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**The Fashionable Ladies Prayer.**  
"Give us this day our daily bread,"  
And pies and cakes besides.  
To load the stomach, pain the head,  
And choke the vital decays,  
And if too soon a friend deceas,  
Or dies in agony—  
We'll talk of "God's mysterious ways,"  
And lay it all to thee.  
Give us, to please a morbid taste,  
In spite of pain and death,  
Consumption-strings around the waist,  
Almost to stop the breath;  
Then if deformity attends  
Our stunted progeny,  
In visitation for our sins,  
We'll lay it all to thee.  
Give us good houses, large and tall,  
To look the cabins down—  
And servants dodging at our call,  
And shaking at our frown;  
The poor, however worthy they;  
We'll treat quite scornfully—  
Then six pence pay, communion day,  
And settle up with thee.  
We do disdain to toil and sweat,  
Like girls of vulgar blood!  
Of labor give us not a bit,  
For physic nor for food,  
And if for want of exercise,  
We lack the stamina  
Of those we trample and dispise—  
We'll lay it all to thee.  
If any curse we have forgot,  
That on a votary  
Fashion lets fall, withhold it not,  
But send it grievously;  
And if too hard the mill-stone light  
For frail humanity,  
We'll never blame ourselves a mite,  
But lay it all to thee

**Curious History of the Trade in Pegged Boots and Shoes:**  
In the August number of 'the Plough, the Loom, and the Anvil,' we find the following interesting history of the trade in pegged boots and shoes, and in connexion with agriculture:  
'Some days since, in a store in New York, chance threw in our way a little printed report, by J. R. Pitkin, 68 Broadway, David Stevens and John H. Cornhill, 'commissioners of the American Union Company,' formed for what, does the reader suppose? Why, for manufacturing 'staple or pegged boots and shoes! Well, the curious facts disclosed in this report are, among others, that in December of last year, Joseph Walker of Hopkinton, Massachusetts, who made the first pair of pegged shoes ever seen in this or any other country,' was still alive; and that he had gone on, making his pegged shoes and boots for more than ten years, without competition; after which, while he was (as we hope he is) still living, the trade in the article had increased in his State to the amount of \$18,000,000 annually, giving, as stated in the report, 'a constant, honorable, and profitable employment to 60,000 inhabitants,' of Massachusetts! And yet say the commissioners, the demand for the manufacture exceeds the supply; which they urge, should now be met by the proposed Union manufactory in the city of New York, with branches in the surrounding country.'

**The Way of the World.**  
Why is it that such a strange disposition exists in human nature to neglect the needy, and help those who need no help? Every body knows there is such a crookedness or perversity in human beings, inclining them to pursue just the contrary course from that which charity, or even wisdom, would seem to dictate. The destruction of the poor is their poverty; and this poverty, whether of brains or earthly pelf, is always tending to aggravate and exaggerate itself. As in agriculture, the dampness of the hill side attracts the clouds to come and discharge themselves on that hill, so that what was too wet before is made wetter still, while land which has been thoroughly drained, is less likely to be visited by such rains, so, in the affairs of life generally, the natural course of things is always against the needy man, and favorable to him who does not want. "To him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath."

Who are the recipients of the munificent presents from their fellow men—the poor, who are half-starving for want of bread? No—it is the rich, who already roll in luxuries, and can buy anything which may gratify their whim or fancy. To what colleges, hospitals, &c., do testators leave vast legacies? Is it to those that are struggling with debt and embarrassment, and which can hardly keep their heads above water? No—it is those which are already endowed, and which have received many such magnificent gifts before. There seems, indeed, to be something in a big heap of wealth which is always attracting the little heaps towards it. But because men or institutions want help, they do not get it. For the very reason that they need a push, they are left to struggle on of themselves. Because they have been treated cruelly by fortune, they get "the cold shoulder" from men also.

