THE VULTURE:
AN ORNITHOLOGICAL STUDY.

AFTER THE LATE EDGAR A. POE.

The vulture is the most cruel, deadly, and voracious of birds of prey. He is remarkable for his keen scent, and for the tenacity with which he invariably clings to the victim on whom he has fixed his gaze. He is not to be shaken off whilst the humblest pickings remain. He is usually to be found in an indifferent state of feather.—New Translation of Gerard.

Once upon a midnight dulling, as I held my feet unwilling
Over a tub of scalding water, at a heat of ninety-four;
Nervously a toe in dipping, dripping, slipping, then out-slippering,
Suddenly there came a ripping whispering, at my chamber's door.

"'Tis the second-floor," I muttered, "dipping at my chamber's door—
Wants a light—and nothing more!"

Ah! distinctly I remember, it was in the chill November,
And each article and member was with influenza sore;
Fainting I stirred the great, steaming, scumming over the fuel,
And soon removed the jewel that each frosted nostril bore.
Wiped away the trembling jewel that each reddened nostril bore—
Nameless here for evermore!

And I recollect, a certain draught that frayed the window curtain
Chilled me, filled me with a horror of two steps across the floor,
And, besides, I'd get my feet in, and a most refreshing heat in,
To myself I sat repeating—"If I answer to the door—
Rise to let the phrenia in who seems to want to bust the door,
I'll be—" that and something more.

Presently the row grew stronger; hustling, then no longer,
"Easily, Mr. Johnson, blow it!—your forgiveness I implore
Such an observation letting slip, but when a man's just getting
Into bed, you come upsetting nerves and posts of chamber's door,
Making such a row, overturning—Spoke a voice beyond the door:

"'Tis n't Johnson"—nothing more!
Quick a perpiration clammy bathed me, and I uttered
"Dummy!"
All his life—till I knew him equal to it if he liked, or
more—
Half in earnest, half in jest, with an attempt at
laughing,
I remarked that he was changing, and demanded of
the
asked what this disgusting, nasty, greedy, vile intrusive
here.
Mean in croaking: "Never more."

But the Vulture not replying, took my bunch of keys and
trying
several, found at length the one to suit my private cup-
board door;
took the gin out, filled the kettle; and with a song: "frolic
to settle
any saint, begun to settle calmly down the grate before.
really as he meant departing at the date I named before;
of never, never more!

Then I sat engaged in guessing what this
circumstance distressing
would be likely to recall in, for I knew
that long before
once it served me right for drinking I
hated him that if slaking
in the world, my fortunes linking to his
own, he'd find my door
always open to receive him, and it
struck me now that door.
he would pass, y'know never more!

Suddenly the air was cleared, all the furniture en-
shrouded
with the smoke of vile tobacco—this was worse than
all before;
"Smith!" I cried (in not offensive tones, it might have
been expensive);
for he knew the art persuasive, and could coster-
mongers floor."
"Remember it's after midnight, are you going?—
mind the floor."
Quoth the Vulture: "Never more."

"Smith!" I cried (the gin was going, down his
threat in rivers flowing.)
"If you want a bed, you know that's quite a
nice hotel next door,
very cheap. I'm ill—and, joking apart,
your horrid smoking
irritates my cough to choking. Having mentioned it
before,
really, you should not insist once—will you muzzle—
as before?"
Quoth the Vulture: "Never more."

"Smith!" I cried, [that joke repeating merits
little better treating.
for you than a condemnation as a nuisance and
a bore;
drop it, pray, it isn't funny; I've to mix some
rum and honey—
if you want a little money, take some and be
off next door;
run a bill up for me if you like, but do be off
next door."
Quoth the Vulture: "Never more!"
LOVE AND LUCRE.

AN ALLEGORY.

BY JOHN G. Saxe.

Love and Lucre not one day,
In chill November weather,
And so, to wile the time away,
They held discourse together.

Love at first was rather shy,
As thinking there was danger
In venturing so nigh
The haughty-looking stranger;

But Lucre managed to employ
Behavior so potent,
That in a trice the bashful boy
Grew bold and confidential.

"I hear," quoth Lucre, bowing low,
"With all your hearts and honey,
You sometimes suffer—is it so?—
For lack of mortal money."

Love owned that he was poor in anight
Except in golden fancies,
And more, as yet, had given a thought
To mending his finances.

"Besides, I've heard,"—thus Love went on,
The other's hint improving—
"That gold, however sought or won,
Is not a friend to loving."

"An arrest He—as you shall see—
Full long ago invented,
And the Veitzen near us sitting—still is sitting, still is
Sitting,
Gazing down my eyes by gallops, and my eyes down by
the score;

And the beast, with no more boding than a heathen
savage feeling,
The new carpet's tints unshedding, throws his shells
upon the floor.

And his smoke from out my curtains, and his stains from
out my floor,
Shall be sifted never more.

(To knaves who know not you nor me!)  
To tickle the damned.

And Lucre waved his wand—and lo!  
By magical expansion,
Love saw his little horn grow
Into a stately mansion!

And where before he used to sip
Untended in his cottage,
And grumble o'er the earthen cup
That held his mungo potage;

Now, smoking viands crown his board,
And many a flowing chalice;
His inner was with plenty stored,
And beauty filled the palace!

And Love, though rather lean at first,
And tinged with melancholy,
On generous wines and puddings must,
Grew very stout and jolly!

Yet, mindful of his truest friend,
He never turns detractor,
But prays that blessings may attend
His worthy benefactor;

And when his friends are gay above
Their evening whist or ears,
And drink a brimming "Hail to Love!"
He drinks, "Success to Lucre!"