There are hands that are waved, when the fairy shore
By the mirage is lifted in air;
And we sometimes hear, through the turbulent roar,
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before;
When the wind down the river is fair.

When the wind down the live, is had.

O, remembered for aye be the blessed Isle.
All the day of life till night;
When the evening comes with its beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closing to slumber awhile—
May that "Greenwood" of Souls be in sight.
N. Y. Mirror.

## A Tale of the Sea.

From Ballou's Dollar Magazine. THE RUNAWAY SHIP. BY CHARLES CASTLETON.

I had command of the old ship "Ever shot," a good ship, and one which had put much money into the hands of her owners. She was built for the India trade, and with the exception of one voyage to Smyrna, she had stuck to the purpose for which she was put together. On the present occasion, I was bound for India, and my cargo was made up of a curious variety. I had for passengers, an old gentleman, whose head was white, and his form bent with years, and his three sons, the youngest of whom was about five and thirty, and the oldest not far from fifty. Then there were several women and some half dozen children.

We had doubled the southern capes of the Indian Ocean, when a circumstance transpired which was destined to try our nerves somewhat. One afternoon, one of the men in the foretop reported a sail very near ahead in the line of our course

"Some homeward bound Indiaman, probably," remarked Mr. Lee, my mate

I nodded assent, and then went to the cabin and told my passengers that if they had any letters to send home, they had beiter have them ready, for perhaps we were about to meet a ship bound to Old England! They went to work upon my suggestion at once, and in the course of half an hour we had a letter-big neatly sewed up and direc-

The wind was now a little south of east, so that we stood upon four course northeast with freedom, and the boming ship was heading very nearly upon us, though as we came nearer she kept away a little further to west-

"Is it an English ship?" asked my whitehaired old passenge:

"think it is." was my reply; and just as I spoke, my second mate came down from the foretop, where he had been with a glass. I noticed that his face looked troubles, and also that he kept back some remark which I might have remained faithful to him! he was upon the point of dropping, at the same time regarding the old passenger with a took which seemed to indicate that he was in the way 1 took the hint, and carelessis walked forward. Mr. Becket, the mate answer to my questions. I had no thought in question, followed me. At the gangway | or conjectures on the subject; but that ship

"What is it " I asked, now turning and should have known my own brother. As looking into his lact

"Why sir, that ship is the old Dorset." "The Dorser" I replied "Impossi-

"But i am sure' persisted Becket .-"There's not another ship in England with the gesticulations. such a figure-head

"Certainty. You'll be able to see it from here in a lew moments

"Bu:," said I, "the Dorset has not yet had time to reach Sydney, let alone getting ordered.

back as far as this "Of course not," answered Becket, with a кееп glance about him; "but don't vou think

a ship could run away without doing the errand she had in hand That's all I uttered at the mo-

ment, for a strange thought was beginning to plan, and then you shall know it." work its way to my mind. "1 ou remember what sort of a cargo the

Dorse had, don't you?" my mate remarked. G course I remembered, for I met the captain of the Dorset the day before she distance and gloom combined to hide her sailed, and had a quiet dinner with him at from me, and I knew that she was bound for Cowievs. He was an old friend of mine, the Atlantic. I saw her take in her lofty and named Burnstead-Harry Burnsteadand as good a sailor as ever trod a deck at Now the facts as they came crowding raine: unpleasantly upon my mind, were The Dorser sailed just two weeks before i dig, and took out twenty-three convicts who had been sentenced to transportation. These, of course, he was to drop at all sail. The officers and men gathered Sydney, or Port Jackson, and as he had part | round me and wished to know what all this of a cargo for that place, he was to go there | meant. firs: So I knew that the Dorset had no business running away from the Indian Ocean

"What do you think about it?" asked Becket, who had been watching me.

"Let me take the glass," said I, without seeming to notice this question.

lie handed me the glass, and I at once leaped upon the horse-block and set the focu. The coming ship was now so near tha, her hull was nearly all up, and my hist look was upon the figure-head. There could be no mistake now. I could distinctto see the two female forms clasping each other by the hands, which I knew to be the adorning feature of the Dorset's cut-water.

"Mr. Becket," I said, after I had satisfied myself upon this point, "that is the Dorset, and no mistake?

"Yes-but what do you make of it?"

