

# 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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### Wilt Thou Love Me Thus Forever?

Thou gaze'st, deep and earnest—  
Deep and earnest are thine eyes;  
I know that in our being  
There are answering sympathies  
I know there dwells upon me  
An affection rich and pure,  
And ask, with anxious yearning,  
"Will it ever, thus, endure?"

Quick changes come upon us—  
Changes not in our control;  
There are shadows and eclipses,  
And dark tides upon the soul.  
With tremulous emotion,  
I accept thy bouquets of store,  
But ask, with anxious yearning,  
"Wilt thou love me evermore?"

Thou knowest all my weakness,  
Thou knowest all my power;  
Thou'st heard my life, and knowest  
Every weed and every flower;  
And if within my nature  
Any gracious gift there be,  
I would its brightest radiance  
Should transfigure itself to thee.

God knows, no selfish impulse  
Draws my heart thus close to thine;  
I would that all thy toiling  
Should partake of the divine;  
I would be wise and perfect,  
Living truly, heartily,  
That life's most glorious halo  
Should surround and hallow thee!

And if upon thy pathway  
I have cast one lone ray—  
Made one moment brighter, happier,  
By my life or by my lay—  
Then thou canst not love a nature  
That's less worthy than my own;  
Thou canst never have enjoyment  
In a soul of lower tone.

So I rest my heart contented,  
For, in this clearer view,  
I see thou'lt not withhold me  
Such love as is my due;  
And, if some richer nature  
Win the gift I would were mine,  
I must bow my head submissive  
To a love of the Divine.

But, with earnest, strong endeavor,  
I would labor by thy side,  
Earn the right to be companion,  
Fellow-worker, and thy guide;  
Thru' all earth's weary turmoil  
Keep a loving soul, and pure,  
That thy loving of affection  
I might ever, thus, secure.

The following appeared in the "Register" some weeks since, we again insert it by request.

### Re-Union in Heaven.

IF YOU BRIGHT STARS WHICH GEM THE NIGHT,  
BE EACH A BLISSFUL DWELLING SPHERE,  
WHERE KINDRED SPIRITS RE-UNITED,  
WHOM DEATH HAS TORN ASUNDER HERE—  
HOW SWEET IT WOULD BE TO DIE,  
AND LEAVE THIS MORTAL ONE ASIDE,  
MY SOUL WITH SOUL TO CLING TO THE SKY,  
AND SOAR AWAY FROM STAR TO STAR.

BUT OH! HOW DARK, HOW DREAD AND LOSE,  
WOULD BE THE BRIGHTEST WORLD OF BLISS,  
IF, WANDERING THROUGH EACH RADIANT ONE,  
WE FAILED TO FIND THE LOVED OF ONE,  
IF THERE WERE SOME OF THE LOST SMALL TWINE,  
THAT DEATH'S COLD HAND ALONE COULD SEVER,  
AH! THEN THOSE STARS IN MORTAL SHINE,  
MORE HATEFUL AS THEY SHINE FOREVER.

IT CANNOT BE—EACH HOPE, EACH FEAR,  
THAT LIGHTS THE EYE OR CLOUDS THE BROW,  
PROCLAIMS THERE IS A HAPPIER SPHERE,  
THAN THIS BLEAK WORLD THAT BOWLS US NOW,  
THERE IS A VOICE WHICH SOUNDS FROM HEAVEN,  
WHERE HEAVENLY WIGGERS LIFE'S GALLING CHAIN,  
"THE HEAVEN THAT WHISPERS—" DRY THY TEARS,  
"THE PURE IN HEART SHALL MEET AGAIN."

### A Tete-a-Tete Game.

We were very much amused, a few evenings since, by the following game of questions and answers, which, when played upon one as yet uninitiated into the mystery, is well calculated to afford endless laughter. A lady may be supposed to request a gentleman to write down this list:

Set down a lady's name.  
Set down some time past.  
Write the name of a place.  
Write either Yes or No.  
Yes or No again.  
A lady's name.  
Some time to come.  
Yes or No.  
Yes or No again.  
Name of a town.  
Some color.  
Any number not exceeding six.  
Some color.  
Yes or No.  
A lady's name.  
A gentleman's name.  
Another gentleman's name.  
Name of a Clergyman.  
A sum of money.  
Name of a place.  
Any number at all.  
When these conditions have been complied with, the gentleman is requested to read off the list thus prepared as answers to the following series of questions:

To whom did you make your first offer?  
When?  
In what place?  
Does she love you?  
Do you love her?  
When will you marry?  
How soon?  
Does she love you?  
Do you love her?  
Where does she reside?  
What is the color of her hair?  
What is her height?  
What is the color of her eyes?  
Is she pretty?  
Who is to be the bridesmaid?  
Who is to be the groom?  
Who is your confidante?  
What is your rival?  
What day is it to be married?  
How many are to be invited?  
How many servants will you keep?

