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Select Poetry

From the Independent Press.

The Fashionable Lady's Prayer.

BY H. J. HATCHER, ESQ.

"Give us this day our daily bread,"
And pies and cake besides,
To load the stomach, pain the head,
And choke the vital tides.

And if God send a friend decays?
Or disease assails a relative?
We'll talk of God's mysterious ways,
And feel full fill to live.

Give us a pleasant morbid taste,
In spite of pain and death,
Consumption's strings around the waist
Almost to stop the breath.

Our sisters! Poverty
Is a fashionable sin!
We'll pay it all on the
Instalment system!

We'll have it all on the
Give us good houses, large and tall,
To look the gaudy show,
And servants, dodging at our call,
And shinning as our foes.

The poor, however worthy they,
We'll treat quite scornfully,
Then sixpence pay, communion day,
And settle up with God.

We do disdain to toil and sweat,
Like girls of vulgar blood;
Or they give us not a bit
For physic nor for food;

And if for lack of exercise,
And lack of manners,
If those we trample and despise
We'll lay it all on chaps.

If any curse we have forgot,
Fashion let all—without it not
But send us previously!
Ah! to hand the milestone lies,
For foul humanity,
We'll give Satan our dues a mite;
But lay it all on the fellows!

Yes, give us coffee, wine and tea,
And hot things introduce;
The stomach's warm bath thrice a day,
To weaken and reduce.

And if blowing Nature's laws,
Dyspepsia we must be
We'll scorn to search for hunger cause,
But lay it all on thee!

A WORD TO STRAIGHT-OUT AMERICANS.

Many of you hug the delusion that you are attached to a very *National* Party, and that by refusing all contact with Republicanism, you thereby strengthen your party in the South. But the recent elections show the utter vanity of this hope. Your National Americanism is overwhelmingly defeated even in Kentucky. It is not half as strong in any Southern State as was the old Clay Whiggery. In half a dozen southern States—such as South Carolina, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, and Arkansas—*there is no organized American Party*—That party, for the present, grows weaker, as all recent elections show, even in the old Whig States, even in North Carolina, Tennessee and Kentucky.

Why is this? *Because slaveholders now make slave extension the paramount issue, and on this issue they won't trust the American Party.* You need not try to conciliate slavery. It is wedded to its degraded vassal and shame—Locofocoism—a bogus Democracy. The Brookes, Sandersons, and Hazlehurst cannot bid as high as the Biglers, Buchanans and Packers. Americans may abase themselves even so low in the dust before the slavery extensionists of the South may try to prove that they are ever so National; Americans may howl out abuse on Black Republicanism, but it won't do. The keen, suspicious, lynx-eyed, ever-watchful Slavery Propagandists, who now rule Southern politics and opinions, cannot forget that Americans generally oppose the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, that nine-tenths of the American masses in the North are free soil in sentiment; that the Americans of the North generally, except where venal traitors interfere, act in unison with the Republicans, that Americanism boasts such noble leaders as John Bell, Edward Bates, Samuel Houston, Theodore G. Hunt, Gen. Cullom, Kenneth Raynor, Vespasian Ellis, John M. Botts, and such like, who refuse to be the vassals of the Slave Propaganda, and boldly avow opposition to the policy of Slavery extension.—The Slave Propaganda have sense enough to see that Americanism in the South—the Americanism of Bates, Houston, Hunt, Botts, and Raynor, like the old Whiggery of Henry Clay—is essentially moderate and conservative, and therefore opposed to all Nebraska repeals of solemn compacts, to all Walker fillibusterism, to all Border Ruffian outrages, to all attempts at forcing the spread of Slavery. There is the reason why Americanism don't flourish in the South—It is considered there to be the natural ally of Republicanism. The plague spot of free soilism Americanism in the South cannot wash away.

