Poetry.

THE SNOW.

BY A DISMAL MAN.

Fierce blasts, chill airs, like those of a coquette;
Canadian noses blue, and frozen toes;
Sidewalks of glass, over which the walker goes
Shambling along, in agony's cold sweat;
Iceland's snow drifts, into which you fall,
At suffocation's risk, and sadly feel
The fiend rheumatic through your vitals steal,
While furious driver's at your lingering bawl;
The basin's water all a field of ice;
Holes in your boots, that ne'er had holes before;
Expensive sleigh rides, called by school girls nice;
The jingling bells the bank tips you o'er!
And then to feel that jolly, frost, and thaw
Are but precursors of a splashy thaw
Ugh!

THE SAME SUBJECT—BY A YOUNG LADY.

Dear! ain't it nice! O, what a charming snow!
How sweet it falls—so feathery, soft, and white!
Scene of enchantment, fairy like and bright!
And how the winds romantically!
O wn't we have a glorious sleigh ride now?
With lovely bells, the dearest little horse!
And Harry, he will go with me, of course,
An I we will gallop—Lord! I can't tell how!
We'll have the ride We'll have a splendid dance,
And supper, too, and some of that mulled wine!
And afterwards, *his* dear, devoted glance,
As we come back by moonlight so divine!
And then one pleasure I must ne'er forget!
'Twould heavenly be if we could but just upset
Hurrah!

VARIETY.

JUGGLING EXTRAORDINARY.—One of the old men came forward upon the gravelled and hard trodden avenue, leading with him a woman. He made her kneel down, tied her arms behind her, and blindfolded her eyes. Then bringing a great bag net made with open meshes of rope, he put it over the woman, and laced up the mouth, fastening it with knotted intertwining cords in such a way that it seemed an impossibility for her to extricate herself from it. The man then took a closely woven wicker-basket, that narrowed towards the top, lifted the woman in the net from the ground, and placed her in it, though it was not without the exertion of some force that he could crowd her through the narrow mouth. Having succeeded in getting her into the basket, in which, from its small size, she was necessarily in a most cramped position, he put the cover upon it, and threw over it a wide strip of cloth, tucking it completely. In a moment, placing his hand under the cloth, he drew out the net quite untied and disentangled. He then took a long, straight, sharp sword, muttered some words to himself while he sprinkled the dust upon the cloth, and put some upon his forehead; then pulled off and threw aside the covering, and plunged the sword suddenly into the basket. Prepared as in some degree we were for this, and knowing that it was only a deception, it was yet impossible to see it without a cold creeping of horror. The quiet and energy with which he repeated his strokes, driving the sword through and through the basket, while the other jugglers looked on, apparently as much interested as ourselves, were very dramatic and effective. Stopping after he had riddled the basket, he again scattered dust upon its top, lifted the lid, took up the basket from the ground, showed it to us empty, and threw it away. At the same moment, we saw the woman approaching us from a clump of trees at a distance of at least fifty or sixty feet. Throughout the whole of this inexplicable feat, the old man and the woman were quite removed from the rest of their party. The basket stood by itself on the hard earth, and so much beneath the veranda on which we were sitting, that we could easily see all around it. By what trick our watchful eyes closed, or by what means the woman invisibly escaped, was an entire mystery and remains unsolved.—*Crayon (U. S.)*

About thirty five years ago there resided in the town of Hebron a certain Dr. T., who became very much enamored of a beautiful young lady, resident in the same town. The Doctor was a strong and decided Presbyterian, and his lady love was a strong decided Baptist. They were sitting together one evening, talking of their approaching nuptials, when the Dr. remarked:—

'I am thinking my dear of two events which I shall number among the happiest of my life.'

'And pray, what may they be, Dr. remarked the lady.

'One is the hour when I shall call you 'wife' for the first time.'

'And the other?'

'It is when we shall present our first born for baptism.

'What! sprinkled?'

'Yes, my dear, sprinkled.'

'Never shall a child of mine be sprinkled.'

'But mine shall,'

'They shall be, hey?

'Yes, my love,'

'Well, sir, then I can tell you that your babies won't be my babies. So good night sir.'

The lady left the room, and the Dr. left the house. The sequel was that the Dr. never married, and the lady is an old maid.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—The following waif, afloat on the 'sea of reading,' we clip from an exchange. We do not know its paternity, but it contains some wholesome truths, beautifully set forth:

Men seldom think of the great event of death until the shadows fall across their own path, hiding forever from their eyes the traces of the loved ones whose living smiles were the sunlight of their existence. Death is the great antagonist of life, and the cold thought of the tomb is the skeleton of all feasts. We do not want to go through the dark valley although its passages may lead to paradise; and, with Charles Lamb, we do not want to lie down in the muddy grave, even with kings and princes for our bed-fellows.

But the fiat of nature is inexorable. There is no appeal or relief from the great law which dooms us to dust. We flourish and we fade as the leaves of the forest, and the flower that blooms and withers in a day has not a frailer hold upon life than the mightiest monarch that ever shook the earth with his footsteps. Generations of men appear and vanish as the grass, and the countless multitude that throngs the world to-day, will tomorrow disappear as the footsteps on the shore.

DEATH FROM THE SCRATCH OF A CAT.—A case now awaits the coroner's inquest at the King's College Hospital, where a poor woman has died from the effects of injuries produced by the scratch of a cat. The name of the deceased is Anne Smith 36 years of age, the wife of a tailor, residing at 12 White Horse-chambers, Fetter-lane, and from what can be ascertained of the matter, it appears that she was chastising the cat in some way when the animal turned round and scratched her on the arm. She took little notice of the wound, until the arm began to inflame, and it soon assumed such a painful state of swelling, that application for medical assistance became indispensable. She was accordingly admitted an in patient under the care of Mr. Partridge, but the inflammatory symptoms were of so obstinate a character that they failed to yield to surgical treatment, when erysipelas supervened, and she died on Sunday last in the greatest agony.—*English paper.*

TO MAKE INDIAN PUDDING.—*Boil Gammon Indian Pudding.*—Take three pints of scalded milk, let it cool, then take meal as will be sufficient to make a stiff batter, and a spoonful of molasses, with salt to your taste. Boil it four hours or more; make for pudding and bake half an hour. A very cheap dish, when molasses is cheap. Some prefer it with a small quantity of rye meal—it makes it more light. It is to be eaten with butter and molasses.

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