## REWARD OF VIRTUE; Or, Blanche Raymond.

Every nation possesses prejudices respecting its neighbors. A prejudice is an opinion formed without having in the first place acquired a sufficient body of facts whereon to form a correct judgment. The French entertain some strange prejudices respecting the English; they consider them to be generally a coarse, over-bearing, money-making, and sensual people, without taste or delicacy of feeling. The English, with equal injustice and ignorance of facts, are in the habit of considering the French, universally, to be silly, frivolous, and deceitful, with the additional misfortune of being very poor and very idle. Anxious to correct all such wrong impressions, which tend to foster national animosities, we shall tell a little story respecting a young Frenchwoman, whose character for industry, good sense, and benevolence, whilst no way singular in her own country, could not be excelled in ours.

The name of our humble heroine was Blanche Raymond, and her occupation was that of a washer woman in one of the large barges which are moored, for the convenience of her class, within the margin of the Seine. At boats of this kind, all the laundry washing of Paris is performed—the clear water of the river as it runs past, with a piece of soap, and a mallet to beat the clothes, being the sole means of purification. The labor is considerable, and the payment for it small, yet no women are more cheerful than these laundresses. Exposed at all seasons to perpetual damp, which saturates their garments, and prematurely stiffens their limbs, they still preserve their national vivacity, which finds vent in many a song; and, in a spirit of cordial fellowship, sympathize with each other in prosperity or adversity. Earning on an average little more than two francs, or twenty pence daily, they nevertheless agree to set aside rather more than two pence out of that sum towards a fund for unforeseen calamities, and, above all, to prevent any of their number, who may be laid aside by illness, from being reduced to seek other relief. The greater part of them are married women with families.

Unromantic as is the occupation of these women, yet incidents occur among them, as in every other class of society, however humble, of the most interesting and pathetic kind. This was most illustrated in the life of our heroine, Blanche Raymond. Blanche was no more than twenty-three years of age, endowed with a fine open smiling countenance, great strength of body, and uncommon cleverness of hand. She had lost her mother some time before, and being now the only stay of her old blind father, a superannuated laborer on the quay, she had to work double-times for their joint support; though the old man, by earning a few pence daily by weaving nets, was saved the feeling of being altogether a burden on his child.

There was a nobleness in Blanche's conduct towards her poor old father, that amounted like a brilliant star above the ordinary circumstances of her condition. After preparing her father's breakfast, at his lodgings opposite the stairs in the quay leading to her boat, she went down to it at 7 o'clock every morning came home at noon to give the poor blind man his dinner, and then back to work for the rest of the day. Returning at its close to her humble hearth, where cleanliness and comfort reigned, she would take out her old father for an hour's walk on the quay, and keep him merry by recounting all the gossip of the boat; not forgetting the attempts at flirtation carried on with herself by certain workmen in a merino manufactory, whose pressing machine immediately adjoined the laundress's bark, and never failed, in going to and from twenty times a day, to fling passing compliments at the pretty laundress. The cheerful old man would echo the light-hearted laugh with which those tales were told; but following them up with the soberer counsels of experience over the closing meal of the day, then fall gently asleep amid the cares and caresses of the most dutiful of daughters.

Three years had rolled away since her mother's death, and Blanche, happily engrossed between her occupation abroad and her filial duties at home, had found no leisure to listen to tales of love. There was, however, among the young merino-dressers a tall, fine, handsome fellow, named Victor, on whose open countenance were written dispositions corresponding to those of his fair neighbor; whom, instead of annoying with idle familiarities, he gradually won upon by respectable civility towards herself, and still more by kind inquiries after her good old father.

By degrees he took upon him to watch the time when she might be toiling, heavily laden, up the steep and slippery steps;—and by coming just behind her, would sally ease her of more than half her burden. On parting at the door of one of the great public laundry establishments (where the work begun on the river is afterwards completed,) he would leave her with the hopeful salutation, in which more was meant than met the ear, of, "Good-by, Blanche till we meet again."

