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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS.

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The Easton Gazette.

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ADVERTISEMENTS,

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For the Easton Gazette.

Is this all of Life?

And is this earth our only home,
Can this be all of life;
To wake to sorrow, toil, and pain,
Then fall beneath the strife?

To float a moment on Time's wave,
As bubbles on the sea;
Then sink again,
Through all Eternity.

No! no! these aspirations high,
These longings of the heart,
Tell of a higher destiny,
In which the soul hath part.

And inspiration's sacred page,
Reveals a land of light;
A brighter, fairer, purer clime,
Undimm'd by change or blight.

A land of beauty and of bliss,
Where sorrow is unknown,
But joys immortal thrill the hosts,
Around the Eternal Throne.

And white, rob'd saints with angels join,
In the celestial choir,
To anthems sweet and songs of praise,
They tune each golden lyre.

And Alleluiah's loud resound,
Through Heav'n's eternal dome,
To Him, who died that guilty man
Might find in Heav'n a home.

Then shall we shrink though rough the way,
Or sit inglorious down;
Since by the Cross the pathway lies,
That leads us to the Crown.

This hallowed path is but the same,
By saints and martyrs trod,
They fought the fight, they kept the faith,
And now they rest with God.

EASTON, Feb. 11. R. A. P.

LIGHT IN DARK PLACES.

A STORY OF A LOST FORTUNE AND A MAGIC CASK.

BY ROBERT F. GREELY.

There are few spots in this world that have not their occasional gleams of sunlight, and few hearts so chilled by the breath of adversity that a ray of gladness has not sometimes visited them, called into being, it may have been, by a single word musically spoken; by a gentle pressure of the hand—a kiss, a letter, a token, though no more than a perishable flower, which, tho' it dies, we may press within the leaves of a well-prized book, and imagine that we inhale its fragrance, years after that fragrance has departed; nay, even a happy thought, dropped in upon the bewildered brain by some passing spirit, as oil was of old into the bitter waters of Mara.

Several years since there existed in the neighborhood of Russian Hill a little cluster of wooden dwellings, intersected by a lane so narrow and tortuous that, on some days, it seemed hardly possible that a ray of light or a breath of fresh air could fathom the deep recesses of the little dens which hedged it in. Yet each had its patch of verdure, if it was not larger than might have been covered with an ordinary blanket, and —rare sight in those times—a singing bird trilled its melody every fair day in front of one of them. A window at the rear of this cottage looked out on the bay, and at this window sat a man who should have been in the prime of life, had not care bent his shoulders, and strewn his once dark locks with the immutable silver of time. Whether the weather was mild as an Eastern summer, or whether the clouds came rolling in thick and dun, through the Golden Gate, enrobing, in a dense veil of mist, the Sancelito hills and the straits into which the Sacramento discharges its waters, he was always there, whistling or humming a tune, and incessantly ringing the changes with his little hammer upon a Lilliputian anvil that clung to the bench by his side—while the bird seemed doing its utmost to drown with its tiny lungs both noise and song.

And yet, a most care-worn face, had Philip Heckendorn, and even when his song was the lightest, he sighed the most heavily. He was a maker and refashioner of certain kinds of jewelry and plate, in which art he had attained to great skill—attracting towards himself, as a consequence, a good share of custom from the jewelers, as well as their patrons. Human beings, except in the strict intercourse of business, he avoided, with the exception of a neighbor or two who might drop in upon him in his intervals of leisure to play a game of cribbage and smoke a friendly pipe—but there seemed to be in this seclusion no absolute aversion to companionship, but only a natural consequence of his close attention to his trade.

The flowers nodded in goldenly at the window with a pert greeting for the artizan's daughter, who occupied during part of the day a seat at his side. Theresa Heckendorn might have resembled them, but if so, it was only in the natural purity and goodness of a disposition that had retained its cheerfulness in spite of all crosses. For Theresa was not only a hunchback, but had club-feet, and many of those whom she encountered in her one daily errand to the town know her only to laugh at her ungainly figure and awkward gait.

