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BY JOHN B. BRATTON. "OUR COUNTRY—MAY IT ALWAYS BE RIGHT—BUT RIGHT OR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY." AT $2 00 PER ANNUM.

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Poetical.

THE WAY TO BE BRAVE.

Speak kindly to the poor old man,
Pick up his fallen cane,
And place it gently in his hand,
That he may walk again.
His bundle, too, replace with care
Beneath his trembling arm;
Brave all the taunts that you may hear
To give his life a charm.

A braver deed than scorners boast
Will be your triumph then,
A braver deed than annals tell,
Of some distinguished men.
Yes, leave that thoughtless, sneering crowd;
Dare to be good and kind;
Then let them laugh as laugh, they may,
Pass on; but never mind.

Pass on; but think once more of him
The wreck that you have seen,
How once a happy boy like you
He sported on the green;
A cloudless sky above his head,
The future bright and fair,
And friends all watching o'er his couch,
To breathe affection's prayer.

But ah the change! He wanders now,
Forsaken, lone and sad—
Thrice blessed is the task of those
Who strive to make him glad.
Speak kindly to that poor old man,
Pick up his fallen cane,
For that will ease his hardened heart,
And make him smile again.

SHE IS THINE.

She is thine—the word is spoken;
Hand to hand, and heart to heart!
Though all other ties are broken,
Time these bonds shall never part.
Thou hast taken her in gladness,
From the altar's holy shrine—
Oh, remember in her sadness,
She is thine, and only thine.

In so fair a temple never,
Aught of ill can hope to come,
Good will strive, and striving ever,
Make so pure a shrine its home!
Each the other's love possessing,
Say what care should cloud that brow?
She will be to thee a blessing,
And to her a shield be thou!

Miscellaneous.

STORY OF A DRAMATIST.

FROM THE FRENCH OF T. O. BERTHOND.

One cold morning in February, 1810, a short, stout, commonplace looking man, about sixty years old, entered the garden of an inn situated in the suburbs of Paris. Although the air was sharp and frosty, he seated himself near one of the tables placed out of doors, and taking off his hat, passed his fingers thro' his long grey hair.

His hands contrasted strangely with the remainder of his person; they were small, white, and terminated in such delicately formed pink nails, as might excite the envy of many a young lady. Presently one of the waiter's came up, and placed before him a bottle of wine.

"Not any to day, thank you," said the old man. "I feel fatigued, and will just rest a moment."

"The best way of resting, monsieur," replied the waiter, gaily, "is to drink a good glass of wine."

He drew the cork, and poured out some of the wine.

The old man rose and walked away. The waiter was a young lad: and it was with a confused and embarrassed air that he ran after the guest, and said:

"Sir, there is a credit for you at the Lion d'Or; if you have forgotten your purse, that's no reason you should lose your breakfast. To morrow, or whenever you like, you can ask for your bill."

The old man turned, looked at the youth, and a tear sparkled in his eye. "Thou art right, Jean," he said; "poverty must not be proud. I accept thy kindness as frankly as it is offered. Help thyself to a glass of wine."

"I drink to your good health, monsieur," said the waiter; and having emptied his glass, he went and fetched some spiced meat, bread, cheese, fruit and everything necessary for a tempting and nourishing repast; then with native politeness, in order to lessen the painful sense of obligation to his guest, he said: "When next one of your pieces is played, will you give me a ticket?"

"Thou shalt have two this very evening, my good lad. I will go and get them from Burnet, and bring them back to thee."

"The walk would be too much for your strength, monsieur; some other day, when you happen to pass by, will do as well."

"Thou shalt have a ticket to-day, for they are going to perform one of my pieces, 'Le Descapoir de Jocrisse,' at the Theatre des Varieties, and it may amuse thee."

"Ah, thank you, monsieur! What laughing I shall have."

"Yes; the poor old man, who but for thy charity would not have had a morsel to eat to-day, will entertain a numerous assembly this evening. They will applaud his pleasantry, they will laugh at his wit, but none of them will enquire about his destiny."

"But, monsieur, do not your pieces bring you money?"

"Not now, my friend. In order to support life during the past month, I was obliged to forestall the resource of the present one. These are the only slender returns from my former productions, for now age and misfortune have robbed me of my former powers. I no longer offer any vaudevilles to the managers; for, although they accept them, and pay me, they never have them played. I perceive they only take them from motives of compassion, and as a pretext for giving me alms. Now, my friend, thou art the first from whom I have accepted charity, and thou shalt be the last. The son of Louis Quinze may have descended to write in the character of a buffoon, and as it were to set his wit dancing on the tight rope of a vaudeville, but he will not become a beggar, were he expiring of hunger. You look as if you thought I have lost my senses, but it is not so. Louis Dorvigny is the son of a king. My mother, the young orphan daughter of Count d'Archambaud, died in giving me birth. My father was Louis Quinze.—During my childhood and youth, an invisible protector watched over me, and provided amply for my support and education. Suddenly, the fostering hand was withdrawn, and I was cast on the world to work unaided for my support. I did so until the moment when the powers of both body and mind failed me. This is my history—a royal origin, success, reputation, almost glory; and its end a meal owed to thy charity! Adieu, young man, and thanks; I will bring thee the tickets for the play."

