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## Poet's Corner.

From the Knickerbocker Magazine.

### The Dying Atheist.

A LESSON OF WARNING.

I have looked my last on the glorious earth,
And the golden light of day;
For the sun that rises to morrow-morn
Will shine on my lifeless clay;
The beings above me still will act
The drama of life and death,
While I shall be sleeping a dreamless sleep
In the damp, cold ground beneath.

I have trod the earth but two-score years,
Yet I find it a weary path;
I have borne with the scorn and hate of fool
And the bigot's fiery wrath,
Because I would not be their slave,
And could not stoop to bow
As a meek and humble supplicant,
To a God I do not know.

But that is past: it matters not;
I care not now for that;
I've paid them back with scorn for scorn,
And then fold hate for hate;
I envy not their coward fear,
Of their tyrant God's decree;
And the Heaven they would revel in
Would be a Hell for me.

But oh! that the friends that loved me once,
And shrank from my side in fear,
When wakened thoughts first urged me on
To my dark and lone career—
That only one were here to soothe,
My fearful anguish now;
That the gentle hand of love might wipe
The death-damp from my brow!

But it may not be; I have lived alone,
And alone I fain would die,—
I would have no bigot here to mark
My dying agony;
To wait, with curious zeal, to catch
My last wild, faltering breath,
And read, in the eyes of the parting soul,
A craven fear of Death.

Afraid of Death!—I shall joy to see
His ghastly form by my side;
And I long to clasp his skeleton hand
As a lover clasps his bride;
For his coming will end the weariness
Of a sorrow-burdened breast,
And lead me away from a joyless life,
To a long and dreamless rest.

## Miscellaneous.

### Drumming Out a Drummer.

In New York, some of the wholesale stores employ clerks, whose business it is to go to western merchants, in order to induce them to buy goods of the firm which employs them.—The clerks are called "drummers." The Sunday Atlas tells a good story of a waggish merchant, who played the following trick upon one of his waggish neighbors:

He had been waited upon by a green young fellow from the country, anxious to obtain a situation.

'I don't want anybody now, my young friend,' he said at first.

'Why I guess, with all these 'ere things and heaps of goods, you must find somethin' for a chap like me to do now.'

'I tell you I dont want any one.'

'Why there's nothin' I can't turn my hand tew.'

'Tell me what you can do,' said the importer a little annoyed at the perseverance of his visitor.

'Waal, in the country I can hoe and plow, cut wood and shake apple trees, milk cows and butcher hogs, thrash, tend cider mill, and then in the way of music, I can drum like tarnal thunder.'

'Oh, you can drum, I know a firm that wants a drummer.'

'Then I'm the chap; I've practiced at it for our trainings since ever I was ten years old.'

'Have you got a drum with you in the city?'

'Yes, it's down aboard the sloop Nancy, Cap'n Higgins.'

The importer wrote on a piece of paper the name of a dry goods firm in Pearl street, well known for the employment of drummers.

'There,' said he, 'get your drum and go to that place, the owners are famous for drumming up customers, and you'll suit them to a hair. Don't fail as soon as you get in, to strike up a tune and go it hard.'

The countryman, as directed, equipped himself with a drum, and as soon as he found the store according to the paper, in he went, playing Yankee Doodle in a way to stun a deaf man, almost.

'What do you mean?' said one of the firm, as soon as he was able to silence that dreadful drum.

'Why, Mr. M——, that man up street there, said you wanted to employ a first-rate drummer.

A brief explanation ensued, and the whole came out. The Pearl street firm were glad to give the Yankee a ten dollar bill, and the promise of a situation the first opportunity, to keep his mouth shut. The story goes that the firm have not kept a drummer since.

☞ The celebrated Henry Ward Beecher spent a Sunday at Greenport not long since, and of course preached a sermon. Returning from church he passed a number of specimens of young 'America,' amusing themselves with a game of marbles, rather intimately mixed with fancy swearing.

'My boy,' said the Rev., 'my boy, I am frightened.'

'Are you?' answered Buttons naively, 'why the d——l don't you run then?'—*Spirit of the Times.*

☞ An editor down East has insulted the whole female sex. He says that the ladies wear corsets from a feeling of instinct, having a natural love for being squeezed.