"What do you make of it," I asked?" He pondered a few moments, and then said: "I think the convicts have taken the thus we should come upon the other's track

"So do I," was my rejoinder. As I thus spoke, I walked aft to where my first mate stood by the wheel, and draw. ing him on one side, I told him my fears,-He leaped upon the rail, and gazed off upon our neighbor, and when he reached the deck

again, he was of my opinion. "It must be so," he said, "what shall we

## 

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"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM,"

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WELLSBOROUGH, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 6, 1855. VOL. 2.

~ NO. 20.

That was the question. What should we found we had more than enough for a brace do? The ship had now come to within half of pistols and a cutlass to each man. After a mile, and all doubts respecting her identity were at an end. I now knew that she was the Dorset, and of course felt confident that the convicts must by some means have gained

"She didn't have the best crew that ever was," remarked Lee, nervously. "I knew some of her men, and they were as precious a set of scamps as ever breathed."

This made the matter worse still. Of my whole crew, I could muster but thirty men, counting the three able passengers, having set five men on shore at St. Helena sick with lever, and being unable at the time to make their places good. On board the Dorsel, of course, there would be the three-and-twenty convicts, and, in all probability, a good part of the crew-perhaps forty men in all .-What should we do? To let the ship pass on under such circumstances seemed hardly the thing for an Englishman, and to engage with such a renegade crew, seemed sheer madness. I asked my officers what they thought-and they thought just as I did. explained the matter to my three passengers, Africa, and were just poking our nose into and they said they would help if they could be assured there would be any use.

But during all this time the ship in question had been nearing us, we having steered so as to speak her, and now she was not more than two cables' length distant upon our lee bow.

"Ship aboy!" I shouted through my trumpet.

"Hallo!" came from the other skip. "What ship is that?"

"To New York."

"Belong there?"

"The Ben Franklin," answered the same voice, the owner of which wore a Scotch can and red shirt. "Where are you bound?"

While these thoughts, and a thousand oth-

ers, were witdly rushing through my mind,

the Daron prosect on. I know it was my old friend, for all the lies they had told in

was the Dorset, I knew just as well as I

"Put the ship upon her course again," I

"We can do nothing?" said Becket, inter-

"Stop. Wait until I have shaped out a

It was now quite late, for just as poor Har

and ordered the ship to be worn around upon

the other tack, and as soon as this was done,

"It means,' answered I, "that I will have

"I'll tell you. Our ship is by all odds the

best sailor, even with equal sail set; but

now that the Dorset has only topgallant

sails over double reefed topsails, we can

shoot ahead fast. By midnight, I calculate

to be further south than she will be, so I'll

keep on this course until I am sure, and

then I'll run to the west'rd and lie in waiting

. "I can tell you better when the time

comes. But be not afraid, for I wont fun

The breeze held fair, and we carried our

royals and studding-sails below and aloft .-

At midnight, I knew we must be considera-

bly farther south than the Dorset, but in-

stead of running directly west, I changed

the course to west-south-west, knowing that

soon enough. At three o'clock I made a

careful reckoning of our log for the last nine

hours, and also of the point the Dorset

must strike, if she kept her course southwest.

and I felt sure that we were just where

My first move was to heave to and take

in sail; and then I sent the topgallant masts

on deck and housed the topmasts. Next, I

"But how?" came from half a dozen.

those villains in irons again, if I can."

my wits into working order.

rogatively.

"But—"

was steering southwest.

for her."

into darger."

should be.

"And what then?"

late yet."

men to stop pumping.
f'Down!" I uttered and as I spoke, I gave the man nearest me a blow with my cuilass across the head that knocked him down .--Only fifteen of the men had come from the other ship, and as my crew were prepared, these tifteen were down and gagged almost At this moment she had ranged ahead far before they could realize that anything was enough so that I could see she had the Amerout of the way. They were unprepared, and ican flag at her peak, which had been before nearly all of them were unarmed. hidden by her canvass. There were cer-

under our stern.

sinking."

"Hallo! send a boat on board!" yelled,

Lee, just as the Dorset passed under our

"Forniture and provisions, and forty thou

The Dorset hove to, and lowered a boat,

which was soon alongside full of men. The

villains quickly began to come over the

"Haven't settled much yet," one of them

remarked, as he noticed how high we stood.

"This way," said I, moving to the poop.

When half way there, I motioned for the

"What have ye got aboard?"

and pounds in money."

"Ship ahoy!" I cried, through my trumtainly forty men leaning over her rail, and I pet, speaking as grumly as possible, to imiknew at once that we could not openly overcome them. At that moment, had my ship been near enough, I could have jumped on

board and engaged with those men single handed. What had become of poor Harry half. Send quickly, for the old thing is Bumstead, thought I, and the few men who sinking."

