

ON THE SEAL.  
The pathway of the sinking moon  
Is smooth and bright, so gay,  
The shadows of the trees are long and faint  
And the lights of town are setting down.  
They will pass away.

Oh! hasten, come that mellow song!  
Oh! minister, drop thy lyre!  
Let us hear the voice of midnight sea,  
Let us speak as the waves inspire,  
While the dash of the languid one  
Is a furrow of silver dye.

Day cannot make half so fair,  
Nor the stars of eve so clear;  
The day drowses, and the brook that keeps—  
They tell us more are seen;—  
A smile that comes to me that is told—  
In my murmured words I hear.

The lights of land have dropped below  
The ocean and glimmering seas;  
The world is still, and the tale that is told—  
A smile that comes to me that is told—  
There is life in the giddy dock  
But the love in thee and me!

#### VARIETY.

#### A WESTERN WEDDING FEER.

A minute passed in one of our frontier Western villages, in which the primitive manners of a pioneer life had been smoothed and polished by refinement and cultivation, in this study one day, endeavoring to arrange the heads of his terminology, when his attention was called by a knock at the door.

The visitor proved to be a tall, gaunt, shambling countryman, evidently arrayed in his Sunday suit, and a stout girl, affixed in a dress of red calico, which from the frequent and the painful glances towards it by the fair owner was considered to be her best.

"Well, what's the walk?" asked the minister politely.

"Much obliged, sir, I don't know but we will. I say, you're a minister, aren't you?"

"I reckoned so. Betty and me—she's Betty, a fast rat sort of a girl, anyhow."

"Oh, Johnnie," answered the bashful Betty.

"You are now, and you need go to deny

"Well, Betty, and we have concluded to hitch together."

"You are to be married?"

"Yes, I believe that's what they call it. I say, though, before you begin, let me know what is going to be the damage. I reckon it's best to go it alone."

"Oh, I never set any price! I take whatever they give me."

"Well, all is all right; go ahead, minister, if you please; we are in a hurry, Joes' got to

Bees' got to have the powder patch, after night, and

Bess' got to have the bullet patch, after night."

Thus signed, the minister commenced the ceremony, which occupied but a few moments.

"Kiss me, Betty," said the delighted bridegroom.

"Kiss me, my old woman, now—Ain't it nice?"

"First 'er off, was the ejaculatory reply.

"Hold on a jess, and Johnnie, as I left his wife abruptly, and darted out to the gate where the wagon had been left.

"What's your husband gone out for?" asked the minister, much surprised.

"I expect it's the marriage," was the confused reply.

Just then Johnnie made his appearance, looking in his hand a nail full of the sassafras, which he had given to the minister, with the grin of one confounding his wife.

"We ain't got much money," said he, "and we

thought we'd pay you in sassafras. Mother made em, and I reckon they are good. If they ain't, just send them back, and we'll send you some more."

"Do you believe in predestination?" said the captain of a Mississippi steamer to a sergeant who happened to be travelling with him.

"Of course I do," said the sergeant.

"And you also believe that what is to be will be?"

"Certainly."

"Well I am glad to hear it."

"So why?"

"Because I intend to pass that last load in fifteen consecutive minutes if there be any virtue in pine knots and loaded safety valves. So don't be alarmed, for if the boiler ain't to burst, then it won't."

The minister began rattling on his hat, and looked very much like kicking out when the captain observing him said,

"I thought you said you believed in predestination, that what is to be will be."

"So I do, but I prefer being a little nearer the stern when it takes place!"

A SWEET RARITY.—The Sporting Magazine relates how a certain hilt, distinguished for his love of fashionable company, received more than a round for his. Lions from one of his alters, whom he rebuked for occasional hunting.

"I really don't see," suggested the culprit, "that it is worse than going to a ball."

"I suppose," replied his lordship, "you allude to having seen my name among the list at the bushes of ——'s ball; but I assure you I was not in the same room with dancers during any part of the evening."

"That, my friend, is exactly my case," was the truthless rejoinder; "I'm never in the same field with the hounds."

The Emperor of Japan's belt, is superbly carved and gilded. By a singularly ingenious contrivance, a current of water may be conducted around the knot, so as to cleanse the hands in time of rain, and thus constantly encircling the royal couch, for the double purpose of keeping off the mosquitoes, and tempering the warm air to the delicious coolness, which in that sultry climate is the consummation of bliss to reigning ladies.

