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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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By John B. Bratton.

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Poetical.

HEART HISTORY.

Once upon a time, a maiden
Sat beneath a hawthorne tree,
And her lover close beside her,
Murmured vows of constancy.
Fairer, sweeter than the blossom,
Hanging over her was she,
And her heart, within her bosom
Throbbed and moved tumultuously.

Both were young, and fond and foolish;
Neither rich, the story goes;
Ma was pround, and Pa was mulish,
Great their loves and great their woes.
So they kissed, and wept, and parted,
Swearing to be ever true.
Died the maiden broken hearted?
Was the lover faithful, too?

Pshaw! she wed a wealthy banker,
(Slander whispered she was sold,)
And no city dames outrank her,
With her pocket full of gold;
Queen at every ball and party,
Decked with laces and jewels rare,
Looking fresh and hearty,
Reigns the *victim of despair*.

He—confound the lucky fellow—
Took a widow thrice his years;
Fat and forty, ripe and mellow;
With a brace of "little dears;"
Big plantation, servants plenty,
Splendid mansion, pomp and ease,
Cured the boyish love of twenty,
That *incurable* disease.

Learn from this, ye doating lovers,
In your anguish, not to break
Anything of greater value,
Than the promises you make.
Hearts were made to put in motion
Blood that otherwise would cool;
Pleasure, profit and promotion,
Graduate at Cupid's school.

PARODY.

Drayman, spare that whip!
Don't touch me on the raw,
That harness galls my hip—
Don't tug so at my jaw.
In vain you urge my speed—
In vain you soundly flog,
You know I'm broken knee'd,
And cannot faster jog.

That old familliar lash,
From whips of great renown,
Cut once a mighty dash—
I'm glad its now DONE BROWN.
Then, drayman, spare that stroke—
Dont cudgel me, I pray,
That double knot's no joke—
Would I could bolt away!

A Chrilling Sketch.

From Sharpe's London Magazine.

A LEAP FOR LIFE.

BY WILLIAM BURTON.

After my discharge from the hospital at Havana, I shipped in the American barque Independence, Captain Robert L——, bound to Valparaiso, and then round the Horn to the Western coast of North America. She was a large vessel, of some seven hundred tons register, with a handsome poop, top gallant forecastle and all other points of a flash ship. The captain was a native of Jersey, and the crew were a mixture of Americans, British and Spaniards, with a sprinkling of woolly-heads, or "*snow balls*," as ye called the negroes.

We had not been a week out, ere very great dissatisfaction prevailed among the crew, for the captain, with unaccountable perversity, did not allow us half enough junk (i. e. salted beef) to our meals; and even what we did get, was what sailors call "*old horse*," viz: hard, tough, lean, stringy stuff, devoid of nourishment. The usual allowance of junk on ship-board is one pound and a half for each man per diem; but I am sure we did not get more than half that quantity.—The captain used to come on deck every morning, and stand by the steward as he weighed out the junk from the "harness cask," to see that we did not get an ounce over what he had ordered. On the other hand, this captain allowed us thrice as much grog as is usual. But sailors, although very fond of rum, can't live upon it; and three quarters of a pound of "old horse," and a few rotten biscuits, quite alive with "weevils," was a poor day's allowance for a hearty fellow.

Our first mate offer remonstrated with the captain on his conduct, and plainly told him that the men would not submit to it; but the only reply the captain made was to tell him to mind what he was about, or he would "break him and *haze* him up,"—meaning that he would send the mate forward as a common sailor, and work him to death. At length, after a long and fierce discussion in the forecastle, we all went aft one morning in a body, and complained through the carpenter, as spokesman, that we had not enough to eat. Captain L—— listened without interruption, and then coolly turned round and said—

"Steward, go down into the cabin, and bring my pistols."

We looked at one another in silence.

In a couple of minutes the seward returned with the pistols, and, with a face as pale as death, handed them to the captain. The latter coolly placed them both on full cock, and laying them side by side on the top of the binnacle, crossed his arms, and glared round at every soul of us ere he spoke.

"Now, men," cried he at length, between his teeth, "all I've got to say is, that you are mistaken if you think you are going to get the upper hand of me. I am your captain, and the law gives me power to do what I like. You didn't ship to bully me. Go for'ard to your duty, and the first man that hesitates, or gives me any jaw, I'll shoot him as I would a pigeon!"

We tumbled to the forecastle in a body, and for hours after, the captain walked the deck big with his achievement.

We had light baffling winds for many days, and the temper of the captain grew perfectly savage. By-and-by came a calm and he was a complete madman. He stormed and swore from morning to night, and "hazed" us all, from the cabin boy up to the mate. Our allowance of meat was worse than ever, and he stopped grog altogether, and put us on half allowance of water, under pretence that he feared to run short if the calm lasted. But when a breeze sprung up at the expiration of four days, our allowance remained the same—half meat, half water, no grog! The sailors grew half desperate, and curses both loud and deep were handled from mouth to mouth, and indistinct menaces muttered.

