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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 OLD LOG HUT.

BY R. SINCLAIR, ESQ.

Down by the River our log hut stands,
Where father and mother once dwelt,
And the old door latch that was worn by our hands
And the church wherein we knelt.
Years, years have past since that happy time,
But the river keeps rolling along,
And the rippling sound on the mossy bank
Is singing the same old song.
CHORUS—Row, row, row your boat,
Gently down the stream,
All that's past is gone you know,
The future's but a dream.

There stands the tree we used to climb,
And the mill with its rolling din,
And the old wharf boat there it used to float
Where the school-boys used to swim.
High grass grows on the master's grave,
And the river keeps rolling along,
And the birds and the bees, the blossoms, the trees,
Are singing the same old song.
CHORUS—Row, row, row the boat,
Gently down the stream,
All that's past is gone you know,
The future's but a dream.

TIME AND LIFE.

BY C. D. STUART.

There is a dark and mighty sea
Which restless rolls its tide,
And countless rivers silently,
Into its bosom glide;
That sea is Time! upon its shore,
All gloomy with the past,
What wrecks of ages, evermore,
Life's river-streams shall cast.

There, shivered in the sand, are strown,
The proudest works of art;
There, pyramid and sphynx o'erthrown,
Of dust and mould are part;
There, beggars sleep embraced by kings,
And there, all silently
Beneath oblivion's awful wings,
Nations and races lie.

O dark and mighty is that sea—
The restless sea of Time—
Its waves, unto Life's river streams
With solemn music chime;
And phantom men and nations tread
Its grim and gloomy shore,
The living to the land of death
To welcome evermore!

Miscellaneous.

BOTH SIDES OF THE PICTURE.

"Is the boy sick?" asked Mr. Lindley, with a look of anxiety and alarm, as he entered the room and saw his young and beautiful wife sitting by the side of her sleeping infant, weeping most bitterly.—"Is the boy sick?"

"No," answered the affected lady, "he is quite well."

"Then what is the matter, my dear Emily? What occasions this flood of tears?" Mr. Lindley seated himself beside his wife, and took her hand while speaking.

"I am worn out with this perpetual confinement," answered Mrs. Lindley; "this unvarying round of dull domestic care."

"*Perpetual* confinement, *my dear?*" said Mr. Lindley; did you not spend yesterday with your mother; and take a drive into the country the day before? Come, dearest, dry up your tears, and lie on to an interesting book I have brought home with me, purposely to read aloud to you."

"Your book would be but a poor substitute for society," said Mrs. Lindley, who still sat with her head inclined, looking the very picture of sorrow and discontent; "I am suffering for society—suffering to mingle with the world as I used to do."—After a momentary pause, she continued, "Sophia was in just now, dressed so beautifully—on her way to Whitewell's party. All the world will be there—poor I excepted!" A fresh gush of tears called a new for the use of her "kerchief."

"Young ladies have little else to do than attend parties," said Mr. Lindley; "we, happily, have better engagements, and more precious pleasures."

"Married ladies seem no more confined than single ones," said Mrs. Lindley, who seemed to have heard only the first part of her husband's remarks.—"Mr. Bank and Mrs. Southwell, and indeed all of my friends are to be at Mr. Whitewell's to night.—No one but myself is in bondage. Every one besides me can have a nursery maid, and all else that is necessary to make them comfortable and happy."

"I am sorry that we cannot have a nursery maid since you think it would conduce to your happiness; though, for my own part, I would rather that my dear Emily should have the charge of our darling boy than to entrust him to the care of any hireling that could be found."

Again the first part only of what Mr Lindley said seemed to meet the ear of his wife. Her voice was never harsh—never loud—but it, certainly did not sound very sweetly as in a kind of low guttural she replied:—"Some gentlemen choose to think they can afford but very little to make a wife happy."

Mr. Lindly dropped the hand he had till then held in his, and rising walked the floor rapidly. He did not whistle—he did not sing—but he just made the notes of a tune audible, as he inhaled and exhaled the air between his scarcely parted lips. After some ten or fifteen minutes spent in this manner, he suddenly seized the volume he had mentioned, and seating himself near the lamp, began to turn the leaves. Meanwhile Mrs. Lindley neither spoke nor moved. Her head rested on her hand, and her eyes sought the carpet, but no tear fell, for her feelings were too highly excited to permit them longer to flow. The disturbed husband found his book a vain resource; and after twirling the leaves a few minutes he left the room. The next moment his wife heard the street door close behind him.

