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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From the N. Y. Tribune.

Erie Railroad Opening Ode.

A mighty labor hath its close
In peaceful triumph here to-day;
And down the distant future throws
A widening and a lengthening ray.

No human eye or human thought
Can measure what the worth shall be,
Of inland treasure, swiftly brought
From Erie to the waiting Sea.

Ye well may glory, who have borne
The weary lapse of rolling years—
The bitter taunt—the sting of scorn—
And shadows of a thousand fears.

Through doubt and hope—thro' loss and gain—
Your steady purpose held its way;
Do ye not see for all your pain
A promise of reward, to-day?

Ye surely have not wrought in vain!
From Ocean far, o'er Mountains blue,
Your firey dragon with his train
To Erie shouts his view-halloo!

High hills have laid their foreheads low
In homage to the power of man!
O'er plain and valley, marching slow,
Behold complete the mighty plan!

The viaducts that span our vales,
The huge embankments, bold and stern,
Shall tell, when e'en tradition fails,
A lesson that our sons may learn.

But honor to the cart and spade,
That toiled and toiled by slow degrees,
And thanks to the efficient aid
Of all our brisk Hibernian bees!

They felled the forest old and hoar;
They chased the echoes sleeping there;
And lovely dells, unknown before,
They left dismantled, lone and bare.

The hunting grounds the red men knew,
Where wild deer roamed and fountains fell,
Their giant plough share, running through,
Hath left no trace the tale to tell.

But Commerce o'er the shining track,
Speeds her swift course from Lake to Sea,
And bringing stores of luxury back,
Stays not to weep with Memory.

* * * * *

Ye pause awhile! But soon shall wake
The spirit that can never rest!
Already far across the Lake
Your eyes are measuring the West!

Press onward, till the Oceans meet!
Bind State to State with bolts and bars!
Glad welcome every where shall greet
The advent of your flying cars!

And what can loose the Union strong,
Thus riveted by iron bands!
Ye need not fear while all along
The East and West are shaking Hands!!

From Duffy's Magazine.

The Wife.

She knelt beside his dying bed,
By friends forsaken now,
And gently raised his aching head,
And wiped his fevered brow.

She paused not for the vanished years,
Which sorrow had made dim,
She thought not of her blinding tears,
Save those which fell for him.

She had been loved in early youth,
But love had long been gone,
And yet she mourned his vanished truth,
And brokenly lived on.

He was the father of her boy,
And could she think but ill
Of one so dear?—her pride—her joy?
Ah! no; she loved him still.

And now, deserted and despised
By those who caused his fall,
Her woman's heart, so little prized,
Forgave and pitied all.

The flower his haughty hand had cast,
To wither in its bloom,
Though worn and wan, was still the last
To deck his lonely tomb.

Patriotism.—A Yankee gentleman conveying a British friend around to view the different objects of attraction in the vicinity of Boston, brought him to Bunker Hill. They stood looking at the splendid shaft, when the Yankee said: 'This is the place where Warren fell.' 'Ah!' replied the Englishman, evidently not posted up in local historical matters; 'Did it hurt him much?' The native looked at him the expression of fourteen Fourth of Julys in his countenance, 'Hurt him!' said he 'he was killed sir.' 'Ah! he was eh!' said the stranger, still eyeing the monument and computing its height in his own mind, layer by layer, 'well I should think he would have been, to fall so far.' The native tore his hair, but it gave him a good opportunity to enlarge upon the glorious events connected with the hill, and the benefits therefrom flowing for our somewhat extensive country, and soon talked himself into good humor.—*Carpet Bag.*

Do you Feel?—Did you ever know a man to improve in temper by going to law?

Did you ever know a baby that was not the very image of its father or mother?

Did you ever know a chap so "scurvy-looking" that a politician wouldn't make hands with him before election?

Did you ever know a member of a "Woman's Rights Convention" who kept her husband's stockings darned or took care that he had buttons on his shirts?

"You can't think," says a lady, writing to an editor, "how much I read the deaths and marriages do me. If you knew how much I love deaths and marriages you would have them in every paper.—The elopements and murders are beautiful, but the common deaths and marriages are most satisfactory. You crowd the married ones so close together, that it seems as if you consulted their happiness and wishes even in your types."

