



THE TWO TRAVELERS.

BY WILLIAM BRANT.

It was evening, and before my eyes There lay a landscape gray and dim; Fields faintly seen and twilight skies And clouds that hid the horizon's brim.

THE ROUNDWOOD GHOST.

BY WILLIAM BRANT.

At last I had an habitation of my own, an imposing red-brick structure, roomy enough to furnish homes for a full score of demure little mortals like myself.

The End of the World.

BY WILLIAM BRANT.

If the body's death seems to teach the lesson that modesty is becoming to the scientific speculator, what shall we say as to the prospects of that material world which is beyond ourselves—the general orderly frame of the universe as we see it around us?

"Plain" People.

BY WILLIAM BRANT.

Robespierre, the "Incorruptible," with his green red-spotted eyes, and Marat, the hideous Friend of the People were fully qualified by cleverness of speech for admission into the ranks of the Ugly Club, supposing that ill-favored fraternity ever existed out of the pages of the Spectator.

Crucifix of the Basilisk.

BY WILLIAM BRANT.

The return of the majesty's ship Basilisk to England, after a commission nearly four years, deserves more than a passing notice, on account of the Maritime discoveries made by the ship—discoveries whose extent can only be appreciated after a comparison of the form a century ago.

TOUTH'S COLLECT.

BY WILLIAM BRANT.

How NELLY SAW THE OLD YEAR GO OUT.—Little Nelly Nell could not quite understand it. She heard folks talk about the Old Year "going out" and the New Year "coming in," and she wondered to herself where the Old Year went, and if any ever saw him go.

It is madder to drown your sorrows or kill time?

BY WILLIAM BRANT.

Chairs should never be covered with silk, but sat-in. A cash system is one where a man pays for all his gets, and runs the chance of getting all his pays for.

VARIETIES.

BY WILLIAM BRANT.

Paris has a graveyard which is entirely navigable, and is the name of the Jardin des Plantes. Over seven hundred defunct animals have been buried there.

The Telegraph in 1665.

BY WILLIAM BRANT.

Old books are generally simple curiosities, but Mr. E. W. Beell hands us a book, printed in 1665, by E. C. for Henry Blyden, London, entitled, "The Authors Defense of the vanity of Dogmatizing." We find the idea of the telegraph, as finally invented by Morse, suggested in the following:

Weeping After Kissing.

BY WILLIAM BRANT.

Mr. Finch has derived great amusement lately from the comic opera, "The English press on the following passage:—And Jacob kissed Rachel, and lifted up his feet, and went on his way.

The Power of Sun.

BY WILLIAM BRANT.

Rudolph von Gardenfeld, chief physician in the Bavarian army during the Napoleon wars, tells the following:—"Once I was gathering plums and was sitting on a bench. Suddenly I came upon a man who was lying on the ground, and whom I at once supposed to be dead.

A Remarkable Pedestrian.

BY WILLIAM BRANT.

A remarkable pedestrian feat has, according to the Finanza of Alexandria, been lately performed by an Italian named Giuseppe Ricci, who seriously seems to have taken rather a long constitutional. Having come some months ago from Alexandria to Constantinople in search of employment, but being unsuccessful in his object, he had returned to Alexandria. A slight difficulty, however, at the very commencement of his journey, owing to the fact of his having a money-bag in his pocket, drew him to a bona fide traveler, for notwithstanding the "wretched impotence of gold," it is uncommonly difficult to travel comfortably without it.

Hoping Against Hope.

BY WILLIAM BRANT.

Hoping for a servant who will be satisfied with half the wage being put out and all the wages doubled. Hoping for a friend to lend you fifty pounds without interest or security. Hoping for another friend to pay the fifty pounds you lent him on the same conditions. Hoping for the horse to win the race, and for the man to win the bet.

The Advantages of Winter.

BY WILLIAM BRANT.

Winter makes nations mainly by driving men into social unities, and obliging them to live in each other's dwellings, and in great measure dispense with each other's society, so that, although they may have a certain amount of cursory enjoyment, they are comparatively unacquainted. But, in a severe climate like this, when the cold season shuts men out from the field and they retreat from their ordinary vocations, and the days are short and dreary, there is a great measure of converse with each other's society, so that, although they may have a certain amount of cursory enjoyment, they are comparatively unacquainted.

A Famous Painter at Work.

BY WILLIAM BRANT.

A Paris correspondent of the Academy writes an interesting letter concerning the painter Durand and his manner of painting. When sketching for his picture of "Dew," which represented a nude figure of a young girl standing in a meadow, he had made his sketch in the park under the trees, in which he was dressed in a simple style of dress, and he was in the habit of catching cold, and his health was suffering.

Depth of Quiet People.

BY WILLIAM BRANT.

Some men draw upon you like the Alps. They impress you vaguely at first, just as the water of day long lies in your daily walks. They come across your horizon like floating clouds and yet you have to watch a while before you see that they are mountains. Some men remind you of quiet lakes, places such as you have often happened upon, where the green turf and the field flower hang over you and are reflected out of the water all day long. Some day you carelessly drop a line into the clear depths, close by the side of the daisies and daffodils, and it goes down, down, down. You lean over and sound deeper, and your line does not bring up. What a deep spot that is! You think, and you try another. The reflected daisies seem to smile at you as ever. You never thought of green as ever. You never thought of blue as ever. You are none the less impressed from these facts that it is a quiet lake.—William Quarterly.