WISDOM BETTER THAN STRENGTH.

A little wise woman, too old for grace,
Set out on a ramble one day;
Her pretty green apron hung down with a grace,
And a sun-bonnet shaded her pleasant old face.
As she quietly passed on her way.

From the road and the dust of the highway to keep,
Which dirtied her shoes and her clothes,
She climbed o'er a fence, where the pasture was deep,
Nor ever remembered a surly old sheep
Lived there with his lambs and his ewes.

A heavy old fellow, with head like a rock,
Well fitted to bump and to pound;—
If caught with a bonnet, an apron, or frock,
But came in his way he would give them a knock,
And tumble them o'er on the ground.

On passed the old woman, right joyful was she,—
The grass was so soft to her tread,—
The sheep were so familiar, and peaceful to see,
As close by the fences and under a tree,
They slumbered or quietly fed.

The surly old sheep had just taken a bite,
When the woman he espied
It roused him to fury, he has-ed at the sight,
And started to hurl her, full ready for fight,—
Determined "to do or to die."

Oh, what will the little old wife woman do?
If a blow at her life he should get,—
She will need a good nurse, or a doctor or two;
For there will be bruises, some black and some blue,
And bones there may be to set.

The fence was too far, but with joy she espied
A stump of a tree by her path:
Behind it she crept, and her bee-haw-ed to hide,
She let her green apron hang over the side,
Where surly came rushing in wrath.

He struck, but the stump at the blow did not quail,
Which, through the midst of his thump,
Felt a quiver and shock to the end of his tail;
Yet the little old woman laughed hearty and hale,
Quite tickled it seemed by the bump.

Head and tail were both shaking, as back he with-drew,
Determined to try it again,—
There was the old woman, her green apron too,—
And anger and courage awaking anew.
He rushed on with might and with main.

He reeled at his blow, yet unflinching she stood—
A joyous old woman that day;
She wished *him* to bump, if it made him feel good;
But sore was his head, and relenting his mood,
As he lacked from the stump away.

Once more filled with fury, he rushed to assail:
He struck, and upset by the shock,
His anger and courage at once seemed to fail;
So showing the wise little woman his tail,
He sheepishly stole to his flock.

Wit and Humor.

MRS JONES, "AROUND."

The Stamford *Advocate* obtains the following spirited advertisement, signed by SARAH A. JONES:—

TO THE PUBLIC:—Whereas, my husband, Edward H. Jones, has falsely advertised that I have left his bed and board, and that he will pay no debts of my contracting, &c.—This is to inform the public that the aforesaid Edward H. Jones had neither bed nor board for me to leave, he having been living at the expense of my father; and further, under pretence of procuring money to pay his way to Birmingham, Connecticut, he borrowed a dollar of my father, and with that paid for his lying advertisement against me; and even after this dastardly act, he took all the money I had, and borrowed every cent in my mother's possession, and left town. For the past three months he has been kept from nakedness and starvation by the exertions of myself and relatives: he squandered in dissipation all the money his inborn laziness would allow him to earn. The scamp need not have advertised that he would not pay debts of my contracting, for the public well knows that he would not even pay his own. He is a lazy, ungrateful, loafing scoundrel; not content with living at the expense of my relatives, and borrowing their money, he publishes an outrageous lie! His bed and board, indeed! If left to himself, his bed would be nothing but a board, and I should not be much surprised if the bed he dies on were made of boards, with a strong cross-beam overhead.

NATIONALITY.

Tom Brady was a jolly fellow as ever cast a spadeful of clay out of a ditch and was bound to "enjoy life" if there was any way of doing it. When Tom was young he always took the lead in the sprees and fun of fun which were got up among his acquaintances. Many a friend had Tom, and we might add that he had a few enemies, for he never let a row without giving somebody a broken nose. But at last Tom was sobered, and, as he has often remarked, "was clean beat;" for he fell in love with a woman and married her, "without ever askin, if she was Irish." The "devil a bit" of peace had Tom, from that day, for she could scold like all creation.

One day a friend hearing her "go on" for a while slyly interrogated Tom as to her nationality.

"Faith an it's meself that id like to know what same," said Tom. "Och hone; that I ever should have married her without askin' if she was of any nation at all."

"Why, Tom isn't she Irish?"

"No, be the powers! Niver a bit of Irish in her," exclaimed the gerritated husband.—"But some d——d *crab breed!*"

Tom streaked it, followed by a good sized stool.

