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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(A Weekly Newspaper,)

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"Port's Corner."

Annie Clayville.

BY ALICK CAREY.

In the brightning wake of April
Comes the lovely, lovely May,
But the step of Annie Clayville
Falleth fainter day by day.
In despite of sunshine, shadows
Lie upon her heart and brow:
Last year she was gay and happy—
Life is nothing to her now!

When she hears the wild bird singing,
Or the sweetly humming bee,
Only says she faintly smiling,
What have you to do with me!

Yet sing out for pleasant weather,
Wild birds in the woodland dells—
Fly out, little bees, and gather
Honey for your waxen wells.
Softly, silver rain of April,
Come down singing from the clouds,
Till the daffodils and daisies
Shall be up in golden crowds;
Till the wild pinks hedge the meadows,
Blushing out of slender stems,
And the dandelions, starry,
Cover all the hills with gems,
From your cool beds in the rivers,
Blow, fresh winds, and gladness bring
To the locks that wait to hide you
What have I to do with spring!

May is past—along the hollows
Chime the rills in sleepy tune,
While the harvest's yellow chaplet
Swings against the face of June.

Very pale lies Annie Clayville—
Still her forehead, shadow-crowned,
And the watcher's hear her saying,
As they softly tread around:
Go out, reapers, for the hill-tops
Twinkle with the summer's heat—
Lay from out your swinging cradles
Golden furrows of ripe wheat!
While the little laughing children,
Lightly mixing work with play,
From between the long green winrows
Glean the sweetly-scented hay.
Let your sickles shine like sunbeams
In the silver-flowing rye,
Ears grow heavy in the cornfields
That will claim you by and by.

Go out, reapers, with your sickles,
Gather home the harvest store!
Little gleaners, laughing gleaners,
I shall go with you no more.

Round the red moon of October,
White and cold the eye-stars climb,
Birds are gone, and flowers are dying,
'Tis a lonesome, lonesome time.
Yellow leaves along the woodland
Surge to drifts—the elmbough sways,
Creaking at the homestead window
All the weary nights and days.
Dismally the rain is falling—
Very dismally and cold;
Close, within the village graveyard,
By a heap of freshest mould,
With a simple, nameless headstone,
Lies a low and narrow mound,
And the brow of Annie Clayville
Is no longer shadow-crowned.

Rest thee, lost one, rest thee calmly,
Glad to go where pain is o'er—
Where they say not, through the night-time,
"I am weary," any more.

Selected Miscellany.

THE MUTE WITNESS;

OR,

THE DOG AND THE ASSASSIN.

FROM THE FRENCH OF HOLSTEIN.

While travelling in 1787, through the beautiful city of Leipzig, I observed, about half a league from the gates of the town, a few rods from the highway, a wheel and the bones of a chained corpse exposed to the gaze of every passer.

The following is the history of that criminal, as I learned it from the lips of the judge who conducted the trial, and condemned him to be broken alive.

A German butcher being benighted in the midst of a forest, lost his way, and while endeavoring to regain the road, was attacked by three highwaymen. He was on horseback, and accompanied by a large dog. One of the robbers seized the horse by the bridle, while the two others dragged the butcher from the saddle and felled him. The dog leaped immediately upon one of them and strangled him; but the other wounded the animal so severely that he rushed into the thicket, uttering the most fearful howls. The butcher, who by this time had disengaged himself from the grasp of the second robber, drew his knife and killed him. But at the same time he received a shot from the pistol of the third, he who had just wounded the dog, and falling, was despatched by the thief who found upon him a large sum in gold, a silver watch, and a few other articles of value. He plundered the corpse, leaped upon the horse and fled.

The next morning, two woodcutters happening in that path, were surprised to find three dead bodies and a large dog, which seemed to be guarding them. They examined them, and endeavored to restore life; but in vain. One of them dressed the wounds of the dog, gave him some food, and sought some water for him; while the other hastened to the nearest village to inform the magistrate of their discovery. The officer, accompanied by several attendants, was soon on the spot; a surgeon examined the wounds of the three bodies; they drew up a verbal process and interred them.

