

Poetry

At Home—Sweet Home.

“Home! home! ‘tis the voice we hear,
When from the distant land we come,
Cheering the weary heart!
Where joins the fond heart's sighs
Its buried hopes possessed!

“Where is the hour of sadness
With such a joyful welcome home?
Where more than those of gladness?
When man's gay cheeks return
From a sojourn with the sun?

“To those who ever yearn,
While earth itself has no charms
But home—sweet home!

“There blend the ties that strengthen,
Our hearts in hours of grief—
The silver links that lengthen
Joy's visits when most brief;

“There, eyes in all their splendor,
Are veiled in the heart,
And glances, bright and tender,
Fresh eloquence imparts;

“Then doth not seek for pleasure?
Or, do not wholly roam?

“But seek that hidden treasure
At home—sweet home!

“Does poor religion charm thee,
For more than night below?

“Wouldst thou that she should arm thee,

Against the hour of woe?

“Her dwelling is not only

In temples built for prayer;

For home itself is lonely;

Unless her smile be there;

Wherever we may wander,

To all in vain we roam,

If wornish'd be her altar;

At home—sweet home!

Too many Lovers will Puzzle a Maid.

Young Susan had loves so many, that she hardly knew upon which to decide;

They all spoke sincerely, and promised to be all worthy of such a sweet bride;

In the evening she'd gossip with William, and then

The moon would be mett with young Harry;

The evening with Tom; so, amongst all the men,

She never could tell which to marry;

Heigh ho! I'm afraid,

Too many lovers will puzzle a maid.

Moustaches.

Respectfully dedicated to those who have more hair upon the face, than brains in the head.

His lowny beard was th' could grow,

Both of his wisdom and his face." Horatio.

What's the morn thing growing out of your upper lip, Mister?" asked a country Yankee, of a coxcomb, whom he met with the other day.

"Sir, explained the dandy, fiercely raising his rataan, and bristling up to the interests," what business is that to you, sir?"

"Oh, no business of any consequence, to speak on," replied the Yankee; "I just axed for information, not being much acquainted with them are things."

"Well, sir," returned the gallant, angrily, "what if you and acquainted with 'em?"

"Must a fellow of your cloth have the den to question me?"

"I am not art in luck, but as my de-

mand is a small one, I think I may be!"

On payment before they come?"

"Is that really your attorney,

taylor?" asked the coxcomb,

"The law—what do you mean by that?" Do you mean to insinuate that I—S death! sir, I'll not—"

"Well, I thought as much," returned the Yankee, carelessly sticking his hand into his breeches pocket, and standing still before the dandy: "I thought you never intended to pay for them."

"What is that to you whether I pay for them or not? Haven't a right to manage as I please with my own tailor—to pay him or let it alone?"

"Why, Mister, that depends very much on what sort of a bargain you make. If your tailor agrees to let you cheat him, why that's his look out, not mine. But you haven't told me what you called them are things on your upper lip."

"Sir, you're an impudent puppy, sir."

"So I hear you say. Now, father's got a terrier dog—but he don't carry much, I can tell you—he'll kill three rats in two seconds—but, as I was saying, father's got a terrier dog, that's darned rough and hairy about the mouth—but I'll be damned if I'll tell you what you called them are things on your upper lip."

"Look! why, sir, they are all the go now."

"There's no finished gentleman now but what wears moustaches."

"Mostly, do you call em? Well, by hoky, they are musty and nasty too. They look very much like the latter end of our dog's tail, when he brushes it on the floor. Faugh!" I wouldn't touch 'em no in we than—"

"Telec 'em, sir, if you offer to put a finger on 'em, I'll call you within an inch of your life. I will, sir."

"What, with that are switch, Mister? I shouldn't mind it no more than I should an ear of straw."

"Well, sir, touch my moustaches and see if you don't get it."

"Touch your moustaches. Why, I'd live touch two old chaws of tobacco that have been spit out. Touch 'em indeed! Why, I wouldn't touch 'em with the tongue. I can't conceive, for my life, should induce any human critter to wear such darned nasty looking things as them."