This man Heckendorn loved the young deformity with all the ardor of his nature, bestowing upon her the double burden of affection which he had formerly lavished upon his wife, and was only known to step out of his passive quietude of action whenever any one insulted her in his presence. A rough set of characters, instigated by others, had one day surrounded her in front of his door, and were endeavoring to set her to dancing, in spite of her affrightened cries, when Heckendorn rushing from his cabin with chisel in hand, struck it into the breast of one ruffian with fatal force. The latter had been a notorious member of the Hounds; the act was unprovoked and brutal, and, as his death was evidently hastened by his well-known excesses, a sympathizing jury at once acquitted the avenger.

One only habit had Heckendorn which was a mystery to his daughter. Oft-times, on the darkest and most inclement nights, he would go forth armed with a revolver and lighted by a dark lantern—on which occasion nobody cared or dared to interfere with him. But many a curious eye had observed his flickering light, as it rose and fell among the hollows and deviations of the wild, bleak heaths, covered only by a tangled growth of mezquite bushes. It could be traced afar off, like the light of a vessel at sea, until it would finally disappear in the sand-hill of the Laguna. A dozen venturous persons had tracked from the Laguna Pavilion which stood by the side of the Presidio Road—a popular suburban resort in days of old. It stands there yet—the remains of the shanty, that is. You may wander now, unquestioned, about its deserted rooms, wondering what scenes of folly and vice were there perpetrated, and tracing the wagon-tracks of its visiters with a strange curiosity to know what has become of them. The Mission road, with its more pretentious and better kept wayside inns, has dimmed the glories of that avenue which nature meant to be one of the finest in the suburbs, had not the dishonesty of peculating officials prevented any public improvement in that direction.

But to Heckendorn:

He had left his workshop one night when the storms of winter were wreaking their fiercest on land and sea. Vainly had Theresa, clinging to him with the strength of a daughter's love, begged him not to go out, leaving her alone in the little cabin that was so dismal without him, though only for an hour. For the first time in his life he drove her back with an oath, locked the door and put the key in his pocket, and dashed off hastily—quiet at variance with his usual style—in the old direction, from which the wildly-agitated heart of Theresa told her that ruin, if not worse disaster, must one day come.

How the winds did howl that night, to be sure! Even Philip Heckendorn felt the air keenly, and looked again once or twice most earnestly, led by the aid of his lantern, at a soiled scrap of paper he had drawn from his waistcoat-pocket, before he emerged from a hollow in which he had taken refuge.

"Yes—too plain to be misconstrued," he muttered, "and so like him, too. He will come at the time—at the hour—at the very spot threatened, and then—for *me* the tortures of hell! Well, well, my scheme works, and the same gate has a right and left that will do for us both. Crime-stained, and tottering, as he is, on the awful abyss, he knows that I dare not betray."

An abyss of a very different kind had nearly cut short the ruminations of this singular being: before him yawned a gulf of impenetrable darkness, which he was some time finding his way around for he had purposely taken a new route that night, and the light of his lantern was sooner missed than usual. He gained the open marsh, through which a small estuary finds its way to the land. Even this inlet was white with froth, and near it the breakers were dashing in long lines of foam, whose whiteness was visible, even in spite of the gloom. From beneath his uplifted hand, Philip could dimly discern the hull and spars of a vessel, and presently what seemed a ship's life-boat reached the strand through the inlet. Several parcels were landed, and a man stepped out, followed by a commonly-clad woman. Another stood up in the boat and handed to the first a letter.

"This goes to Leveridge," he remarked, in subdued tones; "the other matters you will know how to dispose of better than I. Farewell, forever!"

"Adieu!"

And the boat wos gone.

The strangers had observed Philip Heckendorn, and the man had held out his hand, which Phillip refused—sullenly indicating the direction they were to pursue.

"Neither thee nor thy blood bought riches shall harm me or mine. This interview is of your seeking. Be yours all the benefit."

The man took up the parcels, and, accompanied by the woman, followed Heckendorn; who uttered no syllable further—not even a sound.

