to your generous mind,

My humor and my peace refug'd!

Since then, alas! what magic powers

Can charm to try my anxious hours?

For guilt is printed on my cheek,

Confusion checks me when I speak,

No more unconscious and serene,

I gaze upon this bright moonlight,

Its full reappears, waketh my sight,

And call the tears that dimmed my eyes,

Where are thy hapless minutes fled,

What innocence has stolen thee,

When purest joys are thine,

Health gave her fatal bloom?"

Am I not in my fate?"—Am I no more

The future tombs exhausts here,

Whil'st fed mud fuels moments fee-

As eys too far accepted me,

Then take, O take it from my view,

Valored alone while you was true.

Alas! how soft with ev'ry love,

When watch'd its sparkling finger move,

And touch'd the appalled hour at last,

When, every care, danger pass'd,

While the full oft, or midnights thron;

To eys he has loste now,

You sought repose in Dull's breast,

A charming, dangerous, fatal guest!

Die, die, die, let me alone!

Am I not here with time to do,

Since you're leaving, hark me not?

The pale, pale monster, depart,

Return to whom he pierc'd my heart;

Rejoin'd him of these coming days,

When youth an' his robes have shawn;

When on reflections pillow laid,

You sought repose in Dull's breast,

My views of blind life gone,

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