By-and-by it grew whispered in the ship that the captain had had a *coup-de-soleil*, or sun stroke before leaving Havana, and that he had drank freely of brandy ever since, and was consequently really insane to a certain extent. This would explain his conduct, and we all were inclined to accept it as the proper solution; but the captain had certainly never yet committed any act which would legally be held proof of insanity; for all that he did, although highly cruel and tyrannical, was within the bounds of that fearful amount of almost irresponsible power that the law allows to sea captains.

We had been three weeks out, when it was my morning to watch on deck. Six bells (7 o'clock) had just been struck, and I was engaged coiling away the line of the log, which had been hove by order of the mate, then in charge of the deck, when Captain L—— unexpectedly came out of the cabin. I noticed that he had a wild, nervous look, for he glanced around and aloft, just as a man might do when suddenly aroused from a dream.

"What's the course?" he abruptly demanded of the man at the wheel.

"South east by east, sir."

The captain then stepped up to the binnacle and looked at the compass. Turning round with an oath, he struck the man a blow in the mouth that knocked him away from the wheel, and thundred—

"*You* take the spokes in hand! You know no more about steering than your mother!"

(Such were the exact words, for I distinctly remember them.)

The poor fellow, who was one of the best helmsmen in the ship, took hold of the spokes again, the blood trickling down his chin, and muttered,

"I was steering to a hairs-breadth."

"What's that you say?"

"I say I was steering as well as any man could and you're a——tyrant, captain."

The captain's face grew black with passion, and the light foam flew from his lips, as he screamed—

"Mr. Jackson, clap this fellow in irons! No, seize him up—make a *spread-eagle* of him! I'll teach him to toe the mark!"

The mate, Jackson, in vain attempted to soothe the madman, who compelled his officers to "seize up" the unfortunate sailor—that is, to lash his wrists to the shrouds, with his back bare for punishment. This is called making a "spread eagle." I dare not dilate on the sickening scene that ensued. Suffice it that the captain with his own hand flogged the man most brutally in presence of all hands, and not a soul of us dared to speak.

That night we all signed a "round robin," that is, a paper stating a grievance, or petition, with the names written in a circle, so that not one can be pitched upon as the ringleader—addressed to the chief mate, stating that we all felt that our lives were not safe in the hands of the captain, as he was obviously insane, and requesting the mate to take command of the ship, and place the captain in confinement. We sent this to Mr. Jackson by one of the boys, and in a quarter of an hour the mate came forward.

"Men," said he, "do you know what you are about? You are in open mutiny—and you know what the penalty for that is. For God's sake let us have no more of this. Captain L—— is captain, and his will is law. We must all submit to it. Were I to do my duty strictly, I should show this," pointing to the round-robin, "to the captain; but I don't want to make matters worse. Let us get to port, and then complain as you please. But for your own sakes—and for my sake—don't mutiny."

We all respected the mate, and his words made a great impression. We consulted together, and the prudence of the majority overcame the fierce impulse of the bolder spirits. It was, however, tacitly understood, that if matters grew much worse, we would risk the dreadful penalty of mutiny by seizing the captain; for we now considered he was undoubtedly insane, although the mate acted rightly enough in holding aloof at present, as the captain had not yet evinced himself incapable of managing the ship.

Whether any whisper had leaked out in the cabin, through the steward or officers, I cannot tell, but the captain undoubtedly suspected what had passed. At noon the next day he came on deck, with a double barrelled gun in his hands, and deliberately loaded it with ball in our presence. When he had done this, he called all hands aft, and in a language that sufficiently indicated, from its wild incoherency, that he was undoubtedly insane, he addressed the crew winding up with the words—

"You think to get the upper hand of me, do you? You will mutiny—you will take the ship away from me? I'll make an example—I'll show you whom you have to deal with! Mr. Jackson, let those two men be seized up this minute, for I'll make spread eagles of 'em sure as I live."

As he spoke the captain pointed to two of the nearest men—one an American, the other an Englishman. These poor fellows looked round at their messmates, and seeing how undecided all were, they suddenly sprang into the rigging—running aloft for safety.

The captain's eyes glared like a wild beast's and seizing his gun, he shouted—

"Come down this moment, both of ye, or I'll shoot ye!"

They saw the threatening movement, and heard the command; but this only caused them to run up the rigging higher and higher. Twice more the captain hailed them; and then he raised his piece, and quick as lightning, levelled and fired. A burst of execration from us all followed, for the ball had struck the Englishman, and broken his leg. He fell like a wounded bird into the main top, and screamed in agony.

"Oh, God! what have you done, Capt. L——?" exclaimed the horror-stricken mate. "You have committed murder!"

"No, I have not," answered the captain. "I ordered the fellow down, and if he won't obey, it's mutiny, and the law will justify me in killing him, or killing you either—so mind what you say."

