







POETRY

THE DEVIL AND THE GROSS-SELLER.

THE Grog-seller sat by his bar-room fire,
With his feet as high as his head, and higher-
Watching the smoke, as he puffed it out,

For a mortal fear was on his then,
And he deemed that the ways of living men
He would tread no more--that his hour had come,

spoon; becoming first much broader and then widening
away in diameter and length until the former
was reduced to about eight inches, and the latter a
fourth of a mile, when it separated into pieces which

fre, which drew blood; and the reporter of the Manchester
Advertiser was struck a frightful blow on
the back of the head, before he could extricate himself

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