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Vives Voco! Fulgura Frango! Mortuos Plango!

I call the living to prayer! to prayer!
The solemn peal rings through the air;
I call the living to worship God,
To bow 'neath his chastening rod.
I call the living to sing the praise
Of Him whose hands supports their days.
I call the living on Sabbath morn,
Sweetly and far the sound is borne;
To cottage and castle, to every home,
Aged and infant, forth they come;
Parents and children, one and all;
And blest are they who come at my call.

I call the living: A fire! a fire!
The leaping flames part higher and higher,
Without, they tinge the sky with red,
And within they creep round an infant's bed;
While pitying friends can scarcely hold
The struggling mother, madly bold;
As she shrieks in accents sad and wild
Let me go—let me go—my child—my child!
But I call the living: A fire! a fire!
And though the flames are rising higher,
Yet many a manly arm and stout,
And many a stripling soon is out;
And the roaring flames sink lower and lower,
As on them the water they steadily pour;
By some bold heart the peril is braved,
And the mother is happy, her child is saved,
And unconscious of all the tumult wild,
She clasps him and mutters—'My child; my child!'

I scatter the lightning's fiercest wrath,
As it suddenly leaps on its crooked path.
The clouds rush down from the mountain side,
And cover the heavens far and wide;
Darkness and gloom are over the sky,
And all things living to shelter fly;
And muttering thunders begin to roll,
But back to my voice; I toll, I toll;
And the thunders now less loudly roar;
The sun breaks through the cloud once more;
And looks upon mountain, valley and plain,
Smiling in his blessed light again.

I mourn the dead: for many a day
When living they came at my call to pray;
And beneath me now in the ground they lie,
Nor hear when I call from my turret high,
I mourn the dead—and my heavy toll
Tells, that another has reached life's goal.
In sad procession the living come,
Bearing the dead to his lasting home.
Among them the mourners, wife and son,
Vainly weeping for him that is gone;
The gray-haired mother, whose only joy
Years ago, was a merry boy;
Those are manly eyes that in death lie dim,
But still as a boy she thinks of him.
And now where the willow branches wave,
The train gathers round a new-made grave.
Ashes to ashes—dust to dust;
The wife hath lost her earthly trust;
And the gray-haired mother can scarcely leave
Her child in that lonely, silent grave.

But there's balm for the grief of the suffering soul
In the solemn sound of my ceasing toll,
As it faintly dies in the air away,
To the mourners it sweetly seems to say,
There's a better world that is free from pain,
And the loved and the lost shall be found again.

HUMOROUS SKETCH.

INITIATING AN OUTSIDER.

A KNOW-NOTHING YARN.

BY JACK HUMPHRIES.

All creation and the balance of mankind were, early one morning, aroused from the dullness usually pervading the pious, prim and peaceful town of East Nutmeg, by the cry of—

"What's it all about?" "When did they come?" "How many are there?" "What do they look like?" "Are they human critters?" "What are they going to do?"

"Who?" "What?"

"*The Know-Nothings?*"

"Know-Nothings?" says a native.

"Know-Nothings."

"Well, I'd give a fo'pence to know," continued the native, "what in sin it's all about?"

"O, you hav'nt seen 'em, eh?" says a jolly, round visaged, bright-eyed individual, who, with other strangers, and natives of East Nutmeg, were gathered in a knot about the depot, discussing the topic which had in a single night came, saw, and *took* the town.—"Hav'nt seen 'em?"

"Seen who?" says the native.

"The Know-Nothings."

"Know-Nothins! Well, I kinder cal'late I *have*, a few."

"O, you are one of 'em, eh?"

"Look a here, squire, ef you don't want to be squattin cross-legged in yon heap o' sand, I cal'late yoeu'd better not say my edecation has been neglected in sich a way."

"Not at all, my dear friend; I only predicted that you were a—that is, hang it—I mean do you know what's out?"

