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## Choice Poetry.

### HOME WITHOUT A MOTHER.

What is home without a mother?
What are all these joys we meet?
When her loving smile no longer
Greet the coming of our feet;
The days seem long, the nights are drear,
And time rolls slowly on;
And O! how few are childhood's pleasures,
When her gentle care is gone.

Things we prize are first to vanish;
Hearts we love to pass away;
And how soon even in our childhood,
We behold her turning gray,
Her eyes grows dim, her step is slow,
Her joys of earth are passed,
And before we learn to know her,
She hath breathed on earth her last.

Other hearts may have their sorrows;
Griefs that quickly die away;
But a mother lost in childhood,
Grieves the heart from day to day.
We miss her kind and willing hand,
Her fond and earnest care;
And O! how dear is life around us,
What's home without a mother there?

## Miscellaneous.

[From the Flag of our Union.]

### MR. BANTAM'S LEGACY.

When Mr. Bernard Bantam "came to his own," on reaching the supposed age of discretion—twenty-one—his property, nursed by a careful guardian, who surrendered it with a word of good advice, amounted to exactly twenty thousand dollars, which he touched in cash, free to invest, as his intelligence and prudence might suggest. Now twenty thousand dollars is "a drop in the bucket," or a "snug little fortune," according to the character of the possessor. To an economical man, with a turn for business and shrewd in speculation, it may be easily rolled up into fifty thousand.—Money has a wonderful facility at self-multiplication, if only left to itself. But Mr. Bantam was not disposed to leave it to itself; neither had he a turn for any sort of business.—He was a social young man, and loved to be surrounded by blacklegs, jockies, trainers, showmen and billiard markers. He was fond of post-horses and late hours; Havana cigars and whiskey punches—nor was he averse to backing his opinion of a horse by heavy betting, or taking a round sum on the "hazard of the die." Therefore his twenty thousand dollars lasted him exactly eighteen months. His credit outlived his capital a little while, and then he took to disposing of articles of value—such as a diamond ring, a pair of silver-mounted pistols, a gold chronometer watch and chain, a few pictures and some costly furniture. Still his debts accumulated faster than ways and means could be provided. Mr. Bantam took to drink, but this did not mend matters at all. It had an ugly look for him to be seen waiting in bar-rroms to be "asked up" by some old crony who happened to be flush; and he became very notorious for borrowing five dollars "just till to-morrow,"—which to-morrow never dawned for the unhappy victims.

He still continued to keep up a hollow show of style at his furnished lodgings, but he was seldom at home, because

——"His door was hateful to his eyes
Chocked and damned up by crasping creditors."

Something must be done to stave off these cormorants. It was not enough for him to escape their morning persecutions, by getting out of his back window on his shed, and thence to an alley way up the street—there was danger of having his retreat cut off.

One morning the principal creditors called at a very early hour, by appointment, very angry and not at all hopeful yet somewhat anxious to see what could be done—pretty well convinced, on the whole, that some "artful dodge" was to be attempted, and determined to refuse every offer but that of the solid cash. There was Mr. Carbuncle, the liquor dealer, who was "in" for some hundreds; Mr. Cauliflower, the fashionable tailor, and Mr. Discount, the note-shaver—a Christian Israelite.

"Mr. Bantam in?" asked Carbuncle, dubiously, of the servant, who opened the door.

"He is dressing, gentlemen—walk in; he'll be happy to see you."

"Gammon!" muttered the note-shaver as he followed his companions.

They were shown into a smart bachelor sitting-room, the walls of which were adorned with opera dancers and fast horses.

"The morning papers, gentlemen," said the servant, as he handed chairs, pointed to the unopened journals, and retired with a bow.

"What have you there?" asked Carbuncle of Cauliflower, after a minute's perusal of his paper.

"Hear what the Times says," said Cauliflower; and he read as follows:

"GOOD LUCK.—We learn that our townsman, Mr. Bernard Bantam, has, by the death of a relative in England, come into possession of a fortune of 250,000 pounds sterling. The intelligence was brought by the Cunard steamer."

"And hear this, under the head of 'foreign news,' in the Bee," said Discount:

"We learn that the very large property of the late Hon. Egerton Bridge Strafford, of Strafford Hall, Somersetshire, goes entire to a distant relative now in America—a Bernard Bantam, of the city of Massachusetts, county of New England and State of Boston."

