POETRY.

OHI WHAT A WORLD IT MIGHT BE. O, what a world it might be, O, what a world it might be,
If hearts were always kind,
If, friendship, none could slight thee,
And fortune prove less blind.
With love's voice to guide us—
Unchangingly and kind—
With all we wish besid us,
And not a care beyond,
Oh, what a world it might be,
More blest than that of yore;
Come, learn, and 'twill requite ye,
To love each other more.

Oh, what a world of beauty
A loving heart night plan—
If man but did his duty,
And helped his brother maa.
Then angel-guests would brighten
The threshold with their wings,
And love divine enlighten
The old, forgotten springs,
Oh, what a world of beauty—
A loving heart might plan—
If man but did his duty,
And helped his brother man,

STANZAS.

Where's the man who seeks for fame Hate,—the laurel give him—infold the scroll and write his name,
Tis all the world will leave him. Where is he who toils for gold? Give,—let nought alloy it— When a few brief days are told, No more can be enjoy it.

Where's the bosom swells with pride Spare, I would not wound it— For death shall twine at even-tide His mean scant garments round it.
Where's the heart on pleasure bent?
Pour—a double measure—
Health and life's to-morrow spent—
Gone will be the treasure.

Pleasure, gold and glory—
Such as earthly passions move—
Such as live in story? Take each cup of joy away,
To others filled and given—
Oh, what are all these baubles—say
To him whose home is— HEAVEN.

TO-DAY. TO-MORROW. Ah me, ah me, how many hearts
May shout to-day in gladness
That 'ere to-morrow's sun may rise
May weep in tears and sadness.
O, changes great a day may bring, May weep in tears and sadness.
O, changes great a day may bring,
Of pleasure or of sorrow,
And they who sow in joy to-day
Map reap but grief to-day.

To-day, a man may live in wealth, Be pompous in his pride,
To-morrow's sun may find him poor,
Of even lite denied.
To-day his bark of life may float
Upon the topmost wave;
To-morrow's storms may wreck his craft,
And send him to his grave.

To-day the heart of man lays plans To-day life heart of than lays plane
For future days to come;
To-morrow's hand may open wide
The portals of the tomb;
To-day life is of life hopes,
His spirit free as air—
The demon of to-morrow sinks

hinges; she heard a footfall and glancing round saw a man standing at her side. Had he stepped out on one of the heavy picture frames on the wall, she could not have been more astonished—this was indeed a day of wonders! The stranger had not yet past lite's most vigorous prime, and his bearing had that easy grace, which mingling with all phases of society seldom fails to give. His fine figure was set off to good advantage by the picturesque costume he wore—a kind of blouse, trimmed with velvet, girded at the waist with a crimson scarf, and opening at the breast to reveal a bosom of finest linen; a falling collar was fastened round the neck with a cluster of

in a voice which sounded strangely familiar; "fairest Christabel, I am Roderigo, the Chief of the Mexican Brigands, that have so long infested these mountains; but sometimes, the better to carry out my purposes, I assume the character of a Wizard. As such I have been the terror of the miners—poor, superstitious fools!" and his laugh rang musically through the splendid chamber. "Christabel Claire," he added, dropping on one knee before her; "the first time I met you, I thought I had never seen a more lovely creature. I loved you then, and resolved that you should grace my home among the mountains. But never seen a more lovely creature. I loved you then, and resolved that you should grace my home among the moustains. But you fancied you loved Balph Berne—you were so infatuated as to promise to become his wife, and I made a vow you should be mine. In my Wizard's dress, I warned you against him, but in vain. Then I grew desperate. I summoned one of my band to my aid, and snatch—when the short is a landing a while and then climbed the ladder my DEAR FRIEND MISTER POKER.

Begorra, but I'm afther thinkin' its quare time as you have trusted and, and then climbed the ladder my DEAR FRIEND MISTER POKER.

Begorra, but I'm afther thinkin' its quare time as you have trusted and, and then climbed the ladder my but in study and the roof, for the purpose of getting down into the room by the churney. In the dome of St. Paul's with the dome of St. Paul's with the dome of St. Power, and then the roof, for the purpose of getting down into the room by the churney. In the dome of St. Paul's with the dome of st. Power at the close of his life, Patrick Henry laid his hand on the bilder of any of his life, Patrick Henry laid his hand of longitude through Greenwich. So far as this inference is worth more than all others; yet it is my mister to down into the come of st. Paul's with the dome o

her atter actonichment, found herself in one one blaze of his case occur to him fintil he was the greater part of the pew; if we turn round chastised by a lawyer named Boyle, in the corner of the street, it rushes against us, and to chastised by a lawyer named Boyle, in the corner of the street, it rushes against us, and to chastised by a lawyer named Boyle, in the corner of the street, it rushes against us, and to chastised by a lawyer named Boyle, in the corner of the street, it rushes against us, and to chastised by a lawyer named Boyle, in the corner of the street, it rushes against us, and to chastised by a lawyer named Boyle, in the corner of the street, it rushes against us, and to chastised by a lawyer named Boyle, in the corner of the street, it rushes against us, and to chastised by a lawyer named Boyle, in the corner of the street, it rushes against us, and to chastised by a lawyer named Boyle, in the corner of the street, it rushes against us, and to chastise of the corner of the street, it rushes against us, and to chastise of the corner of the street, it rushes against us, and to chastise of the corner of the street, it rushes against us, and to chastise of the corner of the street, it rushes against us, and to chastise of the corner of the street, it rushes against us, and to chastise of the corner of the street, it rushes against us, and to chastise of the corner of the street, it rushes against us, and the corner of the street, it rushes against us, and the corner of the street, and the corner

was fastened round the neck with a cluster of jewels, and a jaunty hat, ornamented with a tust of gay plumes, was carelessly set above his jetty curls. His tull, Turkish trousers reached only to the knee, and were gathered beneath his long Mexican boots.

