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Select Poetry.

The Well-Digger.

AN OWER-TRUE BALLAD.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

Come, listen all, while I relate
What recently befel
Unto a farmer down in Maine,
While digging of a well.

Full many a day he dug and delved,
And still he dug in vain;
"Alack!" quoth he, "e'en water seems
Prohibited in Maine!"

And still he dug and delved away,
And still the well was dry;
The only water to be found
Was in the farmer's eye:

For by the breaking of the bank
That tumbled from its station,
All suddenly his hope was dashed
Of future liquidation!

And now his sands were running fast,
And he had died, no doubt,
But that just when the earth caved in,
He happened to be out!

"Aha!—I have a happy thought!"
Exclaimed this wicked man—
"To dig anew this cursed well
I see a pretty plan:

"I'll hide me straight, and when my wife
And neighbors know
What's happened to my digging here,
They'll think that I'm below!

"And so, to save my precious life,
They'll dig the well, no doubt,
E'en deeper than 'twas dug at first,
Before they find me out!"

And so he hid him in the barn
Through all the hungry day,
To bide the digging of his well
In this deceitful way.

But list what grief and shame befel
The false, ungrateful man,
The while he slyly watched to see
The working of his plan:

The neighbors all with one accord
Unto each other said:
"With such a weight of earth above,
The man is surely dead."

And then the wife, with pious care,
All needless cost to save,
Said—"Since the Lord hath willed it so,
E'en let it be his grave!"

[From Forney's Press.]

THE SONG-WRITERS OF ENGLAND.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

Dr. Mackay opened his second lecture, on Saturday, by saying that *his lecture should be* devoted exclusively to English song-writers. There were no records of ancient English poets. The rude songs of those times referred to war and heroes, and had all perished except such as McPherson had gathered together, and rendered in his peculiar style, as the Songs of Ossian. All the traditions of the Celts were embalmed in Saxon song. King Arthur and King Cole still found favor. The King Arthur of history was but a mythical dream, while the King Arthur of poetry was a living reality.

During the early Norman period the minstrels played a very important part in every sphere of life. They combined the occupation of modern editor and reporter with that of musician and song-writer, giving all the latest news, and putting into verse the late horrible murders, &c. Robin Hood and the Babes in the Wood are of unknown origin. The latter has made the Robin Red-breast sacred in England, and he who killed one of them would be hated by every body. If these little birds knew how many of them have escaped death, through the instrumentality of this simple ballad, they would warble the praise of the author daily.

Preceding the art of printing were the palmy days of minstrelsy. Richard I. couldnot write his own name. (Query, Hume says he wrote poetry.) Nobles did not think it a shame to be unable to read or write. It is said that Richard owed his release from imprisonment to a ballad which he had composed and sung. When printing was invented, minstrels began to decline, and very soon they were classed among strolling actors, and termed strolling vagrants. A new era of song-writers opened. Chaucer was the most prominent. He sang "Merrie England" amid wars and pestilence. Before Chaucer a gentleman was incomplete unless he could sing and write. Old songs sold at a penny a yard—about five hundred for a half-penny. Henry VII could find time between fighting with Popes and subjects to write songs. But few songs of this period are extant; this was but the twilight of an era—the dawn and daylight were yet to come. When politics were finally settled, daylight appeared. Spenser and Shakespeare began to shed forth a new light. There are a great number of old ballads of this period, too numerous to mention—one commencing

"Women are best
When they are at rest," &c.,

is a libel on the fair sex; the Mariner's Glee, the oldest sea song in England. William Tarlton and Martin Parker also wrote at this time. The latter wrote "Ye gentlemen of England who live at ease," from which Campbell got the idea of "The Mariners of England," the best song in the English language. Song-writers of the age of Shakspeare deserve the name of poets. Beaumont, Fletcher, Ben Jonson, Thomas Haywood, C. Marlow, T. Donn, Richard Lovelace, are but a few of the great poets. Ben Jonson's poems are of beautiful delicacy. Robert Herrick wrote a great many fine songs. But Shakspeare was the prince of song-writers. Had he not chosen to be the greatest dramatist, he might have been the greatest lawyer, the greatest statesman—the greatest of anything. The golden age of lyrical poetry lived to be immortal. Milton, Cowley, Waller, and Dryden succeeded Shakspeare. Milton excelled the rest, because he was a musician as well as poet. He might have been a great song-writer; but he is too great, too grand, to produce affection—we admire, revere him. Italian sweetness mixed with English strength needed little to shake them into melody.

