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

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My Mother's Voice.

BY N. P. WILLES.

My Mother's voice! how often creeps
Its cadence on my lonely hours!
Like healing on the wings of sleep,
Or dew on the unconscious flower.
I might forget her soothing power,
While pleasure's pulses madly fly,
But in the still, unbroken air,
Her gentle tones come stealing by,
And years of sin and manhood flee,
And leave me at my Mother's knee.

The book of Nature and its print
Of beauty on the whispering sea,
O'er still to me some lineage
Of what I have been taught to be,
My heart is harder, and perhaps
My manliness has drunk up tears,
And there's a mist on the lapse
Of a few miserable years.
But Nature's book is even yet
With all my Mother's lessons writ.

Plough, Loom and Anvil.

BY FREDERICK SARGENT.

The camp has had its day of song;
The soldier's rifle, the plume,
Have crowded out of rhyme too long
The plough, the anvil, and the loom!
Oh, not upon our tented fields
Are Freedom's heroes bred alone!
The training of the workshop yields
More heroes than war has known.

Who drives the bolt, who shapes the steel,
May, with a heart as valiant smite,
As he, who sees a woman reel
In blood before his blow of might!
The skill that conquers space and time,
That traces life, that lights the soul,
May spring from forge more sublime
Than that which makes a realm its spoil.

Let labor then, look up and see;
His craft no path of honor lacks;
The soldier's rifle, the gallant blade,
Less honored than the woodman's axe!
Let Art his own appointment prize,
Nor deem that gold or outward height,
Can compensate the worth that lies
In tastes that breed their own delight.

And may the time come nearer still
When men this sacred truth shall heed,
That from the thought and from the will
Must all that raises man proceed!
Though pride should seek to trail his long,
For us shall duty make it good,
And we from truth to truth shall go,
Till life and death are understood.

Indiana.

Till Jenny, when the Indians was down,
With fainting speed on rushed the town,
An black as midnight was the town,
Of Beauty, bled shamefully.

But Jenny saw a pleasant sight,
When the sun shined on the night,
Commanding those to give to light
The magic of her witchery.

In her and pit, too close array'd,
His eyes and his close gallant blade,
And deep and true the attempts he made
To see the Queen of Harmony.

Then shook the house with plaudits given,
Till yell'd the drums with bravos given,
And like the roar of lions driven,
Were the shouts of that company.

But louder yet those shouts did grow,
At Jenny's look of purest snow,
And smooth as ice became the brow
Of Beauty, hushed shamefully.

'Tis right, and scarce you levelled glass
Can pierce the dust-dust of rolling mass,
When whistler's beat and snoring mass
Lounge in their dusted canopy.

The concert opens. Peace, ye crew,
Till to song, as the song ye knew,
Ware, Barium! wave thy flags of blue,
She is beyond all rivalry.

The song is hush'd; 'tis the crowd strays home,
To grieve that the "Maid" had "some,"
Till every seat beneath that dome
Had been a pocket's sepulchre.

A Leaf of Tobacco.

And then my friends, just think their naughtiest
Two couples chewed a day, 'tis said prodigal
A full half pint of vile tobacco juice,
Which, if continued five and twenty years,
(As from a calculation it appears)
With this foul stuff would rear five boghead ill,
Besides old quids, a large barrel still;
Nor am I with this calculation done,
He in that time had chewed a half a ton;
A wagon load, of that which would of course
Sicken a dog, or even kill a horse.
Could he foresee, but at a single view,
What he was destined in his life to chew,
And then the products of his work survey,
He would grow sick, and throw his quid away.
Or could the last, ere he had pledged to be
His living wife, he better prospects see,
Could she but see that, through his mouth, would
pass.

