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Original Poetry.

Written for The American Union.

[FA]LSE LOVE AND THE TRUE.

BY AN OLD MAID.

[M]et to- night! I would that we
[shal]l never meet again,
[Ev]ith each meeting always comes
[a d]eeper sense of pain;
[Yet] not from my thoughts remove
[the] time when *he* did woo,
[M]emory will, anon, return
[To] the false love, and the true.

[Lo]w him as he stood beside
[t]hat bright-eyed lass so fair;
[Ma]rked his smile as he gazed upon
Her face of beauty rare;
I thought of him whose broken vows
I've had great cause to rue—
How different for him whose love
Was not the *false*, but *true!*]

Be calm, sad heart—O, cease to beat
For him who loved me so;
For O, I scorned the offering then,
I could not, would not know
That *he* I *loved* would ever prove
To all his vows untrue,
And now I'm left reflecting on
The false love, and the true!

I would I could the past recall,
But 'tis too late, I trow—
For my poor heart doth tell me—
(Ah! I know it *too well*, now),
That its affections then were given,
And daily stronger grew,
Not for him who bore me
The false love—*but the true!*

Written for The American Union.

THE PIRATE CAPTAIN;

—OR,—

THE VILLAIN'S DOOM.

A Tale of the Close of the Last Century.

BY KRIMPUS KRIMP.

Chapter IX.

"Land ho! loud swells the sound,
While hearts responsive bound;
Land ho! the joyful cry
Rings clear, and loud, and high;
Land ho! before the blast
The good ship speeds more fast;
Land ho! the harbor's gained,
And form to form is strained
In welcome's fond embrace;
And on the seaman's face,
A path to tears unknown,
The tear of joy creeps down.
O, Heaven! it is sweet
To see a sailor meet
His wife and little weans,
Whom he has seen in dreams,
So oft upon the sea,
When all uneasily
He slept amid the storm
Which howled above his form;
From perils safe, sweet rest
He finds and deems him blest."

The morning's sun arose, and with it a pilot came aboard the Suffolk, which had been hove to between the capes during the night. All was joy in the ship, as a fresh breeze, filling all her sails below and aloft, swept her on up the "island bay"; for there were many on board who expected to be soon clasped to the throbbing bosoms of loved ones, who had long been with them in their dreams although absent in their waking ours.

The vessel, with her gayest streamers flying out from each mast-head like tongues of glad salutation, sped swiftly up the harbor. Fort Columbus was passed, the domes and spires of America's Athens rose in view, and soon the ready seamen sprang aloft as Capain Randolph merrily shouted:

"Stand by to reduce sail! In with all o stun sails! clew up and furl the royals!"

Soon were the light and fluttering sails bound to the yards, and then again the order:

"In top-gallant sails! Down flying jib."

And this was quickly done, and as the courses had already been hauled up, the beautiful ship stood on up the harbor under her three topsails, jib and spankers. More slowly, yet even more gracefully than before, she slipped along till she was abeam of that memorable spot where the Boston Indians gave King George his first Yankee tea-party, and demonstrated to the world that freemen's shoulders, though broad and strong, ould not bear the load of unjust taxation. Here, when she was abreast of Long Wharf, the topsails were clewed up and the jib hauled down, and then, as the helm was put alee, the ship swerved to the wind and rounded to. Her headway ceased, the last order given:

"Clear away the chain—stand by the stoppers—let go the anchor and veer to forty fathoms!"

Then came the heavy plunge of the anchor into the water, and the rattling of the chain cable through the iron hause-hold, and in a moment more the ship lay asleep upon the glassy bosom of the harbor. Boats from shore were soon alongside, consignee, &c.—But why should I tire the reader, for whom I have [illegible] and friendly feeling, with a long description of the every-day-to-be-seen arrival of a ship?