"All the papers have it in some shape or other," said Cauliflower. "We are in luck, gentlemen; don't let us say a word to Bantam about it. Let's fold up the papers as though we hadn't looked at 'em."

Mr. Bantam entered, draped in a rich brocade dressing-gown, with a scarlet velvet smoking-cap on his head, and embroidered slippers on his feet. He hadn't been drunk for a day and a half and looked remarkably well.

"Good morning, gentlemen," said he, flinging himself into an easy chair. "How goes the world with you? I'm happy to see you.—I've given you a great deal of trouble, I dare say; but one can't always be in funds. By the way, Discount, how are stocks?"

"Looking up!" said the broker.

"Always my luck when I want to buy," said Bantam. "By the way, Carbuncle, did you bring your bill with you?"

"I did not," replied the liquor dealer with glib mendacity. "Never mind the bill. Now or next Christmas—it's all the same to me! I wanted to let you know I've got a fresh lot of that Heidsiek—there's no mistake about it.—Will you accept a basket to taste?"

"You're too generous, Carbuncle."

"Not at all—an old customer like you."

"Very well—I'm heartily obliged to you. Cauliflower, you must be tired of waiting for money."

"My dear sir, how can you fancy it? Why can't you drop in this morning and look at some new pantaloon patterns I've just received by the steamer?"

"I'll do so without fail," replied Bantam. "I believe my wardrobe wants replenishing."

Messrs. Carbuncle and Cauliflower retired with a profusion of bows.

"What should you say, Discount," said Bantam, when he was left alone with the broker, "if, instead of paying you, I should tell you I was in immediate want of a thousand dollars?"

The broker pulled out his wallet, counted over a roll of bills and pushed it to Bantam without a word.

"You know I shall never pay you."

"O, of course not!" replied the broker, with a chuckle.

"I tell you frankly—I'm 'hard up.'"

"And no prospect of better times?"

"None as I'm a sinner."

"Mr. Bantam," said the broker, rising and shaking his hand, "I can't intrude upon your valuable time any longer. It's an unreasonable hour—only seven o'clock—and I know you are not breakfasted. But allow me to say that I give you joy with all my heart."

"I haven't the remotest idea of your meaning," said Bantam.

"O, of course not!" said the broker with a sly wink. "Ha! ha! capital. Good morning; we shall meet on change. Good morning."

Mr. Bernard Bantam dressed very expeditiously, and, with a carpet-bag in his hand, walked down to the Worcester depot, whither a couple of trunks had preceded him. He was soon whirled away in the New York train and Boston knew him no more.

Messrs. Carbuncle, Cauliflower and Discount learned the city papers had been imposed upon by some scoundrel—the story of Mr. Bantam's legacy being a hoax, got up by some unprincipled joker, Cauliflower and Carbuncle were not inconsolate, for they had charged the amount of Mr. Bantam's indebtedness to "profit and loss;" but Discount was perfectly rabid. Mr. Bantam is now, thanks to his "mung news," experimenting on the productiveness of the aurifgrous sands of California.

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RESIGNATION.—Some years since, Mr. ——, of Roxlury, Mass., a very covetous man, lost his only son James; an event which overwhelmed him with sorrow. The minister came to comfort him, and in the course of conversation remarked, that such chastisements of Providence were *mercies in disguise*; that although in the death of his son he had suffered a severe and irreparable misfortune, yet undoubtedly his own reflections had suggested some sources of consolation. "Yes," exclaimed the weeping but still *provident* father, "Jim was a *monstrous eater!*"

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OLD FISH.—A gentleman sent his black servant to purchase a fresh fish. He went to a stall, and taking up a fish, he began to smell it. The fishmonger observing him, and fearing lest the bystanders might catch the scent, exclaimed: "Hallo! you black rascal, what do you smell my fish for?" "Me no smell your fish, massa." "What are you doing then?" "Me talk to 'em, massa." "And what do you say to the fish, my friend?" "Me ask him what news at sea, dat's all, massa." "And what does he say to you?" "He says he don't know; he not been dare dis tree week."

[From "Porter's Spirit."]

### Does the Snake Charm the Bird, or the Bird the Snake?

BY MACK.

As I intend to write about snakes, I presume it needless for me to say I live in the country.

