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POETRY.

From the National Era.

THE HOLY LAND.

The poems of Lamartine are little known to English readers. We subjoin the following version, which we have attempted of one of them, written on the eve of his departure for Palestine, and addressed to the Academy of Marseilles. It breathes the true spirit of religious reverence—the poetry of Christianity.

J. G. W.

I have not felt o'er seas of sand
The rocking of the desert bark;
Nor laved at Hebron's fount my hand,
By Hebron's palm-trees cool and dark;
Nor pitched my tent, at even fall,
On dust where Job of old has lain,
Nor dreamed beneath its canvass wall,
The dream of Jacob o'er again.

One vast world-page remains unread:
How shine the stars in Chaldea's sky,
How sounds the reverent pilgrim's tread,
How beats the heart with God so nigh!—
How round grey arch and column lone
The spirit of the old time broods,
And sighs on all the winds which moan
Along the sandy solitudes!

In thy tall cedars, Lebanon,
I have not heard the nation's cries,
Nor seen thy eagles stooping down
Where buried Tyre in ruin lies.
The Christian's prayer I have not said
In Tadmor's temples of decay,
Nor startled with my dreary tread
The waste where Memnon's empire lay.

Nor have I from thy hallowed tide,
Oh, Jordan! heard the low lament,
Like that sad wale along thy side,
Which Israel's mournful Prophet sent!
Nor thrilled within that grotto lone,
Where, deep in night, the Bard of Kings
Felt hands of fire direct his own,
And sweep for God the conscious strings!

I have not climbed to Olivet,
Nor laid me where my Savior lay,
And left his trace of tears, as yet,
By angel eyes unwept away;
Nor watched at midnight's solemn time
The garden where His prayer and groan,
Wrung by his sorrow and our crime,
Rose to One listening ear alone!

I have not kissed the rock-hewn grot
Where in His Mother's arms He lay,
Nor knelt upon the sacred spot
Where last His footsteps pressed the clay;
Nor looked on that sad mountain head,
Nor smote my sinful breast, where wide
His arms to fold the world He spread,
And bowed his head to bless, and died!

MISCELLANY.

The Heart's Misleaders;

OR, THE STORY OF ROSALIE MAY.

"O she had yet the task to learn,
How often woman's heart must turn
To feed upon its own excess
Of deep yet passionate tenderness;
How much of grief the heart must prove
That yields a sanctuary to love."

A boat was idly floating upon the lake and the light sounds of music emanating therefrom, came through the open casement at which Lord Clarence Annersly has been for a long time sitting, gazing upon the boat, as if all his tho'ts were absorbed by that distant object. The light sounds were borne upon the breeze along with the odor of the honey-suckle and clematis, over which it had passed; and the dowager Countess of Morvington, as she laid down her pen to enjoy the fragrance, observed to her son.

'Boating, again, Clarence! Night after night those friends of yours are out upon the lake, waking the echoes with those ancient tunes, their constancy to which is remarkable in gentlemen so fickle.'

'It is complimentary to my sister,' hastily replied Lord Clarence, 'who has repeatedly expressed her admiration of those melodies.'

'Rather say, my dear Clarence, to your sister's friend,' exclaimed the Countess, as she arose from her *fauteil*, and left the room; while Lord Clarence remained at the open window, still gazing intently upon the distant boat floating like a dark speck upon a waving tissue of silver.

There were four persons in the boat; two of them college friends of Lord Clarence's, who had accepted the invitation to spend a week or two with him in Cumberland; the others were Lady Julia Annersly and Rosalie May—the latter a neighboring curate's daughter, who had been the companion from childhood of Lady Julia, and by her gentleness and affection had won her friendship in maturer age. She was a familiar visiter at Morvington Hall, and until the return of Lord Clarence from Oxford had been a favorite with the Lady Julia; but as the young Collegian began to appreciate the merits of the curate's daughter, the opinions of the ladies suffered; as the candor of his open heart acknowledged how much he was charmed by the unassuming virtues of Rosalie, the Countess and Julia were alarmed, and held secret counsel to destroy the influence which Rosalie had obtained over his heart and mind. Much was hoped from the visit of Lord Clarence's friends; and the attention which one of them, Earnest Travers, paid to Rosalie, were observed by mother and daughter with satisfaction, whilst to Clarence they were the first bitter drops that fell in his cup of life.