An Enormous Cabbage.—A tailor, living at Middleton, near Manchester, cut out of a Spanish cloak sufficient to make a complete suit for three of his boys, a waistcoat for a fourth, a cap for a fifth, a Polka jacket for his wife, and a pair of gaiters for himself!! This is the largest cabbage ever known on record!

From the N. Y. Tribune.

GLANCES AT EUROPE—NO. 7.

BY HORACE GREELEY.

London—New York.

London, Thursday, May 9, 1851.

I have now been fifteen days in this magnificent Babel, but so much engrossed with the Exhibition that I have seen far less of the town than I otherwise should. Of the city proper (in the centre) I know a little; and I have made my way thence out into the open country on the North and on the West respectively, but towards the South lies a wilderness of buildings which I have not yet explored; while Eastward the metropolitan districts stretch further than I have ever been. The South side of Hyde Park and the main line of communication thence with the city proper is the only part of London with which I can claim any real acquaintance. Yet on the strength of what little I *do* know, I propose to say something of London as it strikes a stranger; and in so doing I shall generally refer to New York as the standard of comparison, so as to render my remarks more lucid to a great portion of their readers.

The *buildings* here are generally superior to those of our City—more substantial, of better materials, and more tasteful. There are, I think, as miserable rookeries here as anywhere; but they are exceptions, while most of the houses are built solidly, faithfully, and with a thickness of walls which would be considered a sheer waste in our City. Among the materials most extensively used is a fine white marble of a peculiarly soft, creamy appearance, which looks admirably until blackened by smoke and time. Regent street, and several of the aristocratic quarters west of it, are in part built of this marble, but one of the finest, freshest specimens of it is St. George's Hospital, Piccadilly, which to my eyes is among the most tasteful edifices in London. If (as I apprehend) St. Paul's Church, Somerset House, and the similarly smoke-stained dwellings around Finsbury Orol were built of this same marble, then the murky skies of London have much to answer for.

Throughout the Western and Northern sections of the metropolis, the dwellings are far less crowded than is usual in the corresponding or uptown portion of New York. are more diverse in plan, color, and finish, and better provided with court-yards, shrubbery, &c. In the matter of building generally, I think our city would profit by a study of London, especially if our lot-owners, builders, &c., would be satisfied with London rates of investments. I think four per cent. is considered a tolerable and five a satisfactory interest on money securely invested in houses in London.

By the way, the apostles of Sanitary Reform here are anticipating very great benefits from the use of the Hollow Brick just coming into fashion. I am assured by a leading member of the Sanitary Commission that the hollow brick will cost much less than the solid ones, and are a perfect protection against the dampness so generally experienced in brick houses, and often so prejudicial to health. That there is a great saving in the cost of their transportation is easily seen; and, as they are usually made much larger than the solid brick, they can be laid up much faster. I think Dr. Southwood Smith asserted me that the saving in the first cost of the brick-work of a house is *one-third*: if that is a mistake, the error is one of misapprehension on my part. The hollow brick is a far less perfect conductor of heat and cold than the solid one; consequently, a house built of the former is much cooler in the summer and warmer in the winter. It is confidently and reasonably hoped here that very signal improvements in dwellings especially of the poor are to be secured by this invention. Prince Albert has caused two Model Cottages of this material to be erected at his expense in Hyde Park near the Great Exhibition, in order to attract general attention to the subject.

The *Streets* of London are generally better paved, cleaner, and better lighted than those of New York. Instead of our round or cobble stone, the material mainly used for paving here is a hard, flint rock, split and dressed into uniform pieces about the size of two bricks united by their edges, so as to form a surface of some eight inches square with a thickness of two inches. This of course wears much more evenly and lasts much longer than cobble-stone pavements. I do not know that we could easily procure an equally serviceable material, even if we were willing to pay for it. One reason of the greater cleanness of the streets here is the more universal prevalence of sea-coal; another is the positive value of street-offal here for fertilizing purposes. And as Gas is supplied here to citizens at 4s. 6d. ($1 18) per thousand feet, while the good people of New York must bend to the necessity of paying $8 50, or nearly thrice as much for the like quantity, certainly of no better quality, it is reasonable to infer that the Londoners can afford to light their streets better than the New Yorkers.

