

THE STAR OF THE NORTH

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THE STAR OF THE NORTH
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The Proud Miss Mac Bride. A LEGEND OF GOTHAM. BY JOHN G. AXAX.

O! TERRIBLE proud was Miss Mac Bride, The very personification of Pride.

Proud abroad, and proud at home, Proud wherever she chanced to come.

It seems a singular thing to say, But her very senses led her astray.

Even her graces—not her grace— For that was in the "vocative case."

And yet the pride of Miss Mac Bride, Although it has fifty hobbies to ride,

Her Birth indeed, was uncommonly high— For Miss Mac Bride first opened her eyes.

Forrich was the old paternal Mac Bride, According to public rumor;

An honest Mechanic was John Mac Bride, As ever an honest calling plied,

Another, whose sign was a golden boot, Was morified with a bootless suit,

A rich tobaccoist comes and sees, And, thinking the lady would scarce refuse

A young attorney, of winning grace, Was scarce allowed to "open his face."

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Old John Mac Bride, one fatal day, Became the unresisting prey

But alas! for the haughty Miss Mac Bride, 'Twas a shock to her pride to be so

They owned it couldn't have well been worse To go from a full to an empty purse;

And vulgar people the saucy curls— Inquired about "the price of Pearls,"

And now the unhappy Miss Mac Bride The mearest ghost of her early pride

Walker and Webster on the Tariff. We give the following correct and useful extract from a report of the Hon. Robert J. Walker on the subject of the tariff.

Now Dapper Jim his courtship plied, (With an eye to the purse of the old Mac)

And the very magnificent Miss Mac Bride, Half in love, and half in pride,

At his trade again, in the very shop, Where, years ago he let it drop,

But alas! for the haughty Miss Mac Bride, 'Twas a shock to her pride to be so

He sends it to Calcutta, and sells it at an advance of a thousand per cent.

The following is an extract from a speech of Daniel Webster, and gives an accurate view of the vexed question relating to the exportation of specie in ruin to a country.

MORALE. Because you flourish in worldly affairs, Don't be haughty, and put on airs!

Walker and Webster on the Tariff. We give the following correct and useful extract from a report of the Hon. Robert J. Walker on the subject of the tariff.

It is a subject of complaint by some of our speakers, professing Democracy and uturing high sentiments, that the present times are owing to the exportation of specie.

EPICRAM.—The following epigram is very clever. The reader has only to erase the name, substitute that of Miss—, mark a paper round, and send it to her—

LOVELY.—An interrogatory of silver sweetness and an answer of diamond beauty, are contained in the following method of getting to go home with her—

SHARP RETORT.—Two smart fellows, riding after a fast nag, observed a farmer sowing seed, and one of them accosted him thus—

MARRYING A FORTUNE. BY GEO. CANNING HILL. Full half of mankind will never get through searching up money-matches for themselves

Tom Turnabout was one of the penniless ones. Not that it was by any means the fault of his own, but it merely happened to be so;

Matters went on well enough for a time—as well, perhaps, as ought to have been expected; for the "brilliant barrister" was now possessed of a comfortable home,

But there was one thing that seriously troubled Tom, and that was, how to breach the subject of coming in due possession and management of his wife's property.

Such a state of affairs was worrying Tom into a fit of desperation, if not into his grave, and he finally made up his mind to come to an understanding, in some way or other, just as soon as practicable.

Accordingly he laid himself out to bring matters to a head at once. "Dick," said he to a companion of his, one afternoon, as they sat together in a little office of the latter, "Dick, I'm in a quandary!"

A PALPABLE HIT. A lawyer once plead with great ability the cause of his client for nearly an hour. When he had done, his antagonist, with a supercilious sneer, said he did not understand a word the other said; who neatly replied, "I believe so, for I was speaking law."

A PAIR OF THEM.—There is a man in Pleasant Street, so sharp that he has only to lavish himself, and look into the glass—he never needs a razor to shave with.

"Have it sent at such a time to the house, and be sure not to be at home."

Tom Turnabout was one of the penniless ones. Not that it was by any means the fault of his own, but it merely happened to be so;

At last, by one of those most fortunate throws of the dice of chance of which we read or hear but rarely, Tom Turnabout was married, and that to a lady of fortune.

At least so thought for a time Tom Turnabout, esq., who esteemed himself his liege lord and master.

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He Rather Got Her. Several years ago, when one of our present justices of the superior Court was District Attorney of a neighboring county, rather a laughable incident occurred, related by himself.

It happened at one court that he had an important murder case coming on. The celebrated Gen. [now Judge] Nye was counsel for the defendant. He examined the witnesses, as usual, and took careful minutes of what they would state on the stand.

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