Before he had learned to admire and to love the gentle virtues of Rosalie, he had expressed much admiration of his fair cousin Louisa, who had been educated with the Annersleys at Morvington Hall, and been a playmate with them and Rosalie. The Countess endeavored to increase the favorable sentiments with which the Lady Louisa Vallanville was regarded by her son, but the more forcibly she urged the merits of Louisa, the more forcibly were the contrasts presented in the mind of Lord Clarence where the image of Rosalie had become established. Lady Julia, who shared her mother's opinions, and had a remarkable degree of tact in her confidence and ingenuity, undertook to correct the false impression of her brother, and lead him a willing sacrifice to the shrine of Lady Louisa. The latter was accordingly invited to Morvington Hall, and was hourly expected at the time when Lord Clarence was watching with interest the boat of his friends upon the lake. The Lady Julia had told him that Rosalie May was enchanted by the magical genius of Earnest Travers, and that there would, in all probability, be a marriage in consequence.

The young hopes that he had formed, the beautiful castles he had built in his imagination—the home of love which he had pictured, and of which Rosalie May was the presiding spirit—were broken and dispelled by that one word. He had deemed that he alone possessed the priceless treasure, the heart of Rosalie; and that heart he was now assured was another's.

And ere the ladies had joined their friends in the boat, for their customary evening diversion, Lady Julia had taken an opportunity of intimating to Rosalie the probability of the marriage of her brother and the Lady Louisa Vallanville taking place very shortly; and that indeed it was for the arrangement of the preliminaries that the visit of Lady Louisa was about to take place. And what was this to Rosalie? A week had not elapsed since, moved by the importunities of Lord Clarence, she had confessed to him the secret of her heart—and in the face of heaven, and presence of its good angels, that wander ever among the flowers, their mutual vows were plighted—a little week had not elapsed since she had raised Lord Clarence from her feet, and bade him live for her alone—and heard the music of his gentle voice breathe the sacred promise to be unto her a faithful guide, and true protector; though all the world should be inconstant; and in sunshine and in storm, and in mirth and sadness, in favor or disgrace, to be the only true star of her existence. And now she heard he was on the point of marriage to another. His sister told her so.

What was left for Rosalie? She knew how much the birth and fortune of Lord Clarence Annersley raised him above her own condition. She had herself urged that difference when he sought her love; but he had cast distinction down, and said he valued title and fortune only because they enabled him to reward her virtues.

'And you, my dear Rosalie,' said Lady Julia, 'will be gratified by this match as well as ourselves; because people are actually saying that Clarence is fascinated by you; and it might have become necessary to take steps to get rid of the scandal; but now,' she added with a smile, 'all fear on that point is over'

The words fell like pointed steel upon the heart of Rosalie.

Her woman's pride was assailed. Her love was pure, entire, and high; but she knew what the dignity of her honor demanded; she resolved to be true to herself at any sacrifice; and allow no eye to see the barbed arrow that was festering in her heart.

Rosalie accompanied Lady Julia to the boat with her wonted cheerfulness; her eye lost none of its brightness,—it seemed more bright than usual that night; and her songs were sung with all her wonted feeling.

"Ah! little they think, who delight in her strains,
That the heart of the minstrel is breaking."

The well remembered tones, as they fell, mellowed by distance, upon the ear of Lord Clarence, served to feed his melancholy, and when the Lady Louisa Vallanville arrived, and he was sought to receive her, the servants found him at the casement, still looking upon the moonlit waters, though the music was hushed, and the boat now rapidly approaching the shore. In the drawing-room that evening, distant and constrained was the manner of both Lord Clarence and Rosalie May; the former believed that she to whom he had given his heart, was engaged in a flirtation with his friend Travers; whilst Rosalie, conscious of the sacrifice that appeared to be demanded of her, endeavored to seem pleased with the attention of others, although her soul was occupied with the image of Lord Clarence alone.