Such persevering attentions could hardly be repaid with indifference; and Blanche was of too kindly a nature to remain unmoved by them. But while she candidly acknowledged the impression they had made on her heart, and that it was one which she would carry to her grave, she with equal honesty declared that she could allow no attachment to another to come between her and her de-

voteedness to her blind father. "And why should I, dear Blanche?" was the young man's rejoinder; "surely two of us can do more for his happiness than one. I lost my own father when a child, and it will be quite a pleasure to me to have someone I can call so. In marrying me, you will only give the old man the most dutiful of sons."

"Ah, but I should give myself a greater part of my love, for I know I should so love you, Victor! And if we had a family, the poor dear old man would come to have but the third place in my heart, after having it all to himself so long! He would find it out, blind as he is, though he would never complain; but it would make him miserable. No, no; don't talk to me of marrying as long as he lives, or tempt me with thoughts of a happiness which I have quite enough to forego. Let poor Blanche fulfil the task God has given her to perform; and don't lure her by your honeyed words to forget her most sacred duty!"

Poor Blanche might well say she had enough to do to maintain her dutiful resolution, between the gentle importunities of her betrothed, and the general chorus of pleadings in his favor among her sisterhood in the boat, whom Victor's good looks and good behavior had converted into staunch allies, and who could not conceive it possible to resist so handsome and so constant a lover. Borne down by their homely remonstrances, which agreed but too well with her own internal feelings, Blanche came at length to confess that if she had wherewithal to set up a finishing establishment of her own, where she could preside over her business without losing sight of her father, she would at once marry Victor. But the capital required for its fitting up was at least 5000 or 6000 francs, and where was such a sum to be got, or how saved out of her scanty wages? Victor, however, caught eagerly at the promise, and never lost sight of the hope it held out of attaining his darling object.

He was able to earn five francs a day, and had laid by something; and the master whom he had served for ten years, and who expressed a great regard for him, would, perhaps, advance part of the sum. Then, again, the good women of the boat, whose united yearly deposits amounted to upwards of 9000 francs, kindly expressed their willingness to advance out of their savings the needful for the marriage of the two lovers. But Blanche, whilst over flowing with gratitude for the generous offer, persisted in her resolution not to marry till their own joint earnings should enable her to set up a laundry.

That she worked the harder, and saved the harder to bring this about, may easily be believed. But the race is not always to the swift; and the desired event was thrown back by a new calamity, which well nigh dashed her hopes to the ground. Her old father, who had been subjected for fifty years of a laborious life to the damps of the river, was seized with an attack of rheumatic pain, which rendered him completely helpless, by depriving him of the use of his limbs.

Here was an end at once to all his remaining sources of amusement and occupation; it might be said, to his very animated existence; for he was reduced to an automaton, moveable only at the will, and by the help of others. He had not only to be dressed and fed like a new-born infant, but to be kept from brooding over his state of anticipated death by cheerful conversation by news from the armies, by words of consolation and reading more precious still, in all of which Blanche was fortunately an adept. The old man now remained in bed till nine, when Blanche regularly left the boat, took him up, set him in his old arm chair, gave him his breakfast, and snatching a crust of bread for herself, ran back to her work till 2 o'clock; then she might be seen climbing up the long steps, and running breathless with haste to cheer and comfort the old man with the meal of warm soup, so dear to a Frenchman's heart. Unwilling as she was to leave him, his very necessities kept her at work till a late hour, when, with her hard won earnings in her hand, she would seek her infirm charge, and fall on a thousand devices to amuse and console him, till sleep stole at length on eyelids long strangers to the light of day.

One morning, on coming home as usual Blanche found her dear invalid already up and dressed, and seated in his elbow chair; and on inquiring to whom she was indebted for so pleasing a surprise, the old man with an odd look said he was sworn to secrecy. But his daughter was not long in learning that it was her betrothed, who happy thus to anticipate her wishes and cares, had prevailed on his master to alter his own breakfast hour, so as to enable him to devote a great part of it to this pious office. Straight to her heart as this considerate kindness went, it fell short of what she experienced when, on coming home some days after, she found her dear father not only up but in a medicated bath, administered by Victor under the directions of a skillful doctor he had brought to visit the patient. At sight of this, Blanche's tears flowed fast and freely; and seizing his hands, which she held to her heart, she exclaimed:—"Never can I repay what you have done for me!" "Nay Blanche was the gentle answer, you have but to say one word and the debt is overpaid."

