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From the Corning Journal.

Songs that We Sung Together.

On many a soil I've wandered,
And sailed on many a sea;
I have heard the songs of Swissland,
And the music of Italy;
But none do I love so dearly
As those of my native clime;
The songs that we sung together
In the years of the olden time.

There is many a sprightlier measure,
And many a gayer air;
But none have so sweet a cadence,
As those that are treasured there.
There was life in the good old music,
And health in the good old rhyme
Of the songs that we sung together—
Sweet songs of the olden time.

When the oak was piled on the hearthstone,
And blazed in the chimney high;
With the best of old-fashioned singing,
We hastened the evening by.
And our voices cheerfully blending
Rang out in a merry chime,
As we lingered and sang together
The song of the olden time.

Oh! the voices that used to sing them,
And the hearts that once loved them best;
They are scattered and gone,—or broken,
And some have lain down to rest.
And all of Life's later journey
Hath never a pleasant rhyme,
Like the songs that we sung together
In the years of the olden time. LIN.

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

From the People's Organ.

THE WIFE'S MISTAKE.

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

BY JACK BRACE.

"Pet, if it annoys you to see me drink a glass of wine, I will take the temperance pledge. I would rather do it than make you unhappy."

"There is no occasion for that, dear. I have no objection to your taking one glass of wine, or even of brandy. I don't think there is any harm in that; but three or four a day, as you sometimes take, makes you ill-natured and cross, and I don't love you a bit when you are so."

"My dear wife, you do not mean to say I get drunk!"

"By no means; but then you just take enough to make you ugly."

"Then I will take the pledge," said Chas. Murray, deeply hurt at the reflection, not altogether unjust, which the wife he adored had cast upon him

"Indeed, Murray, I hope you will do no such thing. I pity a man who cannot restrain himself without a pledge. I should not have much confidence in his pledges, I can tell you."

"I believe, my dear, that my will is strong enough to resist any temptation to evil of which I am forewarned: but we all have moments of weakness—of forgetfulness—when the necessity of an inflexible rule of action, to prevent us from going astray, is felt. If I took the pledge, I should keep it; but if I merely determine to observe what you call moderation, I should not feel the same restraint when custom or pressing occasion required me to depart from it."

"I will be bound, if you can do without drinking, as a temperance man you can do without it otherwise, and I don't think one glass does any harm."

"As you please, darling. I do not believe myself in any danger of becoming a sot; but remember, I offered to join, and you would not let me. Only think, pet; I might take to lecturing," added Charles Murray, playfully. "Come, what do you say? Let us go down to the Hall to-night, and I will make my maiden temperance speech."

"I shall do no such thing," said pretty little Mrs. M., quite positively: "that is just what I object to. I suspected you would go to spouting as soon as you joined, and I have no wish to see your name in the papers as a reformed drunkard. Besides, I don't think it is respectable to be an itinerant lecturer."

Charles Murray only shook his head in reply, for he was too sagacious to have any further controversy on the subject

"Well, pet, I'll give up the pledge; and since you will not go to the Temperance Hall, perhaps you would not object to the Broadway Theatre. I am at your service for the evening."

A smile of thanks from the young wife repaid his offer, and with light and merry hearts—for Charles' "crossness" had all evaporated—the two went out for an evening's enjoyment.

As Charles had said, there appeared but little danger of his becoming a sot; but he was sociable, good natured, and very affable in his manners, so that he frequently found it exceedingly hard to resist the well-meant importunities of his associates, as he was exceedingly averse to giving offence, and had no better plea to offer for his refusal than disinclination.

"Come, Charley, join us in a glass," some one would say.

"Excuse me, if you please; I had rather not."

"Nonsense. I drank with you this morning. Come, only one glass. We are not going to dissipate."

And so, rather than offend, as I have said, by refusal, Charles Murray would comply.

On one occasion shortly after the scene I have related between his wife and himself, Murray met an old schoolmate in Broadway, whom he had not seen for many years.

