BENEVOLENT INTENTIONS A benevolent man was Absalom Bes-At each and every tale of distress He blazed right up likes rocket; He felt for all who, 'neath payerty's smark, Were doomed to bear life's roughest part; He felt for them in his inmost hear; But never felt in his pocket. Yet all said he was an arcelient man; For the poor he'd preach, for poor he'd plan, To better tham he was willing; But the oldest one who had heard him pray, And preach for the poor in a pitiful way. Couldn't remember exactly to say He had over given a shilling. Oh! an excellent man was Absolom Bear And the world threw up its han de to bless, Whenever his name was mentioned; But he died one day, he did, and oh. He went right down to the shades below, Where all are bound, I fear, to go. Who are only good intentioned.

Humorous Sketch. Butterfield at the Bail-A California Sketch

BY JOHN PHOENIL

disposition perfectly astonishing in one so and, though with but a dim idea of his mean-young, and has a pleasing peculiarity of ing, I am sure it was. We returned home howling terribly in the night at intervals of at half-past three, a. m. The street of our You have not heard from me for some taffy were too much for him this time, howtime. I have been "around," however, ever; he succumbed at last, and dropped and an old gentleman with a watchman's ratwhich is a pleasant metaphorical way of expressing the fact that I have been about, and is not intended as an allusion to my figure, though 1 weigh two hundred and forty-three net, and it may appear appropriate to scoffers. I have been attending closely to my legitimate business, and do not mind saving that I have been tolerably successful, I did flounces, over a profusely embroidered tulle skirt, looped up on the side with a bouquet a little in butter last week, not after the manner of the celebrated sculptor, Canova-who, of Swiss meringues. Her bodice was of a 1 am told, used to carve horses and other animals out of that oleaginous substance, which looked well, but became unpleasant to bertha. Her head-dress was composed of the smell in a short time-but in the way of cut velvet cabbage leaves, with turnip au speculation, which increased my satisfacnaturel. and a small boned turkey, secured tion and my balance at Doolittle, Walker by a a golden wire, "a la maitre d'hotel," & Leggett's, my bankers, in no small de-) crowned the structure. Podgers gazed upon her with complacent and pardonable grer

I was sitting in my counting-room a few pride. days since, in an amiable frame of mind, thinking of that butter which I had sold to a manufacturer to grease the wheels of his manufactory, and wondering whether its driver, Mrs. B. and I got inside, and Podstrength increased the power of the machinerv. when Podgers, of Gawk & Podgers, Battery street, dropped in

"Butterfield," said he, "don't you want to i ses of (ransportation, as had been agreed to to a ball ?" [upon between us.] On arriving at Mrs. go to a ball ?"

A vision of Mrs. Butterfield, resplendent in a new dress, which, though of late importation, she calls " more antique" passed before my mind. I thought of the dance at Doolittle's, and, in my usual prompt and decided manner, replied

"Well, I don't know ' "It's a compli- only about a dollar a hundred after all."mentary ball," said Podgers, " given for the benefi: of the officers of the Army and Navy, and comes off at Madame Pike's on Friday' (The name is Pique, and is pronouncea Pi-quee, but Podgers dun't undertand French However, we amused ourselves walking Now, I always liked the officers. Poor | about, and Podgers got into the supper room, stand French

fellows, they looked so prettily in their brass where he broke a sugar chicken off the top mounted clothes, and walked around with of a large cake to carry home to his little such a melancholy air, as though they were | Anna Maria, and, being detected therein, wondering how they managed to support) was summarily ejected, and had the chicken existence on their pay and allowance- | taken away from him, at which Mrs. B. and and how the deuce they do puzzles me !- I secretly rejoiced. At ten o'clock the com-So, alter a few words more with Podgers, pany began to arrive, and in half an hour we started off to purchase the necessary the large hall was .crowded with the beaupaste-board. I suppose it was because the | ty, fashion and extravagance of the city. It bal. was a national affair that he went to really brought tears of delight to my eyes to the United States Mint for that purpose .----Here we were introduced to a singularly Francisco can produce, and to think what handsome young fellow, who gazed rather immense sums of money their beautiful dres. dubiously on Podgers and myself when we ises must cost their husbands and fathers .-preferred our request. 181 "The ball is to be very select," said he.