My neighbors (human, not snakes) say that I am naturally a naturalist. Perhaps I am; at all events, it may be inferred I think so, for we dispute much less upon this than many other points. Almost any of my neighbors, however, can tell as well as I can, at what time the snakes go into winter quarters, and at what time they make their appearance in the spring, and how soon after their annual advent, they "turn over a new leaf" as Obediah Oldbuck says, or in other words, "change their linen" for a summer's holiday. They, these neighbors, know as well as I do, which are harmless and which are vicious and venemous, but there are nevertheless some things which they do not know, therefore I write. There is one fact, by-the-by, which I wish to mention while speaking of harmless snakes, and that is, I have seldom found a man, no matter how courageous, or however much he reiterated their harmlessness, who took any pleasure in handling such reptiles. There is a deep seated prejudice and antipathy against the snake family throughout Christendom. From the time that "*pesky sarpent*" in the garden of Eden coaxed our first parent to transgress, every man's heel has been against them. They however, have, at times, had admirers, if not friends.

At the commencement of the War of Independence, the naval flag of Massachusetts displayed a pine tree, at the foot of which was coiled a *rattlesnake*, with the words "DON'T TREAD ON ME!" or sometimes "CAVEANT MONITI"—"Let those who are warned beware."—This was an appropriate device, and there was a strong effort made by Dr. Franklin to have it adopted as our national coat of arms. The device was good, but the philosopher was overruled. The prejudice remaining in the minds of his associates in remembrance of mother Eve, and caused them to drop the snake, and emblazon upon the flag of our country the figure of a despotic, overbearing bird. In connecting subjects of snakes and birds, it reminds me of the many disputes I have had with my neighbors in regard to the fascinating power of the snake, in CHARMING birds, and I have always held that it was absurd to suppose that he received in compromise for the flattening of his head, and the obligation to grovel on his belly, a precious power, nay lofty attribute, withheld from all other and greater creatures.

There are but few persons brought up in the country who have not seen what they supposed to be a snake charming a bird. Let any one who has seen this remarkable phenomenon, recall it to mind, and he will tell you it was in the breeding season, generally in the latter part of May and June, that he saw the sight, but never in the fall! He will also tell you, if he observes the matter closely, that the birds charmed were ground birds, or those that build quite close to earth. The theory of the case is this: The snake has a habit of looking for those young ground birds, and if he finds any, and is not molested, he speedily swallows them. He is, however, generally discovered by the parents before he gets to the nest, whereupon a contest of artifice ensues, and the whole force of the ingenuity of the fluttering parents is directed to the point of enticing the subtle foe away from his elbow spoil. They chirp and flutter, now up, now down, now close to him, and even feign lameness as if wounded, to entice the fearful enemy away. The snake stands at bay, watching an opportunity to make a spring, should they come near enough; not daring to continue the search for a more delicate meal, for fear of a thruet in his back from the sharp beak of the parent. Indeed he is charmed rarher than the bird. This is the rationale of the queseion of fascination or charming.

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### The Three Great Powers.

The Press, the Pulpit, and Woman, are the three great powers of the earth—the irresistible levers which constantly raise humanity to a higher and still higher degree of progress. Without them, the bottom of things would fall out, and society be spilled back into original chaos. And of these great powers Woman is the greatest. The Press makes the people intelligent and patriotic; Woman makes them industrious, generous and romantic. The Press rules our intellects, the Pulpit our consciences. Woman our hearts. The Press sways public opinion and the Pulpit sways moral convictions; but Woman sways all things. There would be a falling off even in church-going, were there no girls there, and if Woman is not "first in war," she is certainly, "first in peace, and first in the hearts of her countrymen." And she has her influence in war, too; men would not fight merely for masculine applause. It is for "the girl he has left behind him," that the soldier chiefly bears his burdens, runs his risks, and deals his sturdiest blows; and his laurel wreath of triumph would be but a barren symbol could he not lay it at her feet. The world is governed more by the heart than by the head; and the heart is Woman's empire, wherein she rules to elevate and refine. Without the sunshine of her influence, the heart of man would be a bog filled with noxious growth—a mere fungus oozing slime, in which the rose of affection would never germinate nor the flowers of eloquence bloom. Woman is the engine of life—the great motive power of love, valor, ambition, and civilization. May fortune favor her, man protect her, and God bless her.

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☞In Love—Our *devil*.

[From Bayard Taylor's Letters from Lapland.]

