

SECRET POETRY.

Will you love me? I love you!
I was love the midnight light,
Murmuring brooks, the moon's pale beam,
Wild birds hail the morning light,

Arch over the bridge, and while he was at work under it, he felt something strike him on the back. It was a little mortar from the roof. He looked around and sharply rebuked another boy who stood near, for having, as he supposed thrown a stone at him.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Young Lady and the Inebriate.

A YOUNG LADY who had often laid to heart the inquiry, "What can I do?" heard a temperance-lecturer say that young ladies could do much by their endeavors to reform the poor degraded inebriate; and in the fulness of Christian love and zeal she hastened to the dwelling of a miserable drunkard who lived near.

Gathering courage from her success thus far, the young lady sat by him at the table to help him to the refreshments, of which he eagerly partook, and to watch a favorable moment to make serious impressions upon his mind.

Very Touching.
HERE is a touching description of a moonlight scene. After whirling for some time in the ecstatic mazes of a delightful waltz, Cornelia and myself stepped out unobserved to the balcony, to enjoy a few of those moments of solitude so precious to lovers.

Small Matters.

WHAT a delightful volume might be written on what are called small matters. God has done more by them than by what men call great things. How very trifling the events in themselves which have revolutionized empires.

Buffaloes.

A MEMBER of Governor Stephen's northern route exploring party, in a long communication to the St. Louis Republican, written from the head of Yellow Stone River, says of "the sights and incidents" of the party thus far: "On Saturday, after a march of some ten miles, the buffaloes were reached. They were before and on each side of the train."

A word, suggesting an improvement of what we have said, shall close our paper. Dr. Johnson asserts, that it is principally by the study of little things, that in this life we may avoid misery and secure happiness; and, to quote from a source far higher, "Who hath despised the day of small things?" is the inquiry of "the Lord of hosts."

Sleep and Death.

THE Angels of Sleep and Death, locked arm and arm, wandered over the earth. It was evening. They laid themselves down upon a lofty hill that overlooked the habitations of man. A mournful stillness reigned around, broken only by the evening bells whose sound came faintly from the distant hamlet.

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horse and... mingled with a herd of buffaloes. Every effort was made to reclaim them—hours spent in their attempted recovery. The efforts were entirely unavailing.

One scarcely knows whether to laugh, or "point a moral" in the story of a "worsted" tradesman, lately "taken in and done for," in a provincial town in England.

"A man some six feet three inches in height, and of Herculean build, went into the place of one of the Worcester shopkeepers, and asked if they had got any 'whirlers'—that is, stockings, without feel."

"No," said the shopkeeper; "but we have got some famous big and strong stockings, as will just suit such a man as you."

"Let's have a look at 'em," said the man. "The counter was immediately covered with a quantity. The working Hercules selected the largest pair, and said: 'What's the price of them?'"

"Four shillings and sixpence," was the rejoinder. "Can you cut off the feet of them?" was the next query.

"Oh, certainly," said the shop-keeper. "Then just cut them off," was the laconic direction.

"No sooner said than done. The long shop-shears were applied and instantly the stockings were footless.

"And what's the price of 'em now?" asked the "customer," with all the composure imaginable.

"Price of them now?" echoed the "worsted" merchant, surprised beyond measure at the absurdity of the question; "why, four shillings and nine pence to be sure."

"Four shillings and ninepence!" exclaimed the purchaser; "never give but one shilling and sixpence for a pair of 'whirlers' in my life!"—and he laid down that amount upon the counter.

"Well," replied the tradesman, chaffing and fairly outwitted, throwing the mutilations at him, "take them, and be off with you! You've 'whirled' me this time, but I'll take good care that neither you nor any of your roguish gang shall do it again as long as I live!"

This will remind the reader, perhaps, of the cute Yankee auctioneer, who after disposing of a violin, after a hard bidding, to a close-fisted buyer, went on:

"Now gentlemen, how much 'm' offered for the Bow?—how much?—'m' offered for the Bow?"

Expostulation was useless. The fiddle and the bow, he said, were in separate "classes," so that the former was not so very cheap, after all!

The Toledo Blade tells a good story of a Mrs. Mullan, who was taken with the cholera and died in six hours, leaving an empty whiskey bottle at the head of her bed. Her relatives and particular friends held a "wake" over the body.

Matters went on very well; but at midnight, when the fun grew fast and furious, suddenly there came a tapping, as of some one loudly rapping inside the coffin lid. Then the hairs of each individual stuck out as stiff as wires.

The watchers were breathless; but the voice of the dead broke out shrill and angrily: "Pat! ye baste! git over 'yerr own side of the bed! There's niver a bit of room for me atwixt ye an' the wall!"

Pat looked solemn, and the wife raised up in the coffin, and was somewhat shocked on discovering the bad box she had got into. She still lives to teach her husband better manners than "to bury a dacent woman with sins all in her body."

GREAT minds are as rare in the history of mankind as great monarchs, and the reason is the same. The greater tyrannize over the less, and when once subdued, hold them in subjection.

This intellectual supremacy is habitually exercised to the prejudice of those who possess not the bravery nor the spirit to assert and maintain their individuality and independence, and hence become more familiar with submission than accustomed to authority.

Seldom is a great or good mind seen that is not at the same time overbearing or monopolizing.