In this short life, this dirty loathsome mass,
Would she consent to take his hand for life,
And, wedded to his filth, become his wife!
And, if she would, say, where that pretty miss
That smokes her lips like lead, has to kiss!
Nor is this all, this dirty practice leads
To kindred habits, and to filthy deeds,
Using this weed an able statesman thinks,
Creates a thirst for stimulating drinks,
Full many a one (who envies him his lot)
Smokes, and chews, and drinks, and dies a sot.
If you would know the deeds of him that chews,
Enter the house of God, and see the pews;
The ladies' carpet, painted floor,
The chimney pipe, or penons of the door,
Have all, in turn, been objects of abuse,
Besmeared and stained with his tobacco juice.
I've seen the wall beside a certain bed
Of one, who chews tobacco, near the head
Bedewed and blackened with the hateful juice,
While a meek lady old guide for future use,
I've seen the woman who loved him so well,
(How much she took no mortal tongue can tell),
Fok up old quids, and dry them by the fire,
And grind them out, to satiate her desire,
I've seen the bride, upon her wedding gown,
The dirty pipe and filthy weed lay down,
And then prepare the hateful thing to smoke,
Before she had the wedding silver broke,
And like a daughter of her mother Eve,
Her new made husband she did not conceive
Was contracted hand, and not a thing,
She smoked herself, and gave the pipe to him,
And he like Adam, with submission true,
Took from her hand the pipe, and smoked it too.

THE BLIND SQUATTER.

[From Chambers Journal.]

Nearly four hundred miles up the Trinity river, Texas, at the extreme point to which flat bottomed steamboats ran up in search of cotton and other productions, is Robbins Ferry. Below the river is narrow with high, steep banks, within the deep shadow of which the waters roll noiselessly and swiftly towards the ocean, while groves of somewhat stunted trees run down to the very edge of the cliffs: here however the stream expands into a broad and shallow lake, the shores of which are low and even unsightly as is generally the case in Texas.

We arrived at a landing place three miles below the junction of the lake and river, late one night, and early the next morning I was paddling up against the stream in a light bark canoe, which having but a slight hold in the water, served better to stem the current than one of larger dimensions. For some time I continued within the shadows of the cliffs in comparative gloom; but after a somewhat fatiguing hour my eye first caught a glimpse of the shallow lake, where I had hoped to find sufficient abundance of wild fowl to glut my most voracious appetite as a sportsman. The dawn had long since passed, but nature appeared yet asleep, so calm so still was that almost untrodden spot. Gliding swiftly out of the influence of the current, I allowed my canoe to stand motionless, while I gazed around. Far as the eye could reach, spread a perfect wilderness of waters, forward and to the right and to the left, perfectly unruined, for not so much as a blade of grass or a leaf was stirring on the shore. Here and there rose huge trunks of trees, borne from above by the almost perpetual inundations, and which reaching some shallow part, became stationary, until time and decay removed them from their resting place. Snags were visible all around, while a low bushy island lay about a quarter of a mile to the southward. The water sparkling in the sun, revealing at some distance the presence of hundreds of ducks, geese, and swans floating upon the surface; for some time they remained unheeded, so charmed was I by the quiet beauty of the landscape; but at length the prospect of a late breakfast awoke my killing propensities, and raising my paddle I gave a true Indian sweep, and glided noiselessly towards the little island above alluded to.

My progress was rapid, but not a sound could have been detected save by an aboriginal. The body of ducks which had drawn me in that direction was sailing towards the island, and I was within gunshot long before I was perceived, as better to deceive them, I lay almost on my face and paddled with my hands. At length I allowed the canoe to drift with whatever impetus it had previously received, and clutching my double barreled apology for a Joe Manton rose in the boat. Ere, however, I could get my feet, crack! crack! went two barrels of a fowling piece, a whistling was heard close to my ear, and the ducks, save and except a few victims, flew away with a loud rustling of wings, I was astounded. My first impulse was to return the fire at random; as the idea of Indians crossed my brain.