So the old man departed; but as he stepped into the road, he found himself intercepted by two or three cavalry regiments returning to their barracks after a review.

The band was playing a lively air, and in the midst of his troops rode, in the place of honor, a general dressed in a magnificent uniform, and mounted on a splendid Andalusian charger. Happening as he passed to cast a glance at Dorvigny, he uttered a loud exclamation of surprise. Without heeding the soldiers, he stopped, jumped off his horse, and taking the old man by the hand, saluted him with great affection. Dorvigny stared with astonishment, not recognizing his features.

"You do not know me! Have twenty long years caused Monsieur Dorvigny to forget his idle, good-for-nothing servant boy?"

"Jean Dubois!"

"Yes, Jean Dubois—Jocrisse, as you used to call him. You ought not to have forgotten me, for I served as a model of one of your happiest dramatic creations."

"What! my poor boy—monsieur, I mean—thou art—you are become a great general?"

"Precisely. While in your service I was a terrible destroyer of plates; now, in the Emperor's, I perform the same office for his enemies. How glad I am to have met you! During the two or three days after my arrival in Paris, I have sent to seek you in every direction, but I could not discover your address."

"Because I have no longer an address."

"Then you must come and take up your abode at mine."

"General!"

"A general is accustomed to be obeyed. I arrest you as my prisoner. Go," he continued, addressing a soldier, "fetch me a carriage and lead my horse home. Now, Monsieur Dorvigny, step in."

Half laughing, half resisting, the old man took his place in the carriage next the General.

"Do you remember," said the latter, as they drove on, "the day I left your service, because as you told me you were no longer rich enough to keep a servant? I tried my fortune in several situations, but did not find a master so lenient as you, so as a last resource enlisted in a regiment. I was jeered by my comrades for my awkwardness, and for many months led an unhappy life;—until one day we found ourselves at Bormio, in the Valteline, facing a redoubt which opened a murderous fire on our ranks. The order was given to advance, and we rushed to the attack; but presently most of our men were mowed down, and those who escaped, hesitated and drew back. I threw myself alone into the redoubt, shouting, 'Follow me, boys!' They did so. The Austrians, astonished at this unlooked for attack, fled, and we took twelve pieces of cannon. The same day I was made a sergeant; and afterwards, by degrees and the fortunes of war, rose to the rank I now occupy. Perhaps I may get still higher."

Dorvigny was installed by the General in a pleasant apartment next his own, and for some time the old man enjoyed all the comforts and luxuries of life. At length his friend received an order to set out for Russia. During the first three months of the campaign, General Dubois sent letters and remittances to his former master, but they suddenly ceased, and one morning, from the column of a newspaper, Dorvigny learned that his friend had fallen at Moscow. He was forced to leave his pleasant lodgings and take refuge in an attic in an obscure part of Paris. There, after selling the coat off his back, overwhelmed with age and illness, he went to the proprietor of the Theatre des Varieties, whose fortune he had made, and begged for a small weekly pittance. It was refused. The old man smiled bitterly when the sentence was pronounced, and from that time, he shunned meeting acquaintances. The bookseller, Barba, who felt some friendship for him, sought him in various parts of the city, but in vain. A short time afterwards, Barba happened to hear that in a mean lodging in the Rue Grenetat, was lying, unclaimed and unknown, the corpse of an old man. With a sad presentiment, he hastened thither. It was, indeed, Dorvigny—dead from cold and hunger, uncared for alike in life and death!

The son of a peasant, the awkward servant boy, became a General, and after a glorious career, died the death of a hero; the son of a king, the charming poet, the bewitching dramatist, lived in poverty, and died the death of an outcast. Such is life.

RIVER LIFE.

Every avocation of life, no matter what it may be, has its eccentric features—and "characters" are always found whose peculiarities mark them with an especial stamp. Among our river men—whose lives are more variegated than any other—this feature is particularly prominent—for, thrown into all sorts of society, mingling, in friendly communion with all grades of people, from the pauper to the prince, the witless and the witty, the foolish and the wise, the rough and the refined, their opportunities to read nature mountainize above all that philosophers even have written. Show us the captain of a western steamer who cannot assert the precise location of a man's soul by his eye, and see as though he were but a sheet of glass; and this faculty, which he has acquired by practical experience, and the instincts of association, enables him to make himself easy anywhere among men, and accommodate himself to the varied notions of a varied people. In fact, he is and is not like the chameleon—he *is*, so far as his individual intercourse with men goes, in assuming their colors, but is *not*, so far as the fabled existence on air is concerned, as that don't pay the wood bills.

