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The Flight of Time.

BY ALEX. SMART.

Why flies the time so fast?
Days, months, and years glide by,
And each looks shorter than the last,
And swifter seems to fly;
On viewless wing still rushing on,
To join the flight of ages gone,
Their silent course they ply.

It seemed, when we were young,
Time lingered on the way,
Fair hope, like any syren, sung
The live-long summer day—
Oh! sweetly sung of promised bliss,
Too bright for such a world as this—
Too beautiful to stay.

And then the winter night,
So lively and so long,
When round the fire-side, blazing bright,
Went merriment and song.
Long were the hours—for we were then
Impatient to be happy men,
And join the busy throng!

Hope's radiance in the heart,
Is youth supremely blest,
Can transitory joys impart,
The brightest and the best.
The ills of life come all too soon;
And why should clouds obscure the moon
That warms the youthful breast?

When life's young dream is o'er,
And fancy's fires decay,
And hope's illusions charm no more,
Nor chide the lingering day;
Then time sweeps on with winged speed,
Or, like a thief, with noiseless tread,
Steals all our years away.

Fled like a dream's the past,
The joyous banquet o'er,
Our longing looks we backward cast,
And think on days of yore.
Brood o'er each scene in joy or woe,
Till we grow old—before we know
That we are young no more.

They say that thou art Poor.

They say that thou art poor, Louise;
An so I know thou art;
But what is wealth to noble minds,
Or riches to the heart?
With all the wealth of India's mines
Can one great deed be bought?
Or can a kingdom's ransom bring
One pure and holy thought?
No, vain your boasted treasure,
Tho' earth to gold is given,
Gold cannot stretch to measure
The love bestowed by heaven.

They say that thou art poor, Louise;
And so I know thou art;
But why should lack of sordid pelf
Thrust me and thee apart?
The pearls that sparkle on the lawn
Our jewels bright shall be;
The gold that frets the early dawn
Shall fill our treasury!
Ask ye the proudest minion
Whom gold gives rule o'er earth,
Doth not our broad Dominion
Outbeggar all he's worth?

We'll rove beside the brook at eve,
When birds their vesper song
Of gentle truth and guileless love
To woods and winds prolong;
And from the morning's jeweled cup
Such healthful draughts we'll have
As never met the revered lips
Of fortune gilded slave.
Could Lydian Cræsus, dearest,
As wide a kingdom see
As the fair realm thou hearest
Belongs to thee and me?

I know that thou art poor, Louise;
And so indeed am I;
But not the hoards of ocean's caves
Our poverty could buy;
For wealth beyond the miser's thought
We both alike control—
The treasure of a priceless love,
The riches of the soul!
Then at this hour, divine, love,
To holy echoes given;
Let thy vow and mine, love,
Be registered in Heaven!

GETHSEMANE.

Lieut. Lynch of the U. S. Exploring Expedition to the river Jordan and the Red Sea, in 1848, visited the Garden of Gethsemane about the middle of May.—He says:—

"The clover upon the ground was in bloom, and altogether, the garden, in its aspects and associations, was better calculated than any place I know to soothe a troubled spirit. Eight venerable trees, isolated from the smaller and less imposing ones which skirt the pass of the Mount of Olives, form a consecrated grove.—High above on either hand, towers a lofty mountain, with the deep yawning chasm of Jehosaphat between them. Crowning one of them is Jerusalem, a living city; on the slope of the other is the great Jewish cemetry, a city of the dead."

"Each tree in this grove, cankered and gnarled and furrowed by age, yet beautiful and impressive in its decay, is a living monument of the affecting scenes that have taken place beneath and around it. The olive perpetuates itself, and from the root of the dying parent stem, the young tree springs into existence. They are accounted 2000 years old. Under those of the preceding growth, therefore, the Saviour was wont to rest; and one of the present may mark the very spot where he knelt and prayed and wept. No cavilling doubt can find entrance here. The geographical boundaries are too distinct and clear for an instant's hesitation. Here the Christian, forgetful of the present, and absorbed in the past, can resign himself to sad yet soothing meditation. The few purple and crimson flowers, growing about the roots of the trees, will give him ample food for contemplation, for they tell of the suffering and disangained death of the Redeemer."