Then indeed came a fresh flood of tears. "This," she exclaimed as she covered face with her hands, "This is the sympathy he feels for me!" Mrs. Lindley was now wrought up to perfect agony. The infant at this moment awoke, and clapsing him to her bosom, she cried:—"Yes, darling, your father's feelings are such towards your poor mother, that to avoid her society, he is even willing to leave you, dearly as he loves you."

With the unconscious infant cradled in her arms, the mother indulged herself in looking back on the gilded scenes of her youth: or rather her unvaried life; for her youth was yet in all of its freshness and beauty. Her freedom from care—from confinement—the parties—the balls—the concerts—the drives—all come upon her;

"While memory covered with flowers,
Restored every rose, but secreted its thorn."

In the retrospect, the picture was all brightness: all gladness; and what was her present lot. How great was the contrast? No variety: no pleasure: "all her days are twine," a perpetual round of petty household cares, and a helpless infant always by her side or in her arms. How dark did a disturbed imagination render the review! She thought and wept until she verily believed herself the most wretched woman alive: while at the bottom of all lay a feeling of displeasure against her husband, as if he was the wilful cause of all her troubles.

For nearly an hour Mrs. Lindley indulged herself in these pretty selfish musing, murmurings and regrets, when the clock, in a neighboring street, striking the hour of nine, aroused her.—"Where can George be?" she cried. She felt alarm, and laying her again sleeping infant in the cradle, she went to the window, and thence to the door, to learn if he were coming. The street was quite still, not a footstep to be heard, and with conflicting feelings she reseated herself beside her child. "O, he is cruel," thought she, "where can he be, in his office or where? Oh, that he would come."

On the whole Mrs. Lindley was not only a rational creature, but a reasonable and reasoning woman, and the period had now arrived for a revulsion of feeling. Other views began to present themselves to her mind.

"It is I, myself, that am cruel!" thought she, "how happy we might have been this evening had I not driven him from me! How tender he was, and how kind, to purposely read to me! He is willing to forego his society for my sake; and cannot I mine for his? And after all, what is there so desirable about a party? Did I ever attend one, however brilliant, however gay, where from some source or other, there was not suffered as enjoyed? Did I ever attend one in which I did not see or hear expressed the workings of envy, or jealousy, or contempt, or ridicule? In such scenes did I not experience quite as much pain as pleasure, unless indeed I could secure the individual attention of George. And now he is all my own, and I drive him from me? What did I not endure when doubtful whether he loved me?—whether he would ask me to be his? What were my thoughts when he once said to me, "that with his present fortune, he should not dare to ask the woman that he loved to unite her fate with his, on account of the privations she must undergo." Oh, did I not think that with him for a companion, the most humble establishment would be a paradise? and that no self denial would be severe? and now that I am his wife, I drive him from me by cruel repinings. Oh where can he be?"

Again she went to the window—to the door, but in vain; no husband was to be seen or heard. How gloomy, how desolate, did her comfortable and well furnished parlor appear, as she now entered it. "O!" cried she, "what sunshine would his smile shed around! but I have displeased, grieved, wounded, and forced him from me?"

Never had an hour in Mrs. Lindley's life dragged itself along so slowly as the present, and it was not until after the clock had struck ten that the well known footsteps of her husband met her listening ear. With a bound she met him in the entry.

"O, my dear George, how glad I am you are come."

Her husband made no distinct answer, entered the parlor, and advancing to the mantle, rested his elbow upon it, and leaned his head upon his hand.—His countenance was clouded, yet more in sorrow than anger.

"Dearest George, will you forgive me?" said the trembling wife, while she twined her arms in his and looked imploringly in his face, "will you forgive my folly, my cruelty."

"Yes, Emily, I can do anything you ask of me."

"O, George, don't speak so coldly, so sadly. Alas! I have made you very unhappy."

"You have Emily, for I fear your union with me requires sacrifices you are unable cheerfully to make."

"O, pray do not think so, my dearest husband? for, notwithstanding appearances are so much against me, it is not so. Since you left me this evening," she added while a faint smile strove to chase away the gathering tears—"since you left I had ample time for reflection—for retrospection. I have reviewed my married and my single life, and my ingratitude, my childish perverseness to-night have caused me the most bitter self-upbradings. May you never know a pang like that which shot through my heart when the thought struck me, that the great Dispenser of events might free me from care as he had freed poor Charlotte, by taking from me husband and child! I cannot forgive myself—but oh, say that you forgive me!"

"Forgive you, dearest Emily. I have nothing to forgive, if you will only be happy."