"She fled from that room—but not for sleep,
No, it was only that the wind might steep
Her fever'd lips in his delicious dew:
Her brow was burning, and aside she threw
Her jeweled fillet; from its loosened fold
Came o'er her neck and face a shower of gold—
A thousand curls—she named the name
Of love, and at that thought her cheek grew flame."

She deemed herself alone, and in that solitude could ease her wounded heart; the feelings which she struggled to suppress now mastered her; and in the pale white moonlight she lay upon a couch a prey to grief and tears. But Rosalie was not alone.

There was one gazing upon her pityingly; she who had detected the artifice by which Rosalie had endeavored to conceal her passion in the drawing-room—who had caught one look directed to Lord Clarence, whose look told all—whose eye had never been off the self-devoted girl while she remained in the drawing room, and who had followed her to her own boudoir to behold her tears and despair. Still the silence was broken only by the sobs of Rosalie; but as the violence of her grief subsided, the intruder stepped noiselessly from the depth of a shadow that afforded security from observation, and standing by the side of the heart-broken girl, whispered softly:

'Rosalie!'

Rosalie started, and to her dismay beheld before her the Lady Vallanville.

'Rosalie?' repeated the lady, taking one of her white hands within her own, and sitting down by her side, 'what is the cause of this emotion; give me your confidence. Years ago we were playmates; and though time has transformed us into women, our experience of the world has not, I hope, rendered us incapable of doing justice to the merit. Come, lay your pretty head upon my shoulder, and open that little troubled heart to me.'

With such words of tenderness did the Lady Louisa endeavor to obtain the confidence of Rosalie, and she succeeded. They were alone together; the jeweled arm of the Lady Louisa was thrown around the neck of the curate's daughter—and her fingers played with the curls of her golden hair, whilst the latter whispered in tones but just above silence, the secret that caused her grief. Lady Louisa was astonished by what she heard.

'My dear girl!' she exclaimed, 'I should as soon think of marrying the Emperor of China as Lord Clarence Annersley! There are two great objections, I assure you: the first is, I don't like him; the second is still more formidable, he don't like me. To give you still stronger assurance that I have not the least idea of entering into rivalry with you, I will in turn, make your heart a depository of my secret, for I have one, I think, almost as great as yours. I have accepted an offer from Lord Cranbrook; and, as the newspapers say, the happy event will be solemnized in the course of the month.

Lady Julia's perfidy was soon made manifest: and Rosalie, grieved almost as much thereby as by the supposed faithlessness of her lover, proposed to leave Morvington Hall that night; but Lady Louisa would not listen to such a proposition.

'I have always, my dear Rosalie,' she said, 'found the best way of conquering our enemies is by confronting them. They tell me that the wild animals are subdued by looking them boldly in the face; and with all her faults, I do not believe that Lady Julia is in a wild state or past repentance. So come with me to the drawing-room, and let all that has passed here be a secret to our own dear selves.'

Submitting to the entreaties of Lady Louisa, Rosalie returned with her to the drawing-room; but more bitter disappointment, and still more poignant anguish awaited her. Lord Clarence was cold and formal in his manner, and when Lady Louisa had engaged him in conversation with Rosalie, he suddenly paused and begging her pardon for detaining her from Mr. Travers, hastily withdrew from the room.

'Can this be love?' she exclaimed as she threw herself again upon the couch, in her still small room in despair.

The friend whom she had found in her sorrow did not desert her; and though the Lady Louisa did not approach the curate's daughter again that night, she was not unprofitably employed; for having caught the name of Travers when it fell from the lips of Clarence, she concluded that Lady Julia had been making mischief in another quarter, and directly taxing her with it, elicited the truth. Travers being an old friend of the family she had no hesitation in requesting his assistance in clearing up the mystery that separated two excellent hearts.