## Disputed Property.

—OR—

### Smith vs. Smith.

John George Smith, Esq., senior, is a man about forty years of age, very red faced, very corpulent, very cautious, and very good natured.

John George Smith, Esq., junior, is a man who had seen about half the number of summers, which have contributed to ripen his highly respectable father; he is handsome, slender, hot blooded and independent.

John George Smith, Esq., senior, and John George Smith, Esq., junior, are the only remaining members of a particular family of Smiths. The old man is a widower; the young man a bachelor. The former is rich and the latter is fortunate enough to have the good will of his worthy progenitor. Old Smith is proud of his son, and young Smith is proud of his father's purse. If old John took pleasure in accumulating a handsome property, it can be said without fear of contradiction, that young John, at the time of our story, took no less pleasure in spending what his father had acquired.

But these personages were great favorites of the ladies. The fair creatures liked the father for his quiet humor and unrivalled gallantry, and the son for his sparkling wit, pleasing address, and handsome person. Thus, strange as it may appear, John George, senior, and John George, junior, had cause frequently to be jealous of each other, in consequence of which, they at length began to move in different circles of society, in order to have separate and undisputed fields of operation.

Thus, the indulgent father and affectionate son seldom saw each other except at home and then few words passed between them except on matters of business.

One morning, however, as John George the elder, was on the point of entering the apartment of John George the younger, to speak with him on a matter of vital importance, he met the latter coming into his own room to converse with him on an equally important subject.

'Ah, John,' said the old beau, taking his son's hand with usual affability, 'how are you this morning?'

'Tolerable,' replied the young beau, hanna at finding his father in good humor; 'and I am What's the news?'

'I want to talk with you, John,' said the elder Smith.

'And I have no less a desire to have a quiet serious conversation with you beloved father,' returned young Smith, entering the old man's apartment.

'On what subject?'

'Marriage.'

'Marriage!' echoed old John, 'the very thing I wanted to talk with you about.'

'No!'

'Fact!'

'But you've no notion of taking a wife father.'

'I have, by Jupiter!'

'By Juno, so have I!'

'I am glad of it,' exclaimed old John warmly. 'You are wild my boy' and a wife will tend to tame you.'

'And you are rather gay, father, and a companion will serve to sober you,' returned young John, with a sly vein of satire in his tone.

'Pshaw, John. But tell me about that—your marriage.'

'And will you tell me about yours?'

'Certainly.'

Old John stroked his beard in a thoughtful manner, and then looked up with a business like air, and said:

'In the first place I must tell you that my intended is rather young for me.'

'There we are even,' said the other with a smile.

'But my lady is the prettiest in town.'

'I am sure mine would prove an exception.'

'Very beautiful, is she?'

'Enchanting!'

'So is mine!'

'But mine has one defect.'

'What is it?'

'She is near sighted.'

'Strange coincidence. I have noticed the same defect in my intended.'

'And mine is perhaps a little to dark.'

'So is mine.'

'And a little to tall.'

'Mine is tall—but I am vastly fond of tall women.'

There was a pause in the conversation, when old John remarked to young John, with a sad smile and something of a sigh—

'I've a rival.'

'No!'

'I have, pon my word.'

'And so have I.'

'Mine is a young buck, who although I have never seen him, is said to be quite captivating.'

'And mine is an old rake, good looking enough I am told, very rich, who has the impudence, to dispute my claim to the hand of my fair lady.'

'But I dont fear my rival.'

'Nor I mine.'

'My intended laughs at the young fool.'

'And mine I am sure, despises the superannated old rake.'

'I congratulate, you John.'

'And you have my sympathy, sir.'

'The name of your rival?'

'Oh, he is one of our family. His name is Smith.'

'Strange! my rival has the honor to bear the name, too.'

'So it is Smith cut Smith, this time all around.'

'Exactly.'

'But when do you get married, father?'

'The question is not decided yet, in my case, John.'

'Nor in mine, either.'

'But I shall step off as soon as my charming Mary Anne—'

'That's the name.'

'And it is the name of my intended too.'

'Mary anne Brown!'

'Mary Anne Brown!'

'The daughter of Isaac A. Brown!'

'The same.'

'She's my intended!'

'No, by Judas, she is mine!'

And John George Smith, Junior, and John George Smith senior, looked at each other as if they were the very last of the numerous family of Smiths, and wished to exterminate each other.