"I see I must introduce myself," he said, in a voice which sounded strangely familiar; He quarreled with her and she left him not clared that his mistress was up stairs with another man, and he would see her. Rush-

of a suite of rooms, all opaning into each other and furnished in a style of real magnificence. The rock carpets in which the feet and as if they had been relver; southers that of they had been relver; southers that one the possibility at the death of the possibility at the possibility at the possibility of the possibility at the possibility at the possibility of the possibility of the possibility at the possibility at the possibility at the possibility at the possibility and then it was that has affect was made to the profession. He was above to expect the possibility of the possibility and the pos

(From the Poker.)
THEM MUTHERIN' FASHINS

CRINERLEENS. My DEAR FRIEND MISTER POKER. Forger and the state of the sta

is and only was found to weep over his headily and grave.

A week later Rajah Berne and his fair Cartatabed were married amid the rejuciage of their friends [5 falph was most successful] in his tools among the mines, and is now evaluity and respectable elizition of the state. Nearly all his stated and the representation of the state of the s

The boy no sooner approached, than his father raised him from the ground, and set him on a double chest of drawers, that stood beside the wall. The child's color went and

seeing him on the floor, said: "There Willy, Now look in the opposite direction, and see that tall lady sailing along in all the amplitude of skirt. What does she look like? A Jack-in-the-green on stilts; a

proofs he ever met with. Having neglected the duty of family prayer one morning, when the father came home the little reprover climbed on his knee, and said, 'Father, you did not pray with us to-day.' 'No my dear, I did not.' 'But, father, you ought, ought you not?' The fatter had 'There are many meridians. No field in historical geography is more interesting than the one which here opens; but I will add to a letter, already too long, only a paragraph from the quaint and crusty Cosmographia of Peter Heylin [folio Ed. London, 1652, pp. 24 and 240:]—"There are many meridians, according to

the interval allowed for sleep had not been of a miscalculation by Captain James Wilson, and the first miscanaries who settled here in 1792. Coming from the east, and to his family, in the hall of what was once the manor house, but which was then occupied by a farmer—"Father, you said you would one day, when I was old enough, teach me what faith is. Am I old enough now?"

"Well, I think you are Wilson in the first miscalculation by Captain James Wilson, and the firs ing worse confusion in the minds of a peo-

ary House inform me through your columns, and others who may be no less ignorant, whether the Tahitians still reckon differently from all the rest of the world, and if not, when and how they were led to throw away the day by which their reckoning was in ad vance of other places, "had got the start of

the majestic world,"
In view of particulars like the foregoing, I have asked a good many intelligent people,

its two chief commercial nations would be followed by others, and partly from a statement in the Conversations' Lexicon (in German, tenth edition, article Terro] "that not only the English, but the Dutch, and in

Sabbath noon in Greenwich, it is six Sabbath evening in Calcutta, and the last hour of the Sabbath in all places lacking a little of 180 of Greenwich, but it is only the last hour of Saturday in all places a few degrees further least than 180 of the great British observa-

above quoted with reference to the various other points, formerly or partially, used as first meridians. No field in historical geo-

"There are mnny meridians, according to the divers places where a man liveth; but the chief and first meridian passeth through the Island St. Michael, one of the Azores, whither modern geographers have removed it from the Caparies, where it was fixed in the time of Ptolemie. And this remove seems countenanced by nature itself, it being observed that the compass, when it cometh under the meridian drawn through this Isle, hath little or no variation at all, but pointeth almost directly towards the north; whereas, in all other places, it pointeth more or less to the north-east or the north-west. And yet it is observed of late, that there is a sensible variation even in this Isle, more than in Corro. B.D.J.

three groups are visible with a telescope of moderate power. The first group is just passing off on the western lumb, and will hardly be seen after to morrow; the second has passed about three quarters of the way across the disc, while the third which consists, of one large spot, with many small ones lying along the east of it, has not yet reached the middle of the disc. Each black spot is surtounded by a well defined luminous border which is yet much darker than the other portions of the disc. This border is called

the Cathedral at Ottawa, amounted to four hundred dollars, was stolen from the Bishop's Palace on Monday night. The Tribune says:—" This is a sad loss, as the money was intended for the payment of the beautiful new set of bells, purchased for, and just placed in the tower of the Cathedral. Suspicion rests on a young man who occasionally worked at the Palace, and who disappeared on Tuesday morning. Steps were immediately taken for his apprehension, but as yet they have not proved successful."

A queer story is told about a man out west who had a hair lip, upon which he performed an operation himself by inserting into the opening a piece of chicken flesh. It adhered, and filled up the space admirably. This was well enough, until, in compliance with the prevailing fashion, he attempted the raising of a moustache, when one side grew hair, and the other feathers.

satirical aspersions cast upon old maids, tell more to their credit than is generally imagined. Is a woman remarkably neat in her person, she will certainly die an old maid. Is she frugal in her expenses, and exact in her domestic concerns, she is out out for an old maid. And if she is kindly and humane to the animals about the satirals.

structed to nouty the Trustess of the differ is name upon our already swollen lar, and be filled up, and show of a fusion of stode