There are some quaint characters on our waters, and their anecdotes of river life would make an amusing collection—such an one as would be worth the attention of any enterprising collator. Some of the "yarns" of these quaint old captains out-hood Hood himself; and contain more of the material of humor than would furnish texts for a prolific author's lifetime.

There was once a steamboat coming up the Mississippi one dark night, and the captain according to "time-honored usages," was playing cards in the social hall. The mate stepped in—

'Captain, out of wood—not enough left to make the water hot enough to shave with.'

'Ring the bell,' replied the captain. 'Show a light, and scare some up along the shore.'

The mate went out, and the captain went on with the game. In a few moments the mate returned.

'Found a boat sir.'

The Captain left the table, and went out.

'How do you sell your wood?' shouted the captain to the people at the yard.

'Two and a half.'

'Too much,' said the captain. 'However, take a cord or two, and look further.'

A couple of cords were taken in, the game was resumed in the social hall, and the boat went on.

A half hour elapsed, when the mate again appeared.

'Out of wood, sir.'

'Bell and light—my deal.'

The orders were obeyed, and the mate again announced a wood-yard. The captain went out.

'What's the price of your wood?'

'Two and a half.'

'Too high, but will take a couple of cords till we can do better.'

As before, a couple of cords were taken in, and not twenty minutes elapsed before the mate again appeared.

'Ring the bell.'

'Better take more, this time.'

'Show a light.'

'It's done sir.'

In a few moments, a wood-yard was again 'rung up,' and the steamer B—— went in.

'How do you sell your wood?'

'Two and a half.'

'Two and a half be d—d?' cried the captain.

'Well, captain,' answered the woodman, 'we will put it to you at two and a quarter, as *this makes the third time you have wooded with us to-night!*'

The captain had nothing to say; but took the wood, and got quickly out of that stiff current, which the boat was unable to stem. The B—— was so 'solemnly slow' that the captain himself used to say she must have been intended for a hearse. She is the same boat which the newspapers once said made the trip from New Orleans to Louisville in six days and—four weeks.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

A Bird Seeking Lodgings.

During the cold storm of Monday night, at a late hour, a small bird knocked for admittance at a window of a hotel which happened to be illuminated by the light within. The occupant supposing the noise to be the pattering of hail against the pane, gave it no attention. Presently the rapping commenced again, when the window was opened and in flew the little creature, apparently delighted to get into comfortable quarters, and confident of shelter and safety. After coursing about the room as if to bathe itself in the warm air, it quietly selected its place, and depositing its head under its wing, went to sleep. It is difficult to say which of the occupants of the same apartment felt better satisfied with themselves or slept more peacefully through the night.—As the day broke, out broke the bird's grateful acknowledgements to the protector of us all, in a song, which for so tiny a body and a stranger, was remarkably loud and ecstatic. It was nearly famished, and ate and drank with an enviable appetite for its breakfast. Being now able to take care of itself, and not choosing to be dependent longer on charity, the little fellow insisted on being released; the window was opened and out he flew, to share his fortune with his tribe, thanking his friend as well as he could for his hospitality.—*Albany Argus.*

ALEOPATHY vs. HOMŒPATHY.

BY SMITH JONES, JR.

My wife, like all excellent housewives, has a passion for doctoring. In fact, unless I misjudge her, she is rather pleased than otherwise when I or the children are a little ailing, since it gives her an opportunity to administer her medicines and watch the miraculous cures they effect.

When we first married she was a devout allopathist. Thompsonianism was a popular hobby, at that time; but my wife escaped the infection, indeed she hated the new school so consistently that once I came near dying of cholera, for she refused to administer the prescription, because it tasted like Number Six.

In those good old days it was a treat to see her apothecary shop, as I called the cupboard, in our bed chamber, where she kept her medicines. The shelves were cloged up with boxes, full of the plaster and powders, while rows of phials, of all sizes, and duly labelled, covered the walls. I often thought, that if I ever had to break, I could begin the world afresh as an apothecary, with every thing in it necessary to a complete stock in trade from antimonial wine for the children to arsenic for the rats.

It used to be, in those times, if I complained of a headache: 'My dear, you are bilious: take a half a dozen of these pills; or a dose of calomel now, with some jolap before you go to bed, will cure you, depend upon it.' If I had hoarseness, she would say: 'Flaxseed tea is the very thing for you.' If the cold was in my head, it was: 'Take this warm punch to-night, and I'll cover you up with blankets.' 'Bless me,' she would say, 'your woolen stocking, wrapped around your throat, will put all to rights; mother used to say a woolen stocking was sovereign for sore throat, especially if it had been worn about a week.'