Let me transport you, one half hour later, to a neat little cottage which stands between Bunker's Hill and the Navy Yard, at Charlestown, which place fronts on Boston harbor. In the neat front parlor of this cottage, behe[illegible] a very young-looking elderly lady, with mild, dark eyes, an intellectual countenance, upon which the hand of the Maker had written the sign of amiability; a face on which care or vexation had written no wrinkle or mark. She seems a picture of happy contentment. When we introduce her to the reader, she was musing, apparently having just roused herself from a day-dream.

"I do wish John would come home this morning. He has had a long passage, and what with the many perils he has to encounter, it must be a dangerous one. But he is in the hands of God, and it is for me to hope, and pray, and trust; but not to murmur."

Little did she imagine that at that very moment the object of her thoughts was hastening to her. Why do her eyes gleam so gladly as she again glanced from the window? why did a flush of gladness light up her placid face, as the sun lights up the bosom of a clear and waveless lake in summer time?

"O, he is coming; but see, he has strangers with him; I must keep my dignity tacks aboard, as he says, and wait for him here. O, my John, this one joy of seeing you come home well, repays all the hours of sorrow which I have passed in your absence."

So slowly did they advance, that Mrs. Randolph, in her impatience to clasp her husband in her warm embrace of welcome, forgot her "dignity tacks," and sprang from the door to meet him. As with a hasty step he advanced to meet her, he spoke but one word:

"*Fannie*," and yet that word spoke more love in its tone than we could describe in this column, and as their lips met, her only answer,

"*John, dear John!*" was equally expressive of her full-hearted happiness.

"Fannie," said Randolph, as soon as the first embrace was given, turning to his friends—"here's my friends, Mr. Landgrave and wife, son, daughter, and nephew, and their friend Mr. Roylston, that I've brought home to pay us a visit."

With a graceful salutation, Mrs. Randolph at once advanced to the strangers, and with a smile, welcomed them to the cottage.

"My husband's friends are always my friends," said she.

"There, I told you that, Mr. Landgrave!" said Randolph, with an air of gratified and honorable pride. "My Fannie is a jewel, and I wouldn't swap her off for all the gems that were ever worn or dug up. But let's go into the house: your wife and daughter are bending with fatigue. Come in, wife, and let's have a hot cup of coffee and the chicken fixens, for I'm as hungry as a shark, and I reckon that the [illegible] us are *all same so*, as the Chinamen [illegible] yaw!"

A few mornings [illegible] Mr. Landgrave entered the house w[illegible] face, a countenance beaming joy an[illegible] asure, and going up to his wife, seated [illegible]elf, and said:

"Well, my dear, I have succeeded in making a purchase of a most beautiful place, a place where we can all reside together, you and I, Nellie and Edward, and Albert and Henry. O, the place is a beautiful one, I did not imagine such a place to exist in America."

"Come, tell me where this fairy palace exists."

"It was the residence of a wealthy old English gentleman, who, at the close of the war, put it into the hands of an agent, and returned to England. I have been to look at it this morning. It is situated on the road from here to Cambridge, near the latter place. We will move there in a few days, as I have possession immediately, just as soon as I can have repairing done."

Oh! I am so glad you have succeeded in getting a place so soon, for I long to be settled once more."

Chapter X.

Can this be death? Then what is life or death?
"Speak!" But he spoke not. "Wake!" But still he slept:
But yesterday and who had mightier breath?
—BYRON.

A week later in our story. The house had been repaired and the Landgraves had moved into it. It was near Christmas, and they were preparing for that occasion. Edward and Henry Roylston had started to Charlestown to make some purchases, and carry an invitation to Mrs Randolph to make them a visit during Christmas week.

When about half way Edward's horse became lame, and bidding Roylston to proceed to town and deliver the message and make the purchases, he started back homeward, fearing if he did not that he should not be able to return home at all.

He had not proceeded far, when suddenly the report of a gun sounded through the woods bordering the road, and he felt a bullet pierce his breast. He rolled from his horse, and falling heavily to the ground a torrent of blood gushed from the wound.—At that instant two men rushed from the woods, one of them burying a dagger into the fallen man's heart.

