

THE SUSQUEHANNA REGISTER.

"THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE IS THE LEGITIMATE SOURCE, AND THE HAPPINESS OF THE PEOPLE THE TRUE END OF GOVERNMENT."

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Editors and Printers.
With lively heart and joyous brow
The happy farmer speeds the plough,
And while he sleeps both flocks and fields
Their ample pay for labor yields.
To not so with the noble craft,
Which moves the world with iron shaft,
But when their daily labor done,
The hardest toil is just begun.
With sinking frame and reddish eye
The weary type attributes "pi."
And while the rich sport with the fair,
His heavy eyelids hang with care.
Long sleepless nights and sluggish days,
Contentedly at work he stays,
And strives to live an honest life
Amid the worldly scenes of strife.
Like statue firm he stands "at ease,"
And "spaces out" with magic ease.
He "locks them up and places them down,"
And starts the "Devil" round the town.
For "outs" and "doubt's" he "spaces" them,
To get some trifling sentence in,
And when he thinks the "copy's done,"
The Editor has just begun
To scratch his head and skin his brains
To nounce a death or want of rains;
And when the last has manning
Is done there's something else been shipped
And must go in or Jacob Brown
Will come and tear the office down.
Oh or a case of p'd Brevier
Have I seen Henry drop a tear,
And George and Tom and Bill and Dick,
Take half a night to "fill a stick,"
And then they raise a mighty squall,
And swear that they had "done it all."
Of all the lots that men can earn,
No harder one can'er be born,
No worse a life in fortune's wheel
Than Editors and Printers feel.

From the Meadville Gazette.
The Summer is Gone.
BY SAMUEL YOUNG.

The summer is gone and the leaves are all changed;
Their brightness and glory are fading away,
The flowers of the garden no longer remaining,
Have sadly departed amid their display.
The bright summer mornings no longer salute us,
As loaded with odor they softly appear,
To rouse up to pleasure and happy rejoicing,
While partaking of glory which ever is dear.
Oh! for the Summer, the bright glowing Summer,
The season of song, of bright robes and love;
When the fields and the forests are radiant with glory,
And mountains, all splendor, smile proudly above.
The landscape, magnificent, charming the fancy,
Attracts the beholder with wonder and awe,
Revealing the splendor of wondrous creation,
Portraying the power of infinite law.
The Summer is gone, while the tear tints of Autumn,
Revisit the earth with their sorrowing hues;
The fields robbed of beauty, no longer allure us,
The songs of the birds, the morning notes can amuse,
All is fading and changing and passing away,
The glory and brightness of summer is fled;
The sweet scented flowers have bloomed and are gone,
While the green leaves that flutter are withered and dead.
The summer was pleasant and teeming with joy,
And reminds us of life's pleasant hours so bright,
When the blossoms of hope are just bursting to view,
To fill us with wonder and speechless delight.
But alas! the sad autumn has warnings for all,
It tells of the beauty and blessings were ours,
When the summer of life beamed brightly around us,
And proves that our lives are as frail as its flowers.

Jenny Lind leading the fashion.

The most laughable incident connected with the Queen of Songs that we have yet heard of is said to have taken place at the Irving House on the first day of her arrival in the city of Gotham. As the song rang for dinner, there was a perfect stampede among the female boarders of the house to obtain the earliest possible scrutiny of the various articles of dress, ribbons, combs or hair-pins, with which the Swedish nightingale might be pleased to adorn herself on this her first appearance. Before the young and blooming beauty had been introduced, then, of the surprise and mortification of every lady present, when the affected songstress entered the room dressed in the simplest manner possible, and nothing to prevent her flowing locks from falling on her gracefully sloping shoulders, but a few plain hair-pins. As she entered the room and took her seat at the table, there was an almost unanimous exclamation of—"What! no comb on the back of the head! Oh, how unfortunate that I should not have known it, so that I might have left mine in my room and used a few pins instead."
Now it is known to our male readers, that the anxiety to ascertain the quality and quantity of Jenny's wearing *accesories*, was not a fault or peculiarity belonging exclusively to the foregoing ladies; but one that is inherent in the sex, or proven by the fact that on Jennys retiring to her room, she immediately addressed her dressing maid as follows:
"Sassy, dear, I noticed all the ladies present at the table to day, had their hair dressed with great taste and care, and fastened behind with a large comb—and as I do not wish to appear odd or eccentric while sojourning among so good a people, you will please go out shopping to day dear, and obtain me a large comb with which I can fasten up my hair American fashion."
With a determination to be behind the fashion no longer than could possibly be helped, something over a hundred females were busily engaged during the most of the day, in so dressing their hair that without the assistance of combs it should appear as if Jenny Lind.

