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MARTHA HOPKINS.

This capital parody on Bayard Taylor's beautiful poem, "Marcella," was originally published in Holden's Magazine.

is the knife. For that alone did I come here. Doctor N—asked to be permitted to look at his hand, which the sufferer, setting his teeth hard, held forth.

seeing the growing displeasure of the surgeon, he turned, and begged him at all events to consent to expend a part of the sum for the benefit of some hospital, and hastily took his departure.

Doctor N—visited his patient for a few days at the hotel where he was maintaining until his wound was completely healed. This was rapidly taking place.

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kisses and embraces no more. What if these were but parts of the deception?" "One day the countess visited us. She came to take my wife home with her, overhauling her with persuasions to go and spend the whole day with her.

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rank. Had I been such a man, I would have deserved to be such a wife. But my wife was an innocent spotless angel, who loved me when I murdered her.

"I remember nothing of what passed for hours; but this I know: that when I returned to consciousness, I was sitting on my wife's coffin, in the vault. I was not yet so insane as to believe that I could awake her, but I wanted to speak to her."

"By the true, upright love, with which you once loved me; by the love which you took with you for me down to the grave, I implore you, have mercy on me, and avenge yourself on me in this life!"

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HOW UNCLE JAMES GOT ALONG WITH HIS NEIGHBORS.—Not many years since, a person from the land of steady habits, strayed into the region of Prince's Bay and purchased a fine residence near the water;

"I wish to be neighborly, and to have good neighbors around me," said Uncle James. "I shall not disagree with you; plant your oysters there, and welcome, and give me what you think it worth."

"How much shall we pay you, Uncle James, for the use of the creek?" "If it has been of any benefit to you," replied the old man, "you can give me what you can afford."

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"That woman has been an invaluable advantage to me," said Quip, speaking of his wife. "I once had some political aspirations; but she managed to keep them down, till I got wise enough to protect my own honor."

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AN EXTRAORDINARY STORY.

TRANSLATED BY MRS. FRANK SMITH. Doctor N—, one of the most eminent surgeons of Pesth, was summoned at daybreak, one morning, to see a person who presingly sought to be admitted to him.

"Hold!" cried the surgeon, alarmed lest the stranger should sever an artery, if the operation be really inevitable, then, in the name of heaven, let me perform it!"

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