

THE PLYMOUTH BAROMETER.

The west wind always brings us rain,
The east wind blows it back again,
In south winds we always have wet weather,
With north winds cold and wet together;
If the sun is red and hot,
The next day surely will be wet;
But if the sun goes down in gray,
The next will be a pouring day.

The above doggrel is called the "Plymouth Barometer." It seems appropriate to the weather we have been *enjoying* —E. M. D.

A Good Hit.—To the soulless staring apes, who sport the habiliments and assume the appearance of men, only to stand on the street corners and watch the ladies passing by, frequently indulging in ribald comments in tones sufficiently loud to reach the ears of the objects of their blackguard remarks, we commend a perusal of the following *morceau*.—*Am. Paper.*

WHO WAS IT?

He was standing on the corner,
In the place where loafers meet,
And he watched the dressy damsels
As they waded o'er the street,
From his mouth came innuendoes,
And his eyes were opened wide,
As on tip-toe they came dancing
O'er the muddy, sloppy tide,
When a lady and her daughter,
Stepping carefully along,
Closely veiled from street inspection,
Heard his slimy, venomous tongue.
Then the little veils were lifted,
And with shame his head he hung,
For his mother and his sister
Thus had struck the speaker dumb.