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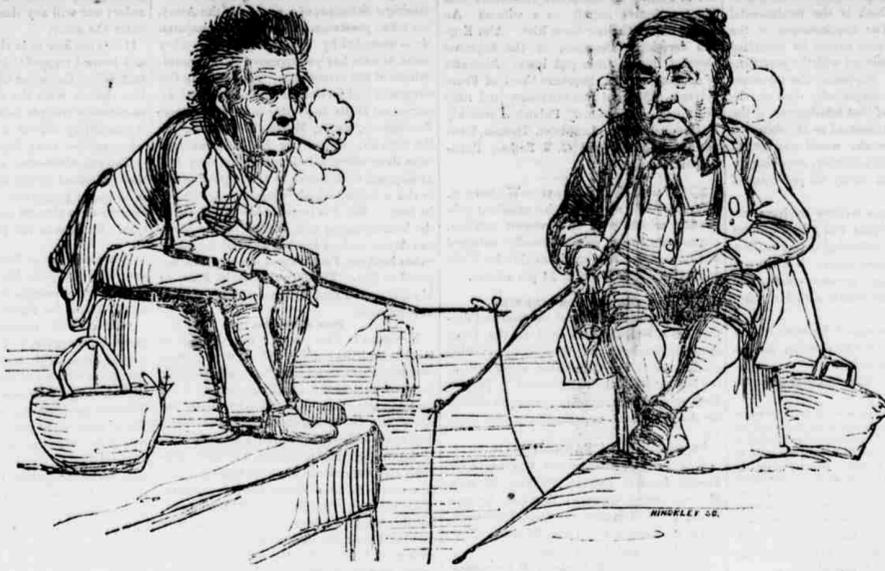
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WAITING FOR A BITE.

MYNHERR CALHOUN.—NOTTING BITE YOU THERE, LEDWIG! MYNHERR CASS.—YAW. MYNHERR CALHOUN.—WELL, NOTTING BITE ME HEFE.

[From the John Donkey.] THE MODERN HAMLET. As played in the great New York Theatre. HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

ACT I. Scene IV.—The Democratic Platform. Enter Hamlet, Horatio and Marcellus.

It's cold enough to take a brandy smash. MARCELLUS. It is, my lord, or to imbibe a julep.

What hour now? HORATIO. I think it's nearly twelve. MARCELLUS. No! it has struck.

I heard it not; it then draws near the season. Wherein this ghost is apt to toss his shanks.

Why, what's the jolly row? HAMLET. The Hunkers hold a meeting in the Park; And as the people swallow nonsense down,

Is it a custom? HAMLET. Yes, it is old, hoos; But to my mind, although a native here—

Ye Presbyterian ministers defend us! Be thou a real or a Cock Lane Ghost; Bring with these news from heaven or t'other place,

Be thy intent to ask for cash or pay it, Thou contrast so like that jolly cock of wax, My dad defunct, that I will speak to thee.

My dad! ex-President! oh, blow your horn! Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell me, Why those slim shanks ceased in those huge jack-boots,

Have burst the cemetery! why the sexton Has let these from thy comfortable coffin, To go a wandering up and down o' nights,

Oh, my prophetic soul! Pnt Lewis. GHOST. That same old fat and jolly gentleman, With promises of many offices,

What if it tempt you to the Whigs, my lord? Or to a separate organization, Which is, you know, political suicide,

It waves me still; Go on, old cock—I'm coming. MARCELLUS. You ain't goin', no how.

Now just stay where you are. HAMLET. See here, you fellows, goin' to let me go, Or no? Oh! what's the use of foolin', so say;

Now I am tired, myself. I'll go no farther. If you have any thing to say—why spit it out.

I am thy daddy's spirit, Doomed for a certain time to walk New York; From Kinderhook to Albany, and thence Down to Manhattan, going it like bricks.

Who have an eye to thy possessions, son, And cabbages at Kinderhook. All this I am Condemned to do, until the many crimes Done by that d—d old Albany Regency,

Oh, happy! GHOST. Revenge his anti-democratic murder! HAMLET. Murder!

Just let me know the chap that killed you, dad; By jinks I'll mount him like a chicken-hawk Upon a gooseberry.

Now hold your yaws, young man, and listen. 'Tis given out, that having made an ass Of my precious self, that party did't want me And started the two-third rule in convention,

Now has the nomination! HAMLET. Oh, my prophetic soul! Pnt Lewis. GHOST. That same old fat and jolly gentleman, With promises of many offices,

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MEXICO. BY CASSIUS M. CLAY. It is no doubt expected of me to give some ideas of Mexico and the present war.

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borders. The soldiers are caught up in the Haciendas and the streets of the towns, by force consigned in some prison or convent, there drilled, clothed, armed and then sent on to the regular army.

The whole people do not exceed eight millions: of these, about two millions are white, and mixed bloods; the remainder are native Indians. I never, in all Mexico, with the exception of foreigners in the capital, saw a single white man at work.

DEVICE OF AN ARAB LADY. For the edification of those who imagine they can penetrate the designs of woman, we have translated from a French volume, on Oriental manners, the following little story.