"Ah." replied I, " that's exactly the rea. | and that funny dance where the gentleman son we wish to patronize ::.'

The young gentleman could not withstand | hand and pumps her arm up and down with сотоалиес.

" What name !" said ne

(Vin edge 11) and the summarian influence of maintained and a second secon Deboted to the Artenaton of the Area of Freedom and the Spread of Bealthy Reformant STATE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINING OF WEDON COBB, STURROCK & CO., PUBLISHERS & PROPRIETORS. Bang ai Bun WELLSBOROUGH, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING; APRIL 24, 1856. APRIL 19. NO. 39. VOL. 2. We, worked for three mortal hours get: the rest of the morning. ng little Amos to sleep. That child is two The ball was delightful. I heard the con-The Old Village Church. Communications. ting little Amos to sleep. That child is two years of age, possesses a wakefulness of sul of New Zealand say it was rabissant; Legend of the Twisted Tree.

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

I was brought up in the "grand old woods," Friend from which we copy it : "Last evening we were walking leisurely perhaps. I am sure they were old enough for I have counted more than five hundred along. The music of choirs in three churches came floating out into the darkness around grains on a pine tree, and have seen much us, and they were all new and strange tunes larger ones. Yet there was nothing so parbut one; and that one, it was not sung as ticularly romantic and grand as story writers we have heard it, but it awakened a train of describe in wooded countries. It was not so wondrously rocky, barren and hilly as New long buried memories, that rose to us even as they were before the cemetery of the soul England, nor were the woods so lovely as the had a tomb in it. It was sweet old "Corinth" Kentucky forests are said to be. We had no they were singing-strains that we have sel- craggy mountains, nor leaping waterfalls, nor smiling prairies ; and I believe we all grew dom heard since the rose color of life was blanched; and we were in a moment back, to think there was nothing in particular to again to the old church; and it was a sumlose or gain, albeit some of us cling to it yet mer afternoon and yellow surbeams were most tenaciously. Yes, our town was commonplace. There was no stream large streaming through the west windows, and the silver hair of the old deacon, who sat in the enough to catch a fish in, there was no hill pulpit, was lurned to gold in its light, and the where I could look abroad more than a mile minister, who we used to think could never or two, and then only against another hill covered with those same old trees. Those die, so good was he, had concluded "application" and "exhortation," and the village choir same trees were a beautiful sight though, when we had climbed the highest hill we were singing the last hymn, and the tune was could find on a nutting excursion, when Oc-Corinth.

tober had put on her gayest robes. But I "It is years-we dare not think how many since then-and the "prayers of David the always knew there must be a history to these son of Jesse," are ended, and the choir are old woods. The earliest violet that sister Louisa always found, the spring-beauty, that scattered and gone-the girl with blue eyes that sang alto, and the girl with black eyes nodded at me and called me whenever I came that sang air ; the eyes of the one were like in sight, told me so and invited me to come a clear June heaven at noon. They both be- and leasen it; the pine sang of it, and every came wives, and both mothers ; and they tree the woodman felled, told mournfully that the history was being lost. both died. Who shall say they are not singing "Corinth" still, where Sabbaths never

The woods are disappearing, slowly yet wane and congregations never break up? surely, and I find now, and then a hill where There they sat Sabbath after Sabbath, by the I can look off and see a road or a patch of square column at the right of the "leader :" clearing and a smoke through the trees. and to our young ears their tones were the very soul of music. That column bears still went up one of these hills on a neighbor' farm one summer, to see what I could see. their pencilled names as they wrote them in found rather a fine view, a hill two miles to the east, with a road with which I was very those days in life's June, 183-, before dreams familiar, but which looked strange from a of change had overcome their spirits like a strange standpoint, winding among the trees

