

A Recipe for Courage.—A gallant soldier was once heard to say, that his only measure of courage was this: 'Upon the first fire I immediately look upon myself as a dead man; I then fight out the remainder of the day, as regardless of danger as a dead man should be. All the limbs which I carry out of the field I regard as so much gained, or as so much saved out of the fire.'



THE LOST HEART.

Oh, yes! oh, yes! has any one found
A heart that a lady has lost?
Whoever returns it unbroken and sound,
Shall be handsomely paid for their cost.

The lady who lost it is sadly distress'd,
Her eyes are with weeping all swell'n;
When first it was miss'd, she can't tell in the least,
But she's reason to think it was stol'n.

Oh, yes! she thinks that the thief is a youth,
Who slyly attentions had shown her,
Whoever it is may as well tell the truth,
For it's only of use to the owner.

And why he's so backward at showing his face,
She thinks it exceedingly strange;
And she begs that he either will her heart replace
Or else give her his in exchange!



A good comparison.—The late *Georgé Colman* being once told, that a man whose character was not very immaculate, had grossly abused him, pointedly remarked, that 'the scandal and ill-report of some persons, was like fuller's earth; it daubs your coat a little for a time, but when it is rubbed off your coat is so much the cleaner.'



ON GENUINE WIT.

True wit is like the brilliant stone,
Dug from Golconda's mine;
Which boasts two various powers in one,
To cut as well as shine.

Genius, like that, if polish'd right,
With the same gifts abounds;
Appears at once both keen and bright,
And sparkles while it wounds.