Go into the school-house, and you will see the same law exemplified. Upon what class of pupils does the pedagogue bestow the most care and pains-taking—upon the dull and thick-headed, who most need his assistance? No, certainly: he bestows his time and attention chiefly upon the "bright" and clever boys—the inherently active, who would get on quite well by their own unaided energies—and leaves the talent-lacking and lagard to drop down to the bottom of the class, to which Nature had pre-destined them. It is easy to declaim against this as a wrong state of things—contrary to common sense—and all that; but such is the way of the world; and, as another has remarked, it would be too much to expect of mortal pedagogue, that he would give up the feeding of those who take their meat kindly, and appear to thrive upon it, and devote himself to a struggle with the intellectual languor of the dunces.

In all departments of business, the same principle holds good. When the neophyte most needs credit, he finds it hardest to get it, and has to pay an enormous rate of interest to the "blood-sucking private discounteer," but once above the necessity of asking credit, and all the world rushes forward to trust him with goods or money. The hardest task is to make the first accumulations; after that, all goes smoothly enough.

Who are the lawyers and physicians that are the favorites with the public? Not, certainly, the hundreds that are almost starving for want of a client or patient—who have plenty of time upon their hands, and can give a thorough examination to any particular case. It is the worst possible disqualification of the young practitioner, that he needs business—that he has time to execute whatever he undertakes. Were he highly skillful and experienced, it is felt, he would have no time—for people would to him for advice and assistance. It is, therefore, to the man who is already overwhelmed with business—who is known to be incessantly occupied, and can grant hardly an hour's consideration to the gravest matters—that all the world runs for counsel. A few moments of his precious time are felt to be worth more than weeks or months of an obscure person's who has no business, and consequently no experience. Thus things go on continually in a vicious circle with the briefless lawyer and the physician destitute of patients, and the young merchant and mechanic. Because they want business, they do not get it; yes, they do not get it; and it is only by some unexpected "hook or crook" of good luck that they succeed, if ever, in rising above the state of non-employment and obscurity to which they seem doomed.

There is something wrong about this state of things: but thus it will doubtless remain, so long as selfish principles are more dominant in the world than philanthropic, or that common article, "human nature," forms the principal ingredient in the moral constitution of man.—Yankee Blade

A spruce young buck was boasting of his success with the fair sex, and among other things, declared that he might have sparked it with a lady whom he named.

"Why then," said his friend, "did you neglect such a golden opportunity?"  
"Because," answered he, "she begged to be excused, and I was such a duced fool that I excused her!"

"Wife I am shortly to leave you—the Doctor tells me that I can live but a few hours at the most; I will soon be in heaven."

"What!—you soon be in heaven!—you!—you!—you! never be no nearer heaven than you are now you old brute!"

"Dolphus—Dolphus!" hoarsely growled the old man. Dolphus, bring my cane, and let me larrup the old trollop once more before I die."

**Facts About Digestion.**  
The gastric juice is essential to digestion. It is caused to flow into the stomach as soon as any substance is introduced into the stomach, whether it be a peace of leather or a peace of beefsteak; this juice contains an acid and the more indigestible any article of food is, the greater amount of sourness does the gastric juice contain, hence when persons eat something that does not agree with them, that is, not easily digested, they say it soured on the stomach, or complain of heart burn. The use to make of this, whatever article of food is followed by sour stomach or heart-burn, that article is hard of digestion to that stomach, and ought to be avoided altogether, at least it should be taken in diminished quantity. But do not forget that different stomachs bear different things: and what disagrees with you to-day, may agree very well next week or next month, and the stomach must be humored, however, fickle it may seem.