Lord Byron's Confession.—"Indisputably," says Lord Byron, "the firm believers in the gospel have a great advantage over all others, for this simple reason, that if true they will have their reward hereafter; and if there be no hereafter, they can be but with the infidels in their eternal sleep, having had the assistance of an exalted hope through life, without subsequent disappointment, since, at the worst for them, out of nothing nothing can arise, not even sorrow."

A printer whose talents were but indifferent, turned physician. He was asked the reason of it.

"In printing," answered he, "all the devils of it is exposed to the eye; but in physic they are buried with the patient, and nobody gets off more easily."

Taking babies to church and theatres is rightly termed a "crying sin."

THE JEW.

Travelling lately through the western part of Virginia, I was much interested in hearing an old and highly respectable clergyman give a short account of a Jew with whom he had lately become acquainted. He was preaching to a large and attentive audience when his attention was arrested by seeing a man enter, having every mark of a Jew on the lineaments of his countenance. He was well dressed, his appearance was noble, though it was evident his heart had lately been the habitation of sorrow. He took his seat and was all attention, while an unconscious tear was often seen to wet his manly cheek. After service the clergyman fixed his eye steadily upon him, and the stranger reciprocated his stare. The good minister goes up to him:—"Sir, am I correct, am I not addressing one of the children of Abraham?" "You are." "But how is it that I meet a Jew in a Christian assembly?" The substance of his narrative was as follows:—

He was a very respectable man, of a superior education, who had lately come from London, and with his books, his riches, and a lovely daughter of seventeen, had found a charming retreat on the banks of the Ohio. He had buried the companion of his bosom before he left Europe and he now knew no pleasure but in the company of his endeared child. She was indeed worthy a parent's love. She was surrounded by beauty as a mantle; her disposition threw around her a charm superior to any of the tinselled decorations of the body. No pains had been spared on her education. She could read and speak with fluency several different languages, and her manners charmed every beholder. No wonder, then, that a doating father, whose head had now become sprinkled with grey, should place his whole affection on this only child of his love, especially as he knew no source of happiness beyond this world. Being a strict Jew, he educated her in the strictest principles of his religion, and he thought he had presented it with an ornament.

It was not long ago that his daughter was taken sick. The rose faded from her cheek, her eye lost its fire, her strength decayed, and it was soon apparent that the worm of disease was rioting in the core of her vitals. The father hung over the bed of his daughter with a heart ready to burst with anguish. He often attempted to converse with her but seldom spoke but by the language of tears.—He spared no trouble or expense in procuring assistance, but no human skill could extract the arrow now fixed in her heart. The father was walking in a small grove near his house wetting his steps with tears, when he was sent for by the dying daughter. With a heavy heart he entered the door of his chamber, which he feared would soon be the entrance of death. He was now to take a last farewell of his child, and religion gave but a feeble hope of meeting her hereafter.

The child grasped the hand of her parent with a death-cold hand. "My father, do you love me?" "Why, my child, you know I love you; that you are more dear to me than the whole world beside!" "But father, do you love me?" "Why, my child, will you give me pain so exquisite? Have I never given you proofs of my love?" "But my father, do you love me?" The father could not answer; the child added, "I know father you have ever loved me—you have been the kindest of parents and I tenderly love you. Will you grant me one request? O, my father, it is the dying request of your daughter; will you grant it?" "My dearest child, ask what you will, though it take every cent of my property, whatever it may be, it shall be granted. I will grant it."—"My dear father, *I beg you will never again speak against* Jesus *of Nazareth!*" The father was dumb with astonishment. "I know" continued the dying girl, "I know but little about this Jesus, for I was never taught. But I know that he is a Saviour, for he has manifested himself to me since I have been sick, even for the salvation of my soul. I believe he will save me, although I never before loved him. I feel that I am going to him—that I shall ever be with him. And now my father do not deny me? I beg that you will never again speak against Jesus of Nazareth! I entreat you to obtain a Testament that tells of him, and I pray you may know him, and when I am no more you may bestow on him the love that was formerly mine."