The mate turned aside, and when one of the oldest seamen whispered in his ear—"Say the word, sir, and we will clap the madman in irons," he only shook his head, and buried his face in his hands.

Meanwhile the American, a fine young fellow, known by the *soubriquet* of "Boston Bill," had ascended to the royal yard, and was looking down on deck to see what course matters were taking. The captain, not satisfied with disabling one man, at this moment pointed his gun at him, and hoarsely ordered him on deck, threatening to shoot him if he refused.

"Come down, man, for heaven's sake!" repeated the mate.

"He will flog me if I do, sir."

"Yes, I'll flog you, sure enough," yelled the captain.

"Then I will die before I come down!"

Without another word, the captain commenced taking a deliberate aim, and half a dozen voices shouted to the man whose life was in this fearful jeopardy,—

"Jump overboard, Bill, or you are a dead man! Jump for life!"

In an instant the sailor ran along the footrope, and clung to the royal yard-arm to leeward. The alternative was indeed horrible. If he descended he would be flogged—if he remained he would be shot—if he leaped overboard from that dreadful height he ran the risk of being dashed to pieces if he fell sideways on the water, or of being snapped by a shark or drowned, let him fall which way he would. The captain shifted his aim and his finger was on the trigger.

"Jump, Bill, jump!" screamed his messmates, and his resolution was taken. He would *leap for life!*

Lowering himself from the yard-arms with his hands, he pointed feet downward, and clove the air with the velocity of a cannon-ball. A second or two, and he had disappeared in the curling green sea.

The pent up excitement of the crew found vent at this moment. One party rushed on the captain, and disarmed and bound him, while the rest put the helm down and threw the sails aback, to stop the motion of the ship, and sprang to the falls of the quarter-boat to lower away to pick up the American, should he rise to the surface.

A breathless pause of very nearly a minute ensued, and then we beheld the head of the sailor emerge at the distance of a hundred yards; and being a capital water-dog, he struck out boldly for the ship, and amid a loud hurra was picked up. His "leap for life" had been successful.

The other poor fellow who was shot aloft was lowered on deck in a sling. He was more injured by the fall than by the ball in his leg, and died the same night in extreme agony.

The mate now consented to take command of the ship, and Captain L——, was closely confined till we came to port. By that time he was raving mad, and he died within three days after being conveyed to the hospital ashore.

An Indian Ceremony.

Among the many curious ceremonies characteristic of the California Indians, one of the most interesting and imposing, is said to be the "Feast of Gympsum"—which celebrates the introduction of boys to manhood. On the occasion of this ceremony, due notice of the feast having been given, and invitations extended to neighboring friendly villages, all the youths who have attained the requisite age are confined within the dwelling of some chief, and obliged to swallow a decoction of gympsum or stramonium, sufficiently strong to destroy all power of muscular action and sensibility for an entire night. The female choir of the village then assemble around the tent, decorated in their gayest dresses, and surrounded by a body guard of old men, one of whom acts as director of the proceedings. The younger men and invited guests enter the ring, divested of the greater part of their clothing, profusely ornamented with feathers, and covered with alternate stripes of black and white paint. The director then makes a short speech and commences dancing. The entire choir bursts out into a song by no means unmusical, and all the men within the ring proceed to follow the example of their director in a series of steps which set at defiance all conventional rules for the poetry of motion. At the close of the song, the old men puff from their mouths a volume of wind towards heaven, and with a loud howl the dancers retire to recover breath.

Three nights are spent in this manner, with the exception that after the first night the youths, who have recovered from their stupor, are allowed to participate in the dancing. On the first day after their recovery from the effects of the medicine—which effects are said to resemble somewhat the delightful sensations produced by the haschish of the Arabs—they are presented with water and paint, and after having performed ablutions and painted themselves, are led into the field and taught the mysteries of planting and harvesting—also how to construct the various kinds of lodges, and how to ensnare the different species of game used by them for food. They are also daily lectured upon the "arts" of war, theft, and deception. This instruction continues for three days, during which time they are inducted into a new and higher style of dance. On the third day they are lectured upon religion, the creation of the earth, and the history of the human race, and are then dismissed to the liberties of manhood.—*Boston Journal.*

Anecdote of Parson Brownlow.

We once heard an anecdote told of the Parson, which, if true, clearly shows that what he thinks is right, he will endeavor to maintain.—It is said that he was once notified by one of the greatest pugilists and bragadocias in Tennessee, that if he attempted to preach again at a certain place, he would be taken from the pulpit and publicly whipt in the presence of his congregation. The persons present knowing the man who had thus threatened the Parson to be a desperate fellow, advised him not to preach. They were requested not to give themselves any trouble, as he would attend to the matter himself.