"O, I am most happy—blessed in having such a husband. This bitter—bitter evening has taught me all my joys cannot be crowded into one state or period, and I do think I can never regret the giddy pleasures of youth, while in possession of those so much more precious. Henceforth it shall be my pleasure to strive to make you as happy as you make me, and to educate our boy as much like his father as possible. O, say once more that you forgive me, for depend upon it, I can never again be so foolish, so cruel, so wicked."

The husband bent forward and imprinted a long kiss on the forehead of the supplicant. She looked up, and his eyes beaming with love and renewed confidence, gave her perfect assurance that all was forgiven—forgotten!

PREDICTIONS FOR 1853.

Accordingly to the Almanac published in the United States, the present year of our Lord, 1853, is to be an eventful one. We extract from the said Almanac the following sagacious predictions—

Through the whole course of the year, whenever the moon wanes, the nights will be dark.

On several occasions during the year, the sun will be up before certain people discover it, and set before they have near finished their day's work.

It is quite likely that when no business is doing, many will be heard to complain of hard time but it is equally certain that all who hang themselves will escape starvation.

If men work for nothing and board themselves, they will find plenty of employment.

If bustles and hoops go out of fashion, a church pew will hold more than three ladies.

If dandies wear their beards, there will be less work for the barber; and he that wears moustaches, will have something to sneeze at.

Whoever is in love will think his mistress a perfect angel, and will only find out the truth of his suspicion by getting married. There will be more books published than will find readers, and more bills than will find payers.

If the incumbent of a fat office should die there will be at least one dozen pair of feet ready to step into one pair of shoes.

If a young woman should happen to blush she will be apt to look red in the face without the use of paint; if she dreams of a young man three nights in succession, it will be a sign of something; if she dream of him four times, or have the tooth ache, it is ten to one she will be a long time getting either of them out of her head.

Many people will drink more strong liquor, than will be necessary to keep them sober; and take more medicine than will be requisite to the enjoyment of good health.

Dinners and entertainment will be given to those who have enough at home: and the poor will receive much advice gratis, legal and medical excepted.

There will be a tremendous noise all over the country when it thunders, and a tremendous dust kicked up occasionally by coaches and horses.

Many young ladies, who hope for it, but little expect it, will be married, and many who anticipate that glorious consummation, will be compelled to wait another year.

Politicians will make fools of others; and women with pretty faces will make fools of both.

There will be a great cry and no wool,—both at the shearing of pigs, and the meeting of Congress.

Finally, there exists but little doubt, that 1853 will be a most monderful year, far surpassing in interest all that have preceded it.

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.—The ingenuity of advertisers is taxed to the utmost in search of novel ways of attracting the public attention. The following from the advertising columns of the Louisville Journal, is good in its way:

Horrible!—The other morning just after dinner, about the time the people were going to bed, a small boy about thirty years old, only daughter of an old maid with three orphan children, who live opposite the post office on the same side of the way, (they don't live there now) were alarmed by hearing a dumb man crying murder, and looking out they saw a blind man peeping into a window, where a no-armed man was beating his wife, when a no-legged man run in and kicked the dog through the side of the house, slightly killed two dead pigs, that the hen hatched a day or two after that. The old man started off for the doctor, who had gone to Webster's Daguerrean Gallery, No 476 Main street, to have the side of his face taken.

A Story for the Ladies.

THE BLACKSMITH'S DAUGHTER.

BY KATE GLENMORE.

'I wish to exact a promise from you, Fred, on this anniversary of my birth-day; say, shall it be given?'

'Most assuredly, Lucy, if it be anything consistent, unless, indeed, it be that I shall relinquish my cigars.'

'No, Fred, that is not what I was aiming at, so rest easy. I will not tease you on that point to day; but it is one of infinitely more importance. So, say yes.'

'Tell me, first, what I am to promise. It is too much like taking a leap in the dark, to say yes to an undefined proposition. My sister knows I would not willingly refuse her any request to day.'

'Well, then, it is simply this that you pay Susan Howard no further attentions.'

'How so Lucy? what has Susan Howard done to offend you, or what can you bring against her that will justify you in making such a request?'

'I should not suppose that you would ask that; is not her parentage enough?'

'I cannot see why. She is the daughter of an honest, respectable blacksmith, who has always supported his family honorably, and given his daughters and education that will render them ornaments to the best society in our land.'

'How absurdly you talk, Fred, where can you have picked up such sentiments? I think society would be vastly obliged to you, were you to introduce a blacksmith's daughter to grace its circles.'