"Charley, I am delighted to see you; knew you were in New York, but have been too busy to find you out. Sorry, as I am off for Europe in the morning."

"Fred, old fellow," said Charles, shaking him warmly by the hand, "I am sorry myself. I did not know you had arrived. But as you do not go until morning, can't you spend the evening with me. You have never seen Julia."

"Impossible my dear fellow—great as the temptation is; but we will not part thus.—You must dine with me at the Astor. I have two friends already engaged. Come, I won't take nay for an answer. Your wife will excuse you when you tell her how it was."

Now Charles had an indistinct recollection that his wife had requested him to be home early that afternoon; but when he had not seen Fred Hartly for two years, and should not probably meet him in two more; so he acquiesced; and hurrying to his office, he despatched a line to Julia,—his home was in Brooklyn,—and rejoined his friends at the Astor.

I will not pause to describe the usual scenes of a social meeting between friends, where custom has made the wine cup a consecrated pledge; where the flowers of true and generous sentiments are so beautifully woven around its rim, that the poison which sparkles beneath loses all its dread, even to those who were forewarned.

It was late, quite late, when Charles Murray got home that evening, and it must be confessed he was just a little tipsy, or he would not have stumbled up the steps, or given quite so fierce a pull at the bell.

It was his wife who let him in; her face pale with watching, and her eyes bright with unusual excitement.

"Why, pet," said Charley, trying to appear exceedingly sober, "what's the matter? you look pale."

"What's the matter with you? Tell me that," was the somewhat tart reply. "A nice time to come home, and a nice state you are in."

"A nice state, madam! What do you mean?"

"There don't make a noise and wake up the house; I should not like any body else to see you. Mother's up stairs; she waited, expecting you to go home with her, but had to stay all night."

"There's nothing the matter with me, my dear," said Charley, desiring to pacify matters. "I couldn't leave my friends, who were going away, any earlier; that's all."

"Nothing the matter with you!" was the rather sharp rejoinder; "why, don't I smell your breath? Oh, you need not kiss me now; it's rather late, and I am not fond of drunken breath; and didn't I hear you stumble up the steps, and almost break the bell-wire! Nothing the matter with you, indeed!"

Charles felt considerably irritated at his wife's sharp reproof, and some angry words passed—the first of serious anger since they were married. The husband, however, was sufficiently himself to desist first, and doggedly betook himself to bed, in no very satisfactory humor with himself or anybody else.

A happy oblivion soon stole over him, and he did not awake until just before daylight, when his throat felt parched up with thirst. On feeling for his wife's pillow he found it vacant, and quickly striking a light, saw her lying on a pallet on the floor, where she had sobbed herself asleep.

Charles' heart felt like lead, and his spirit was sore with contrition. To lift Julia lightly on the bed, so as not to disturb her slumber, was the work of a moment; and to watch like a penitent until she awoke, was his self-imposed task. Their reconciliation, however, was by no means so complete and cordial next morning as it should have been. The lady had the whip-hand, and seemed very much disposed to keep it; while Charles, who otherwise never lost his natural dignity, appeared considerably down.

"By Jove!" said Murray to himself, after his wife had gone down to the kitchen, "I must have a thimble full of bitters this morning, for I am all up in a heap."

And so, without more ado, he quietly opened the closet, poured out, and had just swallowed a morning dram, when his better half came right upon him. This occasioned another scene of a scornful sneer on his wife's part, and an angry retort from the husband, so that breakfast passed off cold and formal, and Murray went to his business with something like desperation at his heart.

* * * * * * * * *

"Nothing," said Julia, determined like a true wife, not to expose her husband, angry as she was with him.

"But there is something and I can very well guess what it is. Your husband dined with friends yesterday, and perhaps came home a little exhilarated."

"Well, I should think that was enough."