The dog dragged himself in the course of the night, when all was quiet, to the corpse of his master, where he was found the next morning. He allowed his new friends to dress his wounds; and as if foreseing that he must consent to live that he might one day avenge the murdered, he ate and drank, but would not leave the spot. He looked on quietly while they dug the grave, and allowed them to bury the bodies; but as soon as the turf was placed, he stretched himself upon it, howled mournfully, and resisted all the efforts of the bystanders to induce him to move. He snapped at all who came near him, except the woodman who had tended him. He bore his caresses, but no sooner did the man attempt to take his paws to remove him from the grave, than he gnashed his teeth, and would have wounded him severely if he had not quickly fled. Every one admired the fidelity of the dog; and when the woodman offered to carry him meat and drink every day, that he might not perish, the magistrate proposed taking up a collection to remunerate the man, who was poor, and the father of a large family.—With difficulty was he induced to accept the money; but he finally did, and from that moment burdened himself with the care of his new pensioner.

The details of this horrible event were published in the principle journals of the country. M. Meyer, a brother of the butcher, reading some time afterwards the advertisement of the magistrate, hastened instantly to his presence, saying he had fears, which he believed now were only too well founded, that his brother had fallen into the hands of robbers; as he had left home with a large sum in gold for the purchase of beeves, and had not since been heard from. His suspicions were only too sadly confirmed, when the magistrate related to him the singular conduct of a dog which he described. M. Meyer, accompanied by the officer and several others, repaired to the grave. As soon as the dog perceived his master's brother, he howled, lapped his hands, and evinced numerous other demonstrations of grief and joy.—By different parts of his dress, M. Meyer recognized the body of his brother when they disinterred it. The absence of the gold and the watch, the wounds of the two other bodies, together with the disappearance of the horse, convinced the magistrate and the witnesses that the deceased had not only been assailed by the two, but also by one or several others, who had fled with the horse and the plunder.

Having obtained permission, M. Meyer removed his brother's corpse to his native village, and interred it in the adjoining cemetery. The faithful dog followed the body, but by degrees he became attached to his new master.

Every effort was made by the most diligent search, and the offer of immense rewards, to discover the culprits. But in vain; the horrible tragedy remained an enigma.

Two years had passed away, and all hope of solving the mystery vanished, when M. Meyer received a letter urging him to repair without delay to Liepzig to close the eyes of his maternal uncle, who desired to see him before he died. He immediately hastened thither accompanied by his brother's dog, who was his companion at all times. He arrived too late. His relative had deceased the previous evening, bequeathing him a large fortune. He found the city crowded, it being the season of a great fair held regularly there twice a year.

While walking one morning on the public square, attended as usual by his dog, he was astonished to behold the animal suddenly rush forward like a flash. He dashed through the crowd and leaped furiously upon an elegantly dressed young man who was seated in the center of the square, upon an elevated platform erected for the use of those spectators who desired more conveniently to witness the popular show. He held him by the throat with so firm a grasp, that he would soon have strangled him, had not aid been instantly rendered. They immediately chained the dog, and thinking of course he must be mad, strove to kill him. But M. Meyer, rushing through the crowd, arrived in time to rescue his faithful friend, calling eagerly in the mean time upon the bystanders to arrest that man, for he believed his dog had recognized in him the murderer of his brother.

Before he had time to explain himself, the young man, profiting by the tumult, escaped. For some moments they thought Meyer himself was *mad*; and he had great difficulty in persuading those who had bound the dog that the faithful creature was not in the least dangerous, and begged earnestly of them to release him that he might pursue the assassin. He spoke in so convincing a manner, that his bearers finally fell persuaded of the truth of his assertions, and restored the dog his freedom, who joyously bounded to his master, leaped about him a few times, and then hastened away.

He divided the crowd and was soon upon the enemy's track. The police, which on these occasions are very active and prompt, were immediately informed of the extraordinary event, and a number of officers were soon in pursuit. The dog became in a few moments an object of public curiosity, and every one drew back to allow him room. Business was suspended, and the crowd collected in groups, conversing of nought but the dog and the murder, which had been committed two years before.

After an half hour's expectation, a general rush indicated that the search was over. The man had stretched himself upon the ground, under the heavy folds of a double tent, and believed himself hidden. But in spite of his fancied security, the avenger had tracked him, and leaping upon him he bit him, tore his garments, and would have killed him upon the spot, had not the assistants rushed to his rescue.

He was immediately arrested, and led with M. Meyer and the dog, then carefully bound, before the judge, who hardly knew what to think of so extraordinary an affair. Meyer related all that had happened two years before, and insisted upon the imprisonment of the man, declaring that he was the murderer of his brother, for his dog could not be deceived.