Nancy lay on the soft green grass, sat, and slept so long. Nancy lay silent, indeed, while the sun beat down all the admiration of the world.

"Lord, is that so?" They must have a queer notion any how. But there are women who are unmercifully fond of puppys and such like animals; and I have seen two foolish and vicious girls if they were human critters. But, Lord! I don't see how any woman could let her come within a quarter of your admiration of the beauty."

"Do you question what I say?"

"Why, Master, I don't know what kind of index you have in the city here. But one thing I can tell you—our country girls would not no more let you touch 'em than would a toad—they're very particular what comes in contact with their lips. But Master, how in the name of fair bristles do you eat? How do you go to work to get the vitals into your mouth, with them are things hanging over it like a hedge fence over the side of a ditch? Do you eat meat and such like? or do you live on upon vitals?"

"It's none of your business, sir, what I live on. I eat at seven dollars a week, and eat what I please, sir, and drink what I please."

"Seven dollars a week! my gracious! we git board and washing and all in the country, for a dollar and fifty cents; but I suppose they ask you five dollars and a half extra for them are moustaches. Faugh! I wouldn't have 'em at the table for ten dollars."

"What a fool I am to stand here talking to a man 's your cloth."

Thus saying, the man with the moustaches flourished his dandy switch, wheeled about and whirled on. He had a gape but a few steps when the Yankee hawed after him—

"Hullo! Master—don't you want to buy a curvycomb? I've got some real fine ones, with teeth on both sides. They are bang up, I can tell you."

"Curse on your curvycombs and you too."

"Don't swear, Master—not go off in a passion—I meant no offence in what I've said. But I must declare, you're the darndest ugly looking man in the face. I ever did see in all my life."

American Bible Society.

The monthly meeting of the Board of Managers of this institution was held a few days ago. It gives us pleasure to say that this society is in a prosperous condition. It will be recollect that a legacy of \$10,000 was bequeathed to the American Bible Society by the late Mr. Weld, of Worcester, Mass.

What's the morn thing growing out of your upper lip, Mister?" asked a country Yankee, of a coxcomb, whom he met with the other day.

"Sir, explained the dandy, fiercely raising his rataan, and bristling up to the interests," what business is that to you, sir?"

"Oh, no business of any consequence, to speak on," replied the Yankee; "I just axed for information, not being much acquainted with them are things."

"Well, sir," returned the gallant, angrily, "what if you and acquainted with 'em?"

"Must a fellow of your cloth have the den to question me?"

"I am not art in luck, but as my de-

mand is a small one, I think I may be!"

On payment before they come?"

"Is that really your attorney,

taylor?" asked the coxcomb,

"The law—what do you mean by that?" Do you mean to insinuate that I—S death! sir, I'll not—"

"Well, I thought as much," returned the Yankee, carelessly sticking his hand into his breeches pocket, and standing still before the dandy: "I thought you never intended to pay for them."

"What is that to you whether I pay for them or not? Haven't a right to manage as I please with my own tailor—to pay him or let it alone?"

"Why, Mister, that depends very much on what sort of a bargain you make. If your tailor agrees to let you cheat him, why that's his look out, not mine. But you haven't told me what you called them are things on your upper lip."

"Look! why, sir, they are all the go now."

"There's no finished gentleman now but what wears moustaches."

"Mostly, do you call em? Well, by hoky, they are musty and nasty too. They look very much like the latter end of our dog's tail, when he brushes it on the floor. Faugh!" I wouldn't touch 'em no in we than—"

"Telec 'em, sir, if you offer to put a finger on 'em, I'll call you within an inch of your life. I will, sir."

"What, with that are switch, Mister? I shouldn't mind it no more than I should an ear of straw."

"Well, sir, touch my moustaches and see if you don't get it."

"Touch your moustaches. Why, I'd live touch two old chaws of tobacco that have been spit out. Touch 'em indeed! Why, I wouldn't touch 'em with the tongue. I can't conceive, for my life, should induce any human critter to wear such darned nasty looking things as them."

A LIST OF LETTERS.

Letters to the Postmaster General, N. C., and to the Postmaster General, N. Y., and to the General Post Office.