### A Drive with Reindeer.

I seated myself, took proper hold of the rein and awaited the signal to start. My deer was a strong, swift animal, who had just shed his horns. Ludwig set off first; my deer gave a startled leap, dashed around the corner of the house, and made down the hill. I tried to catch the breath which had been jerked out of me, and to keep my balance as the pulk, swaying from side to side, bounced over the snow. It was too late; a swift presentiment of the catastrophe flashed across my mind, but I was powerless to avert it. In another second I found myself rolling in the loose snow, with the pulk bottom upward beside me. The deer, who was attached to my arm, was standing still, facing me, with an expression of stupid surprise (but no sympathy) on his face. I got up, shook myself, righted the pulk, and commenced again. On we went, like the wind, down the hill, the snow flying in my face and blinding me. My pulk made tremendous leaps, bounding from side to side, until, the whirlwind suddenly subsiding, I found myself off the road, deep overhead in the snow, choked and blinded, and with small snow drifts in my pockets, sleeves and bosom. My beard and eyebrows became instantly a white solid mass, and my face began to tinge, from its snow bath; but, on looking back, I saw as white a beard suddenly emerge from a drift, followed by the stout body of Braisted, who was gathering himself up after his third shipwreck.

We took a fresh start, I narrowly missing another overturn, as we descended the slope below the house, but on reaching the level of the Muonio, I found no difficulty in keeping my balance, and began to enjoy the exercise. My deer struck out, passed the others, and soon I was alone on the track. In the gray Arctic twilight, gliding noiselessly and swiftly over the snow, with the low huts of Muonioniska dimly seen in the distance before me, I had my first true experience of Lapland travelling. It was delightful, novel and exhilirating; I tho't of "Afraja," and the song of "Kulnasatz, my reindeer," and Bryant's "Arctic Lover," and whatever else there is of Polar poetry, and urged my deer with shouts, and never once looked behind me until I had climbed the opposite shore and reached the village. My companions were then nowhere to be seen. I waited some time before they arrived, Braidsted's deer having become fractious and run back with him to the house. His crimson face shone out from its white frame of icy hair, as he shouted to me, "There is nothing equal to this, except riding behind a right big whale when he drives to windward, with every man trimming the boat, and the spray flying over your bows."

We now turned northwest through the village, flying around many sharp corners, but this I found comparatively easy work. But for the snow I had taken in, which now began to melt, I got on finely, in spite of the fallen flakes which beat in our faces. Von Buch, in his journey through Lapland in 1807, speaks of Muonioniska as "a village with an inn, where they have silver spoons." We stopped at a house which Mr. Wolley stated was the very building, but it proved to be a more recent structure on the site of the old inn. The people looked at us with curiosity on hearing we were Americans. The knew the name of America, but did not seem to know exactly where it was.

On leaving the house, we had to descend the steep bank of the river. I put out my feet to steady the pulk, and thereby plowed a cataract of fine snow into my face, completely blinding me. The pulk gave a flying leap from the steepest pitch and flung me out, and the deer, eager to make for home, dragged me by the arm for about twenty yards before I could arrest him. This was the worst upset of all, and far from pleasant, although temperature was only at zero. I reached home again without further mishap, flushed, excited, soaked with melted snow, and confident of my ability to drive reindeer with a little more practice.

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### A Western Court.

The court is in session, the Judges are on the bench, and the case of Smith vs. Brown is called up.

"All ready?" shouts the counsel for defendant, but the counsel for plaintiff does not respond.

"Who's for the plaintiff?" inquired the Judge, somewhat impatiently.

"May it please the court," said a rising member of the legal fraternity, "Piking is for the plaintiff, but I left him just now in the tavern, playing a game of poker. He's got a sucker there and he's sure to skin him if he only has time. He's got the thing set to ring in a cold deck in which case he will deal for himself four aces and his opponent four kings so that your honor must perceive he must raise the persimmons."

The look of impatience vanished from the face of his honor at once, and an expression more of sorrow than anger took its place. At length he said with a sigh:

"Dear me, that's too bad. It happens at a very unfortunate time, as I am very anxious to go on with these cases."

A brown study followed, and at length a happy idea struck the Judge.

"Bill," said he, addressing the friend of the absent Pikins, who had spoken, "you understand poker abont as well as Pikins. Suppose you go over and play his hand."

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☞As bees can breed no poison, though they suck the most deadly juices—so the noble mind, though forced to drain the cup of misery, can yield but generous thoughts and noble deeds.

### Presence of Mind.

This extract, from a reminicence concerning a series of murders committed some years since in France, develops a rare instance of presence of mind in woman.