'Well it might, Lucy, for, notwithstanding your prejudices, let me assure you there is not a girl among the circle of your acquaintance, who, for the sterling qualities of mind and heart, will compare with Susan Howard.'

'I know nothing of her sterling qualities. She doubtless does well enough for the station in which she moves, and which she is assigned to fill, as the wife of some sturdy mechanic; but you as well as she would find she was quite out of her sphere in more refined society.'

'I am sorry, Lucy, to hear you express such sentiments. What have we, the children of a republican government, to do with such nice distinctions? Worth is the criterion by which we are to judge, not the accident of fortune or family. This is one of the chief beauties of our republican institution, that it grants to every man and woman the power to become the architect of their own fortune. To be something or nothing.'

'All that sounds very well for your politicians, and will doubtless have a very good effect in electioneering purposes; but I have no ambition, because I live under a republican government, to become so very republican in my feelings and associations.—The distinctions of society should be observed, else, what would it become?'

'So they should, Lucy, and so they ever will. The distinction between vice and virtue, ignorance and intelligence, cannot be too nicely drawn, though I fear it would be to the exclusion of many who now swell the list of our would-be aristocracy, while the admission of our worthy blacksmith and his intelligent family would, more than compensate for a score of them.'

'How can you, Fred, persist in that which you know is so annoying to your family? The very idea of having a girl like Susan Howard associated with it, it is too humbling to be endured.'

'I regret exceedingly that your prejudices are so strong Lucy, as I have decided upon asking Miss with consistency, give the required promise.'

'If that is your decision, further argument is useless; but you know my feelings towards her, and the welcome she will be likely to receive from me.'

* * * * * * *

'Have you seen the member from C——, Fred?' said Lucy Preston to her brother, the day after his arrival in Washington, where she had been spending a few weeks with her father, a distinguished member of Congress from one of our New England States.

'No. Who is he, and what is he like?'

'His name is Howard; and I heard father say this morning, he was one of the most talented members of the House. He is certainly one of the most perfect gentlemen I ever met.'

'Howard? Oh! I wonder if he has any sisters.'

'Yes, several. One of them was here with him during the early part of the session, and judging from the quantity and quality of praise lavished upon her, she must be a paragon. She will be here again soon, as she is expected to grace Mrs. L——'s party to morrow night.'

'I must manage to get an introduction to her.'

'I think I can effect that, as her brother has promised to favor me with one. I am really curious to see one who excites such unqualified admiration.'

Mrs. L——'s spacious drawing rooms were already filled with the elite of the capital, when Lucy Preston entered accompanied by the talented and accomplished Mr. Howard.

Grave statesmen and politicians had lain aside the care and dignity of state and office, to participate in those fashionable follies which so invitingly promise to afford relaxation and amusement; and well were those promises fulfilled, as the radiant faces of beauty, and majestic manhood proclaim; as they here surrender themselves to the exhilerating sounds of music, and keep time and pace with its voluptous swellings, or they join themselves to that merry group, where wit and humor are the presiding geniuses. While perchance, some, more intellectual in their tastes, find a deeper source of enjoyment in the discussion of graver topics.

Lucy's eager eye took in at a glance the gay assembly, then wandering inquiringly from one group to another, to distinguish if possible, the star which reigned pre-eminent; but all seemed to her alike gay and beautiful, and she soon, in the fascinating eloquence of the gentleman on whose arm she leaned, half forgot her womanly curiosity and the promised introduction; when the announcement of Mr. Preston and Miss Howard, excited both curiosity and astonishment. The suppressed murmur of admiration which greeted their entrance had scarcely subsided, when her astonishment was suddenly changed to the deepest chagrin and mortification; for there, in the sister of the man she so much admired, and the acknowledged favorite of the most refined circles of the capital, she beheld none other than our blacksmith's daughter.

The following Christmas witnessed a merry party assembled beneath the roof of our worthy blacksmith, and Lucy Preston—now Mrs. Howard, the bride of the blacksmith's son—rejoiced in the beauty of those liberal institutions, which a short year before she had held in such contempt.

'The distinctions of society should be observed, Lucy, else what will it become?' whispered Fred Preston to his sister, on this merry Christmas evening.

'Oh, Fred! will you never forgive my folly? You have already punished me quite enough.'

'Yes, sister dear, only I wished to enquire what reception the blacksmith's daughter would receive from the wife of the distinguished member of C—?'

'You are positively too bad. There, Susan is calling you; go, try and be civil on this your wedding night at least.'

