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POETICAL.

MY MOTHER'S SIGH.

BY JOHN H. TAYLOR.

My mother's sigh! I hear it now,
Tho' years have pass'd away;
Unheeded then in youthful days,
When I was wild and gay.
She sighed for me!—my wayward heart
Would oft, too oft, rebel;
Her loving tones of mild reproof
Are all remembered well.

My mother's sigh! it chides me now
In years now more matured;
Unmov'd I stood by all the griefs
And sorrows she endured.
She sighed for me!—oh, bitter thought!—
When'er I disobeyed
Her loving eyes would fill with tears,
And then for me she prayed.

My mother's sigh! its echo comes
From out my inmost soul;
Unhush'd remorse forever makes
That painful echo roll.
She sighed for me—unnumbered sighs—
They all unheeded were;
At last I broke her loving heart,
And never sighed for her!

That mother's sigh! oh, wayward youth,
Who'er perchance thou art
Beware—by all that's true—beware!
Grieve not thy mother's heart.
By all that's true, ere long and oft,
Before thou too shalt die,
T'ou'lt *hear* [unless in mercy hush'd]
The echo of *that* sigh!

THE OCEAN'S DEAD.

Beneath the ocean's wave,
In many a grave,
Down amid the current deep,
Are those who'll lie
Till Judgment Day,
In long and silent sleep.

Oll ocean's roar
They'll hear no more;
Beneath its rollin; wave,
The s. a king croud
Finds them a shroud—
A coral bed and grave.

Faces are bright
And footsteps light
That crossed the ocean's main,
Shall see no more
A friendly shore,
Till brighter shores they gain.

Friends once so dear
Drop parting tear
For friends they ne'r shall see,
Till trump shall sound,
Through earth resound,
From Neptune's grasp be free.

MISCELLANY.

Dying Words of Wilberforce.

"Come and sit near me; let me lean on you," said Wilberforce to a friend a few minutes before his death. Afterwards, putting his arm around that friend, he said: "God bless you my dear! He became agitated somewhat and then ceased speaking. Presently, however, he said: "I must leave you, my fond friend; we shall walk no further through this world together, but I hope we shall meet in heaven. Let us talk of heaven. Do not weep for me, for I am very happy, but think of me, and let the thought make you press forward. I never know happiness until I found Christ a Saviour. Read the Bible—read the Bible! Let no religious book take its place. Through all perplexities and distress I never read any other book, and I never felt the want of any other. It has been my hourly study, and all my knowledge of the doctrines and all my acquaintance of the experience and realities of religion, have been derived from the Bible only. I think religious people do not read enough—Books about religion may be useful enough, but they will not do instead of the simple truths of the bible." He afterwards spoke of the regret of parting with friends. "Nothing," said he, convinces me more of the reality of the change within me, than the feeling with which I can contemplate a separation from my family. I now feel so weaned from earth, my affections so much in heaven, that I can leave you all without regret; but I do not love you less, but God more." Such were the closing words of one of the most gifted and polished minds.

A REAL FRIEND.—A friend—a real, true hearted friend—is more rare than he should be. Why is it that selfishness predominates in the heart?—that he only is considered a friend who has money and influence! In the higher walks of life how rarely is a true friend found—one who will act as he feels, and speaks as he thinks. But among the humble and pure, you will occasionally find the gem of true friendship. Ye who have found a true friend, appreciate his worth.—If he labors to benefit you, say not a word, perform not an act, that will send a thrill of pain to his bosom.

If there is a crime that betrays a vile heart, it is the wounding of pure affection. Many a one has seen when too late the error of his course. When the grave has concealed his best friend, he felt ah! words will not describe the feeling. Ye who are surrounded by the kind and good, the watchful and true-hearted—appreciate them, we pray you. Love them in return for their kindness, and to the close of life they will continue to guard and bless you.

An old bachelor says that he has received a basket of peaches this season that looks as though pretty girls had watched their growth and tinted them with blushes.

"Dear," says Voltaire, "are like beards—men only get them when they grow up, and women never have any."

A Word for total Abstinence.

One Sabbath afternoon we were going to church, in company with a very dear friend, Rev. J. Madison Mayall, in the city of Brooklyn, opposite New York. As we walked along the street, passing many beautiful houses, and meeting with flocks of happy children on the way to Sabbath-school, suddenly, as we turned into a narrow street, we behold a sad sight. It was a man—somebody's father, perhaps,—and *once* some fond mother's darling boy,—now a sot, reeling against the railing on the side-walk. He was overcome with strong drink.