I. BY MELANIE.

Alas that with the old singers most of the the dry, red soil gleaming under the afternoon sweeter tunes have died upon the air! but sun, between the forest green that hemmed they linger in memory, and they shall yet it in; on the west was a cleared hill that completely bewildered me, and sent me lookbe sung in the sweet reunion of song that ing in an opposite direction for the house it shall take place by and by in a hall whose belonged to, or that belonged to it, -- which? columns are beams of morning light, whose ceiling is pearl, whose floors are gold and On the top of this hill there was standing where hair never turns silvery, and hearts what the country people call a "stub." It was the remains of a large oak tree, but of never grow old. Then she that sang alto an appearance I had never seen before. It and she that sang air will be in their places was a strip little more than two feet wide,

and ten or twelve inches thick,-the remainder seeming to have been 'burned away,---which in rising some filteen feet, twisted one The New York Picayune thus hits off the habits some people have of attributing all the view directly lost its interest, for the old tree evils in the land to the influence of Horace began to whisper of its story, and before I left had given me the following account of According to many of our colemporaries, itself:

Horace Greeley has been at the bottom of Years and years ago, when the largest nearly every crime of consequence or interpines on these hills were just beginning to narrow home to which we all hasten. est that has been perpetrated, or pernicious grow, an Indian tribe had its encampment for doctrine that has been exposed for the last such depravity on the part of one of our prin- children's fairies had not yet forsaken the with joy, and exclaim again : "Yes, I'm comearth, and they often came out in groups to meet the Indian children, when they wandered alone, and watched them, and helped them when in trouble, and sometimes ar rested the arrow which was aimed at some defense. less bird, for the birds and the fairies were firm friends. They danced to the yellow man was growing wicked, and that drove the this hill, and the children came here to gather berries, and ran races, and played games, and learned to love their country, and the land which afforded them so many pleasures. But one summer there came among them a very wicked boy. He quarrelled with his mates, claimed the best places and best playthings, and when he had broken his arrow, would take one by force from his little playfellow. The fairy whose especial charge he was. often remonstrated with him; when he slept on the ground she came to tell him that evil would surely come to him if he persisted in doing so much evil to others. And then the elves joined in chorus, and sang to all the children in praise of goodness, and bade them beware of the evil that was in Wylee's heart. The children told it to their parents, and to Wylee's mother,-for his father was gone to the war, and she tried to teach him better things, but it was of little avail, for his heart was very wicked. One summer day they were on the hill, and had gathered flowers and tried their bows and arrows as usual till time to go home, when Wylee drew his bow at a vellow bird that was singing her parting song a little way off. The faries came out ringing 'sweet' music from their little bells made of wintergreen blossoms, and begging Wylee to desist, for the bird was to be their minstrel at a grand feast the next day, and they warned him that no good would come if he killed little Munee. But the next instant the bird lay lifeless on the ground, and Wylee picking up his arrow turned carelessly homeward. That night the warriors came home. They had been unsuccessful in battle, and when Wylep's wickedness was made known to them they knew the Great Spirit was offended, and would not favor them till Wylee was punished. They held a solemn council that night for the wood thrush sang longer and more THE Phrenological Journal says that in lee's good spirit had departed. They resolsleeping, the posture should be chosen which wed that he should be punished as the fairies s promotive of deep and full inspiration, be. might direct, as a warning to the other chilcause nature renders the latter deeper when dren, and to appease the spirits who, were we are asleep, than when awake, except in so justly angry with them. The next morn Lactora... Hence, a high pillow, by cramping ing a number of the best boys were selected and 'cat it." His con both the windpipe and bloodvessells, if "bad, to go to the ball to see what was to be done, when Sambo walked to The head should rest on a line with the blity. The fairies were mourning around the dead devoured the pre.

