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ADVERTISEMENTS,

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THY WILL, OH GOD! BE DONE.

BY BELL R. H. WHITNEY.

When tempests cloud life's summer skies,
And every thought with care is pressed;
And sorrow with dim tear-stained eyes,
Has laid hage burdens on thy breast;
Though thorns beset thy weary way,
Fear not! the goal will soon be won;
Look upward through the clouds, and say,
Thy will, O God! not mine be done.

When stern, relentless death shall grasp
Some dear one from thy fond embrace,
With black despair thy hands shall clasp,
And from thy heart each hope efface—
Take to thy lips the bitter cup—
Drain to the dregs if needs must come—
And like our blessed Saviour, pray,
Thy will, O God! not mine, be done.

Where'er on earth thy lot be cast,
Whate'er thy grief, whate'er thy woe;
Still recognize a Father's hand,
For whom he loves he chast'neth too;
Submission paves the way to Heaven—
Each tear is but a stepping stone;
Then meekly bow thy head and say,
Thy will, O God! not mine, be done.

From the New York Mercury.

The Bangletown Editors.

BY ISAAC INGLEBY.

CHAPTER I.

ORIGIN OF THE DIFFICULTY.

All Bangletown was ablaze!

You don't know where Bangletown is? Very well. It lies in the country of Guesswhere, State of New York, and precisely four miles from Lawyer's "Holler;" for Deacon Jones measured the distance a little while ago, and the way is no longer than it was then.

You ought to know where Bangletown is. Why, it is in the country seat of Guesswhere, and there the Bangletown *Trumpet* and the Guesswhere *Scorpion* are published—the former edited by the celebrated Mr. Squizzle, and the latter by the renowned Mr. Grizzle.

And both are bachelors. For this reason one would suppose they would be the best of friends, for 'misery loves company;' but, after all, who ever knew two rival country editors to be friends? At least it is generally supposed that they are ever at swords' points from the valiant way they cut and slash at each other. We will not undertake to say whether this supposition is generally correct.

Mr. Squizzle, of the *Trumpet*, is a dapper little individual, wears specs, dresses nice, and 'cuts a dash' wherever he goes; walks quick—occasionally carrying a cane—has his hair curled nicely, and tries to 'look daggers' when introduced to you.—But do not be afraid of Squizzle; he might annihilate you with his pen, but never with cane, or those delicate, white little hands—kept so, we believe, by frequent washing and untiring labor; for Squizzle not unfrequently 'works at the case,' and wields a 'rule' other than golden, and a 'stick' not exactly burnished.

Squizzle, notwithstanding what Grizzle says of him, is a very nice man, and holds acquaintance well.

But—Boo! oo-oo oo! *Boo!*

There, now don't be afraid.

Mr. Grizzle, of the Guesswhere Scorpion which has a circulation of four hundred, more or less, Mr. G. says, and is really a most influential newspaper, "devoted to news, literature, politics, education, agriculture, horticulture, morals, miscellany, women's rights, religion, ect." (we quote from the head of the Scorpion,) and warns, in black letters, all evil-doers to 'Beware of the lash,' with an exclamation point (!) after 'lash,' by way of enforcing the advice.

You don't like Grizzle?

Observe his head, now that shocking bad hat is off. Rather a broad forehead, crowned with bristles which stick up as persistently as hog's bristles. (We crave Mr Grizzle's pardon.) A thin face, rather full save the nose, which by the way is scarcely an apology for a nose. Grizzle's eyes are small, and sunk deep in their sockets, which he attributes to 'mental labor, sir; mental labor;' and his whiskers and moustaches look very fierce indeed, because he 'cannot spare the time, sir, cannot,' to curl them prettily, and oil them occasionally, and have them dressed about as often.—Grizzle's face is long, he looks as sober as an owl, and sometimes, when politically, or otherwise warmed, he looks 'fierce as a lion.' That face is on a long neck, and that neck is borne up by a pair of round shoulders, and looking farther down, you see a slim body, and slim long legs, terminating in feet plentifully large.

Why Grizzle's feet and hands are so large, we never could determine. We are almost disposed to quote his own reason for physical deformity, or, rather (we again crave Mr. Grizzle's pardon) for physical short and long comings—'Mental labor sir; mental labor—ahem!' and toss our forehead significantly Grizzle-like.

In a great many particulars, other than form, Grizzle and Squizzle are totally unlike. For instance, Grizzle snuffs, and Squizzle 'does abominate the detestible stuff.' Grizzle chews 'a straw,' and detests pipes and cigars; and Squizzle smokes, and cannot abide a person who 'makes a stinkhouse of his mouth, and dirties ladies dresses with nauseous effluvia, *no*,' Squizzle attends church regularly—Grizzle goes 'when he pleases.' Occasionally, Squizzle 'speaks in public on the stage'—Grizzle never did in his life; nonsense, he 'wouldn't—no, sir, wouldn't—ahem!' Sometimes, when Squizzle makes war on the unterrified democracy, Grizzle retaliates by abusing Squizzle; then there is fun for lovers of hard blows, and cutting allusions, goose-quill fashion.—When Mr. Grizzle, lashed into fury by that detestible Squizzle, says, 'Now will splinters fly,' accompanied with a knitting of shaggy eyebrows, and a contraction of the forehead—generally he takes a pinch of snuff, too—then expect that Squizzle's glove is thrown up, and splinters *will* fly.' If the Trumpet office doesn't fall shortly thereafter, or the Scorpion's biggest gun burst, then the Scorpion and the Trumpet, and Grizzle and Squizzle may live for years.