TAKE the hand of the frivolous. Smile on the sad and dejected. Sympathize with those in trouble. Strive every where to diffuse around you sunshine and joy. If you do this you will surely be beloved.

NEVER esteem another person or thyself the fancy for money; nor think less of thyself, or another, for the want of it, virtue being the just reason for respecting, and the want of it for slighting any one.

WOMAN lost paradise to make man wise; he deserves purgatory if he makes her wretched.

THE best of man's possessions is a sincere friend.

CONTENTMENT gives a crown where fortune hath denied it.

A GENTLEMAN travelling in a railroad car, lost his hat, when, without a moment's hesitation, he pitched his hat-box, on which were his name and address, after it wisely judging that the latter would lead to the return of the former—which it did.

"WHY, Siah, I am astonished," said a worthy deacon, "didn't we take you into the church a short time since?"—"I believe so," hiccupped Siah, "and between you and me and the gate post, it was a little the darndest take in you ever seen or heard of."

An ingenious writer says that no one likes the crying of another person's baby.

He who waits for a dead man's shoes may have to go for a long time bare-footed.

HUMOROUS SOLILO.

NOR BARN.—The Piscataquis Observer is responsible for the following: A gentleman called at a hut in the Aroostook valley and requested some dinner.

The lady, her spouse being absent, refused to supply his necessities for money or for love of humanity.

"Very well," said the traveller, as he turned his footsteps from the inhospitable abode, "you will want nothing to eat to-morrow."

"Why not?" inquired the woman. "Because," answered the weary man. "The Indians are digging a tunnel at Moosehead Lake, and they are going to turn all the waters of the Lake into the Aroostook valley, and you and all the rest of the people are to be drowned."

Upon this intelligence the old lady hurried off to the priest to inform him that a flood was to overthrow the valley, and to ask what was to be done in the sad emergency.

The priest endeavored to quiet her fears by telling her that God had promised that he should never send another flood upon the earth.

"But," exclaimed the affrighted woman, "it isn't God that's going to do it—it's the cussed Indians!"

A SLIGHT TOUCH OF VERDANCY.—A young gentleman of Alabama, says the Rome (Ga.) Courier, generally for his oleaginuous proclivities, but more particularly, as a Rail Road Agent, recently attended the Auburn Camp-meeting.

He made himself quite serviceable in gallanting the young ladies, but at last (we weep to say it,) wound up with a glorious fizzle.

While seated at the table with his "Dulcinea del Toboso," some tripe was passed to him by a servant, which he pitched into, in the most cadaverous manner.

An attempt to cut it proved a failure, and turning his head with dignified contempt, he exclaimed, "WAITER TAKE THIS PLATE, THESE BATTER-CAKES HAS GOT RAGS IN 'EM!"

The Shepherd says to Christopher North, in his Noctie Ambrosianæ, with equal beauty of thought and language: "I weal believe that the only 'o' Fate will ever cut the cords of our 'o' friendship."

I fancy its just the same wif' you as wif' me, we maun [must] like an another whether we will or no—and that's the sort of friendship for me—for it flourishes, like a mountain flower, in a' weathers."

Happy those who are joined together by such friendship.

Just so long as Young America, who uses slate-pencils and piano-tools, grows up with mere school training, just so long will the Country be crowded by chattering misses in die-away costumes, and "fast" youths in fancy vests and thigh-striped pantaloon—walking on towards womanhood and manhood as sapless as a withered maple.—Sunday Times.

At a debating society in Schenectady, the other day, the subject for discussion was as to which was the most beautiful production, a girl or a strawberry? After continuing the argument for two nights, the meeting adjourned without coming to a conclusion—the old members going for the strawberries and the young ones for the girls.

MATTERS are bad enough already, if what the Boston Post says is true, that five women will so spread out their clothes as to take up the entire size of an omnibus, thus occupying the room designed for eight, and then if any woman presents herself at the door, they will cry out, "You can't come in here! there ain't no room;" but if a man wants to get in, they can make room easy enough right down between them.

The fellow who attempted to "cloak his sins," found that he couldn't begin to get a garment large enough.

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June 5, 1854.

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This stock of books when sold, will leave a large net profit; a portion of which the proprietors will distribute, by directors who shall be chosen by Shareholders, but said Directors shall have no pecuniary interest in the matter, (save and except being paid for their time and services in distribution.)

\$15,000 will be invested in a farm, in the town of Groton, Mass. Said farm is situated within one mile and a half of the Centre Depot; it comprises upwards of one hundred and twenty acres of land, fifty-five of which are under the highest state of cultivation, an orchard and beautiful garden.

There is a magnificent mansion, in complete repair, together with barns, carriage houses and other buildings attached. \$15,000.

A Farm in Westboro, known as the "Harrington Farm," consisting of one hundred acres of Land, twelve of which are woodland. The balance is well divided into mowing, pasturing and tillage—plenty of good fruit and a large strawberry bed and cranberry meadow. Buildings in good repair. The farm-house is one of the best on the road, and is large and convenient. The whole establishment is one of the best farms in which Worcester County is so famous. \$7,000.

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One hundred gold eagles, 1,000. Two Land Lots in Melrose: one contains 28,000 feet and upwards, 500. One do. 13,000 feet and upwards, 300.

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