The Volunteer Counsel.
A TALE OF JOHN TAYLOR.

[We copy the following from the New York Sunday Times. The subject of it, John Taylor, was licensed when a youth of twenty-one, to practice at the bar of Philadelphia. He was poor but well educated, and possessed extraordinary genius.—The grasp of his person, combined with the superiority of his intellect, enabled him to win the hand of a fashionable beauty. Twelve months afterwards the husband was employed by a wealthy firm of the city to go on a mission as land-agent to the west. An a heavy salary was offered, Taylor bade farewell to his wife and infant son. He wrote back every week, but received not a line in answer. Six months elapsed, when the husband received a letter from his employers that explained all. Shortly after his departure for the west, the wife and her father removed to Mississippi. There she immediately obtained a divorce by the aid of the Legislature, married again forthwith, and to cap the climax of cruelty and wrong, had the name of Taylor's son changed to Mark—that of her second matrimonial partner! The perfidy nearly drove Taylor insane. His career, from that period, became eccentric in the last degree: sometimes he preached, sometimes he plead at the bar; until, at last, a fever carried him off at a comparatively early age.]

At an early hour, the 9th of April, 1840, the court house in Clarksville, Texas, was crowded to overflowing. There, in the court-room, a gathering in Red River county, while the strong feeling, apparent on every flushed face in the assembly, betokened some great occasion. A concise narrative of the facts will sufficiently explain the matter.
About the close of 1839, George Hopkins, one of the wealthiest planters and most influential men of Northern Texas, offered a gross insult to Mary Eilston, the young and beautiful wife of his chief overseer. The husband, determined to vindicate his honor, went to Eilston's house, and shot him in his own door. The murderer was arrested and bailed to answer the charge. This occurrence produced intense excitement; and Hopkins, in order to turn the tide of popular opinion, or at least to mitigate the general wrath which at first visited against him, circulated reports infamously prejudicial to the character of the woman who had already suffered such cruel wrong at his hands. She brought her suit for slander. And thus two causes, one criminal and the other civil, and both out of the same tragedy, were pending in the April Circuit Court for 1840.

The interest naturally felt by the community as to the issues, became far deeper when it was known that Mary Eilston was the wife of the late Attorney S. P. Yates of New Orleans, each with enormous fees, had been retained by Hopkins for his defence.
The trial on the indictment for murder, ended on the 8th of April with the acquittal of Hopkins.—Such a result might well have been foreseen, by comparing the talents of the counsel engaged on each side. The Texan lawyers were utterly overwhelmed by the argument and eloquence of their opponents. It was the fight of dwarfs against Goliath.
The slender suit was set for the 9th, and the throng of spectators grew in numbers as well as excitement; and what may seem strange, the current of public sentiment now ran decidedly for Hopkins. His money had procured pointed witnesses, who served most efficiently his powerful advocates. Indeed, so triumphant had been the success of the previous day, that when the slender case was called, Mary Eilston was left without an attorney—they had withdrawn. The pigmy pettifoggers dare not brave again the sharp wit of Fike and the scathing thunder of Prentiss.
"Have you no counsel?" inquired Judge Mills, looking kindly at the plaintiff.
"No, sir; they have all deserted me, and I am too poor to employ any more," replied the beautiful Mary, bursting into tears.
In such a case, will not some chivalrous member of the profession volunteer?" asked the judge, glancing around the bar.
The thirty lawyers were silent as death.
Judge Mills repeated the question.
"I will, your honor," said a voice from the thickest part of the crowd situated behind the bar. At the tones of that voice many started half way from their seats; and perhaps there was not a heart in the immense throng which did not beat with quickened interest—it was so unaccountably sweet, clear, ringing and mournful.

