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The Easton Gazette.

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[From the National Gazette 1830.]

The Dead Father.

BY HARVEY D. LITTLE

Come hither child, and kneel
In prayer, above thy father's lifeless form—
He loved thee well in sunshine and in storm,
Through days of woe and weal,
His blessings on thy head no more are given,
As once they came like gentle dews of Heaven.

Look on that pallid face!
Its wonted smiles are calmly resting there,
Unbroken by the deep drawn lines of care—
Sorrow hath left no trace
Of furrowed bitterness upon the meek
And still expression of that blanched cheek.

Thou scarce canst feel thy loss,
Or know the chilling cares that have begun
To shadow thy bright pathway, gentle one!
Many a withering cross
May in thy guileless bosom plant its sting,
And to thy hopes a poisoned chalice bring.

How sad the fireside hearth!
His manly form shall never—never more
Darken the threshold of our cottage door;
Nor the full sound of mirth
Go up in gladness to the whited wall;
For death has entered with his funeral pall.

A chair is vacant now!
A cheerful eye, and a contented face
Have left, for aye, their wonted dwelling place;
And we must bow!
A blessing's gone! a noble form is riven,
To darken this cold earth and gladden heaven.

[From the New York Mercury.]

RALPH MAITLAND AND HIS LOVE SECRET.

BY SIDNEY.

A room in a secluded old country-house, vast, sombre, and magnificent with curtains that drape themselves in funeral folds and mirrors in whose shadowing depths you half fear to look after dusk, with grim statues holding sconces of light, and oak-panneled walls decorated with jeweled daggers and handsomely-mounted pistols, and, here and there, a weird, unearthly painting, an organ, towering amid the gloom and piles of books and manuscripts, tossed carelessly about. Such was the room, and here sat Ralph Maitland and I, one wild December night, with the fire glowing brightly in the grate, and the wine gleaming redly in the quaintly-shaped glasses, and tapering, long-necked bottles that loaded the slight table standing between us.

"Hark to that music!" said Ralph, in his deep, harmonious tones, as, mingled with the thunder of the surf beating in on the beach, came, at regular intervals, the long-drawn sob and wail of the storm. "Do you know I grow genial and expansive on a night like this? Tender recollections come back to me—old memories float about me. Even now I feel a growing disposition to garrulity and communicativeness. You have sometimes asked me why I have never married, and I did not answer, for that was the secret of my life. But to-night the spell is on me, and, like the ancient mariner, I must unbosom myself. First however, a toast to the past and its memories!"

We drank silently, Ralph leaning back in his chair with an unwonted glow on his rigid features, and a softened light in his eyes.

"I sometimes find it hard to realize," he said, slowly, "when I look at the mincing belles who throng our streets and flaunt in our watering-places, that I once knew Gertrude May—a glorious woman, fair and stately, with a throat like a pillar of snow, and a broad, full chest, in which beat a noble heart, with a perfectly turned head, around which were twined masses of superb raven hair, and eyes so dewy, soft and lustrous, that I always thought of light in water.

"It is fifteen years since I first saw her. I was then just turned of twenty-five, and the inheritor of a large fortune, which fact, combined with certain dare-devil qualities in my character, rendered me a universal favorite, especially with the women. Toward these last I always conducted myself in a very high and mighty manner, having early learned the fact that nothing takes with the dear creatures like a spice of brusquerie—that is, when backed by the almighty dollar, for certain unfortunates, minus that important qualification, having attempted to follow my example, were instantly and severely frowned down.

"Now, partridge is fine eating, but variety is desirable; and I doubt if Alexander felt the same thrill of pleasure when trembling cities opened their gates and came forth to meet him, with flowers and dances, as when he forced his way sword in hand, through the breach, slippery with blood and choked with the bodies of the dead and dying. From which wise apothegms you are to infer that when my room became uncomfortably crowded with slippers, watch cases, smoking caps and perfumed *billets*, that I ceased to prize these testimonials of esteem as highly as formely; and when argus-eyed dragons of mammas suddenly relaxed their vigilance, and left their Lauras, Caroline and Matildas under my charge, with a simplicity and unsuspiciousness which was quite astonishing, those angels somehow lost their wings, and bored me to an extent that justified me in considering myself perfectly *blaze*, and in making arrangements to quit society for at least a month.