THE DEVIL AND THE COUNT.

A German Novel in Monstrous

A certain Count, who, in order to raise the wind, had made a league with the Old Gentleman, violated his engagements, and was suddenly waited upon by his diabolical creditor, who with a grin on his face, cried out to his victim, "come, we must be off immediately!" The Count appeared much terrified. In a timid tone of expostulation, he said: "Our agreement was forty years; only twenty years have elapsed—must I go?" "Yes," replied Satan, in a determined but dogged tone. "Grant me but a year?"—"No!" "A day?" "No!" "Thea," said the Count, "you see this candle; it is but an inch long. Whilst it is burning, here is a bottle, and a capital cigar to regale you. Will you not spare me until this candle is burnt out?" "Yes," answered the infernal guest. "Very well," said the Count, blowing out the candle and thrusting it into his pocket, "and I'm snug enough." So saying, he left the apartment by another door.—The gentleman in black got up, his whole frame trembling with anger, and his eyes scintillating with hideous denunciations of wrath. He seemed about decidedly sneaking, and vanished with a clap of thunder.

☞ IMPRESSIONS AT FIRST SIGHT.—This subject at the supper table, was getting "talked over," when, the lady who presided, "over the cups and tea," said, "she always formed an idea of a person at first sight; and that idea she found was generally a correct one."

"Mamma?" said her youngest son, in a shrill voice, that attracted the attention of all present.

"Well, my dear," said the fond mother, "what do you want?"

"I want to know," said young America, "what you thought *when you first saw me?*"

There was no answer to this query; but *we learn* that a general titter prevailed, and that "Charlie," was taken into the kitchen immediately by the servant.

☞ ON THE WHOLE, we think we rather admire the coolness of the man, who, upon finding it necessary to "post" his wife for sundry violations of connubial uprightness, did so by putting written notices "not to harbor or trust," &c., upon the walls of his sleeping apartment, and, upon being reminded that it would be necessary to have them posted up in some *public* place, replied that he knew of them in the most public place he knew of.

☞ WE SHOULD like to know how many square inches are in a wheel of fortune?

Of what kind of timber is the post of honor?

What kind of knife is used in cutting capers?

What would the telegraph line be good for in a fishing excursion?

☞ IF YOU want to learn how much more eloquent silence is than the most expressive language: ever got up this side of sunrise, passionately squeeze a girl's hand in church, and then catch her eye. Jee-rew-sa-lem! the whole book of Genesis, full of "picters," isn't a circumstance—nor Mr. Sleekhair's sermon, neither. Young corduroy will please make a note of it.

MANUFACTURES.

NEW OIL CLOTH & CARPET STORE.

THE subscriber would respectfully call the attention of the public to examine his new stock of goods, consisting of Floor and Table Oil Cloths, 4 and 5ply Ingrain Carpets, Venitian, Listing and Rag Carpets, Canton Matting, cotton plaid and plain, suitable for Parlor Buildings, Offices, &c.; Cord, Door Mats, large Hearth Rugs, Oil Cloth Hats and Blinds, Floor Oil Cloths, 4 to 8 feet wide, and a variety of desirable Window Shades, all ready for inspection, together with all the fixtures.

J. FRANKLIN HARRIS.

In door above the N. W. Corner of Centre and Minersville Streets, Pottsville.

Dec. 31, 1853 53-3m

WIRE COAL SCREENS.

THE undersigned are now prepared to fill all orders for their new and superior article of Screens. Their screens are woven firm and with regular meshes, without splitting the wire in the particular process of crimping, and of course possesses a much greater degree of strength and durability, than any article before offered to the public. Specimens of the work can at all times be seen at the Hardware Store of D. L. Eastly, corner of Market and Centre Streets.

EASTERLY & SCHUYLER.

Pottsville, Dec. 24, 1853. 53-tf

NEW FOUNDRY.

THE undersigned respectfully beg leave to announce to the citizens of Schuylkill County, and the public in general, that they have established a Foundry in West Haven, near the Depot of the Blue Mountain Co., and a short distance from the junction of the Schuylkill & Berks Canal, and Mine Hill Railroads, where they are prepared to execute all orders, in their line of business, promptly and on reasonable terms. Castings, &c., for Railroad, Coal Breakers, Water Pipes, Mill-gearing; Models of Castings for Machinery, Pig and Other Iron, Brass Castings, Chains