Cowley did not excel, had no melody, could not distinguish, like Wordsworth, one tune from another; his verses were very rugged. Dryden's were better adapted to music, but not to decent society. He belonged to a bad and degraded period—the Restoration. Men felt it a duty as well as pleasure to imitate all the vices of others. Virtue was a jest. The only manly virtue was personal courage. Poetry was considered artificial, not natural—it disappeared and rhyming took its place. Prior wrote himself down as a tutor to poetry; he was a lady, and wrote rhyme. Few songs of this period are worth preserving. "When this old cap was new" showed forth that peculiar British art of grumbling, which the Puritans brought across the ocean.

The period of Paganism succeeded that of unblushing vice. Every lover was a shepherd, and every lass a Arcadian shepherdess. There was no such thing as love in literature. Marriage was referred to as the hymenial altar—breezes were called zephyrs—the moon Luna; women, Venus Bacchus, the god of drunkenness, was forever appealed to by the poets, to take Care by the neck and drown him in a punch-bowl.

Henry Cary, a good musician, but a poor poet, lived about this time. To him the world owes the music of more than three hundred songs. The music of God save the Queen" is attributed to him, though some claim the credit for a Dr. John Bul, of the Elizabethan era. It seems, however, most probable that Carey wrote it, though (beig a Jacobite) he was not allowed to sing it. He committed suicide in a garret at an advanceage.

Pope, Gay, and Collins were excellent poets of a later period. Tom Duffy also wrote a great many sogs, and King Charles II walked arm in arm with him through the park, his dogs and courtiers following—the only instance where such a distinguished privilege was ever granted to a sng-writer. Gay, the author of "The Beggar's Opera" and "Black Eyed Susan," never wrote anything more popular than the latter. It is sng more than any other song in England, and upon these two his fame principally rests.

David Garick, though not a song-writer wrote a sea sog, which is always sung before English sailors engage in any action, and which has inspired them to so many deeds of noble daring. Thomson, author of "The Seasons," wrote "Rule Britannia," the music of which was composed by Dr. Arne. Thomas Percy, editor of "Percy's Reliques," still later, wrote "Oh Nannie, wilt thou go with me," considered by Burns the best in the English language.

Chas. Dibden was the greates song-writer of England—a musician and a poet. His songs were of the ocean, salty. The sailor is the national hero in England—the soldier ranks below him. Nelson was greater than Wellington. Dibden represented to the very life the sailor, and his songs cheered their hearts, and in many instances quelled mutinies. His "Tom Bowling" is considered by some vulgar, but I think it is far from it on the contrary, its full of true, manly feeling which touches the heart with kindness. As a proof of Dibden popularity, the Government reprinted his works some years ago—the only instance of the kind on record. He left a son who followed closely in his footsteps. His sogs were in praise of the little Island he, like all other Englishmen, so dearly loved, little though it be.

Campbell was one of the best song-writers. "Hohenlinden" "Exile of Erin" &c., are enough to give any man fame. His love songs were not so successful. "Gertrude of Wyoming" may perish sooner or later, but his war songs will live as long as England and America exist.

Capt. Morris, who wrote three hundred songs, Thos. Biley, who wrote eight hundred, ought to be mentioned. The captain sang his own songs at the royal table and the beefsteak club. He wrote for a class, not for the people and his songs have perished with it. Had good intentions, but intentions do not make a poet. His songs are fete—dead—buried.

Bailey's reputations is more solid; He was called Butterfl Bailey, on account of a song of that name he wrote—some said he was a butterfly. His love songs were lackdaisical—redolent of perfumed handkerchiefs, white kid gloves, &c. F. M. concluded his lecture by the recitation of a little original poet, which, though not referring to the lecture, belonged to the subject of England. It was entitled "The Primrose," and was founded on the following little incident:

There are no primroses in Australia, and, some time ago it was announced that a primrose had arrived at Melbourne enclosed in a glass case—and a great turnout followed to see it. The crowd was so great that the police with difficulty made room to allow it to be landed without danger of being crushed. It was afterwards put on exhibition, and brought a handsome sum to its possessor. It showed the love of home and country so strongly characteristic in the English, and he would present it as such.

☞The Man who courted an investigation, says it isn't half as good as an affectionate girl. We presume not.

"DIED OF THIN SHOES."