"Not to make you treat him unkindly.—Gentlemen will do such things, and kindness is the best corrective, especially with persons as sensitive as your husband."

"But it is not the only time, and he is always so cross and ugly when he is so."

"I fear you give him occasion, my child, by showing irritation unnecessarily."

"Well it puts me out of patience to see a man drink more than he ought to."

"My dear, I don't think your husband is in any very eminent danger of becoming a drunkard; but why don't you persuade him to take the pledge; I know he would keep it; and I have heard him speak very highly of the temperance movement. That would obviate all danger."

"He did offer to take it two or three weeks ago, when I spoke to him before about drinking; but I objected."

"And why did you object!"

"Because I couldn't bear to see him take a pledge not to drink. It looked so much like a reformed drunkard; and then he talked about lecturing, and I wouldn't have him do such a thing for the world."

"You committed a great error in opposing his wish, my daughter, which I hope you will rectify the first opportunity, and as to his speaking, I should feel proud to hear him."

"Well, I would not, then, I am sure, and I do not see why he cannot quit drinking without any pledge."

It would be hard to explain Mrs. Murray's objections to her husband's joining the temperance society, or becoming an advocate of that great and glorious cause; they were founded rather on prejudice than reason, and yet how often do we find the conduct in good and estimable wives who allow a mistaken fastidiousness to stand in the way of their own peace and happiness.

The good old mother, after giving her daughter much sensible advice, returned home in the course of the day with some sorrow at heart, because of what she had witnessed.—The breach between Charles Murray and his wife, however, grew wider and wider. He thought her exciting and quarrelsome, and she almost decided him to be a brute. And to confess the truth, Charles' habits were becoming somewhat inebriate, for although without any natural love of stimulants, he rather took a glass or two more than usual, just to show his independence.

"I offered to take the pledge and you opposed it," said he one day, in reply to his wife's taunts.

"A fig for the pledge. If your love for me and your self-respect will not restrain you, the pledge will be of no avail."

Charles said nothing for this was a home trust; and yet he felt that she was not altogether right. His virtue was an active sentiment, and required exercise; and though he had never believed himself in danger from the use of intoxicating drinks, yet he looked on total abstinence as the only safe rule of temperance; and finding that the habit had grown unconsciously upon him, had contemplated recently taking the pledge quietly and privately.

"And I can tell you what it is, Mr. Murray," continued his wife, "I am going over to mother's to spend a week, and I have a great notion to stay until you quit your habits."

"I am sure, my dear, I have no objection to your staying a week with your mother," was the husband's reply.

The wife went to her mothers, and for a day or two they did not meet.

"Why has not Charles been up?" asked the mother, on the third evening of her daughter's visit. "Is he out of the city?"

"No, but he is too glad to get a holiday, I suppose, that he may frolic with his friends."

"My daughter, I am sure you wrong him. I fear, indeed, you have been too harsh with your husband. I wish you had taken my advice, and encouraged him to become a member of the temperance society."

"I wish I had done anything that would have prevented this, for it is misery," was the heartfelt ejaculation of his wife, who was as unhappy and wretched as the poor husband, whom she still loved devotedly.

"Come with me to-night then, Julia; there is an eloquent advocate of temperance to speak at Hope Chapel, and perhaps he may overcome our prejudices."

It was a crowded and fashionable audience, and the eloquent pleadings of the orator touched a chord of sympathy in every breast. Never was a more thrilling effect produced by a public speaker; the pent up emotions of the audience relieved themselves in tears, pure and holy enough to have washed away the sins of a generation!

Among all that crowd, however, there was not one on whose heart such an impression was made, as upon the young wife's. Before the clear and beautiful light of reason and of duty, her prejudices vanished like mists; and when she appreciated the moral elevation of that speaker; pleading with such pathos in the cause of humanity, and holding tributary to the power of his oratory, the hearts of that cultivated and refined audience, she felt she would have been proud to see her husband occupy the same position.

