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THE HOPE OF THE HEART. BY LORD BYRON. "No nobler theme ever engaged the pen of poet. It is the soul-elevating idea, that no man can consider himself entitled to claim of Fate, while, in his habitations, he still retains the unwavering love of woman."

When nature around me is smiling, The last smile which answers to mine, I do not believe it beguiling, Because it reminds me of thine; And when winds are at war with the ocean, And the waves are in fury with me, If the billows excite an emotion, It is that they bear me from thee.

HUMAN LOVE. The following is one of the most beautiful and just one of the richest and most worthy productions of one of the highest order of genius, but who has been for years listening away his genius upon nam by penny small talk of the world of fashion, and whose readers now find his gems of thought scattered so thinly through the land that their labor of reading is scarcely repaid.

Very True, O Priest. The N. N. Herald, in reply to the ridiculous cast upon Americans by the English press for their extravagance about Jenny Lind, says: "The people of this country have more brains than they are given credit for."

From the wreck of the past, which hath perished, Thus much at least may recall, I had thought me that which I most cherish, Deserved to be dearest of all. In the desert a fountain is springing, And in the waste there will be a tree, And a bird in the solitude singing, Which speaks to my spirit of thee.

A REAL LIVE YANKEE. Whoever travels through New England, says the Sunday Mercury, and notices the eccentricities of some of the natives, cannot fail to be amused; and may derive many new ideas in respect to etymology and diversity of character.

Some years since, an acquaintance of ours set out on horseback from Massachusetts to the Green Mountains in Vermont. While travelling through the town of New Salem, his road led into a piece of woods some five miles in length, and long before he got out of which, he began to have doubts whether he should be blest with the sight of a human habitation; but as all things must have an end, so at last had the woods, and the not brown house of the farmer greeted his vision.

Whether the tempests of time had beaten the top in, or the lad's expanding genius burst it out, was difficult to tell; at any rate it was missing; and through the aperture red hairs in abundance stood six ways for Sun day. In short, he was one of the roughest specimens of domestic manufacture that ever mortal beheld.

Jonathan started up, leaned on his hoe handle, rolled one foot on the gambrel of his sinister leg, and replied. "Hallo, yourself. How'd dew! Well, I juss can. Taint near so far as it used to be afore they cut the woods away—thee, 'twas generally reckoned four miles, but now the sun shryves up the road, and dar, I make it more 'n two. The first house you come to t'other is a barn, and the next is a haystack; but old Hoskins's house is on byant. You'll be sure to meet his gals long afore you get there; farnal rompin' criters, they plague out folks a' hants. His sheep get into our pasture every day, and his gals in the orchard. Dat sets the dogs after the gals, and the way we make the woods and short gowns fly, is a sin to snakes.

Very good, indeed; how do your potatoes come on this year? "They don't come on at all; I digs 'em out; and there's an everlastin' snarl of 'em in each hill."

What's the matter, Pat? "Billey Mulloney has robbed me, and run away, the villain."

James, me lad, keep away from the gals. Ven you see one coming dodgo, just sich a critter as that young on, cleanin' the road step on 't'other side of the street, foot ed yer poor dad, Jimmy. Don't cock yer eye over that way and vink. If it had'n't been for her, yer mother, Jimmy, I say, it had'n't been for her, you and yer dad might ha' been in California, humin' dimmons, me son! and therewith, the sage adviser and his sympathising son commenced a series of indignations in mother earth with their plocks, satisfied that the "old woman" was all that interposed between them and felicity.—Looming Gazette.

W. W. WEAVER. The state of parties in the legislature is as follows. Senate—13 dem. 3 whig. 3 free soil. Assembly—34 17 17 17

From the Albany Dutchman. DUNCES SHOULD WED FOOLS. To be happy in marriage, it is not so necessary that you should marry a woman of fine tastes, as one whose tastes correspond with your own.

Difficult as it may be to teach roses to grow ugly, or monkeys to grow decent, we think either of the tasks far more feasible than to make happiness spring from a marriage formed by uniting "May to January."

Suppose a man had bought a farm, and about a year after, should, in conversation with his neighbor, make heavy complaints how much he had been disappointed, we imagine his friend might say to him, did you not see this land before you bought it? O yes, I saw it then. Do you not understand soils? I think I do tolerably.

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A CALIFORNIA SPEECH. Fellow-republicans and fellow-sufferers:—I am a plain and modest man, born at an early period of my existence—which great event occurred at home one night while my mother was out—I have struggled from the obscurity to which an unlucky star had doomed me, till I have risen like a bright exhalation in the evening to the very summit of human greatness and grandeur.

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From the Pennsylvania. "A Very Good Husband." When a lady admits that her husband is a good one, we take it for granted that he is particularly good. As Mrs. Lydia McKeesick swears that her husband was a "very good one," we were inclined to set him down as a paragon of a spouse; though there was nothing in the gentleman's face or figure to make one suspect that he was much "better than the average."

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"DARE TO STAND ALONE." BY FRANCIS D. GAGE. Be firm, be bold, be strong, be true, "And dare to stand alone." Strive for the right white of ye do, Though helpers there may be none.

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THE ROMANTIC YOUNG LADY. There is at present existing in a plain brick house, within twenty miles of our habitation, a young lady whom we have christened "the romantic young lady" ever since she came to an age of discretion.

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