Wit and Humor.

THERE seems to be something in the ensuing lines a little selfish. 'True affection,' as we understand it, holds little converse with one's wardrobe. The sentiment of the piece reminds us of a very affecting poem in an English journal or magazine, wherein a 'hard-up' swain, at the urgent request of his inamorata, returns a *gage d'amour*, in the following manner:

'That brooch which in my breast I wore,
(You said you had it from your mother,)
Which, when you gave to me, you swore
For life I'd wear it, and no other.
Canst thou forget the cheerful morn,
When in my breast thou first didst stick it?
I can't restore it—it's in pawn—
But—base deceiver!—there's the ticket!'

But we are keeping the reader from the affecting rhymes which it was our purpose to introduce without a word of comment, as they abundantly speak for themselves:

'Wet still, sweet HELEN, thus severe:
Abate at length those cruel rigors,
Thou knowest how I love thee, dear,
Thou knowest how I love thy 'niggers.'

'Oh! lift me from this dark abyss
Of anguish, dear bewitching roller!
I have no other coat but this.
I have no credit with my tailor.

'My brains at times, wild visions seize,
Chill fears around my heart are flocking,
My pants grow white about the knees,
My hat is absolutely shocking.

'This feeble frame is wasting fast,
For love is strong and hunger stronger;
The bracelet that I sent thee last
Was bought on tick—they trust no longer.

'Why tell me that my words are wild?
Why my mad feelings bid me tutor?
The man that wins thy father's child,
Thou knowest, HELEN, wins the *pewter*.

'Tis vain to talk to Love of rule,
The heart is no such docile scholar:
I love thee, HELEN, like a fool,
For thou hast the almighty dollar.

'I love thy pouting, cherry lips,
Dearer than ever bees loved honey;
I love thy rosy finger-tips,
Thy laughing eyes, thy ready money.

'I love thy little fairy feet,
So small the merest child could span 'em.
Thy cheeks like peaches fit to eat,
Thy thousand cotton-bales per annum!

'I love thy glorious golden curls
That grace thy neck of alabaster;
Thy little *nigger* boys and girls;
I long to hear them call me master.

'Ah! yes, to sum my love for thee
Would baffle all the power of figures;
My heart were flint indeed to see,
Unmoved, that splendid lot of *niggers*.'

'I love the air that plays around
Thy brow, thy form, thy habitation;
I worship e'en the very ground
Thy footsteps press—'t is thy plantation.

'E'en when in slumber's arms I rest,
My spirit still thine image follows:
I climb thee to my throbbing breast,
And find thee—joy!—a sack of dollars.

'The vision changes: now I kneel
Before thee, and a speech beginning,
I see thee—rapture!—head to heel
Turned to a score of *niggers* grinning.

'Can dreams so blissful, so divine,
Prove cheating fancies of a minute!
Oh! no: that lily hand is mine;
That land and all the tin that's in it.

'Then, then, of what delights untold
Shall we, sweet HELEN be partakers,
When bound in one bright chain of gold,
We settle on thy father's acres.

'ALADIN.'

A SPOONFUL OF "PUNCH."

THE LATEST INTELLIGENCE FROM AMERICA.—Barnum is busy in getting up a "Baby and Perambulator Show." He expects the Perambulators will be a great draw, as they will have the effect of keeping the Babies exceedingly selfish. He says that persons will be able to tell, from the crying alone, that they are children of *Hasi Ton*.

A LADY made a great sensation in the Broadway the other day, by slasting a new fashion in bonnets. Instead of wearing her bonnet on the back of her head—where no one could see it—a gorgeous Johnny carried it behind her on a crimson velvet cushion. The result was, that every one could perceive she had a bonnet, and the lady herself had not the bother of carrying it. The effect was considered extremely light and airy.

A KNOW-NOTHING dairy-man, upon being asked what he thought of the Falls of Niagara, said enthusiastically, "It only wanted a couple of cows to be made into the finest milk-walk in the world."

A FEMALE physician in Philadelphia advertises that she is of her particular *specialitie* to cure all affections of the heart."

A *Beau* at New Orleans, writes on his cards, "Mermaids' hair dressed on the shortest notice, and in a style a assortment of false tails for comets always on view in the show-room."

THE heat was so unusually hot on the 13th inst., that it actually melted a slave-owner's heart to a great extent, that—without knowing who he was—he gave freedom to all his slaves.

ALL FASHION.—We have on it the infallible authority of Jenkins that it is no longer correct to say, "the height of fashion," When ladies wish to convey the idea that any one of their acquaintance is at all *hein mise*, they affirm that "she was dressed in the full *breadth* of the fashion;" only perhaps it would be more exact to put it in the plural, as a lady's dress certainly takes more a-days a great deal more than one "breadth." However, the alteration in the term is a decided improvement, that like the dress itself, lets now quite "as broad as it is long."

THOUGHTS THAT ARE RATHER COOL.—Success is the great Absolution of Snobs.

Critics are the Brokers of the Literary Exchange.

It is sweet sometimes to abuse one's relations—but bitter to hear them abused by others.

There are bores in the best families—the oldest houses have their leaden spouts.

The man who is wedded to money has a Shrew for a wife.

Wit does not shine with grossness. Like an illuminate candle, the light is soon extinguished in its own grease.

Fate must trouble itself about a number of foolish people, for no sooner does a fool get into troubles of his own making, than he puts it all down to Fate!

LAST ADMONITION TO A LAZY BOY.—A late reverend clergyman who was as well known for his eccentricity as his talents, one day met his son, a lazy lad, about twelve years of age, to catch his horse. The boy was sauntering along with an ear of corn in one hand; and the bridle in the other, dragging the reins along the ground.

"Thomas!" said his father, calling after him in a solemn tone of voice—"come here, Thomas, I want to say a word to you before you go."

The lad returned and his father proceeded:—"You know, Thomas, I have given you a great deal of good counsel. You know, Thomas, I have taught you before closing your eyes, to say,

"Now I lay me down to sleep," &c.,

besides a good many other things in the way of exhortation and advice. But this is the last opportunity I may ever have of speaking to you.—I could not let it pass without giving you my parting advice. Be a good boy, Thomas, and always say that prayer before going to sleep. I fear I shall never see you again."

As he said this in a very sad and solemn manner, the poor boy began to be frightened, and burst into tears with this exclamation:

"You'll never see me again, pa?"

"No—for *I shall probably die before you get back with the horse.*"

This quickened Thomas' ideas; and gathering up the bridle reins, he ran and caught the horse quicker than he had ever done before.

ONE WHO WANTS HIS BELTS INSURED.—A thin, nervous-looking German, about fifty years of age, entered the office of a Health Insurance Company in Indiana, on the first day of May, 1852, and, as the *Daily Courier*, and inquired—

"Is dis man in vat insubres de people's belts?"

The gentleman politely answered, "I attend to that business, sir."

"Well, I vants mine belts inshured; vot you charge?"

"Our rates are very low," answered the agent; from one dollar to five dollars a year; pay ten dollars a year, and you can draw five dollars a week in case of sickness."

"Ya, ya, mein frieder," said the German, "I vants ten dollars vort."

The agent admired this state of health.

"Well, sir, what ails you all the time. I se shust out de vindow a lay, and in doctor says dere is nothing ails me for me."

"Well, what ails you, sir, that you want your belts insured?" returned the agent, politely.

"Ya, I tell you, I ve been sick de hole time, I ve been sick de hole time, I ve been sick de hole time