There lived on the outskirts of Dieppe a widow lady, by the name of Beaumaurice. She had no family, but with one servant girl, lived in a very retired manner. The cottage in which she resided was situated about half a mile from the city—a little off from the public road.

Madame Beaumaurice had been the wife of an officer of the Guards. She was an extraordinary woman in every particular; but especially so in respect to a certain coolness of character she possessed, in the midst of danger, which, together with a large amount of moral courage, made her a very notable person. The recent murders made, perhaps, less impression on her mind than upon any one else in Dieppe—although it was naturally supposed the retired situation in which she lived would have caused her to be more fearful.

About 10 o'clock on the night of the 30th of April, just ten days after the murders in the Rue Grenard, Madame Beaumaurice went up into her bedroom. She was suffering from a nervous headache. She felt very sleepy, and seated herself in a large arm chair previous to undressing herself. The lamp was placed on a chest of drawers behind her. Opposite to her was a toilet table, with a cloth on it reaching to the floor. She had already commenced taking off her cloths, when happening to look around her, she saw something that for a moment chilled her blood. It was the shadow of a man's hand on the floor. The hand had only three fingers!

She divined the truth in a moment—the assassin was there—in her house—under the toilet-table. She made not the least motion or sign, but reflected two or three minutes as to the best course to be pursued.

She divined what to do, and advancing to the door, called her servant maid.

"Oh, Mary!" exclaimed she, when the girl entered the room. "Do you know where Monsieur Bernard lives?"

"Yes, madame."

"I have to pay 5000 francs away very early in the morning. The fact slipped my memory till just now. You will have to run to his house and get the money for me."

"Very well, madame."

"I will write you a note which you will deliver to him, and he will give you bank bills to the amount."

She wrote as follows:

*My Dear Monsier Bernard:*—The assassin of the Due des Armes and the Rue Grenard is in my house. Come immediately with some gendarmes and take him before he escapes.

HELENE BEAUMAURICE.

And without entering into any explanation with her servant, she dispatched her on her errand. She then quietly re-seated herself and waited.

Yes, she sat in the room with that man under the table for a whole hour. She sat there calm, cool and collected. She saw the shadow of the hand shift several times; but the murderer did not make any attempt to escape from his place of concealment.

In due time the gendarmes arrived, and Jacques Reynauld was arrested—not, however without a violent struggle.

I need scarcely add, that the most convincing proof as to his guilt was found, and in due time he was guillotined.

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### The Posterity of Cain.

Cain's settlement, after the curse set upon him by the Lord, was in "the land of Nod on the east of Eden." If Eden represents the whole district between the Indus and the Nile, then this must have been in the wild, mountaineous regions of Northern India and Western Tartary. The exact country our geography cannot define. Two peculiarities have characterized the inhabitants of that region in every age. It has been a "land of Nod," that is "wandering, unsettled," as to a large share of its population; and yet it has been, strange to say a land remarkable for the magnitude, grandeur, wealth, manufactures, learning and commerce of its cities—just as the early cultivation of the arts by the descendants of Cain might suggest. Nowhere else in the world has been seen the mingling of such contrarieties and of such extremes. And to this day, it is a wonder. The traveller with peril penetrates to the centres of these wild and grand landscapes where even nature collects the highest mountains and deepest chasms in the world—the most savage sterility, and gardens of the very primeval Paradisaic fruits. But when he does so, is amazed by the fortifications, the palacies, the librairies, the foundries, the bazaars, the temples. He meets there with men who seem the genuine offspring of Cain; prodigies of learning, that wander over the continent like vagabonds; speaking many languages, poets, philosophers, yet murderers, and thieves; claiming descent from Israel, or from Alexander the Great, yet lying, abject, knavish beggars; peddling in the same hour diamonds, pills, manuscripts, garments, pearls, antiquarian relics, musks, shawls, or cutlery, which they have carried immense distances, but with distrust of every one, they keep concealed till opportunity for their disposal presents itself; the acutest, basest, unhappiest of mankind. The temper and the bane of the first murder's family remain with them, after all the changes of six thousand years, till this day.—*Oriental.*

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☞An Irishman, writing to a friend from the West, remarked: "Pork is so plenty here, that every third man you meet is a hog!"