'You are a presumptuous fellow!' exclaimed old John, frowning as he never before frowned in his life.

'Were you not my father,' retorted young John coldly, 'I should call you a silly old cock—I'm sure I should!'

'But you are to blame—'

'I am not!'

'You designed winning the affections of my Mary Anne!'

'And you plotted to get her away from me!—You are to blame!'

After this pleasant little storm, there was a calm, and old John and Young John looked at each other solemly.

'You must give her up to me,' said elder at length. 'You are to young to marry.'

'No,' replied the other firmly, 'I will marry her myself, you are too old.'

'Do you think I could call my belored Mary Anne, daughter?'

'Do you think I could call my beloved Mary Anne, mother?'

The idea served as a very beautiful climax to the conversation we have noted down, so the two as if by mutual consent, turned their backs upon each other, and parted in high dudgeon.

[illegible] exchanged even the morning compliments with each other.

One day, however, old John and young John met in the hall, and old John bowed and smiled, and young John touched his hat and extended his hand.

'Your Mary Anne,' began the elder.

'Your Mary Anne,' interrupting the younger, correcting him.

'Very well,' said the other smiling, 'we will have it our Mary Anne.'

'Just so.'

'I was disappointed in her.'

'So was I.'

'She is a coquette.'

'She is, by Jupiter.'

'You have heard the news, then?'

'That she is married?'

'Yes.'

'I was told so this morning.'

'A rich joke!' laughed old John.

'A piece of deception!' exclaimed the other.

'But I am glad, you were not so rash, John, as to make her your wife.'

'And I am glad, father, you did not commit such an indiscretion as to make her yours.'

'Ha! ha! ha!'

'He! he! he!'

Thus offering each other mutual congratulations, the father and son said good morning, and the important case in the court of love, *Smith vs. Smith*, was settled to the satisfaction of all parties. Their Mary Anne, was no longer disputed property, she being found to belong solely and entirely to another.

Moral,—It is thus that cases in other courts as in the court of love, are usually terminated

The parties have the satisfaction of seeing the property in dispute pass gradually and effectually into the hands of a third person.

THE SAILOR AND BARBER.—A Sailor went into a barber's shop to have his beard taken off. The barber happened to have but one razor, and that, for want of proper intimacy with the hone and strop was rather dull. The sailor took his seat, and the barber began to execute his office, and at every scrape, which gave the sailor extreme pain, he would say, 'Do I shave easy, sir? Do I shave easy sir?' The sailor bore the scratching for some time; however, the barber, taking him by the nose, and after several scrapes which made Jack think skin and all had gone by the board, continuing to repeat the question, 'Do I shave easy, sir?' Jack gravely replied, 'Honest friend, to answer your question, you must inform me what you are about; if you call it skinning, it is tolerably easy; but if you call it shaving, it is confounded hard.'

PRECEDENCE.—A pedlar with his cart overtaking another of his clan on the road, was thus addressed—'Hallos, friend, what do you carry?' 'Drugs and medicines,' was the reply. 'Good,' replied the other, 'you may go ahead. I carry grave stones.'

☞ The Boston Mail declares that an old preacher once took his text 'Adam, where art thou?' and divided his subject into three parts:

1st. All men are somewhere.

2d. Some men are where they ought not to be.

3d. Unless they take care, they will find themselves where they would rather not be.

## The Two Brides.

BY MARY A. DENISON.

'Oh! Henry! is this the cottage you tho't so beautiful!—dear, dear me, what a very shabby place,' said Marion Lenox, as with her husband they alighted at the door of a neat little cottage.

'Why, my love, you know it's just Spring; the leaves are hardly out, and the rose-bushes only budding. Yet you may form some idea of how it will look in summer; see the vines trained over the windows! Look at the garden spots here and there—rather neglected to be sure—but—'

'*Rather* neglected,' added his wife, breaking in upon him; 'I should think so. Why, there's a nettle bush—and such miserable little stunted trees; and straw—litter, and old hoops—*rather* neglected. And the door, how old-fashioned and ugly! take care—I am sure you can hardly stand up straight in this narrow, low-studded little hall. I detest low ceilings, country or no country. And this bit of a parlor hardly large enough to turn about in—I can't and I won't like that! Now let me see the kitchen; oh, horror!' she exclaimed, holding up her hands, either noticing not, or deigning not to notice the expresssion of uneasiness that sat on her husband's face, 'look at the hearth—of brick, as I'm alive, and takes up half the floor. High windows, too! how I hate high windows—and such a pattern for paper! It makes me nervous to look at it—criss-cross, like spiders crawling over a web; now Henry, you can't expect me to live here!'