Sometimes, however, shall I not say nearly always, people eat so much that there is not gastric juice, or acid enough to digest the food, then it ferments, produces belching, cholicky pain, sick stomach and the like, therefore, common vinegar, which has more of the properties of the gastric juice than any other known substance, is often used to very great advantage, especially by persons who have weak stomachs, to aid the stomach in digestion. Hence vinegar is plentifully used with cabbage, raw or boiled, with cucumbers, etc. Hence it is, that catsups of various kinds are eaten, and sour crout almost digested by the vinegar it contains, before it is eaten. Hence too it is, that some cases of loose bowels are cured by eating plentifully of good ripe fruits uncooked, as they supply sourness to digest these undigested articles of food which give rise to diarrhoeas which are not of a bilious character. Hence too, a good ripe apple or two, a little sour, after a hearty breakfast or dinner, is advantageous rather than otherwise provided not much more than the juice is swallowed. The better plan by far, however, is not to eat so much as to require an apple to save us from the effects of our imprudence.  
[Dr. Hall on Throat and Lungs.]

**The Church and the Tavern.**  
By Laurie Todd.

In the year seventeen hundred and ninety-three, when Louis the Sixteenth was beheaded and the French revolution was in full blast, I was a thorough-going radical. With seventeen more of our club, I was marched, under a guard of the king's officers, and lodged in Edinburg jail. After a summary hearing, I got liberty to banish myself, and accordingly I took passage in the good ship Providence, and landed at New York in June, 1794. I was then in my twenty-second year. When the ship cast off from the wharf, in Scotland, and swung round with the breeze, my father stood upon the shore. He waved a last adieu, and exclaimed, "Remember the Sabbath day." I arrived at New York on a Saturday, and the next day being the Sabbath, at nine o'clock, A. M., three young men of our company called at my lodgings.

"Where are you going to-day?" they inquired.  
"To the church," I replied.  
"We have been ten weeks at sea; our health requires exercise. Let us walk out to-day, and go to church next Sabbath," they replied.  
"Said I, "you can go where you please, but I'll go to church; the last words I heard from my father were "Remember the Sabbath day;" and, had I no respect for the Fourth Commandment, I have not yet forgotten his last advice."

"They went to the fields; I went to the church; they spent forty or fifty cents in the tavern; I put a one penny bill in the plate, in the morning, afternoon and night service;—total three-pence. They continued going into the country, and in process of time the landlady's daughter and the landlady's niece would join their company. Then each couple hired a gig, at two dollars a day; wine, cake and ice cream on the road, fifty cents each; dine at Jamaica one dollar each. They got home at eight o'clock, P. M., half drunk, and, having been caught in a thunder shower, their coats, hats, and mantles, were damaged fifty per cent. They rose next morning at nine o'clock, A. M., with sore heads, sore hearts, muddy boots, and an angry conscience, besides twelve dollars lighter than when they started. I went to church, rose at five o'clock, A. M., head sound, heart light, bones refreshed, conscience quiet, and commenced the labors of the week in peace and plenty. They were all mechanics some of them could earn twelve dollars a week. My business, that of a wrought nail-maker, was poor; the cut nail machines had just got into operation, which cut down my wages to a shaving.—With close application, I could only earn five dollars and fifty cents per week. Never mind, at the end of the year, my Sabbath-riding-ship-mates, had fine coats, fine hats, powdered heads, and ruffled shirts; but I had one hundred hard dollars piled in the corner of my chest. Having lived fast, they died early. Nearly forty winters are past, and forty summers ended, since the last was laid in the Pottery, or some other field; while I received from my maker a good constitution, (and common sense to take care of it, I'm as sound in mind, body and spirit, as I was on this day fifty-six years ago, when first I set my foot on shore at Governor's wharf, New York. Besides, it's a fact, (for which my family can vouch.) I have been only one day confined to the house by sickness during all that period.

Now Mr. Printer, I dare say you think with me, that the church on the Sabbath is better than the tavern and fields for the laboring man.

**The Whale's Strength.**  
The most dreadful display of the Whale's strength and prowess yet authentically recorded, was that made on the American Whale ship Essex, Captain Pollard, which sailed from Nantucket for the Pacific Ocean, in August 1849. Late in the fall of the same year, when in latitude forty of the South Pacific, a school of sperm Whales were discovered, and three boats were manned and sent in pursuit. The mate's boat was struck by one of them, and he was obliged to return to the ship in order to repair the damage.