A MODEL HUSBAND.—The Paris correspondent of the Boston Post tells a tale of a gambling, dissipated, debauched husband, whose wife was beloved by a rich baron, and loved him in return, but discouraged his attentions. The husband, knowing that he had reduced her to misery, resolved "to remove the only obstacle to her happiness by destroying himself," and leaped from a precipice in the Pyrennees. "Few husbands," says the admiring correspondent, "would have been capable of so generous a proceeding, and it is said the ladies generally speak of his noble self-devotion in terms of the highest admiration, and quote it on all occasions with the warmest enthusiasm, in hopes that the example may prove contagious, and become a general fashion."—Amiable and charming illusion!

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SHORT-SIGHTED.—The subjoined is translated from a Leipsic "Joe Miller" work, entitled, "Who will Believe it?" "The very tall and somewhat short-sighted Count X., on a journey, had to sleep with a much shorter friend in the double bed of a country inn. Waking up soon after daybread, he found his short friend drawn far down into the bed by his side, and saw a pair of naked feet hanging over the footboard. He waked up the snoring man, and said, 'You will get your death of cold, my friend; if you do not draw in your feet,' 'You are mistaken,' was the reply, 'those are your feet down there.' 'Impossible!' said the Count; 'be so good, however, to look once more, for at this distance I cannot recognize them.'"

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AN ITEM FOR THE OWNERS OF HORSES.—A gentleman writing to the American Agriculturist states that he thoroughly cured a fine young mare, afflicted with the heaves, by feeding her on cornstalks, and that the disease never returned. The writer quotes Judge Buel's opinion as to cornstalks being a remedy, that distinguished agriculturist having had a horse afflicted with that disorder, which disappeared after being so fed.

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THE CHARM OF FEMALE CONVERSATION.—Beauty lies in other things than fine features and cosmetics; and no grace of person or manners can compensate for a lack of the art of conversation. It gives a charm to the society of ladies which nothing else can. Curran, speaking of Madame de Stael, who was by no means handsome, but a splendid conversationist, said that she had the power of talking herself into beauty. Ladies, think of this.

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LEGAL WIT.—A lawyer, to avenge himself upon an opponent wrote the word "Rascal" in his hat. The owner of the hat took it up, looked ruefully into it, and, turning to the Judge, exclaimed, "I claim the protection of the honorable Court. The opposing counsel has written his name in my hat, and I have a strong suspicion that he intends to make away with it."

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THE RETORT COURTEOUS.—Archbishop Tillotson had, by some means, incurred the displeasure of Sir John Trevor, who had been expelled from the House of Commons for several misdemeanors. One day, meeting Tillotson, he called out, "I hate to see an atheist in the shape of a churchman." "And I," retorted the Archbishop, "hate to see a knave in any shape."

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HOMELY BUT FANCIFUL.—"I wander into the depths of de forest," says Sambo, "and nature was beautiful as a lady going to de wedding. De leaves glistened on de maple tree like new quarter dollar in de missionary box, de sun shone as brilliant and nature looked as gay as a buck rabbit in a parsley garden, and de little bell round de ole sheep's neck' tinkled softly and musically in de distance."

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A NEW WAY OF CATCHING RATS.—This is done by placing apples in the places where they frequent, and sprinkling them with snuff; when the rats come to smell, the sudden effort to sneeze which they make never fails to break their necks—in some cases, it is said, they have been known to throw their heads a foot beyond their tails.

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A NEW CREED.—"Are you a Catholic?"—"No, I'm a Nova Scotian," said the witness, quite simply. "Well, that's a new creed," quoth the lawyer; "should not the witness be sworn on a blue-nose potato?" The Court was in doubt, and left the question open.

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SMART, VERY.—A foolish fellow, when addressed by a man of rank, used to answer, "Thank God and your lordship."

"How many children have you, honest man?" asked Lord Nolan, one day.

"Four, thank God and your lordship."

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☞A man named Aaron Bedbug, of Montgomery county, Ky., intends petitioning the Legislature to change his name. He says that his sweetheart, whose name is Oliva, is unwilling that he should be called A. Bedbug, she O. Bedbug, and the little ones little Bedbugs.

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☞It is stated that there are in New York city not less than one thousand professional rag-pickers. The Express says that some of them have, by picking-rags, accumulated fortunes, and live in splendid mansions, while others reside in shanties located in the outer wards.

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☞"Col. W. is a fine looking man, isn't he?" said an old friend of ours the other day. "Yes" replied another, "I was taken for him one time." "You! why you're as ugly as sin!" "I don't care for that—I endorsed his note and was taken for him by the sheriff."

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☞The Prussians have a wise maxim, that whatever you would appear in a nation's life, you must put it in schools.

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