"Yees; I'll tell veou what's out squire."

"Good; what is it?"

"A writ agin Josh Pruden for breakin' the Sabbath all tew flinders, playing keards in Deacon Dinkle's barn."

"Pshaw!" said the jolly man, "I don't mean that sort of work. I suppose you are like the rest of the Know-Nothings, too sly, eh, to be caught!"

"Squire do you chaw?"

"Yes," said the jolly-looking man.

"Hand us yeour tobacco, then."

"Yes, I *don't* chaw."

"Git eout! gettin' kinder sharp-set too, I cal'late. New look a' here, squire, I gin tew expect yeour from New York."

"I 'spect you are correct in your remarks."

"*Wall*, I *knew* yeou was; can tell yeou fellers a mile off; e' yes, can, by kingdom. Now, I cal'late there's somethin' goin' on, that's a fact—allfiredest raow areound this yer town, this mornin', beout somethin', a feller ever hearn."

"Ah, that's what I was comin' at. Now they say you've got up a new invention—a new-fangled society, or a new order, party, or sect, or something that's bound to get Christendom in an uproar; how is it?"

"Eh, yes; when they goin' to begin it, squire?"

"O you git eout, sly dog, ain't you one of 'em?"

"What! them fellows that's goin' to raise sin, and break things?"

"I don't know; I only ask you," continued the squire—"I only ask for information, you see."

"Wall, naow, loow a' here, a feller never made much by dod-rotted ignorance in this land of universal liberty and ginerel education, and a feller know nothing, that's a fact; but, squire, I've got in, but darn my buttons to apple sass, ef I wunt, as poor a fellow as I be, gin gist ten shillin's and upwards to know what's kinder busted raound here."

"Would you?"

"Wouldn't I? By golly, squire, I guess yeour *the* critter kin jest tell us all about it?"

"I'm just the man that can."

"I knew yeou be! Grea-a-t kingdom, let's hear all about it."

"His," said the humorous man, "is what I've been sounding you."

"You don't say so!" echoes the citizen of Nutmeg.

"Yes, sir; we have to be cautious."

"Eh, yes," abstractedly responds the Nutmeger.

"Can speak out to everybody."

"So?"

"Yes, sir; now I know you're a good egg."

"Aige?"

"Good egg—sound to the core."

"Sound would'nt wonder; never allin' but once in my hull life o then I had the darndest scratchin' time yeou ever did see, I reckon. Ever had the itch, squire?"

"Never, thank you."

"O, net at all, squire; you are quite welcom, as Uncle Nat said when he shot the fingr."

"Well, sir, now I'll give you in a whisper an idea of what's up; and if you love your country ——"

"I do"

"The land of the free, and the home of the brave!"

"Great Fourth of July! pitch in the big licks, squire."

"Our own dear native land!"

"That's the ginger! go it, squire!" says Nutmeg.

"Well sir; now you just follow me over to the hotel, so; now take a chair. Here we are; now I'll give you the secret. You see this is a grand secret society."

"Eh, yes."

"And the greatest secrecy is to be adhered to. Now rise, hold up both hands, high above your head, so; now swear ——"

"Swear! can't dew it, squire—agin my religion."

"Are you an American?"

"Am I? I ain't nothin' else, by Bunker Hill!"

"Will you stand by your country?"

"Will I? Yes, sir; till Gabriel toots his horn!"

"Then, swear, that you will stand by the American Eagle, the stars and stripes, and never reveal the secrets."

"Fourth of July and Bunker Hill," chimes in the excited Yankee.

"That's good, good egg!" said the humorous man. "Now, sir, you are one of us—you are a Know-Nothing."

"You dunt say so!"

"Yes, sir; now ——" [illegible] a brother of the society. When you see a man looking at you with his right eye shut, his hands in his pockets, and a cigar—should he be smoking—in the left side of his mouth—you may know he is a Know-Nothing."