Each, therefore, practices the greatest ingenuity to throw the other off his or her guard. A philosopher of that country, who was by no means insensible to female charms, had often worshipped at their shrine; and as often (as he thought) had suffered from their wiles and caprices.

But he determined to become wiser. He collected a number of stories of female cunning, and copied them into a book, which he always carried about with him, as occasion might require to consult it.

One evening, as he was passing through an Arab camp, he noticed at the entrance of one of the tents a young woman of uncommon beauty. She saluted him as he passed, offering that he might enter to rest for a while from his fatigue.

"That must be a charming book," said the lady, "which can engross your whole attention so." "Indeed, it is," replied the philosopher "but it contains secrets."

"Which certainly you would not conceal from me?" said the lady, with an irresistible smile. "Since you will have it so," retorted the philosopher; "it contains a complete list of all the arts and wiles of cunning women—but I am sure you could not learn anything from it, and so it would not interest you."

"Are you certain that your list is complete?" said the lady again. Thus, the conversation was gradually resumed, the philosopher pocketed his book, and so far forgot himself and his system of philosophy, that he was kneeling before the lady, holding one of her hands between his own; and who knows what might have been the result, had not the lady espied at a distance her husband, who was returning home.

Struck with terror, she exclaimed, "I see my husband at a distance, returning homeward. Should he find you here, he will put both of us to death. I see but one chance for your escape, conceal yourself in this box, of which I keep the key."

It may be supposed the philosopher did not hesitate long to conceal himself, and the lady locked the box, and drew the key. As the Arab entered his tent, the lady met him with a smile, saying, "You come in good time, for a stranger, calling himself a philosopher, stopped at our tent to rest, but so far forgot himself and propriety, as to talk to me of love."

The Arab began to foam at the mouth with rage; but who can describe the agony of the philosopher, who could in his retreat hear every word that was spoken. "Where shall I find the wretch!" exclaimed the Arab, "that my sword may put an end forever to a similar presumption?"

"Here, in this box," said the lady, holding out the key. The enraged Arab snatched it out of her hand, but she soon retook it, in a fit of laughter.

"Instantly pay me a forfeit for I have caught you at last accepting a thing without pronouncing the word *Dialeste*." For awhile the Arab stood as if petrified, and after recovering a little from his anger, said: "I have lost, and must pay the forfeit, but let me request you hereafter to gain your ends without giving me such bitter vexation."

After awhile the Arab had to attend to other business, and left his tent, and the lady unlocked the box, in which she found the poor philosopher more dead than alive; on the afternoon they were given to the hog—On Sunday morning, the next day, the hog swelled up and died!

GAS.—A contract has been entered into for the erection of Gas Works in Reading, for the sum of \$80,000. Messrs. Batton, Dunagan & Co., are the contractors.

GEMS OF POESY.

[From Jerrold's Magazine.] THE SNOWDROP IN THE POOR MAN'S WINDOW.

It was a darksome alley Where light but seldom shone Save when at noon a sun-rayed touched The little sill of stone

Beneath the poor man's window, Whose weary life was bound, To waste at one dull, ceaseless task The passing season's round.

Spring's dewy breath of perfume, And Summer's wealth of flowers, Or the changing hue of Autumn's leaves Ne'er blessed his lonely hours:

He knew too well when Winter Came howling forth again— He knew it by his fireless grate, The snow and plashing rain.

Pierced by the frost-winds beating, His cheerless task he plied; Want chained him ever to the loom By the little window's side;

But when the days grew longer, He stole one vappy hour To tend, within a broken vase, A pale and slender flower.

How tenderly he moved it To catch the passing ray, And smiled to see its folded leaves Grow greener every day:

His faded eyes were lifted oft, To watch the Snowdrop bloom,— To him it seemed a star of light Within that darksome room.

Ald as he gently moved it Near to the sun-touched pane, Oh! who can tell what memories Were busy in his brain!

Perchance his home in childhood In a sylvan valley lay, And heard the voice of the running streams, And the green leaves' rustling play.

Perchance a long-departed Rose up through the mist of Want and Toil, To bless his heart once more. A voice of music whispered Sweet words into his ear,

And he lived again that moonlight o'er, Gone by for many a year. Or but the love of Nature Within his bosom stirred—

The same sweet call that's answered by The blossom and the bird; The free, unfettered worship Paid by the yearning soul, When it seems to feel its wings expand To reach a brighter goal,—

And aspiration, showing Earth binds us not her slave, But we claim a brighter being, A life beyond the grave.

ALMOST A FIGHT; OR A TALE OF A HORSE. ONE better joke came off the other afternoon on a member of our Brooklyn ferry-boats, than often occurs in this fun benighted country.

A gentleman who evidently had dined, drove on the boat, and forgetting the *festina lente* rules of ferries, nearly drove over a very angry looking individual, who, if one might judge from the acerbity of his countenance, had not the latter seeing the vision of a horse's head appear over his shoulder, wheeled suddenly and caught the beast by the bridle, looking horse whips at the incumbent of the carriage.