When Philip Heckendorn again entered his cabin, Theresa shrank back in alarm at the sight of the strangers; for the lady, who was yet in the prime of life, was weeping, and the man looked at her at first so scowlingly, and then broke into a laugh so full of malice, as to make her forget that she stood in the presence of a father who had always protected her from harm.

"These good people," said Heckendorn, to his daughter, but averring his gaze—"will hereafter be inmates with us. Go, get us some supper, child. They are hungry and cold."

"For Heaven's sake!" exclaimed the stranger, throwing himself into a seat by the fire—"where did you pick up that abortion?"

"When Philip Heckendorn had a young wife who loved and honored him," rejoined the artizan, steadily, and gazing full at the woman, "we called her *our child*."

The strange lady started to her feet with a cry, and gazed wildly in the direction of the door through which Theresa had vanished—then threw herself, with clasped hands at Philip's feet.

"Oh, no—no, Philip—my husband—say that she is an idiot, an outcast, or dead, or anything that's ill, but do not say that!"

"Still the same compound of vanity and pride Up, woman! These words insult me!"

"Oh, Philip—a monster like that of our child!"

"Before the dissolution of our ill-judged partnership," said Philip—"I had two wishes; the one was to become wealthy, which includes, also, greatness and power—to which end, although I had then a sufficient competence, I devoted myself to metallurgy and its accompanying arts. I then sighed for a daughter, who was to be an heiress, and, like you, I desired that she should be of matchless beauty. Behold the result!—a wife betrayed—a fortune sunk—fame blasted, and a family scattered heaven knows whither, while one—" here he scowled at the male intruder—"still lives to bring an additional reproach upon our once fair name."

"Oh, Philip—spare me—spare me!" sobbed the woman.

"Our child you have seen; she is not, to outward seeming, the miracle of loveliness we pictured to ourselves," continued Philip, smiling bitterly, "but to me she is an angel. God, in his far-seeing wisdom and for purposes which are unaccountable to us, has withheld from her exterior the beauty so much desired, to lavish in it tenfold bounteousness upon her heart and soul.—Deformed as she is, there is for that poor child a seat in Heaven, unsolicited, which ages of repentance in sackcloth will hardly earn for us."

"Bosh!" said John Heckendorn, stamping impatiently upon the floor with his boot; "we wanted a supper and a bed, and you give us a sermon. Haven't you a glass of brandy about the place? I'm in an ague-fit, I think?"

"John!" exclaimed the woman reproachfully.

"It's just as I said," continued the latter—"he won't make up with you, and the home we expected, and where I was to reform and accomplish such wonders, we shall have to seek elsewhere."

"If that is your object—if you are sincere in it," said Philip, relenting, "why—I am human, and, though my premises are contracted, you shall have bed and board. On one condition," he added—"you must work for it, and work *hard*. Idleness never found a lodgment within *my* threshold."

"Oh, *I'll* work, never fear; I'm tired at heart of roving; and as for my niece, if she is not quite a Hebe, I'll love her, if it is possible for the sake of so good a brother."

The compact was sealed as the supper made its appearance, and at least two half famished people did justice to Philip's frugal fare that night. But of brandy—that fatal snore of the father of all sin devised by him in his subtlety to "steal away men's brains," and pervert their hearts, that he might the more easily ensnare his helpless victims—of that infernal hell's brew Philip Heckendorn kept none. In his youth it had led him through the various stages of madness to sin and ruin, and now, a saddened and heart wearied man, the vanities of life forever set at rest in his bosom, he could gaze back calmly upon the ruin it had wrought, and only pray to be delivered from *his* share of the responsibilty!

Well—time passed, and the world grew no better, and still Philip Heckendorn cheerfully plied his trade—more cheerfully, perhaps, that now he had a wife, whose errors of youth he had pardoned and whose affection for him appeared to have resumed its former intensity. Mary Heckendorn learned to love the meek little deformity, her daughter, and all went well, except John Heckendorn—who passed but little time at the cabin, being employed by Philip to perform the duties of agent, and generally attending to the out-standing accounts. An aid was employed within doors by Philip, whose trade was increasing, an additional house was taken, and the future loomed up as brightly as an artist's dream of Paradise. A child was born to the Heckendorns, who promised soon to become all that the pair had desired in their first off-spring. Theresa became, notwithstanding each day more melancholy. Her love for her little sister amounted to adoration, and it was observed by all but Philip that she was never so much pleased as when, with the child in her arms, she sat by her father and gazed admiringly not upon his, but upon *Emile's* workmanship—Emile, the young mechanic employed by Philip to assist him in the duties of the shop.