ness had killed her. The children awaited in silence their commands. When the mournful chant, was finished, they furned toward the children and said, "The Manifou has do-cided. Let the warriors bring Wylee to the bill at nood, and bind thim to the tree from which he shot the bird," They turned away, and the children weat back to the camp, Wylee had no broker of size and if he Wyles had no brother or sister, and if he was taken away, his mother could walk no more with the women who were educating their sons for braves, but she bade him go, and hid herself in the hut to thourn alone, All the others went to the hill, and at noon Wylee was bound to the tree. The fairies had departed, but the warriors had hardly ie. treated a little way from the tree, when a form of grave aspect stood beside it, to pronounce Wylee's sentence. For all his wickedness which they had witnessed, ending in causing the death of the fairy, he should be imprisoned in the tree, to remain there as long as the tree lived and grew. He stretched out his hand toward Wylee, and the next instant neither the boy nor the form were to be seen. The tree was scarred as though lightning had struck it, but nothing more was seen or heard. They returned and told Wvlee's mother, and prepared for a departure to another encampment. Wylee's mother stole to the hill at daybreak, and she saw the tree was strangely twisted. They went away that day, and did not return till the war was finished and they were victorious. When they came back the tree had grown more awry, and they knew Wylee's spirit was there, and that it had grown no better. The fairies came to the hill no more, but sometimes met the children in the valley, and danced by the brook to the music of the gurgling water. Not till long after the last of his tribe was dead, did the old oak cease to put forth its leaves in the spring time, but it died when the white man came, and Wylee's spirit rejoined his tribe in the fadeless Hunting Ground.

body of their companion. Wyleo's wicked?

Wayside Thoughts.

"Yes, I'm coming," rang out from the silver voice of a child, through the half opened door of a house on our street, as we were passing the ather day. We saw no one, but the sweet musical tones still lingered in our ears as we passed on, and we thought to our. selves, yes, my child, you are "coming." Coming from the guileless sunny flower gar. den of childhood's glory, and beauty, and joy, into a world of thorns, and sin, and suffering-from the sweet harmony of infantile melody and gladness, into a world of sharp discords, and human deformity--coming from the warm lips and kindly embraces, and gentle words of a mother's love, into air made poisonous by the breath of the slanderer's lungs-a world full of rude jostlings-where the traveler need be firm in nerve, and strong in sinew, or he is pushed aside, or trampled under foot-a world full of cursing and bitterness, that almost turns to gail the few cups of Eden's nectar still kept pure from the effects of the fall. Coming from the sweet peace of your loved heaven of home, into a "strange land." where there are backbilings, and envyings, and falsehoods-men striving to overreach his neighbor-yes, neighbor whom he daily greets with a smile and profession of friendship-all hurrying, running, and a half times around. The rest of the enatching after vellow gold ; (crazed with its serpent charm-forgetting the very ties of nature, and locking up forever all its kindly sympathies. Coming, alas I to be as avaricious, and vain and cold hearted as the rest of mankind; and coming, too, into the same

Ah! sweet child, may your "coming" be a season by that spring in the valley yonder, such, that when thy hour is come, and the and roamed the woods learless and free. The angels beckon you away, you may look up ing.

A CARD.

tions calculated to do serious damage to my reputation, I feel called upon to indignantly denv every allegation therein contained; and once more. to save trouble to deny firstly, that I ever went to the ball; secondly, that I ever went into the suppor turn, thirdly, that they did not succeed in getting the sugar chicken away from me as I have it yet; and lastly, see the number of lovely women that San in refusing to pay my share of the carriage hire. It was stipulated that the carriage hire Greeley: Sets of quadrilles were formed; then folshould not be more than two dollars a head lowed the fancy dances, polkas, redowas, for the ladies, and one dollar each for the gents; and moreover, nothing was said at the time of Mrs. Butterfield's intention to grabs the lady about the waist with one wear a whalebong balloon-called a skirtthe smile with which these words were ac. the other, while hopping violently from side thus "chousing" Mrs. Podgers and myself three or four years Naturally alarmed at to side, after the manner of that early and out of our portion of said carriage, and, exestimable Christian, St. Vitus. I cannot cept for the name of it, we might as well

was broken, and there lay Amos, black in the face, g-gurgling in his throat, and his small blue legs kicking up towards Heaven. We did not get to sleep until late that mornng, and what with damages, repairs, hacklrivers, dresses and tickets, the little balance at Doolittle, Walker & Leggett's is nearly exhausted.