The Dorset soon lowered one of her quarer-boats, and came alongside, with ten men in it. They came hurrying over the side, way, we fell upon them-not wildly, but with regular system-and in a short time they were secure.

My course was now simple. I first saw every man so firmly bound that he could not the ship passed on, I saw a face at one of even move, and then I called twenty-four the quarter windows. I seized the glass and men into the two boats, still alongside, leavlevelled it. It was the face of Harry Buming only six men on board of my ship,stead, as sure as tate! And he waved a We pulled for the Dorset as smartly as poshandkerchief towards me with the most fran-sible. When we came to her gangway, I slight, fair figure; painfully you press your saw several heads peering over the rail, but Those two girls arn't The sense of pain was just sinking into we had taken the precaution to put on the my whole soul, when an idea flashed across Scotch caps of the convicts, and they had my mind that caused me to fairly leap from no suspicions. Becket was the first on her my feet. All was now hope and bustle in Beck, and I followed nex'.

my brain, and as soon as possible I got "Got the money?" asked a coarse fellow. "Most of it is in the boats now," I replied. "Rig a whip, and we'll have it aboard."

The villain had not noticed my wenpons recognized in him at once the boatswain of great God of ours-your all! the ship, a man who had been hired at Liv-"Wait," said I in return. "It isn't too erpool, and whose character was not among the best. As he turned to order the whip rigged, I saw that my men were all on board. and drawing my weapon. I sorang upon him and cut him down. At the first onset on board my own ship, I had been careful not ry Bumstead waved his handkerchief at me to kill any one, for fear I might be mistaken; the last time, the sun was sinking into the but I was not doubtful now, for some of the western waters. I watched the Dorset until prisoners had confessed the crime. There were seventeen men aft on board the ship for me to capture, and we captured them without losing one of our own men, and only sails in preparation for the night, and I felt killing four of them. As soon as our pris- The casting of the horse for this monument my hope increase. The last I could see, she oners were safe, I made my way to the cab- at Munich, is one of the great feats of mod-As soon as it was dark, I had the helm un

Capt. Bumstead. In the hold of the Dorset we found fifteen of the crew in irons. Bumstead explained large fire was at these huge masses, which I set the course due south, and crowded on to me, in a few words, what had happened. Only five days before, the boatswain, who bronze was liquified, an ultimate essay was had shown much insubordination during the the voyage, headed nineteen of the crew, the color some more copper was added. Sucwho had joined him, and having set the convicts free, they fell upon the rest of the crew at night, and made an easy victory. The of the coal with which they had been kept first and second mates they had killed, and warm, and the master examined all the air the boatswain would have killed all hands, spiracles and the issues of the metal; the but the rest of the mutineers refused to have it done. So it had been arranged that the man had his duty and place assigned to him captain and his friends should be confined, Finally, the master, amid the intense expecand set on shore on the first out of the way tation of the many art amateurs present, proisland they could find.

It was soon arranged that Bumstead should proceed to Sydney with his fifteen faithful men, feeling sure that the convicts could be so confined as to be safe. So I saw his prisoners faithfully ironed, and then took the mulineers on board my own ship, intending to carry them to Calcutta. There were 15 in number, four only having been killed in the conflict.

That night the Dorset tacked and stood away for Australia, while we kept on up the ocean. We arrived safely at Calcutta, and before I left, Capt. Bumstend arrived, and the mutineers soon after paid for their crime cheer followed, when the master approached with their lives.

many hopes, the chasing of many baubles, or the seeking after riches which may take to themselves wings.

Ir you want an ignoramus to respect you, "dress to death" and wear watch seals as had all our arms brought upon deck, and I large as brichbats.

She is Dying.

The following is sublimely beautiful and this I had the pumps rigged, and hardly had pathetic, and could only have been dictated this been accomplished before the lookout reby a heart that has experienced all the bitterported a sail. I hastened forward, and could plainly see the outlines of the top-hamper of ness that is therein expressed. If any body a heavy ship looming up darkly against the can read it without moisture in the eyes, they are worthy of marble.:—
Hush! she is dying! The sun light streams sky. I had the lanterns hoisted, and then

set the men at work at the pumps. Ere long, through the plate glass windows-the room the ship came near enough to hail. She put down her helm, and laid her course to run is fragrant with the sweet breath of the Southern flowers-large milkwhite African lillies-roses a nightingale would stoop to "Ship aboy!" came from the Dorset-for worship; Cape jessamines and camilies with could make out the drapery of the figure their large glossy leaves.