But there are other aspects in which our streets have a decided superiority. There are half a dozen streets and places here having the same name, and only distinguished by appending the name of a neighboring street, as St. James place, St. James street, to distinguish it from several other St. James places, and so on. This subjects strangers to great loss of time and vexation of spirit. I have not yet delivered half the letters of introduction which were given me at home to friends of the writers in this city, and can't guess when I shall do it. Then, the numbering of the streets is absurdly vicious—generally 1, 2, 3, 4, &c. up one side and down the other side, so that 320 will be opposite 140, and 412 opposite 1, and so throughout. Of course, if any street so numbered is extended beyond its original limit, the result is inextricable confusion.—But the Londoners seem not to have caught the idea of numbering by lots at all, but to have numbered only the houses that actually existed when the numbering was undertaken; so that, if a street happen to be numbered when only half built up, every house erected afterwards serves to render confusion worse confounded. On this account I spent an hour and a half a few evenings since in fruitless endeavors to find William and Mary Howitt, though I knew they lived at No. 28 Upper Avenue Road, which is less than half a mile long. I found Nos. 27, 29, 30 and 31, and finally found 28 also, but in another part of the street, with a No. 5 near it on one side and No. 16 ditto on the other, and this is in a street quite recently opened. I think New York has nothing quite equal to this in perplexing absurdity.

The *Police* is more omnipresent and seems more efficient than ours. I think the use of a common and conspicuous uniform has a good effect. No one can here pretend that he defied or resisted a policeman in ignorance of his official character.—The London police appears to be quite numerous, is admirably organized, and appears to be perfectly docile to its superiors. Always to obey and never to ask the reason of a command, is the rule here; it certainly has its advantages, but is not suited to the genius of our people.

The *Hotels* of London are decidedly inferior to those of New York. I do not mean by this that every comfort and reasonable luxury may not be obtained in the London inns for money enough, but simply that the same style of living costs more in this city than in ours. I think $5 per day would be a fair estimate for the cost of living (servants' fees included) as well in a London hotel as you may live in a first-class New York hotel for half that sum. One main cause for this disparity is the smallness of the inns here. A majority of them cannot accommodate more than twenty or forty guests comfortably; I think there are not four in the entire metropolis that could find room for one hundred each. Of course, the expense of management, supervision, attendance, &c., in small establishments is proportionably much greater than in large ones, and the English habit of eating fitfully *solus*, instead of at a common table, increases the inevitable cost. Considering the national habits, it might be hazardous to erect and open such hotels as the Astor, Irving, or New York in this city, but if it were once well done, and the experiment fairly maintained for three years, it could not fail to work a revolution. *Wines* (I understand) cost not more than half as much here, in the average, as they do in New York.

In *Cabs* and other Carriage for hire, London is ahead of New York. The number here is immense; they are of many varieties, some of them better calculated for fine weather than any of ours; while the legal rates of fare are more moderate and not so outrageously exceeded. While the average New York demand is fully double the legal fare, the London cabmen seldom ask more than fifty per cent. above what the law allows him; and this (by Americans, at least) is considered quite reasonable, and cheerfully paid. If our New York Jehus could only be made to realize that they keep their carriages empty by their exhorbitant charges, and really double-lock their pockets against the quarters that citizens would gladly pour into them, I think a reform might be hoped for.

The *Omnibuses* of London are very numerous, and well governed, but I prefer those of New York. The charges are higher here, though still reasonable; but the genius of this people is not so well adapted to the Omnibus system as ours. For example: an Omnibus (the last for the night) was coming down from the North towards Charing Cross the other evening, when a lady asked to be taken up. The stage was full; the law forbade the taking of more than twelve passengers inside; a remonstrance was instantly raised by one or more of the passengers against taking her; and she was left to plod her weary way as she could. I think that could not have happened in New York. In another instance, a stage full of passengers started eastward from Hyde Park, one of the women having a basket of unwashed clothes on her knee. It was certainly inconvenient, and not absolutely inoffensive; but the hints, the complaints, the slurs, the sneers with which the poor woman was annoyed and tormented throughout—from persons certainly well-dressed, and whom I should otherwise have considered well bred—were a complete surprise to me. In vain did the poor woman explain that she was not allowed to deposit her basket on the top of the stage, as it was raining; the growls and witticisms at her expense were continued, and women were foremost in this rudeness. I doubt that a woman was ever exposed to the like in New York, unless she was suspected of having Ethiopian blood in her veins.