2. Oh, what a sad condition! How low the drunkard makes himself, and how miserable!—more wretched than the dumb beasts, and more undone than the wretchedest slave. And yet these unfortunate men have warm hearts and loving natures nearly always. Intemperance loves a shining mark, and destroys the noblest of the race.

3. Dear children of the Day-school, as you pass such a ruined man as this, anywhere, remember the law of love commended by the Saviour. Have hearts of pity for him. Never mock or insult him, but go to him with a helping hand, and as you go, send up a prayer to God in quest of blessing and strength for the poor inebriate.

4. Love for strong drink is formed in youthful days. So beware. All your book-learning will be useless if you make shipwreck of your integrity. Be solid as a rock for temperance. "Touch not, taste not, handle not." Thousands of young men are in greater danger of saloon and drinking-bars at home than their fellow-thousands are of bullets on the battle field. It is honorable to fall a patriot for liberty, but it is shameful to be slain in this war that Satan wages from bottle mouths.—*School Visitor.*

BE HONEST IN YOUR DEALINGS.—It is a universal form of dishonesty to try to get goods below their value; and whenever you do that you undertake to cheat. The man wants to get a thing without giving a fair equivalent wants to be dishonest. If it costs to make a hat, and give a good living to the man that works upon it, and a moderate profit to the man that sells it, three dollars, and you undertake to buy it for $2.50, you undertake to cheat half a dollar. If you attempt to beat a man down, and to get his goods for less than a fair price, you are attempting to commit burglary as much as though you broke into his shop to take the things without paying for them. There is cheating on both sides of the counter, and generally less behind it than before it. You want a man to build you, for two thousand dollars, a house that shall be worth five thousand and what is the result?—You teach that man to cheat. You make him dishonest. You drive him to the necessity of using poor material, and of deceiving you by filling up the holes with putty, and covering defects with paint. You taught him to be dishonest and he served you right, though you did not serve him right in teaching him that lesson.—*Rev. W. H. Beecher.*

The Lesson.

The people having decided now by such immense majorities in favor of sustaining the national administration and preserving the government, we trust that those men in the loyal States who have been seeking to embarrass the President will cease their hostility, determine to be one good, and loyal citizens, and unite with the loyal men generally in a "union for the sake of the Union." The were partisans, who thought more of their party than of their country, have been signally rebuked; and they should now understand that the people are for the country, and will not be diverted from their duty to it by all the intrigues that ingenions or malignant partizans can invent.—Let the demands of party be laid aside, and henceforth let but one feeling inspire the hearts of the loyal States, and that feeling be unqualified devotion to the government. We are all citizens of the same country, affected alike by its success or its downfall; why, then, should we not stand shoulder to shoulder in maintaining its honor, its integrity, its glory? The mousing partizan now cuts a sorry figure, indeed, when the nation demands the efforts of all her true sons, and he goes sneaking about to stir up some dead-and-buried partizan issue to throw discord among the people. The day for such creatures is past; the time is here for patriots in the full stature of their American manhood.

Reverses of Fortune.

How many females, who once cherished the expectation of filling a splendid station in life, have been reduced to the necessity of exerting their talents to gain a subsistence! You are all probably acquainted with some such; you may, perhaps, have heard it remarked of them that their trials have rendered their characters more interesting and valuable, by throwing them upon their own resources. Those of you who now enjoy prosperity, may have no fear that your situations will ever change; you may not conceive the possibility of suffering those reverses which you have witnessed in others. But riches are proverbially fleeting; a storm at sea may wreck the freighted vessel on which families may depend for wealth; fire may consume property; the failures of others may involve the channels of trade may be turned, manufacturing interests may decline, or landed estates may sink in value; upon these and a thousand other chances does the uncertain tenure of worldly wealth depend. [Melton.

A gentleman riding through Sydenham, saw a board with 'This Cottage for Sale,' painted on it. As he was always ready for a pleasant joke and seeing a woman in front of the house, he stopped and asked her very politely, when the cottage was to sell? "Just as soon as the man comes who can raise the wind," was the quiet reply.

John Brown.