All at once there came fresh calamity.—Philip, as we have said, had prospered, and the result of his success was visible in several handsome stores he had erected within the growing city. One night—a *noche triste* more fatal to hundreds of San Franciscans than was that of Mexico to the gathered hosts of Cortez—the tocsin pealed from the bell of the old Monumental, and the conflagration of 1851 began. There are many now in Yerba Buena who stood upon the hills at the head of Clay street, whence now we behold a second city of Aladdin, and surveyed, on the day after the fire that scene of wide-spread desolation which had laid so many proud hopes low. Among them was Philip Heckendorn, whose wealth to the last dollar now lay smouldering before him a heap of ashes. He returned to his cabin, a crushed and broken man, with thoughts of suicide floating through his brain, and an agony griping at his heart, that was not increased, strange to say, by the first tidings which greeted him on crossing the threshold His wife, apprised by John Heckendorn of the ruin that had come upon them, had fled with her child and him, to be the sharer of a competence purloined by him during his period of "agency." But Theresa was still there: Theresa but not Theresa the deformed—for to his eyes, at that moment when all but she had deserted him, her form was as faultless, her beauty as incomparable as that of the fairest of earthly syrens. Even a radiance seemed to surround her, and a halo to hover above, as he clasped her to his heart, and sobbed over her, until his trouble found vent in tears.

More easy then in his mind, he seated himself by the old window, where the roses still climbed and the honeysuckle still twined its tendrils, and taking Theresa on his lap, he gazed thoughtfully out upon the bay—where a prospect met his eyes than which nothing could be lovelier.

Presently Theresa slipped from his embrace and left the room, with a jesture of admonition at the young mechanic, who has just entered with some articles saved from the fire.

Returning directly, Theresa knelt silently at Philip's feet, depositing at the same time upon his knees a small, curiously carved box, such as the Chinese still exhibit for sale among us as their handicraft.

"A relic of happier days—I see your meaning, Theresa," said Philip, with a melancholy smile at her simplicity, as he gently smoothed her hair; "but even that is a small cure for present ills. Theresa, I am ruined beyond hope."

"Let us open it," rejoined Theresa, "and we may find that it is not so valueless, after all."

The box was opened, but nothing appearing within, until Theresa, removing a false bottom which Philip had never observed, there lay disclosed a small strip of paper which proved to be a banker's not of hand for three thousand dollars—the sum of four years' earnings by Theresa as a worker in artificial flowers and the art now known as potichomanie. In the silence and solitude of her department, at midnight, and frequently until the hour of rising, she had toiled at her quiet art, which her father had regarded as an amusement merely, and, little by little, she had accumulated these sums. For a wonder in those times, the banker she dealt with was honest, and thus was this little deformity enabled to repay her life-long protector the debt of affection she owed him.

It is not to be wondered at that even Emile, the young gold-worker, in time learned to look upon Theresa with the same eyes as her father; time had somewhat straightened her form and science so far improved her person, that few of the worst features of her deformity remained, and these were more than atoned for by the goodness of her heart. They were, certainly, the happiest couple that ever passed through the Golden Gate to the happy land of matrimony.

John Heckendorn and his accomplice were never heard of again, at least by Philip. He never mentioned them, nor suffered them to be mentioned within his hearing. The bird still sings by the door, and the flowers still dance as of old in the golden sunlight, while Philip's brisk hammer is yet heard at the window overlooking the bay.

STARVING PAUPER CHILDREN TO DEATH.