I could, however, plainly detect the presence of a fowling piece by the peculiar report, while it was clear the ducks had been the object aimed at. Still the proximity of the lead to my ears was far from pleasant, and I hastened to prevent a recurrence of so dangerous an experiment. "Hallo friend," cried I in a loud and somewhat angry voice, "are you duck shooting or not? shooting, because I'd like to know!" A far more instantly above the bushes; "Merfiful Heaven!" cried he, "have I wounded you sir? Come in, I will explain this accident."

I readily complied and a few minutes placed me beside the sportsman. I at once saw that he was blind. Nearly six feet high, thin, even gaunt, he presented a most remarkable appearance. Clothed in the ordinary garb of a backwoodsman, there was an intellectual, and even nobility of character in his features, which struck me forcibly while the sightless orbs revealed the cause of what nearly proved a fatal accident. "You are not alone I said I glancing curiously around the bushes. "I am," he replied, smiling "quite alone. But let me most sincerely beg your pardon for having endangered your life. No excuse said I depositing the contents of his folly at his feet;—but if you would explain to me how you are alone, and how being here, you are thus employed, you will assuage a very strong feeling of curiosity."

"With pleasure," he replied, "I owe you an explanation, and besides he continued, "believe we are countrymen, and the meeting gives me true delight."

"I am an Englishman," I said. "And I am a Scotchman. In Britain it makes us countrymen, in a strange land it makes us brothers."

Struck with the blind man's manner, I loaded, prairie fashion, a couple of corn-cob pipes with some excellent leaf tobacco, and handing him one, seated myself quietly by his side. Closing his eyes from habit, as if to read the past, he was silent for a few moments. "My name is Campbell," he said without further preface "and by trade I am a cabinet maker. To begin at the beginning. When I was twenty, and that is not so long ago as you think, I received an offer to go to New York. I was engaged to be married to a sweet cousin of mine. Poor Ellen! I could not go without her, and yet it was they

said, over young to marry. Still the offer was good, and rather than lose the opportunity of advancing myself, they all consented it should be a wedding. The day after our happy union, we sailed for the far west.

"We reached New York in safety; I entered upon my employment with a firm and settled determination to secure if not a fortune a competence. Wages in those days were very high; I was a workman; my master had confidence in me, and besides my wages as a journeyman, paid me a salary as foreman and clerk. Determined to lose no opportunity of advancement, I kept all his books after my regular day's work was done. I saved more than half my earnings, and was happy as an industrious man can be; and if he, sir, cannot be happy I do not know who can."

"You are right," said I, "an honest, sober, industrious, working man, with ample employment, respected by his master, with a little family about him, can be the happiest of created beings. His wants are all supplied without the cares and troubles of wealth. So it was with me, I was very happy. At the end of ten years I had saved a large sum and then, and only then, my wife presented me with my first and only child."

"With the consent, and by the advice even of my employer, who had my true interest at heart, I determined to start in business for myself; but not in New York. New Orleans was a money-making, busy place, and thither I moved. My success was unexpectedly great; my own workmanship was eagerly bought up, and I employed many men at the enormous wages of the South. Two misfortunes, however, now clouded my felicity, both attributable to my desire for independence. The south did not agree with my wife, and ere I could restore her to a genial climate, she died. Sir, my sorrow was the sorrow I hope, of a man and a Christian, but I felt it sorely. He only who has seen wife or child removed from him by death, can estimate my feelings. Existence for a time was a blank—I worked mechanically, but no more did her cheerful voice encourage my labors. I ate, I drank; ah, sir! it was then I missed her—at the morning meal, at dinner, over the tea-board. As my eyes rested on the empty chair, on the opposite side of the table, I could see in the accustomed form, and then my blood seemed to turn cold, and the very blood ceased to flow. He who has not lost a wife or child, knows not the real sorrows of this world. It is the severest trial man is ever put to. Well, sir she died, and I was left alone with a little image of herself—my Ellen. A gayer, happier being never lived—always smiling—always singing. In time she brought back some joy to my heart."