The exertion here overcame the weakness of her feeble body. She stopped, and the father's heart was too full, even for tears. He left the room in great horror of mind, and ere he could again summon sufficient fortitude, the spirit of his accomplished daughter had taken its flight, as I trust, to that Saviour, whom she loved and honored, without seeing or knowing. The first thing the parent did after committing to the earth his last earthly joy was to procure a New Testament.—This he read, and taught by the spirit from above, is now numbered among the meek and humble followers of the Lord.

The One Plank.—A Russian ship of war was overtaken by a violent storm on the coast of Kamschatka, stranded and dashed to pieces upon a reef. A sailor attempted to reach the shore upon a fragment of the wreck. In a little while he perceived one of the officers, M. Minski, struggling with the waves, and offered him a share of his plank. "No, my boy," he cried, "it is too light for us; God has given it to you; keep it, and go and tell my wife that I die with her upon my mind." The sailor urged; the officer again declined. This noble combat lasted an instant; when seeing his superior determined to refuse this anchor of safety, the sailor pushed the plank with all force towards him, and sank in the waves. The officer was preserved.

Why Bridget, how came you to burn the bread so? "Och! and is it burned? Shure then, ma'am, but its no fault of mine, for wasn't you after tillin' me, the last thing afore you went out, a large loaf must bake one hour, and I made three large loaves, so I baked 'em three hours jist; for what else should I do?"

SIAMESE TWINS AT HOME.

After being exhibited in England and this country for some years, and becoming tired of a migratory life, they settled down, strangely enough, in the mountains of N. Carolina, where they were both married, that is to say—each took a wife. There were two sisters, named Adelaide and Sarah Lates; who were both quite youthful (under twenty years of age,) when they entered into this strange union. They were married at the same time. So far as the young women were concerned, it seems that all went smoothly enough during the courtship; but the two brothers differed as to which should have Sarah, the largest of the girls, and who is now a bouncing woman of some two hundred pounds, avoirdupois. Both preferred the same individual, in the true spirit of their peculiar twinship. Eng, however, prevailed—and the more portly fair one became his; while Chang had to content himself with Adelaide—who by the way, to any but an oriental taste, was much the prettiest; being a handsome and showy brunette.

Chang and Eng first established themselves, built a house, and opened a small country shop or store, on Trap-Hill, in Wilkes county, N. C. A Mr. Harris, who had travelled with them while they exhibited in the United States, at first assisted them in their new business; but in consequence of his not marrying to the taste of Mrs. Chang and Mrs. Eng—the twins dismissed him, and since that time have managed for themselves. The opinion of Eng is always the law; and Chang cheerfully submits, as in the case of selecting their wives. Eng signs all the writings required in the course of their business; makes all the bargains, and throughout all their affairs, appears to be the controlling spirit. It is said, however, at least Mrs. Eng says that her husband has much the best disposition of the two; is much kinder to their slaves—of which they have a number—than Chang. They can handle an axe with much force and dexterity—placing their four hands, and exerting their united strength upon the implement at the same time. They shoot their game—being fond of hunting—with the hands of both resting upon the gun: sometimes one directing the aim, and sometimes the other. In walking, or standing, the nearest arm of each usually reaches round the waist, or lies across the other's shoulders.

About the time they settled themselves in North Carolina, they applied, under a law of the State, and had the name of Bunker added to their Christian or Siamese appellatives. This was deemed necessary to a more legal, or formal transaction of their buisiness, in regard to real estate. Mr. Bunker is their agent in New York, and is understood to have some $10,000 invested for the twins—the annual interest of which is employed by them in their North Carolina operations. They scrupulously forbear to touch the principal sum in Mr. Bunker's hands. Since their location on Trap-Hill they have purchased another plantation in Surry, some forty miles distant, and at the time our informant visited them Chang and Eng were residing there, while Sarah—Eng's wife—and her children were at the Trap-Hill establishment. As in point of time the first call was upon her—she, as first, is here entitled to notice.