"In pursuance of this intention I posted down to S——, a quiet country village, where Colonel Jack Kenzie, a fire eating friend of mine, kept bachelor's hall. It was on very much such a night as this that I arrived, after a most fatiguing day's journey, and was ushered into a handsome saloon, where, instead of the burly form of Jack, my astonished eyes were greeted by the apparition of a beautiful woman, fast asleep on a lounge in the most graceful attitude imaginable. The exclamation in which I indulged myself at this was, I fear more emphatic than polite. At any rate, it awoke the fair sleeper; for a tiny foot, encased in a bewitching little blue slipper was hastily withdrawn under the protection of one of those embroidered mysteries styled, by ladies, a *neglige*, and the snowy eyelids were lazily uplifted, and I looked into a pair of gazelle eyes that scanned me in return for a moment, as calmly as though I was some newly-imported bronze, and then turned languidly away, as if finding nothing worthy to arrest their attention.

"Some young women might have blushed, and simpered, and apologized, and got themselves in a flutter generally, and I rather expected this one would, and was quite prepared for it; but she didn't, and finding that she preserved her presence of mind, I lost my own, and the position was becoming sufficiently embarrassing, when Jack opportunely arrived to my relief.

"Why, Ralph, old boy, how do you do? I am deuced glad to see you. Got here in spite of the weather, eh? and been making the most of your times as usual. Acquainted with Getty already, I see. No? We'll remedy that, in a twinkling. My niece, Gertrude May, Captain Maitland.'

"The mystery was solved. His niece—certainly, what could be more natural? I was aware that he had married sisters, and need not have been so much astonished to find that they had fulfilled the end and aim of woman's existence, and, in so doing, made Jack an uncle. In fact, they had done so to a considerable extent, as I was shortly introduced, in rotation, to a small army of nephews and nieces, and, as the latter proved to be lively, coquettish, and pretty, I was soon on the best of terms with them all, with the exception of Gertrude May.

"That young woman weighed on my mind; she was the Mordecai in the king's gate, the torment and the riddle of my existence, being either utterly incapable of appreciating, or obstinately blind to the many merits and perfections of Captain Ralph Maitland. Her beautiful eyes seemed scarcely to take note of my existence, and Bruno, the Newfoundland, interested her infinitely more than I did in my handsomest uniform.

"I tried desperate flirtations with the other nieces, and she was about as much affected as she would have been by the movements of the Khan of Tartary. I absented myself for some days, but even my vanity could perceive no alteration in her appearance on my return. I affected the sarcastic mood, and, when I became too personal, she gave me some home thrusts that fairly routed me, the hero of a hundred such encounters from the field.

"Finally, after having given up rooms that suited me exactly, quitted town in the height of the season, and subjected myself to a vast amount of inconvenience, generally to escape the adulteration of society.—I was so piqued by the evident indifference of this girl, that I began to be very much in love with her, and became quite assiduous in my attentions. I could not flatter myself, however, that I made much progress, till a vicious brute of a horse, behind which she was riding at a sleighing party, was kind enough to run away, and afford me an opportunity of stopping him and saving her, by seriously endangering my own life. At the moment I forgot pique, vanity, prudence, all considerations, save that I loved her, and catching her in my arms, covered her with kisses and pressed her repeatedly to my breast—she being quite insensible, or, at least, I suppose so, as she remained with eyes closed and perfectly passive, till the arrival of the rest of the party, when she recovered almost miraculously.

"After that she could never again conduct herself toward me with the same indifference as before. The barriers were broken down between us, and she knew it. Daily, in her flushing cheek and downcast eye, I read the unmistakeable tokens of my growing influence; and one morning, thinking the symptoms sufficiently encouraging, I avowed my love, and offered myself to her, after the most approved fashion in such cases.