The consequence is, that Americanism does not grow at the South. It is weaker than was the old Whig party. If Americanism is again and again badly whipped in such States as Tennessee, North Carolina and Kentucky, what can it at present expect from the South? For be it observed that Americanism is not beaten at the South by the foreign population. There, but little of that population there. Native and Protestant citizens themselves there defeat Americanism, because Americanism is not fully committed to Slavery extension. Why, Republican States and localities in the North, with all their Scotchbranches of their foreign population, send more members to Congress of thorough American feeling and principle than ever have been or will be mustered in the South. Three times as many Americans voted for Banks for Speaker as voted against him. Republican free soil Massachusetts sends nine members to Congress of extreme American feeling, and counts more American Legislators than any two or three Southern States. So of all the New England States, and Ohio and the Northwestern States. The fact is, that the Republicans of the North stand ready to do far more for distinctive American principles than the South ever can—or will do. The slave drivers rely on the Catholic Irish to aid them in maintaining their rule over the country. The Pope and slavery are natural allies. The tiara and the slave whip—the Jesuit and the plantation overseer—the shamrock and Palmetto, naturally and easily form alliances. On the other hand, what coalesces more readily than Americanism and Republicanism? The one is a protest against the extension of civil slavery. Neither Americanism or Republicanism interfere with vested rights; both of them go for liberty of body and liberty of soul. They are twin brethren. Hand in hand they can whip and destroy the twin Propaganda of Rome and of Charleston—the Propagandists of Romish despotism and the Propagandists of negro slavery.

Straight Americans! can you not see how plain is all this? Are you such dolts as not to see that your enemy is Irish Catholics, Pro-Slavery Locofocoism? That it is your first duty to turn in, take your coats off and fling this enemy? You now have the chance. If you support David Wilmot heartily and universally, the State robber, Packer—the Irish Catholic, Pro-Slavery, Locofoco candidate, Packer—will be badly beaten. In Heaven's name won't that be your victory? Will not the defeat of Locofocoism by American voters be an American victory?—*Phila. Sun.*

Packer and Poltroonery.

An army of soldiers with a poltroon for a commander why should it be at a pulling and tiffing his sneaking away from the enemy when challenged to fight, would be apt to bayonet him on the spot and elevate some one of requisite pluck in place of the delivered detinue. But the democratic party of Pennsylvania is animated by no such spirit. Instead of turning indignantly upon the faint-hearted Packer, and demanding to be led at once to the fray, they turn tail with him and slink off contented with their voluntary disgrace. The white feather, instead of being regarded as infamous, is adopted by them as an ornament, and they march off, beaten without a fight, as if such a retreat were something to be proud of—after purchasing their victory last fall, not by fair fighting, but by the vilest frauds, it is not to be wondered that they think cowardice a virtue. Base is the slave that flights when cheating will serve as well.

When Packer was nominated we heard a great deal from his trumpeters about his ability on the stump, his immense powers as an orator, and the certainty of his vanquishing the "Black Republicans" by his single might. After Wilmot was nominated, and it was given out that he would probably challenge Packer, the democratic press was mightily tickled at the preposterousness of the idea. Wilmot challenge Packer! He would never think of such an act of assurance; as well put his head into the lion's mouth at once! Presently it was reported that Wilmot *had* challenged him; but the locofoco leaders were incredulous and suffered themselves to deny it as a thing that could not be. Then came the letter itself, from Judge Wilmot, inviting his opponent to canvass the state with him, and although the leaders were astounded at such extraordinary temerity, they never doubted for a moment that Packer would accept the challenge and administer a fitting rebuke to one who dared thus confront the giant.

This was the state of affairs until Packer, the great orator and statesman, ignominiously fled affright from Williamsport, and took refuge behind the State Committee. The latter was thus compelled to stand up as a shield before him, and put forward a manifesto to the faithful explaining why the challenge was declined. Alas for the expectant democracy! Instead of a fight, as anticipated, it was a flight—a base desertion of the field to the enemy, without striking a blow. But they have got used to it very soon. Evidently they were not as keen for an encounter as they pretended, or they would not fall in so generally or so meekly in this inglorious back down. They have shouldered their arms promptly for the retreat, and the party presses, which so lately were looking forward to the annihilation of Wilmot by Packer on the stump, are now convinced that stump speaking is all wrong, and that the true way to conquer an enemy is to run away from him.

Yet, after all, the poor creatures who are compelled thus to vindicate their weak-kneed candidate are to be pitied. Whatever they have to do, no matter how distasteful it may be, they do it, and change their tone and their tactics as submissively as if they were galley slaves; but it is plain that while they submit they do not like the jibes and jeers to which they are subjected, and that they march down the hill with much less spirit than they marched up. But while we pity them, their mean-spirited commander is worthy only of contempt.—Henceforward Packer and Poltroonery will be synonymous terms.—*Pittsburg Gazette.*

DREADFUL OCCURRENCE.—A BOY EATEN BY A BEAR.—A shocking occurrence took place on the Hamtramk marshes, near Detroit, Michigan, on last Tuesday, in which a boy eleven years years old was actually eaten up alive by a bear within sight of the city. The circumstances of the case are thus given by the Detroit Free Press:

A man named Joseph Rademacher went out on Tuesday morning, in company with a little brother, to pick raspberries. They carried their dinners with them, and went some five or six miles out before commencing their day's work. Rademacher deposited his dinner basket and coat on the ground, and employed himself for some time in picking berries, when his attention was attracted by a noise, he looked around, and, to his intense astonishment, saw a large she bear, accompanied by three cubs, engaged in devouring his dinner. It was but the work of a moment to drop his basket of berries and hurry, with his young brother, from the spot. He saw the boys not far from him when he left the spot, but said nothing to them. Before himself and brother had got a safe distance, they heard terrible screams in the direction they had left, which only served to accelerate their pace, and place a greater distance between them and danger. They were soon overtaken by one of the boys, who came running after them in a bewilderment of fright, screaming that the bear was eating up his brother. Rademacher received the intelligence in utter dismay, and took to his heels with a will, followed by the two boys, deserting the sufferer to his fate. The cowardly race soon brought them to the city, when they spread the alarm, and a large party was quickly formed for the rescue, which proceeded to the scene of the disaster, accompanied by Rademacher and the father of the unfortunate boy. A long search resulted in finding the remains of the boy, the bear having eaten up about half of the child, and buried the rest for a future meal. Remnants of his clothes were found scattered around, together with Rademacher's coat, torn to pieces. A general hunt was commenced with a view of finding the bear, which has been continued up to the present time without success.

LOLA MONTEZ AGAIN.—We learn from the Rochester *Union*, that last Friday morning Lola took the train from Niagara Falls for Buffalo, and, without advice from any source, she seated herself in the baggage car to quietly puff her *cigarrelle*. While cosily throwing off from her lips the curling smoke, she was discovered by the Conductor and informed that passengers were not permitted to ride in the baggage cars.—She paid no attention to the intimation, however, but continued to smoke, as if no one had addressed her. Assistant Superintendent Collamer was at the station, and was informed what Lola was doing. He said she must do as other passengers did, and that she could not be permitted to ride in the baggage car. The Conductor called upon her and politely told her that she must take a seat in one of the cars designed for passengers. Lola drew herself up into an attitude of defiance, and told the Conductor that she had traveled all over the world and had always rode where she had a mind to, and proposed to do so in this case. The Conductor further expostulated with her, and assured her that he was but executing the orders of the Superintendent and trustees of the Company. Lola replied that she had horsewhipped bigger men than he, and settled the matter. The Conductor withdrew and Lola was not again disturbed. She rode to Buffalo in the baggage car and had no occasion to use the whip. The railroad men did not care to further disturb the tigress.

BRAU BRUMMEL.

In the palmy days of George, Prince of Wales, there was a club celebrated for its fashion and exclusiveness, numbering among its members the Prince, Brummel, Sheridan &c., indeed all were men of the first rank in fashion, politics or literature.

A vacancy occurring, Lord Deloraine, the famous duellist, applied for admission. Suspecting that his quarrelsome propensities might militate against him, he called upon every member the morning before the ballot, and very plainly intimated that he should consider his rejection as a personal affront, and demand satisfaction from every one severally, except the Prince of Wales, whose position as heir to the throne protected him.

On the night in question, Lord Deloraine went to the club, sent up his card, and requested to know if the balloting was over. As he had been, blackballed, an answer was sent by the waiter that he had *not* been, there being unfortunately a black ball in the box. He sent the waiter up again to say that there must be a mistake, he wished to see the chairman of the club. The Prince was about to comply with this outrageous request, when Brummel volunteered to satisfy the incensed duellist. Telling the waiter to show Lord Deloraine to a private room, he followed in a few minutes afterwards. Upon entering the room, he advanced in his blandest manner. 'My dear Deloraine, it's truly unfortunate, but you are blackballed.'

The other replied, 'Quite a mistake. You had better try again.'

'No sir,' returned the fop, 'there was not a white ball in the ballot; but pray, wait, allow me to ring.'

When the waiter appeared, Brummel said, 'Charles, bring me a pistol and coffee for two.' Lord Deloraine stared in silence.

When the waiter brought the articles, Beau Brummel said, 'I beg your pardon, Charles, but indeed, I have forgotten a lice box.'