Her husband, a fine, manly looking fellow, half sighed as he answered—'I should be very unwilling to submit you to inconveniences such as you seem to dread, but there are only this, and the new cottage above, on the hill.—That you know is three hundred dollars a year, two hundred more than we should pay for this—and then the expenses!'

'Oh! Henry, dear! don't go talking about expenses; your business is so good, it will warrant little outlay, you told me so yourself. Come, I will economize in other things—just look now at these dingy, black closets'—he half agreed with her as she opened the really dismal recesses—'why, they are filled with rats and vermin. Now let's and patched—and worse, and more of it, there is but one upright chamber in the house.—Mother's last words to me were, *do* get upright chambers, for they look so pretty when they are all well furnished. And here in front of the house is a wretched hole—'

'But in summer,' put in Henry.

'Oh! I know what you would say. I suppose there is water there sometimes, but half of the year it will be a most detestable sight. Then the trees so close to the house—I have always heard that trees make a house very damp and uncomfortable—no: I'm sure you won't try to make me live in such a place after all the comfort I've been used to. Come let us go—for really I'm quite melancholy already.'

Henry resigned the key, only half convinced by his wife's reasoning. He loved her, wanted to make her happy; but just starting in life, how was he to maintain *style* and extravagance? He liked the little cottage, but was pursuaded against his better judgment to refuse it.

About an hour after, a plain carriage drove up, and a sprightly young man lifted a sweet, blue-eyed girl to the ground, saying as he did so—'Now prepare to be disappointed.'

'I am not in the least with the exterior,' she exclaimed, pausing—'oh! how cunning—how neat! what a fine place for a garden! and those dear little trees—and this wilderness of rosebushes! I declare, I never was so pleased with anything in my life.

'The door looks like what I have seen in pictures of old country houses—and oh! *do* look and see the vines clambering over every window! When they are loaded with blossoms, and the roses are out, it will seem like Paradise.'

'The entry is rather small and low,' remarked her husband.

'Oh! not a bit too small; and as to low ceilings, in a cottage like this, they are quite appropos. Now did you ever see a quainter, pleasanter little parlor—just the place for your mother's nice old fashioned furniture. The sofa shall be there, right between those pretlittle windows and the chairs here, and the table there;—won't it look so cosy and comfortable?' she asked, her blue eyes sparkling with unalloyed pleasure.

How could the young man help kissing that pure innocent brow, upturned to him so lovingly!

'Now the kitchen,' she cried, clapping her hands—'there! just what I hoped! It's just a bit of old time as I thought it would be.—Maybe you don't like birch hearths—but *I* do. Many a frolic have I had in grandmother's kitchen; this is like it only a smaller edition. There she used to sit, in a corner like that, and her smile always looked so heavenly!—This *does* make me think of her.'

'Do you like the closets?' asked her husband, throwing open the doors.

'Oh! I like everything. Yes, it's rather fortunate they are dark; the flies will keep out nicely. Indeed I like everything,' she added, running up stairs; 'we can get a little new house paper, some brighter than this and paper the stairway; and here we are, chambers small, and cottage fashion. Most people like upright chambers, but don't you think it's pleasanter to hear the rain rattling down the roof? Oh, such dear, snug little places—not at all ungainly, and looking out upon such a delicious prospect. Besides! here's a joyful surprise—a pond! that is, it will be; oh! I am so glad—just in front of the house, too! the prettiest spot! And when the trees are all leafed out, and the birds sing on the branches, right close to our windows—and the garden and meadow are in the full bloom of summer—oh! won't we be happy?'

'We are happy now,' replied her husband, thanking God in his heart for his cheerful little wife. 'We are happy enough now, dear Louise!'

As they were riding home they passed the new house on the hill.