I made my mate answer at my suggestion Through the open casement steals the faint, for fear the villains should recognize my musical tinkle of playing fountains; the light, tempered pleasantly by rose curtains of embroidered satin, kindles up gorgeous old paintings with a halo bright as a rainbow. It is as if fresher sunshine were falling eastward "We've sprung a leak, and our ship is

on the bower of beauty. The canary sings in his gilded cage-her canary; and the mocking bird raises his clear notes higher and higher on the perfumed air.

Why do you clench your hands until the nails draw the rich, rosy blood through the thin quivering skin? Why do you grind your teeth together, and hiss between them, that one word, hush? It's a beautiful home, I am sure, and that lady with her hand upon her bosom, is as fair as any dream vision of the painter.

"We've kept the pumps going well," I Surely nothing could be purer than that broad, high brow; nothing brighter than these "Where's your gold? Let's have that golden curls.

And she loves you, too! Ah! yes, any one can read that in the deep violet eyes, raised so tenderly to your own. Ah! that is it; your young wife loves you.

She linked to yours the existence of an angel when she khelt beside you at the marringe altar and placed her hand in yours. For twelve long golden sunny months an

angel has walked or sat by your side, or slept in your bosom.

You know it! No mortal woman ever inade your heart bow before a purity so di-

No earthly embrage ever filled your soul tare the voice of the fellow I had knocked with the glory beyond the stars; no earthly smile ever shone so unchangingly above all "Hallo!" came in reply.

"Send another boat. We can't bring and trouble. She is an angel, and other angels have been singing to her in the long days of this pleasant June time.

"Ilush!" you say, but you cannot shut the anthem notes of heaven from those unsealed ears! Louder, lighter, swells the smile on your young wile's lips She whispers, "Dearest, I'm almost home.

ing to ask God to bless you!" But you cannot hear it-you turn away, and the big tears gather in the violet eyes. You had held her there on your bosom all

day-all night; are you tired? But you cannot answer. Closer-closer you clasp the ins to the cold brow—Carrie is dead! What is it to you that the sunshine is

bright; what that its cheerful rays fall on the broad lands-our lands? What is itnow that she can walk on them no more? And what is death-her death? Few people knew her; no vice-president must be chosen to fill her place; no nation will raise a monument to her memory! But she was yours;

No-yours and God's; and your year of joy is over, and she rests on His bosom now in beaven.

They have dug a grave for her. Spring flowers brighten over it, and the green grass smiles with daises and violets. You go there, and ask God it you, too, may come home! and when no answer comes, your proud heart rises up in bitterness, and with the bold, wicked words upon your tongue, you pause for guardian angels look down from heaven, and whisper-"hush!"

THE VIRGINIA WASHINGTON MONUMENT. in, and in one of the quarter galleries I found orn foundry, as fifteen tons of bronze had to be melted and kept in a state of fluidity. For several days and nights previously a required to be stirred at times. When the made in a small trial cast, and to heighten cessively all the chambers through which the metal had to flow in the form were cleared props of the tubes were then placed, and every nounced the words, "In the name of God," and then three mighty strokes opened the fiery gulf, out of which the glowing metal flowed in a circuit to the large form. The sight was magnificent; and in the little sea of fire stood the master, and gave his commands about the successive opening of the props. Hot vapor poured from the air spiracles; in the conduits the metal boiled in waves; still, no decision yet, as the influx of the bronze in the very veins of the figure could be but slow. At once flaming showers jumped out of the air conduits, and the master proclaimed the cast to have succeeded. A loud Mr. Crawford, the artist of the Washington This life is too short for the indulgence of Monument, to congratulate him on this success. Another cheer was given to M. deMiller, the chief of the royal foundry at Munich, who had personally conducted the work.

Miss FANTADLING says if she nin't dead, she has lost her vital spark—the man who used to "sit up" with her.

Tit-Bits. From Mrs. Steven's "Old Homestead."

The maple-trees shook their golden boughs, as if they had been hoarding up sunshine for months, and poured it in one rich deluge over their billowy and restless leaves.

A man must possess fire in himself before he can kindle up the electricity that thrills the great popular heart.

Home is emphatically the poor man's paradise. The rich, with their many resources, too often live away from the hearth-stone, in heart, if not in person; but to the virtuous poor, domestic ties are the only legitimate and positive source of happiness short of that holier heaven which is the soul's home.