One must needs labor hard and sharpen his wits to carve his future with skill. A dull knife will no sooner dissect a turkey with elegance, than stupidity and lack of energy will obtain success in life in any undertaking.

A gentleman who had by a fall broken one of his ribs was mentioning the circumstance and describing the pain he felt. He was asked if the injury he sustained was near the vertebræ?

"No, sir," replied he, "it was within *a few yards of the Court House.*

FIGHT WITH A JAGUAR.

A correspondent of the Galveston News gives the following account of a fight between Mr. Absolom Williams, who is about seventy years of age, his wife, and an enormous Jaugar or Tiger, which occurred about the 1st of December, at Mr. W's. residence:

The tiger was first discovered on the premises of Mr. James Drake, who lives on the north portion of Jefferson County, where it entered his inclosure, attacked his horses and killed one, besides wounding two others. While the tiger was committing its depredations it was discovered by Francis Drake, son of the proprietor of the premises, who fired a shot at it wounding it in the side, but not dangerously, when it made its escape. The next day while Mr. and Mrs. Williams were sitting in their house, (the rest of the family being absent) they were startled by a strange noise in the yard, in front of their house. Mr. W. on going out, discovered his dog engaged with a tiger, when he seized an ox yoke and aimed a blow at the 'varmint,' but missing it, struck his dog. The dog then got away from the tiger and retreated. In an instant the tiger then sprang upon Mr. Williams, and seizing him by the hand, jerked him about twenty feet.

The old gentleman finding himself in the too powerful grasp of the wild animal, courageously determined to give it the best rough and tumble fight within his power, and, having no weapon within his reach, he seized the tiger by his throat with the other hand, and throwing his whole strength forward, crushed the tiger to the ground, both falling side by side. At this time Mrs. Williams came to the rescue with a gun, which she snapped at the tiger, but there being no priming in the pan, it did not go off. Mr. W. then, with one arm round the tiger, and the other grasping its throat, with an effort disengaged himself. The tiger discovering a new adversary in the person of Mrs. Williams, sprang at her, and attempted to grasp her head within his jaws, while it struck and lacerated her breast with its fore paw. She tried to avoid the monster, but was felled to the ground. The tiger made another grasp at her head, his upper teeth penetrating at the top of the skull, and sliding along the bone, peeled off the skin till they met the lower teeth, which penetrated on the right side of her face.

In the meantime, Mr. W. had seized the ox yoke again, and giving the tiger a tremendous blow, caused it to leave Mrs. W., when it leaped into the house and got under the bed. The door was immediately closed and the monster secured. Mr. W. was exhausted from the effect of his wounds, from which the blood flowed in a stream; but not so his better half. When she saw their mutual foe attempt to take possession of the house, she determined to finish the battle, and notwithstanding the severity of her wounds, her dress almost entirely torn from her person, and covered with blood, she deliberately took the gun, and shaking some powder from the barrel into the pan, she placed the muzzle into one of the openings which the legs of the house afforded, and fired with a steady and deadly aim. The tiger was killed. When subsequently measured he was found to be 12 feet from the tip of its tail to the extreme of its nose.

During all the time the fight was going on, no one but those engaged in it were within hearing.—Mr. W.'s nearest neighbor lives about three miles off. However, as Mrs. W. was washing the blood from her person, a neighbor came riding by, and alarmed at her appearance, inquired the cause. The heroic old lady, unable from the loss of blood to speak, pointed to the dead body of the tiger.

The old lady is wonderful, and they are now recovering gradually from their wounds. Mr. W. jokes about the tiger fight, and intimates that the old lady was most enraged when the tiger took possession of the bed and house. It need hardly be added that Mr. Williams is a brave man. He fought the British at New Orleans, and subsequently the Mexicans in the cause of Texas; but this last fight perhaps is the most singular of all. His wife, in intrepidity and daring, is worthy of him; and the two, together, are of that courageous class that have encountered forest wilds and frontier dangers—the pioneers of Christian civilization and of American institutions.