Perhaps we shall "go to another ball at Madame Pique's soon ; if so, I will send you an account of it. Very truly yours,

tion; people stood around the door steps,

tle in his hand, both slightly sprung, was

leaning out of an upper window of No. 3 he-

low. A loud shout hailed us as we approa-

ched ; but high above that shout, loud above

the whirr of the rattle, shrill above the roll-

ing of, our carriage, sounded an alarm that

we recognized but too well. It was the voice of our little Amos. The dear child

had woke up the whole street; and it was a

marvel that he had not awakened the sleep-

ers in John Jones' of Peter's cometery, just

beyond : for the name of Butterfield, as you

well know, is synonymous with that of truth

-but if that boy had not shattered every

pane of glass in our front windows, and loos.

ened all the top bricks of the chimney by

the concussion of air produced by screaming

wish I may never sell another lot of clear

bacon. The paper was loosened from the

walls, the plastering was falling from the

ceiling, the wash basin and-eveverything

about twenty-five minutes. Paregoric and residence was lighted up as if for a celebra-

peacefully to repose at half-past seven, to a

second. At eight, Podgers and the carriage

arrived. Mrs. Podgers came up into Mrs.

Butterfield's room to show herself. She was

tastefully and magnificently attired. She

wore a white crape illusion, with eighteen

seagreen tabinet, with an elegant pincushion

of orange-colored moire antiques over the

We descended to the carriage; but find-

ing it impossible for all of us to ride within,

Mrs. Podgers stood up on the seat with the

gers walked. (By-the-way, on this account,

he subsequently, in an unjustifiable manner.

objected to paying his portion of the expen-

Pique's, I regret to say an unpleasant alter.

cation took place between myself and our

driver on the subject of the fee. I was fin-

ally compelled to close the discussion by dis-

buising ten dollars, which that disagreeable

individual unnecessarily remarked "was

On entering the hall, which was brilliantly

illuminated, we were struck with its size and

elabarate ornaments, and also with the un-

pleasant fact that nobody was there. The

fact is; we had arrived a little too early .--

AMOS BUTTERFIELD. Flour and Pork corner of Battery and Front St.

Country orders promptly solicited and illed, etc. summer's cloud.

[After the foregoing sketch had appeared n the California papers, the following card was published :]

Having noticed in one of the morning papers, a few days ago, a communication from one Butterfield, coutaining certain insinua.

" Butterfield," i repne.

IV expression

ec, and the thing was don-

Prodgers got his ticket also ; and we left recognize lovely Mrs. A., with her ugly the Mint, arm in arm, wondering if the love- | daughter, in white cottonet, and magnificent Iv design for a head on the new three dollar | Mrs. C., the cynosure of all eyes in a peigpiece was intended for a likeness of the noir of three-ply carpeting, with a corsage United States Treasurer, of whose agree- de gunny bag, and the point applique robe able countenance we caught a glance as we | de nuit ; or the sweet Misses C., in elaborreture. 1 ate Swiss ginghams, with gimp cord tassels,

Mrs. Butterfield was delighted, so was and a fautuil de cabroilet. Suffice it to say, Austro, I lancy. He sent me a note a day that the loveliest ladies of San Francisco or two alter, very prettily conceived, with were there; and the belle of the evening " Honston. Valenciennes, point, edging," was unquestionably Miss -----, though many and, other hard words in it, which must preferred the mature charms of the radiant nave given him great gratification to com. Mrs .----. (You perceive that these blanks purchased of Keyes (not that are left for the convenience of those who DOS. haves, but the other firm) a new blue dress wish to send this description to the eastern coa. with brazen buttons, military you States, who hereby have my express per-Know, a pair of cinnamon-colored leg-scabe mission to insert any names they may think Darus, and a very tasty thing in the way of appropriate.) One lady I observed, whose a vest, garnet-colored velvet, with green plush ; dress, though no great judge of dry goods, cross bars, in which I fancied I should cre- I should Imagine to have cost in the neighhe something of a sensation. I also drop- borhood of fifty barsels of mess pork. Evepec in at Tucker's, and seeing a pretty rything went off admirably. Wobbles, of preasipin in the form of a figure 2, which Wobbles & Strycum, who was present with ne saic was a tasteful conceit for married his daughter, a young lady of nine years, men, snowing that there were two in the with a violent propensity to long curls, dresiamily, 1 bought that also, and hereby ac. | sed in crimson silk, with orange colored panknowledge that it has given me great satis. I taletts-Wobbles, who has a pretty way of Iacuo. | saving poetical things, remarked, with great