"Eh, yes."

"Well, then, you go towards him, and shut your left eye, so; you bite the thumb of the left hand, if he bites ——"

"Bites?"

"Yes, if he *bites*; if he is really one of 'em, he will say something in a grumbling tone—something like 'what do you mean?' or 'do you mean that for me?' Then he bites, you see; then you advance close, and say, slowly, '*nix a weed in cully!*'"

"Dutch, ain't it?" says Yankee.

"Well, no, not exactly, its our language. Then he'll say, 'what do you mean?'—mind, he'll be very apt to say that once or twice, sure. You reply '*nibs*,' don't forget 'nibs—stag his nibs cully!'"

"Nibs, eh, yes."

"'Nibs, cully, how's nibs?' You then approach close up, shut the right eye, grasp his hand, and put your left forefinger alongside of your nose, so. He'll then up and tell you all about it!"

"He will? How many fellows in this town have joined this society?"

"O hundreds; nearly everybody you meet are members; it's raising the greatest excitement imaginable!"

"Beats Millerites? I was one of them."

"Beats everything out, sir. Now here's the oath; you swear by this emblem"—(elevating a boot jack.)

"What, a boot jack?"

"Yes, it *looks* like a jack, but it ain't, it's a blind, a mystery; we swear by this. You put your forefinger on your nose, shut one eye, and swear never to reveal these, our secrets, so help your Independence day!—Now to-night, there will be a crowd near the depot, about dark; when the crowd moves, you follow; they will take you to the secret chamber, where you will learn more particulars. *Now scoot.*"

"Eh, yes;" and Nutmeg left.

He had just got into the street when a *veritable sign* met his eyes. A long-legged, double-fisted fellow, with but one eye in his head, stood gaping around, with his hands in his breeches; up goes Nutmeg, shuts his eye, and pokes his thumb between his molars. The man with the closed eye looks daggers with the other, and by the twitching of his lips seemed to be speaking, or doing something like it, inwardly.

"Nix a weed in cull!" says Nutmeg, advancing.

"What in yaller thunder d'ye mean, say?" says the one-eyed man.

"Nibs—stag his nibs, cully, how's nibs?" continued Nutmeg, advancing, and placing his finger upon his long, sharp nose, and grabbing at the stranger, who, mistrusting the move meant no good, drew off, and pulls in such a "soult paw" that Nutmeg doubled up and went down all in a heap—*cobby!*

"Goll darn you, ain't you one of 'em? Why didn't you say so!" bawled Nutmeg, *traveling* into the hotel to find the Professor of Know-Nothingness, and settle his *hash!* But *Professor Pete Morris* had suddenly left for parts unknown! Nutmeg has been looking for Pete for some time.

THE path of virtue is the path of peace.

SELECT MISCELLANY.

From the New York Courier and Enquirer.

A Partially Railroad Sketch.

Sometime since, upon one of the best of our Roads—a Road in which all attention is given to the comfort and safety of the passengers—one of the most rapid of the trains left a city, at its regular time—and all having care of the train were quite satisfied that all the movement was ordinary and right. There was no peculiar jar—no sudden change of sound. The wheels went round rapidly as a racer could require, and the systematic and well understood blow of the wheel on the rail, succeeded by the roll when the continuous rail was reached, assured everybody that all was right.

A short time after the train had left, one of the workmen employed at the station, came to the Superintendent, bringing with him a piece of a long bolt, which he said he had just found on the track. It was, he thought, something appertaining to the cars. The Superintendent, with a thrill of feeling, recognised it as the *king bolt* of one of the carriages. The train was too far gone—indeed, as several minutes had elapsed—gone far beyond recall or reach. These express driving wheels devour distance, so that voice is but a mockery, and pursuit an impossibility. He kept cool, though every nerve thrilled. He saw at a glance that it was an accident, the occurrence of which it was utterly impossible to the conductor to ascertain; and not being of the engine, there would be nothing to induce the Engineer to close his throttle valve. The only hope was, *that by its weight the car might stay on the track.* He took his course in prompt decision. The triumphs of modern Art, by the blessing of Heaven, have placed an agency in advance of the locomotive.