The next day the party were assembled at dinner, and a happy spell seemed to have fallen upon all. The dowager Countess even participated in the mirth; and in the countenance of Lady Julia there was reflected something like amiability of heart. Lady Louisa was the liveliest of the party; she enjoyed the satisfaction of doing good. The ladies were about to retire, when Lord Clarence detained them.

'I have a favor to beg of you,' he exclaimed, 'and although it is not a customary thing, yet we may waive etiquette when our affections are concerned. I would request all who love me, to drink the health of the future Lady Clarence Annersley.

'My son!" exclaimed the dowager Countess.

'The future Lady Clarence Annersley!' repeated his Lordship, and the sentence was echoed by the other gentlemen, as they filled glasses for the ladies.

'And pray who is the lady I am to have the honor of calling daughter? inquired the Countess.

'*Rosalie May*,' was her son's reply.

The astonishment of two of the ladies was extremely great; but marvelous were the powers of the third for by dint of persuasion, and an emphatic reference to certain fabrications, which, whatever they might say for the ingenuity of their inventors, were not creditable to their reputations, she prevailed upon the mother and sister, the heart's misleaders, to correct their errors, and accept the challenge of Lord Clarence. The night closed on the happiness of the family circle. The sorrows of Rosalie were ended. A new life was opened to her, and the day of marriage witnessed also the nuptials of her true friend Lady Louisa Vallanville; who, in giving her hand to Lord Cranbrook, obtained what we are sure all will say she deserved—a worthy husband.

☞ There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming,—
Subscribers shall not wait for duns,
But flood us with their twos and ones,
In the good time coming;
Our advertisers shall increase,
Our patronage grow stronger,
And we, with creditors at peace,—
Wait—a *leetle* longer.

Mrs. Jane Moody advertises in the Boston Journal, that her husband has abandoned her, although she has "borne him twelve children, and never gave him an angry word, notwithstanding his frequent ill usage." Jane has acted fully up to the old injunction, "bear and forbear."

When is a horse not a horse? When he is turned into a stable.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

Down in a sun-light valley
Stands my low-roofed cottage home;
Rushing thoughts around it rally,
Thither wafted while I roam.

There in summer, as of olden,
Waves the green-topped maple tree;
There in Autumn sere and golden,
Shadows flit across the lea.

Still the streamlet cleaves the meadow,
Bordered by the mantling vine,
Where beneath the tall oak's shadow,
Then I threw the hempen line.

Thoughtless childhood! happy childhood!
I would journey back to thee;
Roam again the tangled wild-wood,
Sport beneath the maple tree.

"Dupont's Best."

Mr. Editor.—Your hack-driver's story, in the Model American Courier of March 11th, reminds me of an incident that actually took place in our village not two months since.

One cold morning in last February, the snow lying some ten inches deep on the ground, a circle of half-frozen town's-people had girdled the fire in Mr. X.'s bar-room. They had put in requisition every chair and every newspaper in the room, and as the number was considerable, and each was anxious to get as near as possible to the source of comfort, the closely-wedged circle of chair-backs formed a sort of *cordon sanitaire*, since without some one should move, all ingress to the fire was cut off, as though it were under quarantine. And the semi-circular row of legs and feet turning inwards toward the hearth, looked like the spokes of an enormous wagon-wheel. Even the landlord was excluded, and with his hands in his breeches pockets, Mr. X. was industriously promenading his bar-room, endeavoring to look as good-natured and as comfortable as circumstances would permit.

In this state of things, Dr. Z., of our town, entered, rubbing his hands and pronouncing energetically several monosyllabic words, in connection with some quite original observations on the state of the weather. But in vain did he, with blue nose and beseeching look, walk round the semi-circle of kind-hearted neighbors to get access to the fire;—not a soul moved.

"By the Laws, it's cold!" at length exclaimed the Doctor, by way of drawing attention to his forlorn condition.

"Hey? cold, did you say?" answered one carelessly; "yes, I should think likely it is, out in the street;"—and he coolly gave his chair a hitch, in the unsuccessful effort to get it a half-inch nearer the fire.

