







Interesting Miscellany.

ORIGIN OF IDOLATRY IN INDIA.

The following very brilliant passage is from an article in the March number of Blackwood's Magazine, and in it the writer has contrived to embody an immense amount of metaphysics and poetry. The paper is on "The Castes and Creeds of India," and it will repay any one who will thoroughly study it.

A CANNON-BALL IN THE HAT.

An anonymous writer, after describing how, when a boy, he stole a cannon-ball from the Navy Yard at Charlestown, Mass., and with much trepidation, and more headache, carried it away in that universal pocket of youth, his hat, winds up the following reflections, which though philosophically trite, are conveyed with force and freshness:

The Lost Sheep.

A preacher of the Methodist church was traveling in one of the back settlements, and stopped at a cabin where an old lady received him very kindly. After setting provision before him, she began to question him:

Deacon Higney's Conscience.

A certain deacon, called Higney, used to "trade horses" at the Berkshire market. Stirred up by the preaching of his minister, he one Sunday, "after meeting," thus communicated to one Brown:

SOWING TARES.—A good story is told of a grave divine on Cape Cod, not long since, who awoke from a comfortable nap in his chair, and discovered his amiable helpmate in the performance of an act for which Gov. Marcy once made a charge of fifty cents to the state—in other words, mending his pantaloons.

MRS. POYSER'S PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.—Folks must put up 'w' their own skin as they do w' their own noses, it's their own flesh and blood. I'm not denyin' the women are foolish; God Almighty made 'em to match the men. Some folks' tongues are like the clocks as run on strikin', not to tell you the time o' the day, but because there's summat wrong w' their own inside.

A COMPASSIONATE CHILD.—"I was showing dear little Charlie the picture of the martyrs thrown to the lions," said Mrs. Jenkins, "and was talking very solemnly to him, trying to make him feel what a terrible fate it was. 'Ma!' said he, all at once; 'oh, ma! just look at the poor little lion away behind there—he won't get any!'"

Poetry and Sentiment.

LOVED AND LOST. BY HATTIE TYNG. Thou art low in the grave, May-blossom, With the violets clasped to thy breast, And the flower censers cast their soft incense,

The Warrior and Clio. A certain warrior Prince having demanded of Clio, the him a quill that was not cut at all, saying that it belonged to him to cut it with his sword; and if that cut well, the pen would write better.

A Curious Fact. If an acorn be suspended by a piece of thread—so says the Gardener's Gazette—within half an inch of the surface of some water contained in a hyacinth glass, and so permitted to remain without being disturbed, it will, in a few months, burst and throw a root down into the water, and shoot upwards its straight and tapering stem, with beautiful little green leaves.

THE HARE AND THE BRAMBLE. A hare, closely pursued, thought it prudent and meet To a bramble for refuge awhile to retreat; He entered the covert, but entering, found That briars and thorns did on all sides abound; And that, though he was safe, yet he never could stir,

OPINION. Opinion is that high and mighty dame Which rules the world, and in the mind doth frame Distastes or likings; for, in human race, She makes the fancy various as the face.

"BREAD UPON THE WATERS." For virtue leaves its sweets wherever tasted, And scattered truth is never, never wasted.

To persevere in one's duty, and be silent, is the best answer to calumny.

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