

BENEVOLENT INTENTION

A benevolent man was Abraham Bos-
As each and every tale of distress
He blessed right up like a rocket;

Humorous Sketch.

Butterfield at the Ball—A California Sketch.

By JOHN PHIBBS.

You have not heard from me for some
time. I have been "around," however,
which is a pleasant metaphorical way of ex-

I was sitting in my counting-room a few
days since, in an amiable frame of mind,
thinking of that butter which I had sold to

"Butterfield," said he, "don't you want
to go to a ball?"

A vision of Mrs. Butterfield, resplendent
in a new dress, which, though of late im-

"Well, I don't know." "It's a compli-

mentary ball," said Podgers, "given for the
benefit of the officers of the Army and

Now, I always liked the officers. Poor
fellows, they looked so prettily in their brass

"The ball is to be very select," said he.
"Ah," replied I, "that's exactly the rea-

"What name?" said he.
"Podgers," I replied.
"Flour and pork," said he, with a kind-

"Corner of Battery and Front," I answer-
ed, and the thing was done.

Podgers got his ticket also; and we left
the Mint, arm in arm, wondering if the love-

Mrs. Butterfield was delighted, so was
Auntie, I fancy. He sent me a note a day

Friday evening at last arrived. Podgers
was to come for us in a carriage at eight

"Mr. Brummel," said I, complacently,
"do you think I look at all like the great

"Yes," he replied, "but you are not near
so heavy as he was."

"No," said I. "Why, Daniel Webster
was not a very large man?"

THE AGITATOR.

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NO. 39.

We worked for three mortal hours

getting little Amos to sleep. That child is two
years of age, possesses a wakefulness of
disposition perfectly astonishing in one so

We descended to the carriage; but find-
ing it impossible for all of us to ride within,

"On entering the hall, which was brilliantly
illuminated, we were struck with its size and

"Flour and Pork corner of Battery and
Front St."

Country orders promptly solicited and
filled, etc.

Having noticed in one of the morning
papers, a few days ago, a communication from

I have understood, Mr. Thinker, that now-
adays, almost all of the destitute churches

The Rev. Mr. Goodman, the pastor of a
church in New England, once asked a dis-

Deacon A. That he is; I rejoice to say
it. We are all witnesses, and God also, how

Deacon A. Far from it. It can truly be
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The Old Village Church.

The editor of the Knickerbocker attributes
the following to Ike Marvel; and it is cer-
tainly worthy of him says the Prisoner's

"It is years—we dare not think how many
since then—and the "prayers of David the

As that with the old singers most of the
sweeter tunes have died upon the air! but

The New York Picayune thus hits off the
habits some people have of attributing all

According to many of our contemporaries,
Horace Greeley has been at the bottom of

Plotting the death of the President.
Making arrangements for the massacre of

Buying a couple of powder mills on the
Brandywine Creek to be blown up for his

Filing this places in the boilers of North
river steamboats, and hiring the captains to

Bullying the peanut market.
Endeavoring to increase the price of flour

Buying up, with Solon Robinson's assist-
ance, all the beef cattle in market, in order

And going out nights poisoning favorite
dogs, and stoning the pet cats of old maid-

A small party of ladies and gentlemen,
were laughing over the supposed awkwardness

The Phrenological Journal says that in
sleeping, the posture should be chosen which

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Communications.

Legend of the Twisted Tree.

BY MELANIE.

I was brought up in the "grand old woods,"
perhaps. I am sure they were old enough,
for I have counted more than five hundred

The woods are disappearing, slowly yet
surely, and I find now and then a hill where

Years and years ago, when the largest
pines on these hills were just beginning to

God.—Some years ago, an old sign
painter, who was very cross, very gruff and

"Well, what if I have," said old obstina-
cy, as he ran his eyes complacently over

GENIUS AND LABOR.—It would be an ex-
tremely profitable thing to draw up a short

An Englishman of recent importation ac-
cidentally dropped into a restaurant in this

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Side Thoughts.

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