That word! few but would have spoken it, backed as the modest appeal was by the pleadings of the ally within, and the openly avowed concurrence of the old Raymond in the wish so dear to both. Let some day the

struggles of the poor working girl to withstand at once a father and a lover! to set at nought, for the first time, an authority never before disputed, and defy the power of a love so deeply founded on gratitude. In spite of them all, filial duty still came off conqueror. Blanche summoned all the energies of a truly heroic mind, to declare that not even the happiness of belonging to the very best man she had ever heard of in her life, could induce her to sacrifice the tender ties of nature. The more her father's infirmities increased, the more dependent he would become on his daughter. What to her was a pleasure, could, she argued to him, be only a burden—some and painful task; in a word, her resolution was not to be shaken. Victor was therefore obliged to submit, even then when (from a delicacy which would but incur obligations on which claims might be founded, too difficult, if not, impossible to resist) Blanche insisted on defraying, from her own resources, the expense of the medicated baths thus putting more hopelessly far off than ever the long deferred wedding.

She had not the heart, however, to deny Victor the privilege of putting the patient into the healing waters, which seemed daily to mitigate his pains, and lend his limbs more agility. While her father was at the worst, Blanche had been obliged altogether to forego the river and obtain from her employer permission to do what she could in the way of her vocation at home. But when, on his amendment, she resumed her outdoor labor, a circumstance occurred so very honorable to the class of workwomen we are commemorating, to their mutual attachment, and honest feelings of benevolence, that to leave it untold would be doing them and the subject great injustice.

With the motives for enhanced industry which Blanche had to spur her on, that she should be first at the opening of the heat, with her daily lot of allotted labor, will be little matter of surprise; or that her good-natured companions knowing the necessity for exertion on her part, should abstain from wasting her precious time by any of their little tricks and gossip. But one morning, when, from her father having been ill at night, she had arrived at work unusually late and had consequently, when the hour of noon struck, left the greater part of her task (which had often detained her till night set in) unfinished, it was nevertheless accomplished, as if, by magic, within the usual time and her days work instead of being diminished rather increased.

Next day, and the next, their amount was the same, till the grateful girl, suspecting to what she owed so unforeseen a result, and recalling herself behind the parapet of the quay, ascertained, by ocular demonstration, that during her necessary absence, her place was regularly occupied by one or other of her neighbors, who took it in turn to give up the hour of rest, that poor Blanche might be no longer by her filial duty, as not one of these worthy women would forego her share in this token of goodwill to the best and most respected of daughters.

Blanche though affected and flattered, as may well be believed, by this novel sort of contribution, was led, by a delicacy of feeling beyond her station, to seem ignorant of it, till the additional funds thus procured had enabled her to effect the complete cure of her father, whom she then informed of the means by which it had been purchased, and eagerly led the recruited invalid to reward, better than she could do, her generous companions.

Amid the hand shaking and congratulations which marked this happy meeting Victor, we may be sure, was not behind-hand; only, he managed to whisper, amid the general tide of joy, "Am I to be the only one you have not made happy to-day?" Too much agitated to reply, Blanche only held the faster to her father's arm.

Among the laundresses of the barges there is a custom of choosing annually one of their number, whom they style their queen to preside over their festivities, and decide disputed points in the community. Mid-Lent the, season for appointing the queen of the boat arrived, and Blanche was duly elected at the fête always given on the occasion. The boat was gaily dressed up with ship's colors, and a profusion of early spring flowers; and all were as happy as possible.

In England, on the occasion of any appointment, like that with which Blanche was endowed, there would be no kind of ceremony, and no ornaments would be employed; but it is doubtful whether we are any the better for thus despising a tasteful and joyous way of performing a gracious and useful public act. Be this as it may, the barge of the laundress was as we have said, gaily decorated and there was to be a species of ceremonial at the installation of Blanche.

What a happy moment it was for the good daughter—how much more happy for the aged father of such a daughter. Old Raymond, firmer on his limbs than ever, led on his blushing daughter, and had the welcome office assigned him of placing on her head the royal crown—a task which his trembling fingers could scarcely accomplish. After having made a prayer, and called down on the head of the dutiful girl, whom he half smothered with kisses, the best blessings of Heaven, he left her to receive the congratulations of her new made subjects, among whom the disconsolate Victor was again heard to exclaim, "So I am still the only one you won't make happy!"

