

MORNING MEDITATIONS. Let Taylor preach upon a morning treaty. How well to see while night and links are flying. For my part getting up before the sun is my aim.

What if the hawk does fly in the sky. Searing below the sky to find him out. Wherefore am I to rise at such an hour.

Talk not to me of bees, and such like hums. They smell of sweet herbs in the morning prime. Only the long tongue, and the bed becomes. A bed of mine.

To me Dan Phobus and his cares are naught. His hands that paw his country about. Let them enjoy, say I as horses ought. The first turn out.

Right beneath the dewy meads appear. Bespoken by the rosy-fingered god. What time, if I prefer my bed to sleep. To early part.

My stomach is not ruled by other men's. And grumbling for a reason quality. Wherefore should I rise before the sun. Have laid their eyes?

Why from a comfortable pillow start. To see that flinches in the east waking back. A day, say I, for any straggler back.

An early rise, Mr. Gray has drawn. Who used to have the dew on his nose. To meet the sun upon the upward lawn. Well, he did young.

With chairwomen such early hours agree. And when the sun is up the dew is dry. But I'm no climbing boy, and will not be. All up all-up.

So here I'll be, my morning call deterring. Till some one else has done the work. As man that's fond of procreancy deterring. Must be a spoon.

Wit and Humor. A CHOLERA STORY. The following is an old story, but too good we think, to be lost.

Scene—A Barber Shop, well supplied with customers, and the chance of getting a haircut in a hurry out of the question. A man with a singular look comes to the door, and after surveying the crowd, walks in and takes a seat on the sofa.

"How far is it to a doctor's office?" asked the strange gentleman. "Just across the way," replied one of the boys.

"The eyes of the company were turned on the stranger. 'I feel bad,' said he, and at the same time a spasm took him, and his handkerchief and his legs drew him up in a perfect ball, and he rolled off on the floor.

"That's a cholera case," said one, and he took his hat and left. This was the signal, and all followed suit, except those undergoing the shaving operation.

The spasm seemed to subside—the arms and legs stretched out on his back, and the patient lay prostrate on his length. "Wipe off the water," said the fat man next the door. "I'll come in again—I can't stay now."

Just then another spasm took the stranger, and by some strange movement he bounced upon the sofa, without any apparent effort. He rolled up into a ball again, and rolled backwards and forward on the sofa in a style that would have done credit to a circus man.

This was a fisher; those that were shaved left, and those that shaved had time to do so; the boys looked at each other in astonishment. The stranger uttered uncolored himself, and asked them if his turn had come, when he took his seat and had a good shave.

"What's the charge?" asked the stranger. "Nothing," said the barber, "if you will leave your name."

"SELLING OFF." Some wag of a contemporary, who had probably been a shop keeper's clerk in his day, thus lets the cat out of the bag in regard to the mysteries of trade in this moral and enlightened age.

One of the most generous, disinterested, sacrificing gentlemen had stuck upon every pane of glass "Selling off—no reasonable offer refused—most close on Saturday." In this way some of the clerks, as he felt, or security in some case, which was brought before a magistrate. The magistrate asked him if he was worth two hundred pounds.

"Yes sir," he replied. "But you are about to remove, are you not?" "No sir."

"Why, you write up 'Selling off.' Is every shopkeeper to 'sell off'?" "Yes, sir. No reasonable offer will be refused."

"Why, I should be very unreasonable if I did refuse such offers." "But you say, 'Most close Saturday.' To be sure, you would not have me open on Sunday, would you?" The bail was taken.

A SIMPLE QUESTION ANSWERED. An "In-ter-rog-a-to-ry." "An In-ter-rog-a-to-ry." "My dear, an interrogatory is a very explicit method, used principally in Chancery proceedings for obtaining a correct answer to a simple question. Thus: Whether John Jones on such a day, and at such a place, did, should, could, would, might or ought; or whether he didn't, shouldn't, couldn't, wouldn't, mightn't, or oughtn't, shouldn't, couldn't, mightn't, or oughtn't; or if not on such a day, and at such a place, then whether at some other, and what day and place he did, should, could, would, might or ought; or whether he didn't, shouldn't, couldn't, wouldn't, mightn't, or oughtn't; or under some other, and what peculiar, or if not peculiar, under some other and what circumstances; and if not, why not, or how otherwise, do it."

"I am now an old fellow," says Cooper, in one of his letters, but I had once my dancing days as you have now; yet I could not find that I could learn half so much of a woman's character by dancing with her, as I could by observing her at the table, or at the fire-side, and all the trappings of domestic life. We are all good when pleased; but she is a good woman who wants not the fiddle to sweeten her."

A Shrewd Little Fellow, who had only recently begun to learn Latin, occasionally shared his mother tongue with a spite trap of the dead language. It thus chanced, as one day he was reading aloud to his master, that he astonished him by the translation: "Vir, a man; gin, a trap; virgin, a man-trap." "You young rogue," exclaimed the pedagogue, "your father has been helping you with your lesson."

"It was the remark of a humorist, that to talk about a person, having the power to sweep on all occasions, is all moonshine. I'd like to see a man cry with a pretty girl beside him—pockets full of cash—and plenty of ice cream in reach."

"Of what Fruit is cider made?" "Don't know sir." "What a stupid boy. Don't you get when you robbed widow Coffin's orchard?" "I got a kicking, sir."

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Astrology, Astronomy, Threnology and Geography. BY PROF. W. H. BOWEN, of the University of Pennsylvania.

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