Among the letters found in Jeff. Davis' library is one from Mr. James S. Mason, written during the Presidential campaign of 1856, and advising the secession of the South in case General Fremont was elected. "I am a candidate for the first halter," wrote Mr. Mason. It is noticeable that the first man hung in the war was John Brown.—

The death of this lonely old man was for an act conscientiously committed in the cause of human freedom. With one or two friends, with a few colored men, some old muskets, and pikes, he deliberately went into Virginia and made war upon the whole accursed system of Slavery. It was AJAX defying the lightning. He failed, as all the world might have known, as probably in his heart he knew he would. But he died strong in his own proud consciousness, and shamed in his death the lives of those around him.—As he passed from the prison gloom into the sunlight on his death-day, he took from the arms of a weeping slave woman her little smiling babe and kissed it, blessing in that sublime act the down trodden race for which his life was sacrificed. On the scaffold he calmly looked around him and said, "How beautiful are the green fields!" A little longer and he looked on them no more.

The execution of old John Brown shocked the heart of the North, those who blamed the act respected the man, and blushed at the pitiful want of magnanimity on the part of the Virginian slave-holders. The heroic spirit was not dead in the free States; thousands felt that John Brown was justified in his own heart. His death was galling to the warm sympathies of freemen. Yet no attempt was made in the North to resist by force his execution. Kansas did not frantically secede, nor did Massachusetts, with all her Abolitionists, threaten to destroy the Union.

John Brown's transgression of the law did not compare with the crime the slave-holders committed. The men that hung him were even then plotting the great wickedness of the age, and he was slain for trying to save a few negroes from bondage, that they might with more safety attempt the murder of their country. And how great is the contrast between the law-abiding loyal North, which permitted Virginia to hang John Brown, because it was so written in the bond, and the treacherous South, then preparing to tear the bond assunder.—The Constitution was sacred as it protected slavery; worthless as it protected freedom. There was not a trator in the Senate, or in the Cabinet of James Buchanon, who was not ten times worthier a halter than this brave old hero; and those who clamored at the time most loudly for his blood knew well their own guilt was greater. In 1856 there were more candidates for the first halter than Mr. Mason.—*Phila. Press.*

Emancipation In Maryland.

Colonel Creswell, the able competor of Hon. J. W. Crisfield for Congress, said in a recent eloquent speech at Elkton:—

Their is no alternative left us. We are bound to take up this question now in all its bearings, and, after turning it over and over in our minds, and viewing it in every conceivable light, the conclusion is inevitable that Mayrland must be a *free State.* Men, who had examined the subject, came to the conclusion more than two years ago. They saw it coming. Their is now a crisis in our affairs, and if we are wise we will avail ourselves of it. We will assert our right as freeman to decide our destiny for ourselves We will determine now and forever, that free white men are hot degraded by human toil to a level with the slave, and that hereafter free labor shall consecrate our efforts, and bring down the blessings of God upon our people.

Fellow-citizens, a new era has dawned on Maryland. From the smoke and blood of a mighty war, waged to perpetuate human bondage, new principles have leaped into existence, fully armed, aggressive, already half victorious. Speech and opinion have been liberated, and already thousands who, but lately were groping darkly in the midst of doubts and uncertainties, who acknowledged but yesterday they stood appalled before the power of a direful superstition, now clearly see (just coming) an act of God, a decree of liberty and progress for Maryland.—[Great applause.]

An Item for the Home Circle.

Somebody says, and truly too, that there are few families, anywhere, in which, love is not abused as furnishing the license of impoliteness. A husband, father, or brother, will speak harsh words to those he loves best, simply because the security of love and family pride keeps him from getting his head broken. It is a shame that a man will speak more impolitely, at times to his wife or sister than he would to any other female, except a low vicious one. It is thus that the honest affection of man's nature prove to be a weaker protection to a woman in the family circle than the restraints of society, and that a woman is usually indebted, for the kindest politeness of life to those not belonging to her own household. Things ought not to be so. The man who, because it will not be resented, inflicts his spleen and bad temper upon those of his hearthstone, is a small coward and a very mean man. Kind words are circulating medium between true gentlemen and ladies at home, and no polish exhibited in society can atone for the harsh language and disrespectful treatment too often indulged in between those bound together by God's own ties of blood, and the more sacred bonds of congenial love.

A fellow was kicked out of an editorial room, the other day, for imprudently stating that he had seen, in Germany a fiddle so large that it required two horses to draw the bow across the strings, which would continue to sound for six weeks."

A SQUINTING JURY.

Once upon a time, or, to be a little more particular, nearly half a century ago, (for the editor of this paper well remembers the time, place, and scene, which are firmly fixed upon his boyish recollections,) there dwelt in the town of——in old England, a remarkable oddity, in the person of an attorney at law, who, although not fair to look upon, (for he was in truth one of the homliest specimens of humanity ever beheld by mortal man,) was withal a person of sound judgement, great benevolence, varied learning, a poet, a painter, and a wit of no mean order.