The first sensation, however, was changed into general laughter, when a tall, gaunt, spectral figure, that nobody present ever remembered to have seen before, elbowed his way through the crowd, and placed himself within the bar. His appearance was a problem to puzzle the sphinx herself.—His high, pale brow, and small, nervously-twitching face seemed alive with the concentrated essence of genius;—his eyes, surmounted by sparkling blue eyes, hardly visible beneath their massive arches, looked dim, dreamy, almost unconscious; and his clothing was so exceedingly shabby that the court hesitated to let the cause proceed under his management.
"Has your name been entered on the rolls of the State?" demanded the judge, suspiciously.
"It is immaterial about my name's being on your rolls, your honor," replied the stranger, his thin lips curling up into a fiendish smile. "I may be allowed to appear once by the courtesy of the court and bar. Here is my license from the highest tribunal in America!" and he handed Judge Mills a broad parchment! The trial immediately went on.
In the examination of witnesses the stranger evinced but little ingenuity, as was commonly thought. He suffered each one to tell his own story without interruption, though he contrived to make each one tell it over two or three times. He put few cross-questions, which, with keen witnesses, only serve to correct mistakes; and he made no notes, which, in mighty memories, always tend to embarrass. The examination being ended, as counsel for the plaintiff he had a right to the opening speech, as well as the close; but to the astonishment of every one he declined the former, and allowed the defence to lead off. Then a shadow might have been observed to flit across the fine features of Fike, and to darken even the fine eyes of Prentiss. They saw they had caught a lawyer, but who it was, or how it happened, was impossible to guess.

Col. Ashley spoke first. He dealt the jury a dish of that close, dry logic, which years afterwards rendered him famous in the Senate of the Union.
The poet, Albert Pike, followed, with a rich rain of wit, and a hail-torrent of caustic ridicule, in which you may be sure neither the plaintiff nor the plaintiff's ragged attorney, was either forgotten or spared.
The great Prentiss concluded for the defendant, with a glow of gorgeous words brilliant, as showers of fallen stars, and with a final burst of oratory that brought the house down in cheers, in which the sworn jury themselves joined, notwithstanding the stern "order" of the bench. Thus wonderfully susceptible are the south-western people to the charms of impassioned eloquence!
It was then the stranger's turn. He had remain-

ed apparently abstracted during all the previous speeches. "Still, strait, and motionless in his seat, his pale moist forehead shooting up like a mountain cone of snow; but for that perpetual twitch that came and went in his shallow cheeks, you would have taken him for a mere man of marble, or a human form carved in ice. Even his dim, dreamy eyes were invisible beneath those gray, shaggy eyebrows.
But now at last he rises—before the bar railing, not behind it—and so near to the wondering jury that he might touch the foreman with his long bow finger. With eyes still half shut, and standing rigid as a pillar of iron, his thin lips curl as if in measureless scorn, slightly part, and the voice comes forth. At first, it is low and sweet, insinuating itself through the brain as an artless tune, winding its way into the deepest heart like the melody of a magic incantation; while the speaker proceeds without a gesture or the least sign of excitement to tear in pieces the argument of Ashley, which melts away at his touch as frost before the sunbeam. Every one looked surprised. His logic was at once so brief and so luminously clear, that the rudest peasant could comprehend it without effort.