During this interval Brummel talked about the weather, the crops, and the most frivolous things, Lord Deloraine gazing at him with a very severe expression of countenance.

When the waiter brought the lice and the box, Brummel smiled at him, saying, 'You can go. One of us will ring, as we want you. I don't know which of us it will be, but one of us will ring.'

The waiter bowed and retired.

Brummel then said, 'I know you like coffee—so do I. When we have finished it we will proceed to business.'

'So I am blackballed' hissed the duellist between his teeth.

'Most certainly. Now, my dear Lord, as I am the challenged party, I claim the right of dictating the terms. Here is a pistol—here are dice. We will throw for the chance. In other respects we are quite equal. If you fall, you will leave a widow to mourn your death. If I perish, I shall leave a disconsolate tailor to weep my fate.'

The baffled bravo put down his cup, and left the room. Brummel rejoined his friends, and then the story got around in the clubs, Deloraine was so much annoyed that he went suddenly out of town.

THE PRINCE OF MAGICIANS.

It is related of Signor Blitz, that wishing one day, while in Pennsylvania, to procure a draft on New York, for a certain amount, he stepped into one of the country banks in that State, and made known his wishes to the proper officer, who, by-the-way, was a stiff, staid old Quaker. Being informed that he could be accommodated, he was asked—

'In whose name shall I draw the draft?'

'In my own, Signor Blitz,' was the answer.

'Art thou the wonderful man who is performing all these mysterious things?' asked the Quaker.

'The same,' answered the Signor.

'And now, friend, will thee show me one of thy tricks?' interrogated the Quaker.

'With pleasure,' answered the magician, and taking a quarter of a dollar from his pocket, he handed it to the officer and requested him to mark it so that he would be able to distinguish it. This the Quaker did.

'And now,' said the Signor, taking a glove from his pocket and placing it over the quarter, which he had claim upon the counter, 'are you sure that the quarter is under the glove?'

'Quite sure,' answered the Quaker gravely lifting the glove, and holding the quarter steadily denounced under his nose, 'Sure quite sure of it?' asked the Signor.

'Yes, friend, I see it with mine own eyes,' answered the other.

'Lift the glove,' said the magician.

The Quaker did so, and to his consternation the quarter was gone.

'Friend,' said the Quaker, 'wilt thou do that once more?'

Again the Signor placed the quarter in the same position, motioning the Signor to stand back, the Quaker placed his eyes down upon a level with the counter, and then making a sudden dive at the glove, he lifted it and the quarter was gone.

'Jonathan,' said the Quaker, drawing a long breathe, 'place that money—' referring to the amount received for the draft—'away in the safe, and lock it up, and put the key in thy pocket.'

'Well,' said the Signor, who is always fond of a joke, 'now I will give you a proposition. If I can, standing where I am, draw that money into my pocket, I ask to keep it; if I cannot, I will surrender the draft, and both draft and money is yours.'

'Go thy way, friend, then shoulder up to such things,' said the Quaker, politely bowing the Signor to the door.

"SHAN'T BITE ME."

There was a fellow of a certain neighborhood in Arkansas, who was strongly suspected of sheep stealing. There was weekly many cases of the mysterious disappearance of choice mutton from the flocks of the planters, which were traced to his door, but being a wild and ingenuous chap, he generally succeeded in proving an *alibi* or some other defence, which reduced the charge to a mere suspicion of his nefarious propensities.

At last, however, a planter riding thro' the woods, perceived the suspected thief stealing through the woods, and after looking around to see that no one was near, walked up to the flock of sheep, and deliberately knocked over the largest and fattest one in the flock. At this moment the plantbreaks up, and confronting the chief, he exclaimed:

'Now, sir, I have got you. You can't get off this time—you are caught in the act.'

'What not?' indignantly inquired the thief.

'Sheep stealing!' was the confident reply.

'Sir, you had better mind how you fix a charge of sheep stealing on a respectable American citizen,' replied the man with the mutton penchant.

'Now, will you deny that I saw you kill that sheep?' asked the planter.

'No sir,' was the prompt answer. 'I did kill him, and I'd do it again. I'll kill any dog's sheep that bites me as I am going peaceably along the road.'

The planter slunk.

THE SOUTH AND NORTH.—The following, which we find under the head of A Compromise, appears to us to illustrate pretty well the relative positions of the South and North:

One cold night Quashee woke from his sleep, and addressed his shivering bedfellow:

'Hallo, Sambo, I want half de cubberlid.'