One of the most touching episodes in Dickens' works is the story of the charity children who were boarded out at so much a week, and drugged, starved, beaten and abused by the women who had charge of them. Perhaps every American reader has congratulated himself that in this country no such enormities could be practised. Yet something very much like it has just come to light in New York. In searching a tenement house for stolen goods, the following terrible developments were made:

In the course of their examination of the premises, Messrs. Barker and Stokely found three little cradles in a dark bedroom, and drawing them out to the light, discovered that they contained three infants. The little creatures were covered with filth, and seemed not to have been washed for several days. The beds on which they lay were rotten with foulness, and the rags which covered them but little better. Each of them lay quiet and motionless as death. They did not have strength enough to cry. If you pinched them or rolled them over they gave no motion nor sign of life. The oldest was said to be 28 months the youngest 13. Every one of them was absolutely a living skeleton, and the largest would not weigh more than a healthy, robust babe of three months. Their little limbs were not much over an inch in diameter at their thickest parts. At the end of their shadowy arms were little hands that looked like birds' claws. One of the wretched creatures lay upon its side, with the thick part of its left arm in its mouth, from which it appeared to draw its principal nutriment.—During the days and months in which it had lain in this position, it had sucked away at the limb until the flesh had grown up to the size and shape and appearance of a large, raw nipple. They had evidently been drugged, as usual, to keep them quiet, and their great, wide, staring eyes, which were the only signs of life about them, were vacant as idiots'. It was a painful, yea, a horrible sight to witness—these three suffering and helpless little old people.

"Who are these, in Heaven's name?" inquired the gentlemen. "Please, Sir, they be the children missus takes to nurse for the Almshouse, and I'm the girl she hires to look after 'em," replied a slatternly looking girl. "What does she get for taking care of them?" they asked. "A dollar apiece for 'em, every week, Sir," and then the girl explained that Mrs. Cullough was one of the out-door nurses employed by the Almshouse Governors, and showed the gentlemen the nice rolls of diaper, flanneling, muslins, and bunches of warm stockings which the Almshouse people furnished for their comfort. The girl said that this supply was renewed every three months Yet these children were naked, and covered up with old, filthy rags.

"Does any visitor come to see the children?" "Oh, yes, Sir," said the girl; 'Mrs. Frost comes onst a month, and Mr. Maloney, one of the Guv'ners, he comes here often, too."

When our reporter called at the house in company with Mr. Stokely, on Thursday, he found that the woman which Mr. Barker had employed to take care of the children in the absence of Mrs. Cullough, had stirred around and put the little mannikins into clean dresses. As it expecting a visit from the powers that be, the two children of Mrs. Cullough were left as dirty and ragged as usual, to lead the visitor to think, "Well, this woman is a good nurse after all—see, she neglects her own children to care for ours."

But the cotton frocks could not hide the wasted skeletons that moved under them. In a few weeks they will in all probability be duly recorded as having died of marasmus. How many more of "the children of the city" are slowly murdered by misusage and neglect in this same cruel way?

The Almshouse officers have since removed the children, when it transpired that Mrs. Cullough had been drawing pay for *four* children. The fourth child, Mrs. Cullough says, was taken some weeks ago by a friend in Third Avenue, who had lost her own child and wished for this one, which looked so much like it, to supply its place.

FOR THE EASTON "GAZETTE."

CURIOUS.

Yes, isn't it curious, that some individuals on the death of their friends and relatives will weep, and sigh, and sob, and sorrow so much; and make so many inquiries about the state or condidition of the worldly mite some times left behind them. Isn't it curious that persons of some stability and standing in the world; professing to possess some degree of sense and rationality, blended, also with christianity and religious principles, will absent themselves from the Holy Sanctuary of God and neglect the duties there, upon them imposed; simply because the estate of a friend or relative is to be divided on a certain occasion, when he or she, to have justice done to all, and to himself or herself not excepted, must be present to witness the equal distribution of the mammon idol. How often do we observe instances of this nature, so closely connected with our own existence, that we are led to exclaim in the language of one, "what art thou man above the brute?"