He went to the Telegraph—and this was his message. It was a calm one, and not of impulse or dismay—"*Examine* the trucks on the Express Train, and see if all is *right.*" He had thus far done all he could. In the meantime, on that train, the pleasant conversation—the absorbed reading—the glance at scenery—the recollection of a charming hour passed away—or the hope of a glad welcome—all the incidents that mark every transit of intelligent travelers was in occurrence. [illegible] mingled.

By one of those fatalities in telegraphic movement, which brings news of the woful disease to a friend, whose return must be immediate—after the last and worst issue has passed—this despatch of the Superintendent did not reach the first station till the train had passed! But even in this exigency there was a beam of hope. Thus far at least, the train had gone safely. When the operator at the first station did receive the message, he comprehended in a moment, the urgent necessity, and the imminent need of haste.—Like a man of sense, he pushed the signal on, and to the very first place where the telegraph could be used, he sent on the Superintendent's message. In all these hours, that officer could not take off his mind the keen anxieties. There before him was the faithless iron—and he knew that without it every turn of the wheel brought peril. Better success attended the re-issue of the despatch. Long before the hour for the train to arrive, the instructions were read, and the Superintendent had companions in his anxieties.—They awaited keenly the minute when the train should be due. It came, as rushing, as tremendous in its speed as ever. First the white steam showed itself over the trees, then the tall, dark smoke stack, with its breast-plate; the polished, shining silver concave of the lantern; then the sharp whistle to the brakemen, and all was accomplished accurately. The train brought up all right, and the hurrying traveler plunged eagerly for his baggage. The conductor, stepping from his train with that quiet, customary, business-like movement, found himself at once called by the station men to keener action. He could not believe that anything was wrong, for, as a fact is declared of greater truth than a theory, the miles run with winged speed in safety, told of complete order and security.

There was a busy scrutiny about and under the train. The order of the Superintendent told that he was in earnest. Men got under trucks in place where if the locomotive should but take a breath, they would be crushed—wheels were tried—breaks examined—beams and bumpers overhauled—and nothing seen as defective—and the despatch that had used the lightning to travel upon seemed as it was—like the fire cry of the Italians in Meslin, when the saw the moon rise—a false alarm. There was one of that examining party not quite satisfied—I wish I felt at liberty to give his name. That faithful, earnest, constant, accurate officer—never absent—never neglectful—he took that one more last look, which seems so often to concentrate success, and discovered that from one of the cars the *king bolt* was gone!—and he knew by the fact that from the point of starting, the message of warning had been sent, that over all this journey, this car had been kept from destruction by its weight by a groove. That minute had the value of life that cannot be recalled in it.

If the engineer had seen any unusual object before him—checked his speed—found his way disimpeded—given on steam again—the quick sudden movement would have, it is most probable, pulled the truck from the car, and written sad memories in the history of that day. But so smoothly—so easily—with such steady tread—that engine moved—that in this unknown danger, its course was as safe as if all the strength of iron had encompassed it—Heaven changes that dread word danger by its mercies.

When the Superintendent heard that his train had reached its destination safely, and that his message was yet in time for the remedy, the remainder of that day he wore a smiling and gentle look. The compressed lip could let the breath come free again.

A Dream at Sea.

A gentleman with whom I was intimately acquainted related to me, some years since, the particulars of a remarkable dream, which he had once at sea. He was at the time engaged in the China trade, and it was on his return from Canton, that the dream occurred. It was not without some hesitation that he brought himself to tell it. He assured me that *he had never before related it to any one*, and wished it might not be repeated; for he was unwilling, he said, to expose himself to ridicule which naturally attached itself to the dreamer of strange dreams. It was not therefore until after his death that I felt myself at liberty to mention it, even in confidence, or allude to it any way. Nor is it perhaps proper, even at this distance of time, to connect his name publicly with the subject; though by withholding it I am well aware that I lessen the confidence that would otherwise be felt (at least by those to whom he was personally known), not only in the reality of the dream, but in the truth of the facts that immediately followed it.