'There!' exclaimed Louise, pointing towards it—'how much better our little home will be than that stiff, ornamented place. I pity whoever will live there—no shade trees, no nice old-fashioned corners—besides,' added she, roguishly, turning to her husband, 'two hundred dollars to spend in comfort, is something of a gain! Ah! we have made much the better bargain.'

How true is the old proverb that '*where the spider sucks poison, the bee sucks honey.*'

## Varieties.

VARIOUS:—That the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged:
[COWPER.

MAKING IT HANG RIGHT.

During one of the College vacations Daniel Webster and his brother returned to his father in Salisbury. Thinking he had a right to some return for the money he had expended on their education, the father put scythes in their hands, and ordered them to mow. Daniel made a few sweeps, and then, resting his scythe, wiped the sweat from his brow. His father said, 'What's the matter Dan?' My scythe don't hang right, sir,' he answered.—His father fixed it, and Dan went to work again, but with no better success. Something was the matter with his scythe, and it was again tinkered. But it was not long before it wanted fixing again; and the father said in a pet, 'Well hang it to suit yourself.'—Daniel and putting on a grave countenance, 'It hangs [illegible]

AN EQUIVOCAL [illegible]

A young fellow, riding down a steep hill, and fearing the fate of it was boggish, called out to a clown who was ditching, and asked if it was hard at the bottom. 'Aye,' answered the countryman, 'It is hard enough at the bottom I'll warrant you.' But in a half dozen steps the horse sunk up to the saddle-skirts; which made the young gallant whip, spur, curse and swear. 'Why, thou lying rascal,' said he to the ditcher, 'didst thou not tell me it was hard at the bottom?' 'Aye,' replied the other 'but you are not half way.'

A PRETTY COMPLIMENT

'Whatever is little is pretty, fair Rosamond,' said Caladon. 'Ah!' said the lady, then you have a very pretty wit.'

WELL KNOWN.

A highwayman, named Bolland, confined in Newgate, sent for a solicitor to know how he could defer his trial, and was answered by getting an apothecary to make affidavit of his illness. This was accordingly done in the following manner: 'The deponent verily believes that if the said James Bolland is obliged to take his trial at the ensuing sessions, he will be in imminent danger of his life;' to which the learned judge on the bench answered that he verily believed so too. The trial was ordered to proceed immediately.

THE OLD BEAU.

A celebrated belle, in one of our Southern cities, who attracted very general admiration by her vivacity and fine person, was addressed, among others, by an old beau. This gentleman possessed great gallantry, and not a little vanity, and, one day, after taking the hand of the lady, he ventured to touch her arm, and said, 'How does that feel, my dear?' 'It feels as if old age were creeping upon me,' quickly replied the lady.

ANECDOTE OF FRANKLIN.

The Doctor in the early part of his life followed the occupation of a printer, and had occasion to travel from Philadelphia to Boston. In his journey he stopped at a New England inn, the landlord of which possessed the true disposition of his countrymen, which is to be inquisitive even to impertinence in the business of every stranger. The Doctor, after the fatigue of the day's travel, had set himself down to supper, when his landlord began to torment him with questions. The doctor well knew the disposition of these people; and apprehending that after answering his questions, others would come, and go over the same ground, he resolved to stop him. 'Have you a wife, landlord?' 'Yes sir.' 'Pray let me see her.' Madame was introduced with much form. 'How many children have you?' 'Four, sir.' 'I should be happy to see them.' The children were introduced. 'How many servants have you?' 'Two, sir, a man and a woman.' 'Pray fetch them.' When they came, the Doctor asked if there was any one else in the house, and being answered in the negative, addressed himself to the company with great solemnity: 'My good friends, I sent for you here to give an account of myself. My name is Benjamin Franklin; I am a printer; forty-five years of age; reside in Philadelphia, and am going thence to Boston. I sent for you all, that, if you wished for any further particulars, you may ask and I will inform you; which done, I flatter myself, you will let me eat my supper in peace.'

MARCH OF IMPROVEMENT.

In one of the Comic Almanacs there is a good hit at the times, in ridicule of the excessive fuss made about education. A little child is represented in a picture, looking as old as the hills, standing upon a footstool in front of her grandmother; she has an egg in her little hand, and she says, 'You see, before you extract the matter contained in the egg by suction, you must make an incision at the apex, and a corresponding aperture at the base.'—'La! how very ingenious!' replied the amazed old woman: 'I declare, how they do improve! In my time they used only to make a hole at each end.'