We have seen it said in an ephemeral newspaper paragraph, that there is an inscription on a tombstone in a New Jersey grave yard, which runs thus, "—— —— Died of Thin Shoes." As we do not put implicit confidence in the truth of all the paragraphs it is our privilege to peruse, we are willing to cede that this may be so or may not be so. It takes no matter.—"Died of thin shoes," light the honest and veracious epitaph on thousands of tombstones that bear a widely different on. The beautiful and crowded cemeteries, particularly, which are to be found in the vicinage all our American cities, contain scores of sums to thin shoes, lying in their cold, unwing sleep.—Our town ladies, as everybody understands are considerably more careful about the costliness and elegance, than about the sensible utility of their apparel. We meet them on the public street, arrayed as sumptuously and as vily as if they were on the floor of a brilliant ball room, or at a fashionable and gay assembly.

One feels an irresistible inclination to stare at the bedizened creatures as they swee listlingly by. It is vulgar and rude to stare, but how is one to restrain one's self from having a peep at the fine sights? But the dainty feet our dashing belles are especially sacrificed the altar, which, alas, is reared in almost every female heart that beats in this latitude. The day may be a moist and rainy one. The pavement may be covered with water or chequered with puddles, or very damp indeed. Yet every little moderately minute, or big foot which is cunningly exposed to the entranced vision of the pedestrians of the other sex, will be encased in a delicate gaiter, or slipper the sole of which is from one sixteenth to one tenth of an inch in thickness! In such flimsy shoes the worse than silly young women tramp around,

"At all hours of the day,
And in all kinds of weather."

They go out to spend the evening, whether at a parlor party or a public entertainment, in gossamer pedal attire, such as there would be some excuse for wearing if they had to tread on nothing but a dry and soft Brussels carpet, and would be exposed to no fitful draughts of variously tempered air. By-and-by a cold is contracted, which grows heavier and more alarming as it is dallied with and disregarded. Consumption, with all its dsstresses and terrors follows, and there is one more ebbing life, and one more early grave filled by the victim of thin shoes.

There is no fancy sketching about this. It is a fact which a legion of the sons of St. Crispin could attest that American women and particularly our young ladies, are constantly in the habit of wearing shoes so light, as to be almost instantaneously penetrated with water. And we verily believe that these miserably thin things are, in a great measure, responsible for the fearful inroads, which are yearly made by that fell destroyer, consumption, upon the ranks of the feminine population of our great cities. Why can't our ladies imitate their sensible English sisters, and wear stout, substantial wholesome shoes, when they leave the house, even at the risk of never hearing the smothered exclamation "Heaven! what a foot!" nor the common place compliments of the ball-room, which are bestowed upon the owners of screwed and pinched, but "tiny, tripping" feet?—*Boston Journal.*

THE GRAVE.

Oh, the grave! the grave! It buries every error, covers every defect, extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom spring none but regrets and tender recollections.—Who can look down upon the grave even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctuous throb, that ever he should have warred with the poor handfull of earth that lies mouldering before him.

But the graves of those we loved; what a place for meditation! Then it is that we call up, in long review, the whole history and virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us almost unheeded in the daily intercourse of intimacy, then it is that we dwell upon the tenderness of the parting scene, the bed of death with all its stifled griefs, its noiseless attendants, its mute, watchful assiduities, the last testimonies of expiring love, the feeble, fluttering, thrilling, oh! how thrilling the pressure of that hand, the fond look of the glazing eye, turning upon us even from the threshold of existence, the faint, faltering accents, struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection.

Ay, go to the grave of buried love, and meditate! There settle the accounts with thy conscience for every past benefit unrequited—endearment unregarded of that departed being who can never, never return to be soothed by thy contrition!

If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul or a furrow to the silver brow of an affectionate parent. If thou art a husband and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms, to doubt one moment of thy kindness or truth. If thou art a friend, and ever wronged, in thought, word or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee; if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unmerited pang to that true heart that now lies cold and still beneath thy feet; then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action, will come thronging back upon thy memory, knocking dolefully at thy soul; then be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and utter the unavailing tear, more bitter because unheard and unavailing.

Then weave thy chaplet of flowers, strew the beauties of nature about the grave, console thy broken spirit, if thou canst, with these tender yet futile tributes of regret; but take warning by the bitterness of this thy contrite affliction over the dead, and be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the living.—*Irving*

DESCRIPTION OF THE GULF STREAM.