The *Parks, Squares, and Public Gardens* of London beat us clear out of sight. The Battery is very good, but it is not Hyde Park; Hoboken *was* delightful; Washington Gardens *are* and ever will remain so. Our City ought to have made provisions, twenty years ago, for a series of Parks and Gardens extending quite across the island somewhere between Thirtieth and Fifth streets. It is now too late for that; but all that can be done should be immediately to secure breathing space and grounds for healthful recreation to the Millions who will ultimately inhabit New York. True, the Bay, the North and East Rivers will always serve as lungs to our City; but these of themselves will not suffice. Where is or where is to be the Public Gardens of New York? where the attractive walks and pleasure grounds of the crowded denizens of the Eastern Wards? These must be provided, and the work cannot be commenced too soon.

Hoyle.—I know of no passage in classical literature more beautiful or affecting than that where Xenophen, in his Anabasis, describes the effect produced on the remnant of the ten thousand Greeks, when after passing through dangers without number, they at length ascended a sacred mountain, and from its peak and summit caught sight of the sea. Dashing their bucklers with a paean of joy they rushed tumultuously forward.—Some wept with the fulness of their delirious pleasure, others laughed, and more fell on their knees and blessed that broad ocean. Across its blue waters, little floating sea-birds, the memorials of their happy homes came and fanned their weary souls. All the perils they had encountered, all the companions they had lost, all the miseries they had endured, were in an instant forgotten, and nought was with them but the gentle phantoms of past and future joys. One was again scouring on his fleet steed across the hoof-trodden plains of Thessaly; another reclined beneath the flower-crowned rocks of Arcadia, and gazed into the dreamy eyes of her whole form, amid battle and bivouac was ever with him; a third recalled that proud day when before the streaming eyes of his overjoyed parents, and amid the acclamation of all Greece, he bore off from amid competitors the laurel-wreath of the Olympian victor.

O home! magical spell! all powerful home!—how strong must have been thy influence, when thy faintest memory could cause these bronzed heroes of a thousand fights to weep like tearful women! With the cooling freshness of a desert fountain, with the sweet fragrance of a flower-garden in winter, you come across the great waters to those wandering men, and beneath the peaceful shadow of your wings their souls found rest!

A Laughable Notice.—The following notice was posted up in one of the Madison (Wis.) Hotels while the Legislature was in session. Mine host, it seems, was an honest, well meaning fellow, who had conceived the idea that the members were the very salt of the earth, and had listened to the complaints of certain of them relative to the doings of a few wild characters, who did not belong to their fraternity. Here is the notice:

"Look Here!—The following rules of order will be hereafter observed in this House: Members of the Assembly will go to the table first, and the gentlemen afterwards."

After reading it over he did not exactly like it. It didn't say anything about rowdies and blackguards; so to caution them particularly he added;

"Nota Bene, rowdies and blackguards will please not mix with the members, as it is hard to tell one from the other."

The tide of emigration from Ireland, which for some years has flowed very freely, has reduced the population, particularly the male portion of it, very materially. In the city of Limerick, for instance, the population numbers 16,000 males to 28,000 females, and the whole number has decreased 4,000 since 1841. It is estimated that the whole population of Ireland has derreased nearly two millions in the last ten years.

☞ The Day Book says: If an elephant can travel eight miles an hour and carry his trunk, how fast could he go if he had a little donkey to carry it for him?

Martha Washington.

BY CATHARINE ALLAN.

The wife of Washington must ever be a subject of interest to the women of America. Her own virtues, apart from the exalted position of her husband, have made her worthy of remembrance and esteem. She was in every respect a model of her sex.

The maiden name of Lady Washington was Martha Dandridge, and she was born of an honorable family in the county of New Kent, Va., in May 1732. She grew up beautiful and amiable, and at sixteen was already the belle of the district. Accomplished, at least for that day; peculiarly fascinating in manners; and possessed of a graceful and pleasing countenance, she was sought in marriage by numerous admirers; and she finally bestowed her hand at the age of seventeen, on Colonel Daniel Parker Custis of her native county. Two children were the fruits of this union, both of whom survived the mother.