A kind father dies, who, perhaps, had reached the venerable age of 'three score years and ten,' he is laid low in the grave; the multitudes of connections wend their way from the scene of death; the cold clod of the valley covers o'er that once cherished and animate form, and all, save one, are again seated around the hospitable hearthstone of the good old home-stead. 'Tis true there is one missing for whom many tears have been shed; but now he is gone, earth no more will receive his laborious culture, nor kindred, nor friends his genial warmth of friendship and affection. Sorrow soon becomes assuaged—the god of mammon offers consolation—tears are immediately wiped from heated brows, a smile steals o'er the countenances of some and the coffers of mammon finds ready acceptance to the hearts of many. Secret conclaves are resorted to, resolutions are made, whereby it shall be considered a virtue to pry into the affairs of the dead, interrogatories, are dispersed broad-cast—the "powers that be" are sought after for momentous responses, a queer will, effected under a disproportionate spirit—upsetment is the desideratum—principles of justice, right and humanity are renounced, gross inveteracy commands the helm—the winds of fortune blow in the wrong direction and the old 'hull' of mammon has a large leak which must be stopped.

So wings the flight of mortals called 'human men and women.' Perverted covetousness and blasting contraryness enforces their inhuman rights until, even in the wise, 'forbearance ceases to be a virtue.'

An affectionate mother, whose kindness knew no bounds, is snatched by the irrespective hand of death, into everlasting eternity—we pay her our last mortal respects by consigning her earthly remains to the tomb—hearts apparently bleed, tho' arrayed in "silk and fine linen"—the mourning concourse retrace their steps from the place of sorrow and sacred deposit—tears seem to gush forth like founts of the earth—pouring into seas and oceans. Scarce hath the body been prey to worms before the scene of action is materially changed—grief is forgotten—the 'ruling passion' ever strong in death, springs up within the human heart—lucre, filthy, yes, as some are pleased to term it, 'filthy lucre' engrosses the thoughts and preys heavily on the mind. Don't centure too fast, but draw on your exquisite formalities, wipe your 'mirror glasses,' make acute your 'sight-seeing' orbs and cast a glance, yes but a single glance is all I ask, to give you an insight into the nature of this picture.

A son, two score and ten in life, opulent in this world's goods, rich in life's sweets, assumes all possible formal condolence occasionally, incident to his own nature, and with a deal of pretended sorrow, expresses a desire, for some token worthy of remembrance of one to whom he ows more than earth can afford, for his very existence. Being the oldest of the matrimonial fruit he of course should be permitted the unlimited power of disposing of all articles, by the way of remembrance gifts as seemeth most compatible to his own wishes. Accordingly, as is customary with justices and court, for age to be entitled to all respect, privileges and concerns, he proceeds to dispose of the earthly legacy—in due accordance to his own desires and requirements. He, No. 1, takes to himself, all the best and most costly furniture, the china-ware and tea set—the very substantials of household furnishment. These go to his own account; after stripping parlor and palace, he next proceeds to satiate the demands of No. 2, who being also a son and imbued with tender affection toward the maternal one in immortality, consents to receive as his token of remembrance, the silver spoons and other pieces of silver plate which had been promised to him often in the lifetime of their former possessor. No. 3, institutes his claim, also, as one of never-dying affection and receives in lieu thereof a piece of fine apparrel which cost its first owner something short of sixty francs and which was held in great value by the female sex generally. No. 4, puts in his plea, (a son still) for his due, but not receiving what would wholly gratify his desires, he becomes rather light-fingered cribs a fine piece of cloth raiment, which he disposes of at half price, for cash, to one who intends to remodel its cut and names it coat. No. 5 has remained all this time in moody silence and when asked relative to his remembrance token, feels content to what is ascribed him, but if permitted to express a choice, would receive an ambrotype and some ancient pieces of coin, which are given, however, rather reluctantly. What think you now reader? Can you not recall to mind instances that prove analagous to what I have related? Methinks some of you can, for such is human nature, and so 'twill be to the end of time. The propensity in man to gravel, grip and covet when a field is opened to afford food for such despicable inclinations, is universally established throughout the length and breadth of this terrestial sphere. Oh, our heart relents to see the working of such intractable humanity. As I said, 'tis curious—oh, really curious, that individuals even in this age of enlightenment and learning, will become such dupes to the shrine of insignificance and paltry wisdom. We are doubly, yes, I may say thribly disgusted at such obsceneness and sacrilegeous deportment. I do sincerely hope some judicious reform may ere long penetrate the heart of civilization and leave an impress upon the minds of the masses, which may be of irresistible value to all and every being possessing common rationality. With a heart which feels for the woes of others and a will which is ever ready to relieve the sore distressed.