The general description of the Gulf Stream is that of a vast, and rapid ocean current, issuing from the basin of the Mexican Gulf and Caribbean sea, doubling the Southern Cape of Florida, pressing forward to the North East, in a line almost parallel to the American coast; touching on the southern borders of the banks of New Foundland, and at some seasons partially passing over them; thence, with increasing width and diffusion, traversing the whole breadth of the Atlantic, with a central direction towards the British Isles; and finally losing itself by still wider diffusion in the Bay of Biscay, on our own shores, and on the long line of the Norwegian coast. Its identity in physical character is preserved throughout the many thousand miles of its continuous flow; the only change undergone is that of a degree. As its waters gradually commingle with those of the surrounding sea, their deep blue tint declines, their high temperature diminishes, and the speed with which they press forward abates. But taking the stream in its total course, it well warrants the name of a "river in the ocean." This epithet is, in truth, singularly appropriate to this vast current, so constant and continuous in its course, and so strangely detached from the great mass of ocean waters, which, while seemingly cleft asunder to give it to its first impulse, are yet ever pressing upon it, gradually impairing its force and destroying its individuality.

The maximum of velocity where the stream is the narrow channel Bimini—which completes its egress from the Gulf—is about four miles an hour; off Cape Hatteras, in North Carolina, where it has gained a breadth of seventy-five miles, its velocity is reduced to three miles. On the parallel of the Newfoundland Banks, it is farther reduced to one and a half miles an hour, and this gradual abatement of force is continued across the Atlantic, the temperature of the current undergoes a similar change. The highest observed is about 85 deg. Fah. Between Cape Hatteras and the Newfoundland, though lessened in amount the warmth of the stream in winter is still 5 deg. or 30 deg. above that of the ocean through which it flows.—*Edinburgh Review.*

BUSINESS HABITS OF AARON BURR.

Mr. Parton's work on Burr gives the following sketch of the daily habits in the latter part of his life, related to the author by a gentleman who was some time in Burr's office:—

He rose at the A breakfast of an egg and a cup of coffee sufficed for this most abstemious of men after which he worked among his papers for some time before his clerk and assistants arrived. He was a hard task-master he "kept us all upon a jump." All day he was dispatching and receiving messages, sending for books, persons and papers, expecting every command to be obeyed with next to impossible celerity, inspiring everyone with his own zeal, and getting a surprising quantity of work accomplished. "He was business incarnate," said my informant. About in the evening he would give over, invite his companions to the sideboard, and take a single glass of wine. Then his spirits would rise and he would sit for hours telling stories of past life, and drawing brief and graphic sketches of celebrated characters with whom he had acted. Often he was full of wit and gaiety at such times; "the liveliest fellow in the world;" "as merry as a boy;" "never melancholy" never ill-natured." About midnight, or later, he would lie down upon a haircloth in the corner of his office, and sleep like a child, until the morning. In his personal habits, he was a thorough going Spartan—eating little, drinking little, sleeping little, working hard. He was fond of calculating upon how small a sum all life could be supported, and used to think he could live well enough upon seventy-five cents a week.

A GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

One of the most memorable passages ever uttered by Mr. Webster, was in vindication of the authority of conscience and of Providence on a trial for a dark and mysterious murder. "The guilty soul cannot keep its own secret. It is false to itself, or rather it feels an irresistible influence to be true to itself. It labors under guilty possessions, and knows not what to do with it. The human heart was not made for the residence of such an inhabitant. It finds itself preyed upon by a torment which does not acknowledge to God or man. A vulture is devouring it, and it can ask no sympathy on earth. The secret which the murderer possesses, soon comes to possess him; and like the evil spirit of which we read, it overcomes him, and leads him whithersoever it will. He feels it beating at his heart, rising to his throat and demanding disclosure. He thinks the whole world sees it in his face, reads it in his eyes, and almost hears its workings in the very silence of his thoughts. It has become his master. It betrays his discretion, it breaks down his courage, it conquers his prudence. When suspicions from without begin to embarass him and the net of circumstances to entangle him, the fatal secret struggles with still greater violence to burst forth. It *must* be confessed; it *will* be confessed; there is no refuge from confession but suicide; and suicide is confession."

☞"Fellow-sinners," said a preacher, "if you were told that, by going to the top of those stairs, yonder"—pointing to a rickety pair at an end of the church—"you might secure your eternal salvation, I really hardly believe any of you would try; but let any man proclaim there were a hundred dollars up there for you, and I'll guarantee there would be such a getting up stairs as you never did see."