"One morning I awoke with a peculiar sensation at my heart—I had caught the yellow fever. I will not detail the history of this illness. Suffice it that three months ere I was restored to health, and then by some extraordinary accident, it proved that I was blind; while my business was gone from me. I knew not what to do. You know, sir, the usual course of ruined men in New Orleans; they sell off secretly, shut their shutters, write G. T. T. (Gone to Texas) on the door and are no more heard of. But I sir could not do this. I was, however no longer fit for business; a quiet retreat in the woods was my best course of proceeding. Besides, my health was shattered, and I should not have lived in New Orleans. Accordingly I contrived to raise a thousand dollars when I wound up my accounts, and with this and a negro slave, I and my child started for Texas. Blind, I was not fit to cope with men, and my object therefore was to retire as far as was consistent with safety into the woods."

"Eight years ago I journeyed up this river, and reached this very spot. Francisco my negro was a devoted and faithful fellow and worked hard because I was a good master to him. We erected a hut upon the shore; it was a laborious operation, but was at length finished. I have said I was a cabinet maker; so was my negro; we therefore furnished the place elegantly for a backwoods dwelling. "Now to speak of my daughter. When we left New Orleans she was six years old, and up to that age had been most carefully educated, her existence being of course, that of a town girl. You know the lazy luxurious habits of that pestiferous city, and how little they fit for roughing life in the woods. Well, Nelly transplanted hither, preserving and increasing her accomplishments, and yet she had become a perfect prairie bird. Her fingers plied the rude needle required to make these coarse garments; she and Francisco prepared them for use. We have a female slave, Francisco's wife, but hers is out of doors, and Nelly makes butter, cooks, aye, sir, and even cleans. And she is quite nappy, singing all the day long; and if half an hour can be found for a book she is in Paradise."

"Singular as it may seem I do most of the hunting, at all events, all the wild fowl shoot out, which I pull, while Nelly steers, I load here, while she returns to prepare breakfast. With my loss of sight I have gained an additional strength of hearing. I can detect immediately the approach of the ducks and geese on the water; and if once they come near enough, I am sure not to waste my powder and shot. After a couple of hours as you shall see her, and breakfast at New Orleans."

"At this instant a diminutive sail caught my eye at the distance of a hundred rods. Raising, I perceived a small canoe gliding before a slight breeze which had risen, and rapidly approaching. The foresail and mainsail concealed its occupant; but presently a melodious voice was carolling a merry ditty. "There is my child," said Campbell, his voice hushed to a whisper, "there is my child, I never hear hersing but I see her mother before me."

"Well, father," cried Nelly, taking in her little sail, "no ducks for me to pick up, not one. You are unlucky this morning." At this moment she caught sight of my naval uniform and stopped short. "This gentleman was kind enough to pick them up for me and you must give him a seat in the boat." Nelly approached. Though tanned by the sun, one could see the blue eyed Scotch girl in her. Light curls fell from beneath her vast straw hat, over her shoulders, while a simple fur pelisse, and buckskin moccasins, with red worsted stockings, was all her visible attire."

But never had I seen anything more graceful or more elegant. A woman and yet a girl, she had evidently the feelings of the first, and the joyous artlessness of the second. We were friends directly.

In a few minutes more we were sailing for the shore, and in a quarter of an hour were in sight of New Edinburgh. To my surprise I discovered a substantial log hut with several out-houses, Indian corn-fields, while pumpkins, &c., flourished in abundance. Two cows were grazing in the neighborhood; as many horses were near them; while pigs and fowls were scattered in all directions. I was amazed; the blind Scotch's industry was no novel in Texas. I expressed my surprise. "Eight years of perseverance can do much," said Campbell quietly; "thank Heaven, I am very happy, and my Nelly will not be left a beggar."

"But you must find her a steady hard-working young man for a husband," returned I, "to preserve all this." "I think," said he, smiling, "if you were to ask Nelly, she would tell you that was done already." The slightly heightened color of the maiden was her only answer—and at that moment we reached the landing, where the negro couple and their picaninies were standing. The slaves were sleek and hearty, and showed their teeth merrily.