The melancholy words proved too potent for the softened feelings of Blanche's honest neighbors, particularly the one whose heart it was of most consequence to such; namely, the mistress of the

laundry establishment, who having long had thoughts of retiring, freely offered her the business whenever she should be able to muster 5000 francs.

"Oh! cried Victor, I have already a fourth of it, and I'll engage my master will advance the rest."

"It is not to be thought of; it would be a debt we could never repay, cried the upright Blanche; we never should be able to make up so large a sum."

"Pardon Mademoiselle," replied an elderly gentleman who had unobserved, mingled as a spectator in the scene, "You will now have the means of paying it with the prize of 5000 francs left for the reward of virtue in humble life by the late M. Montyon, and awarded to you by the French Academy, at the representations of the mayor of the eighth arrondissement of Paris. The mayor it is pleasing to know, has become acquainted with your excellent filial devotion from the laundresses of the city now assembled."

A shout of joy burst from all around; and that which followed may be left to the imagination. It will suffice to state that Blanche, simple and modest as ever, could scarcely believe in the honor she so unexpectedly received; while her surrounding companions derived from it the lesson, that the filial piety so decidedly inculcated and rewarded by Heaven, and equally admirable in its effects in the cottage and the palace, does not always go unrewarded on earth.

### Begin Right.

BY AN OLD CORRESPONDENT.

The following if not new, is at least true; and is worthy attention, at this particular time when so many "of em" are rushing impatiently into the bonds of matrimony, to be lost to us forever.

This little fable, said my Uncle, may perhaps be of service to some poor devil, more willing than wise.

A certain man once married a lady, whose reputation for amiability of disposition was seriously questioned, if it was not in reality seriously questionable. At the wedding every thing went off merrily, of course; the party gay, the supper magnificent—the whole affair had been eminently successful, and all parties extremely delighted.

On retiring to his apartments, the gentleman found himself annoyed by the mewling and purring of a cat.

"What in the devil's name is that?" he exclaimed.

"Oh! nothing, my dear," replied the bride "but my favorite cat, Prussita."

"Oh!—Prussita!—I hate cats!" and with this he most unceremoniously threw Prussita out of the second story window.

"Well! if you haven't got a temper!"

"Yes! my dear—you'd better believe it."

"Everything," continued my Uncle, went on well, in that establishment—even to a warm dinner on Sunday.

Now it so happened that a friend of the above mentioned gentleman who had, some months before committed the error of marrying an angel took occasion to inquire of him—

"How it was, that with him, every thing went merry as the marriage bell, while, on the contrary he, (his friend) had almost given up the idea of wearing the pantaloons at all."

Whereupon he related to him the story of Prussita and the second story window, without, said Uncle, "fully impressing upon his mind the important moral; that it is necessary to begin right."

Nevertheless, there was that in his eye when he started for home, "that told of reason."

"Well! said his wife, "you've come home at last, have you—after keeping me sitting up for you—and what's the matter; you haven't been drinking have you? you look very strange."

"Not in the least, my dear—but I hate cats, love."

"You do; do you; well, I like 'em; that's all the difference."

Hereupon the unfortunate husband made a dash at poor Tabby; who was quietly snoozing on the sofa—and rushed impetuously to the window.

"You have been drinking. What are you going to do monster?"

"Throw her out of the window!"

"You better try it; I'd like to see you do it; I'd break every bone in your body; why don't you throw her out; I dare you to do it."

He put the cat softly down on the sofa, hung his hat on a peg in the entry, his manliness and his pantaloons on an easy chair and exclaimed—

"Go in, duckey darling, and win—I didn't begin right."

"I rather think you didn't—you better take a fresh start—but don't try that game again, or you'll catch it; come to bed, and be wunt."

"Wrong from the beginning," said Uncle. Oh dear me.—Spirit of the Times.

ONE CONSOLATION.—An Irishman, a day or two since, who had been often and profitably employed as a stevedore, was observed one day intently gazing at a steam engine, that was whizzing away at a swift rate, doing his work for him, and lifting the cotton out from the hold of a ship, quicker than you can say, "Jack Robinson."