"To my great astonishment she remained so perfectly silent and immovable that I fancied she could not have heard me, and repeated what I said still more earnestly. I begged, prayed, urged—even knelt to her to vouchsafe to me only one word, one glance, to say that she loved me. Then, when she preserved the same inexplicable silence, I became furious. I accused her of coquetry and dissimulation. I heaped on her every epithet, every taunt, that my insane passion could suggest, and then was rushing wildly away, when she stopped me, in a voice low and broken with sobs. She told me how she was bound, by every tie of honor and gratitude, by an engagement entered into at the request of her father, when too young to understand the promptings of her own heart. How she had struggled to overcome her growing love for me; how, when I rescued her from the very jaws of death, she ceased to contend longer against what seemed her fate, and ended by appealing to my honor and generosity, and conjuring me to leave her.

"She might as well appealed to the winds. To her augments and entreaties I replied only by caresses and passionate protestations till, worn out by my vehemence, she consented at length to unite her fortunes to mine on the following day, and then begged me to leave her to gain a little repose.

"I consented reluctantly.

"The morning found me so agitated by a feverish and trembling joy, that I feared lest it should be perceived. I was not surprised that she did not make her appearance at the breakfast table, but hurried at once to the place of *rendezvous*. After waiting there vainly for two long, agonizing hours, I hastened back to the house, where I found a note, in her handwriting, awaiting me. It contained only the words:

"'Farewell, forever!'

"She had confided all to Colonel Kenzie, and, with his assistance, had fled from me.

"The next news that I received of her was the announcement of her death. And now you know the secret of my strange and solitary life; for when they buried her, I stood beside her grave, and interred, with her, the love, joy, hope and ambition of RALPH MAITLAND."

Forty Thousand People at a Prayer Meeting.

The Edinburg Witness gives the subjoined account of a very remarkable prayer meeting, probably the largest ever held since the dawn of the Christian era. We presume that the numbers are somewhat exaggerated, as other papers do not place them higher than from twenty to thirty thousand:—

"A great union prayer meeting, in connection with the present remarkable movement, was held in the open air, in Belfast, Ireland on Wednesday forenoon, at half-past eleven o'clock. In order to accommodate all parties, the use of the spacious grounds of the Royal Botanic Gardens was obtained for holding the meeting; and as it was well known that many persons from the surrounding country were desirous to be present, special trains of uncommon length were run by the different railway companies. Some idea of the interest felt may be imagined when we state that it is computed that no fewer than fifteen thousand individuals arrived in Belfast, and that from thirty-five to forty thousand persons in all were present at the services. The leading streets of the town presented, during mid-day, a most remarkable aspect, particularly after the arrival of trains. The footways were literally thronged with well dressed and respectable looking people from the country—not passing along with the negligent and easy going air of pleasure seeking excursionists, but staid and solemn in demeanor—the younger as well as the elder; and the majority with bibles or hymn books in their hands, as if proceeding to Sabbath services. On they passed towards the place of meeting, passed the glittering rows of gorgeous shops, and through the fashionable thorough fares. Thus the living stream—such a stream as was never witnessed before in Belfast—poured outwards for at least two hours, along both sides of the street.

The scene in the garden grounds is said by the Banner of Uister to have been one of the most striking as well as impressive and animating ever witnessed in the province. The whole space within view from any point was as closely packed as it was well possible for it to be. Even the branches of the trees were taken advantage of by numbers of the junior members of the audience, as the most suitable situations for seeing and hearing; and here, while the sounds of praise were rising from the multitude below, these young worshippers were heard joining in the song of thanksgiving.—Nothing of holiday levity—nothing of the thoughtless mirth of youth—was manifested among these; their attention was as marked, and their conduct as well ordered, as that of any person in the vast assemblage. Both as regarded its magnitude and the deep solemnity and earnest spirit that pervaded it, the meeting is said to have recalled vividly the historic days and scenes of the singing of the "Solemn League and Covenant."