Julia and her mother had arrived late, and been obliged to take a seat where they had but an imperfect view of the speaker, though every word he uttered fell upon their ears distinctly. When he had finished, he proposed that the audience should listen to a few remarks from one who had recently determined to take the pledge. This speaker modestly declined to get upon the platform, but stood on the floor fronting the audience, and could not consequently be seen by those further back. He commenced in a subdued but manly tone, his voice trembled with emotion, and his accents eloquent with feeling. He had scarcely spoken a dozen words before our young wife, whose head had been bowed in weeping, started up, and grasping her companion by the arm, exclaimed—

"Mother! mother! It is my husband!"

"Hist, my child! Don't be nervous; listen; he does not know that you are here; so for your own sake and his be quiet."

And oh! with what eagerness did that fond and trembling wife listen to the loved accents as they grew stronger and bolder in the good cause, until the tide of feeling and enthusiasm swelled around the speaker to greater fulness than ever. With what pride did she witness a triumph such as is seldom won in forensic displays. He told his own story with extreme delicacy—touched lightly upon the mistake committed by the beloved partner of his bosom—blamed himself so frankly for his faults, and describes with such fervid pathos the sweet hopes to which his act of this night had given birth, revealing an unclouded future of domestic happiness, that although many thought he had improvised a little romance for the occasion, all rendered the unrestrained testimony of tears and sympathy to his wondrous eloquence!

The countenance of Charles Murray was sad, though hallowed by a triumph, as he made his way through the crowd, where wreathed smiles and admiring glances were his reward. He had almost reached the door, when he felt a slight touch on his arm, and a low voice muttered—

"Charles, my husband."

"Julia! you here?"

"Yes, you will come with us?"

A proud and happy man was Chas. Murray that night. Mutual forgiveness wiped off all unpleasant recollections of the past; and the dove of peace has never since departed from their household!

"That's a good *impression*," as the girl said when kissed by a printer.

A Seasonable Poe-ism.

"Hark the cutters with their bells!
Silver bells! chiming bells!
What a tale of merriment
Their melody foretells,
As they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
On the icy air of night,
Till the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a nebulous delight—
Keeping time,—time—time,
In a kind of Runic rhyme
To the tintinabulation
That so musically swells
From the rhyming and the chiming of the bells."

THRILLING NARRATIVE.

Story of a Horrible Tragedy.—Murder of a Husband.

I think it was in the year 1839, that a physician, whose name need not be repeated here, fled from below Quebec to Vermont, where he was speedily arrested on a charge of foul and cruel murder, alleged to have been by him committed in a Seigniory near the St. Lawrence; he was accused of having taken the life of an estimable gentleman, a young and wealthy Seignior, the father of two fine children, at the instigation of their mother, then under 24 years of age, a woman of refined manners, good education, remarkable beauty, and aristocratic family connections.

The only question mooted in the Vermont tribunals was whether the law of nations, in the absence of a special treaty, authorized State authorities to seize persons taking refuge within their territories and deliver them over to a foreign power to be tried for life. The Republican Courts decided that it did not. The physician was, of course, released, and when Gov. Van Ness became Collector of Customs at the port of New York, I urged him to relate all the circumstances he could recollect, including the law points. The memoranda I still preserve.

Many years elapsed; I returned to Canada and to public life, and being on business in Quebec, requested persons of advanced years and undoubted veracity, residing in and near the place where the murder had been committed, to narrate the facts just as they occurred. Well may we exclaim, "Truth is more wonderful than fiction."

Mrs. —— was on a visit to Quebec, where she met with Dr. ——, whom it is said she had been acquainted with before her marriage; they agreed that her affectionate husband should be poisoned; a servant woman who had been long upon the seigniory under its feudal chiefs, was sorely tempted with a heavy bribe to go down to —— and administer poison to her master, and she went; stopped at the manor-house; gave him enough of the poison in beer to sicken, but not to kill: relented; returned to her mistress at Quebec, and told her that she could not find in her heart to further injure the seignior; her conscience would not permit; she could not do it. All this took place during the winter of 183–.