Campbell led the way to the house, which was, for Texas, superbly furnished. Comfort and abundance was everywhere. The breakfast was, to a enter, delicious, consisting of coffee, hot corn cakes, venison steaks and wild honey, while cold turkey graced the center of the board. What I enjoyed, however, better than the breakfast, was the attention of the daughter to her blind father. He seated himself at the board, and Nelly after having first helped me, supplied all his wishes with a care and a watchfulness which was delightful to behold. She anticipated all his desires, her whole soul being seemingly bent to give him pleasure. She was in fact more like a mother with a child than a daughter with a father in the prime of life. Breakfast concluded, we talked again of his history, particularly since his arrival in Texas.

The routine of the day was simple enough as they explained to me. The negroes owned by the father and daughter worked in the fields from dawn till six in the evening; the father fashioned some rural implement, an axe or plough handle, while the daughter plied her needle. They breakfasted at half past six, dined at half past eleven, and supped at six. After this meal, Nelly generally read to her father for two hours. Their library was good including general standard works, and the first four volumes of "Chambers Edinburgh Journal."

Campbell went out into the air after a little while to talk to the negroes, and I was left alone with Nelly. I took advantage of his absence to learn more of her character. Not a regret nor a wish for the busy world of which she read so much! While it was clear to me that her lover, whoever he was, had only succeeded by promising to live with her father. To leave her blind parent seemed to her one of those impossibilities which scarcely ever suggested itself to her mind. Yes, Nelly Campbell was a sweet creature, perhaps the only romantic recollection I bore with me from Texas.

I remained with them all day; I visited their whole farm; I examined Nelly's favorite retreat, in a grove at the rear of the house and then left them. We parted with a regret which was mutual—a regret which strange to say, was quite painful on my side and I never saw them again. Still I do not lose sight of them. I always wrote by the steamer to Nelly, and many a long letter I obtained in reply. More and more did I discover that she was a daughter only, and that even a husband must for a time hold a second place in her heart. At length she wrote—

"And now, sir, I am married, and am happy though I almost regret the step, as I can no longer give my whole time to my dear blind father. He is, however, so happy himself, that I must resign myself to be less his nurse, especially as the only quarrel John and I have is, as to who shall wait on him. He has lost part of his daughter, he has found a son. This picture of happiness made me thoughtful, and I owned that great as is the blessing of civilization, yet do I think I were an old blind man, I would be a backwoods squatter with a daughter such as Nelly."

I heard no more from them, as I soon returned to England, and the busy life of the world and other avocations have always prevented my writing. Should I, however, ever

re-visit Texas, my first care would be to run up the Trinity, and more enjoy hospitality at the table of the Blind Squatter.

Daughters of Eve.

Ye are the stars of night, ye are the gems of the morn,
Ye are dew-drops, whose lustre illumines the morn;
And rays that night is that morning's unblest,
When no beam in your eye lights up peace in the breast;
And the sharp thorn of sorrow sinks deep in the heart,
Till the sweet lip of woman assuages the smart;
Ye have o'er the couch of misfortune to bend,
In fondness a lover, in firmness a friend,
And prosperity's hour, be it ever confessed,
From woman receives both refinement and zest;
And adorned by the bays, or enwreath'd with the willow,
Her smile is our meed, and her bosom our pillow.

UNCLE BILL.