There are moments in human life when persons, linked together in a series of events, may form tablevux, which stand out from ordinary grouping, like an illustration stamped in strong light and shadow on the book of

The all-seeing One, who judges the thought as well as the act, will make no distinction between life drained drop by drop from the soul, and that sent forth at a blow with the red hand.

Neither men nor women become what they were intended to be, by carpeting their progress with velvet; real strength is tested by

One night when it had been raining, in the winter-while the great trees were dripping wet-out came the moon and stars bright, with a sharp trost, and then all the branches were hung with ice, in the moonshine, glittering and bending low towards the ground, just as if the starlight had all settled on the limbs, and was loading them down with brightness.

A light wind had followed the frost, and all the mossy turf was carpeted with leaves, crimson, green, russet and gold. Sometimes commingling of all these colors might be found on one leaf; sometimes a commingling of all these colors might be found on one leaf; sometimes as they looked upward, the great branches of nn oak stooped over their heads, heavy with leaves of the deepest green, fringed and matted with blood red, as if the great heart of the tree were broken and bleeding to death, through all the veins of its

Could you have seen them slumbering beneath the humble roof, smiling tranquilly on their pillows, you might have fancied that those little rooms were swarming with invisicome down to make a little heaven of the poor man's home. Indeed, I am not quite and you will come by and by, and I am gosure that the idea would have been all fancy -for Charity, that brightest spirit of heaven, was there, and what a glorious troop she always brings in her train! Talk of flinging your bread upon the waters, waiting for it to If we study history, we should endeavor to be cast up after many days-why, the very joy of casting the bread you have earned with your own strength upon the bright waves of humanity, is reward enough for the true heart.

The barn was a vast rustic bower that night. One end was heaped with corn ready for husking; the floor was neatly sweet; and overhead, the rafters were concealed by heavy garlands of white pine, golden maple leaves, and red oak branches, that swept from the roof downwards like a tent. Butternut leaves wreathed their clustering gold among the dark green hemlock, while sumuch cones, with flame colored leaves, shot through the gorgeous forest branches. The rustic chande, lier was in full blaze, while, now and then, a candle gleamed out through the garlands, starring them to the roof. Still the illumination was neither broad nor bold, but shed a delicious starlight through the born, that left much to the imagination, and concealed a thousand little signs of love making, that would have been ventured on more slily had the light been broader.

Occupation! what a glorious thing it is for the human heart. Those who work hard seldom yield themselves up to fancied or real sorrow. When grief sits down, folds its hands, and mournfully feeds upon its own tears, weaving the dim shadows, that a little exertion might sweep away, into a funeral pall, the strong spirit is shorn of its might, and sorrow becomes our master. When troubles flow upon you, dark and heavy, toil not with the waves-wrestle not with the torrent!-rather seek, by occupation, to divert the dark waters that threaten to overwhelm you, into a thousand channels which the duties of life always present. Before you dream of it, those waters will fertilize the present, and give birth to fresh flowers that may brighten the future-flowers that will become pure and holy, in the sunshine which penetrates to the path of duty, in spite of every obstacle. Grief, after all, is but a selfish feel ing; and most selfish is the man who yields himself to the indulgence of any passion which brings no joy to his fellow man.

WHY is thirty-nine the number of lashes which the Christian selects as the maximum for Christian flogging?" asked the Bramin Poo of Old Roger.

Old Roger thought a moment. The question was a keen one, and conveyed a severe

"[ suppose" said he, "it is to keep it withn the limit of forty-tude."

The Brahmin stroked his long beard, and

the tassel of his cap vibrated like a pendulum. We reccommend the following from

Harper, as the most decidedly original of anything we have yet seen:

80 you be-A tub; 80 oh! pea-A top; Ra 80-Bat; See 80-Cat; Pea 80-Pat; See O double you-Cow; See you be-Cub; Do a double ell-Ball.

Falsehoods of Exaggerations.

Besides the falsehoods which people designedly speak there is a kind which springe from negligence, bastiness, or a warm in agnation. Dr. Samuel Johnson was of opinion that most lying arises from indifference about the truth, rather than from a wish to deceive. People are not sufficiently anxious to be correct; they say anything that comes uppermost, or what they think will please, without reflecting whether it be strictly true or not. It is a common error of tradesmen, from a desire to please, or worse reasons, to promise to have work done at a particular time when they are not sure of their ability to do so, or know positively they are not able.