Sunday morning came, and so did the Parson at the appointed hour, and took his place in the pulpit. Upon looking around, he saw the fellow who had threatened him, with a number of his friends occupying a portion of the church near the pulpit. He began the usual exercises by opening the Bible which lay upon the desk—he then removed from his right coat pocket a revolver, and placed it at the right of the word of truth—then another to his left; he then drew from his bosom a large and heavy bowie knife, and laid it across the leaves, to prevent the wind from turning them. This was an argument which forboded certain results: his opponents were so perfectly amazed with the beginning of the sermon, that they concluded it best not to interfere with him, and it is said that no set of men ever got such a scorching as did some of his congregation upon that occasion.

COST OF THE MAMMOTH CAVE.—Colonel Corgan, to whose family it belongs, was a resident of Louisville. He went to Europe, some twenty years ago, and, as an American, found himself frequently questioned of the wonders of the Mammoth Cave—a place he had never visited, and which, at home, though living within ninety miles of it, he had heard very little. He went there on his return, and the idea struck him to purchase and make it a family inheritance.—In fifteen minutes bargaining he bought it for $10,000—though shortly after he was offered $100,000 for his purchase. In his will he tied it up in such a way, that it must remain in his family for two generations, thus appending its celebrity to his name. There are 1000 acres in the estate,—though the cave probably runs under the property of a great number of other land owners. For fear of those who might dig down and establish an entrance to the cave on their own property, (a man's farm extending up to the zenith and down to the nadir,) great vigilance is exercised to prevent such subterranean surveys and measurements as would enable them to sink a shaft with any certainty. The cave extends ten or twelve miles in several directions, and there is probably many a backwoodman sitting in his hut within ten miles of the cave quite unconscious that the most fashionable ladies and gentlemen of Europe and America, are walking without leave under his corn and potatoes!

DIGNITY OF TRADE.—We like to see a man, no matter what business he may be engaged in, to have a respect for it. It elevates labor, and ennobles trade.

The other day, in the neighborhood of the Park, we encountered a tall, dignified looking man, in a long seedy frock coat, buttoned up to the chin, with a glossy silk hat, presiding at an apple stand. Some how or other his manner, his "style" struck us.

'What is the price of these apples,' we asked, pointing to a pile of red ones.

'We shall have to charge two cents for those, said he; 'they are a very superior article; but there is an apple,' he added, 'and of a good quality, that we put yount a cent!'

'Shade of Commerce!' He couldn't have said more nor in a more pretention manner, if he had been offering the rarest goods in Stewart's marble palace. He was very far from being what Mrs. Partington terms '*non pompos mentis.*'

YOUNG AMERICA.—In his lately published volume of lectures on "the moral aspects of city life," Rev. E. H. Chapin says—"There are young men whose sole conception of enjoyment is concentrated in the word 'East'—who grows fast, live fast, go fast on the road to destruction, with their own folly for a locomotive, and champaigne and brandy for the steam power, converting themselves into liquor casks, propping up door posts, hanging over railings, and startling the dull air of night with rickety melody and drunken whoops. There are others, half fop and half ruffian, who divide their time between the favorite racer and the pet pugilist, and whose idea of a millenium, probably, would be that of a protracted Fourth of July."

FIDELITY.

One eve of beauty, when the sun
Was on the stream of Guadalquiver,
The gold converting, one by one,
The ripples of the mighty river;
Beside me on the bank was seated
A Seville girl with auburn hair,
And eyes that might the world have cheated,
A wild, bright, wicked, diamond pair!

She stooped and wrote upon the sand,
Just as the loving sun was going,
With such a soft, small, shining hand,
I could have sworn 'twas silver flowing.
Her words were three, and not one more,
What could Diana's motto be?
The Syren wrote upon the shore—
"Death, not inconstancy."

And then her two large languid eyes
So turned on mine, that, devil take me,
I set the air on fire with sighs,
And was the fool she choose to make me.
Saint Patrick would have been deceived,
With such an eye and such a hand;
But one week more, and I believed
As much the woman as the sand.

THE RECONCILIATION.

A PLEASING SKETCH.

'Well, I think it is likely; but don't tease me any more. Your brother has married a poor girl, one whom I forbade him to marry; and I won't forgive him, if they all starve together.'

This speech was addressed to a lovely girl, scarcely eighteen; beautiful as the lily that hides itself beneath the dark waters. She was parting the silvery locks on her father's high, handsome forehead, of which her own was a miniature, and pleading the cause of her delinquent brother, who had married in opposition to her father's will, and had consequently been disinherited. Mr. Wheatly was a rich old gentleman, a resident of Boston. He was a fat good-natured old fellow, somewhat given to mirth and wine, and sat in his arm chair, from morning till night, smoking his pipe, and reading the newspapers. Sometimes a story of his own exploits in our revolutionary battles, filled up a passing hour. He had two children, the disobedient son, and the beautiful girl spoken of. The foud girl went on pleading:

'Dear father do forgive him; you don't know what a beautiful girl he has married, and—'

'I think it's likely;' said the old man; 'but don't tease me, and open the door a little, this plaguy roomsmokes so!'