"Oh! Silas, how have you the heart?" said Albert, for it was none other but he and his confederate.

"Hush man! You are sure that dagger belongs to Henry Roylston, are you?" answered his companion.

"Yes; it has his initials on the handle."

"Then we are safe; and now let's be off."

"Silas, can this be death? Is it true that Cousin Edward will never see light any more? I almost wish I had not fired that shot."

"Come on I say. Do you want some one to come here and see us standing over his corpse?"

"Oh! Cousin Edward, speak!" But the lips remained immovable; not a sound escaped them.

"Come on, I say. You must be home pretty soon. I shall be there before a great while, so be moving. Remember Nellie!"

That was enough; he moved onward, and in about an hour was safely home, shut up in his room.

Soon a man was discovered, running as if for life, toward the house. The whole household were soon upon the front porch waiting for him to come up. As he neared the house they could hear him distinctly hallowing:

"Murder! murder!" he cried, and fell panting into the house.

"What is the matter?" demanded Mr. Landgrave, Edward's father.

"Murder! murder!" was all he could gasp.

"W[illegible] is it?" asked Albert, perfectly com[illegible]posed [illegible]d feigning never to have seen him; it was [illegible]as Botelar, who had so unceremoniously [illegible]troduced himself.

"I do not know him," answered his uncle.

"My good man," said Mr. Landgrave, calm yourself, and tell us what is the matter."

"Oh, some one is murdered, some one is murdered!" cried the man spasmodically.

"Who is it that is murdered?"

"A man; I do not know him."

"How do you know that he was murdered?"

"I saw him."

"Well, my good man, you had better acquaint the authorities at Cambridge at once with the affair. I will go with you."

In the course of an hour, Mr. Landgrave, Albert, Botelar, and a number of citizens, and the officers of the law, were on their way to the scene of the murder.

Soon they came in sight of it, and then all was commotion. Mr. Landgrave, and Albert, *apparently*, made the discovery at the same time that it was Edward.

"Oh! it is my son!" exclaimed the father.

"Oh! it is my cousin!" cried Albert.—And both rushed forward, and knelt by the prostrate body.

Then commenced an examination of the body. The wounds were examined; the dagger withdrawn, and the name discovered. An officer was at once sent in pursuit of Roylston.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Landgrave, speaking for the first time since he knelt by the side of his dead son, his voice clear and strong,—"gentlemen, farther examination is unnecessary. I claim the body."

Soon the Landgrave mansion was in a dreadful state. The dead body lay in the cart in the barn, and men were passing to and fro. No precaution could keep the tidings from Mrs. Landgrave; at the first sight of her murdered boy she fell down in a fit, and was now lying unconscious in one of the front rooms, from which women and physicians were constantly going; Albert, acting well his part, stunned and bewildered sat in his room answering incoherently the many questions put to him; Nellie in her mother's room, wonderfully calm, trying to give comfort to her maternal parent, and Mr. Landgrave walking up and down the floor, wringing his hands in anguish. And so the day passed.

Next morning word was brought to the house that Henry Roylston had been arrested, and committed to jail to await his trial at the next term of the court, for the wilful murder of Edward Landgrave.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

To be or to Seem.

There was once a little rosebush that wished to be beautiful. All day long it stood in a sunny, south window, and stretched its fair, green leaves to the light.

"O dear! she sighed, "if I only had some sweet, pink blossoms, then everyone would like me and praise me. O dear!"

But she was a lazy little rosebush, not at all in earnest about being beauty. If she had been, she would have searched carefully among the dark mould at her feet, until she found something to begin a rosebud with—ever so little dot of a bud to begin with. Then she would have loved the tiny thing, and nursed it and coaxed it till it grew a fair and shapely bud; and when the old sun found out about it, he would have sent an exquisite artist millions of miles to paint its folded petals, and at last there would softly unfold a beautiful flower, that woul be the joy of all who saw it.

But the little tree had no idea of going to work—it just stood still and sighed. "O dear! I wish I had some blossoms."