During all this time it was found almost impossible to hold the animal, who seemed determined to attack the prisoner. Upon interrogating the latter, the judge was not satisfied with his replies, and ordered him to be searched. There was found upon him a large sum in gold, some jewels, and five watches, four of them gold and very valuable, while the fifth was an old silver one, of but little consequence. As soon as Meyer saw the last, he declared it to be the same his brother wore the day he left home, and the description of his watch, published months previous, corroborated his assertions. The robber had never dared to expose it, for fear that it would lead to his detection, as he was well aware it had been described very minutely in all the principal journals of Germany.

In short, after most minute and convictive legal proceedings of eight months, the murderer was condemned to be broken alive, and his corpse to remain chained upon the wheel as an example to others. On the night preceeding his execution, he confessed, among other crimes, what till then he always denied, that he was the murderer of Meyer's brother. He gave them all the details above related, and declared that he always believed the cursed dog died of his wounds. "Had it not been for him," he repeated several times, "I should never have been here. Nothing else could have discovered me, for I had killed the horse and buried him with all that he wore."

He expired upon the wheel, and this was the corpse which I beheld before entering the city of Leipzig.

A Desperate Fight.

The annals of naval warfare do not furnish the recital of a more gallant action than that fought at Fayal, Western Islands, in 1814, between a British squadron on the one side, and on the other the little private armed American brig, General Armstrong, of seven guns and ninety men, commanded by Captain Samuel C. Reid, out of the port of New York.

The terrible engagement of Paul Jones with the British cruiser, is scarcely a parallel to it, and few naval battles, even by large fleets establish so great a slaughter. A British resident of Fayal, who was witness to the action, in a letter to the celebrated Cobbet, under date of October 15, 1814, thus described the bold defence and noble conduct of the daring American privateersman.

The American privateer brig, General Armstrong, of New York, Capt. Samuel C. Reid, of seven guns and ninety men, entered here on the 25th ultimo, about noon, seventeen days from that place, for the purpose of obtaining water. The captain, seeing nothing on the horizon, was induced to anchor. Before the lapse of many hours, his majesty's brig Carnation came in and anchored near her.

About 6, his majesty's ship Plantagenet, of seventy-four guns, and the Rota frigate came in and anchored also. The captain of the privateer and his friends consulted the first authorities here about her security. They all considered her perfectly secure, and that his majesty's officers were too well aware of the respect due a neutral port to molest her. But to the great surprise of every one, about nine in the evening, four boats were dispatched armed and manned, from his majesty's ships, for the purpose of cutting her out.

It being about the full of the moon, the night perfectly clear and calm, we could see every movement made. The boats approached with rapidity towards her, when it appears the privateer hailed them and told them several times to keep off. They, notwithstanding, pushed on, and were in the act of boarding, before any defence was made from the privateer. A warm contest ensued on both sides. The boats were finally dispersed with great loss.

The American now calculating on a superior force being sent, cut his cables and rowed the privateer close in alongside of the fort, within half a cable's length where he moored her head and stern, with four lines.

The governor now sent a remonstrance to Capt. Lloyd, of the Plantagenet, against such proceedings, and trusted that the privateer would not be further molested; she being in the dominions of Portugal, and under the guns of the castle, was entitled to Portuguese protection.

Captain Lloyd's answer was, that he was determined to destroy the vessel, at the expense of all Fayal, and should any protection be given her by the fort, he would not leave a house standing in the village. All the inhabitants were gathered about the walls expecting a renewal of the attack. At about midnight fourteen launches were discovered to be coming in rotation, for the purpose.

When they got within clear gun-shot a tremendous and effectual discharge was made from the privateer, which threw the boats into confusion. They now returned a spirited fire; but the privateer kept up so continual a discharge that it was hardly possible for the boats to make any progress. They finally succeeded after immense loss, in getting along side of her, and attempted to board at every quarter, cheered by the officers with a shout of no quarter! which we could distinctly hear, as well as their shrieks and cries. The termination was near about a total massacre.

Three of the boats were sunk, and but one poor solitary officer escaped death, in a boat that contained fifty souls, and he was badly wounded. The Americans fought with great firmness; some of the boats were left without a singe man to row them, others with three or four; the most that any boat returned with was about ten; several boats floated on shore full of dead bodies.