He found her with three children—two girls and a boy; the latter of whom is called Decatur. Their flat, swarthy features, black coarse hair, and low retreating foreheads, indicated clearly their Siamese paternity. In the room where guests were received, stood a large bed, some ten feet in width, which Mrs. Eng Bunker exclaimed, with all the innocence and naivete imaginable, was brought into requisition whenever her husband, her brother and her sister visited Trap-Hill. "Nothing shorter she said would do for them all." The woman herself was good looking, though rather corpulent, with rich auburn hair, fine teeth, and hazel eyes.—The house was neatly kept, and the supper spread for the visitor excellent; and although uneducated, Mrs. Eng displayed much good sense and shrewdness in her conversation.

On paying a visit to the twins themselves at the plantation in Surry, they were found engaged shingling a house.—The indoor arrangements of Mrs. Chang, (pronounced "chum") were more tasteful than those of her sister, as she also excelled the latter in point of personal beauty She has also three children; the eldest of whom, rejoicing in the name of Josephine Virginia, is six days younger than Mrs. Eng's first born. The next child, (now that we have come to these particulars,) was eight days younger than her sister's second daughter; and there was about the same discrepancy, (if we may so speak,) in the ages of the younger doubly cousins. As to personal appearance, the children were all much alike.

The twins seemed to be very happy; said they liked farming very much. In regard to politics, they were decided Clay men; and would like to vote for him for President, as they expressed it—"if he (Mr. Clay,) "would let them." Their religious views embrace the Eastern doctrine of transmigration of souls. They believe, on their death, they (we give their own simple words) "go in hog first, and stay until we repent for de bad in dis world; den we go in horse or deer, or some good animal, and stay always. The christian religion no good—you quarel too much about him, too much different church—all de preachers say him right, tother church wrong, and, they no speak true all de time."

They were plainly clad in the home spun cloth of the country; complain of being poor—"large family coming," they say, and "must be saving—'haps have to travel again some time."

When one is sick, the other is similarly affected, when one desires a luxury—to smoke, for instance—the other desires the same thing. In short, what exerts an influence unpon the animal sensations of one, also excites the other.

Their reflective faculties or ideas, however, not immediately dependent upon any animal function, do not seem to act in common at all times. In reasoning, they sometimes reach different conclusions.—*North Pennsylvanian.*

VAST WORKS OF THE ANCIENTS.

In Assyria, besides the vast constructions of Nineveh and Babylon, stupendous works of embankment and irrigation were connected with the Euphrates; and the walls of Media, 100 feet high and 20 feet thick, reach 75 miles from the Tigris to one of the canals of the Euphrates. Cyrus, in order to avenge the drowning of one of the sacred white horses in the river Gyndes, employed his army for a whole summer in digging 360 artificial channels for the purpose of dispersing and destroying the stream. He is likewise said to have dug a vast reservoir and canal, which enabled him to drain off the waters of the Euphrates so as to afford an entrance to his army into Babylon. Darius threw a bridge of boats over the Thracian Bosphorus for his Sythian expedition, and another over the Danube, not far from the mouth. The first bridge of boats thrown by Xerxes over the Hellespont, a mile in length, having been broken by the weather, was replaced by a double bridge, over which his vast army marched into Greece; the canal dug across the promontory of Athos was a mile and a half in length, and was deep enough for 2 triremes to sail abreast. At a later date Artaxerxes Mnemon; in anticipation of the invasion of Cyrus the younger caused a ditch to be dug 30 feet wide and 8 deep, from the wall of Media to the river Euphrates, a distance of 45 miles. The monument of Alyattes, the Lydian king, near Sardis, was an enormous pyramidal mound upon a stone base, erected by the combined labor of the city. It is unnecessary to do more than allude to the pyramids, the laberinth, and other gigantic works of Egypt; many of which still remain to attest the immense muscular labor, which in a rude and unmechanical age must have been expended upon them. Necos began a canal from the Nile to the Red Sea, but abandoned the attempt after 120,000 were said to have perished in the work. The great wall of China, from 20 to 25 feet high, and wide enough for six horses to run abreast, reaches 1200 miles along the north of China. The modern history of India likewise affords an example of an enormous building erected by a sovereign for a purpose of mere regal ostentation. The Taj Mahul, the mausoleum of Shah Jehan's queen, who died in 1631, occupied 20,000 men for 22 years, and Cost £31,748,021. Even in the New World we meet with similar works. The pyramids of Mexico, and other great constructions discovered of late in America, appear to belong to the same class.—*Edinburg Review.*

THE ANGLO-SAXON RACE.