'Ho! Quashee you got more nor half already.'

'Humph! you fink dis nigger fool as for what he got *already*, eh? I want *t'udder* half, you fool.'

'Ingo! dat Injun, for I no see what business I got in dis bed.'

'No you won't neider, my brudder—you sarb berry well *for keeping my back warm*, so just keep quiet and lay where you is, if you know what is good for yourself, you nigger.'

ETERNITY.—An ultra, orthodox Yankee expresses himself as follows, concerning Eternity:

'Eternity! why, don't you know the meaning of that word? Nor I, either, hardly. It is forever and ever, and five or six everlastings a-top of that. You might place a row of figures from here to sunset, and cypher them up, and it wouldn't begin to tell how many ages eternity is. Why, my friends, after millions and trillions of years had passed away in eternity, it would be a hundred thousand years to breakfast time.'

☞ A wicked cotemporary says no ladies visit him because they cannot get through the door without undressing.

FASHIONABLE ABSURDITY.—An old woman in hooped skirts.

☞ I have subdued the nations of the earth. Is there no other world for me to conquer?—*Alexander the Great.*

I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith, henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness.—*St. Paul.*

My life is the spar and yellow leaf,
The fruits and flowers are gone,
The worm, the canker, and the grief,
Are mine alone.

The fire that in my bosom burns,
Is lone as some volcanic urn,
No torch is lighted at its lurn,
A funeral pile.

—*Lord Byron.*—Written the year he died.

'Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vine, the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat, the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls; yet will I rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation.—*Habakkuk.*

'I am taking a leap into the dark.—*Hobbs* when dying.

'Though I walk through the valley and shadow of death, I will fear no evil.—*Da-*

O God—if there be a God—have mercy on me.—*T. Paine*, when dying.

For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth, and though, after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God.—*Job*, in view of death.

A BEAU KENTUCKY GIRL.—When the steamer Alida was sinking from her collision with the Fashion, on Tuesday night of last week, and the passengers were in confusion, some preparing to secure a safe retreat from the sinking craft, and some in a stor making their way to land, a young girl of about seventeen summers was standing on the guard intently contemplating the scene, and looking tenaciously towards the shore. A young man, in the gush of gallantry, stepped to her side and remarked—'Miss, if you will put yourself under my protection, I will convey you safely to shore.' 'Thank you,' replied the young heroine, 'but you need not trouble yourself, I am only waiting for the crowd to get out of the way, when I can take care of myself and reach the bank.' Soon the crowd cleared the space, and the young lady plunged into the water, and swam to the opposite bank with apparent ease, and without the least perceptible fear.—*Pa. Times.*

SENATOR SUMNER.

Mr. Bayard Taylor, who is now in London, writes to the *Tribune*, under date of July 1st:

Mr. Sumner is here, at Maurigy's Hotel, in Regent street. I have not yet seen him, but some friends tell me he is looking very well. No American has ever been more popular in England than Mr. Sumner, and he is at present floating on the top wave of London society. I heard, the other day, a good story of his arrival here. He entered his name upon the book as simply "Mr. Sumner, Boston," and was accordingly set down by the host and his flunkies as an ordinary traveler. The next morning one of the latter came to Mr. Sumner's room in some excitement, and said: 'Lord Brougham is down stairs, sir, asking for you.' To the waiter's amazement, Mr. S. quietly said, without exhibiting the least surprise: 'Very well, show him up.' Nothing afterward the former came, still more excited: 'Sir, the Lord Chief Justice has called, and asks for you.' 'Show him up,' was again the cool reply. After his lordship had departed, the waiter came once more, bewildered, and a little aggravated: 'Sir, Sir, the *Lord Chancellor of England* has called to see you.' 'Show him up,' repeated Mr. S. These astonishing facts were as soon as once communicated to the landlord, for the next day's Morning *Post* announced the arrival of "His Excellency, the Honorable Mr. Sumner," at Maurigy's Hotel.