THE CREATION BENEATH US.—Here is a specimen from *Dickens' Household Words*, of the way great truths may be dressed up in a facetious garb:—

"I have heard of some little ephemeral insects—animalculæ—billions of which they say could dance hornpipes on a needle's point—trillions of which could hold mass meetings on the prickle of a gooseberry—so small are they. Yet each of the infinitesimal entomological Lilliputians might possess a trifle of a hundred legs or so; and who shall say each does not feel pain and pleasure—heat and cold—as we bigger animals do. The duration of life with these ephemera sometimes reaches, but seldom exceeds a minute. Within the sixty seconds they live and die, and strut and fret their fifty pair of legs upon their vegetable stage. Within a minute they act the part for which they have been cast by the Great First Cause—within the minute they serve as rivets or links of rivets, or something microscopically small, but not despicable, in the Great Chain that binds all Nature to agree. If some of them be such strong, and vigorous, and abstemious insects as to live to the prodigious age of a minute and a half, they must be looked at by the young animalculæ—the spruce fellows some twenty seconds old or so, as astonishing centenarians, patriarchs of the cabbage leaf—sages of grass-blades. When they die, perhaps they are buried in great pomp and state in the pores of a strawberry—the funeral puff-ball being drawn by four earwigs, and all the top-places on the neighboring spear grass being at a premium; or perchance they dye their venerable green locks purple-black, just as they are on the brink of the tomb, thrust their feeble legs into tight boots, manacle their trembling antennæ into primrose colored gloves, and, with hats stiffly cocked on their pallsied old pates, hobble up and down some Regent-street of a daisy—some Burlington-arcade of an apple-pip, leering at the damsels who are carrying home Queen Mab's Court dress in a cob-web bandbox. How immensely superior are you, Mr. Lemuel Gulliver, looking down on these a million times diminished Lilliputians. How many feet you have to look down upon these tiny things.—How strong a microscope you must have to be able to discern even an agglomeration of a hundred or two of these insect-things."

WHAT THEY EAT.—It appears from the published statistics that the people of New York city, devoured during the year 1852, one hundred and five thousand bullocks, and three hundred and twenty three thousand sheep. For the pleasure of doing so, they paid more than five millions and a half of dollars.

☞ Our devil is perfectly delighted with the idea of high topped boots being adopted by the ladies.—He says that as far as his observations have gone, they are certainly beneficial, and are a *leg*-acy that they were entitled to long ago.

An exchange says that an old sheep gave birth to a lamb in Cambridge, last week, belonging to a widow lady with six legs and fine wool all over her head!

If you wish to increase the size and prominence of your eyes, just keep an account of all the money you spend foolishly, and add it up at the end of a year.

[A woman in New York, named Hester White, met a man at dusk on Monday evening, in an open street in that city, knocked him down and rifled his pockets of $28.

Bread and Butter.

Mr. Jorden was a bachelor, on the sunny side of forty, and consequently was subject to the tender mercies of boarding house keepers. Circumstances had kept Mr. Jordan an inmate of Mrs. Wiggins' boarding house for a long time, and Mrs. Wiggins is a lady of one idea—namely, economy. Her experiments in economical philosophy, and philosophical economy, were, for the most part, brought to bear upon the stomachs of her boarders; as 'vittles' is the principal item of expense in mediocre boarding houses. Mrs. Jordan had been startled by some of the aforesaid experiments, but he had borne with patience the present and certain evil, 'rather than fly to others he knew not of,' until one day, when butter was scarce and high, Mrs. Wigging hit upon the economical plan of spreading with her own economical hands the butter upon the allowance of bread she dealt out to her boarders, excusing herself for this interference into their affairs by stating, in the blandest manner, that she assumed that task cheerfully to save them trouble.

Mr. Jordan came to tea rather late upon the evening of this new dodge—sat down in the presence of all the other boarders, and received a slice from Mrs. Wiggins, who had gone through the ceremony of spreading it before his eyes. Mr. Jordan eyed the bread inquisively, and began to turn it from side to side, and scrutinize it closely through his spectacles.

'What's the matter with your bread and butter?' demanded Mrs. Wiggins.

'Nothing, nothing,' replied Mr. Jordan, still turning his piece, and presiting in his scrutiny.

'I'm positive, Mr. Jordan, that you do see something. Now I want,' said the lady, her face becoming flushed with excitement, 'I want my borders to tell me right out when their vittles don't suit. Now, Mr. Jordan, what is it?'

Mr. Jordan laid down the slice upon his plate, raised his spectacles to his forehead, and replied, with great deliberation—

Mrs. Wiggins, there's nothing the matter with the bread, I assure you. But Mrs. Wiggins, and here Mr. Jordan glanced mischievously down the long vista of attentive faces, 'I have lived in this world eight and forty years, and I find myself this evening such a simpleton that I can't tell for my life, *which side* of my bread is *buttered*.—*Literary Museum.*

Human Strength.