Now, Doctor Z., though one of the best-[illegible] ble; and while as fond of a joke as Curran was, is known as a perfect dare-devil, capable of any thing. And, after a moment's waiting, he left the room, muttering something expressive of his private opinion as to the state of civilization in that town. Crossing the street to a store, he put neatly up a bundle, some four inches by two in size, in one corner of which he put about a spoonful of "Dupont's best."

Re-entering the bar-room, he tipped the landlord a sly wink, and then, by a personal appeal, prevailed upon the most good-natured man of the group to move his chair momentarily, so as to admit Z. within the circle; a movement which the rest reproved instantly, by looking daggers and icicles at the good-natured man.

Doctor Z., however, quietly turned his back to the fire, pulling his coat-tails aside, American fashion, and very composedly whistling Yankee Doodle.

At length some one chanced to remark,—"Must be a good morning for rabit-hunting."

"Yes," said the Doctor, catching eagerly at the very hint he had been waiting for; "yes, I should think so. I'm going myself, directly. Just bought a pound or two of first-rate powder over the way here. Finest article I've seen in town."

And coolly taking out the package, he tore off a corner, as if at random, and pouring upon his hand about a spoonful of the apparent contents, threw it upon the fire.

The explosion elevated some half-a-dozen of the circle (who had not noticed what he was doing) two or three inches from their chairs, and loud remonstrances followed against the repetition of any chemical experiments of that sort; while the landlord, who had got his cue, remarked—

"By George! you'd better blow a man's house up, hadn't you?"

"If you say much, I will," rejoined Z., in great apparent heat. I'd just as soon pitch the whole two pounds into the fire as not."

"I'd like to see you," replied X., confidently.

"Do you dare me to it?" shouted Z.

"Yes, I do," doggedly answered the landlord.

No sooner said than done. With a muttered remark about "taking a dare" from any man, Z. dashed the bundle among the blazing brands and sprang towards the door followed by the landlord.

Heavens and earth, what a scattering! No one stopped to shove back his chair—every thing turned a complete sommerset; and gathering themselves up as quickly as they could disentangle arms and legs from the confused mass, everybody shot for the doors and windows, without stopping to look behind him.

One man, whose pluck has been tried on ordinary occasions, vanished through the back-door, jumped a five-foot fence without breaking his trot, and was last seen streaking it down a back street, yelling murder at the top of his voice, and once in a while looking up backward, to dodge the falling timbers.

Another long-legged individual, who is built up like a pair of tongs, made but three strides across a sixty foot street, and headed up a lane, leaning forward at an angle of about 45 degrees, putting down his long spars like the buckets of a steamboat wheel, with his coat tails streaming behind him like the tail of a comet.

While one courageous citizen, perceiving both doors and windows hopelessly wedged, scrambled behind a door and commenced praying most devoutly; but being rather more familiar with any other sort of composition than the Lord's Prayer, he was heard vociferating in tones of most energetic devotion—

"Now I lay me down to sleep," &c.

To this day, if you talk of "rabit-hunting" in the presence of any of those concerned, he will take off his coat in two minutes.—*Phila. Courier.*

The Broken Hearted.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

I have seen the infant sinking down like a stricken flower, to the grave—the strong man fiercely breathing out his soul upon the field of battle—the miserable convict standing upon the scaffold, with a deep curse quivering on his lips—I have viewed death in all its forms of darkness and vengeance with a tearless eye—but I never could look on woman, young and lovely woman, fading away from the earth in beautiful and uncomplaining melancholy, without feeling the very fountains of life turned to tears and dust. Death is always terrible, but when a form of angel beauty is passing off to the silent land of the sleepers, the heart feels that something lovely in the universe is ceasing from existence, and broods with a sense of utter desolation over the lonely thoughts that come up, like spectres from the grave to haunt our midnight musings.