Letters to the Postmaster General, N. C., and to the Postmaster General, N. Y., and to the General Post Office.

Letters to the Postmaster General, N. C., and to the Postmaster General, N. Y., and to the General Post Office.

Letters to the Postmaster General, N. C., and to the Postmaster General, N. Y., and to the General Post Office.

Letters to the Postmaster General, N. C., and to the Postmaster General, N. Y., and to the General Post Office.

Letters to the Postmaster General, N. C., and to the Postmaster General, N. Y., and to the General Post Office.

Letters to the Postmaster General, N. C., and to the Postmaster General, N. Y., and to the General Post Office.

Letters to the Postmaster General, N. C., and to the Postmaster General, N. Y., and to the General Post Office.

Letters to the Postmaster General, N. C., and to the Postmaster General, N. Y., and to the General Post Office.

Letters to the Postmaster General, N. C., and to the Postmaster General, N. Y., and to the General Post Office.

Letters to the Postmaster General, N. C., and to the Postmaster General, N. Y., and to the General Post Office.

Letters to the Postmaster General, N. C., and to the Postmaster General, N. Y., and to the General Post Office.

Letters to the Postmaster General, N. C., and to the Postmaster General, N. Y., and to the General Post Office.

Letters to the Postmaster General, N. C., and to the Postmaster General, N. Y., and to the General Post Office.

Letters to the Postmaster General, N. C., and to the Postmaster General, N. Y., and to the General Post Office.

Letters to the Postmaster General, N. C., and to the Postmaster General, N. Y., and to the General Post Office.

Letters to the Postmaster General, N. C., and to the Postmaster General, N. Y., and to the General Post Office.

Letters to the Postmaster General, N. C., and to the Postmaster General, N. Y., and to the General Post Office.

Letters to the Postmaster General, N. C., and to the Postmaster General, N. Y., and to the General Post Office.

Letters to the Postmaster General, N. C., and to the Postmaster General, N. Y., and to the General Post Office.

Letters to the Postmaster General, N. C., and to the Postmaster General, N. Y., and to the General Post Office.

Letters to the Postmaster General, N. C., and to the Postmaster General, N. Y., and to the General Post Office.

Letters to the Postmaster General, N. C., and to the Postmaster General, N. Y., and to the General Post Office.

Letters to the Postmaster General, N. C., and to the Postmaster General, N. Y., and to the General Post Office.

Letters to the Postmaster General, N. C., and to the Postmaster General, N. Y., and to the General Post Office.

Letters to the Postmaster General, N. C., and to the Postmaster General, N. Y., and to the General Post Office.

Letters to the Postmaster General, N. C., and to the Postmaster General, N. Y., and to the General Post Office.

Letters to the Postmaster General, N. C., and to the Postmaster General, N. Y., and to the General Post Office.

Letters to the Postmaster General, N. C., and to the Postmaster General, N. Y., and to the General Post Office.

Letters to the Postmaster General, N. C., and to the Postmaster General, N. Y., and to the General Post Office.

Letters to the Postmaster General, N. C., and to the Postmaster General, N. Y., and to the General Post Office.

Letters to the Postmaster General, N. C., and to the Postmaster General, N. Y., and to the General Post Office.

Letters to the Postmaster General, N. C., and to the Postmaster General, N. Y., and to the General Post Office.

Letters to the Postmaster General, N. C., and to the Postmaster General, N. Y., and to the General Post Office.

Letters to the Postmaster General, N. C., and to the Postmaster General, N. Y., and to the General Post Office.

Letters to the Postmaster General, N. C., and to the Postmaster General, N. Y., and to the General Post Office.

Letters to the Postmaster General, N. C., and to the Postmaster General, N. Y., and to the General Post Office.

Letters to the Postmaster General, N. C., and to the Postmaster General, N. Y., and to the General Post Office.

Letters to the Postmaster General, N. C., and to the Postmaster General, N. Y., and to the General Post Office.

Letters to the Postmaster General, N. C., and to the Postmaster General, N. Y., and to the General Post Office.

Letters to the Postmaster General, N. C., and to the Postmaster General, N. Y., and to the General Post Office.

Letters