Anon, he came to the dazzling wit of the poet lawyer, Pike, then to the curl of his lip, gesticulating with a flourish of his own passion. He saturated them with the poison of his own malicious feelings. He seemed to have stolen nature's long-hidden secret of attraction. He was the sun in the sea of all thought and emotion, which rose and fell and boiled in billows, as he chose.—But his greatest triumph was to come.
His eye began to glare furitively at the assassin, Hopkins, as his lean, taper finger slowly assumed the same direction. He summed the wealth around him, and the circulation of strong evidence and impregnable argument, cutting off all hope of escape. He piled up huge bastions of insurmountable facts. He dug beneath the murderer and slanderer's feet ditches of dilemmas, such as no sophistry could overleap and no stretch of ingenuity evade; and having thus, as one might say, impounded the victim, he stepped himself into a scorpion in a circle of fire, he stripped himself to the work of massacre! Oh! then, but it was a vision both glorious and dreadful to behold the orator. His action, before graceful as the wave of a golden willow in the breeze, grew impetuous as the motion of an oak in the hurricane. His voice became a trumpet filled with wild whirlwinds, deafening the ear with crashes of power, and yet intermingled all the while with a sweet under-song of the softest cadence.—His face, as he uttered a word, was like a mask of iron, he looked like a heated furnace—his countenance looked haggard like that of a maniac, and ever and anon he flung his long bony arms on high, as if grasping after thunderbolts! He drew a picture of murder in such appalling colors, that in comparison hell itself might be considered beautiful. He painted slender so black, that the sun seemed dark at noonday when shining on such an accursed monster; and then he placed both portraits on the same canvas, and he called them the murderer and the victim, and he called them there forever. The agitation of the audience nearly amounted to madness.

All at once the speaker descended from his perils height. His voice wailed out for the murdered dead, and described the sorrows of the widowed living—the beautiful Mary, more beautiful every moment, as her tears flowed faster—till men wept and lovely women sobbed like children.
He closed by a strange exhortation to the jury, and though they red to the standers. He entered the pulpit, after they should bring in their verdict for the plaintiff, not to offer violence to the defendant, however richly he might deserve it; in other words, "not to lynch the villain Hopkins, but leave his punishment to God." This was the most artful trick of all, and the best calculated to ensure vengeance.
The jury rendered a verdict of fifty thousand dollars; and the night afterwards Hopkins was taken out of his bed by lynchmen, and beaten almost to death.

As the court adjourned, the stranger made known his name, and called the attention of the people, with the announcement—"John Taylor will preach here this evening at early candle light!"
The crowd, of course, all turned out, and Taylor's sermon equalled, if it did not surpass, the splendor of his forensic effort. This is no exaggeration; I have listened to Clay, Webster and Calhoun—to Devay, Tyng and Bancroft; but have never heard anything in the form of sublime words more remotely approximating the eloquence of John Taylor—massive as a mountain, and wildly rushing as a cataract of fire. And this is the opinion of all who ever heard the marvellous man.

DESPERATE BHOY.—We learn from a friend who holds forth on those diggings, that a fracas occurred in Boone county, adjoining Kenon, on Saturday last. The facts, as he informed us, are these:—There was a meeting in the woods—the two segments of the Baptist Association, the Licken and Salem had a slight difficulty, which scandalized the church, and in which the former came near lashing the latter. The excitement extended to the outsiders—a notorious bully, the terror of all that region, named Tom Finney, thinking he had for once and at last got on the right side, pitched in; he met his match for once, for some fellow met him on the point of his bowie knife, laid open his abdominal viscera, probed him in the chest, and cut his leg; so that the vital current obeying the laws of circulation, spouted several feet over his head. Several doctors, regular, irregular, lancet and Homeopaths, were called to the case. (Eclectics and Homeopaths have not yet penetrated to the wilds of Boone,) and while they administered to his wounds they all declared he must die—whereupon the patient, although exhausted of the sanguineous current, offered to bet any of the party \$100 that he would get well—in fact, so hardened had he become, that he at last offered to bet either way, but the probabilities are that he will get well.—*Cincinnati Dispatch, 28th ult.*

COMING AT IT.—I didn't say I saw him do it, but I saw a coat, and hat, and pants about the spot where the article was stolen, and I'll be dog my cat if he ain't in 'em now!"

A keg of butter taken from the wreck of a steamer sunk twenty years ago in the Mississippi, has been recovered, and found to be as sweet as the day it was made.

The use of Learning.
BY T. S. ARTHUR.