Friday evening at last arrived. Podgers ! originality, that "Soft eyes spoke love to was to come for us in a carriage at eight | eyes that spke again, and all went berry as o clock, and we commenced dressing at a marriage mell," and I agreed with him. inree, immediately after dinner. My friends nave sometimes flattered me by remarking diant in brass coats and blue buttons---I something in my air and personal appear. mean blue buttons and brass coats-a-look. ance resembling the late eloquent Daniel ing divinely. One of them accidentally trod Webster, (formerly Secretary of State un-) on my toe; but before I could utter the exder Tyler's administration.) After dress- clamation of anguish that I was about to give ing and going through the operation which vent to, he said so sweetly-"Don't spolo-Mrs. Butterfield unpleasantly terms prinkgise," that the pain left me in a moment. ing, I walled into the room of our next neighbor-we board at the corner of Stock. ciently handsome, are not tall men. This, ton and Powell-under the pretense of borrowing a candle. He was sitting by the fire. smoking a cigar, and reading Tennyson's Foems, which I take this opportunity of declaring are the silliest trash I ever had the they were taller. misfortune to get hold of

"Mr. Brummell," said I, complecently,

Brummell gazed on me with evident admiration.

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

"No?" said I. "Why, Daniel Webster on my head, merely saying, "Beg pardon, was not a very large mar. ded to Daniel Lambert."

This was a campe

have gone afoot-especially myself. Fuller pretend to enumerate the ladies whose "Flour and pork," said he, with a kind- | charms particularly impressed me. Moreparticulars will be given whenever they are) over, if 1 could, it would be of little service wanted. In the mountime, I ask "a suspen-"Corner of Battery and Front," I answer- 1 to the public, for it is in the fashion to do

The officers were all there, moreover, ra-

The officers of the Vincennes, though suffi-

Podgers remarked, was a dispensation of Di-

vine Providence, as the Vincennes is only

four feet six inches between decks, and they

would be continually bumping their heads if

At two o'clock we sat down to supper.

sion of opinion in the public mind." and this sort of thing by initials ; and who would trust that I shall be ready with the necessary evidence about the time it is determined who struck a respectable citizen named William "PODGERS." Patterson.

Fancy Work.

I have understood, Mr. Thinker, that nowa-days, almost all of the destitute churches look for a man who can do "fancy work," and are determined to call no other.

The Rev. Mr. Goodman, the pastor of a church in New England, once asked a dismission from his people. A council was called : and it soon appeared that his people wished to get rid of him, rather than he of his people. The following dialogue took place between the Moderator of the council and one of the Deacons of the church.

Moderator. Why, deacon Allthings, do you wish to have your pastor leave you ? Is he not a godly man?

Descon A. That he is; I rejoice to say it. We are all witnesses, and God also, how holily, and justly, and unblameably, he has behaved himself among us. Moderator. What is the matter, then?

Does he not preach the truth?

Deacon A. He does, very fully and clearly. He has "kept back nothing that was profitable" to us. He has not "shunned to declare unto us the whole counsel of God." Moderator. Has he been deficient in priate labors?

Deacon A. Not at all. He has not only taught us "publicly," but "from house to house." He has been instant in season and out of season."

Moderator. Well then, is he a cold, unfeeling preacher?

Deacon A. Far from it. It can truly be said of him, he has "ceased not to warn every one, night and day, with tears." Moderator. Do tell us, then, Deacon Allthings, why you wish to get rid of him. Deacon A. Why sir, Mr. Goodman is pious, worthy minister; he is very faithful, and I love him much; but it somehow hap. Magnificent indeed !-- turkeys, chickens, sal- pens that he is not popular. He fails, as a "ao you think I look at all like the great ads, champagne-everybody gobbling and body may say, in "fancy work." Ours is a guzzling everything, presenting to my mind growing place; and we think it important to a far finer spectacle than the vaunted Falls of have a smarter man-a man who will draw Niagara, which I think have been overrated. in more of the young people and men of in-Podgers, who is always doing something fluence. We must have a man who is good unpleasant, emptied a plate of oyster soup at "fancy work." So all our leading men think-squire Mittimus, and Dr. Bolus, and "as not a very large mar." Butterfield," in consequence of which I Mr. Yardstick, the rich Merchant, and Judge "Oh!" replied he, "I thought you allu-found a large stewed oyster in my right Mandamus; and, to speak plainly—I think Mr. Yardstick, the rich Merchant, and Judge whicker on returning to the ball-room, and so too.

was made exceedingly uncomfortable during | The Roy, Mr. Goodman was dismissed,

as to what the Philosopher will be up to in the future-and have ascertained that he is at present-

Greeley-phobia.