But the rise of homœpathy has quite unsettled my good wife's notions. For a long time she fought against the innovation: then she grew doubtful about its being so very bad; then she began to experiment with it; and finally she became a convert, out and out. I still cling to the old school myself, for I dislike change, and magnesia especially agrees with me; besides I like to get the worth of my money in medicines as in other things. But ever since her quarrel with our family physician, which I am about to relate, Mrs. Jones has doctored herself and her children homœpathically. As they don't die, but eat as much butcher's beef as ever, I'm inclined to think that their favorite pills are not injuring them much. Perhaps, however, the mischief is being done by slow decay. It is certain that Mrs. Jones grows thinner and paler yearly, nor do I see that the nerves of the dear sufferer improve, with all her polsatilla. But to my story:

My wife was still doubtful whether to turn homœpathist or cling to the old school, at the time that Harry, our fourth and youngest, was born. On similar auspicious occasions she had been accustomed to employ her mother's family physician, partly because he had prescribed at her own 'first appearance' on this sublunary sphere, and partly because Dr. Moses was regarded as infallible by nine-tenths of the married ladies of the town. But lately, in other ailments, she had been consulting a homœpathic physician. However, precedent carried the day; and Dr. Moses, as usual, was summoned.

Things went charmingly for more than a fortnight. The splendid bays of Dr. Moses which had, at first, stopped daily at our door, began to make their appearance only occasionly: and, in fact, my wife considered herself well, and dressed accordingly, each day, in the most becoming wrapper, in order to see company. She was in the full tide of receiving visits, and hearing all the latest gossip, and in general, enjoying herself excessively as well as looking remarkably well in consequence, when our second youngest, little Mary, fell ill, and it was feared of the scarlet fever.

For once in my life I now ventured to interfere in the choice of a physician.

'I think, my dear,' I said, 'that you had better let Dr. Moses prescribe. He hates a homœpathist, you know as he hates poison. Our darling is not very ill, and if the disease is taken in time——'

'How do you talk Jones,' interrupted my wife.—'If there's anything the homœpathist are soverign in, its in scarlet fever. Mind, I don't say they're best in all diseases: in some disorders the old school, perhaps, is superior; but in scarlet fever, or sore throats of any kind, they're working wonders.'

'But if Dr. Moses hears of it——'

'He can't hear of it. Mary shall be kept up in the nursery; and let no catch either of the girls telling.'

It was of no use to remonstrate, or, if it had been, my wife's nerves, in her then delicate state of health, could not have endured such a shock. I said no more, and Dr. Dilution was summoned.

The disease proved to be a scarlatina of a mild type, and the patient was already nearly well, when Mrs. Jones was attacked by headache. A headache was one of the ailments for which in her opinion, homœpathist was 'soverign:' and accordingly, when Dr. Dilution paid his morning visit to Mary, she sent for him to give her something for her head.

In the afternoon the headache, though better, was still annoying, and Dr. Dilution was again applied to. He had just administered a few pellets, clasped his pocket case of medicines, and gained the hall in his retreat, when the front door opened and Dr. Moses appeared.

The two physicians know each other by sight, though they were not on speaking terms. But, at thus meeting face to face, civility required some mutual courtesies. Dr. Moses contented himself with a cold nod and a glance of infinite disdain; the younger practitioner, however, who was quite willing to share where the other wished to monopolize, thought this a good opportunity to concilitate, and bowing low, said, blandly:

'I have just left our patient, doctor. A slight nervous derangement, nothing more, will be better in the morning, as I think you will say.'

Dr. Moses paused, turned around, and measuring the speaker from head to foot with his eyes, said:

'Our patient! Pray explain yourself, sir.'

And, as he spoke, he drew himself up, like another autocrat, and gazed superbly down on Dr. Dilution.

'Yes doctor, our patient,' replied the latter, still more conciliatingly. 'Mrs. Jones.'

'Mrs. Jones!'

'Certainly, doctor.'

'Mrs. Smith Jones!'

'Yes, doctor.'

'The lady of the house!'

'Of course, doctor.'

The eyes of Dr. Moses flashed fire. His empire, however often disputed in public, had never yet been assailed in one of its fortresses.

'Sir,' he said, at last, proudly, elevating himself to his full height, 'since you are the physician here, I am of no use. Give my compliments to Mrs. Jones, and tell her so. Good evening, sir.'

He bowed profoundly as he spoke, left the hall, and immediately drove off, nor since that hour has he crossed my threshold. My wife is now a confirmed homœpathist.

'He needn't have gone off,' she said, when I ventured to remind her of the warning I had given, 'in such a huff. Can't a body take a pill without asking his leave? He needn't be afraid I'll ask him to come here again: I wouldn't have him to prescribe for a sick kitten.'

Fortunately I have not, since this occurrence, required a physician. Once, indeed, being a little ailing, I consented to take muxvomica, at the urgent request of Mrs. Jones. My disease, I must confess, disappeared, but in its stead came a nervous paralysis, which I did not get rid of until I had drunk half a bottle of port wine. Whether the muxvomica produced the paralysis, or whether the wine removed it are questions which Mrs. Jones and I debate to this day: though, to be candid, the victory is generally her's; for as the subject is one, on which her enthusiastic nature is apt to become over excited, I usually give in out of respect to her nerves.