OUT OF THE FRYING PAN INTO THE FIRE.

On Lord Henry Petty's tax on iron on iron being withdrawn, some suggested a tax on coals, to make up the deficiency. 'Poh,' said Sheridan, 'do you want us to have rebellions in our kitchens? The cooks are worse than the blacksmiths. Tax coals instead of iron! that would be jumping out of the *frying-pan* into the *fire*.'

AN ANALAGOUS CASE.

A young man, more noted for vanity than for talent, was boasting that his advantages had been superior to those of other literary men, as he had received his education at two universities, Cambridge and New Haven; when a shrewd old gentleman of the company remarked that it reminded him of a calf that had sucked two cows. 'And what was the consequence?' asked the conceited young man. 'The consequence was,' replied the gentleman, 'that he grew to be *a very great calf*.'

INDIAN SHREWDNESS.

When General Lincoln went to make peace with the Creek Indians, one of the chiefs asked him to sit down on a log; he was then desired to move, and in a few minutes to move still farther; the request was repeated till the General got to the end of the log. The Indian said, 'Move farther;' to which the General replied, 'I can move no farther.' 'Just so it is with us,' said the chief; 'you have moved us back to the water, and then ask us to move farther.'

'BE STILL—MAKE NO NOISE—LET ME DIE [illegible] *dent King.*

'Be still!' The hour of the soul's departion; Time is gliding from its presence [illegible] that cluster around young life, that swell in the heart of manhood, have fallen from around it, like the forest leaves, when the [illegible] tumn have chilled them unto death. Ambition, with its hollow promises, and pride, with its lofty look, have vanished away. The world with its deceitfulness, pleasure, with its gilded temptations, are gone, and alone, in utter destitution of all that time promised, it must start on its solitary journey across the valley of the shadow of death!

'Make no noise!' Let the tumult of life cease. Let no sound break the souls communion with itself, ere it starts on its returnless flight. Trouble it not with sighing, stir it not with the accents of sorrow. Let the tear stand still on the cheek of affliction, and let not the wailing of grief break the solemn silence of the death scene. Let it hear the still small voice that calls it away. Let it gather the accents that come from within the dark shadows of eternity, saying to it come home. The whisperings of angels are in its ear; obstruct not their silvery voices by grosser sounds. A far off music comes floating to it on the air. Tis the sound of the Heavenly harps touched by viewless fingers—mar not its harmony by the discords of earth.

'Let me die quietly.' The commotions of life, the struggles of ambition, the strife and warring of human destiny are over. Wealth accumulated must be scattered; honors won must be resigned, and all the triumphs that come within the range of human achievement be thrown away. The past, with its trials, its transgressions, its accumulating responsibilities, its clinging memories, its vanished hopes is rendering up to the future its long account; disturb not the quiet of that awful reckoning. Speak not of fading memories, of affections, whose objects perish in their loveliness, like the flowers of spring, or wither in a slow decay. Talk not of an earthly home, where loved ones linger, where a seat will soon be vacant, a cherished voice hushed forever, or of the desolation that will seat itself by the hearthstone The soul is at peace with God, let it pass calmly away. Heaven is opening upon its vision. The bright turrets, the tall spires, the lofty domes of the Eternal City, are emerging from the spectral darkness, and the glory of the Most High is dawning around them. The white throne is glistening in the distance, and the white-robed angels are beckoning the weary spirit to its everlasting home. What is life, that it should be clung to longer! What the joys of the world that they should be regretted! What has earth to place before the spirit of a man, to tempt its stay or turn it from its eternal rest?—*Albany State Register.*

☞ How a Mexican ever accomplishes anything is one of the puzzles we could never unravel. A friend of ours at Jalap, says he has frequently seen four men and a dozen boys labor for half a day in getting a calf out of a barnyard.

☞ A farmer when flagellating one of his unruly boys, was asked what he was doing—'thrashing wild oats,' was the reply.

☞ If you wish to learn the worst fault of a woman, praise her highly to her friends.