Let it be remembered, however, that I relate the dream and the circumstances as they were related to me—that I transcribe them from memory, and that I hold myself responsible for the *correction of the transcription only.*

But to the subject. After stating some difficulties that detained him in his passage down the river, he said: "We left our anchor at Whampoa (some fifteen miles below Canton) on the morning of the second of October; the wind was light, but favorable, and the weather remarkably fine. Having some commercial papers to arrange, I employed myself the greater part of the day, below. On coming upon deck I found we had passed the *outer waters*, as they are called, and were under a cloud of white sail, fairly out upon the bosom of the China Sea, then smooth as a mirror, and gleaming with the yellow rays of the sun. I continued on deck, conversing with the officer of the deck described it as one of that class of small river-rigged fishing crafts with which the rivers and coasts of China abound, and which are not unfrequently blown off too far to regain the coast or find their way back. It was soon near enough to be examined by the naked eye; and I saw to my astonishment that it was in every particular *the boat of the dream.* It was standing upon the same tack, under the sail, with a single man on board, seated at the helm. It was soon perceived that he paid no attention to the ship. His cap seemed to be pressed down so as to rest upon his shoulders, covering his whole head and face. A rope was made ready to be thrown to him, and he was hailed, but no answer returned. The boat was soon discovered to be half full of water, and as she was now within a hundred yards of the ship, the word was given to stand by the boat hooks. All hands rushed to the larboard gunwale, and she came surging up against the side of the ship, the man at the helm sunk down a mass of putrefaction. Another man half decomposed, was discovered wallowing in the bottom of the boat. The sight was horrible—the stench deadly. The cry from all quarters was, 'Push her off!' an order that was promptly and vigorously obeyed.

LIKE the colored bottles in a chemist's window, is the rouge on the cheek of a maiden; it attracts the passers by, but all know the drugs they advertise.

THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM.—"The attraction of thought is the beginning of wisdom."

What is Cholera?

Cholera is the exaggeration of intestinal vermicular motion.

This definition, explained in language less professional, would do more good than all the popular receipts for the cure of cholera ever published, because it expresses the inherent nature of cholera and suggests the principles of cure, in its early stage, to the most unreflecting mind.

The public is none the better, or wiser, or safer for one of all the ten thousand "cures" for cholera, proclaimed in the public prints with a confidence which itself is a sufficient guarantee, that however well informed the author may be in other matters, as regards cholera itself, they are criminally ignorant; for no man has a right to address the public on any subject connected with its general health, unless he understands that subject in its broadest sense, practically as well as theoretically.

As cholera has become a general, and perhaps, at least, for the present, a permanent disease of the country, and at this time is more or less prevalent in every State of the Union—and one, too, which may at any hour sweep any of us into the grave—it belongs to our safety to understand its nature for ourselves, and do what we may to spread the knowledge among those around us.

A "live" cheese or a cup of fishing worms may give an idea of the motion of the intestines in ordinary health. The human gut is a hollow, flexible tube, between thirty and forty feet long; but in order to be contained within the body, it is, to save space, arranged as a sailor would coil a rope; forever moving in health—moving too much in some diseases—too little in others. To regulate this motion is the first object of the physician in every disease. In headaches, bilious affections, costiveness, usually called "the bowels," is "torpid," and medicines are given to wake it up; and what does that, cures the man. Costiveness is the foundation—that is, one of the first beginnings—or it is the attendant of every disease known to man, in some stage or other of its progress. But the human body is made in such a manner that a single step cannot be taken without tending to move the intestines; thus it is, in the main, that those who move about on their feet a great deal, have the least sickness, and on the other hand, those who sit a great deal, and hence move [illegible] have never known [illegible] it is a rule to which I [illegible] Cholera being a disease in which the bowels move too much, the object should be to lessen that motion. The very first thing to be done in a case of cholera is to secure quietude. It requires but a small amount of intelligence to put these ideas together, and if they could only be burnt in on every heart, this fearful scourge would be robbed of myriads of its victims.