The name TULIP is derived from the Turkish, and the flower is so called from its fancied resemblance to a turban.

Getting a Railroad Subscription in Mississippi.

Having seen nobody for thirty miles, night overtook me at the centre of Jones county. The road was only visible by the 'three scores' on the trees, the grass growing on it rank and tall, like that in the adjacent woods. I was striking for the court house. I passed a small opening in which stood three rickety cabins, but they were untenanted. The road branched off into a dozen trails. Completely puzzled, I throw down the reins and left the matter to the instinct of my horse. He struck into one of the paths, and in fifteen minutes halted at a large farm house.

'Halloo!' cried I.

'It's hallow yourself,' said the man in the gallery.

'How far to the court house?'

'Where are you from?' said the man.

'From Winchester.'

'Then,' said he, 'the court house is behind and you have come right by it there,' pointing to the deserted cabins.

'Why I saw nobody there.'

'I reckon you did'nt,' said he. 'There's a groggery and a avern twice a year, two days at a time, but they come with the court and go with the court.'

'And the clerk and sheriff,' said I, 'where do they live?'

'Oh, the sheriff is clerk and the clerk is squire, assessor, and tax collector in the bargain, and he lives away down the Reef?'

'But the lots, my friend—who owns the lots?'

'The same individual that owns the best part of Jones county—the only landlord who never sues for rent—Uncle Sam.'

'Well, sir, I am tired and hungry—can I stop with you to-night?'

'Light, stranger, light, Michael Anderson, never shuts his doors to man or beast.'

Having carefully housed and fed my horse, I soon sat down to a substantial supper of fried chickens and stewed venison, corn cake, peach cobbler, milk, butter and honey, served with a welcome and abundance peculiar to the pine woods. My host was a shrewd man, well to do in the world, preferring Jones county to any place this side of Paradise, having lived there twenty years without administering a dose of medicine, and had never been crossed but once during all that time. I was curious to know what had disturbed the serenity of such a life as his.

'Why, sir,' said he, 'I don't make a practice of talking about it, but being as you are a stranger, and I've taken a liking to you, I will narrate the circumstances. May be you've heard how the legislature chartered the Brandon bank, to build a railway through the pine woods away down the sea shore.—In these parts, we go against banks—but roads sort of suck our prejudices. Before the bank could be set agoing the law required so much of the coin to be planked up. The managers all lived about Brandon, but the metal was mighty scarce, and the folks about there did'nt have it, or they wouldn't trust 'em.

They strung what little they had around the babies' necks, to cut their teeth with. Well, they got wind that I had some of the genuine, and the managers kept sending to me for it, offering to put me in the board. But I always answered that my money was safer in the old women's stocking than in the bank. I heard nothing more about it for three months, when one night a big, likely looking man rode up, and asked me for a chunk of fire.

'Squire Anderson,' said he, 'my men have camped a quarter of a mile down the creek, and are surveying the railway to Mississippi City, but have come to a dead halt, because our line runs chuck up against your clearing, and we shall have to make a bend to get around to the court house.'

The big man said this with so serious an air, and seemed so mystified at having to crook his line around my field, that his words went right through me. I invited him in. We talked it over and emptied a bottle of liquor on the strength of it. Next morning we went down to the camp. He took his compass and run his line right spang up again my smoke house, which I had just finished after six months' labor.

'Well,' says he, 'this is unlucky. The road will come right through your new smoke house; what's to be done?'

'You shall see,' said I; so calling my boys I ordered them to tear it down. 'Stranger, there lay the logs, the prettiest timber within fifty miles, all hewed by my own hands. I have never had the heart to put them up again. Well, the big man never changed countenance. He ran on with his line, and the next day he came back on his return to Brandon. I was mightily lifted with the notion of the railroad, and a stopping place right before my door. I entered six hundred and forty acre of land. My neighbors said we'd got the State House here.—The big man smiled and nodded; he pointed out where the cars would stop, and where the Governor would like to have a summer seat—and when he went he carried away three thousand dollars for me all in two bit pieces and picayunes.'

'Well, Squire,' said I, 'suppose you got the value of it?'

'Stranger,' solemnly replied the Squire, 'I never saw the big man afterwards; I heard no more of the road. Here's my smoke house logs. My old woman's got the empty stockings. Here's what they sent me (a certificate on the Brandon Bank Stock) for the money, and if you've got a ten dollar mint drop in your purse, I'm ready for a swap!'

DEAN SWIFT.

The Dean was once travelling through one of the rural parishes some leagues from London, and introducing himself to the parson as a member of the same profession, was invited to partake of his fraternal hospitalities. The Dean consented and accompanied the parson to his church the next morning. And there the Dean had the satisfaction of hearing one of his own sermons preached by an ignorant 'bible banger,' without a word of acknowledgement. When the services were over, the Dean asked the preacher how long it took him to write such a sermon. 'Oh,' said the minister, 'I wrote that sermon in about two hours.' 'Did you, indeed,' said the Dean, in reply, 'why it took ME over two months to write that very sermon.'