'Well,' continued Ellen, 'won't you just see her, now?—she is so good, and the little boy, he looks so innocent.'

'What did you say?' interrupted the father; 'a boy! have I a grand child? Why, Ellen, I never knew that before! but I think it's likely. Well, now, give me my chocolate, and then go to your music lesson.'

Ellen left him. The old man's heart began to relent.

'Well,' he went on, 'Charles was always a good boy, a little wild so at college, but I indulged him; and he always was good to his old father, for all; but he disobeyed me, by marrying this poor girl; yet as my old friend and fellow soldier, Tom Bonner used to say, we must forgive. Poor Jim! I did give all my old clothes I have got to know whatever became of him. If I could but find him or one of his children! Heaven grant that they are not suffering! This plaguy smoky room, how my eyes water! If I did but know who this girl was that my Charles has married; but I have never enquired her name. I'll find out and—'

'I think its likely,' said the old man.

Ellen led into the room a beautiful boy, about two years old. His curly hair and rosy cheeks could not but make one love him.

'Who is that?' said the old man, wiping his eyes.

'That—that is Charles' boy,' said Ellen, throwing one of her arms around her father's neck, while with the other she placed the child on his knee. The child looked tenderly up into his face, and lisped out,

'Grand-pa, what makes you cry so?'

The old man clasped the child to his bosom, kissed him again and again. After his emotion had a little subsided, he bade the child tell his name.

'Thomas Whoner catly,' said the boy, 'I am named after grand-pa.'

'What do I hear?' said the old man; 'Thomas Bonner your grandfather?'

'Yes,' lisped the boy, 'and he lives with me at——'

'Get me my cane,' said the old man, 'and come; be quick, child.'

They started off at a quick pace, which soon brought them to the poor, though neat lodgings of his son. There he beheld his old friend, Thomas Bonner, seated in one corner, weaving baskets, while his swathed limbs showed how unable he was to perform the necessary task. His lovely daughter, the wife of Charles, was preparing their frugal meal, and Charles was out seeking employment to support his needy family.

'It's all my fault,' sobbed the old man, as he embraced his friend, who was petrified with amazement.

'Come,' said Mr. Wheatly, 'come all of you home with me, we will all live together, there is plenty of room in my house for us all.'

By this time Charles had come. He asked his father's forgiveness, which was freely given, and Ellen was almost mad with joy.

'Oh, how happy we shall be!' she exclaimed: 'and father will love our little Thomas so, and he'll be your pet, won't he, father?'

'Ay,' said the old man, 'I think it's very likely.'

FASHIONABLE FOLLY.—We observe that the New York fashionables are endeavoring to out do each other in the *costliness* of their evening parties, and it is said that a lady's dress that costs less than *one thousand dollars*, is considered quite a mean affair.

There is nothing more vulgar than the attempt on the part of American ladies to imitate the flunkyism of the rich trades-folks of England, who, being shut out of aristocratic circles by blood, undo them in extravagant waste of dollars in all their entertainments under the delusion that they are thus elevating their social position. A rich butcher of London, we observe, astonished the natives recently, by appearing in his carriage in his shirt sleeves, with a coachman and footman in elegant livery. Now he was a man of sense compared with the vulgar mob of fools who spend their money in laces at one hundred dollars per yard, to be crushed at an evening party made up of silly women and young gentlemen in white kids, who never earned an honest dollar, and are ashamed of their grandfather if he happened to be a worthy soap-boiler or mechanic. There is nothing so foolish and weak as the conduct of the "upper ten" in our large cities, and no class is more immeasurably and justly despised. The whole time of managing mothers and intriguing daughters is spent in making a sale of their offspring and themselves to the upstart rich—while to sustain their folly their fathers are coining their conscience into dollars in Wall street. The happiness growing out of these matches is easily measured.—The noble son or noble daughter of an honest farmer outranks in worth and greatness a whole ballroom full of such tinselled, brainless and heartless creatures.

A Story of Circumstantial Evidence.

Some years ago, I went especially to Clonwell assizes and accidentally witnessed a trial which I never shall forget. A wretched man, a native of that county, was charged with the murder of his neighbor. It seemed that an ancient feud existed between them. They had met at a fair, exchanged blows; again that evening they met at a low pothouse and the bodily interference of friends alone prevented a fight between them. The prisoner was heard to vow vengeance against his rival. The wretched victim left the house, followed by the prisoner, and was found next day on the road side, murdered and his face barbarously beaten in by a stone so that he could only be identified by his dress. The facts were strong against the prisoner; in fact it was the strongest case of circumstantial evidence I ever met with.—As a form—of his guilt there was no doubt—the prisoner was called for his defence. He called, to the surprise of every one, the murdered man. And the murdered man came forward.—It seemed that another man had been murdered—the identification by dress was vague, for all the peasantry of Tipperary wear the same description of clothes—that the presumed victim had got a hint that he would be arrested under the White Boy Act—had fled, and only returned with a noble Irish feeling of justice, when he found that his ancient foe was in jeopardy on his account. The case was clear: the prisoner was innocent. The judge told the jury it was unnecessary to charge them. They requested permission to retire; they returned in about two hours, when the foreman with a long face handed him the verdict of 'guilty.' Every one was astonished. 'Good God!' said the Judge, 'of what is he guilty? Not of murder, surely?' 'No my lord,' said the foreman, 'but if he did not murder that man, he stole my mare three years ago.'—*Daniel O'Connell.*