Two years ago I took up my residence for a few weeks in a country village in the eastern part of New England. Soon after my arrival I became acquainted with a lovely girl, apparently about seventeen years of age. She had lost the idol of her pure heart's purest love, and the shadows of deep and holy memories were resting like the wing of death upon her brow. I first met her in the presence of the mirthful. She was indeed a creature to be worshipped—her brow was garlanded with the young year's sweetest flowers—her yellow locks were hanging beautifully and low upon her bosom—and she moved through the crowd with such a floating and unearthly grace, that the bewildered gazer almost looked to see her fade into the air, like the creation of some pleasant dream. She seemed cheerful, and even gay; yet I saw that her gaiety was but the mockery of her feelings. She smiled, but there was something in her smile which told that its mournful beauty was but the bright reflection of a tear—and her eye-lids, at times closed heavily down, as if struggling to repress the tide of agony that was bursting from her heart's secret urn. She looked as if she could have left the scene of festivity, and gone out beneath the quiet stars, and laid her forehead down upon the fresh green earth, and poured out her wrung soul gush after gush, till it mingled

Days and weeks passed on, and that sweet girl gave me her confidence, and I became to her as a brother. She was wasting away by disease. The smile upon her lip was fainter, the purple veins upon her cheek grew visible, and the cadence of her voice became daily more weak and tremulous. On a quiet evening, in the depth of June, I wandered out a little distance in the open air. It was then that she told me the tale of her passion, and of the blight that had come down like mildew upon her life. Love had been a portion of her existence. Its tendrils had been twined around her heart in her earliest years; and when they were rent away, they left a wound which flowed till all the springs of her soul were blood.

"I am passing away," said she, "and it should be so. The winds have gone over my life, and the bright buds of hope and the sweet blossoms of passion are scattered around, and lie withering in the dust, or rotting away upon the chill waters of memory. And yet I cannot go down among the tombs without a tear. It is hard to take leave of the friends who love me—it is very hard to bid farewell to those dear scenes, which from day to day have sought the color of my life, and sympathised with its joys and sorrows. That little grove where I have so often strayed with my buried love, and where at times, even now, the sweet tones of his voice come stealing around me till the whole air becomes one intense and mournful melody—that pensive star, which we used to watch in its early rising, and on which my fancy can still picture his form, looking down upon me, beckoning me to his own bright home—every flower and tree and rivulet on which the memory of our early love has set its undying seal, have become dear to me, and I cannot, without a sigh, close my eyes upon them forever."

I have lately heard that this beautiful girl of whom I have spoken is dead. The close of her life was calm as the falling of a quiet stream—gentle as the sinking of the breeze that lingers for a time around the bed of withered roses, and then dies, as it were "from very sweetness."

It cannot be that earth is man's abiding-place. It cannot be that our life is a bubble cast up by the Ocean of Eternity, to float a moment upon its waves, and sink into darkness and nothingness. Else why is it that the high and glorious aspirations, which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts, are forever wandering abroad unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and the cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then passes off, and leaves us to muse upon their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars, which "hold their festivals around the midnight throne," are set above the grasp of our limited faculties—forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and then taken from us—leaving the thousand streams of our affection to flow back in an Alpine torrent upon our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth.

There is a realm where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will be spread out before us like the islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the beautiful beings which here pass before us like visions, will stay in our presence forever. Bright creatures of my dreams—in that realm I shall see thee again. Even now thy lost image is sometimes with me. In the mysterious silence of midnight, when the streams are glowing in the light of many stars that image comes floating upon the beam that lingers around my pillow, and stands before me in its pale, dim loveliness, till its own spirit sinks like a spell from Heaven upon my thoughts, and of years is turned to dreams of blessedness.

New Year's College Depredations,

OR THE PROFESSOR'S CHICKENS.

Dr. Nott of Union College, was a great humorist, and numerous are the laughable incidents ascribed to his wagish propensities. On the evening preceding New Year's day, two students left the college with almost full intent of procuring some of the Doctor's fine, fat chickens that roosted in a tree adjoining his house. When they arrived at the spot, one ascended the tree, while the other stood with the bag, ready to receive the plunder. It happened that the Doctor himself had just left his house with the view of securing the same chickens for his New Year's dinner. The rogue under the tree hearing some one approaching, immediately creeped away, without notifying his companion among the branches. The Doctor came up silently, and was immediately saluted from above as follows:

"Are you ready?"