It so happened that the aforesaid gentleman, G. G——, Esq., was appointed high sheriff of the town of——. He was a man of fortune, and a kind heart, as many a poor prisoner could testify, who partook of the good cheer with which the prisoners were liberally supplied at Christmas and other known festivals, from the private purse of the high sheriff.

It was, of course, the duty of the high sheriff to summon a grand and petit jury to attend at the quarter sessions, of which the recorder, mayor and alderman of the borough composed the court. In the performance of his official duty in summoning the petit jury our sheriff indulged in some of the strangest and drollest freaks that have probably ever been heard of in any other town or country. In the first place he summoned for the October court a jury consisting of twelve of the fattest men he could find in the borough, and when they came to the book to be sworn, it appeared that only nine jurors could sit comfortably in the box! After a great deal of sweating, squeezing and scolding, the panel was litterally jammed into the box, and when seated they presented to the eye of the court, the baristers and the audience, 'the tightest fit' of a jury that was ever seen in a court room. Literally they became much to the astonishment of the court and its robed advocates, a 'packed jury' and no mistake.

For the January term, our facetious high sheriff (in consequence, it is said, of some hint from the recorder that their should be no more fat panels summoned to his court,) went into the opposite extreme. He summoned twelve of the leanest and tallest men he could find in the borough; and when they took their seats in the box it appeared comparatively empty—there was indeed room for twenty more of the same sort and dimensions.

For the April term of the court, our humorous functionary summoned a jury consisting of twelve barbers! Now it so happened that among the latter were the perriquiers who dressed the recorders and barrister's wigs, and some of the latter, arriving late at the bar, had to appear that morning in court with their wigs undressed or half-dressed, so as to cut a very ridiculous figure, amidst the smiles and half-suppressed laughter of the bystanders. The high sheriff enjoyed the fun amazingly, but looked as 'grave as a judge,' while he tried to keep silence in the court room.

But the crowning joke of this waggish functionary occurred at the summoning of his fourth and last jury, at the summer session of July. For that term of the court, the high sheriff, not having the fear of the recorder, the mayor and the aldermen, before his eyes, actually summoned a squinting jury. Twelve as queer looking bipeds as ever took their seats in a jury box—a jury that was probably more looked at, and laughed at, than any of the appointed twelve that ever were sworn to 'well and truly try and true deliverance make between their sovereign lord and king and the prisoner at the bar.

But the scene was so irresistibly droll that the learned recorder could not maintain his gravity. The mayor and aldermen followed suit.—The barristers laughed, while their wigs became bald, powerless; nay, even the poor prisoners in the dock, who were to be put on their trial, and some of them undergo transportation, could not refrain from joining the general cachination!—And when the learned recorder commanded the high sheriff to bring the court room to order, and intimated, with a half-suppressed laugh, that the latter ought to be a shamed of himself for summoning such a jury, the drollery of this court scene was heightened considerably by the quick, ready and sonorous response of the high sheriff, who looking at the same time at the squinting jury, exclaimed, 'All good and lawful men, your honor.'—*English Paper.*

An Eye to Business.

A legal friend in the west sends us the following:

Several years ago I was practicing law in one of the many beautiful towns in Wisconsin. One very warm day while seated in my office at work, I was interrupted by the entrance of a boy, the son of one of my clients, who had walked into town, six miles in a blazing sun, for the purpose of procuring a bible. He had been told, he said, that there was a place there where they gave them away to people who had no money; he said he had no money and was very anxious to get one of the good books and asked me to go with him to the place where they were kept. Anxious to encourage him in his early piety I left the brief on which I was engaged, and went over with him to the stand of an old Presbyterian deacon who had the much coveted book in charge. I introduced him to the deacon telling him the circumstances. He praised the boy very highly, was delighted to see a young man so early seeking after the truth, &c., and presented him with the best bound bible in the collection. Bubby put it in his pocket, was starting off, when the deacon said: 'Now my son, that you possess what you so much desired, I suppose you fel perfectly happy.' 'Well I do, old hoss, for between you and I, I know where I can trade it for a most plaguey good fiddle.'

Ministering Angels.