Among the Arabs, the Persians and Turks, you do not meet with those undersized, rickety, consumptive beings which are so common in Europe; you do not meet with such pale, sickly looking countenances; their complexions are bright and florid; they are strong and vigorous, able to ride a hundred miles a day, and capable of performing other most amazing feats.

I remember seeing a most striking instance of their powers. A band of men from the Himalaya mountains, had come to Calcutta, for the purpose of exhibiting strength, and they were indeed perfect Samsons. Their size struck me with admiration.—I know nothing that I can compare to them; but perhaps some of you have seen the statue at the bottom of the stairs at Somerset House—it is Hercules leaning on his club, is about seven feet high, looking like a being capable of executing the most difficult task—and such men were the athletes.

We selected five men on board the Glasgow, a similar number from one of the regiments, and likewise from an Indiaman, all fine, picked men; and yet upon a trial of strength, it was found that a Himayalan mountaineer was equal to two and three quarters of the strongest Europeans. They could not, if they had not been under control, I am convinced they could have crushed him to death. I felt them, and I never felt such flesh in my life; it appeared rolls of muscle, and yet none of these men ever tasted spirits.

I did not say that drinking water was the cause of this; but it serves to prove that abstinence from intoxicating drinks is perfectly compatible with the possession of great bodily power.—*Buckingham's Lectures.*

☞ Charles Jones, the preacher thief, made an attempt to escape from Hartford jail on Friday morning. He was caught, however, notwithstanding his declarations that the Lord said he might go.—He had stolen a hat and coat from one of the other prisoners before attempting to escape.

Sunday Reading.

The Bible.

There is no book like the Bible. It is the great est, noblest, and best of all books. It has accomplished wonders in the world. It has exerted a tremendous influence upon mankind. When all things else have crumbled to the dust, and passed away, it has still maintained itself, and exerted a power that cannot be estimated. It is a precious book, because it points out the way to eternal life—to a life that is beyond the grave. Read it then, study it. Linger over its pages. You will never regret it. When everything that you may have, shall be taken from you, its divine teachings will cheer you.

When friends abandon you and destruction threatens your path, its consolation will not forsake you. When you come to the bed of death, that trying moment when the spirit is about to wing its flight to its eternal home, it will point to a Heaven beautiful and bright, to a place of happiness and joy.—Then, oh then, cherish the Bible. Love it and make it your inseparable companion through life.

The Sabbath.

The New York Times very happily discourses of the day of rest in this wise:

"The rest of the Sabbath, is as necessary after the engagement of the week, as is the night's rest after the work of the day. To the one we go instinctively, forced by fatigue. It is well if we observe the other, impelled by moral considerations, before suffering the penalty attached to its violation, of which no instinct gives us warning. After six days of labor our strained muscles need a season to renew their elasticity—our irritable nerves to recover their normal state—our fettered spirits to resume their equinanimity. A simple change of necessary labor does a great deal; the entire cessation of all that is unnecessary does still more. The fitting devotional exercises of the day are calming and soothing, and productive of that healthy state of mind with which it is desireable to enter upon the duties of the succeeding days. The influence of the Sabbath on the week's tumultuous cares, is like oil poured on a stormy sea. Stretched out over the hurrying crowd of daily engagements, like the rod of the Prophet over the Red Sea, it piles the waves upon either side, and we pass through them dry-shod.

"Oh day, most calm, most bright!
The fruit of this, the next world's bud;
The endorsement of supreme delight,
Writ by a friend, and with his blood;
The couch of time; care's balm and bay—
The week were dark but for thy light;
Thy torch doth show the way.

The Peace of God.

This "passeth all understanding." It cannot, therefore, be defined; it refuses to be held in the vice of our logic, or be subjected to the iron pressure of our metaphysical systems. It comes to the soul through the attenue of the sensibility, and not thro' the intellect or the will. The knowledge of it is derived from the experience of the heart rather than from any other process of the understanding. Peace comes from God!

☞ He that would pass the latter part of his life with honor and decency, must when he is young, consider that he shall one day be old, and lay up *knowledge* for his support, when his power of acting shall forsake him, and remember when he is old that he has once been young, and forbear to animadvert with unnecessary rigor on faults which experience only can correct.

Odds and Ends.

The most corrective punishment is kindness.

A lively companion—The jumping tooth-ache.

War is murder set to music.

Never play until your work is done.

Foolishness—trying to drown grief in whiskey.

The worst of men often give the best of advice.

Uncertain—The weather and Lancaster Bank Relief notes.

Legal—To prove an *alibi*, is to prove a *lie by* witnesses.

