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NO. 15.

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MRS. R. A. SMITH'S Photographs, Ambrotypes, Ivorytypes Beautiful Albums! Beautiful Frames!

Poetical.

"THE DAY WE CELEBRATE." Bad luck to the man who is sober to-night! He's a coward-hearted bodhagh, or saycort Scobhor...

Let the chapels be opened, the altars illumed, An' the mad bells ring out from such turret an' steeples! Let the channels wid flowers be adorned an' perfumed...

All the winds o' the world as around it they blow, No banner so glorious can wake into motion; An' wid Payce in our own land, you know we may go...

Miscellaneous.

THE LOST CHILD.

In the heat of the last French war, some forty years ago, we were under the necessity of removing from the North to make our residence in London. We took our passage in one of the old Scotch smacks from Leith, and wishing to settle down immediately on our arrival in the great metropolis, we took our servants and our furniture along with us...

that house. Mrs. Wilson and her sister went to make a call upon a friend. As they expected to return almost immediately, they left the babe slumbering in its cradle...

Such was his fate. Who had wrought it? His wife recovered from her illness, and her sister went her way back to her home in France. Seldom did the poor man ever speak--there was a gloom about that desolate house...

One evening, he was more than usually sad. He kissed his children fondly. He took his wife's cold hand, and pressed it in his own. "Jessie," said he, "as ye have sown, so shall ye reap; but I forgive you. God bless you, wife! Ho lay down upon his hard pallet, and when they would have roused him in the morning, he was dead."

He was a singular girl, and seemed evidently superior to her present station; yet she toiled on with the drudgery of the house, listless and indifferent, but always usefully engaged. My mother was not altogether satisfied with her work, and still found a difficulty in blaming her. She seemed to dream through her whole duty, as if her mind was wrapt in some strange fancy, while her hands mechanically did her task...

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A Tender Epistle. The following letter was the cause of much amusement, on being read during the trial of a recent breach of promise of marriage case:

My dear sweetest Ducky--I am so happy to hear from you so often--it affords me such a great pleasure. You was always so dear to me I hope you will never be dearer. You know I never hinted anything about marriage and never meant to take your own time for that. I shall all ways remember the old saying promulgation is the thief of time, but man sees nothing but did in a hurry but kitchen on fleec. The fondest wish of my heart is that we may soon become one. Did you ever read Franklin's Extract--his remarks concern marriage is deliffat--Oh hearts, he sees, ought to assemble one another in every respect; they ought to be heterogeneous so that our union may be mixed as well as upiting--not like oil and water but tea and sugar. Truly I can feel for the immortal Watts when he says:

Mothers matrimony is better to think of than the reality. I remain till death or marriage, your own sweet candy, Mary Ann. N. B.--I had a kinsman last month who sees there ain't no true enjoyment but in the married state. Your sweetie dove, MARY ANN. P. S.--I hope you will let me know what you mean to do as there is four or five other fellows after me hot foot, and I shall be quite uneasy till I hear. Your lover swete, MARY ANN.

COMMUNISM.--Why should the ram be regarded the principal animal of the dairy? Because he is the butter; and of course he is. Why are suicides the most successful in the world? Because they always accomplish their "own ends." Why does a person who is poorly less much of his sense of touch? Because he don't feel well. Why is it vulgar to send a telegram? Because it is making use of flesh language. What musical instrument has had an honorary degree conferred upon it?--"Fiddle, D. D." What time by the clock is the most effective? When it strikes "one."

Sheridan was one day much annoyed by a fellow member of the House Commons, who kept trying out every few minutes, "Hear! hear!" During the debate he took occasion to describe a political contemporary that wished to play rogue, but who only had sense enough to act the fool. "Where," exclaimed he, with great emphasis, "where shall we find a more foolish knave or a more knavish fool than he?" "Hear! hear!" was shouted from the troublesome member Sheridan turned round, and thanking him for the prompt information, sat down amid a general roar of laughter.

A Renowned Clergyman of New York lately preached a rather a long sermon from the text--"Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting." After the congregation had listened about an hour, some began to get weary and went out; others soon followed, greatly to the annoyance of the minister. Another person started, whereupon the parson stopped in his sermon, and said, "That's right, gentlemen, as fast as you're weighed, pass out!" He continued his sermon at some length after, but no one disturbed him by leaving.

Mr. G., of a neighboring town, was an exceedingly polite man. He was driving some oxen one day, when he addressed them with "Haw, Back; and also Bright." Falling overboard from a sailboat, in which was a large party, he was in imminent danger of being drowned, as he could not swim. Even then his politeness did not forsake him. He said, in gentle tones--"Gentlemen, will you be so kind as to help me into the boat? My garments are perfectly saturated with water."

CHARADE. Highest of heights, and nearest to divinity, I visit earth, but reign in heaven supreme; With God I dwell; in all his works I shine; He the Full Teller; I the flowing stream. Faith shall retire, Hope at length shall cease, Learning shall fall, and prophecy decay; But of my empire shall be no decay; No and I know, and suffer no decay.

The following is reported as happening at an examination in Harvard College; Examiner--"Why did Moses leave Egypt?" Undergraduate (with hesitation)--"Why, sir, hem--hem--" Examiner--"Come, come; answer if you know." Undergraduate--"Well, sir, I suppose that little affair with Potiphar's wife."

A Candidate at an election, who wanted eloquence, when another had, in a long and brilliant speech, promised great things, got up and said, "Electors of G-- all that he has said I will do."

Billings, in descending upon Iowa, says of Shambhiga: "It costs as much to board one as it does to state him, and you will as well undertake two hats a fanning will by running out thru it." CON. FOR TAILORS.--How much cloth does it require to make a spirit rapper? THE DAUGHTER OF JOHN BROWN is teaching a school of little contrabands in a room of Governor Wise's house, where her father's death warrant was signed. VIRGINIA AND SOUTH CAROLINA.--Virginia was dragged into this rebellion to serve the purposes of South Carolina; the Palmetto chivalry little imagining that before the end of the game they would be compelled to abandon their own State; "the Yankees" to serve the purpose; "Sherman's" march through the heart of South Carolina was a bill.