With great reluctance I state that they were manned by picked men, and commanded by the first, second, third and fourth lieutenants of the brig; together with a great number of midshipmen. Our whole force exceeding four hundred men; but three officers escaped, two of whom were wounded. This bloody and unfortunate contest lasted forty minutes.

After the boats gave out, nothing more was attempted till daylight next morning, when the Carnation hauled along-side, and engaged her. The privateer still continued to make a most gallant defence. These veterans reminded me of Lawrence's dying words on the Chesapeake, "Don't give up the ship." The Carnation lost one of her topmasts and her yards were shot away; she was much cut up in the rigging, and received several shots in her hull. This obliged her to haul off to repair, and to cease firing.

The Americans now finding their principal gun,—long tom—and several others, dismounted, deemed it folly to think of saving her against so superior force, they therefore cut away her masts to the deck, blew a hole through her bottom, took out her small arms, clothing, etc., and went on shore. I discovered only two shot holes in the hull of the privateer, though much cut up in her rigging.

Two boats' crews were afterwards despatched from our vessels which went on board, took out some provisions, and set her on fire.

For three days after we were employed in burying the dead that washed ashore in the surf.

The number of British killed exceeds 130 and 90 wounded. The enemy—the Americans—to the surprise of mankind, had only two killed, and seven wounded. We may well say, "God save us from our enemies," if this is the way the Americans fight.

After burning the privateer, Captain Lloyd made a demand upon the governor to deliver up the Americans as prisoners, which was refused. He threatened to send 500 men on shore and take them by force. The captain, however, thought better than to send his men. He then demanded two men which he said deserted from his vessel.

Many houses received much injury on shore, from the guns of the Carnation. A woman sitting in the fourth story of her house had her thigh shot off, and a boy had his arm broken. The American Consul here has made a demand on the Portuguese government for $100,000 for the privateer, which our Consul thinks will be paid, and that they will claim on England.—Mr. Parkin, Mr. Edward Bayley, and other gentlemen disapprove of the outrage and depredation committed by our vessels on this occasion. The vessel—a ship of war—that was despatched to England with the wounded, was not permitted to take a single letter from any person. Being an eye witness of this transaction, I have given you a correct statement as it occurred.

The Uncleanness of the Wine Press.

The wine-press, of *cuvier de pressoir*, consists, in the majority of cases, of a massive shallow tub, varying in size from four square feet to as many square yards. It is placed either upon trestles or on a regularly built platform of mason-work under the huge rafters of a substantial out house. Close to it stand a range of great butts, their number more or less according to the size of the vineyard.—The grapes are flung by tub and caskfuls into the cuvier. The treaders stamp diligently amid the masses, and the expressed juice pours plentifully out of a hole level with the bottom of the trough into a seive of iron or wicker work which stops the passage of the skins, and from thence drains into tubs below. Suppose, at the moment of our arrival, the cuvier for a brief space empty. The treaders—big, perspiring men, in shirts and tucked-up trowsers—spattering to the eyes with splashes of purple juice, lean upon their wooden spades and wipe their forehead. But their respite is short. The creak of another cart-load of tubs is heard and immediately the wagon is backed up to the broad open window, or rather hole in the wall, above the trough. A minute suffices to wrench out tub after tub, and to tilt their already half-mashed clusters splash into the reeking *pressoir*. Then to work again. Jumping with a sort of spiteful eagerness into the mountain of yielding, quivering fruit, the treaders sink almost to the knees, stamping and jumping and rioting in the masses of grapes, as fountains of juice spurt about their feet, and rush bubbling and gurgling away. Presently having as it were, drawn the first sweet blood of the new cargo, the eager tramping subsides into a sort of quiet, measured dance, which the treaders continue, while with their wooden spades, they turn the pulpy remnants of the fruit hither and thither, so as to expose the half-squeezed berries in every possible way to the muscular action of the incessantly moving feet.