The Rev. John Johnson, of Tulosh, Moderator of the General Assebly of the Irish Presbyterian Church, presided, and he was supported by the ministers of the different Protestant denominations in and around Belfast. After prayer, the chairman read a chapter from the Holy Scriptures, and then gave out the 1000th Psalm; and never before in Belfast did so many voices unite in such hearty accord in singing this favorite song of Zion. Scarcely had the first note been raised on the platform, when it was caught up by the immense assemblage, the majority of the voices combining in surprising and unequalled harmony; and as each stanza closed, the dying away of the cadence in the far distance of the throng, had an effect at once solemn and thrilling. Short addresses were delivered by ministers and converts; and also by Mr. Wm. Dickson, of Edinburgh, Mr. Peter Drummond, of Sterling. Prayers were also offered up, and verses from hymns sung. As it was impossible for the speakers on the central platform to make themselves heard by the whole of the vast multitude, clergymen and others scattered themselves among them, each forming the centre of a large congregation which immediately gathered around, joining in devotional exercises.

At one time there was no less than twenty of these subordinate meetings, numbering from five hundred to one thousand each. Every here and there, throughout the immense multitude, while the hymn or the prayer was rising on high, persons were being struck down under a sense of deep and overpowering conviction of sin. Inside of some of these circles there could not have been fewer than twenty persons (chiefly females) apparently under the influence of spiritual visitation at the same moment; some of the prostrate upon the sward, and others reclining upon the lap of friends. These were affected in various ways—some weeping bitterly, but silently, under a deep conviction of sin; some crying piteously for mercy—and others unable to utter a word, so thoroughly were their physical faculties in abeyance.

In many parts of the garden, groups of boys and girls, who had retired from the body of the congregation, formed in the shrubbery little meetings for prayer and exhortation among themselves. Some of these were ragged little boys, who had evidently belonged to the outcast classes. One of these cases was that of a little boy, about eleven years of age, who, in a very retired part of the garden, engaged in prayer, surrounded by about twenty lads of the same age and class. The lad was, it appears, neglected by his parents, and formerly obtained a scanty livelihood by hawking ballads through the streets; and the tattered garments in which he, as well as his companions, were arrayed on Wednesday, showed that, in that respect, their prospects in life had not much improved.

At the close of the general meeting, one of the ministers of the town, who had mor-

ed a great deal among the juvenile population was surrounded by a large assemblage of boys, who ultimately formed themselves into a procession, and marched into town singing,

"O! that will be joyful."

Many of these children evidently belonged to the lowest classes of society. A portion of the procession, which divided from the rest, on arriving at the Pound district ceased to sing till they had passed its dangerous precincts, and resumed their song when they passed into Townsend street:—The immense concourse of people left the gardens in the most orderly manner—the majority of them evidently impressed with the conviction that it was 'good for them to have been there.' A few manufactories and other places of business were closed for the day, in order to allow the workers to join in the above services."

The Husband who was to mind the House.

Once on a time there was a man so surly and cross, he never thought his wife did anything right in the house. So, one evening, in hay making time, he came home, scolding and swearing, and showing his teeth and making a dust.

"Dear love don't be so angry; there's a good man," said his goody; "to morrow let's change our work. I'll go out with the mowers and mow, and you shall mind the house at home."

Yes! the husband thought that would do very well—he was quite willing, he said.

So, early next morning, his goody took a scythe over her neck, and went out into the hay-field with the mowers, and began to mow: but the man was to mind the house and do the work at home.

First of all, he wanted to churn butter; but when he had churned a while he got thirsty, and went down to the cellar to tap a barrel of ale. So, just when he had knocked in the bung; and was putting the the tap into the cask, he heard overhead the pig come into the kitchen. Then off he ran up the cellar steps with the tap in his hand, as fast as he could, to look after the pig lest it should upset the churn; but when he got up, and saw the pig had already knocked the churn over, and stood there, rooting and grunting amongst the cream which was running all over the floor, he got so wild with rage that he quite forgot the ale barrel and ran at the pig as hard as he could. He caught it, just as it run out of doors, and gave it such a kick, that piggy lay for dead on the spot. Then all at once he remembered he had the tap in his hand; but when he got down to the cellar, every drop of the ale had run out of the cask.