While yet in the full bloom of beauty, Mrs. Custis was left a widow. With an ample fortune, and unusual charm of person, she was soon again besieged by suitors. But none made any impression on her heart until she had attained her twenty-sixth year, when she accidentally made the acquaintance of Washington, then a Colonel in the service of Va. Her grandson, George W. P. Custis in a biography of her life, has given a romantic account of the first interview between Mrs. Custis and her future husband.

"It was in 1758," says her biographer, "that an officer in a military undress, and attended by a body servant, tall and military as his chief, crossed the ferry called William's over the Pamunkey, a branch of the York river. On the boat touching the southern or New Kent side, the soldier's progress was arrested by one of those personages who give the beau ideal of the Virginia gentleman of the old regime—the very soul of kindness and hospitality. He would hear of no excuse on the officer's part for declining the invitation to stop at his house. In vain the Colonel pleaded important business at Williamsburgh; Mr. Chamberlayne insisted that his friend must dine with him at the very least. He promised as a temptation to introduce him to a young and charming widow who chanced then to be an inmate of his dwelling. At last the soldier surrendered at discretion, resolving however to pursue his journey the same evening. They proceeded to the mansion. Mr. Chamberlayne presented Col. Washington to his various guests, among whom was the beautiful Mrs. Custis. Tradition says that "the two were favorably impressed with each other at the first interview." It may be supposed that the conversation turned upon scenes in which the whole community had a deep interest—scenes which the young hero, fresh from his early fields, could eloquently describe; and we may fancy with what earnest and rapid interest the fair listener "to hear did seriously incline," or how the heavenly rhetoric of her eyes beamed unconscious admiration upon the manly speaker. The morning passed; the sun sank low in the horizon. The hospitable host smiled as he saw the Colonel's faithful attendant, Bishop, true to his orders, holding his master's spirited steed at the gate. The veteran waited, and marvelled at the delay. "Ah, Bishop," says a fair writer, describing the occurrence, "there was an urchin in the drawing room more powerful than King George and all his governors. Subtle as a sphynx, he had hidden the important dispatches from the soldier's sight, shut up his ears from the summons of the tell-tale clock, and was playing such mad pranks with the bravest heart in Christendom, that it fluttered with the excess of new found happiness."

Mr. Chamberlayne insisted that no guest ever left his house after sunset; and his visitor was persuaded without much difficulty to remain. The next day was far advanced when the enamored soldier was on the road to Williamsburgh. His business there being despatched, he hastened to the captivating widow.

The marriage that followed the acquaintanceship thus romantically begun, took place in 1759, and was attended by all the beauty and wealth of the neighborhood. After the ceremony, Colonel and Mrs. Washington repaired to Mount Vernon, where they took up their abode. By this union, an addition of about one hundred thousand dollars was made to the fortune of Washington, an accession which rendered him one of the most opulent gentlemen of the Old Dominion. Engrossed with each other, the young couple continued to reside on their estate, until the war of independence breaking out Washington was summoned to the field to lead his country's armies. Mrs. Washington, however, even now would not consent to part entirely from her husband. She accompanied him to Cambridge and remained until the evacuation of Boston, when the army moving on to New York for an active campaign, she returned for awhile to Virginia.

After this, it was her custom to spend her summers at Mount Vernon, rejoining the General as soon as the army went into winter quarters. At the close of each campaign, therefore, an aid-de-camp was despatched to escort her to her husband. Her arrival at camp was always a season of rejoicing. The plain chariot, with neat postillions in their scarlet and white liveries, was welcomed as the harbinger of rest and cheerfulness. Her example was followed by the wives of the higher officers. Thus every winter something like society was established at head quarters, when the smiles and affection of woman relieved, for a season, at least, the gloom of disaster and despair.