The beautiful have gone, with their blossoms, from the gaze of human eyes. Soft eyes that made it Spring time, in our hearts are seen no more. We have loved the light of many a smile that has faded from us, now, and our hearts have lightened with sweet singing voices, that now are hushed in the silence of death. Seats are left vacant, in our earthly homes which none can fill again. Kindred, friends, and loved ones, have passed away, one by one. Our hearts are left desolate. We are lonely without them. They have passed with their love, away to the land from whence they can never return. Shall we never see them again? Memory turns with lingering regret to recall their smile, and the loved tone of their dear familiar voice. In fancy they are often by our side, but their home is one bright shore. They visit us in dreams floating over our memory, like shadows over the streams of moon-lite waters.

When the heart is rung with anguish and the weary soul is bowed with grief, do they not come and whisper thoughts of comfort and hope? Yes! sweet memory brings them to us, and the love we bear them lifts the heart from earthly aspirations, and we long to see them in the better land. They hover around us, the etherial, dear departed ones, the loving and loved, they watch with eyes that slumber not. When gentle dreams are wandering to the angel land, in whispers wakes the hymning sweet of that bright happy choir revealing many a dream of hope and bliss, and tenderness, and love. They tell of sunny realms ne'er viewed by mortal eye of forms arrayed in fadeless beauty, and send forth lofty anthems to their great Creator's praise in sweet seraphic numbers.—And this bright vision of the blessed dissolves the tumult of life's jarring scenes; they fade in air and then we glory in Theo that we are heirs of immortality. And why is it that we regard with such deep reverence and love, those bright celestial beings of another sphere? Ah! it is because they take an interest in our welfore, and joy over our success in the great battle of life; they are not purely selfish in their happiness, but fain would have us enjoy it with them.

Whose Father Was He?

After the battle of Gettysburg a Union soldier was found in a secluded spot on the field, where, wounded, he had laid himself down to die. In his hands, tightly clasped, was an ambrotype containing the portraits of three small children, and upon this picture his eyes, set in death, rested. The last object upon which the dying father looked was the image of his children, and as he silently gazed upon them his soul passed away. How touching! how solemn! What pen can describe the emotions of this patriot father as he gazed upon these children, so soon to be made orphans? Wounded and alone, the din of battle still sounding in his ears, he lies down to die. His last thoughts and prayers are for his family. He has finished his work on earth; his last battle has been fought; he has freely given his life to his country; and now, while his life's blood is ebbing, he clasps in his hands the image of his children, and, commending them to the God of the fatherless, rests his lingering look upon them.

When, after the battle, the dead were being buried this soldier was thus found.—The ambrotype was taken from his embrace and has since been sent to Philadelphia for recognition. Nothing else was found upon his person by which he might be identified. His grave has been marked, however, so that if by any means this ambrotype will lead to his recognition he can be disinterred. This picture is now in the possession of Dr. Bourns, No. 1104 Spring Garden street, Philadelphia, who can be called upon or addressed in reference to it. The children, two boys and a girl, are apparently nine, seven and five years of age the boys being respectively the oldest and youngest of the three. The youngest boy is sitting in a high chair, and on each side of him are his brother and sister. The oldest boy's jacket is made from the same material as his sister's dress. These are most prominent features of the group.—O! what inestimable value will it be to these children, proving, as it does, that the last thoughts of their dying father was for them and them only.

The Boston Post in noticing the recent visit of Mrs. Webster to the tomb of her husband at Marshfield, says, after ten years of sepulchure in the harbor of the pilgrims, the doors of the tomb swung solemnly back, and the lid of the sarcophagus was raised by the friendly hand of surviving friendship—Peter Harvey, Esq., to see what traces a decade of years in death had left of the illustrious departed. It was found that the noble brow was yet perfect in all its features, and that the "contour of that impressive face," was preserved the same as on the day when the funeral of ten thousand, at whose head was the President of the United States, in all his superual prime, took up its solemn march from the library at Marshfield to the "Tomb by the Great Sea."

FIGURATIVE EXPRESSIONS.—How many common figurative expressions in our language are borrowed from the art of carpentry, may be seen in the following sentence:

"The lawyer, who filed a bill, shaved a note, cut an acquaintance, split a hair made an entry, got up a case, framed an indictment, empannelled a jury, put them in a box, mailed a witness, hammered a judge and bamboozled a whole court, all in one day, dressed down law and gutted a carpenter."

The lady who lost her patience by reading a borrowed paper, has recovered treasure and became a subscriber.

A Stirring Speech.