Mr. Elihu Burritt has one of his telling articles in the last number of the *Christian Citizen*. He says that the Anglo-Saxon race numbers 60,000,000 of human beings planted upon all the islands and continents of the earth, and increasing everywhere by an intense ratio of progression. He estimates, if no great physical revolution supervenes to check its propagation, that in less than 150 years it will number 800,000,000 of souls, all speaking the same language, centered in the same literature and religion, and exhibiting all its inherent and inalienable characteristic.—The population of the earth is fast becoming Anglo-Saxonized by blood, but the language is more self expansive and aggressive than the blood of that race. He concludes with the following glorious vision:

"Thus the race, by its wonderful self-expansive power of language and blood, is fast occupying, and subduing to its genius, all the continents and islands of the earth. The grandson of many a young man who reads these lines, will probably live to see the day when that race will number its 800,000,000 of human beings. Perhaps they may comprise a hundred nations of distinct governments. Perhaps they may become a grand constellation and commonwealth of Republics pervaded by the same laws, literature and religion. Their unity, harmony and brotherhood must be determined between Great Britian and the U. States. Their union will be the union of the two worlds. If they discharge their duty to each other and to mankind, they must become the united heart of the mighty race which they represent, feeding its myriad veins with the blood of moral and political life. Upon the state of their fellowship then, more than upon the union of any two nations upon the face of the earth, depend the wellbeing of humanity, the peace and the progress of the world."

New Albany, (Ia.,) Nov. 30.—A man, his wife, and 2 children, who were so white that there was not the most remote suspicion that they had African blood in their veins, were arrested a few days since, as runaway slaves, from Arkansas. A contribution was got up and they were ransomed to-day. New Albany alone raised $575 of the purchase money.—What is a little singular in this case is, that this family, (consisting of father and mother, son and daughter,) had been living here for several months, had associated altogether with white people, and the son, a rather bright lad, had been attending school.

Seeing the Girls.—The annexed queer entry is 'said' to be copied from the Diary of John Adams, recently published. We always used to think that John was 'some pumpkins,' but as he speaks so slightly of the girls, we doubt whether he was 'any thing to brag of,' after all.—However, he got married at last, and that was some atonement:

"Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday.—All spent in absolute idleness, or (which is worse) gallanting the girls."

"This animal," said an itinerant showman, "is the royal African hyena, measuring 14 feet from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail, and the same distance back again, making in all 28 feet. He cries in the woods in the night season, like a human being in distress, and then devours all those who come to his assistance; a sad instance of the depravity of human nature!"

(From the Boston Chronotype.

THE IMMORTALS.

BY MOSES.

Jenny is apparently a being of the genus homo, species woman, class musicale; but the men say that in reality "she is an angel," but never having seen such creatures myself, I can't swear to that.

I very much doubt, however, if they have any such singing among merely spiritual beings, as it takes an organization strictly human to produce sounds such as Jenny's, and which, in my opinion, never can be equalled by any other kind.

"Do tell us how she looks," is the eager cry. Well, hold still a minute, and I will try, though it will be as hard a job as it was for the man to count the pig that would'nt stand still—for Jenny's human face divine changes as often as the Aurora Borealis, which it resembles when she smiles. In a state of rest, her countenance is not handsome, as the world goes. Mrs. Noggs was handsomer far than she, both being dead—but Jenny, living and acting, beats even Mrs. Noggs.