Lady Washington was accustomed to say that it ever was her fortune to hear the first cannon at the opening and last at the closing of all the campaigns of the war of independence. During the terrible winter of 1777–8, she was at Valley Forge. The privations to which she had to submit may be judged by a letter she wrote to Mrs. Warren, in which she says: "The General's apartment is very small; he has had a log cabin built to dine in, which has made our quarters much more tolerable than they were at first." Think of a woman of Lady Washington's fortune and position dining now-a-days for a winter in a log cabin. During this awful season, this most female sought out the most distressed of the soldiers and alleviated their sufferings, as far as possible, out of her private purse. Such was a lady of the olden time. Instead of lounging idly at home in luxury, she dispensed fully her husband's trials; instead of exhausting her wealth on selfish indulgencies, she divided with the hungry and the sick.

The Marquis de Chastellux, who visited the United State soon after the alliance with France, thus describes the Camp life of General and Lady Washington—"The headquarters at Newburgh consist of a single house built in the Dutch fashion, and neither large nor commodious. The largest room in it, which General Washington has converted into his dining room, is tolerably spacious, but it has seven doors and only one window. The chimney is against the wall, so that there is, in fact, but one vent for the smoke, and the fire is in the room itself. I found the company assembled in a long room which served as a parlor. At nine, supper was served, and when bedtime came I found that the chamber to which the General conducted me was the very parlor spoken of, wherein he had made them place a camp bed. We assembled at the breakfast next morning at the same hour, which interval my bed was folded up, and my chamber became the sitting room for the whole afternoon. For American manners do not admit of a bed in a room to which company is received—especially women. The smallness of the house, and the inconvenience to which I saw the General and Mrs. Washington had put themselves to receive me, made me apprehensive lest M. Rochambeau might arrive on the same day. The day I remained at head quarters was passed either at the table or in conversation."

When at Mount Vernon, both before and after the war, Lady Washington, like a wise housewife, busied herself in superintending personally her domestic affairs. As that was a day when cotton factories were as yet unknown, every household had to do most of its own spinning; and Lady Washington kept sixteen wheels constantly going. She was accustomed frequently to wear fabrics thus made. One of her favorite dresses of this home manufacture was of cotton, striped with silk weighing not quite a pound and a half. Her coachman, footman and waiting maid were all dressed in domestic cloth. She was economical without being niggardly, and this from principle. She knew that in consequence of her station, she was looked up to to be imitated; and she wished to show an example of moderation. Even when Washington was President she continued this praiseworthy conduct. As late as 1793, Mrs. Wilson inquiring for pocket handkerchiefs at a fashionable store in Philadelphia, was shown some pieces of lawn, of which Lady Washington had just purchased; and the information was added that she paid six shillings for handkerchiefs for her own use, but went as high as seven for the President's.

Her ease and elegance of manner, joined to her affability, rendered her, when the wife of the Chief Magistrate, beloved by all. The establishment of the President and Mrs. Washington was formed at the seat of Government. The levees had more of courtly ceremony than has been known since; but it was necessary to maintain the dignity of office by forms that should inspire respect. Special regard was paid to the wives of men who had deserved much of their country. Mrs. Robert Morris was accustomed to sit at the right of the lady of the President, at the drawing-rooms, and the widows of Greene and Montgomery were always handed to and from their carriages by the President himself; the secretaries and gentlemen of his household, performing those services for the other ladies. In this elevated station Mrs. Washington, unspoiled by distinction, still leaned on the kindness of her friends and cultivated cheerfulness as a duty. She was beloved as few are in a superior condition. Mrs. Warren says, in reply to one of her letters, "your observation may be true, that many younger and graver ladies consider your situation enviable; yet I know not one who by general consent would be likely to obtain the suffrages of the sex, even were they to canvass at election for the elevated station, than the lady who now holds the first rank in the United States."

She did not long survive her august husband.—Less than two years after his death, she was attacked by a fatal illness, and feeling her end approaching she called her grandchildren around her, discoursed to them of religion, and amid the tears of her family, quietly resigned her life into the hands of her Creator. Her death took place on the 22nd of March, 1802, and was buried beside her husband.

Lady Washington is a model for the imitation of her sex. Her abilities were superior, her heart kind, and her conduct under the control of Christian principle. The gentle dignity of her manner inspired respect without creating enmity. In her youth, and even in mature womanhood, she was distinguished for personal loveliness.

Scene in a Dentist's Office.—A male representative from the Emerald Isle, hat in hand, with 'The top o' the morning to ye, sir, an' I've got a bad tooth, an' the divil a bit o' comfort can I get short of a bottle o' brandy; an' I've got one o' Father Mathy's medals to kape me from all such avel spirits, sure. Now, sir what'll ye be axin' to pull me a tooth' sir.