PULPIT ZEAL.—No man was ever scolded out of his sins. The heart, corrupt as it is, and because it is so, grows angry if it be not treated with some management and good manners, and scolds back again. A surly mastiff will bear perhaps to be stroked, though he will growl even under the operation, but if you touch him roughly he will bite. There is no grace that the spirit of self can counterfeit with more success than a religious zeal. A man thinks he is fighting for Christ, and he is fighting for his own notions. He thinks he is skillfully searching the hearts of others, when he is only gratifying the malignity of his own; and charitably supposes his hearers destitute of all grace that he may shine the more in his own eyes by comparison.

When he has performed this noble task, he wonders that they are not converted: he has given it to them soundly, and if they do not tremble and confess that God is in him of a truth, he gives them up as reprobates, incorrigible and lost forever. But a man that loves me, if he sees me in an error will pity me, and endeavor calmly to convince me of it, and persuade me to forsake it. If he has great and good news to tell me, he will not do it angrily, and in much heat and discomposure of spirit.—It is not, therefore, easy to conceive on what ground a minister can justify a conduct which proves that he does not understand his errand. The absurdity of it would certainly strike him, if he were not himself deluded.—*Cowper.*

A RICH LOG.—In the parish of Stathblane, in Stirlingshire, Scotland, a singular story is told of a log of wood. About one hundred years ago, it is remembered to have served as a prop to the end of a bench, in a school-house, near the church. It was afterwards used by children, who amused themselves with carrying it to the top of an acclivity, whence it rolled to the bottom. It afterwards lay many years on the wall of a church-yard. At last it was appropriated by an old woman, a pauper, who lived in a hut by herself. For about twelve years she used it as a seat. After her death, one of her neighbors was employed to wash the clothes that were found in her house: fuel being scarce it was laid on the fire to heat water for the operation. Not igniting quickly, the washerwoman took it off the fire, and proceeded to cleave it with a hatchet, when lo! at the first stroke it burst asunder, and the floor was covered with money. The coins consisted of crowns, half crowns, and shillings, of Queen Elizabeth, James the First of England, and Charles the First; a few gold coins were also found.

VULGARITY.—We would guard the young against the use of every word that is not perfectly proper. Use no profane expression—allude to no sentence that would put to the blush the most sensitive. You know not the tendency of habitually using indecent and profane language. It may never be obliterated from your hearts. When you grow up you will find at your tongue's end some expressions which you would not use for any money. It was one you leared when quite young. By being careful, you will save yourself a great deal of trouble, mortification and sorrow. Good men have been taken sick and become delirious. In these moments they have used the most vile and indecent language imaginable. When informed of it, after a restoration of health, they had no idea of the pain they had given their friends, and stated they had learned and repeated these expressions in childhood, and though years had passed since they had spoken a bad word, the early impressions had been indelibly stamped upon the heart. Think of this, ye who are tempted to use improper language, and never disgrace yourself.

☞ A philosophic and self-possessed ship-captain was passing through a church-yard at midnight, when a sheeted ghost rose up behind a tombstone, and approached him with menacing gestures. The ancient mariner coolly raised his stick and gave him a crack over the head, asking him "What he meant by being out of his grave at so late an hour?"

A QUANDARY.—To sit on a sofa between two pretty girls, one with black eyes, jet ringlets, and rosy cheeks—the other with soft blue eyes, sunny ringlets, and red cheeks and lips, and both laughing at the same time. We know of nothing more trying to one's nerves, unless it be to have both hands in the dough and a flea up the leg of our trousers.

THE FIRST QUAKER PUN.—Not long since a 'Friend,' who rejoiced in the name of Comfort, paid his devoirs to a young and attractive Quaker widow named Rachel H.—Either her griefs were too new, or her lover too old, or from some other cause, his offer was declined.—Whereupon a Quaker friend remarked that was the first modern instance he had known where 'Rachel refused to be comforted.' The anecdote is remarkable as being the first Quaker pun on record.