Then he went into the dairy and found enough cream left to fill the churn again, and so he began to churn, for butter they must have at dinner. When he had churned a bit, he remembered that their milking cow was still shut up in the byre, and hadn't had a bit to eat or a drop to drink all the morning, though the sun was high. Then all at once he thought 'twas too far to take her down to the meadow, so he'd just get her up on the house top—for the house you must know, was thatched with sods, and a fine crop of grass was growing there. Now their house lay close up against a steep down, and he thought if he had laid a plank across to the thatch at the back he'd easily get the cow up.

But still he couldn't leave the churn, for there was his little babe crawling about on the floor, and "If I leave it," he thought, "the child is sure to upset it." So he took the churn on his back and went out with it; but then he thought he'd better first water the cow before he turned her out on the thatch: so he took up a bucket to draw water out of the well, but as he stooped down at the well's brink, all the cream ran out of the churn over his shoulders, and so down into the well.

Now it was near dinner time, and he hadn't even got the butter yet; so he thought he'd best boil the porridge, and filled the pot with water, and hung it over the fire. When he had done that, he thought the cow might perhaps fall off the thatch and break her legs or her neck. So he got up on the house to tie her up. One end of the rope he made fast to the cow's neck, and the other he slipped down the chimney and tied round his own thigh; and he had to make haste, for the water now began to boil in the pot, and he had still to grind the oatmeal.

So he began to grind away; but while he was hard at it, down fell the cow off the house-top after all, and as she fell, she dragged the man up the chimney by the rope. There he stuck fast; and as for the cow, she hung half way down the wall, swinging between heaven and earth, for she could neither get down nor up.

And now the goody had waited seven lengths and seven breadths for her husband to come and call her home to dinner; but never a call they had. At last, she thought she'd waited long enough, and went home. But when she got there and saw the cow hanging in such an ugly place, she ran up and cut the rope in two with her scythe.—But as she did this down came her husband out of the chimney; and so when his old dame came inside the kitchen, there she found him standing on his head in the porridge pot.—*Norse Tales.*

Ladies' Swimming School in Paris.

A letter from Paris thus describes a Ladies' Swimming School in that city:

Quarnier's Swimming School for Ladies opens in the month of May, and it is difficult to imagine a more novel or prettier scene than it presents on a warm afternoon. Neither at concert, race or ball, in Paris, have I beheld so many beautiful faces as at this school; one reason, perhaps, being that many girls from ten to fifteen are visitors to the bath, who are excluded by their age from sharing in public amusements.

The young ladies of the aristocratic Faubourg St. Germain, the daughters of the wealthy "financiers," the families attached to the Emperor, all meet here with the same intention, namely; to swim; and all who are able gambol, race and laugh in the water; forgetful of party and social distinctions. The costume is generally of some dark material, gayly trimmed with red or blue worsted binding, which does not lose its color. The upper part of the dress resembles a boy's blouse; the lower a pair of trousers. It is all in one, and a tunic is sewn to the waist and falls to the knee.—Some of the girls go in without any kind of a head dress beyond their own hue hair, neatly plaited; others wear nets of gay colors, or a slightly netted scarlet or blue scarf, neatly arranged.

A basin about 150 or 160 feet long, and about 25 or 30 feet broad, is surrounded by a broad platform, enclosed by the dressing rooms, and screened alike from the sun and the public observation by an awning stretched over all. The machine is so arranged that the powerful current of the Seine rushes through it—it is, in fact, a large cage sunk in the required depth. But the large basin is the centre of attraction. At the end where the water is deepest flights of steps lead down for those who like to swim smoothly and quietly off; but far the greater number prefer leaping in, either from the platform or from the little fanciful construction, half arch, half temple; raised at the end of it, and which gives a descent any height you please between ten and thirty feet, to the surface of the water

Fearless, gay and graceful they plunge beneath the flood to reappear almost instantly, gliding down the stream without any apparent effort; floating swimming on the back, &c., vary the amusements which more than a hundred ladies may be seen sharing together, their, evolutions being watched and stimulated by as many lookers on—their mothers and female friends who are seated around. Little did I think, when I inscribed myself on M. Quarnier's list, that I should be hung into the water with directions to imitate a frog to the best of my ability—it was even so.