'Half a dollar, says the doctor.

'Well, says Pat, 'what'll ye pull two for?'

'Oh, replied the doctor, 'I wont charge you anything for pulling the second one.'

Pat seated himself, turned up his mug, and the doctor took a peep at his grinders, and with a little assistance from Pat, soon found out which were the ones Pat wanted out.

Says Pat 'this is the first one and that is the second one. Pluze pull the second one out first.'

'Very well, replied the doctor, 'any way to get them out.' And he pulled.

Before he had time to fix the instrument for the other tooth, (the first one,) Pat had got out of the chair and was edging towards the door.

'I guess I wont have the first tooth pulled until it aches, and you told me you would pull the second one for nothing.'

Pat mizzled, and the doctor pocketed the joke instead of the fee.—*Yankee Blade.*

"Charge it to Father."—A dry goods dealer well known in the vicinity of Broadway, and somewhat prominent for his various shakes and jerks as he promenades the streets, was on a foraging expedition a few days since in the Centre Market. Seeing a buxom Sucker girl in the distance, he approached her, seized her hand, and exclaimed with much warmth:

"How do you do, my dear young friend? how is your father and mother? when did you leave home? Ah! excuse me, I have forgotten your name, but I stayed at your father's home a year ago. (Her father had been dead ten years.) Perhaps you don't recollect me. My name's ——; my store is on Broadway, call on me—I shall be happy to sell you some goods?—and leaving his card in her hand, our man of tape departed.

Not long afterwards appeared the not very green young lady, who selected goods to the amount of twenty dollars, and picking them up was about leaving, when the polite shop-keeper and friend of the family exclaimed:

"Excuse me, miss, you have forgotten the bill."

"Oh, no," replied Miss Sucker, "please charge it to father."

Utterly confounded, our long friend suffered verdency in muslin to leave with the bill unpaid.—*St. Louis Rebelle.*

☞ One day a father sent his son for some beer, giving him the jar but no money.

"How shall I get the beer," said the boy, "when I have no money."

The father who perhaps thought of getting it on credit, answered. "It's no trick to obtain beer for money, but without money it is a trick."

The boy considered for a moment and then ran off. In a short time he returned and handed his father the jug.

"How shall I drink," began the father, "there is no beer in it."

"Yes," said the boy. "It is no trick to drink when there's beer in the jug, but to drink when it's empty, that's a trick."

☞ Lay it down as a rule, never to smile nor in any way show approval nor merriment at any trait in a child which you should not wish to grow with his growth.

Chivalric Tournament.—The New Orleans Picayune gives the following description of a pitched battle between a locomotive and a belligerent goat.

A day or two since, as the train of cars was coming into the city, at a rapid pace, a large, fine looking animal—of the class known among the naturalists as the "caper," but vulgarly called "billy goat"—sprung upon the track, and planting himself firmly, evinced a determination to drive the advancing enemy into the ditch. Billy goat was evidently a veteran. He had no doubt come off victorious from many a well fought field, and was bent on making this new flaming eyed creature feel his superiority. The steam horse came swiftly on, rattling and clanging, snorting and whistling, presenting indeed a fierceness and determination of exterior that would have induced the greatest of heroes to retreat backwards, or in other words to run away. Billy, however, was not so easily frightened. A loud, shrill alarum—between a whistle and a scream—that high-key adversary sounded, and caused him to rise two feet more than a yard from the ground, and to lower his large horns for the attack. On came the steam monster and his team rushing, banging, screaming, snorting. The trembling spectators looked on in breathless expectation; even Mrs. Jones, who was busily explaining to a visiting neighbor how little Jonny got through his whooping-cough, cut short the thread of her narrative and gazed in silence on the soon-to-be terrible onslaught. All the world stood still; the depot clock struck twelve, and the two antagonists rushed at each other. There was a fearful pause. Superior weight of metal, however, told against the concentrated essence of gentish heroism; and the next moment poor Billy lay low, his head on one side of the track, and the rest of him on the other, while the steam horse flew by, screaming and laughing triumphantly: "Phoo! phoo-u-u-u-oo! Get out of the way, William Goatee, oh do!" No inquest was held by the coroner. If he had, the verdict would certainly have been—"Caper died of cutting capers."