A Bachelor friend of ours, passing up the street the other day, picked up a thumb. He stood for a moment meditating on the probable owner, when presenting it to his lips, he said:

"Oh! that this were the fate of the wester."

"Just as he had finished, a big, ugly, black wench, looked out of an upper window, and said:

"Boss, je please frow datable in de entry."

je pick it up."

On the marriage of Thomas Hawk, of Mansfield, Vermont, to Miss Sarah D. Davis.

I am sorry that you see

Me give a kind of love;

Or when a person is to be

To Tommy—such a Dose!

A man approached a widow with eight children, the husband of whom had left her with but sufficient to live on. The widow, however, had no home, and was in the habit of robbing the houses of the rich, and leaving the poor to themselves. The wife seized a poker and struck a heavy blow at the animal. "Give it to him Nancy," cried the husband.

Nancy bridle was dead, became down from the bed, and exclaimed, "Nancy my dear, ain't we brave?"

A Dose whose cup with poverty was dashed, Lay nung in bed, while his one shirt was washed, The gown appearing and holding it to view,

"Well, if 'tis washed tight, 'twill be in 'em,"

"Indeed, you 'dows," then wash, it pretty good

which is if you can find a dozen?" (continued)

If you can't do anything worth a straw yourself, criticism and fine fault with what persons of better abilities do. In this way you can get up quite a reputation for penetration and judgment, among your own kind."

An antiquary has discovered the following singular epithet on a gravestone:

"Here lie the bodies of John and Lucy Lovell, killed by lightning sent from Heaven 1777."

I am an Owl now, and a raven in a raven's nest, he paid to him news, a or Bill. I would like every one would take a lesson there."

#### The far-famed Medicine, HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

SUPPLYING CURE OF A CONTINENTAL ANTHEM, AFTER

FIVE YEARS' INVESTIGATION.

The following Testimony has been add'd to Professor Holloway, by a Gentleman named Middleton of Scotland, late Physician to Campbell, Earl, and J. B. B. Moulds, Esq., Deputy

Chairman.

George Armstrong, Esq., Edward Johnson, Esq., Roger Lyon Jones, Esq., John Moore, Esq., Francis Maxwell, Esq., Thomas Dyer, Esq., Robert McAndrews, Esq.,

R. Brindley Hill, Esq., Dr. Horatio, Esq., T. G. H. Scott, Esq., Dr. John Tote, Esq.,

Manager and Attorney—Peter M. Dove, Esq.,

Directors, &c., in London.

Samuel Baker, Esq., Mr. Matthew, Esq., Daniel E. Rawlinson, Esq., Richard C. Cole, Esq.,

John Westmorland, Esq.,

The Selective Service, etc., appointed Agent to the Company for New Brunswick, Jorge, to whom it is proposed to receive Premiums for FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE. The large Capital of the Company, and the number and influence of its Proprietors, entitle it to rank, with the most eligible Offices, either in America or Europe, with respect to the Selection of Agents to represent the Company in their respective countries.

Copy of a Letter from Mr. Gamis, Chemist, Yvel, to Professor Holloway.

Dear Sir.—In this district the Pills command a most extensive sale, and are very popular, especially before the public, a proof of their efficacy in Liver and Bilious Complaints. I may mention the following case. A lady of this town, with whom I was personally acquainted, for years suffered from disease of the Liver and digestive organs, and attended several physicians, but nothing could be done for her. This announcement naturally caused great alarm among her friends and relations, and which so improved her general health that she was enabled to continue her usual occupations, and though she did not fully live many months, yet her life was not nearly so short as might be expected.

This survivorship, I remain, Dear Sir, Yours,

Nov. 23, 1852. (Signed) J. GAMIS.

AN ASTONISHING CURE OF CRONIC BRONCHITIS

BY HOLLOWAY'S PILLSS.

Copy of a Letter from Mr. W. Mead, of the Square

Watches, to Professor Holloway.

Dear Sir.—I beg to inform you that for several years I have been a constant user of your Pills, and have found them to be of great service to me.

On the death of my Father, I took a dose of your Pills, and it was not likely she could survive many months.

This announcement naturally caused great alarm among her friends and relations, and which so improved her general health that she was enabled to continue her usual occupations, and though she did not fully live many months, yet her life was not nearly so short as might be expected.

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