☞"I am going to draw this beau into a knot," as the lady said when standing at the hymeneal altar.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE OF GEN. JACKSON.

In one of our Indian campaigns, which, not recollected, nor material to our story, whilst the army was on its march, still in Tennessee, on its way to the scene of war in Aalbama, a drafted company was expected daily to overtake the main body of troops. This company at length reached the rear of the train.

Information of their approach was immediately carried to the front, where Jackson was at the time. As the messenger passed from rear to front, the fact that the company was without arms, having left their guns at home, was made known all along the line. It was kown to the entire army before it reached Jackson's ears. Curiosity was on tiptoe to know how the irascible commander would act under such circumstances. A storm was anticipated. Soon the General was observed making his way rapidly to the rear, and to the surprise of all parties, seemingly in rather a smiling mood.

Finally he met the company. He saluted them. They look for a volley of course, and an immediate dismissal home—the very thing they desired. Not so, however. Old Hickory pulled off his hat, and with the politest and lowest bow, expressed his gratification at their arrival, and especially at the fact that they had no arms. Forming them for rapid motion, at double quick step, under his own lead, they marched on till a baggage wagon was reached, then halted, and each man furnished with an axe. Forward march again was the word.

As they passed along the line of march the General's object was seen, and laughter loud and uprorious with many a hearty cheer, saluted them as they made their way to the front. There these axe men were at once initiated into their campaign duties. They cleared the roads, they bridged the creeks, or carried the wagons piece by piece, the baggage, ammunition, &c., over on their backs, when bridges were impassible. They were ever in a post or danger, bearing the burdens of the campaign—sharing none of its honors—the laughing stock of the whole army.

A True Sportsman.

One of the New York Herald's correspondents has met in the Far West with that great Irish sportsman Sir George Gore, whose hunting adventures in the Rocky Mountains conducted as they were upon a gigantic scale for the amusement of one man, probably exceeded anything of the kind ever before attempted on this side the Atlantic. Everything that a sportsman could possibly require, in the way of shooting, fishing, eating and drinking, was provided in the greatest profusion, and all transported in safety to the theatre of his exploit. He says:

Some faint idea may be formed of the magnitude of his equipment when I tell you that his extensive retinue contained a secretary, assistant secretary, clerk, guide, fly-maker, hunters, cooks, &c., &c., in all numbering about fifty men, with thirty wagons, numerous saddled horses, dogs, &c., and supplies to correspond. Sir George remained nearly three years in this country, and, with the exceptions of one winter, which he spent near Fort Laramie, was entirely secluded from the world, and most assiduously engaged in his favorite sport of hunting. An accurate account of the amount of game "bagged" was kept by his clerk, and during one season the results were as follows: 122 grisly bears, 5,500 buffaloes, besides numerous elk, black-tailed deer and antelope—in all amounting to the enormous aggregate of three thousand animals, none of which was smaller than the antelope.

I had the pleasure of meeting this modern Nimrod in St. Louis, and was highly entertained with a narration of his exploits, which almost equal those of Gordon Cumming in Africa.

He also showed me his equipment of beautiful guns of various patterns and calibres, suited to the destruction of all kinds of game from a snipe to a grisly bear, and among them I observed the names of Prudy, Manton, and other celebrated makers. His outfit must, indeed, have been most complete.

After becoming cloyed with sport in the mountains, and killing every variety of the largest and most formidable animals found there, Sir George proposes to winter in Texas, and amuse himself in hunting deer and other small game.

He brings with him a host of trophies which will furnish him ample vouchers for his performances.

Some of our worthy and staid citizens of Gotham will probably think it a very singular infatuation for a gentleman possessing a princely estate, with an income of $200,000 per annum, to voluntarily withdraw from all society, and incarcerate himself in the depths of the wilderness among savage men and beasts for three long years, exposed to all perils and prisons consequent upon such a condition.

THE SIZE OF MAN.

It is a very common opinion that, in the ages of the world, men in general possess superior physical properties, and were of greater size than at present. But all the facts and circumstances that can be brought forward on this subject tend to show that the human form has not degenerated, and that men of the present age are of the same stature as the beginning of the world. Thus, all the veins of the human body, the bones, and particularly the teeth, which have been found unchanged in the most ancient urns and burial places, demonstrate this point clearly. The oldest coffin in the world is that found in the great pyramid of Egypt; and this sarcophagus hardly exceeds the size of our ordinary coffins, being six feet and a half long. That we are degenerating from the effects of civilization is clear, because the savages do not exceed in height.