☞ "Mrs. Jones," said a gentleman one day last summer, when railroad accidents were so numerous, to a lady whose husband was a brakesman. "Mrs. Jones, do you not feel worried about Mr. Jones while he is on the cars in view of the many accidents that are now daily occurring?" "No, not at all," replied the contented lady; "for if he is killed, I know I shall be paid for it, because Mr. Williams got forty dollars for his cow that was run over by the cars a few days since."

☞ Brandy applications are recommended by a Western paper for baldness, continued externally until the hair is well started, and afterwards in generous quantities internally, *to clinch the roots!*

The Yankee in Hell.

Burton tells a capital story of 'The Yankee in the Infernal Regions.' His description of some of the characters he found "down below," is laughable in the extreme. Nebuchadnezzar, the king of the Jews, he describes good at "all fours," and particularly expert in the preparation of "salad." The introduction of the Yankee to his infernal majesty is peculiar.

"How d'ye dew, folks," said the stranger, puffing away at a long segar; "is the boss devil at hum?"

His majesty looked sulphur and saltpetre at the intruder.

"Reptile!" he exclaimed in a voice of thunder, that rumbled and reverberated in the depths of a pit without bottom, "who are you that dare intrude upon our sacred privacy?"

"Whew," said the stranger, "don't tear your shirt! why what on earth is the use of goin' off half cock in that way! Why do you jump for afore you're spirred! there aint such an almighty occasion for you to get your dander so awful riz, jist as if you was goin' to burst your biler. Seein' that your climate's rather of the warmest, it would only be doin' the civil thing if you jist said, "Mister, toe the mark, and take your bitters."

"Worm, hence to your appointed place in the yawning gulf! there, in the hottest flame—"

"Well, I guess not!" drawled out the man, with imperturbable calmness. "I've got my ticket, Mister, from the regular agent, and I don't choose a berth so nigh the inline!"

INDUSTRY ESSENTIAL.—If you are not possessed of brilliant talents, you can at least be industrious; and this, with perseverance, will compensate for the want of intellectual gifts.—The history of almost every really eminent man, no matter in what pursuit he has signalized himself and served mankind, abounds with proofs that to industry, full as much as to genius, have all really great human achievements been attributable. Great scholars, for instance, have not been merely laborious, but they have studied both methodically and regularly, they have had for every portion of the day its proper and allotted study, and in no wise would they allow any one portion of time to be encroached on by the study to which another portion was especially devoted in their fixed plan of action.

HOW TO CHOOSE A WIFE.—When a young woman behaves to her parents in a manner particularly tender and respectful, from principle as well as nature, there is nothing good and gentle that may not be expected from her, in whatever condition she may be placed. Were I to advise a friend as to his choice of a wife, my council would be, "look out for one distinguished for her attention and sweetness to her parents." The fund of worth and affection indicated by such behavior, joined to the habits of duty and consideration thereby contracted, being transferred to the married state, will not fail to render her a mild and obliging companion.

ANECDOTE OF GIBBON.—One of the drollest occurrences in the annals of gallantry is related of Gibbon, the historian, who was short in stature, and very fat. One day being with the beautiful Madame de Crouzas, he dropped on his knees before her and made a declaration of his love in the most passionate terms. The astonished lady rejected his suit, and requested him to rise. "Rise, Gibbon, I beseech you rise." Mr. Gibbon still kept his posture. "Mr. Gibbon, will you have the goodness to get up?" "Alas, Madame!" uttered the unlucky lover, "I cannot." He was too fat to regain his feet without assistance. Madame de Crouzas rang the bell, and said to her servant "Lift up Mr. Gibbon."

SOME PUMPKINS.—The November number of Harper's Magazine has a scene between a fresh caught cockney and a New York Market woman, which is the best Punchinas for six months. The woman is standing with her hands under her apron, by a pile of huge pumpkins, and looks as saucy as only a New York market woman can look. The cockney is poking the biggest pumpkin with his rattan.

Cockney.—"I 'ope you don't call them large happles; they ain't half as large as we have them in Hold Hengland."

Market woman.—"Apples! Them ain't apples. Them is only huckleberries."

NO MEANS OF SUPPORT.—Miss Mary Killiwee was called up, and informed by the Recorder that an affidavit had been made against her, in which she is charged with having "no visible means of support." "No visible means of support!" echoed Mary, and thereupon she drew up her nether garments, so as to expose a well developed limb, and triumphantly exclaimed, "Don't you call that a visible means of support, Mr. Recorder?" We need scarcely add that the Recorder blushed, and summarily sent Mary to the work-house for thirty days.—*N. O. Delta.*

☞ If a man wishes to be graceful, he must begin his practice before his bones and habits are formed. Learning to dance after thirty has only one thing more difficult, and that is to forego a pipe after you are sixty.

SHAVE OR RESIGN.—The clerks of the Bank of England, following the universal example, lately began to embellish their lips with hirsute ornaments, but the directors soon put a stop to the fashion, and ordered them to "shave or resign." It is said they preferred to shave.