Pat looked till his anger was pretty well up, then shaking his fist at it, he exclaimed—"Choog, choog, choog, spet, spet, stame it, and be bohered ye could devil that ye are! Ye may take the work of twenty-five fellies—ye may take the bread out iv an honest Irishman's mouth—but, by the powers, now, ye can't vote, old blazer, mind that, will ye."

## EPICURAM.

BY A SMOKEE.

You ask me love, how many times  
I smoke, regars a day!  
I frankly answer only once,  
And mean just what I say.

You seem all in a smoky haze—  
And doubt the truth of rhyme—  
But how can one do more than smoke  
What one does, all the time.

## Rather Romantic.

We heard of an incident on Monday last from the lips of Esq. Taylor, which gave a good deal of the romantic, but none the less true. In the fall of '45 a young man by the name of Eleazer Fitch, left home in company with Job Kendall, on a flatboat for New Orleans, the boat being loaded with produce owned by the two men, which they succeeded in disposing of without difficulty—the whole receipts amounting to nearly \$5000, being divided between them. Time passed, and Mr. Fitch did not come home much to the surprise of his desponding wife, whom he had left behind with two children, nor could she gain any intelligence of him after Mr. Kendall parted with him at New Orleans to return.

It is true the wife, soon after the arrival of Mr. Kendall, received a paper which contained an announcement of the death of a Mr. Fitch killed in a gaming saloon who hailed from Cincinnati, but still hope whispered that it could not be her husband, and yet he came not. A few months over a year new over her head, and then she gave up that her departed one was lost, and she had been addressed by another, and frequently implored to marry, her condition in life being none of the best she yielded and married. Well, the long and the short of the matter is that the bride lived very happily with her new husband until last Sunday night, when who should walk into the presence of the double wife but Mr. Fitch himself. Of course a scene ensued, but no damage was done. He then gave a reason for his long absence.

On the day he received his money for his produce in New Orleans, he went to one of the gambling halls and lost all, shipped on the following day for California, with no fixed purpose, went into the employ of Capt. Sutter until the gold fever broke out, when he left for the mines; succeeded in gathering about \$7,000 in the dust, with which he started for San Francisco, where he lost it all, the first hotel that was opened in the city, he poured in upon him, and he decided to return home, and he did as was stated with a pocket full of rocks.

The romance is to come; he proffered to take her again as a wife, and also the youngest she had by her second husband, to which she consented, in despite of all monstrosities, as her last marriage was legal. The next day Esq. Taylor was called in, and united for the second time in wedlock, a man and his wife, who had been separated for a term of years. They will return in a few days to California. Strange things happen occasionally in this busy world.—Cincinnati Eng.

A NAVAL AID.—A person on whom the temperance reformation had produced no effect, entered in a state of exaltation, a temperance grocery in a neighboring town.

"Mr. —," exclaimed he, do you keep any thing—to take here?"

"Yes replied the merchant, we have some excellent cold water; the best thing in the world to take."

"Well, I know it," replied the merchant, "there's no one thing; that's done so much for navigation as that."

A DANGEROUS BEVERAGE.—Water is composed of certain gases, one of them explosive. Some time since, when Professor Howland, in Pittsburg, was decomposing water, and causing terrific explosions, of its component gasses, a rather free liver in the audience exclaimed, as he held his hand to his ear, "Catch me putting water in my brandy after this—I might be blown up, like the boiler of a steamboat."

A negro preacher, says a correspondent of the Boston Museum, referring to the judgment day in one of his sermons, said—"Bredren and sisters, in that day the Lord shall divide the sheep from the goats; and bless the Lord, we know which wear de wool!"

A Boston paper says the prisoners in the Lovett street jail have invited some of the clergymen to come and preach to them on the Sabbath, declaring that they will behave better than many in other congregations do, for they will not get up and go out before the meeting is done.

THE YANKEE AND THE LAWYER.—A native of the United States, (says the Montreal Herald, some time ago, having employed a lawyer in the city to do some business for him, was leaving his office without offering him a fee, when the lawyer observed:—"My good sir, you should give me a fee, you should act towards your lawyer as you do towards your home—you should give him a fitting remuneration, if you wish him to perform his duty."

"Well, squire," answered Yankee, "I never use my lawyer as I do my home, when I want him to go to the other end of the yard I put him there and they go to it."

The answer was so ready and so clearly understood, that the lawyer gathered (from the fact) that he had been paid by his client.