CHURCH STRICKEN BY LIGHTNING.—Sabbath before last, a violent thunder storm passed over New Jersey. At Janesburg, near Amboy, the Sunday school of the Presbyterian Church was holding its meeting in the afternoon, when the lightning struck the building, it entered the roof, making only a small hole, and descended to the chandelier in the centre of the church, where it exploded. Unto a number of adults, as well as children, were prostrated by it, and their clothes burnt. Yet no fatal results followed, although some hours, and even days, elapsed before perfect restoration took place. But the remarkable feature of it remains to be told, and this is given by a clergyman who received it from one present. It is stated that the ladies who wore brass hoops in their dresses, were uninjured, *but the hoops themselves were melted!* The electric fluid was thus diffused, and perhaps lives saved by this novel species of conductor.—*New York Evangelist.*

If hoops will save the lives of the women, why not let them wear them? Say, Mr. Curmudgeon of the *Evangelist.*

☞ There are many men who delight in playing the fool, but who get angry the moment they are told so.

HOW OLD AGE IS DISGUISED OR ITS WRINKLES.—The Paris correspondent of the Boston Traveller furnishes the following in relation to a singular personage at a recent ball in the Tuileries:

The Duke of Brunswick was in diamonds. This gentleman is a man of some sixty years old, but by dint of false teeth, painting, false hair, steel corsets, and cosmetics, he looks as though he might be a thousand years old; you look in vain for marks of any age—he has effaced them all, and he appears as if he might be Methuselah, or Abel, or a contemporary of Napoleon. At the Tuileries ball he wore a wig which was ten times darker in color than jet black or ebony, a green frock coat, so covered with embroidery, and the famous diamond hat and diamond epaulettes which he wore at the grand exhibition. He wore on his breast fourteen orders in diamonds. His shirts cost a hundred dollars a piece.

DISGUSTING "SPORT."—A letter from New Orleans to Porter's Spirit of the Times, says that Col. J. Williams has made a bet of $1,000 that he will eat a thousand eggs in 11 days and 11 hours, amounting to a thousand hours, with the impossible condition of eating each separate hour. The Colonel has already lost a thousand by having made a fool and a beast of himself once before by eating twenty four hard boiled eggs at one sitting. He is said to be in first-rate condition for his new exploit, and weight and height are given with great particularity, the name of the man who is to furnish the eggs and their guaranteed weight per dozen. The sporting papers are promised a full account of the remarkable performance, which was to commence on the 20th inst.

SALE OF RELICS.—A cane and spy-glass that belonged to Gen. Washington were sold in Baltimore on Thursday last, together with a certificate of their genuineness from the venerable Geo. W. P. Custis, for the sum of $205. The purchaser was Col. John S. Gittings, acting for the ladies of the Mount Vernon Association of Virginia and Maryland, who purchased the relics to present them to the Hon. Edward Everett, as a mark of their gratitude and regard for his noble efforts in behalf of their cause."

BITTER.—The Louisville *Journal* says of the election of James B. Clay in the Ashland District:

"The election of the apostate son, who has taken to his embrace the enemies of his father, those who hunted that noble father through a quarter of a century with fiend-like malignity, and crushed out his great heart with the foulest and blackest calumnies, is the crowning curse of that Democratic hatred which persecuted Henry Clay living and thus insults the memory of Henry Clay dead."

A MINISTER NOT PLEASED.—The Rev. Matthew Wilkes was one passing through one of the crowded streets of London, when he heard a woman, who found great difficulty in getting his vehicle along, owing to the numerous obstructions he met with, cursing and swearing at a tremendous rate. He quietly went to the offender, and laying his gentle one on her shoulder, said to him:

"Madam, that cursing and swearing of which you have been guilty I will appear as a witness against you on that great day of judgment."

"Dunyee, sud the woman to his elocution, "the biggest rogue always turns king's evidence."

The minister, in relating the anecdote to his friends, would that this answer so completely nonplussed him, that he was obliged to walk off without saying a word in reply.

DIFFICULTY WITH A POST MASTER.—The Post Master at Tyrone (Pa.) recently sued the editor of the *Herald*, at that place, for calling him a sneaker. When the Court came on the P. M. withdrew the suit, and paid the cost, for fear the editor would show his ears to the gaping multitude. This admission from the P. M. that he belongs to the asinine race, the *Herald* thinks is all sufficient to show that the charge was correct.

☞ A Western paper offers to write "Mr." before, or "Esq." after the names of such of its subscribers, directing their papers to them, as will pay 25 cents extra, or add both of said "handles" for 50 cents extra. Cheap enough for a luxury.

☞ The Elmira *Advertiser*, in speaking of the fashions, says:

"Strip all the men and women of the village of their fine clothes, and what a change would be apparent.

"Of course there would be."

☞ Ignorance and conceit are two of the worst qualities to combat. It is easier to dispute with a statesman than a blockhead.