The process of wine-making is universal in France, with the exception of the cases of the sparkling wines of the Rhone and Champagne, the grapes for which are squeezed by mechanical means, not by the human foot. Now, very venerable and decidedly picturesque as is the process of wine-treading, it is unquestionably rather a filthy one; and the spectacle of great brown horny feet, not a whit too clean, splashing and sprawling in the bubbling juice, conveys at first sight a qualmy species of feeling which, however, seems only to be entertained by those to whom the sight is new. I looked dreadfully askance at the operation when I first came across it; and when I was invited—by a lady, too—to taste the juice, of which she caught up a glassful, a certain feeling of the inward man warred terribly against politeness. But nobody around seemed to be in the least squeamish. Often and often did I see one of the heroes of the tub walk quietly over a dung hill, and then jump—barefooted of course, as he was—into the juice; and even a vigilant proprietor, who was particularly careful that no bad grapes went into the tub, made no objection. When I asked why a press was not used, as more handy, cleaner, and more convenient, I was everywhere assured that all efforts had failed to construct a wine press capable of performing the work with the perfection attained by the action of the human foot. No mechanical squeezing, I was informed, would so nicely express that peculiar proportion of the whole moisture of the grape which forms the highest flavored wine. The manner in which the fruit was tossed about was pointed out to me, and I was asked to observe that the grapes were, as it were, squeezed in every possible fashion and from every possible side, worked and churned and mashed hither and thither by ever-moving toes and muscles of the foot. As far as any impurity went the argument was, that the fermentation flung, as scum to the surface, every atom of foreign matter held in suspension in the wine, and that the liquid ultimately obtained was as exquisitly pure as if human flesh had never touched it.

China.

The passage annexed from Dr. Guzlaff's book, throws a new light upon Chinese affairs:

"Foreigners who know nothing about the internal state of the country, are apt to imagine that there reigns lasting peace. Nothing is however more erroneous: insurrections of villages, cities and districts, are of frequent occurrence. The refractory spirit of the people, the oppression and embezzlement of the mandarins, and other causes, such as dearth and demagogues, frequently cause an unexpected revolt. In these cases, the destruction of property and hostility against the rulers of the land (especially if these have been tyrants) is often carried to great excess: there are instances of the infuriated mob broiling their magistrates over a slow fire. On the other hand the cruelty of the government, when victorious, knows no bounds; the treatment of political prisoners is really so shocking as to be incredible, if one had not been an eye-witness of these inhuman deeds."

One of the most common evils in China is starvation. The population is very dense; the means of subsistence are, in ordinary times, frequently not above the demand; and it is, therefore, nothing extraordinary to witness, on the least failure of the crop, utter wretchedness and misery. To provide for all the hungry mouths is impossible; and the cruel policy of the mandarins carries their indifference so far as to affirm that hunger is requisite to thin the dense masses of the people. Whenever such a judgement has come upon the land, and the people are in want of the necessaries of life, dreadful disorders soon arise, and the most powerful government would not be able to put down the rising and robberies which are committed on the strength of the prevailing misery. There seems to be a total change in the peaceful nature of the inhabitants, and many a patient laborer turns fiercely upon his rich neighbor, like a wolf or a tiger, to devour his substance. No one can have an idea of the anarchy which, on such occasions, ensues, and the utter demoralization of the people. Yet as soon as relief is afforded, and a rich harvest promises fair, the spirit of order again prevails, and outrages are put a stop to. The people then combine, arm themselves, and proceed in thousands to catch marauders like wild beasts. No mercy is shown on such occasions, and the mandarins, on account of their weakness cannot interfere.—Scenes of this description very often occurred, without giving rise to severe reflection on the character of Taou-kwang's administration."

A Tall Jump.

"Hallo, Charley!" shouted Ned as he burst into my room, in the attic of a $2,50 boarding house in the Bowery, one day, about an hour before the bell was expected to ring for dinner.

"Well, Ned, what's the row?"

"Nothin'. How much money have you got?"

"Only about fifty. Why?"

"Nothin'. Lend it to me, Charley."

"Thunder! I lent you thirty last night."

"I know it—I've got thirteen of it yet."

"I tell you what it is, Ned, I've only got this fifty, and if you get on to one of your benders, and spend it I shall be hard up here till——" What in the name of stewed catharpen legs are you talking about? Give me the pictures and you shall have half. Come fist over and come along."

I gave Ned my wallet and followed him down into the street. "Which way Ned! Where are you bound?" But he was off down towards Chatham Square like a locomotive on a trial, I followed in his wake about two rods astern.

On he went through Chatham-street, along Park Row down Broadway, till he came opposite Trinity Church, when he stopped, and after gazing up at the tall steeple for about five minutes, he deliberately pulled off his coat, and handed it to me to hold for him. Next off came his hat and vest. I thought he was crazy. He pulled off his boots, and a crowd began to gather about us. Ned took out his watch, and handed it to me.