A CLERICAL JOKE.—At the Corporation dinner in Boston on the 4th of July last, there were present among the guests two clergymen, viz: Rev. Dr. R. H. Neale, Baptist, and Rev. J. B. McMahan, Catholic. They were seated at the same table, and having been introduced to each other, they entered into conversation. Dr. Neale, with that native desire which a Yankee has to know all things, asked his new acquaintance whether he was a 'Doctor of Medicine or a Doctor of Divinity.' '*Both*,' was the reply. After a brief pause the double doctor turned to his neighbor, 'And, sir, may I be so bold to ask which you are—a Doctor of Divinity or a Doctor of Physic?' 'A Doctor of Divinity, sir,' said Dr. Neale. 'Ah, then,' said the little priest, 'the difference between you and me is this—you preach, but don't practice. Now I do both.' Dr. Neale laughed merrily at the joke, as did also many others, who had overheard the witty repartee.—*Courier.*

SEEING HOW IT OPERATED.—As the railroad train was approaching Southboro' this morning with a huge plow attached to the engine, throwing the snow aside in clouds, an individual who was very anxious to witness the operation, advanced to the end of the platform, near the station, and took his stand near a large drift, through which the train must pass. Though told that he would be liberally sprinkled by the frosty materials, he took no heed to the warning, and on the approach of the train firmly kept his position—from which, however, when the train had passed, he was found to be missing, having suddenly vanquished from the view of the astonished spectators beneath the immense cloud of snow which was dashed aside by the giant plow. Shovels being procured, the curious gentleman was dug out having, with the exception of the crushing of a new hat and a clean dicky, escaped injury. He professes to be entirely satisfied with his opportunity of seeing how it operated.—*Boston Traveller.*

COURTING IN COURT.

An interesting and rather unexpected circumstance took place at a Justice's court in Tyrone, on Friday last. The preliminary history of the case is as follows: Miss Angeline Houghtaling a cunning and rather good looking young lady of some 25 years of age, whose *personal* attractions had gained for her considerable reputation among the warm blooded youths of this section, and whose residence in Albany, as well as other enlightened cities at the east, have afforded her excellent advantages for studying human nature—had commenced a suit against Mr. Sharp, a widower farmer, of Tyrone, whose peculiar constitutional organization and zigzag brains had rendered him highly susceptible to the influence of woman's charms, and made him alternately a slave and a [illegible]

The plaintiff claimed for a cow, the possession of which she purchased of defendant, and for which she had paid him by a stove, sold and delivered to him some two years since, and by personal services. Plaintiff also claimed for a pair of shoes.

It seems that about two years ago, Miss H. was engaged as house-keeper by defendant, and continued to discharge all the functions of that station during a period of about 18 months or until some time last spring, when owing to his violent temper, a separation took place. But then he discovered the strength of her influence over him. He sought a reconciliation without avail. The fair one was independent and stubborn. Once during the past summer, they met here and she consented to talk with him. In the generosity of his soul, he bought her a pair of shoes, when she argeed to return home with him. She rode some two miles in his buggy, when passing the house of an acquaintance she proposed to stop a moment to get her clothes. He consented. She went in. He waited till at last he became impatient. Soon he discovered her crossing a gully at full speed. The conviction flashed across his mind that she had "given him the slip." At once abandoning his horse and buggy he started in pursuit. He was the swiftest—he overhauled the chase. Seizing her with force he threw her down and took off from her feet the very shoes that he had so lovingly purchased for her a few hours previous! The poor damsel was of course left barefooted.

Even this affair was forgotten by him in a few days, and he manifested as strong a desire as ever to secure her return to his desolate abode; but his offer was rejected. Recently the suit above mentioned was instituted by her before Esquire Jackson, of Altay, and as the parties were generally known in that part of Steuben, a large collection of persons had assembled to hear the trial.

The cause being called, the plaintiff appeared, attended by her counsel, John Banker, Esq. The defendant had no counsel, and expressed his determination to conduct his own cause. At the request of the defendant, a short delay was granted to see if the parties could settle. They retired to the further end of the court-room, and after conversing together nearly an hour, during which time the fact became apparent that he was endeavoring to persuade her to settle the suit by marrying him, they advanced towards the Justice, when the plaintiff declared they could not agree. A witness was accordingly called to the stand, and about to be sworn, when Miss Sally cried out:

"Hold on, 'Squire—let me try her again. We *must* settle."

Again the parties retired, and after another long conversation, returned—he the picture of despair, and she evidently as full of fun and deviltry as ever. No settlement having taken place, the witness was again called to the stand, and the oath again about to be administered—but the desperate voice of the excited Sharpe was once more potent.