More Silence.—Every one who has visited the (New Jersey) seat of Government, at any time within the last ten years, knows Jemmy Owen the Irish doorkeeper of the House. Jemmy was once *taken*, in manner and form, to wit;

The Governor had given a party on the night previous to the occasion whereof we are going to speak, and Otard and Champagne had been liberally imbibed. The orgies lasted until the "wee sma' hours," and the next day nearly everybody was on the stool of repentence. The house was thin and drowsy. Not a soul was in the lobby.—The speaker nodded in his seat. Jemmy sat, *vice somnoque graribus*, bolt upright, but unconscious in his box, while a prosy old member was mauling away on some obnoxious item in the tax bill.—With this exception all was quiet as the "house of death."

Aleck Clitheral, assistant clerk, seeing Jemmy's situation and envying his comfort, left his desk and going on to his victim pinched him savagely on the thigh, hissing fiercely in his ear at the same time, "Jemmy, don't you hear the speaker's hammer? there is a h—l of a row in the lobby!"

Jemmy bounced from his seat as if it had been red hot, and without waiting to open his eyes roared—absolutely roared—"Gintlemin, you must really keep more silence in the house, if you please." Flesh and blood couldn't stand it. The plump member sank upon his feet, and the speaker laughed outright. As for Jemmy, in an instant he discovered how he had been sold, and started in hot pursuit of Aleck. Few men ever knew how the matter was compromised when Jemmy caught up; and those few have received remarkable little satisfaction.

A Race after a Locomotive.—A highly interesting and exciting race took place on the Cincinnati end of the Little Miami Railroad, just at the rising of the sun on Monday morning last. A very beautiful and accomplished young lady of our acquaintance was to leave that morning on the cars for Cleveland, en route for the World's Fair, in company with our worthy fellow-citizen, Mr. T—— and his family, and had promised to join them at the depot in time. When she reached the station house, accompanied by her father in his carriage, to their utter consternation and despair they discovered the cars had gone. The father was for giving up and returning quietly at home—not so the young damsel—she possessed more spirit and resolution. She had no idea of abandoning the long anticipated voyage to Europe and instantly cried out to the faithful driver: "*Robert, drive on—drive for your life—overtake the cars*—we *must* overtake them." And then turning to her father, she cried: "John (the name of the horse, and a very favorite one) has blood, and can beat the iron horse, I know." Robert lost no time in obeying his fair young mistress, and off he sped "like lightning." And the good horse—John—appeared to realize what was desired and the very difficult task before him, and seemed to say, as did the gallant Col. Miller on another occasion: "I will try." It was not an hour from the commencement of the race before the residents and never daunted young lady was in the car with her friends, who of course had given up all hope of seeing her.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

On Dancing.—Dr. Fitch, in one of his lectures on the uses of the lungs, and on the mode of preserving health, says:

"Dancing is the king and queen of in-door exercise. It is suitable for all classes, all ages, both sexes. It is one of the most ancient and one of the most salutary. I do not speak of it as a dissipation, but as an exhilarating and valuable exercise. Among the exercises it is second to none. It is extremely suitable for invalids, and for consumptives. I have known one of the worst cases of consumption I ever knew, cured by dancing alone, practiced daily for many months. The cure was permanent and complete.

Short Dresses.—"I say Ned, what do you think of that girl with short dress and big trousers over there?"

"Well, Bill, I think if it wasn't for the big trousers she'd just show the *ne plus ultra*, and nothin' shorter."

A duel occured at Ottowa, Ill. between an editor and a lawyer. It was fought 'nigh to a grave yard,' and resulted in an amicable settlement after one round. They didn't like surrounding appearances.

☞ A correspondent writing from the San Jose (California) says that the bulls in that region live to such a great age that their owners have to fasten long poles to their horns to let the weather cool out on.

A young lady was told by a married one who had better precipitate herself from the falls of the Niagaic than marry. So I would replied she, if I thought I should find a husband at the bottom.

☞ A good book and a good wife are the best companions in the world; a brandy bottle and a pack of cards about the worst.

☞ An old paiwise [illegible] some man wisdom