Dr. —— and the lady were, of course, displeased with her, and they finally concluded that he must go down himself and do the dreadful work; he accordingly crossed the St. Lawrence, traveling along in his carriole to ——, where he called upon the seignior, asking him to take a drive with him in his carriole; and they went to barn of a farm not far distant to see some cattle, where the Dr. suddenly struck the seignior on the head with the butt end of his heavy pistol till he became senseless. The murderer then dragged him back to the carriole, laid him in the bottom of it, put the robes on him, and then sat in it with his feet on the body. From thence Dr. —— drove to the beach, intending to bury his victim in the ice; on the way, however, the seignior recovered his senses so far as to scream and moan faintly. Some of the habitants met the carriole, and asked what the doctor had got in his carriage, who replied, "A pig he had bought, and was taking home, and which he kept under his feet to prevent his escape."

At the beach, the butchery was completed, but the murderer had so mangled the body that the blood ran down from his carriole and left a red track or streak upon the snow, extending for a great distance from the spot where the corpse was hid, buried under huge pieces of ice, on the south shore of the great river of Canada.

Terror speedily took hold of the strong man—he felt the whole guilt of his dreadful position, and putting his horse to its full speed reached Point Levi at 2 o'clock next morning, where he stopped at a poor man's house, and asked the wife to let him lie down and rest on a bed, but not to touch his sleigh and robes as he had just come from a medical operation, the blood from which had been spilt on the furs. He thus rest until four and then rose and made the best of his way to Vermont, it having been arranged between him and the wife of the innocent and very estimable gentleman that he had slain, that she was soon to follow him to a place agreed on. She, however, wrote him first, and he replied that he never wished to see or hear from her again; and I believe he never did. Whether he yet lives I have not ascertained. His brother belonged to the church, was at the time a teacher of youth, cheerful, pious, and well beloved. From the day of that flight he never again held up his head among men, but speedily drooped and died of a broken heart.

There was great excitement in those days, at Quebec; the young seignior's body was, of course, soon found, being readily traced by the train of blood upon the beach and road; the worthy gentleman had been at once missed and very diligently searched for. The woman at Point Levi had also told that Dr. ——'s looks had actually filled her with such extreme terror, that she did not even dare to wake up her husband, but allowed the stranger to rest as he desired, too much afraid to venture to propound any leading questions.

The servant woman, on her return from ——, knowing of the foul murder that had taken place, told in Quebec to many persons who it was that had sent her down, and for what purpose she had been sent. A public trial was soon to have taken place; but she being the main witness, was at once got rid of; certain soldiers were hired to entice her to a house of public entertainment, where a riot was purposely got up, and it was so contrived that she was beaten to death in the quarrel. Whether the two infants were then at ——, or sojourning up at Quebec with their barbarous mother, I am not informed. The newspapers of Canada and the United States were at one time filled with the details of this horrible story, and it was publicly said that the connections of the seigniorress did not desire any trial. I presume they did not. She soon married again, is still alive and asked leave, not long since, to return to the manor-house of her youth, but was plainly told by the villagers that if she ventured to do so, the inhabitants would assemble and stone her out of the domain.

Mr. ——, thus barbarously murdered, was of small stature, young, active; well liked by his neighbors; esteemed as a good man and generous proprietor, and was very wealthy. He doted on his cruel and treacherous bride; he actually idolized her. Some even affirm that she was attached to Dr. —— before marrying the rich Canadian gentleman, whom she wedded for his wealth, to please her parents. Even now, it is affirmed she is a fine-looking woman; but singularly courageous and deep in love must that man have been who ventured upon such a partner for life's long journey.