Uncle Bill Griffin, or Uncle Bill, as he was commonly called, with an irreverent disregard of his patronymic, did not retire from the ship chandlery business till he was worth something more than a plum. Not being blessed with a son to continue his name and inherit his fortune, he lavished all his tenderness and care upon his daughter. Sweet Molly Griffin, thou wert as unlike thy papa as a canary-bird is unlike a bull-dog. His face was as hard as a Dutch nut-cracker—thine as soft as a rose leaf. He was the veriest miser in all creation—thou didst spend thy pocket money as liberally as a Prince of Wales. In his household management, Uncle Bill was a consummate skin-flint; tradition says he used to soak the back logs in the cistern, and water the lamp oil, and he was aided and abetted in all his niggardly schemes by a vinegar-faced housekeeper, who was the sworn enemy of all good cheer, and stinted from a pure love of meanness. Yet pretty Mary had no reason to complain of her father's penuriousness, so far as she was concerned. He sent her to the best schools, and gave her a carte blanche on the most expensive milliners, and when she walked Washington street of a sunny day there was not a more gaily bedecked damsel from Cornhill to Essex street.

Of course several very nice young men in varnished coats and white kids fell over head and ears in love with her, and there was a large number of whiskers collected outside of the meeting she attended on Sunday, then darkened the door of any other metropolitan church.

Yet cold was the maid, and the legions advanced. All drilled in Ovidian art. Though they languished and egled, protested, and danced.

Like shadows they came, and like shadows they glided,
From the pure, polished ide of her heart.

Besides, Uncle Bill was a formidable guardian to his attractive daughter. Did he not fire a charge of rock salt into the unexpressed of Tom Bilkins, when he came serenading with a cracked guitar? Didn't he threaten to kick Twine for leaving a valentine at his door? Wasn't he capable of unheard of atrocities? The suitors of pretty Mary were all frightened off the course by her ogre of a father, except a steady young fellow who rejoiced in the name of Sampson Bittles, and who was addicted to book keeping in a wholesale grocery store on Commercial street. The old gentleman really liked Bittles; he was so staid, so quiet, and so full of information. He was a regular price current, and no man on charge was better acquainted with the value of stocks. Why Mary liked him, it was more difficult to conjecture, for he was very deficient in the small talk that young ladies are so fond of, was averse to mustaches, disliked the opera, considered waltzing indelicate. Perhaps his good looks compensated for other deficiencies, or perhaps his horror of dying in a state of single blessedness induced her to countenance the only young man Uncle Bill was ever known to tolerate.

One evening Bittles screwed up his courage to the task of addressing the old man on the subject nearest to his heart.

"Mr. Griffin," said he, "I've had something here for a long time," and he made up a horrible face, and placed his hand near his heart.

"Dyspepsia!" said the old man.
"Your daughter," gasped the young one.
"Well, what about her?" asked Uncle Bill sharply.

"I'm in love with her," said the unhappy clerk.

"Humbug!" said Uncle Bill.
"Fact?" rejoined Bittles.
"What's your income?" inquired Griffin.

"Eight hundred," answered the supplicant.

"It won't do, my boy," said Griffin, shaking his grim locks. "No man on a salary shall marry my daughter. Why, she's the finest girl in Boston; and it takes capital to marry a fine girl. When you have thirty thousand dollars, to begin with, you may come and talk with me."

Bittles disappeared. Six months after that, Miss Mary Griffin received a letter with an endorsement of Uncle Sam, acknowledging the receipt of forty cents. It ran thus:

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., 1849.
Dearest Mary:—Enclosed, you will find a specimen of California Gold which please hand your father and oblige. Have to advise you of my return to Boston. Please inform your father that I have made fifty thousand dollars at the mine, and shall wind up my business in a few days, and shall return to England, and the busy life of the world and other avocations have always prevented my writing. Should I, however, ever

Mary as in duty bound, handed the epistle to her father, who was overjoyed.

Some weeks elapsed, and the return of the steamer was telegraphed. Griffin was on quai eve to see his future son-in-law.

On the day of his expected arrival he a Californian, who came in the same ship as "Where's Bittles?" he inquired.

"Oh, he'll see him before a g while," replied the Californian.

"Has he been lucky?"

"Yes—fifty thousand at the lowest calculation. But he's going to try a game of you. He means to tell you that he's been robbed of all his gold on his way home; see if you have any generosity and disinterestedness—to see whether you would give your daughter to him, gold or no gold."