At the great Union meeting in the Cooper Institute, New York, on Thursday evening, Governor Yates, of Illinois, said he had been born in a slave State, (Kentucky) and now declared that slavery stood in the path of the Republic. He had found fault with Mr. Lincoln because he was too slow for him. He was himself thankful for the compliment of being called a radical; there is no compromise between falsehood and truth. He added:

"When free schools and the true aristocracy of this land—free labor—is established, we shall again have a true Union and a glorious country. But there will be no peace until slavery is destroyed and the glorious flag of our country is carried by our brave boys through the fields of Georgia, and floats over Charleston and Richmond." [Applause.] And, after all, he had found that Mr. Lincoln could not move faster than God and Providence permitted. When he telegraphed to President Lincoln his fiery dispatch for confiscation and emancipation, Old Abe telegraphed back: "Dick, hold still and see the salvation of God." [Tremendous cheering.] There has been a great complaint that we have interfered with men's rights, but when a traitor is convicted and hung, he is only getting his rights. They only have the right to be hung on the earth, and the divine right to be damned forever after.—[Cheers.] We will not give up this land to traitors; they in the West were ready to swear that the Mississippi shall run blood before the great outlet shall be given to traitors. We cannot get rid of this war by compromise—that promise is played out. [Laughter and cheers.] He wanted peace, but a solid and lasting peace, and the only way is to carry this war through and to crush treason both North and South. [Cries of 'Bravo.'] The only way is to fight the war out. The rebels say they will not submit—they swear they will have three-fourths of the country; he would swear by Almighty God that they shall not have an inch."

Sleeping in Church.

Dr. A——, of Cambridge, was once rather embarrassed by an occurrence in his congregation. An insane man, who had received a public education, and was strongly attached to the doctor, had observed in the forenoon of a warm summer Sabbath that several of the congregation slept in time of the sermon. To prevent the occurrance of the evil in the afternoon, the maniac, having filled his bosom with wild falls from a neighboring orchard, posted himself in a convenient station in the side gallery, the front being occupied by the college students. Presently after the service commenced he observed one asleep, and gently disengaged his hand from his bosom he aimed its contents at the head of the sleeper. This occasioned some disturbance, but when it subsided, a second sleeper's head was pelted with an apple. The preacher observed the occasion of the disturbance requested his insane friend to desist. Dr. A——, said the maniac, 'mind your preaching, I will keep the dogs awake.' It will scarcely need to be remarked that after some time there was less inclination to sleep in the audience, than usual.

A good story is told of Dr. Wilbur, of the Board of Enrollment in a Maine district. A conscript presented himself for examination who was so deaf that it required the utmost power of the Doctor's lungs to make him hear. The Doctor stooped down and commenced a critical examination of his knee, remarking in a low tone. That is sufficient to exempt any man.

'Glad to hear you say,' said the deaf man, who had suddenly recovered his hearing; 'what did you say was the trouble with my knee, Dr. Wilbur?'

'It is perfectly sound,' said the Doctor; 'I was only examining your ears.'

The man paid his $300 and was exempted.

The various lodges of Odd Fellows in Reading, have decided to go to Gettysburg, on the 19th, to witness the dedication of the National Cemetery. They will turn out in full regalia.

There is in Nova Scotia a young woman, seventeen years of age, who is seven feet two inches in height. She measurs forty-three inches round the waist, thirty-three inches from her armpit to the tip of her fingers, weighs two hundred and seventy-four pounds and has a foot thirteen inches long. She is good-looking, quite social, although diffident, not being accustomed to see the public, and her name is Anuli Swan.

GOOD ANYHOW.—At the dinner table of a hotel, somewhere in Ohio, not long since, a 'green un,' unable to restrain the cravings of his appetite, pitched into a large dish of rice before him. A waiter mildly informed him that it was intended for dessert, and that he had better eat something else first. Greeny replied;

'Desert be d—d, I don't care if it's a wilderness, it's good, and I'm going to eat it.'

'Bob,' said a young fellow to his companion at a fancy fair, 'you are missing all the sights on this side.'

'Never mind, Bill,' returned Bob, 'I'm sighting all the misses on the other.'

The following amusing bull was lately perpetrated by Irish: A magistrate asked a prisoner if he was married. 'No,' replied the man.

'Then,' rejoined his worship, amid peals of laughter, 'it's a good thing for your wife.'

A Woman is like to have a baby who does not know how to hold it. And this is as true of a tongue as of a baby.

Cider becomes intoxicating by working. Minds get so by not working.