

Poetry.

THE LITTLE HAND.

I.  
Thine is a little hand—  
A tiny little hand—  
But if it clasp  
With timid grasp  
Mine own, ah! me, I well can understand  
The pressure of that little hand!

II.  
Thine is a little mouth—  
A very little mouth—  
But oh! what bliss,  
To steal a kiss,  
Sweet as the honeyed zephyrs of the south,  
From that same rosy little mouth!

III.  
Thine is a little heart—  
A little fluttering heart—  
Yet is it warm  
And pure and calm,  
And loves me with its whole untutored art,  
That palpitating little heart!

IV.  
Thou art a little girl—  
Only a little girl—  
Yet art thou worth  
The wealth of earth—  
Diamond and ruby, sapphire, gold and pearl—  
To me, thou blessed little girl!

Wit and Humor.

"A little nonsense now and then  
Is relished by the wisest men."

A country carpenter, a few days ago, carried a bill for work to a well-known farmer in Middlesex county. Among other charges appeared the following item,—and, considering the job, his charge, we think, was certainly moderate: "To hanging two barn-yard gates and myself, seven hours, one dollar and twenty-five cents." The farmer paid the bill.

An Irishman was about to marry a Southern girl for her property. "Will you take this woman for your wedded wife?" asked the minister. "Yes, your rivineence, and the naggers too," said Pat.

A man greatly in debt, on his death-bed, said to his friends: "I only wish to live till I have paid my debts." His friends commended the motive of his prayer, and the sick man in a low tone proceeded: "And if heaven would grant me this favor, I know my life would be very long indeed."

A Mr. Delafote, supposing his name to be more generally well known than it was, gave it somewhat indistinctly to the servant, and was horrified to hear himself announced to a full dinner party as a Mr. Hellafloat.

"WHAT are they talking about?" said a member, during a debate on the money question. "Theology," was the reply. "Theology! Why, I thought it was the money question." "Well, sir, money is their deity, and they are discoursing about that."

Miscellany.

ANTIQUITY OF THE POLKA.—The description of the lavolta, in Sir John Davies's poem on dancing, "The Orchestra," (1596) shows that it must have closely resembled the dances which we fondly boast of as one of the great inventions of the nineteenth century. It runs as follows:—

Yet there is one, the most delightful kind,  
A lofty jumping or a leaping round,  
Where arm and arm the dancers are entwined,  
And whirl themselves with strict embracements  
bound:  
And still their feet an anapest do sound:  
An anapest to all their music, song  
Whose first two feet are short, and third is long.

The "anapest" is exclusive; it points exactly to the peculiar nature of the polka—the pause on the third step. Moreover it appears that there is not an especial figure for the polka—so there was none for the lavolta; for it was classed among those dances—

Wherein that dancer greatest praise has won,  
Which, with best order, can all order stum,  
For every where he wantonly must range,  
And turn and wind with unexpected change.

Who can doubt, after this, that the polka was certainly danced before Queen Elizabeth.

MATERNAL WEAKNESS.—"Ba-a, ba-a," shrieked a half-naked infant, of about eighteen months old. "What's the matter wit mamma's thweet little ducky?" says its affectionate mother, while she presses it to her bosom, and the young sarpint in return digs his talons into her face. "Daden, Missus, I know what little master Dim wants," exclaimed the cherub's negro nurse. "You black huzzy! why don't you tell me then?" Why, he wants to put his foot in dat pan ob gravy wats on de haff! whimpered the unfortunate servant. "Well, and why don't you bring it here, aggravating female?" replies the mother of the brawling young one. Dinah brings the gravy, and little Dim puts his bare foot into the pan, and dashes the milk-warm grease about his sweet little shanks, to the infinite delight of his mamma, who tenderly exclaims—"Did mamma's vittlo Dimmy want to put his teeney weeneey tooties in the gravy? It shall paddle in the pan as it soysey vooseys, and then it shall have its pooty red frock on, and go and see his papa-yappa."

POPE was very sensitive on the subject of his personal deformity, and therefore objected to sit for his portrait. Dr. Warton says, "The portrait was drawn without his knowledge, when he was deeply engaged in conversation with Mr. Allen, in the gallery at Prior-park, by Mr. Hoare, who sat at the other end of the gallery. Pope would never have forgiven the painter, had he known it; he was too sensible of the deformity of his person to allow the whole of it to be represented, this drawing is, therefore, exceedingly valuable."

TEETH! TEETH!! TEETH!

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