Several curious incidents are related at Quebec, as to evidence taken and evidence not taken, and the way the foul deed was finally hushed up, but I shall not burden this brief narrative with them. Much do we hear of nobility of soul, and elevation of sentiment, but from the days in which King David ordered the man he had deeply wronged to be placed in the heat of the battle, in order that he might be there butchered, down to the terrible St. Lawrence tragedy of 1839, human nature has ever been ungovernable and treacherous—religion in some times has stayed its cruelties—but all history proves that "the heart of man is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked."

McKenzie's Message.

A Catalogue of Marvels.

The report of the Patent Office contains a list of wonders. The report explains the principles of the celebrated Hobbs lock. Its 'unpickability' depends upon a secondary or false set of tumblers, which prevent instruments used in picking, from reaching the real ones. Moreover, the lock is powder-proof, and many be loaded through the key-hole, and fired off until the burglar is tired of his fruitless work, or fears that the report of his explosions will bring to view his experiments, more witnesses than he desires.

Doors and shutters have also been patented, and cannot be broken through with either pick or sledge hammer. The burglar's 'occupation's gone.'

A harpoon is described, which makes the whale kill himself. The more he pulls the line, the deeper goes the harpoon.

An ice-making machine has been patented, which goes by a steam engine. In an experimental trial, it froze several bottles of sherry, and produced blocks of ice of a cubic foot, when the thermometer was standing at 80 degrees. It is calculated that for every ton of coal put into the furnace, it will make a ton of ice.

From Fr. Gale's examiner's report, we gather some idea of the value of patents. A man who had made a slight improvement in straw cutters took a model of his machine through the Western States, and after a tour of eight months returned with forty thousand dollars. Another had a machine to thrash and clean grain, which in fifteen months he sold for sixty thousand dollars. These are ordinary cases—while such inventions as the telegraph, the planing machine, and India rubber patent, are worth millions each.

Examiner Lane's report describes new electrical inventions. Among these is an electrical whaling apparatus, by which the whale is literally 'shocked to death.' Another is an electro magnetic alarm, which rings bells and displays signals in case of fire or burglars. Another is an electric clock, which wakes you, tells you what time it is, and lights a lamp for you at any hour you please.

There is a 'sound gatherer,' a sort of huge ear trumpet, to be placed in front of a locomotive, bringing to the engineer's ear all the noise ahead, perfectly distinct, notwithstanding the rattle of the train.

There is an invention that picks up pins from a confused heap, turns them all around with their heads up, and sticks them in paper in regular rows.

Another goes through the whole process of cigar making, taking in leaves, and turning out the pure article.

One machine cuts cheese; another scours knives and forks: another rocks the cradle; and seven or eight take in washing and ironing.

There is a parlor chair patented, that cannot be tipped back on two legs, and a railway chair, that can be tipped back in any position without legs at all.

Another patent is for a machine that counts the passengers in an omnibus, and takes their fares. When a very fat gentleman gets in, it counts two and charges double.

There are a variety of guns patented, that load themselves: a fish line that adjusts its own bait; and a rat trap, throws away the rat, and then baits itself and stands in the corner for another.

The truths of the Patent Office are stranger than fiction.

There is a machine, also, by which a man prints instead of writing his thoughts. It is played like a piano. And, speaking of pianos, it is estimated that nine thousand are made every year in the United States, giving constant employment to one thousand nine hundred hands, and costing over two millions of dollars.

A Yankee in the Wrong Box.

At a recent Sessions, while the judge and jury were eating their dinners, a young man from the 'kedntry' being somewhat anxious to see the manner in which justice was meted out, walked into the court-room, and, as he afterward expressed himself, 'took a squint at all the seats, and seein' there wasn't nobody in the nicest one, with a railin' all around it, thought he'd make sure on it 'fore the fellers got back from dinner.'

In five minutes after the crowd entered the room, the Judge rapped the desk with the butt-end of his jack-knife, and with a dignified frown, cried:

"Silence'n the Court!"

