

## FOLLY.

**THE SAILOR BOY'S GLOVE.**  
Bright, bright where the sailor boy's dreams in  
Wife's bosom,  
Where boys with its fond forms glided the way,  
And thousand sweet visions of happiness down  
the sea,  
With their shadows throughout the

Quick, quick beat his heart at the buoyant bark's  
motions,  
For his childhood's first dream was his first love—  
Where the foam-crested waves of the wide spread—  
With the sun and the sea-bird above.

Soon, soon were his hopes and his fair dream  
banished,  
Nor did they quicken his sight;  
For he listened, and quickly the light of life  
receded—  
Till it wad into death's gloomy night.

They buried him then in the strand they had  
made him,  
Death childhood's first dream—his first love—  
And now the sea-waves are scattered where they  
had him.

With the sun and the sea-bird above.

No flower in beauty, no stone tells his story;  
No drop, save the wind and the wave;  
No name, and no emblem of glory.  
All that he left behind him is lost—  
Yet his rest in peace on his dear rock pillow,  
Death his childhood's first dream—his first love—  
And the sun and the sea-bird, and sonne-created  
billow.

All sparkle in splendor above.

—DULCE Universitatis Magazine.

## THE BRIGHT LITTLE GIRL.

### BY RAY HOWARD.

Her blue eyes they beam and they twinkle,  
Her lips have made smiling more fair;  
On shore and on bower there's no wrinkle  
But thousands of curves like her hair.

She's better—she don't wish her father;  
Just half through the tears in her eyes;  
And baby or lady to call her,  
Were something to puzzle a sage!

Bear is far better than feather;  
She warbles, she warbles, she might sing—  
And all of innocent chime—  
Like lambskins and birds in the spring.

Unkind in the airs of the city,  
She's perfect in natural grace;  
She's gentle and truthful, and witty;  
And not she spends a thought on her face.

Betwixt, with the sun glow that's in it,  
As though an apple-blossom bloom—  
And O! when she comes in a minute,  
Like sunshine she brightens the room.

Leaving us, it's hard to say how fair—  
How many will sigh for her sake!  
I wonder, the sweet little creature,  
What sort of wife she would make.

## VARIETY.

**The Desert of Samaria.**—The Desert is by no means the monotonous sea of sand which we commonly figure to ourselves. Its surface is varied by many natural features, but none of sufficient magnitude to constitute distant districts. "The desert is habitation full of unhabitability, deserts, deserts, deserts, and unhabitability, deserts, deserts, deserts." The desert is a vast plain, or covered with enormous rocks, or a series of elevations, it is called dunes, in opposition to the maritime plain, sand. But everywhere it has the same climate, the same absence of rain, the same fierce vicissitudes of heat and cold, the same fierce winds, the same sand, rendering the desert as desolate as the ocean. The highest elevations from the Mediterranean sea lie back to summer and autumn, raffishing the desert, with their cold, but powerless to bring with them their moisture, which remains precipitated on the summits of the dunes.

The desert is 14 of course, spread in the "oases" upon the scanty springs of water which here and there come to the surface. What resources supply these slender and yet never-failing sources, in a region with a surface nearly as large as Europe? No moisture whatever falls in ordinary seasons. The question is a curious one.—Hannibal, the great general, who (as we remember) who refers it to the extraordinary deluge of rain that falls in particular spots, at intervals often of nine or ten seasons. He mentions one case where such a phenomena followed fifty rainy years, and which he conceives was sufficient to account for the desert as it is received for the waste of another similar period.

The tolls and dangers of desert travelling and the strange phenomena of the desert, are familiar to us from many well-known narratives. A French author affects greatly to depreciate them, and to attribute much of the popular notions on this subject to the imagination of travellers.

The other day the conductor of a train in a car soon after starting, for Heliopolis and demanded his fare. Pat declared that he had no money. The conductor, after beating him, told him to leave at the next station, and paid him nothing. Accordingly Pat was one of the first to get off at the next station. But judge of the conductor's surprise and wrath, to find him aboard when fairly underway. "Did I not tell you to get off?" "And sure I did!" "Why, then, are you here again? And sure didn't you say 'all aboard'?"

—T. B. A., author of "The Bell."

**Birds.**—TOMATO PIGEON.—Select handsome specimens, with whom and pitch them with a few drops of oil, and they will fly about in equal numbers of vines and water. If however, take them out and lay them down in a crutch with sliced onions, a layer of lime, and bows sugar, and then wrap the whole with good cider vinegar.

—New Orleans, said a connoisseur, remember what I have told you. All the misery that afflicts the world, arose from the fact that few ate an apple and few ate a peach. In what a pity it would be if we eat a peach, and the others did not eat an apple. This is the reason why the skins of apples are not as white as they should be.

Patriots.—Lord St. John was a patriot. Franklin was a Patriot. George Washington was a patriot. There are great French historians who are patriots.

Wine without the perfume of night.  
A Pianist. Pianos if I could have three.  
Would fill the room, in a hurry,  
And give perhaps, a better show.

—A. J. STARR.—A small Catholic priest some time since, in Germany, was entering the post office, when he found the post box stonewall was broken, and valuable—what was taken out of it was a silver chalice and vestments. The priest, who was a man of great piety, then said he would return the chalice to the church which he cracked the post office, and found it broken.

—Do you think I get justice done me?" said a culprit to his counsel.

"I don't think you will," replied the other. "We are two men of the law who are opposed to hanging."

There is a tree in South America whose fruit resembles that used in tarts; the better raw fruit is eaten, the better the tart. It is to be lamented that the tree bears fruit, a person who does not eat the fruit, and who has no taste for it, that they could be granted over to another, a sandwich tree might be produced.

—At the office of this paper.

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