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

the Cabinet. Trying to introduce Yellow Fever into the city.

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

Filing thin places in the boilers of North river steamboats, and hiring the captains to race their boats.

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

\$15 a barrel. Buying up, with Solon Robinson's assistance, all the beef cattle in market, in order to raise the price of steak to \$1 a pound.

And going out nights poisoning favorite dogs, and stoning the pet cats of old maidssmoking in the faces of people-insulting unprotected females-throwing vitriol on people's clothes, besides performing a variety of other pretty misdemeanors in his leisure moments, such as running pins through fliespinching infants in their cradels - pulling door bells and running away, merely to occupy him in the absence of opportunity for greater mischief.

A small party of ladies and gentlemen, were laughing over the supposed awkwardnes attending a declaration of love, when a gentleman remarked that if ever he offered himself he would do it in a collected and business like manner. "For instance," he continued, addressing a young lady present, "I would say, Miss S____,I have been two years looking for a wife. I am in the receipt of about a thousand dollars a year from my business, which is on the increase. Of all the ladies of my acquaintance, I admire you the most, indeed I love you, and would gladly make you my wife." "You flatter me by your preference," good humoredly replied Miss S---- to the surprise of all present; "I refer you to my father." "Bravo ! exclaimed the gentlemen. "Well, I declare" -said the ladies in chorus. The lady and gentleman, good reader, were soon after married. Wasn't that a modest way of "coming to the point," and a lady like method to take a man at his word?

Goon.-Some years ago, an old sign painter, who was very cross, very grutf and a little deaf, was engaged to paint the ten commandments on some tablets in a church not five miles from Buffalo. He worked hard bird's song, and the wood thrush tolled the two days at it, and at the close of the second funeral notes when a fairy died, for the red | day the pastor of the church came in to see how the work progressed. The old man elves away, as the pale face has driven the stood by smoking a short pipe, as the rever-Indian. The spicy wintergreen grows on end zentleman ran his eye over the tablets. "Eh !" said the pastor, as he detected something wrong in the wording of the holy precepts, "why, you careless old person, you've left a part of one of the command-

ments entirely out-don't you see ?" "No-no such thing," said the old man ; putting on his spectales; "no, nothing left out. Where l"

"Why there," persisted the pastor ; "here ; look at them in the Bible-fyou have left some of the commandments out."

"Well, what if I have," said old obstinacy, as he ran his eyes complacently over his work-" what if I have ? There's a great sight more there now than you'll keep 1'

GENIUS AND LABOR .--- It would be an extremely profitable thing to draw up a short and well-authenticated account of the habits of study of the most celebrated writers with whose style of literary industry we happen to be most acquainted. It would go very far to destroy the absurd and pernicious association of genius and idleness, by showing them that the greatest poetd orators, statesmen and historians-men of the most brilliant and imposing talents-have actually labored as hard as the makers of dictionaries and the arrangers of indices; and that the most obvious reason why they have been superior to other men is that they have taken more pains than other men. Gibbon was in his study every morning, winter and summer, at six o' clock. Mr. Burke was the most laborious and indefatigable of human beings; Leibnitz was never out of his library; Pascal killed himself by study; Cicero narrowly escaped death by the same cause; Milton was at his books with as much regularity as a merchant or an attorney-he had mastered all the knowledge of his time; so had Homer.

An Englishman of recent importation accidentally dropped into a restaurant in this city a few days since, and made a hearty meal, topping off with a piece of pie. The latter, upon tusting, he found to be cold, and, calling the Ethiopian walter, who stood near, he said to him :- "Take this nie to the fire and 'eat it." His consternation was great when Sambo walked to the fire and quietly ٦