"For God's sake wait a little longer, Squire!—Perhaps she'll have me yet. I'll do all she wants. Angeline why won't you have me?" asked Sharpe, turning to his tormentor.

"Because," said she, "I'm afraid you'll abuse me."

"No—I wont treat you bad—nor talk provoking. Come now let's settle."

"Why, Sharpe, you are half crazy about religion one moment, and the next full of hell. I can't trust you again!"

Poor Sharpe was in agony. "Oh, Ange"—said he, coaxingly, approaching her—"if you will marry me, I'll do anything. I'll give you bonds if you want, not to ill use you, and I'll never twit you about John—nor Harvey—nor Elder—nor any one else again. Now don't say anything more and we'll settle this suit. Come, my dear!"

At last the adamantine heart and stubborn spirit of the conquering girl yielded to the besieger.—The last condition of the capitulation was overcome. She consented! A shout of long suppressed but violent laughter went up from a hundred voices. The suit was ended! The court adjourned, and at the request of the now happy pair, Justice, jurors, witnesses, spectators and citizens assembled in the large room at a neighboring tavern, where, in a few moments, the plaintiff was transformed into Mrs. Sharpe. The magistrate and all present pronounced judgment for the plaintiff, but the defendant thereby saved his cow.

A PANTHER HUNT.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Ledger* furnishes them with the following details of the capture of three of these "*varmints*:"

Three young men of Brady township, Clearfield county, Pa., named Jackson Long, Jos. Dale and Joab Ogden, pursued three panthers, and the first day they overtook them; a small dog which they had along, treed the two young panthers, which they shot. Night coming on, the men made a fire, and remained all night on the track of the old panther. Next morning they renewed the pursuit, and in a wind-fall, got within a few feet of the old panther, when she ran off, at full speed. Some time after they came to a hole among the rocks, in which the panther had entered. The dog was in too, a part of the way, and barking at her. Here nine hundred and ninety nine out of a thousand would have shrunk from the danger of entering, but not so with our hero; for, without hesitation, Mr. Long prepared himself, and, with rifle in hand, entered, and, after going about twenty feet, the hole contracted so as to oblige him to crawl on his hands and knees. After he got in some fifty feet, he perceived two fiery eyes glaring at him, and when within about six feet of the animal, he took aim as well as he could, in the darkness and shot her dead on the spot. He then took hold of her, but could not pull her out, on account of some loose stones. He then went out, procured a rope, and re entered, and fastening the rope around her neck, he hauled her out. The panther measured upwards of nine feet from the nose to the end of the tail. This is not Mr. Long's first exploit, and I predict it will not be his last one, if he lives.

The inhabitants of a small town not a hundred miles from Gotham, considering that they had as much right to bore KOSSUTH with a speech as their neighbors, appointed a committee to wait upon him at 'the IRVING,' and welcome him to our shores, etc. As none of them were in possession of more knowledge than the law allows, but being of the 'mute inglorious MILTON' order, they determined to cast lots for a speaker. It chanced to fall upon a son of the Emerald Isle, who was not much addicted to newspaper-reading. He had heard that KOSSUTH was an exile, and as the words exile and Ireland were associated together in his mind, he thought of course that KOSSUTH must be a Milesian. So, stepping up to him, after the ceremony of introducing the deputation was over, he addressed him thus:—"Illustrious McGUIRE!" In spelling the word '*Magyar*,' from the ear, he had divided it thus: 'Mag-y-ar!'

The Great Storm of 1703.

The most violent storm ever known to occur on the coasts of Europe, was on the 27th of November, 1703—one hundred and forty eight years ago. This fearful tempest on the shores on Great Britian was preceded by a strong west wind, which set in about the middle of November, and every day and every hour increased in force, till on the 27th it raged so furiously that every heart was appalled, and horror and confusion seized upon all, whether on shore or at sea. To venture abroad was to rush into instant death, and to stay within afforded no other prospect than that of being buried under the ruins of falling habitation. One hundred and twenty three persons were killed by the falling of dwellings; amongst these were the Bishop of Bath and Wells and his lady, by the fall of part of the Episcopal Palace of Wells; and Lady Penelope Nicholas, sister to the Bishop of London, at Fleming-in-Essex, nose who perished in the waters, in the floods of the Severn and the Thames, on the coast of Holland, and in the ships blown away, and never heard of afterwards, are computed to have amounted to eight thousand. All ranks and degrees were affected by this amazing tempest, for every family that had anything to lose lost something: lands, houses, churches and trees, all were disturbed or damaged by its fury. The damage in the city of London alone was computed at nearly £2,000,000 sterling. In the river Thames, only four ships remained between London bridge and Limehouse, the rest being driven below, and lying there miserably beating against one another. Five hundred wherries, two hundred ship boats, and one hundred lighters and barges, were entirely lost, and a much greater number received very considerable damage.