DISTINCTIONS.—A French Abbe travelling in a stage was asked by a young clerk, a wouldbe wit and atheist, if he knew what difference there was between a priest and an ass, and upon being answered in the negative, said that the priest carried the cross on his breast, and the ass on his back. After the laughter had subsided, the Abbe asked if the clerk knew the difference between a clerk and an ass.

'No,' was the reply.

'Nor I,' rejoined the Abbe.

TOUCHING PROOFS OF REGARD.—I have a regard said Titmarsh, for every man on board that ship, from the captain down to the crew—down even to the cook, with tattoed arms, sweating among the saucepans in the galley, who used (with the most touching affection) *to send us locks of his hair in the soup.*

☞ Mr. Mellowfly on being asked the other day by a young beggar, who wasn't so bad to look at, for alms, mistook the sense of the word and gave the girl a one-horse embrace. If there is one weakness more than another in Mellowfly's nature, it is to mistake a pretty Miss.

To melt a lady right into a boquet, just praise her feet, her hands, chest, her eyes and her hair. She is as fluent as rectified spirits and as smooth as the oil of roses about that time. For melting calico, you must touch her weaknesses with a finger of praise.

☞ At a social party, one evening, the question was put, 'What is religion?' 'Religion,' replied one of the party, 'religion is an insurance against fire in the next world, for which honesty is the best *policy.*'

A GLORIOUS RELIC.—The Syracuse Journal says that a banner which was stretched across Salina street, from the Corinthian Hall, during the sitting of the Old Soldiers in Convention, was the same used as the field flag at the battles of Plattsburgh and Sacketts' Harbor. The gallant Colonel Pike was wrapped in its folds after he was mortally wounded at Little York, and it was his winding sheet. The blood-stains of his wounds are still to be seen upon it.

Humerous.

"CUT LOOSE AGAIN, MISTER."—A friend of ours, who is a most accomplished salesman, and who is kept very busy in one of the up-town dry goods houses, was complimented, not long since, in manner and form as follows, to wit:

He had a countryman in the store, and was showing him a very handsome piece of ladies' dress goods, not with any great hope of selling it; still, there was some slight chance, and besides, it is necessary—so our friend avers—to keep constantly in practice.

So he dashed ahead in fine style, praised the richness of the pattern, extolled the texture of the fabric, held it up to a favorable light, avouched for its ultra fashionableness; and, in short, let loose a torrent of eloquence, in which it was difficult to distinguish which was more flattered, the taste of the admiring rustic or the quality of the magnificent *mousseline.* Bumkin's eye flashed with gratified pride at the complimentary allusions to himself, and unconcealed astonishment at the development of beauty in the goods, and fluency in the salesman.

Catching our friend by the arm, he exclaimed, 'Stop right here one minute!' and dashed out of the store with two or three rapid bounds. Grosdenap stood, a little bothered, holding the bolt of goods across both hands, just as though he had 'frozen' in the attitude in which he had so thoroughly impressed the rural gentleman. Meantime this last mentioned individual whisked two bouncing girls out of a carryall which stood in front of the store, and half pulling, half pushing them, brought them up in front of him of the fluent tongue:

'Gals! stand there—right there, Sally—*and* now, *Mister, cut loose again! I just want the gals to hear you!*'

It is almost needless to say, in view of the peculiarity of the circumstances, that our friend was utterly overwhelmed with his emotions, and for once in his life failed in his utterance—to the great disappointment of the father and both daughters.—*Montgomery (Ala.) Mail.*

"GO IT, OLD SORREL!"—"In my boyhood days," said the narrator, 'I used to reside with an old aunt, in the country, who was strictly pious, went to church regularly, and made me also follow the same christian practice. Among those who attended the church regularly, was a man known among all the villagers by the appellation of 'Old Joe.' Old Joe, in addition to being a strict church-goer and devout christian, (he passed for the latter,) was something of a sporting character—delighted in frequently indulging in horse-racing. His favorite nag he called 'old Sorrel,' and he would at any time put up his 'pile' on 'old Sorrel,' against any other animated horse-flesh in the neighborhood. Well, as I said before, Old Joe attended church frequently, and occasionally, like many others, used to indulge in a 'nap' during the sermon.—While thus luxuriating one Sunday—the divine putting in the big licks—spreading himself astonishingly—and just at the moment the latter was indulging in one of his loftiest flights, Old Joe, doubtless dreaming that he was on the track, and participating in an animated race, sung out, in a loud voice—'Go it, old Sorrel! Go it, old Sorrel!' It is needless to say that Joe's unconcious exclamation brought the house down. Sober countenances, that had never indulged in a smile, were distorted with laughter; old women 'snickered,' and young girls, with cambrics up to their pretty faces, indulged in suppressed giggles. What added a zest to the incident, was the fact that the minister had a most brilliant vermillion-tinted head of hair. 'Old Sorrel,' wasn't bad, and the crowd took the force