Miss L. is one of those '*rara avis's*,' who can be admired, praised, flattered, and cajoled, all the time continually, and yet not be made vain by it; it is this that gives the charm to her appearance. To see her stand before an audience of some 3000 mad worshippers, and applauded as never was mortal before, and yet to see her almost entirely unconscious of having done any thing very remarkable, is what takes the heart by storm. Nothing in reality equals this, and nobody, even in fiction, surpasses her in modesty, except it be 'Mr. Zogts!'

Featurely, then, I say, Jenny Lind is not handsome, especially when off the stage; but expressionally, she is beautiful beyond compare.

Jenny is about the medium size of a well-formed woman, with graceful contour, and well-developed chest, arms, &c.

The pictures in the shops give you no idea of her looks, except the outline of her form and features. I have seen a daguerreotype, however, of her, that gave a striking illustration of the divinity within; but she must have been excited when this was taken.

"Is she such a terrible great singer?" Well, that depends upon who you are that hear her.

The Italians will not admit for a moment that she can begin with Grisi, Sontag, &c. &c. Perhaps she can't; but all Yankees say—or nearly all—that take her 'all and all,' she is infinitely beyond any and every body they ever heard.

For myself, I am no musician, I can only say, that of all the girls I ever see, Mrs. Noggs accepted, Jenny Lind is the one to my singing. She's such a way, oh it carries me back to the days when I went—no matter.

The beauty of her singing to my mind, is the ease with which she gives utterance to the most difficult passages or notes, and the wonderful power she possesses of sustaining herself throughout the whole.

These qualities, combined with her known goodness of heart, is what chiefly makes the attraction in the singing woman Jenny Lind.

As for Barnum, Benedict, Belletti, Le Grand Smith, Dodge, and the other immortals now in the city, I have only time to say, of the first, he is a trump, and a man of no ordinary ability; one who knows human nature in all its appertainments

Belletti, according to my notion, is one of the finest singers in or out of America, and is as handsome a man as you'll find in a thousand; he seems to have caught Jenny's way of looking good.

Benedict is a prince of leaders, and has a countenance exceedingly pleasant, and seems to enjoy Jenny's triumph as if he was her father; he is in fact, a most fatherly looking man.

Smith—Barnum's '*tesorero general*' or treasurer, factotum, &c., is what the ladies call a very proper man, and if in good health would be handsome. A first rate business man, and knows what's what.

HORRORS OF AVARICE.

The Cincinnati papers give us some singular facts connected with an old beggar woman, named Elizabeth Morelock, whose death lately occurred in that city. She died in the night, and in the evening a lighted candle was placed upon a stand beside the bed, her idiot daughter, a frightful hunchback, being the only attendant—though for a part of the time a physician was present. The old woman opened her eyes, and perceiving the burning candle, ordered it to be blown out, saying that she could not afford to pay for it. When first taken sick she ordered the chest, which was, after her death, found to contain nearly four thousand dollars in gold, to be placed by her bed, and she kept it within reach of her arms during the whole of her sickness; and when the death struggle came on, and she was told she must die, she flung herself upon the chest and clawed it in her wild, avaricious frenzy until she tore the very nails from her fingers, and thus embracing the ill-gotten treasure, her spirit took its flight. An old stove in the room was found, after her death, to contain a considerable amount of silver and copper coin, carefully stowed away. The money and effects have been placed in the hands of an executor appointed by the court. In 1840, when small change was scarce, this woman made a handsome speculation by selling five hundred dollars' worth at one time to a single individual. This money was accumulated by beggary, by herself and idiot daughter. The latter was generally flogged upon her return home at night, when she did not make a good day's work of it, and was always whipped before she was sent out in the morning. The cries of the poor creature, while under the lash of her avaricious mother, have frequently excited the indignation of the neighborhood. The poor idiot herself was afterwards under an attack of the cholera, and is probably numbered with dead.

Never make money at the expense of your reputation.

TAKING THE CENSUS.

BY OCEANUS.

"Madam, I have called to take the census."

"The senses, it is; and what do ye call that same?"

"I wish to send a return to Washington of the number of your family."

"Shure, now, its joking ye are. Is it Congressmen you would make av us?"

"O, no, it is only to find out how many souls there is in the union."