O dear how helpless you feel!—how you wish you had never thought of learning to swim! But you are ashamed to say so; you know you cannot be drowned; the man adjusts his line so nicely to the level of the water, you feel quite sure of that. So he counts, "One, two, three," and you perform froggy awkwardly enough, putting out your hands when you ought to keep them in stretching your arms forward when they ought to be close to your body kicking in anything but measured cadence, and getting a good mouthful, notwithstanding you, silly creature, stiffen your neck, and try to keep your head up by that means. That ends the first lesson. After two or three lessons more, you swim off from the steps at the end, where the water is deepest, the man on the platform preceeding you with a pole, as you attempt to make your way down the large basin. This large basin is constantly watched, either by Quarnier himself or by the swimming master. These are the only individuals of the male sex ever present. Madame Quarnier is, as may be expected, a perfect swimmer, and takes an active interest in all the proceedings.

Extraordinary Exhibition.

A Man of Leather.—An exhibition of a very remarkable and unnatural character attracted a small but highly respectable audience at the Melodeon on Thursday evening last. A young man by the name of James Stevens had advertised that he would do many wonderful things in the way of cutting himself up with knives, nailing his feet, arms and legs to chairs, to the wall, &c., which astounding exploits he proceeded to exhibit at the appointed hour in the presence of a number of physicians of celebrity, including members of the medical faculty of Transylvania University, and other learned professors, who were invited to the stand that they might detect any fraud or deception if practised. He began by sticking a handful of pins up to the head, in his legs; then drove an awl through the middle of his wrist into a chair; drove a knife through the muscle of his leg nailed his foot to a wooden shoe, the nail or awl passing through the middle of the foot and so walked about the stage; cut his dexter finger through the flesh, exhibiting the naked bone, and concluded by passing a knife through his cheek, the blade protruding from his mouth. In all this but little blood was drawn.

He also offered to drive a knife through each leg and hang himself from the wall which the audience mercifully excused him from doing, feeling satisfied that he could accomplish whatever he proposed.—About the whole procedure there was no sort of humbug, as the eyes of diverse gentlemen, who were upon the stand, were steadily fixed upon him, and any "unbelieving Thomas" had an opportunity to touch the knife blade on the opposite side to that into which it had been thrust, of the leg, wrist or hand. He used a few galvanic rings about his person, which was probably more for show than anything else, as they could effect nothing. Mr. Stevens looks to be not more than twenty or twenty-one years of age. Before closing, he proposed to operate in a similar manner upon any one of the audience, agreeing to forfeit $1,000 if he inflicted pain. This, however, was prudently declined. We saw this man of leather early yesterday morning, looking as fresh and whole as through knife or nail had never penetrated his elastic body.—*Lexington Ky Observer.*

ATTACHING A MAIL CONTRACTOR'S PAY.—The auditor of the Postoffice Department in response to inquiries, has notified a judgment creditor of a mail contracter in the West, who recently attached the funds placed by the Department in a postmaster's hand to pay said contractor, that under the decisions of the United States Supreme Court, the pay of an officer or employee of the general government can in no case be legally attached, even when in the hands of a third party, before being paid over.

Wit and Humor.

A Thrilling Romance.

CHAPTER I.

She stood beside the alter, with a wreath of orange blossoms upon her head—upon her back, the richest kind o' duds—her lover stood beside her, with white kids and dicky clean—the last was twenty-one years old, the other seventeen.

The parson's job was over—every one had kissed the bride, and wished the young folks happiness, and danced, and laughed, and cried. The last kiss had been given, and the last word had been said, and the happy pair had simmered down, and sought the bridal bed.

