

Poetry.

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

The following is one of the finest poems we have met with for a long time:

And he buried him in the valley in the land of Moab...

By Nob's lonely mountain, On this side Jordan's wave...

Not less as the spring time Her crown of verdure waves...

Perchance the bald old eagle, On grey Beth-peor's height...

But when the warrior dieth, His comrades in the van...

And the noblest of the land Men lay the sage to rest...

This was the bravest warrior That ever buckled sword...

And had he not high honor, The hill-side for his pall...

In that deep grave without a name, Whence this uncouth'd clay...

O, lonely tomb in Moab's land, O dark Beth-peor's hill...

Select Gales.

From Graham's Magazine.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS;

OR, THE HISTORY OF A VISIT TO UTOPIA.

"Have you heard the glorious news?" asked a friend one day...

"No," said I, "what is it?" "The men of Utopia," she replied...

"That is, indeed, glorious news," I replied "and much as I love my native land..."

A year passed away, and true to my purpose, I found myself on board the good steamer...

I entered an omnibus, to ride to a hotel. There were but four passengers besides myself...

ed me away; and when I gently reminded him that ladies were entitled to more courtesy...

I confess I was a little startled at this fruit of woman's rights...

American notion of gallantry, which, of course, was out of the question among equals...

I did so gladly, for I found the noise, confusion, and stench of the bar-room insufferable...

I was engaged in animated conversation with a gentleman. I drew near, but was surprised to hear angry words passing between them...

According I repaired to the senate chamber. "Here, at least," thought I, "I shall perceive the refining and elevating influence of woman..."

I turned and sought the residence of a couple of valued friends, noted for their purity of character, and their conjugal affections...

And thus ended my bright visions of woman's rights. By the returning steamer, I resolved to seek again my native land...

Why are energetic men like emetics? Because you can't keep them down.

IMPORTING A WIFE.

Grant Thornburn communicates to the Waterbury (Conn) American the following incidents:

In 1847 I journeyed from New York overland to Columbia, the capital of South Carolina and Virginia—I spent three summers and two winters among those barbarians...

"The old lady related, with all the sprightly humor of a lass in her teens, the following amusing incident:

"Says she, my grandfather came from Scotland when in his twenty-first year. He settled in Virginia, and became a merchant and planter, and grew rich..."

Disgusted with such a scene, I sought the retirement of my chamber. "Surely, surely," thought I, as I reflected upon what I had witnessed, these cannot be the fruits of the glorious principles of woman's rights...

"When Sandy McAlpin had finished reading the letters of instructions, he slowly removed the spectacles from his nose, and leaning back in his huge old-fashioned, well-stuffed arm chair, and fixing his eyes on the ceiling in his office, he commenced muttering to himself as follows:

"Next day Mrs. McAlpin sat in the council with Mrs. A. and B. Invitations were sent to ten matrons, whose daughters were in and out of their teens, to assemble at the tea board of Mrs. McAlpin on the day following."

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"In ten days thereafter they were breasting the waves of the Atlantic Ocean; they entered the Chesapeake Bay after a stormy passage of twelve weeks, which at that period was termed a good passage..."

THE FIRST LOCOMOTIVE.

In 1784, in Redruth, England, as a worthy pastor, late in the twilight, was returning from a visit to his flock...

The tone of this question, and the company of a human creature, in some measure dispelled the fright of the faithful man, and admonished him that he, if any one, should have the courage to face the powers of darkness...

Queen Victoria's Children.

The Queen of England may not be a great sovereign, but she undoubtedly deserves the higher praise of being a true woman.

The Toronto Globe has taken pains to collect from the English papers an account of the manner the Queen brings up her children, from which we make the following extract:

"It would seem the whole household is—up betimes, that the young people breakfast at eight and dine at one; which hours some people think decidedly vulgar."

"The census returns of the occupation of the people of the United States are curious and instructive. The number of barbers and brokers is about the same, and between the two, people get well shaved. There are about eighty professional doctors to one professional undertaker."

"There's ALWAYS SOMETHING.—Two Yorkshire Abigail, unconscious that an 'own correspondent' of the Gateshead Observer was within earshot, were leisurely employed at their front door, a few days ago, within half a mile of the Northampton railway station...

"Ah!" said one to the other, "you're we off, you are with no childer in the house—or may wash and scrub as one likes, one's never clean long when there's childer."

A GOOD EXCUSE.—A juror's name was called by the clerk. The man advanced to the judge's desk and said: "Judge, I should like to be excused."