"Well, thin ax me the quistions, and if they are decent its meself as will answer."

"Begin with the eldest, and inform me their names, and occupations.

"First there is Teddy—and a fine broth of a boy he is—he is forty-five years, and is an elevator and discinder be thrade."

"A what, Madam? I do not understand."

"It's Inglish I'm speaking; pure Malasian Inglish."

"I do not apprehend you."

Apprehend me, is it, ye dirty loon?—It's more nor the like av ye can do, that same; for twd pays I'd skin ye as I would a pratie."

"Don't get into a passion; you misconceive me. I merely wish to say, I do not understand your husband's trade."

"Why don't ye spake Inglish, thin?—Teddy carries up brick for new houses and brings them down from old ones."

"I perceive, he is a laborer."

"Jist that same, vulgarly spakin."

"In what country was he born?"

"Balinalee, County Longford, in ould Ireland, and may the divil burn the spalpeens that druv us from the grand sod.—Didn't we have a nice little mud hut, and—"

"Never mind, Madam, I would willingly hear your grievances, but my time is precious. I have but six months to complete my returns. Now, your name next, if you please."

"Me name's Biddy. Be the same token as I was blest be the Praste be the name of Bridget."

"How your age?"

"The devil roast ye, and is it a lady's age ye would be afther axin her to her own face?"

Madam, it is not my intention to insult you; but these questions must be asked, and there is a heavy penalty incurred by refusing to answer, which can be recovered at law."

"Is it the law ye would be afther threatening me wid, and me son Pat one av the Police, too? Do you think its his blessid mother he'd be saying in limbo, when it's only a word he'd have to spake to the Mare to git her out?"

"Am I to understand, then, you refuse to give your age?"

"Jist that same, and I dely ye to find it out."

"It is not very material, so I shall put you down at fifty years."

"Murther! what a lie is it ye would be afther sinding the Presidint! when he can say that I am only forty-two, iv he but tuk the throuble to examine the parish register, in Roscommon, where—"

"Thank you, Madam, and now we will proceed with the rest."

"But ye hav'n't axed all the quistions about meself, yit."

"I have your name, age, and place of birth."

"True for ye, so ye have, ye cunning divil; and don't ye want to know my thrade?"

"All three of them seventeen?"

"Yis, shure, they were all three uv them born twins; and then there's Kate, she's fourteen; and Biddy, she's twelve; and Dan O'Connol, he's ten; then comes Sukey, she's eight; and Luke, he's four; then Jim,' he's two; and—*that's all at prisint!*"

"Why, Madam, you have a large family, and are fortunate to have them all living, for I presume you have had no deaths in your family circle."

"And is it the graif uv my heart ye would now be raking up about me childer that's dead, waked and burried in ould Ireland. Havn't I lost four as swate babes as iver was born?"

"Excuse me, but in enumerating your family, I forgot to ask you how many were born in this country?"

"Jist none at all! Didn't we all come over the deep say jist a twelve month last Easter?"

"Indeed! How comes it then your son is a public officer?"

"Why, didn't he fight and vote at the powls the last eliction, and what for shud'n't he be rewarded for his patriotism?"

"Are there any who cannot read and write?"

"And why should we do that same when the blissed praste can do it for us?"

"Can your husband read and write?"

"Read and write, is it? Why, didn't I tell ye he is a labourer?"

"Can your son Patrick read and write?"

"Why, Madam, that is a quiet question. Pat can't exactly write, but he can make a mark as big as the divil a one barring Pat, and he has learned to write his name jist to be able to sign the documents."

"Well, Madam, that is all. I believe you have no more in your family you say?"

"Not at prisint."

Whereupon the Marshall gathered up his papers to proceed elsewhere in the further prosecution of his business.

AN ARABIAN LEGEND OF CHARITY.