There can be no cure of cholera without quietude—the quietude of lying on the back.

The physician who understands his calling is always on the look out for the instincts of nature; and he who follows them most and interferes with them least, is the one who is oftenest successful. They are worth more to him than all the rigmarole stories which real or imaginary invalids pour in upon the physician's ear with such facile volubility. If, for example, a physician is called to a speechless patient—a stranger about whom no one can give any information—he knows, if the breathing is long, heavy and measured, that the brain is in danger; if he breath as quick from the upper part of the chest, the abdomen needs attention; or if the abdomen itself mainly moves in respiration, the lungs are suffering. In violent cases of inflamation of the bowels, the patient shrinks involuntarily from any approach to that part of his person. These are the instincts of nature, and are invaluable guides in the treatment of disease.

Apply this principle to cholera, or even common diarrhœa, when the bowels do not act *more than three or four times a day*; the patient feels such an unwilingness to motion that he even rises from his seat with the most unconquerable reluctance; and when he has, from any cause, been moving about considerably, the first moment of taking a comfortable seat is perfectly delicious, and he feels as if he could stay there always. The whole animal creation is subject to disease, and the fewest number, comparatively speaking, die of sickness, and yet instinct is their only physician.

Perfect quietude, then, on the back, is the first, the imperative, the essential step towards the cure of any case of cholera. To this art may lend her aid towards making that quietude more perfect, by binding a cloth around the belly pretty firmly. This acts beneficially in diminishing the room within the abdomen for motion; a man may be so pressed in a crowd as not to be able to stir. This bandage should be about a foot broad, and long enough to be doubled over the body; pieces of tape should be sewn to one end of the flannel, and a corresponding number to another part, being a safer and more effective fastening than pins.

If this cloth is of stout woolen flannel, it has two additional advantages—its roughness irritates the skin, and draws the blood to the surface from the interior, and, by its warmth, retains that blood there; thus preventing that cold, clammy condition of the skin which takes place in the last stages of cholera. Facts confirm this. When the Asiatic scourge first broke out among the German soldiery, immense numbers perished; but an imperative order was issued, in the hottest weather, that each soldier wear a stout woolen flannel abdominal compress, and *immediately* the fatality diminished more than fifty per cent. If the reader will try it, even in cases of common looseness of the bowels, he will generally find the most grateful and instantaneous relief.

The second indication of instinct is to quench the thirst. When the disease now called cholera made its first appearance in the United States, it was generally believed that the drinking of cold water, soon after calomel was taken, would certainly cause salivation; and, as calomel was usually given, cold water was strictly interdicted. Some of the most heart rending appeals I have noticed were for water, water! I have seen the patient with deadly eagerness mouthe the finger ends of the nurse, for the sake of a drop or two of cold water there while washing the face. There are two ways of quenching this thirst—cold water and ice. Cold water often causes a sense of fullness or oppression, and not always satisfying; at other times the stomach is so *very* irritable, that it is ejected in a moment. Ice does not give that unpleasant fullness, nor does it increase the thirst, as cold water sometimes does, while the quantity required is very much reduced.

The first step then to be taken when cholera prevails and its symptoms are present, is:

To lie down on a bed.

2d. Bind the abdomen tightly with woollen flannel.

3d. Swallow pellets of ice to the fullest extent practicable.