## The Excavations at Nineveh.

Letters received in Paris from M. Place Consul at Mosul, report further excavations and success among the mounds of Nineveh.—Among the recent gains from this rich mine of antiquities, besides a large addition of statues, bas reliefs in marble, poetry, and articles of jewelry, which threw light on the habits and customs of the inhabitants of the ancient city, the French explorers have been able to examine the whole of the palace of Khorsabad and its dependencies. In so doing, they are said to have elucidated some doubtful points, and obtained proof that the Assyrians were not ignorant of any of the resources of architecture. M. Place has discovered a large gate, twelve feet high, which appears to have been one of the entrances to the city,—several constructions in marble, two rows of columns apparently extending a considerable distance, the cellar of the palace, still containing regular rows of jars, which had probably been filled with wine—for, at the bottom of these jars there is still a deposit of a violet color.—The operations have not been confined to the immediate vicinity of Khorsabad. M. Place has caused excavations to be made in the hills of Bachicca, Karamless, Teu Leuben, Mattai, Karakook, Digan, &c., on the left bank of the Tigris, within ten leagues from Khorsabad. In them he has found mountains, tombs, jewelry, and some articles in gold and other metal and in stone. At Dixiziran there is a monument, which, it is supposed, to be as large as that of Khorsabad. At Mattai, and at a place called Barrian, M. Place has found bas-reliefs cut in solid rock:—they consist of a number of colossal figures and of a series of full-length protraits of the Kings of Assyria. M. Place reports, that he has taken copies of his discoveries by means of the photographic process; and he announces that Col. Rawlinson has authorized him to make diggings near the palace which the English are engaged in examining.

## Musings.

I've been reading the Bible to-day, and it strikes me that our forefathers were not very correct old ladies. Who flirted with the old ram-cat? Who came Samson's hair cut of [illegible] head with tenpenny nails? How came he [illegible] Annanias [illegible] to swearing? Who raised a hurricane in good old Abraham's house? Who danced [illegible] shoulders how? I'd like to have you notice (that's all,) what a stock we all sprung from.

If they weren't teetotally depraved, may I never find out which of 'em I descended from! They did'nt seem to have the least consideration for future generations long since unborn. Now I don't calculate myself, to feel responsible for their capers. I've read somewhere, in Byron, I believe, that every wash-tub must stand on its own pedestal! (or something like that.) I don't believe in saddling my shoulders with their old fashioned transgressions.

Curious, though, isn't it? the mischief women make in the world! Great pity Noah hadn't set Mrs. Noah adrift when he took one of each kind in the ark. I should rather have stood my chance for a ducking, than to have been shut up with such a 'promiskus' men-agerie. Noah was a worthy old gentleman. No mention of his getting tipsy, but once, I believe.

FANNY FERN.

JEDEDIAH SEES THE TWINS.—After dickering some time with the long eared doorkeeper, Jedediah Homespun up and spent a quarter to see the Siamese Twins. Looking at the curious pair for some time, Jed busted:

'How long you fellows been in that kind of hitch?'

'Forty-two years,' was Eng's reply.

'Du tell! Gittin kind o' used to it, I calculate, ain't you?'

'We ought to be,' said they.

'Yes, I swow you ought. You fellers belong the same church—'spect you do?'

'Yes, indeed,' said Chang.

'Want to know! Wall I swan, you are hitched queer,' said Jed, minutely examining the ligature.

'If one of you fellers dies 'tother feller will be in a pucker, I reckon.'

'Would be bad,' said Chang.

'Don't drink nothin', I guess—ever go into swim?'

'Sometimes,' said they.

After gazing at them a few minutes in silence, Jed again busts:

'Look here, 'pose one you fellers got into a scrape, and was about to be put in jail, how'd you manage that?'

'Oh!' says Eng, 'I'd go Chang's ball.'

'Oh, yes, could do that, by hokey!'

And Jedediah, having exhausted his cross examination, went off whistling, giving a fresh lot of examiners room to put the Twins thro a course of similar sprouts.

☞ What a pity pleasure is so much shorter lived than pain! The fun of getting drunk only lasts about an hour—the misery which succeeds it frequently holds on for a fortnight. Find a thousand dollars, and the pleasure connected with it will grow old in a week: lose a thousand dollars, and it will make you feel like sixpence worth of arsenic for half of a lifetime.

☞ It is useless to look forward to a future state of prosperity, if the present is not occupied towards laying the foundation of it. Many cling to a distant hope, and reject a present certainty.