"Sly boy," chuckled old Griffin, "much obliged to you for the hint. I'll accordingly. Good morning."

Now it happened that the Californian a good friend of Bittles, and that the ste of Bittles' misfortune was absolutely true; he having been robbed of every ounce of hard earned gold dust on his way home; it may be supposed he called on Griffin a very ingenuous and wo-begone air.

"My dear boy," said Uncle Bill, "I'm delighted to see you, and pleased to hear your luck. I welcome you as my son-in-law. But what the deuce is the matter with you?"

"Alas, sir," said Bittles, "I made fifty thousand dollars at the mine."

"Very hard luck," interrupted the old gentleman, chuckling.

"But on my way home, I was robbed of every ounce—and now how can I claim your daughter's hand?"

"Sampson Bittles," said Uncle Bill, cunningly, "if you haven't fifty thousand dollars you deserve it—you've worked hard enough to get it. You shall have my daughter, and the marriage shall be celebrated tomorrow night. In anticipation of your return, I have had your published. And when you're talking with Mary, I'll draw a check for \$30,000, so that you may go into partnership with sufficient capital."

"But, sir, I'm a beggar."

"So much the better—you'll work hard to increase your fortune."

"My dear sir, how can I thank you?"

"By making my girl a good husband. There—go—go—and tell Mary the news, and she'll be married. He went into business on the fifty thousand furnished him by his father-in-law, and was so extraordinary prosperous that Uncle Bill was more contented than ever that the story was a regular marriage."

Once or twice he tried to repeat it, but the old gentleman always cut it short with:

"I know all about it. Had it put in the papers, too, eh? O, it was a terrible affair. Lost your all! Poor fellow! Well, I made it up to you—and now I won't hear another word about it."

When Uncle Bill departed this life his immense property was found to be equally divided between his daughter and son-in-law, the testator bequeathed to the latter his share to compensate him for the loss he sustained on his return from California. The old miser had died in the full belief that Bittles never lost his gold dust.

DESTINIES AND LANGUAGE.—Some, a library a gentleman deeply engaged in study; and a lady pretending to knit, is perplexing him with her questions.

Lady (in the dandling, affectionate style)—Ma dear! correctly speaking, what is a dentist?

Gent (short, sharp, and rather cross)—Dentist is derived from dent, French, the teeth. Dentist is a man who pulls teeth out.

Lady (after knitting once around, in order to give the Gent time to become immersed in his book again)—Ma dear! you said this morning that Professor Mundy was a great linguist. Is not linguist derived from the Latin lingua, a tongue?

Gent (tightly)—Yes.

Lady—Well, then, is a linguist a man who pulls tongues out?

Gent (very decidedly)—No, Madam, but I wish to Heaven he did!

(Exit Lady, in a huff).—New York Spirit of the Times.

A drunken lawyer on going into church was observed by the minister, who addressed him thus: "I will bear witness against you at the day of judgment." The lawyer shaking his head with drunken gravity, replied:

"I have practised twenty-five years at the bar, and have always found that the greatest reward is the first to turn State's evidence."

A boy who was troubled with the tooth-ache, determined to have an old offender extracted; but there being no dentist living near, he resolved to do the job himself; whereupon, he filled the excavation with powder, but being afraid to touch it off, he put a slow match to it, set it on fire, and then ran.

A Joke.—An Irishman went a fishing and among other things he hauled in, was a large eel turtle. To enjoy the surprise of the servant girl he placed it in her bed room. The next morning, the first that bounced into the breakfast room was Nobby, with the exclamation of—

"Be jabers, I've got the devil!"

"What devil?" inquired the head of the house, laughing surprise.

"The bull-bug that has been among the children for the last month."

If wisdom's ways you wisely seek,
Five things always will you seek:
Of whom you speak to whom you speak,
And how—and when—and where.