

every: Original and Select.

THE TRUMPET CALL

In Life's mighty field of battle,
Will ye stand like soulless cattle
Deaf to voice of love or fame?
Weak, when foes of right are calling;
Blaming others for the falling
Which may sleep the in a flame?

Faith and courage make men heroes;
Coward souls crown plumeless Neros;

And ignobly round them kneeling,
Dead to every lofty feeling,
Link by link

Will thou in dependence baste?
 Will thou forfeit thy edom's charter
 To a woman's weak untried
 Power, make thy life a story,
 Every page illumed with glory;
 Strong to dare, is great to do!
 Let the fire of love be lighted;
 Let the oppress'd, the wrong'd be righted;
 Let us hurl injustice down,
 For the cause of truth enlisting.

Moxon's 4th edition of *Roseland Brown's Poems*.

FACETIÆ.

at wears a tight boot is likely to have a narrow

"Notes" is the title of a new work on pedes-
tals. It ought to have a good run.
A man who has a scolding wife may not always be a
scold, but he usually keeps a hot-house.
Ferry addressed an audience last week. It
was that a man of his name ought to draw.
A young of the repentant husband after knocking
down—"Come to my bosom, my own stricken
bosom."

advertises itself as "pipe-makers to her Majesty."

Wilton insists that this world will tip over, and men ought to be careful about juggling the street.

The minister who divides his discourses into too much anecdote finds it difficult to procure attentive all of them.

A Grecian philosopher advises all men to be themselves. That's advising a good many to low acquaintance.

One bone of contention, An Ohio man wants a because his wife ran into a room full of combs a turkey-bone in her mouth.

— "Why, Jennie, you look good to eat!" said a loving husband to his wife one breakfast. "Well, I'm eating as fast as I can." —

lively as he passed her. She got a divorce be-
lived the table so beautifully when the dinner
to him.

men, entitled "All about the devil," had an account of only thirteen persons in Richmond. That the populace thought they couldn't learn any more,"—*American paper.*

Others, paper congratulates the people of Orleans for the success of the detective force in the case of the "burglars are captured within a few days," or the "offence transpires."

Others say, "They say that trumpet-players are false, and I doubt it. We have known some blow their own shams, and make a good troublesome old man."—*American paper.*

By the CARR.—"Do they ring two bells for a gentleman of his ten-year-old daughter?"

"No, papa," she replied, "they ring one bell only."

"Amusement," observes a would-be philosopher, "is that there are of them and the ladies are inclined to thank writers for having provided a mouthpiece to their."

—*Manlyman* who had been on a visit to London, returning home, remarked that he never saw a woman in black dress in his life as he saw in New York. This "black dress" was, when asked, called upon to name the trees he had seen, "Aisle-tree."

—*Manlyman* met a man on thirteen age, and she came off with a "kick" and took a stick and knocked him down. He was heard to exclaim: "It's of no use to try to be a farmer. That chick—here she comes!"

—*Manlyman* twelve shillings, not her, it's time anything."

—*Manlyman*, "Please, air, have you anything to offer?"

—*Manlyman*, "I inquired a beggar of a 'Nothing but pills,' was the reply, 'and I was told that I was a beggar.'"

jaculated the druggist, as he fired a mortar eating pauper.

DRAWN BOY.—Mr. Porter, of Baker street, has sons in the fire that he has never time to sit talk with his children and explain things. John traded a dog for a steel trap the other saying it to be a rat-trap. Then he set the front steps, supposing that to be the best. His father had been a different man the boy had more perception, but Mr. Porter never took the lad on his knee, and pointed out the and narrow road which the successful rat-trap pursue. John was in bed and asleep, and was sewing a three-cornered patch on his

and "Murder!" for three straight minutes,

[illegible]