While he was engaged in that work a sperm Whale, judged to be eighty-three feet long broke water twenty rods from the ship on her weather bow. He was going at the rate of about three knots an hour, and the ship at nearly the same rate, when he struck the bow of the vessel just forward of her chains.  
At the shock produced by the collision of two such mighty masses of matter in motion, the ship shook like a leaf. The seemingly malicious Whale dived and passed under the ship, grazing her keel, and then appeared at about the distance of a ship's length, lashing the sea with fins and tail, as if suffering the most horrible agony. He was evidently hurt by the collision, and blindly frantic with instinctive rage.

In a few minutes he seemed to recover himself, and started with great speed across the vessel's course to the windward. Meanwhile the hands on deck discovered the ship to be gradually settling down at the bows, and the pumps were to be rigged. While the crew working at them, one of the men cried out "God have mercy! he comes again!"  
The whale had turned at about forty rods from the ship, and was making for her with double its former speed, his pathway white with foam. Rushing ahead, he struck her again at the bow, and the tremendous blow stove her in. The whale dived under again and disappeared, and the ship foundered in five minutes from the first collision. But five souls out of the twenty were saved.

**Quaker Meeting.**  
Paddy, attending a "Broad-Brim" Convention for the first time, was much astonished and puzzled withal at the manner of worship. Having been told that the better "brethren spake even as they were moved by the Spirit," he watched their proceedings with increased disgust for their "haythen way of worship," till one young Quaker rose and commenced solemnly:

"Brethren, I have married!"  
"The devil ye hev!" interrupted Pat—Quaker sat down in confusion, but the spirit moved Pat no further, the young man mustered courage and broke ground again:—  
"Brethren I have married a daughter of the Lord!"  
"The devil ye have that!" said Pat, "but it'll be a long, long while before iver ye'll see your father-in-law."

**Quick Wit.**  
One of the readiest replies we ever heard was made by an Irish laborer.  
A gentleman travelling on horseback "down east," came upon an Irishman who was fencing in a most barren and desolate piece of land.  
"What are you fencing in that lot for, Pat?" said he. "A herd of cows would starve to death on that land."  
"An' sure yer honor, sir; wasn't I fencing it to kape the poor bastards out of it?"

**The Boy That was killed at Troy, (N. Y.) on the Fourth, by the explosion of the bass drum, is getting better. The coroner "eat on him" till he was glad to come to.**

**Quip Says that a married woman without children is inconceivably behind the times.**

One of the best and soundest lawyers that ever sat on the bench of Massachusetts, was Judge P. He was always distinguished for the urbanity of his manners, and the benevolence of his spirit; and the story I have now to relate, illustrates, quite forcibly, this characteristic.

Judge P. was raised in Barnstable, and at the time we refer to, assisted his mother as much as possible, in keeping a country inn, a mode of subsistence to which she was driven by the death of her husband.

One evening, a way-worn traveller armed with a bundle suspended from a cane, entered the inn and asked for something to eat. His dress was not calculated to inspire the beholder without any vast ideas of wealth, but rather of one who lived by travelling on foot, and begging a night's lodging of benevolent inn-keepers. Mrs. P. cast a glance at the traveller, and seeing his shabby coat, formed a pretty accurate estimate of his ability to pay for whatever might be furnished him.

She left the room to examine the larder, and in a short time returned, and having set before him a well picked bone of beef, she left the room, at the same time saying to her son, John, it will be worth about twenty cents.

Our traveller attacked the beef, and after some time, having perfectly macerated it, he rose and asked John how much he was to pay.

"Well," said John, "mother thought it would be worth about twenty cents to pick a bone, and I think so, too; here's the money," and he generously presented the traveller with a pistareen.

The Olive Branch tells a capital story of a sarcastic old fellow, who being asked one day by Parson A. if he had any treasures laid up in Heaven, replied with a very doleful look, "Sartin, sartin, I guess they must be there if anywhere—I ain't got none laid up at home, sartin."