

VARIETIES.

WHAT IS A "SNOB"?—Thackeray, in one of his lectures, said there were not as many snobs in this country as in his, but there were some. If the reader will follow us through his definition of a "snob," and then look round up the community, he will begin to suspect that the class is large and respectable." Said Thackeray.

The snob is that man or woman who are always pretending before the world to be something better—especially riches or more fashionable than they are. It is one who thinks his own position in life contemptible, and is always yearning and striving to force himself into one above, without education or characteristics which belong to it; one who looks down upon, despises, and over-rides his inferiors, even equals of his own standing, and is ever ready to worship, laud upon, and flatter a rich or titled man, not because he is a good man, a wise man, or a Christian man, but because he has the luck to be rich or consequential."

—An eccentric individual in Gloucester,

Massachusetts, has built a vessel, but having been informed, as he supposes, by the spirit of his deceased father, that he would not live six months after his vessel was launched, he immediately procured the assistance of several of his neighbors, loaded her on wheels, and with several yokes of oxen she was drawn into the river at low water, and placed upon blocks, where she remained till high water, when she was afloat. She is named the "Lyraena," and hauls from "The Kingdom of God." She is believed to be the only vessel ever built that was not launched.

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—*We know an honest blacksmith in this city who clears two dollars a day on an average, while one of his near neighbors is starving on his profession. A very mischievous kind of pride.* We know a lady who, a dozen years ago, could not endure the thought of her son, working at a trade. One of the young gent's is now officiating in the capacity of quarter-master general in a rousing music grinder, while the other is foreman of an institution for blacking pools.—Cleveland True Democrat.

CURIOS DISCOVERY.—The Corriere Mercantile di Genova quotes a letter of the 15th ult., mentioning the discovery at Pompeii of three human skeletons, evidently belonging to one family, together with that of a dog. The postures in which they were found lead to the presumption that they were engaged in flight at the time of the eruption, but were overtaken by the lava, the dog refusing to leave his master. They had bags of gold and silver coin with them; one of the skeletons still displaying rings and ornaments, was that of a young girl, probably the daughter of the fugitives.

—**MAGNATU'S HISTORY.**—The third volume of "Magnatua's History," according to a recent London letter in the "New York Tribune," will appear in a few weeks, the celebrated author having at last delivered his MS. to his publisher. His friends never believed that he would be able to finish, as the excessive use of opium to which he is addicted, has destroyed his health.

—**THE CRADLE OF OUR SAVIOUR.**—The Journal de Bruxelles says that the Pope has sent the Duke of Brabant a fragment of the wood of the manger which formed the cradle of our Saviour. When this precious relic was presented to his Royal Highness, he is said to have been much affected. The Duke is aged 18 years.

—**THE POPULATION OF IRELAND.**—The island once contained a population of 100,000, but now, the number is 48,000. The poorer people suffer much from the severity of the climate, and from leprosy diseases induced by the dirtiness of their habits, and the coarse, unwholesome food on which they subsist.

—**The Reading have a story of a widow who was so inconsolable for the loss of her husband, that she took another to keep her from fretting herself to death.**

"How do you do, Mrs. Tome? have you heard that story about Mrs. Laundry?"

"Why, really, Mrs. Galt, what is it to do tell?"

"Oh, I promised not to tell for the world! No, I must never tell it, I'm afraid, if I get out."

"Why, I'll never tell it as long as I live, just as true as the world—what is it to come tell?"

"Now you're not going to tell it, are you? I'll never tell it as long as I live."

"No, I will never open my mouth about it sacredly. I'll tell the thin minute."

"Well, if you believe me, Mrs. Fandy told me, last night, that Mrs. Trout told her that sister Fanny was married by a son who saw it, that Mrs. Trout's oldest daughter told Mrs. Putnam, that she heard Mrs. Putnam tell Naomi Bluto, that a milliner told her that *butlers* were out of fashion.

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