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FOR THE DEMOCRAT. THE GEM AND THE ANGEL. BY JOSEPHINE.

To My Mother. BY MISS COLUMBIA GARDNER.

SEMI-MORAL TALES. [From Arthur's Magazine.] PAT MURPHY'S FORTUNE.

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CHAPTER II. Pat at Home.

The little Irish boy left, on the whole, a good impression on the minds of the Doctor's family though they were ready non-plussed by his free and easy demeanor. The Doctor was captivated by his ready wit—the wife and daughter pined his evidence through uncomplaining destitution. The key to the little living engine consisted in a word beyond which no citizen reader will need any explanation. Pat was, or rather had been, a "news-boy" as such he had acquired development for the natural aptitude of his tongue—as such he had learned the readiness of reply, and keenness of repartee, which astonished the Doctor's household.

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CHAPTER III. Pat the Landlord.

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Cheerfulness.

Who would not like to be cheerful? yet how many there are, who hardly know what the word means. Some people will pass through this life, with scarcely a smile; and if they do happen to look cheerful, it is by none of their own exertions; it is the feeble effort of a spirit which they have not yet fully subdued.

Sunshine.

Sunshine rested on the scene before me. It was a bridal scene, and a joyous happy group were there: friends which had long been separated, had met again; and the sunshine of health, happiness and prosperity, was shining on them all.

A REPARTEE.

"Sir," said a member from Assumption, in the Louisiana Legislature, "I am here, the proud representative of my constituents; I am here from the parish of Assumption, and while I stand on this floor, I and Assumption are of a piece." "Yes," said an honorable opponent, "and you are the boldest piece of assumption that was ever heard of."