The following story is told by the Arabs respecting Mount Moriah, the place where the temple of Jerusalem formerly stood, and where the mosque of Omar now stands. It is narrated in a book just published by the Rev. Moses Margoliouth:

"This site was formerly a ploughed field, possessed in common by two brothers. One was married and had several children; the other was a bachelor; nevertheless, they lived together in perfect concord, cultivating the patrimony they jointly inherited from their father. Harvest-time arrived. The brothers wisped their sheaves, and apportioned them into two equal heaps, which they left in the field. During the night a happy thought occurred to the unmarried brother: he said to himself, "My brother has a wife and children to support; is it, then, just that my portion of the harvest should equal his?" On that he arose, and took down from his heap several sheaves, which he added to his brother's. This was done with as much modesty as if he had been observing caution, while doing a bad action. His motive was that his fraternal offering should not be refused. The other brother awoke the same night, and said to his wife: "My brother lives alone, and without company; he has no one to assist him in his labor, or to recompense him for his fatigues; whilst God has given me a wife and children. It is not right that we should take from the field so many sheaves as he, since we have already more domestic felicity than he enjoys.—If you consent to it, we will, as a compensation, and without his knowing it, increase his portion of the harvest by adding to his heap a certain number of our sheaves." The project was approved, and put in execution. The next day the brothers repaired to the field. Each was surprised to see that the two heaps were still equal. During several nights the same conduct was repeated; for, as each of them carried to the portion of the brother the like number of sheaves, the heap always remained the same. But, one night, both resolved to watch the cause of this miracle, when they met face to face, each bearing the sheaves which they had mutually destined for the other and all was cleared. They threw themselves into each other's arms, each thanking heaven for having so good a brother. The spot where so good a thought occurred at the same time, and with so much credit to the two brothers, must be a place agreeable to God. Good men blessed it, and Israel chose it to build thereon a house of worship to the Lord."

BEAUTY OF JEWESSES.

It is related that Chateaubriand, on returning from his eastern travels, was asked if he could assign a reason why the women of the Jewish race were so much handsomer than the men, when he gave the following one:

"Jewesses," he said, "have escaped the curse which alighted upon the fathers, husbands, & sons. Not a Jewess was to be seen among the crowd of priests and rabble which insulted the Son of God, scourged Him, crowned Him with thorns, and subjected him to the infamy and agony of the cross. The women of Judea believed in the Saviour, and assisted and soothed him under affliction. A woman of Bethany poured on his His head precious ointment, which she kept in a vase of alabaster. The sinner annointed His feet with perfumed oil, and wiped them with her hair. Christ on his part, extended mercy to the Jewesses. He raised from the dead the son of the widow of Nain, and Martha's brother Lazarus. He cured Simeon's mother-in-law, and the woman who touched the hem of His garment. To the Samaritan women he was a spring of living water; and a compassionate judge to the woman in adultery. The daughters of Jerusalem wept over Him; the holy woman accompanied Him to Calvary, brought balm and spices, and, weeping, sought him in the sepulchre.—'Woman, why weepest thou?' His first appearance after the resurrection was to Mary Magdalene. He said to her, 'Mary!' At the sound of His voice Mary Magdalene's eyes were opened, and she answered, 'Master.' The reflection of some beautiful ray must have rested on the brows of the Jewesses."

A Speech.—The *Clarion Democrat* says that a candidate for Congress in that district, made a great speech in Clarion, in which he talked of Virginia. He said:

"I love Virginia—I love her for her—I love her for her—; yes, gentlemen, I love her for her—for her—*water power.*" Great sensation; the audience confounded.

"Oh! carry me back to old Virginia,
To old Virginia's shore."

A negro servant having one day received a reprimand from her mistress for some trifling offence, was so much irritated, that she went directly out, kneeled down, and made the following prayer: "Oh! good massa Lord! come take me rite out of dis world dis berry minute—if you no come yourself, send de debble or any body else!"

When Wm. Penn was introduced to Charles II., he kept on his hat. "Friend Penn," said the good natured monarch, "it is the custom of this court for only one person to be covered at a time;" and then his Majesty took off his hat.

A Whaler.—"Jim, I hear you are on a cruise after Dick, to horsewhip him."

"Yes, I'm on a *whaling* expedition."

Principle is defined by a famous politician to be something which will yield interest.

"When I am a man, I shall be the poor in childhood; when I was young, I was poor in old age."