The rush to the spot was such that in three minutes Broadway was blocked up.

"What's all this? What's going on?" inquired a dozen eager voices.

"Gentlemen," said Ned, "you see that open place up there in that steeple—right there where the bell hangs?"

"Yes! yes!" screamed fifty of the crowd, in answer to the question.

"Well, gentlemen, I'm going to *jump up there!*"

"You can't do it," instantly came from twenty of the bystanders.

"I'll bet he can," said an old gentleman behind Ned, whom half the crowd knew as one of the richest merchants in Pearl street.

Ned looked over his shoulder in astonishment. The old merchant smiled and nodded his head.

"Good!" shouted Ned; "I've got one backer. I thought I'd have to go my small pile along, and he pulled out his wallet.

"I'll bet two to one you can't jump up there," said a man coming close up to Ned, with a fist full of bills.

"Three to one!" chirped another.

"Four to one!" shouted a third.

"Five!"

"Six!"

"Seven!"—and fifty sporting men crowded around Ned.

"I'll tell you what it is gentlemen," said Ned, quietly, "I haven't got much money but I'll go in as long as it lasts; so just choose your stake holders, and let's be at it!"

That matter was soon arranged, and the betting went on, from two, to seven to one, till Ned's wallet and mine were drained.

"Thunder!" yelled Ned, "I wish I had a thousand. Here Charley give me my watch—I'll put that in—give me my hat!—coat!—vest! I'll bet"——"Hold on!" said the old merchant, "Here's two thousand dollars: put it up. If you win, we'll divide."

The two thousand was put up and covered, and the crowd began to be impatient to see the jump.

"Gentlemen," said Ned, very gravely, "I have never been up in that steeple, and you know I might get slap onto some confounded iron thing that would hurt me. Now I should like it if a half dozen of you would be kind enough to go up with me before I jump, so that I can see where I'm going to light."

"That's fair," shouted the crowd; and off went Ned with a committee of eight, over across, and up into the steeple. The crowd was watching the open space by the bell, and in about three minutes after the party entered the church, Ned's cocoanut was seen bobbing up and down in the belfry like a lady jack. It was evident to all *that he jumped up there!*

"Sold, by thunder!" said the two to one man and sloped.

"Taken in and done for!" exclaimed sporting gentleman number two.

"Give it up!" yelled four to one and cut stick.

"Fairly won!" sung out every body in chorus; and as Ned made his appearance in the street the crowd gave him three cheers, and dispersed.

The stake holders handed over the money to Ned, and we adjourned with the old merchant to his store, where he made a fair division of the winnings all round, after which the old fox told us that he had an idea in his head once of trying that very game.—*Boston Carpet Bag.*

Who are your Aristocrats.

Twenty years ago this one made candles, that one sold cheese and butter, another butchered, a fourth carried on a distillery, another was a contractor on canals, and others were merchants and mechanics. They are acquainted with both ends of society, as their children will be after them—though it will not do to say so out aloud! For often you shall find that those toiling worms hatch butterflies—and they live about a year. Death brings division of property, and it brings new financiers; the old gentleman is discharged, the young gentleman takes his revenues, and begins to travel—towards poverty, which he reaches before death—or his children do if he does not. So that, in fact, though there is a sort of monied rank it is not hereditary; it is accessible to all: three good seasons of cotton will send a generation of men up—a score of years will bring them all down, and send their children to labor. The father grubs, and grows rich—his children strut, and use the money. Their children in turn, inherit the pride, and go to shiftless poverty; next their children, reinvigorated by fresh plebeian blood and by the smell of the clod come up again.

This society, like a tree, draws its sap from the earth, changes it into leaves and blossoms, spread them abroad in great glory, sheds them off to fall back to the earth again to mingle with the soil, and at length to reappear in new trees and fresh garniture.—*Hunt's Magazine.*

☞Has that cookery book any pictures?" said Miss ——, to a bookseller.

"No madam, none," was the answer.

"Why," exclaimed the witty and beautiful lady, "What is the use of telling us how to make a good dinner, if they give us *no plates?*"

Not Near but Expensive.—Mrs. Harris says the first time she read the story of the Murdered Corwainer, she crawled all over like an old cheese in August.

New Counterfeit Detector.—A gentleman in this city has just invented a machine for telling the difference between artificial cheeks and real ones.

