

JIM CROW.

I Came from old Kentucky ;
A long time ago,
Where first I larnt to wheel about,
And jump Jim Crow.
Veel about and turn about,
And do jist so.
Ebery time I vheel about,
I jump Jim Crow.

Oh I'm roarer on de fiddle,
An' down in old Virginny
Dey say I play de scientific,
Like ma-sa Pagainini.

I went down to the ribber,
I didn't mean to stay,
But dere I see so many gals,
I couldn't get away.

De oder Sunday morning,
I put on my dandy coat,
And went down to Greenwich,
On board de Steam boat.

One gemman ax de Captain,
'Fore de fastenings were clare,
How much funder is it, captain,
Now, before we will be dere?

A Frenchman told de Captain,
He want to get out on railroad,
Kase he really was afeard de boat
Would tumble overboard.

But a very cunning chap on board,
Know'd ebery ting it seem ;
Undertook to tell a lady
How de vessel work by steam.

He says, first you see dis ting
Wot's going up and down ;
Well den you see dem cart wheel
Turning round and round.

Well, den you see dem oder tings,
Look like a pair of tongs,
Dey hit again dem cart wheel
And shoves de boat along.

And when dey want to steer de boat,
And bring her round in time
Dares a ting look like a cellar door
A swinging on behind.

In de ninety-'leventh chapter
Ob de new Almanack,
Dare it tell all about
De white man and black.

He say, Cain was de fust man,
Julycome Cæsar was de oder,
Dey put Adam on de treaden mill,
'Case him kill him broder.

And der dat Mr. Samson,
Was de man who built de ark,
Mr. Jonas was de fisherman,
Who swallowed down de shark.

De rain pour down forty days,
By all de peoples counting
And landed Samson vid de ark,
Upon de Allegbany mounting.

Old folks, young folks,
Pray let me go ;
I come anoder time,
And sing Jim Crow.

So neber mind de wedder,
Or how de wind do blow,
For in spite of wind and wedder,
Vill I jump Jim Crow.



THE TRIUMPH OF VENUS.

By CAPTAIN MORRIS.

Tho' Bacchus may boast of his care-killing bowl,
And Folly in thought drowning revels delight,
Such worship, alas ! hath no charms for the soul,
When softer devotions the senses invite.

To the arrow of Fate, or the canker of Care,
His potions obvilious a balm may bestow,
But to fancy, that feeds on the charms of the fair,
The death of Reflection's the birth of all Woe.

What soul that's possesed of a dream so divine,
With riot would bid the sweet vision begone,
For the tear that bedews Sensibility's shrine,
Is a drop of more worth than all Bacchus's tun.

The tender excess that enamours the heart
To few is imparted ; to millions deny'd :
'Tis the brain of the victim that tempers the dart,
And fools jest at that for which sages have dy'd.

Each change and excess hath thro' life been my doom ;
And well can I speak of its joy and its strife :
The bottle affords us a glimpse through the gloom,
But love's the true sunshine that gladdens our life.

Come then rosy Venus, and spread o'er my sight,
The magic illusions that ravish the soul !
Awake in my breast the soft dream of delight,
And drop from thy myrtle one leaf in my bowl.

Then deep will I drink of the nectar divine,
Nor e'er, jolly god ! from thy banquet remove ;
But each tube of my heart ever thirst for the wine,
That's mellow'd by Friendship, and sweeten'd by
Love.

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