I'm tired of going to school, said Herbert; Allen to William Wheeler, the boy who sat next to him. I don't see any great use for my part in studying geometry, navigation, surveying and mensuration, and a dozen other things that I am expected to learn. They'll never do me any good. I am not going to get my living as a surveyor, or measurer or sea captain.
"How are you going to get your living, Herbert?" his young friend asked in a quiet tone, as he looked up in his face.
"Why I'm going to learn a trade; or at least father says that I am."
"And so am I," replied William. And yet my father wishes me to learn everything that I can, for he assures me that it will be useful some time or other in my life.
"I'm sure I can't see what use I ever got to make as a cadaver of algebra and surveying."
"Still if we can't see it, Herbert, perhaps our fathers can, for they are older and wiser than we are. And we should endeavor to learn simply because they wish us to, if in everything we are expected to study we do not see clearly the use."
"I can't feel so," Herbert replied, tossing his head. "I don't believe that my father sees any more clearly than I do the use of this."
"You are wrong to talk so," his friend said in a serious tone; "I would not think as you do for the world. Our fathers know what is best for us, and if we do not conform in them we will surely go wrong."
"I'm not afraid," responded Herbert, closing the book, over which he had been pouring reluctantly for half an hour, in the vain attempt to fix a lesson on his unwilling memory, and taking some marbles from his pocket commenced amusing himself with them.

William said no more, but turned to his lesson with earnest attention. The difference in the character of the two boys is too plainly indicated in the brief conversation we have recorded to need further illustration. To their teacher it was evident, in numerous particulars in their conduct, their habits and their manners. William received his lessons correctly, while Herbert never learned a task well. One always punctual at school, the other a loiterer by the way. William's books were taken care of; Herbert's soiled, torn, and disfigured, and broken externally and internally.
Thus they began life. The one obedient industrious, attentive to the precepts of those who were older, and wiser, and willing, to be guided by them; the other indolent, and inclined to follow the leadings of his own will rather than the more experienced teachings of others.

As men at the age of thirty five we will again present them to the reader. Mr. Wheeler is an intelligent merchant in active business, while Mr. Allen is a journeyman mechanic, poor, in embarrassed circumstances and possessing but a small share of general information.
"I can't say that I do very well, Mr. Wheeler," the mechanic replied in a tone of despondency.—"Work is very dull and wages low, and with so large a family as I have, it is tough enough to get along under the best circumstances."
"I'm really sorry to hear you say so, Mr. Allen," replied the merchant in a kind tone, "how much can you earn at present?"
"If I had steady work I could earn nine or ten dollars a week. But our business is very bad; the substitution of Steam engines on railroads for horses on turnpikes, has broken in seriously upon the harness making business. The consequence is, that I do not average six dollars a week the year round."
"Is it possible that railroads have wrought such a change in your business?"
"Yes, the harness making branch of it; especially in large cities like this, where heavy wagon trade is almost entirely broken up."
"Did you say that six dollars a week were all that you could average?"
"Yes, sir."
"How large is your family?"
"I have five children, sir."
"That is all sir, but six dollars a week will not support them, and I am in consequence going behind hand."
"You ought to try to get into some other business."
"But I don't know any other."
The merchant mused for a while, and then said, perhaps I can get you into something better. I am president of a new projected railroad, and we are about putting on the line a company of engineers, for the purpose of surveying and engineering, as well as laying out the line. I have at school the same time I did, I suppose you have still a correct knowledge of both. I will use my influence to have you appointed surveyor. The engineer is already chosen and at my desire, will give you all requisite instructions in these matters. The salary is one hundred dollars per month.