Decencies of Life.

There are some persons in the world, says the Cincinnati *Nonpareil*, who in order to screen themselves from the charge of extravagance and folly, try to do it under the plea of decency. These persons will commit many acts, which if they had true ideas of decency, they would hesitate to perpetrate. We think the following are a few of the many practices that come under the cognomen of not being *decent*:

It is not decent for a person to make a show above his or her means.

It is not decent for a person to run in debt when he does not intend to pay.

It is not decent for persons to be always talking ill of their neighbors.

It is not decent to ascribe improper motives to every one we come in contact with.

It is not decent for one to appropriate others pecuniary means for their own gratification.

It is not decent for young people to show no respect to the aged.

It is not decent to be praising yourself always.

It is not decent for young people to keep themselves for a show.

It is not decent in persons going to places of amusement to incommode others in different places.

It is not decent to spend your money in foolishness, when you have debts that ought to be paid.

It is not decent to starve your family by spending your money for liquor.

It is not decent to be sending clothes for the young negroes of Africa when you have so many nearer home.

It is not decent to say one thing and mean some other.

It is not decent to cheat your neighbor because you have more knowledge than he.

Doubtful Theology.—A friend, whom we shall call Pat, "for short," says the Cleveland *Herald*, tells a good one upon himself.—"When but an idle boy," he was called upon one day in a country school, and the question suddenly propounded to him by the pedagogue: "Patrick, how many gods are there?" Pat was not a distinguished theologian then, and years have made him "no better very fast" in such matters—but he promptly responded, "three, sir." "Take your seat," thundered the master, "and if in five minutes you don't answer correctly, I'll welt you." The probationary period passed, and Pat taking the floor, hesitatingly stated the number of gods at, "a five, si-r." He received the promised "welting" and a remand to his seat for ten minutes further consideration. Ten minutes up, and Pat was up too, and satisfied that he hadn't fixed the number sufficiently high before, he shouted "there's ten, sir!" He saw the ferule descending, bolting out of the door, cleared a five rail fence, and broke like a quarter-horse across the fields. Panting with exertion, met a lad with a book under his arm, and with the look of one who desired the "pursuit of knowledge under difficulties," "Where are you going?" said Pat. "To school yonder," was the reply. "You are, are you," said Pat, quickly, "how many gods are there?" "Two," answered the boy. "Well, you'd better go down there! You'll have a good time with your two gods—I just left there with ten, and that wan't enough to save me from the darn'dest licking you ever heard of."

☞An old farmer from one of the rural districts—we may be allowed to say from one of the very rural districts—recently came to town to see the sights, leaving his better half at home with the cattle and poultry. Among various little keepsakes which he brought back to his wife, on his return to his Penates was his own daguerreotype. "Oh! these men, these men! what creiturs they are!" exclaimed the old lady, on receiving it; "just to think that he should fetch a picture of himself all the way from York, and be so selfish as not to fetch one of me at the same time!"—*Harper's Magazine.*

In Nothing is the irregularity of our orthography shown more than in the pronunciation of proper names. The English noble names of Beauchamp, Beauvoir, and Cholmondeley, are pronounced respectively, Beecham, Beaver, and Chumley.

One of the "Anglo Saxon" reformers, meeting Lord Cholmondeley one day coming out of his own house, and not being acquainted with his Lordship's person, asked him if Lord Chol-mon-de-ley (pronouncing each syllable distinctly) was at home? "No," replied the Peer without hesitation, "nor any of his pe-o-ple."

An old lady, remarkable for her confused ideas of the meaning of words, thus described a clear summer evening: "It was a beautiful bright night—the moon made everything as *light as a cork!*"

☞Charles Dickens, in a late number of his "Household Words," after enumerating the striking facts of the cotton trade, says:—

"Let any great social or physical convulsion visit the United States, and England would feel the shock from Land's End to John O'Groats. The lives of nearly two millions of our countrymen are dependent upon the cotton crops of America; their destiny may be said without any sort of hyperbole to hang upon a thread. Should any dire calamity befal the land of cotton, a thousand of our merchant ships would rot idly in the dock; ten thousand mills must stop their busy looms; two million of mouths would starve for lack of food to feed them."

☞Trust him little who praises all, him less who censures all, and him least who is indifferent about all.

☞The terror of being thought poor has been the ruin of thousands.