4th. Send for an established, resident, regular physician. Touch not an atom of the thousand things proposed by brains as "simple," as the remedies are represented to be, but wait quietly and patiently until the arrival of your medical attendant.

But many of my readers may be in a condition, by distance or otherwise, where it is not possible to obtain a physician for several hours, and where such a delay might prove fatal. Under such circumstances, obtain ten grains of calomel, and make it into a pill with a few drops of cold water; dry it a little by the fire or in the sun, and swallow it down. If the passages do not cease within two hours, then swallow two more of said pills, and continue to swallow two more at the end of each two hours until the bowels cease to give their light colored passages, or until the physician arrives.

A REMARKABLE CIRCUMSTANCE.—A man named Ryther, a foreman in Messrs. Starks & Pruyn's Iron Works, in this city, was attacked yesterday morning with the prevailing sickness, and notwithstanding the prompt attendance of a physician, he sank very fast, and died early in the evening. The physician, called in the evening for the seventh time, and found the body prepared for the grave. While standing by the corpse, the physician thought he detected a movement in one of the hands of the deceased, and on looking closer, two or three of the fingers, as also that of the muscles of the arm. The physician then remarked that the sense of hearing was always the last which left the body, and he would soon ascertain if the man was still alive. He then took one of his hands in his own, and said: "Ryther, if you can hear me, and cannot speak, answer by pressing my hand." This was promptly responded to by a very distinct pressure, felt by the physician, and seen by others, and it was repeated. Resuscitation, however, was of course impossible.—*Albany Atlas, 3d.*

a black man called on a clergyman in Western New York, avowed himself a fugitive slave, and asked for food and shelter, which was freely accorded. Two or three persons being cognizant of the fact, called in to see the "runaway nigger," when the following dialogue ensued:

"S'pose you had pretty hard times down South—lickings a plenty?"

"No—I never was whipped."

"Wasn't!—Well, you had to work awful hard?"

"My work was very light."

"Guess your clothes wan't very nice?"

"I was always well clothed—I was a good servant."

"Reckon your victuals wasn't uncommon fine?"

"As good as I desired."

"Well! I should give it as my opinion that you was a mighty big fool for running away from such a place as this, just for the sake of shirking for yourself."

"Gentlemen! my place down south is vacant. Any of you can have it by applying for it."

PRETTY NEAR THE MARK.—"I was in company the other night, a number of ladies being present, when a young man proposed a conundrum, which he said he had read in the papers. It was this: "When is a lady not a lady?" There was a pause—"Give it up said all round, when, to the infinite horror of the whole party the querist exclaimed, "When she's a little *buggy*." Nobody laughed—some were demure, some indignant, and some no doubt inclined to scratch—the querist's face a little. He was disappointed. Fumbling in his pocket he pulled out a paper which consulting for a moment he ejaculated, "O, I beg your pardon ladies; I made a mistake. The answer is, "when she is a little *sulky*!" I knew it was some sort of a carriage."

COLORED BIGOTRY.—"What have you to charge against the defendant?" asked a lawyer of an ebony-headed witness.

"Why, de nigger am bigoted," was the reply. "He's what?"

"Bigoted, bigoted—doesn't you know what dat am?"

"Why, no, replied the lawyer, who was much of a wag; "will you define the term, pub?" "Sartainly, sartainly I does. To be bigoted, a culled pusson must know too much for one nigger, and not enough for two niggers."

"Ma, has your tongue got legs?"

"Got what, child?"

"Legs, ma."

"Certainly not; but why do you ask that foolish question?"

"Oh, nothing! only I heard pa say your tongue was running from morning till night."

"Susan, give this child a cold bath and a dose of juniper-berry tea, and put him to bed!"

IF YOU WILL wont think much of it if you tell him that you have a sore throat, but inform him you have an affection of the Bronchial Tubes, and his respect for you will go up a hundred per cent.

"I know every rock on the coast"—cried an Irish Pilot when the ship then bumped—"and *that's* one of them."