Many persons, also, either from heedlessness, or design, say what they think will create surprise, without supposing that they are doing any harm. Perhaps there is some truth in what they say, but it is so magnified or exaggerated, with the view of exciting wonder, that it has the character and effect of falsehood. Such people are in the habit of using the words, "vast, immense, grand, sublime, magnificent, tremendous," and others of that nature, when words of a more simple meaning should be employed.

"Father," said a boy one day, I saw an immense number of dogs—five hundred I am sure—in the street last night." "Surely not so many?" said his father. "Well, there were one hundred, I'm quite sure," "It could not be," said the father; I don't think there are a hundred dogs in the village." Well, sir, it could not be less than ten; this I am quite certain of." "I will not believe that you ever saw ten," said the father ; for you spoke as confidently of seeing five hundred as of seeing this smaller number. You have contradicted yourself twice already, and now I cannot believe you." "I saw at least our Dash, and another one."

This is an example of erroneous reporting through eagerness to make out a wonderful case. For the same reason, an uneducatedman, who had been in the West Indies, hearing some one speak of the sun rising at midsummer about four in the morning, said, "O, that is nothing to what he does in Jamaica. I have seen him rise there between two and three." This man did not know that that was impossible, and that we must go towards the noles, and not towards the tropics, in order to see the sun rise very early.

It is common too, to hear people say that they have not been so warm in all their lives; that some one's gown is the prettiest they ever saw; or that they never were so happy as at Mrs. Smith's party; when it is obvious that they are alleging what is utterly impossible for them to be quite sure of. A little real respect for truth, and desire to follow it at all times, aided by a little reflection on the meaning of the words we are about to utter. would save us from falsehoods of this kind.

There is yet another species of falsehood, which consists in saying one thing but meaning another; this ought at all times to be avoided, the same as positive lying. Persons who resort to this mean practice think that, because they do not lie in the words they use, they do not commit any actual sin or crime. But this is a mere delusion. The lie is committed by the attempt to convey a false or wrong meaning, for the purpose of misleadfore both decentful and sinful.

In the whole business of the world, truth is of great importance. We should not only observe it in everything relating to ourselves and our neighbors, but we should seek to ascertain it, and hold fast by it, in all things. get the books of best authority. If we cultivate science, we should make sure that we receive nothing which is not satisfactorily proved. Nothing but good testimony can prove the truth of an event; and nothing but experiment, and a careful observation of facts can prove the truth of anything in science.

We should allow no opinion to rest in our mind unless we are certain, and have taken pains to make ourselves conscientiously certain, that it is right, and not founded in error. Every wrong opinion, or supposition of what is faise, tends to do harm in the world; while everything we know for truth, and every opinion and sentiment that we know to be rightly founded, tends to the good of mankınd.—Chambers.

THE LAW AND THE CONSTITUTION .- A new, or as some say, an old reading of this caption, is had as follows:

Judge Wiles, as he is called, was once presiding in San Augustine, when a legal bully attempted to intimidate him.

Thompson having succeeded in packing a jury to suit his purpose, turned his attention to the Court, and remarked-"If your honor please, here is the law

which governs this case," at the same time drawing a Bowie knife of an unusual size. and laying it before him across an open book.

"Forewarned, forearmed," said the Judge, and drawing from beneath his hunting shirt, not a colt, but a horse pistol, he very calmly rejoined-

This sir, is the constitution, and is paramount to the law."

Mr. Thompson, finding himself thus ably matched, praceably acquiesced. The "better part of valor is discretion," says Falstaff.

WE have heard of a cute trick by which those wandering women called gipsies, practiced often on young women. A number of young ladies were out walking in the country, who met a gipsey woman who offered, for half a dollar apiece, to show them their future husbands' faces in a pool of water that was near. In their frolic they agreed to it. and paid her the money, the more readily as she promised to refund it if she did not fulfit her engagement. The girls were led to the water, each anxious to get a sight of her intended, but instead of the form and face they expected, they saw only their own rosy cheeks

and laughing eyes below. "Surely, you are mistaken woman," said one of them, "we see nothing but our own faces in the water."

"Very true, Miss," replied the gipsey, "but will not these be your husbands' faces when you are married?

A GENTLEMAN said he should like to see a boat full of girls set adrift on the ocean, just to see which way they should steer.' "Oh," replied a lady present, that's very See a bec-Cab; Be you double ten-Butt; easily answered. They would steer for the Isle of Man, to be sure."