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Select Poetry.

THE SCHOOL HOUSE. BY A. BAKER. Hand by the hand and dusty street, Where napsin threw a cooling shade, And frequent nod of playful feet, A new and busier way made. The school hours stretched, old and new, And there a score of years had been.

Choice Miscellany.

A NIGHT IN THE DISSECTING-ROOM. BY MRS. LOUISE FLATT. Faculty, Mother, Sister, brother, Feeding the dead, Loved by their students, Thrown from their benches, From God's providence, From the dissecting-bridge of life.

THE SCHOOL HOUSE.

He had plenty of money, and no care for it— His selfishness was ignorant thoughtlessness, for he did many generous acts—if they cost him little trouble. His hand went to aid from his well-filled purse quite easily—and he flung his father's money from him like a lord.

THE RUSSIANS WAGE WAR.

On the last of August, 1849, about 9 o'clock in the morning, thirty Russian soldiers, commanded by two officers, arrived at Loosac. They halted in the public square, and while the officers were breakfasting in the nearest tavern, the soldiers scattered around among the baker shops of the town. They had been scarcely fifteen minutes engaged in regaling themselves there, when the place was suddenly surrounded by a column of 150 Hungarian gendarmes, who rushed upon their unsuspecting and unprepared captives.

HOW THE RUSSIANS WAGE WAR.

The town was speedily surrounded by the Russian advanced guard, composed of Cossacks, whose first measure was to cut off all retreat for those who might still endeavor to escape. "Hungarian dogs!" they cried to the unfortunate fugitives, as they drove them back with clubs.

German Literature.

The following "Gem of Foreign Literature," from the "Zephyrus," in the language of Gervy von Knippenhauer, the Dutch critic, "is high good." THE BROTHER SIDE OF LOVE—Midnight veiled the heavens with ink blackness as Hans von Rosenbaum stepped from origins of the Kink Lager beer zum Saundrus Brand. The foam of the beer still dashed his wild beard, and the murmur of the evening breeze mingled in his soul with the memories of grief for "another pretzel" and "bring in de Leijer" and the thrilling of harp and lute.

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Love and Vengeance.

St. Charles street yesterday thrown into a high state of excitement by an attempt on the part of a woman to kill a man in the billiard room of the St. Charles Hotel; and indeed the attempt was but too successful. John Hitzelberger, the victim, was the gamekeeper of the billiard room, and had in charge of the apartments by night and by day. Occasionally, a girl named Bridget Quinn had been employed, after the rooms were closed at night, to scrub and clean them, and generally the game-keeper remained in the rooms to look after his cues and balls.

SMOKING IN A STAGE.

The late Mr. Clay was a man of great resolution and considerable daring. He once told the following anecdote to a friend of ours: Traveling in early manhood in a public conveyance in a South-eastern State he found himself in a company of three other persons, consisting of a young lady and gentleman, her husband, and an individual muffled in a cloak, whose countenance was concealed, and who appeared to be indulging in a concocted with Morphine. Suddenly a big, brawny Kentuckian got into the coach, smoking a cigar, and frowned fiercely around, as much as to say, "I'm half-breed, half-American, but the head of the forest, all brimstone, but the hand and ears, and that's sufficient." In fact, he looked as savage as a mule-eater, and puffed forth huge volumes of smoke, without reference to the company within, especially the lady, who manifested certain timid symptoms of annoyance.

A POLISHED JUVENILE.

James Williams, a flash young gentleman about fourteen or fifteen years of age, who dresses in the highest style of the latest fashion, and who is favored by heaven with a very pretty, girlish, and innocent-looking face, was arrested on Tuesday evening, at the lake end of the Pontchartrain railroad, on a charge of having picked a lady's pocket of a watch containing \$50. The young man was a brazen and independent port, and talks of his rights as an American citizen in an air which would shame the most ultra of know-nothings. He had money to considerable amount, consisted in four different parts of his dress, and stated that he was a Philadelphia gentleman, who, without stealing, could afford to board at the St. Charles. He has of late driven fast horses two or three times a week to the Lake Hotel, where he eats costly dinners, which he washes down with champagne. A few nights ago he was dressed in a magnificent suit, associated with a certain official functionary at a masquerade ball, and at length, pretending to yield to the persuasions of the gay docteur, went away with him. The result, as may be easily imagined, was profoundly ridiculous. A thousand other stories are told about the pranks of young Williams, but we reserve them till his case comes up for examination.—N. O. Delta.