One day its mistress heard its sighs, and she fastened upon it some artificial buds and flowers. Then the little vain bush held up its head quite proud and satisfied,

The people who passed by the window, when they caught the first glimpse of the rosebush, used to exclaim, "O how beautiful!" but when they came near, and saw that the blossoms were only make-believe, pinned-on blossoms, they cried, "O fie!" and turned away with contempt.

There was once a little girl wished to be beautiful. She wished to have evryone love and admire her, but she did not try to obtain the wisdom that would win their admiration, or the graces of heart and life that would win their love. That was too much trouble and too much self-denial.

There must be a great deal of lowly, patient, pains-taking work, deep down in the heart, before the blossoms of a beautiful character can unfold themselves in life and action. The little girl did not like this kind of work, so she gave up trying to *be* beautiful, and was content only to *seem* beautiful. So her beauty was only on the outside. She had fine dresses, with flounces and ribbons and bows, and she was careful to be very polite, and practice elegant manners. She could dance and play and sing, and had many other pleasant accomplishments.

When people first saw this young girl, they exclaimed, "O how lovely!" but when they came nearer, and saw her real character to be selfish and deciteful, they found that all her attractions were only pinned-on roses, and they turned away in contempt from a character so fair but false.—*Little Corporal.*

WHAT BECOMES OF OLD SHOES.—Cosmos answers this question by stating that they are cut up in small pieces, and these are put for a couple of days in chloride of sulphur, which makes the leather hard and brittle. After this effected the material is washed with water, dried, ground to powder, and mixed with some substance which makes the particles adhere together, as shellach, good glue, or thick solution of gum. It is then pressed into moulds and shaped into combs, buttons, knife handles, and many other articles.

To a toast of "The babies—God bless them!" a railway conductor responded: "May their route through life be pleasant and profitable; their ties well laid; their track straightforward, and not backwards. May their fathers be safe conductors, their mothers faithful tenders, and their switch never misplaced.

THERE'S ROOM AT THE TOP.

They say the professions are crowded
By seekers for fame and for bread;
That their members are pushing each other
As close as their footsteps can tread.
But be not discouraged, my brother,
Nor suffer exertion to stop,
Though thousands are pressing around you,
There is plenty of room at the top.

Be true to thy love and thy country,
The dastard wins never a prize;
But the earnest are ever the victors,
And he who on justice relies,
Who wins the good guerdon by labor,
Will garner sweet rest as his crop,
And find as the hills sink below him,
That there's room enough at the top.

Oh! let not the evil disturb you,
There's good in you but search it out;
Make pure thine own conscience, my brother,
Nor mind what the rest are about.
And whether your work may have fallen,
In sanctum, or office, or shop,
Remember the low grounds are crowded,
But there's always room at the top.

The American Bonapartes.

THE IMPERIAL FAMILY OF FRANCE AND ITS CONNECTIONS IN BALTIMORE.

The Louisville Courier-Journal has the following:

The revoluntionary movements which are now going forward in France invest the Napoleonic dynasty with additional interest.—Prince Pierre Bonaparte, who has caused the pot to boil so fiercely, is a son of the great Emperor's brother Lucien, who was considered the ablest of the family next after Napoleon. The present Emperor is regarded by many as not a Bonaparte at all, but the son of a Dutch admiral by Hortense Beauharnais, the daughter of Josephine. Louis Bonaparte was forced by his brother to marry Hortense. He was in love with another woman, and withal a dreamy sort of person. Those who believe in the operation of a principle of poetic justice running the progress of history, make mention of the fact that the grandson of Josephine, and not of Napoleon, now rules in France as proof that the "whirligig of time brings in his revenges."—Josephine once said "My progeny shall be supreme." But Josephine was not the only woman who was ill-used by the imperial Corsican. Nor was she the only one who cherished hopes of a divine revenge through her descendants.—And hereby hangs a tale.