CHAPTER II.

She stood beside the wash-tub, with her red hands in the suds, and at her slip-shod feet there laid a pile of dirty duds; her husband stood behind her—the crossest man alive. The last was twenty-nine years old, the fust was twenty-five.

The heavy wash was over and the clo's hung out to dry, and little Tom had stuck his finger in the dirty baby's eye. Tom had been spanked, and supper made upon a crust of bread, and then the bride and bridegroom went grumbling to their bed.

"SQUARING THE CIRCLE."—Among the parlor games occasionally used is one called "squaring a word." It consists in arranging words in such a manner that a perfect square of known words shall be made which will read vertically in the same order as horizontaliy. The problems of "squaring the circle," which has puzzled philosophers and mathematicians for ages, has been solved in this way, thus:—

CIRCLE
ICARUS
RAREST
CREATE
LUSTRE
ESTEEM

This is a pleasant game for evening parties, and requires considerable ingenuity.—*Cleveland Herald.*

WORTH KNOWING.—A young lady in this city, says the Philadelphia Ledger, while in the country, stepped on a rusty nail, which run through her shoe into her foot. The inflamation and pain was very great, and lock-jaw was apprehended. A friend of the family recommended the application of a beet taken from the garden and pounded fine, to the wound. It was done and the effect was very beneficial.—Soon the inflamation began to subside, and by keeping on the crushed beet and changing it for a fresh one as its virtue seemed to become impaired, a speedy cure was effected. Simple and effectual remedies like this should be known to every one.

The other day, a Dutchman in Cincinnati was severely thrashed by 'vrow,' and while smarting under the infliction, he complained to the Mayor, and had his better half arrested for the outrage, whereupon she was fined three dollars and cost, but she not having the money, her husband was called upon to 'fork over.' Upon which he opened his eyes in great surprise exclaiming, "Vot for I pay? She vip me!" The "statute" was explained to Lim, and he paid, but announced that hereafter his wife might wallop him as much as she pleased, but he would never again take steps to uphold the "majesty of the law."

Some persons being in conversation the other day, on religious subjects, one of them remarked that a certain clergyman who had been the shepherd of the flock, had become so haughty that he did not know some of his own church, because they happened to be poor.

Another observed that he must be a singular shepherd, not to know the 'sheep' of his own flock.

A little girl, about eight years old, who was busy at play, replied: "Ma, they ought to do as granpa used to do with his sheep—paint their noses."

HOW TO DO IT.—If you want to keep your borough from thriving, turn a cold shoulder to every mechanic or beginner in business, look upon every new comer with a jealous scowl. Discourage all you can; if that don't do, descry his work, or his goods, and rather go abroad for ware of this kind or that than give him your money. If anybody's corns are pinched, let them "sing out."

"You see, grandma, we perforate an aperture in the apex, and a corresponding aperture in the base; and by applying the egg to the lips, and forcibly inhaling the breath, the shell if entirely discharged of its contents. "Bless my soul," cried the old lady, 'what wonderful improvements they do make! Now in my young days we just made a hole in each end and sucked."

A young gentleman, who was in the act of poping the question to a young lady, was interrupted by the father entering the room, inquiring what they were about. 'O,' replied the fair one. Mr.——was explaining the question of *annexation* to me, and he is for *immediate annexation*.' 'Well,' said papa, 'if you can agree on a treaty I'll ratify it.'

Peter Cagger the great Albany political wire puller is understood to have said that, to make a Democratic party, it required two sorts of material—a few sharp fellows to lead and plenty of fools to follow. Peter knows, for like the man in the farce, 'Peter's no fool.'

SPARE THE BIRDS.—Cassius M. Clay, Esq., calculates that the birds visiting his thirty acres of fruit and pleasure grounds destroy not less than "25,459,200,000 caterpillars and insects in one year."

A Philadelphia paper says of a drunken negro who fell down a cellar-way, "his life was preserved by striking head first."

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