A shadow still darker than that which before rested there, fell upon the face of the mechanic.
"Alas! sir," he said, "I have not the slightest knowledge. It is true I studied it or rather prepared myself for it at school but it made no permanent impression on my mind. I saw no use in it then, and am now as ignorant of surveying as if I had never taken a lesson on the subject."
"I am very sorry Mr. Allen," the merchant replied in great concern. "If you are a good accountant I might perhaps get you into a store. What is your capacity in this respect?"
"I ought to have been a good accountant, sir for I studied mathematics long enough; but I took little interest in figures, and now although I was many months at school pretending to study book-keeping I am utterly incapable of taking charge of a set of books."
"Such being the case Mr. Allen, I really do not know what I can do with you. But stay! I am about sending out an assorted cargo to Buenos Ayres and thence round to Callao, and want a man to go to superintend who can speak the Spanish language. I remember we studied Spanish together. Would you leave your family and go? The wages will be one hundred dollars a month."
"I have forgotten all my Spanish, sir; I did not see any use of it while at school, and therefore it made no impression on my mind."
The merchant really concerned for the poor mechanic, again thought of some way to serve him. At length he said, "I can think of but one thing that you can do, Mr. Allen, and that will not be much better than your present employment. It is a service for which ordinary persons are employed, that of chain carrying to the surveyor on the proposed railroad expedition."

"What are the wages, sir?"
"Thirty five dollars a month."
"And found?"
"Certainly."
"I will certainly accept it thankfully," the man said. "It will be better than my present employment."
"Then make yourself ready at once, for the company will start in a week."

"I will be ready sir," the poor man replied, and then withdrew.
In a week the company of engineers started, and Mr. Allen with them as chain carrier; when he had, as a boy, taken the advice of his parents and friends, and stored up in his memory what they wished him to learn, he might have filled the surveyor's office at more than double the wages paid him as a chain carrier. Indeed we cannot tell how high a position of usefulness he might have held, had he improved all the opportunities afforded him in youth. But he perceived the use of learning too late.
Children and youth cannot possibly know as well as their parents, guardians, and teachers what is best for them.
Men who are in active contact with the world know the more extensive their knowledge on all subjects the more useful they can be to others; and the higher and more important use to society they are fitted to perform, the greater is the return to themselves in wealth and honor.

The Joking Clergyman.
A correspondent of the Boston Transcript relates the following anecdotes of the Rev. Marthy Byles, the well known joking clergyman of Boston. Mr. Byles lived at the time of the revolution, and was a Tory.
The distillery of Thomas Hill was at the corner of Essex and South streets, not far from Mr. Belknap's residence in Lincoln street. Doctor Byles called on Mr. Hill and inquired—
"Do you still?"
"That is my business," Mr. Hill replied.
"Then," said Dr. Byles, "will you go with me and still my wife?"
"As he was once occupied in nailing some list up on his doors, to exclude the cold, a parishioner said to him:
The wind bloweth whosoever it listeth, Dr. Byles.
"Yes, sir," replied the Doctor, "and man listeth whosoever the wind bloweth."
He was intimate with General Knox, who was a bookseller before the war. When the American troops took possession of the town, after the evacuation, Knox, who had become quite corpulent, marched in at the head of his artillery. As he passed on, Byles, who thought himself privileged, on old scores, exclaimed, loud enough to be heard, "I never saw an ox in Knox's fat in my life."
But Knox was not in the vein. He felt offended by this freedom, especially from Byles, who was then well known to be a Tory, and replied, in uncourteous terms, that he was "a—fool."
In May, 1777, Dr. Byles was arrested, as a Tory, and subsequently tried, convicted, and sentenced to confinement on board a guard ship, and to be sent to England, with his family in forty days. This sentence was changed by the board of war, to confinement in his own house. A guard was placed over him. After a time the sentinel was removed, and afterwards replaced, and again removed, when the Doctor exclaimed that he had been guarded, regarded, and disregarded. He called his sentry his *obscure-a-tory*.
Perceiving one morning, that the sentinel, a simple fellow, was absent, and seeing Dr. Byles himself, pacing before his own door, with a musket on his shoulder, the neighbors stepped over to inquire the cause.
"You see," said the Doctor, "I begged the sentinel to let me go for some milk for my family, but he would not let me stir. I reasoned the matter with him, and he has gone himself to get it for me, on condition that I keep guard in his absence."
One bitter December night he called his daughters from bed, simply to inquire if they lay warm. He had a small collection of curiosities. Some visitors called one morning; and Mrs. Byles, unwilling to be found at her ironing, and in the emergency desiring to hide herself, as she would not be caught by the ladies for the world, the Doctor put her in the closet, and buttoned her in. After a few remarks, the ladies expressed a wish to see the Doctor's curiosities, which he proceeded to exhibit; and after entertaining them very agreeably for some time, he told them he had kept the greatest curiosity for the last; and proceeding to the closet, unbuttoned the door, and exhibited Mrs. Byles.
He had complained long, often, and fruitlessly, to the selectmen, of a quagmire in front of his dwelling. One morning two of the fathers of the town, after a violent rain, passing through his chaise, became stuck in the bog. As they were striving to extricate themselves, and pulling to the right and to the left, the Doctor came forth, and bowing with great politeness, exclaimed:
"I am delighted, gentlemen, to see you stirring in this matter at last."
A candidate for fame, proposed to fly from the North Church steeple, and had already mounted, and was clapping his wings, to the great delight of the mob. Dr. Byles, mingling with the crowd, inquired what was the object of the gathering.
"We have come, sir," said one, "to see a man fly."
"Poh, poh," said the Doctor, "I have seen a horse fly."
Upon the 19th of May, 1680, the memorable dark day, a lady wrote to the Doctor as follows:
"Dear Doctor—How do you account for this darkness?"
And received his immediate reply:
"Dat Madam—I am as much in the dark as you are."
This, for sentiments brevity, has never been surpassed, unless by the correspondence between the comedian, Sam Foots, and his mother:
"Dear Sam—I am in jail."
"Dear mother—So am I!"
He had at one time, a remarkably stupid and illiterate Irish girl as a domestic. With a look and voice of terror, he said to her in haste:
"Go say to your mistress, Dr. Byles, has put an end to himself!"
The astonished wife and daughters rushed into the parlor—and there was the Doctor calmly walking about with a part of a cow's tail that he had picked up in the street tied to his coat or cassock behind.