☞Hope—sentiment exhibited in a dog's tail when wagging for a bone.

Humorous.

Not Bad.

'First class in oriental philosophy stand up. Thibitts, what is life?'

'Life consists of money, a hoss and a fashionable wife.'

'Next. What is death?'

'A paymaster, who settles everybody's debts, and gives the tombstones as receipts in full of all demands.'

'What is poverty?'

'The reward of merit genius generally receives from a discriminating public.'

'What is religion?'

'Doing unto others as you please without allowing a return of the compliment.'

'What is fame?'

'A six-line puff in a newspaper while living, and your fortune to your enemies when dead.'

Bound to Ride.—Two juveniles (says the N. O. Picayune,) belonging to that particular class of the unwashed who, in the absence of either tickets or small change, are prone to accomplish short journeys on the tail-boards of omnibuses, were recently traveling up Camp-street, occupying their favorite place on one of the vehicles, when, by the sudden opening of the door, one of them was knocked heels over head into the mud. He picked himself up quickly however, and in a moment he had regained his old place—addressing his companion with: "I say, Jim, they'se no business to have these cussed doors on the homnibuses, but yer see wat accidents they cause to passengers. I'se in hopes they'll make some improvements in the building ov 'em, so 'twill be more safer for us, but I'm bound to ride any how."

Swapping Wives.—The Hightstown (New Jersey) *Excelsior* says: "We were told by a friend of ours, a few days since, of a most singular result of the propensity to trade. A colored gentleman and his wife from a distant part of the State came down on a visit to his friend's, and, before departing, they became mutually enamored of each other's partners. In this state of affairs, a proposition to exchange wives was made, which, mutually agreeable, was acted upon without further consideration. The visitor returned home with a new wife, and the generous host acknowledged it a "fair swap," while his new *caraspos*a has furnished him indubitable evidence of her earnestness in the matter.

☞It was at a pic-nic: Charley had just turned of nineteen years: he wandered away and got lost with Kate Harcourt, a self-possessed beauty in high condition for flirting, for she had had three seasons of hard training. When they had been away from their party about two hours, she felt, or pretended to feel, the awkwardness of their situation, and asked her cavalier, in a charmingly helpless and confiding way, what they were to do. 'Well, I hardly know,' said Charley, languidly; 'but I don't mind proposing to you, if that will do you any good.' A fair performance for an untried colt, was it not?—*Guy Livingston.*

☞"Sam, how are all the folks at home?"

"Oh so middling, only mother fell off the hay loft the other morning and broke her arm."

"Is it possible!"

"True, but that wasn't the worst: she had three eggs in her hand and broke all but two!"

☞Teacher—"How many kinds of axes are there?"

Boy—"Broad axe, narrow axe, post axe, axe of the Legislature, axe of the Apostles, and ax my pa!"

Teacher—"Good! go to the head of your class!"

☞Miss Brown, I have been to learn how to tell fortunes," said a young man to a brisk brunette. "Just give me your hand, if you please." "La, Mr. White, how sudden you are! Well, go ask pa.

☞A lady was requested by a bachelor who was somewhat advanced in years, to take a seat on his lap while in a crowded sleigh.—"No thank you," said she, "I'm afraid such an old seat would break down with me." Old bachelor looked funny.

☞I am not afraid of a barrel of cider," said a toper to a temperance man. "I presume not," was the reply; "from your appearance, I guess a barrel of cider would run at your approach."

☞Frequenters of concerts who are in the habit of beating time with their feet, are reminded that the *stamp act* was repealed many years ago.

☞What is the difference between a woman who tears her dress and one who pads? One busts her stuff, and the other stuffs her bust.

☞The Western papers say that the Illinois River has lowered a foot. When it lowers the other foot, we suppose it will cease to run.

☞At a husking frolic "down east," lately two hundred bushels of golden yellow corn were husked, forty-eight girls kissed, one couple married, and seven more "engaged," all in one evening. Talk of stagnation in business!

☞Of the six hundred and twenty young ladies who fainted last year, more than half of them fell into the arms of gentlemen. Only three had the misfortune to fall on the floor.

☞A popular preacher received so many pairs of slippers from the female part of his congregation that he got to fancy himself a centipede.

☞Pants procured on tick ed 'breches of tru