I remain as ever, humanity's friend, A.

PUNCTUALITY.

Punctuality has been aptly termed the "hinge of business." It is a virtue that almost every person will regard with reverence as far as relates to the theory, and persons are always found ready to prate of its excellencies and advantages, but it is not every one who reduces it to practice in the business relations of daily life. We admire a punctual man, for we know he will regard our convenience while he thinks enough of himself to honor his own word, and we detest an unpunctual man, because he often discommodes us by interfering with our matured plans, consumes our time, and leaves us to draw out the tacit inference that he does not hold us in sufficient estimation to render his engagements obligatory upon him. As it is usually possessed in common with other good traits, its absence denotes the want of other qualities essential to success in life. Individuals oftentimes through miscalculation, and imprudence in attaching obligations to themselves when they are aware of the probabilities of their inability to perform, occasion frequent disappointments to the persons in anxious expectation. The lives of great men show, in numerous instances, that pecuniary considerations have been sacrificed by them for the purpose of fulfiling an engagement. Blackstone, the eminent authority in legal jurisprudence, was scrupulously punctual in his business affairs, and detested any one deficient in this particular. Lord Brougham, if we trace his history, affords a striking example of punctuality. Whether engaged in Parliamentary affairs, or in his connections with literary associations, his engagements were always promptly met. He placed the highest estimate upon his word, and regarded the voluntary forfeiture of that as a violation of honor irreparable. Barnum, in his rules and observations for success in life, enjoins upon business men a strict adherence to their engagements, and remarks that when the character of a man for truthfulness is gone, when he can no longer be depended upon, his career is defined for a short duration.

A POLICE OFFICE.

The prisoner, whose name was Dick Swivel, alias "stove pipe Pete," was placed at the bar.

Judge.—Bring the prisoner into court.

Pete.—Here I am, bound to blaze, as the spirits of turpentine said, when it was all afire.

We will take the fire out of you. How do you live?

I ain't particular, as the oyster said when they asked him if he'd be roasted or fried.

We don't want to hear what the oyster said, or the spirits of turpentine. What do you follow?

Anything that comes in my way, as the locomotive said when he run over a man.

Don't care anything about the locomotive. What is your business?

That's various, as the cat said when she stole the chicken.

That comes nearest to the line I suppose.

Altogether in my line, as the rope said when it was choking the pirate.

If I hear any more absurd comparisons, I will give you twelve months.

I'm done, as the beefsteak said to the cook.

CHARACTER OF THE CROSS-ROW.—Which are the most industrious letters? The Bees (B's.)

Which are the most extensive letters The Seas (C's.)

Which are the most fond of comfort?—The Ease (E's.)

Which are the most egotistical? The I's

Which are the longest letters? The Ells (L's.)

Which are the most noisy letters?—The Oh's (O's.)

Which are the most leguminous letters? The Peas (P's.)

Which are the greatest bores? The Tease (T's)

Which are the most sensible letters?—The Wise (Y's.)

A NOTED BRITISH MAN OF WAR.—The Hong Kong correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger writes:

The English man of war on board of which Mr. Francis Dey wrote the undying lines of the "Star Spangled Banner," while a prisoner on her decks, and while she, among others, was engaged in the attack upon Baltimore, is now permanently moored in this port. She is used as "an old hulk" now. Then, she was in the van of an attacking squadron."

WISDOM AND FOLLY.

When the fool the wise man play,
Fool and wise both let him be:
When the wise man plays the fool,
Both with pleasure stay to see.

A LADY wrote with a diamond on a pane of glass:
"God did at first make man upright; but he ——"
To which a gentleman added:
"Most surely had continued so; but she ——"

What ship's boat ought to contain a happy crew? Ans.—The jolly boat.

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