The Eddystone Lighthouse, near Plymouth, was precipitated into the surrounding ocean, and with it Mr. Winstanley, an architect, by whom it was contrived, and the people who were with him. Having been frequently told that the edifice was too light to withstand the fury of the wind and waves, he was accustomed to rely that he only wished to be in it when a storm should happen. Unfortunately, his desire was gratified. Signals of distress were made; but in so tremendous a sea, no vessel could live, or would venture to put off for their relief. So awful a visitation produced the most serious impressions on the Government, and a day of fasting and humiliation was appointed by authority.—*Boston Journal.*

Chased by a Locomotive.

The following is a Hoosier description of the first sight of a locomotive, and his adventures consequent thereon:

'I came across through the country, and struck your railroad, and was plying it at about four knots an hour. Now, I have heard tell about your locomotives, but never dreamed of seeing one alive and kicking; but about two miles from here I heard something coming, coughing, sneezing and thundering, so I looked around. Sure enough, there she comes down after me—pawing the earth up and splitting the air wide open, with more smoke and fire flying than orto come out of a hundred burning mountains. There was a dozen wagons follerin' arter, and to save her tarnal black, smoky noisy neck, she couldn't get clear of 'em. I don't know whether they scared her up or no: but here she comes foaming at the mouth, with her teeth full of burning red coals, and she pitched straight at me like a thousand of brick. I couldn't stand it any longer, so I wheeled around and took down the road, and began to [illegible] I done that than she put right straight after me; and at every jump I made, she squalled like a thousand wild cats. She began to gain on me coming up a little hill, but come round a pint to a straight level on the road. Now, thinks I, I'll give you ginger, and I'm great on a dead level; so I pulled to it and got under full speed, and then she began to yell, and stamp, and come on full chisel, and made the whole airth shake. But I kept on before, bounding at the rate of twenty feet every jump till I got to a turn in the road, and I was under such headway that I couldn't turn, so I turned heels over head down a bank by a house, landed esmuliek into a swill barrel, and my feet stuck out behind and up in the air.

Just at the time the locomotive found I had got away from it, it commenced spitting hot water into me, and just litterally spattered it all over me. I thought in my soul that Mount Vesuvius had burst in some place in the neighborhood. But do you suppose I staid there long? No, sir! I just walked right through that barrel, and came out so quick that it really looked ashamed of itself. Now here I am, a real double revolving locomotive coally gloster, ready to attack any thing but a combination of thunder and lightning; smoke, fathered from and hot water.

AVARICE.

There is something frightful in this passion, and of all those that attack the heart of man there is none more to be feared. In the others, there is some appearance of pleasure and satisfaction that attaches us to them, but in this there is only a crowd of clingrins, fears and disquietudes. Bacon says a good thing concerning misers, that money is a good servant, but a bad master. It is well to be economical, but not to excess. My father said that one should drink his wine, but ought not to eat his vines, and that we should avoid resembling that Italian, who, wishing to excel in stinginess, said that, instead of striking the twenty-four hours, as is done in Italy, the clocks ought to strike twelve, that the workmen might not lose so much time in counting.

HABIT.—Dr. Simpson, in a sermon at the Cincinnati camp ground, gave the following illustration of the power of habit:

I was preaching, said he, and as I turned my eyes to the gallery, I saw a man with one arm bent as if holding a violin, while the other was in motion as if drawing the bow across it, while the tears were rolling down his cheeks. Struck at such a strange sight, I afterwards inquired concerning him—and found that in early life he had been passionately fond of the violin, and so habituated to playing upon it had he became, that even now, after a lapse of many years, whenever he felt very happy or joyful, he involuntarily assumed the attitude and motion of a violin player.

HASTY JUDGMENT.—The evil to which hasty judgment often leads, is strikingly illustrated in the following incident. A noble lady of Florence lost a valuable pearl necklace, and a young girl who waited upon her was accused of the theft. At first she denied it; but being put to the torture, her powers of endurance gave way, and she acknowledged the theft; and, without further trial, was hung. Shortly after the execution a terrible thunder storm visited Florence, during the prevalence of which the lightning struck a figure of Justice on a lofty column, and split the head to the scales, one of which fell down, and in it was found the remains of a magpie's nest, containing the pearl necklace.

RESPECTS.—Nothing sits so gracefully upon children, and nothing makes them so lovely as habitual respect and dutiful deportment towards their parents and superiors; it makes the plainest face beautiful, and gives to every common action a nameless but particular charm.

NATURE A REPUBLICAN.—One of the most racy, progressive speeches at the KOSSUTH banquet, was delivered by the Rev. E. H. Chapin, a minister—a Universalist, we believe. The following is an extract:

'Nature is a republican—for, sir, what are these new forces' steam and electricity, that have changed the face of the whole world, and jerked the nineteenth century further ahead than ages before—what are these but powers that are living, and forcing the world on to a noble destiny? What are these but affacious principles, but the janitors of classes, and the servants of common men who have become powerful? Does not the poor man to-day ride upon cars such as never waited upon kings?'