From the time of the Stamp act, 1763, to the period of the revolution, the cry had been repeated in every form of phyllophony that our grievances should be redressed. One fine morning when the multitude had gathered on the common to see a regiment of red coats parade there, who had recently arrived, "Well," said the Doctor, "I think we no longer can complain that our grievances are not redressed."
"True," said one of the laughers, who was standing near, "but you have two d's, Doctor Byles."
"To be sure, sir, I have," the Doctor replied, "I had not this eccentric man possessed some very excellent and amiable qualities, he could not have maintained his relation to the Hollis street Church and Society for three and forty years, from 1623 to 1776, and have separated from them at last for political considerations alone.
The Dedham Democrat, in quoting the above, appends another anecdote:
There is one of Dr. Byles' jokes which was related to us by an old lady, once a member of his society, which has not been in the papers, which we will tell as it was told to us. At the time when Whitefield was in Boston, and drawing crowds to

listen to his eloquence, Dr. Byles remarked on day that he would "go sooner to bear Whitefield than any other preacher." The person addressed marvelled at the remark, because Whitefield's doctrines were not consonant with the Doctor's feelings—and he said to him, "Why so, Doctor?"
"Because," said the wag, "if I didn't I could get in!"

A Parisian Quack.
At the theatre of the Varieties there is a mistress, one of the best in Paris, who has the misfortune to be exceedingly, deplorably thin—we may almost say scrawny. A few months ago she heard of a doctor who it was said had succeeded in manufacturing a mineral water, which had power of making people grow fat. She went him inquirer.
"Doctor," said she, "what must I do to get fat? Take my water."
"And shall I get fat?"
"Immediately."
The thin actress plunged into the doctor's bed and drank the water early and late. Three months passed away, but she grew no fatter. At last she called the doctor and said: "Doctor, I don't get fat."
"Wait a little while," replied the doctor.
"Will it be long?"
"Fifteen days at the furthest. You see that fat woman walking the garden? I when she came here she was perhaps thinner than you."
"What! I may hope?"
"Fifteen days at most," said the doctor.
Two more months passed; the actress grew thinner and thinner. One day as she was taking her warm mineral bath, she heard a dispute going on in the bathing room next to her own.
"Decidedly, doctor," said the fat woman above introduced, "decidedly, doctor, I don't get fat thinner."
"Have patience, madam," said the doctor; "see that very thin actress who sometimes walks the garden?"
"Yes."
"Well, she is an actress, from the Varieties whose excessive fat forced her to absent from the stage; she came to me; you see the result. Before fifteen days I promise you shall be thinner than she is."
The thin actress, the thin actress arose from her bath, and with a heart divided by grief and indignation, silently left the house, hoping, or to keep her misfortune a secret; but in a secret is an impossibility, and somehow or other the story got out.—*Correspondence of the St. L. Republican.*

