

"I SEE NO STAR ABOVE THE HORIZON, PROMISING LIGHT TO GUIDE US, BUT THE INTELLIGENT, PATRIOTIC, UNITED WHIG PARTY OF THE UNITED STATES."—[WEBSTER.

VOL. 19. NO. 28.

Gloves and Cigars.

Nicholas in his Own House.

The Irish Girl's Stratagem.
An amusing incident of Hibernian simplicity, is afforded in the following little story, told us by a friend, in whose words we give it:

Molly, our housemaid is a model one, who handles the broomstick like a sceptre, and who has an abhorrence for dirt and a sympathy for soapuds, that amounts to a passion. She is a bustling, rosy-checked, bright-eyed, blundering Hibernian, who hovers about our book-shelves, makes war upon our love papers, in the shape of undusted and unlighted corners.

have forgotten, Jan

"An' may it please yer honor, I'm a poor girl, an' hain't much larnin' an' ye see, please yer

honor, Paddy O'Reilly, an' the better than him doesn't brathe in old Ireland, has been writin' me a letter—a love letter, please yer honor; au'—an'—"

We guessed at the embarrassment, and offered to relieve it by reading it to her. Still she hesitated, while she twisted a bit of raw cotton in her fingers.

re, James," that I try to

want, but it isn't a gentleman like yerself that would be liken' to know of the secrets between us, an' so (here she twisted the cotton quite nervously) if it'll only please yer honor, while yer rading it, ye'll just put this bit of cotton in yer ears, an' stop hearin'; an' thin the secrets will be unbeknown to ye!" *Archie's face*

We hadn't the heart to refuse her; and with

is knew all this to be t
shamed of his cand

request, but often since we have laughed heartily as we related the incident.—*N. Y. Journal.*

Patent Leather Boots.

While standing in the office of one of our first class hotels the other day, we noticed a gentleman who came in with his baggage, enter his name on the book and secure a room.—As soon as he had written his name, the clerk looked at it with astonishment. He called all

We thought from the fuss that was being made over the name, that the man must be some celebrated person. The idea struck us that it might be Prince Albert, or some of England's noblemen; but as his features were truly American, we concluded it must be some

great man, whom we did not know, belonging to our own country. While thus contemplating the man and his position, the head clerk leaned forward, and called—Mr. Johnson, one moment if you please.

The gentleman stepped up to the desk.

Will you, continued the clerk, please explain one thing? We have all tried to decipher it, but cannot make it out.

What is it? asked the gentleman, with a quiet smile playing on his face.

Why, sir, at the end of your name, on the

"P. L. B.," said the gentleman, simply means *Potent Leather Boots*. The last time I was here I wore none other, but I was charged in my bill at leaving, two dollars for blacking boots, and as I had no time to dispute at leaving, I concluded this time to make you understand that I wore such boots as needed no

n twenty pounds."

The Wild Turkey.

We take the following from a work entitled "The Hive of the Bee-Hunter."

"I rather think," said a turkey hunter, "if you want to find a thing very cunning, you need not go to the fox or such varmints, but take a gobbler. I once hunted regular after the same one for three years, and never saw him twice.

"I knew the critter's 'yelp' as well as I knew Musie's, my old deer dog; and his track was as plain to me as the trail of a log hauled through a dusty road.

"I hunted the gobbler always in the same

"Now, the old rascal kept a great deal on a ridge, at the end of which, where it lost itself in a swamp, was a hollow cypress tree. Determined to out-wit him, I put on my shoes heels foremost, walked leisurely down the ridge, and got into the hollow tree, and gave a 'call,' and boys," said the speaker, exultingly, "it would have done you good to see that turkey coming towards me on a trot, looking at my tracks, and thinking I had gone the other way."

An Old Theory.
 "Being in Maine, a while ago," writes B., of Bridgeport, Conn., "I fell in with a singular customer. He is a lawyer of some eminence, and a confirmed bachelor. He showed me his boots (which he wears without stockings,) with holes cut through them just above the sole, so as to let the snow and water come freely about his feet, declaring that he had not a bad cold for fifteen years by reason of this practice. But the best thing about him was his religion, as he called it, which I regarded as very peculiar. He believed, he said, that the Earth is a huge animal, breathing every six hours, which

caused the ebb and flow of the tides; that the trees, shrubbery, &c., are hairs, and all animals including men, were merely vermin! He also believes in a kind of metempsychosis, and affirms that he can distinctly remember of having lived on the earth in nine different forms. In the last of these, prior to the present, he was in the form of a black sheep, which, wore a bell, and the dogs, getting after the flock, of which he was leading member, he lost the bell, and became lost since he was a man, and has

 A man is known by the company he keeps.