In 1803 Jerome Bonaparte, then in command of a French frigate, landed in New York. As the brother of Napoleon Bonaparte, he was received with distinction, and was most hospitably entertained wherever he went. While in Baltimore he met Miss Elizabeth Patterson, the daughter of a wealthy merchant of that city, and married her on the 24th of December of the same year. The ceremony was performed by Bishop Carroll, of the Catholic Diocese of Baltimore, a brother of the distinguished Charles Carroll of Carrollton. The marriage contract was drawn up by Alexander Dallas, afterwards Secretary of the Treasury, and was witnessed by the mayor of Baltimore and several other official personages. After remaining in the United States about a year, Jerome Bonaparte and his wife embarked for France in an American ship.

In the meantime Napoleon, to whom the marriage of his brother gave great offence, had ordered that the newly married pair should be permitted to land at no port over which France exercised authority. They, therefore landed at Lisbon, where Jerome left his wife, directing her to proceed to Amsterdam, and went to Paris with the hope of prevailing upon Napoleon to recognize his marriage, but this Napoleon refused to do, at the same time upbraiding his brother for daring to marry without his consent. On arriving at Amsterdam, whither she went in the American ship, Madame Bonaparte was confronted with Napoleon's order forbidding her to land. She then sailed for England, where she took up her residence at Camberwell, near London. And here on the 7th of July, 1805, was born her only child, Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, now living in Baltimore.

Napoleon had determined that his brothers should marry among the princesses of Europe, and all efforts to induce him to recognize the wife of Jerome were vain, and Jerome was at last forced to yield to the wishes of the Emperor and marry the Princes Frederica Catharine, of Wurtemburg. Madame Bonaparte met her husband but once afterward, and then no word passed between them. It was in the gallery of the Pitti Palace at Florence, in Ittaly. The Princess was leaning on the arm of her husband when the meeting took place. Jerome started aside on recognizing Madame Bonaparte, and a moment afterward whispered to the Princess, "That lady is my former wife." He immediately left the gallery, and the next morning quitted Florence.

Although Napoleon declared the marriage of Jerome and Miss Patterson null and void, he could never induce the Pope to so declare it; and a few years ago, when the qnestion, as to the rank of which the Bonapartes of Baltimore were entitled as princes of the imperial household was up for decision, the protest of the Pope against the decree of Napoleon was brought forward.

Soon after the birth of her son Madame Bonaparte returned to Baltimore, where she has principally resided ever since, in the enjoyment of a large fortune. She was about eighteen years of age when she first met Jerome Bonaparte, and is now about eighty-five. She was always a great admirer of Napoleon, in spite of the cruel manner in which he treated her. It is said that she believevs that her grandson will yet be Emperor of France.

Madame Bonaparte's son, Jerome Napoleon, now in the sixty-fifth year, has lived in Baltimore since his boyhood. He was educated at Harvard College, where he graduated in 1826. He afterwards studied law, but never practiced at the bar. When quite a young man he married a very wealthy lady, Miss Susan Mary Williams, originally of Roxbury, Mass., and has since devoted his time to the management of his large estate and to agricultural pursuits. His own fortune added to that of his wife, made him one of the wealthiest men in Baltimore.—He visited his father several times in Europe, and for many years received from him a large allowance. He is on good terms with Louis Napoleon, and has once visited the French Court, accompanied by one of his sons, upon an invitation from the Emperor. During the reign of Louis Philippe he was permitted to remain in Paris for a short time, but was required to assume his mother's name of Patterson.

Mr. Bonaparte has two children, Jerome Napoleon, who was born in Baltimore in 1832, and Charles Joseph, born in 1852. The first named graduated at West Point at the age of twenty, and after remaining a short time in the United States army, resigned his commission and entered that of France as a sub-lieutenant. He was with the French and English allies in the Crimea, and received a decoration from the Sultan of Turkey for his gallant conduct at the siege of Sebastopol.