"Silence'n the Court!" repeated the broad-shouldered constable, leaning on the railing in front of his Honor, who immediately resumed the occupation of picking his teeth with a pin.

"Silence'n the Court!" echoed in squeaking tones a small red-headed constable near the door; and the latter speaker immediately commenced elbowing the crowd, right and left, to let them know that he was *around!*

"All ready?" says the Judge.

"All ready!" replied the Attorney.

"Command the prisoner to stand up!" says the Judge, "while the indictment is read!"

The broad-shouldered constable now walked up to the prisoner's box, during the apparent momentary absence of the sheriff, placed his hands on the shoulder of the young man, and exclaimed—

"Stand up!"

"What fur?" said the astonished young farmer.

"To hear the charge read!" exclaimed the constable.

"Wall, I guess I kin hear what's goin' on, without standin," as well as the rest on 'em,' was the reply.

"Stand up!" roared the Judge, in a burst of passion—he had just bit his tongue, while picking his teeth; "young man, *stand up!* or the consequences be upon your own head."

The victim came up on his feet as if under the influence of a galvanic battery, and looking around the court-room, and noticing that all eyes were upon him, with an expression about as affectionate as that of a rabid man toward abowl of water, he hung his head in confusion and mortification, and was nearly deaf to the words of the indictment; but he heard enough of the long, complicated, tangled sentences, to learn that he was charged with stealing, or embezzling, or cheating, or pilfering some house or somebody, and he couldn't tell exactly which.

"What does he say to the charge? Guilty or not guilty?" inquired the Judge, peeping over his spectacles, with a look cold enough to freeze a man's blood. "Guilty or not guilty?"

The young man ventured to look up, in hopes to find a sympathizing eye, but all were cold and unfriendly, and he again gazed on the saw-dusted floor, and trembled with confusion.

"Guilty or not guilty?" again vociferated the Judge, in a tone that plainly denoted impatience to proceed with the case.

The broad-shouldered constable, being rather a humane man, now stepped up to the prisoner and exclaimed:

"You had better say *not 'guilty,'* of course! If you say *'guilty,'* you don't stand no chance *this* term, that's *sure!* and if you say *'not guilty,'* and wish, at any future state of the case, to change your plea to *'guilty,'* you can do it without any injury to yourself! Therefore, I advise you to say *'not guilty,'* and stick to it, as long as there's any chance!'

Jonathan's feelings had been simmering some time, but now they fairly boiled over; and, with a look of innocent but determined resolution, he swung his arms about his head, and exclaimed;

"What in all nature are yon fellers a-tryin' to dew? I haint been stealin' nothin'! *I haint sure.*'

Just at this moment the front door opened, and the sheriff with the *genuine* prisoner walked into the room, and proceeded at once to the *box.*

The Court saw in a moment its mistake, and tried to choke down its effect with a frown—but 'twas no go! The crowd burst forth into a hoarse laugh that fairly made the windows rattle, and the young man left the room, exclaiming, as he passed out at the door:

"I knowed all the time I hadn't stole nothin'!"

"It's QUEER," said Mrs. Partington, carefully folding the paper she had been reading, and raising her spectacles off her nose. "It's strange," said she, referring to the statement that a locomotive had been driven off the track by one of the switches. "Who would thought," she mused, "that one of them big iron locofocos would have minded such a little thing as a switch?"

"But, aunt," interposed Ike, who was trimming a limb of his Christmas-tree with the bright jack-knife that he found suspended thereto, "you know the locomotive has a tender behind."

"To be sure, Isaac," responded the venerable dame; "but you needn't talk about it, my son."

And she drew down her spectacles and resumed her reading, while Ike went to switch the cat out of the buttery.

"Never go to bed," said a father to his son, without knowing something you did not know in the morning." Yes, sir,' replied the youth, "I went to bed last night slewed."—didn't dream of such a thing in the morning."

Why is a horse half way through a gate like a cent? Because there's a head on one side and a tail on the other.