"Yes," responded the Doctor dissembling his voice as much as possible.

The other, immediately laying hands on the old rooster, exclaimed—

"Here is old Prex—will you have him?"

"Pass him along," was the reply, and he was soon in the Doctor's bag.

"Here's Marm Prex," said the all-unconscious student, grabbing a fine old hen, "will you have her?"

"Yes," again responded the Doctor.

"Here's son John, will you have him?"—Here's daughter Sal, take her?" and so on until he had gone regularly through with the Doctor's family and chickens. The old man walked off in one direction with the plunder, while the student, well satisfied with his night's work, came down and streaked it for the college. Great was his astonishment to learn from his companion that he "had not got any chickens, and if he give them to any one, it must have been to Dr. Nott." Expulsion, fines, and disgrace were uppermost in their thoughts until the next forenoon when both received a polite invitation from their President, requesting the presence of their company to a New Year's dinner. To decline was impossible, so with hearts full of anxiety for the result, they wended their way to the house, where they were pleasantly received by the old gentleman, and with a large party were soon seated around the festive board. After asking a blessing, the Doctor rose from his seat and taking the rogues, and said:

"Young gentlemen, here's Old Prex, and Marm Prex, son John and daughter Sal," at the same time touching successively the respective chickens—"to which will you be helped?" The confusion and mortification of his students may be imagined.

WHO ROB ORCHARDS.—In a certain village of the far West was an atheist. He was a great admirer of Robert Dale Owen and Fanny Wright; but he could see no excellence or beauty in the Sun of righteousness. This man, of course, never entered any place of worship. Indeed, in the fruit season, he was specially busy on the Sabbath, in defending his orchards from his great enemies, the woodpeckers, and the idle and profligate persons of the village, who, on that day, made unusually sad havoc among his apples and peaches.

One day, while at work with his son-in-law—an atheist like himself, although a more kind and courteous gentleman—as the pastor of a congregation was passing, he very rudely thus accosted the minister:

"Sir, what is the use of your preaching? What good do you do by it? Why don't you teach these fellows here better morals? Why don't you tell them something about stealing in your sermons, and keep them from robbing my orchards?"

To this the minister pleasantly replied,—"My dear sir, I am sorry you are so annoyed, and I should most willingly read the fellows who rob your orchards a lecture on thieving; but the truth is, they are all so like you and the major here, *I never get a chance!*"

"Good, good!" replied the major, laughing; on which the elder atheist, blushing a little, and in an apologetical tone, said,

"Well, I believe it is true enough; it is not the church-going people that steal my apples."

THE DANGER OF TAPPING.—A physician having informed a dropsical patient that tapping was indispensable, and that he would perform the operation on a certain day, the sick man's son a boy about nine years old, exclaimed "Oh, father, father; do not let them tap you!" "Why, my dear it will do me good, and I shall live long in health to make you happy," said the afflicted parent. "No, father, no you will not," rejoined the child, "for there never was anything tapped in our house that lasted longer than a week."

PERFECT BLISS.—Major Bliss is called in the army "Perfect Bliss," a nick-name to which he has shown himself justly entitled. At the celebration of the anniversary, at the battle of Buena Vista, by our army in Monterey, on the 22d February, the following significant toast was drunk:

"Lieut. Coste, of the 1st Dragoons, gave the health of Miss Betty Taylor, the daughter of the distinguished General, old Zack. Amendment by Adjutant Helm: May she enjoy "*Perfect Bliss*" during the balance of her days."

PREPARING FOR LOUIS PHILIPPE.—We see it stated that Mr. Clef, the agent of Louis Philippe, has made overtures to purchase the Chelsea House and grounds from the Winnisimmet (Mass.) Ferry Company, and has offered $100,000 for them. It is a lovely location.