

One day to while away the time,
 I undertook to write some rhyme,
 And having touched the magic note,
 An epetaph upon a mule I wrote.
 My modesty would not permit,
 That I should publish waat was writ.
 But I permitted them at last,
 To paste it on the window glass,
 Ere long the parson came by chance,
 and at my poem cast a glance,
 For he is judge of all he reads,
 As well as Bronco-pony breeds,
 Said he you are assured by fame, the promise of
 The promise of undying fame name.
 Cast down your quills and books and brief,
 And win at once the Laureate wreath,
 My law books was all were laid away,
 To read upon some other day,
 And in this Joyous month of May,
 Im writing verses all the day,
 But I have found that poets, too,
 Must eat and drink as lawyers do,
 And all the children have their fill,
 As if I were a lawyer still.
 So I've become a sordid hack,
 To shun the wolf and keep him back
 From out my house and out my door,
 Which he is threatening ever more.
 So now the clerks and merchants all,
 To you I make this general call
 That I will write you rhyming puffs,
 To help you sell your goods and stuff,
 Bring forth your ugly calico,
 Or boots or shoes that will not go,
 Or hats of ancient pattern gay,
 Made to sell another day
 And other goods and things as well,
 That you for money wish to sell
 And I will tell the the people, dear,
 what wondrous bargains you have here,
 I hope the pe ople will excuse
 And e'en forgive my humble muse
 If I perhaps with untreaened pen
 Tella story now and then.

MACK LANDRUM.

I'd scarce had time to sign my name,
 To these poor lines when Loo' there came
 A jewelry man of local fame
 E. M. Landrum was his name.
 I'm looking for the bard he said,
 Whose wondrous poem I've just read
 I wish to sell my wares he said,
 (And wish by verse the people led,
 To buy my buttons, charms and rings
 And jewelry and other things.