A Beautiful Incident.
No writer in this country relates an incident more beautifully or more to the point than H. Mann. The following is an instance: I once a young man, who on removing from the city to the country, was introduced to a very respectable circle of persons about his own age, who were habit of meeting periodically, for the nominal purpose, at least of conversation, and social intimacy. But any locker on at their symposia, not have been uncharitable; had he supposed the supper, the wine and the cigars, and the principal attraction. He became one of number, and for a time enjoyed the hilarity, shared the expense of the entertainments; and laid rebuked by his conscience for this: spending both time and money, he quietly drew from the club, though without abandoning intimacy with its members. Through one of number, he learned the average cost of the supper, and taking an equal sum from his own little pile, he laid it aside as a fund for charity. At the end of a single season, he found himself in possession of a hundred dollars, made up of these sums saved from general dilution. This amount he took to a poor but not an empty family, consisting of a widow and a small children, all of whom were struggling a life, and against a series of adverse circumstances to maintain a share of respectability, and to the means of attending the public school. Theowment of this sum upon the deshabited and the fatherless children, together with the pathy and counsel that accompanied it, secured a new heart into the bosoms of them; proved the turning point in their fortunes, small debts were paid, the necessary school and a few articles of domestic clothing were purchased, the children sprung forward in their equaling or outstripping all competitors; and present time, they are all among the most respectable, exemplary and useful citizens in the State. Now, it would be to suppose myself not men, but among friends, were I to ask the question of doubtful the answer, which of these you extracted the greatest quantity of happiness from your hundred dollars? Nor can such charity fail to benefit him that gives, as much as he takes.

THE WAVES OF THE ATLANTIC.—One of the interesting papers, at the British Association, was that of the Rev. Dr. Scrobbly, on the waves, their magnitude, velocity, and period. The observations were made on board Cambria steamer, on her passage from Liverpool to New York, in March, 1848, in lat. 51 deg. 33 deg. 50' W, wind W. S. W. Most waves were about 24 feet, and at least 100 were up to the level of 90 feet above the sea. After it had blown hard for 36 hours after the storm had subsided, the little waves were more than 26 feet above the trough. Also noted the periods taken by the waves in taking the ship, having reckoned twenty wave have passed in five minutes and a half. (Average of several) was fifteen and a half seconds. He also found that the time of a regular wave from stem to stern of the ship (which was 100 feet long) was six seconds. The height of a crest was 45 feet from the trough, and the length of two crests (that is, the length of a wave) was 660 feet. The velocity was about 3 per hour.

"THE DOCTOR."—A doctor in Ohio wrote father as follows: "Dear daddy, I was laid down dead, and got groined into a hardy don't think I was in more than 90 out I came as slick a wum as ever was seen."
Hall couched happy land!
If I ain't a doctor, I'll be hang'd, I'll be hang'd, I'll be hang'd, I'll be hang'd. Then if I die, when I die, I die.
I gets plenty of custom, because my dices are good. When you fits, don't forget to stir afore my name."

"Come here, you mischievous little rascal. Won't you lick me, father?"
"No."
"Will you swear you won't?"
"Yes."
"Then I won't come, father; for Parson says that the who swears will lie."
The knocking girls have returned to N. Y., in a state of mutiny, and ready to the mystery.

"I will be ready sir," the poor man replied, and then withdrew.