The tongue may speak the loudest, but the heart the truest.

Three Absorbing Wants—Poverty wants some things; luxury, many; and avarice, all things.

The use of money is all the advantage there is in having money.

Queen Victoria has sent an order to Cincinnati for twenty-four sugar cured hams.

The tree on the field of Waterloo known as the "duke's tree," has been cut down.

The Mormons have several places of worship in Philadelphia.

The worst use a man can make of his money is to spend it for rum.

Name no one man—These words spelled backwards are the same.

A Frenchman lives in a garret that he may afford to be a dandy in the street.

Boys are like vinegar, the more "mother" that is in them, the sharper they become.

A substitute for wild duck—a black legged chicken stuffed with mackeral.

The new fashioned bonnets are pronounced to be a *bare faced* invention.

There are 2,096,300 Roman Catholics in the United States.

England has "annexed" another slice of India to her possessions.

Ajax defying the lightning—a drunken husband returning to a red headed wife.

A bill is before the Ohio Legislature to prevent the emigration of colored people into that State.

Gold and silver coins of the French Empire have been issued.

George Cantwell has been sentenced to fifty years imprisonment at St. Louis, for the murder of his wife.

The population of the United States has increased three hundred and thirty-seven per cent. during the last fifteen years.

If a week's board comes to five dollars, what will a load of plank amount to? A deal more than you image in all likelihood.

Have the goodness to pronounce this little word: It is the original Mexican for county curates.—"Notlazomanitatoopixcatatkins!"

The matrimonial affairs of Cincinnati must be now on the docket in that city.

Everybody should possess six shirts, one umbrella and a home. The former to keep in comfort, and the latter out of printing offices.

When a member of the Camden Lazy Club feels like gaping a little, he has to employ a boy to pull his mouth open.

The citizens of N. O. are regaling themselves on nutmeg melons, plums and green corn. There's a good time coming for us, too.

Cincinnati is about sixty-four years old. Its first name was Losantville, which, in 1804, was changed to Cincinnati.

The pay of a Russian Colonel is about seven hundred dollars a year; but, after twenty-two years' service, he is entitled to a full retiring pension.

There are eight colleges under the supervision of the Methodist Church, with property and funds of the amount of $494,063.

"Barnum is trying to get half a dozen whigs, to put in a case at the museum, to represent the 'Serious Family.'"

A new paper, manufactured entirely of straw has just been discovered. Perhaps the most appropriate purposes it can be put to will be for men of straw to draw and accept their bills upon.

"You are at the very bottom of the hill," said the physician to a sick patient, "but I shall endeavor to get you up again." "I fear I shall be out of breath before I shall reach the top," was the reply.

A country contemporary undertook to cut a splurge the other day, as he offered a $10 premium for a "prize tale." A farmer sent him a lightly curled sandy pig's tail and demanded the cash.

The following was found in the pocket of a suicide—no inquest was held. "Why is a rhinoceros after swallowing a tiger cat, like a Roman swordsman? Because he *is glad-he-ate-her.*"

Mr. Clay once refused, at a dinner, to take precedence of Gov. Jones, of Tenn. "No," said the great Kentuckian, "you are a greater man than I am: you beat J. K. Polk, and I could not."

Man is a dupeable animal. Quacks in medicine, quacks in religion and quacks in politics, know this and set upon that knowledge. There is scarcely any one who may not, like a trout, be taken in by tickling.

The man too poor to take his county paper was in town the other day. Jerusalem, but he was "soaked!"—at an expense, too, sufficient to pay a whole year's subscription to his county paper.

Youth is a glorious invention. While the girls chase the hours, and you chase the girls, the months seem to dance away, with down upon their feet. What a pity summer is so short! Before you know it, lovers become deacons, and rompe grandmothers.

It is very well to leave something for those who come after us, as the gentleman said who threw a barrel in the way of a constable who was chasing him.

When winter does not set in before the holydays, be sure it will be a short one. The sign is almost infallible, and the *reasons for it very philosophical.*

But one false step, one wrong habit, one corrupt companion, one loose principle, may wreck all your prospects, and all the hopes of those who love you.

A Frenchman proposed to commence a school in New Orleans, and hearing that there was a good opening for a *high* school, took a room in a four story house.

A country surgeon who was bald, was on a visit to the house of a friend, whose servant wore a wig. After bantering him for a considerable time the doctor said:

"You see how bald I am and I don't wear a wig."

"True, sir," replied the servant, "but an empty barn requires no thatch."