

M Y O L D G U I T A R :

BY L. L. WYVERN.

I.

ANOTHER may tell of the music
That lurks in the summer breeze,
Of murmuring lay in a flowing rill,
Of the warbling of the trees:
But there is a sweeter music,
A sound that's dearer far,
In the hallowed melodies that break
From thee, my Old Guitar!

II.

They call to mind a mother's smile,
A sister's childish tear,
A father's manly greeting,
And the laugh of brother dear:
Of hope that then was beaming,
Like a beauteous evening star,
When merrily I sang by thee,
My cherished Old Guitar!

III.

Of a fair and modest maiden,
With a bonny eye of blue,
A smile would steal a soul away,
A trusting heart and true:
To whom, in music's whispers,
My joy to make or mar,
A tale of love was told by thee,
My faithful Old Guitar!

IV.

Of bold and jovial spirits,
Who circled round the board,
And quaffed a health to friends they loved,
And maids that they adored:
Whose songs were lays of olden times,
Of love, of wine, of war,
All mellowed by thy silver tones,
My merry Old Guitar.

V.

Thou hast brightened many a passing hour
In manhood's early day,
And many a cherished memory
Is mingled with thy lay;
And faces which across life's path
Have flashed like a shooting star,
Come peeping back through the misty past,
At thy sound, my Old Guitar!

VI.

So once again, sweet warbler,
Thy music let me hear,
And on thy melodies I'll float
Back — back through many a year
To a day and hour long-vanished,
To a time that seemeth far,
To the home so often brightened
With thy song, my Old Guitar!

BOATING DOWN THE ALLEGHANY.

BY J. M. MULLIGAN.

AFTER ten months of steady work, the happy day at length arrived when I was free. I cut 'the shop' incontinently, and put myself 'a-board' the six-o'clock train on the Erie Rail-road with my two companions. One of these was a clerk in a book-store, the other an active youngster of sixteen, who had just 'finished his schooling,' while I was acting the part of 'the school-master abroad.' The clerk sported a pair of moustaches and a goatee; the youngster would have done so, most probably, if he could; and I indemnified myself for a year's shaving by leaving to the intensest freedom every hair on either lip or chin.

We started on Saturday, the first of July, and arrived on Sunday morning at Olean, passed the day like decent Christians, bought a small skiff on Monday morning, purchased provisions, got some tar to put the bottom of our boat in order, and encamped that night on the river-bank beside her.

I forgot to mention that Olean is on the Alleghany, and our chief object was to try how we would like boating down the river. After tarring the boat, my two comrades amused themselves by shooting frogs, and I dissected them.

I had heard Mr. Peale, the naturalist, who is now in the Patent-Office at Washington, say that crocodiles could be killed immediately by severing the spine. As the frog is also a cold-blooded animal, I thought the same might be true of him; but he obstinately refused to die. My error, most probably, was in dividing the spine too low down, instead of just at its junction with the head. The one I examined most particularly had two good-sized stomachs, in one of which I counted thirty-seven little black bugs; the other was filled with the same kind of bugs, but they were partially decomposed. The mass, however, was about equal to that in the first stomach, so that this watery gourmand had 'appropriated' some seventy-five little bugs, each about as large as a full-sized grain of wheat.

Before leaving the town I saw some boys amusing themselves with