

The English Language.

A pretty deer is dear to me,
A hare with downy hair;
I love a hart with all my heart,
But rarely bear a bear.
'Tis plain that no one takes a plane
To have a pair of pairs;
A rake, though, often takes a rake
To tear away the tares.
All rays raise thyme, time raises all;
And, through the whole, hole wears.
A wit, in writing "right," may write
It "right," and still be wrong—
For "write" and "rite" are neither "right,"
And don't write below;
Beer often brings a beer to man,
Coughing a coffin brings,
And too much ale will make us all,
As well as other things.
The person lies who says he lies
When he is not believing;
And, when consumptive folks decline,
They all decline declining.
A quail don't quail before a storm—
A bough will bow before it;
We cannot raise the rain at all—
No earthly powers reign o'er it;
The drier dyes awhile, then dries;
To dye he's always trying,
Until upon his dying-bed
He thinks no more of dying.
A son of Mars mows a man;
And every man should have his days,
And every knight should pray each night
To him who wears his hair.
The meet that man should meet out meet
To feed misfortune's son.
The fair should have on love alone,
Else one cannot be won.
A lass, alas, is something false;
Of faults a maid is made;
Her waist is but a barren waste—
Though stayer, she is not staid.
The springs spring forth in spring, and shoots
Shoot forth from all and all;
Though summer kills the flowers, it leaves
The leaves to fall in fall.
I would a story here commence,
But you might find it stale;
So let's suppose that we have reached
The tail end of our tale.

A Wonderful Game of Ball.

Those persons who had the honor of my acquaintance ten years ago, will recall that I was quite an adept in the national game of baseball. I pitched for the Strongsville club—a fair underhand pitcher—for several games, but about that time the fashion of curving and underhand throwing came in fashion. I never believed it possible for any human being to send a regular body-such as a baseball—from his hand in such a fashion as to make it turn to the right or left. When the boys began to tell their wonderful stories about it, I said loftily that it was contrary to the law of mechanics, and with a view of silencing these presumptuous youngsters, I wrote to the *Scientific American*, and submitted the question to that authoritative journal. It came in effect, that it was a ridiculous absurdity for any person to make such a claim. This, however, did not silence my friends. They said they had seen it done. Cummings, the professional, could do it with ease; though that was about the extent of his capacity on the field. Then I was told that Mann, of the Princeton college nine, had acquired the art; but I only inquired, until one day I witnessed a game between the College nine and the New Haven professionals. I placed myself behind the board-fence back of the catcher, and watched. That settled it. Mann did it continually. I saw the ball, as it left his hand, make such a decided turn to one side that it actually went around the end of the bat, and the player, who was confident of mortal combat, didn't come within six inches of the cube. Even the veteran Gould, once of the famous old Red Stockings, after instructing his men how the thing was done, stepped up to the plate, and banged away eight times during the game, without coming anywhere near the ball. I immediately reversed my opinions, as did the *Scientific American*, and also Professor Swift, of Rochester, who went out on the ball-field and saw the ball pitched squarely around the end of a board. I think it was a good time for us all to patch up our theories. I asked Mann how he did the trick, and he said that he curved the ball accidentally one day, while practicing in the gymnasium, and showed me how he held the ball. But I could never acquire the knack, and resigned my position as pitcher for the Strongsville, and was succeeded by an ambitious young gentleman, who nearly snapped his head off every time he pitched the ball. Shortly after, I became sensible of an increasing tendency to corpulency on my part, doubtless inherited from my father, who weighed an eighth of a ton. My weight steadily increased, until I now tip the scales at 220, and am still rising. I was always fond of witnessing the game, and used to go out to the Athletic grounds, to see that club clean out the old Athletics, and then get cleaned out in turn by the Red Stockings, of Cincinnati, who in turn would be completely wiped up by the Athletics, in their shabby uniforms, while fortune varied as crowded the other clubs. Last Fourth of July, a social party was gotten together, and arrangements made for spending the glorious anniversary over in New Jersey. A delightful grove was selected, and, among the amusements, it was settled in the afternoon, and I was selected as a member of one of the contesting nines. I shivered when told it, and the numerous spectators was to be a young lady for whom I entertain a very high respect, and who, I was beginning to hope, was not altogether impartial toward me. I declined at once. "It can't be thought of," I said, emphatically. "I haven't played ball for ten years. I'm too fat to run. I can't catch a ball, and couldn't hit one, unless they will allow me to use a ten-inch board." "That's the fix we're all in," said my friend. "There's really only one fair player—Mapherson; and we will handicap him, so the difference won't be

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It was the expectation of us all that the old farmer who owned the grove—would be the only witness of this memorable contest; but one of his urchins employed himself for two days previous to the game in spreading the news, so that by the time three o'clock came, there were several hundred ranged along under the shadows of the trees to watch our performances. The little rascal also pointed me out as a former professional, who had refused tremendous offers from all the clubs in the country, so that great expectations were formed concerning me. I grieve to say, however, that I overlearned several disrespectful remarks concerning my ponderosity, as I moved about among my friends, picked up the bats, and tried them with the off-handedness of a professional. I was not without misgivings, for to count upon, but my former skill came back, and that was an exceedingly slender third. 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