Mr. Bonaparte is said to bear a strong personal resemblance to his uncle, the first Napoleon. If the validity of his father's marriage with Miss Patterson were recognized by the Court of France, it would give him and his children precedence over his half-brother and their sister, the Princess Mathilde, the children of Jerome by his second wife. Efforts to secure recognition have been made on perhaps more than one occasion, but they failed, though how far they fell short of success has never been known to the public. Jerome himself, who died at a venerable old age a year or two ago, bitterly opposed all such efforts to obtain precedence for the Baltimore Bonapartes and would acknowledge them only by the name of Patterson.

The scrimmage now going on in Paris is peculiar. The American Bonapartes are republicans, and so are the agitators in the Corps Legislatif. It may afford some of them an opportunity, and a Patterson may yet occupy the Tuileries as Prince President just as Louis, a Beauharnais, occupied the palace in 1849. At all events the story is worth retelling as more or less apropos of transpiring events in France, in which the Bonapartes, their past, present, and future, bear such close relation. Jerome Bonaparte acted badly enough to Miss Patterson. Nor has his family done much better. It would be a piece of poetic justice if Time should balance the account.

The Genius of Little Things.

Few men do great deeds. Many strive to emulate the few. No one finds all there is in life—few appreciate what they find. The pride and ambition of man mock at and despise the little common courtesies of life, which make beautiful and lovely the path we journey.

Great deeds are often clothed in modest attire, and men overlook them in their vain search for something by which they may give their names to the world, illuminated by a blaze of glory. A trifling deed is often, in reality, the most truly great and noble.

The cup of cold water given to the poor wayfarer; the kind word of sympathy to the bereaved and desolate; the friendly remonstrance breathed in the ear of the erring; the little self-denials for the happiness of others, are more great and noble than the costly banquet, the polished address, the eloquent moral lecture, or the fleeting pleasure of self-gratification. The high places of this world are its low ones; its great things are its little things. Life is made up of them; and only those whose names are coupled with little things, are truly great. The favored few who march in the ranks of genius forget this, and as we all do slight the smaller demonstrations of love and goodness which beautify the human soul, and which, like the flowers and green grass by the wayside, make life less wearisome. To give a cup of cold water to the thirsty one is a blessed deed, and may be done with a grace which makes it great and beautiful.

He who, with eye fixed upon the mountain top, as he shouts "Excelsior," has no right to trample with his feet the life from the modest flowers, and as he presses forward, he may find a higher work to do, in carefully putting aside the thorns which lay in wait for some heedless child's unprotected feet.

The idea is false that, because one has mistaken himself to be on a more glorious mission, he cannot stoop to the thousand little amenities of every-day life needed to soften its roughness.

Let men try to make life beautiful, homes happy, and to emulate that principle which made Christ God—then the world shall know them great, and be holier from their example.

—In a western village a charming, well-preserved widow had been courted and won by a physician. She had children; among them a crippled boy, who had been petted, and if not spoiled, certainly allowed great "freedom in debate." The wedding day was approaching, and it was time the children should know they were to have a new father. Calling the crippled boy, the widow said: "George, I am going to do something before long that I would like to talk about with you." "Well, ma, what is it?" "I am intending to marry Dr. Jones in a few days, and—" "Bully for you ma! Does Dr. Jones know it?" Ma caught her breath, but failed to articulate a response.

BETTER be upright with poverty, than unprincipled with plenty.

Wit and Wisdom.

—One of the best woman's rights is an exemption from man's duties.

—Never tell secrets in a cornfield—think of the ears.

—Listening at a keyhole is said to be private earing.

—Do you know any word that contains all the vowels! Unquestionably.

—Faber, the pencil-maker, is said to be so fat that he can't walk alone. Like his pencils, he has to be led.

—It is said—ironically, perhaps—that blacksmiths forge and steel every day.

—People who are behind the times should be fed on ketchup.

—Teacher—"Who was David?" Boy—"The son of Jesse." "And who was Jesse?" "The flower of Dumblane."

—A prisoner was examined in court, and contradicted himself, "Why do you lie so?" asked the judge, "Haven't you a lawyer?"

—An independent man is said to be one who can live without whiskey and tobacco and shave himself with brown soap and cold water and without a glass,

—A negro in Bridgeport, Connecticut, arrested for adultery, was asked what he was taken up, and replied, he "believed it was idolatry."

The prayer of a Wall street broker:

Now I lay me down to sleep,
Smashed up in a little heap,
If I should die before I wake,
I'd never 'bull' another stake.

—"What is conscience?" asked a teacher. "An inward monitor," was the reply of a smart little fellow. "And why is a monitor?" "One of the ironclads." The conclusion is evident.

—A worthy old salt remonstrated with a lecturer the other day for speaking of the "sounding brass." "Any lubber," he remarked, "ought to know that the lead is the thing to take soundings with,"

"My dear," asked John, after observing new striped hose on his only heir, "why have you made barbers' poles of Ernest's legs?" Because he's a little shaver," was the reply.

—"Joe, why were you out so late last night?"

"It wasn't so very late—only a quarter of twelve."

"How dare you sit there and tell me that lie! I was awake when you came, and looking at my watch it was three o'clock."

"Well, isn't three a quarter of twelve?"

—A young lady examining her class at Sabbath school asked, "What is the pomp and vanity of this world?" A little girl looking up in her face, very innocently said, "The flowers in your bonnet."

—As the sun in all its splendor was peeping over the eastern hills a newly married man exclaimed: "The glory of the world is rising!" His wife, who happened to be getting up at the moment, taking the compliment to herself simpered, "What would you think, my dear, if I had my silk gown on?"

—A scholar out West, during his parsing exercise came to the word "with," which he boldly declared "a noun." "You have never seen it used as such," replied the teacher.—"But I have though, confidently retorted the young hopeful." "Where?" Doesn't the Bible say "Bind me with seven *withs*, and I shall be as another man?" The teacher was vanquished.

—A few days ago a gentleman whose proboscis had been lost, was invited out to tea. "My dear," said the good lady of the house to her little daughter, "I want you to be very particular, and to make no remarks about Mr. Jenkins' nose." Gathered around the table everything was going well; the child peeped about, looked rather puzzled, and at last startled the table: "Ma, why did you tell me to say nothing about Mr. Jenkins' nose; he hasn't got any?"

—An amusing incident occurred during the battle of Newton, Missouri. The fight being rather hotly contested, an officer became very thirsty and repaired to a spring near by to get a cool drink of water. Kneeling down he drank from the spring without the aid of a cup. As he arose from his refreshing tod, he sat himself fair and square upon his own heels, which were armed with a pair of tremendous Mexican spurs. The instant he felt the prick of the sharp rowels he thought the enemy were upon him and a bayonet entering his flesh. When some of his men arrived, he was bawling, "Oh, I surrender! I surrender!" at the top of his voice. The articles of war do not admit stating his name.

—A worthy deacon in a town of Maine was remarkable for the facility with which he quoted Scripture on all occasions. The Divine Word was ever at his tongue's end, and all the trivial, as well as the important, occurrences of life furnished occasions for quoting the language of the Bible. What was better, however, the exemplary man always made his quotations the standard of action. One hot day he was engaged in mowing with his hired man, who was leading off, the deacon following in his swath, conning his apt quotations, when the man suddenly sprang from his swath just in time to escape a wasp's nest.

"What is the matter?" hurredly inquired the deacon.

"Wasps!"

"Poh!" said the deacon, "the wicked flee when no man pursueth, but the righteous are bold as a lion," and taking the workman's swath, he moved but a step when a swarm of brisk insects settled about his ears, and he was forced to retreat, with many a painful sting, in great disconfiture.

"Ah!" shouted the [illegible]r, with a chuckle, "the prudent man forseeth the evil and hideth himself, but the simple pass on and are punished."

The good deacon had found his equal in making application of the sacred writings, and thereafter was not known to quote Scripture in a mowing field.

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