On only one thing did the Bangletown editors ever agree.

In Bangletown lived a maiden lady of a certain age, and she was the possessor of—Madame Rumor said—some forty or fifty thousand dollars. She was very good-looking—that is, we have seen ladies not as handsome. True, her nose was quite large, and her forehead sloping, and her teeth few and far more white, and those paper curls decidedly failures; but what has a pretty face to do with 'men of brains, sir—*brains.*'

Had Miss Clemantha Boom been penniless, we have no doubt Messrs. Squizzle and Grizzle would have loved her. Literary people very seldom love money as they should.' Squizzle and Grizzle didn't—they loved Clemantha Boom devotedly, distractedly, and would have given her 'puffs' a great many in every edition of the Trumpet and Scorpion, had such a thing been allowable.

And didn't the fascinating Squizzle, down on his knees before her one night, pour forth a tale of love that ought to have melted a heart of stone. Didn't he say, with hands clasped, and eyes "in fine phrensy rolling:'

'Dear Clemantha Boom! I love you, and would make you my own. The sanctum is dreary without thee, and the scissors are waiting for thy fairy fingers. The exchanges lie unopened on the table, and a sad, sad editor sets in the easy-chair. Come with me Clemantha, and—and—

'Help me to edit all day!' "

The heart of Clemantha Boom was not a heart of stone, we are happy to say. It is therefore supposed to have 'melted;' but the blushing blooming girl had not made up her mind yet, so Mr. Squizzles must be kept 'in an agony of suspense' an age of a year. And then she was *so* young, and the declaration was *so* 'sudden!' it quite unnerved her.

And didn't the next issue of the Trumpet wear sadness in all its editorials? And *who* was the author of that sweet little piece—'To Clemantha B.'—which graced the top of the first column of the first page? Perhaps you can guess?

How do you know that Grizzle loved Clemantha?

Softly now she whispered it to a dear confidante, in all secresy; dear confidante whispered it to confidante No. 2, with a strict injunction not to tell; and No. 2 carried it to Nos. 3 and 4, and so it went until it was Bangletown talk, indulged in always with the promise to 'keep mum, or Grizzle 'll hear of it.'

So we heard of it; also, that Grizzle popped the question thus: 'Miss Boom'—ahem! 'em 'em!—'you are probably aware that'—here he took a pinch of snuff—'that'—here he elevated his eyebrows and began to tremble—'that—ahem!—the price of the Scorpion is one dollar and a half, if paid in advance, two dollars at the end of the year.'

'Indeed, Mr. Grizzle,' and Clemantha Boom looked up in surprise. 'You surprise me, sir. The paper was sent at your own suggestion, and with the understanding that I was to pay nothing for it.'

'Ahem! Bless my soul!' and Mr Grizzle blushed and trembled. 'I beg your pardon madame. I am absent-minded'—he tapped his forehead significantly—'mental labor, Miss Boom—mental labor. It will kill me one of these days. But—I—I—want a wife!'

Clamantha Boom blushed and trembled, sighed, and looked interesting. She appeared surprised, however, and stammered out, "Well, Mr. Grizzle, what's that to me?'

Grizzle passed his great red hand through his bristles, took a pinch of snuff, and remarked:

"Much—much—*dear* Clamantha! Marry—marry me, madame! Give you a puff,' and put you among the dead-heads for as long as the Scorpion lives.'

'Oh, Mr. Grizzle! But—'dead-heads!' 'On the free list, I mean. However, I'm absent-minded again. Excuse me—mental labor.'

And the upshot of Grizzle's declaration was, that he was to have an answer about the same time Squizzle had his.

Perhaps the Scorpion didn't say naughty words to the Trumpet a week thereafter.—It was evident that Grizzle was jealous—that he knew who stood between him and his love, and hated him with a hatred whose intensity is never known save to rival lovers.

And when Mr. Grizzle and Squizzle passed each other, there was fire in the eyes of each. To be sure, Mr. S. would get by a friend and wink knowingly at Mr. G., as much as to say, 'See the ridiculous creature;' and Mr. G. would smile grimly when Mr. S. passed him, and allow his lips to curl scornfully, as if he had said, 'The ridiculous fop! he is beneath my notice, save pen-fashion—ahem!'

But there was hatred at heart, which might terminate in a shocking affair—this was plain, and people expected, with old Mrs. Garner, 'every day to see them get to fighting in the streets; and they would certainly kill each other.'

Those who knew the secret of their animosity, went to Miss Clementha Boom and advised her to interfere; but Clementha we are sorry to say, had her failings, and thought, to herself, 'it would be charming to have two editors get fighting for me.'—So Clemantha only looked on, and read both papers, and smiled on both editors, and secretly wished that they would get up a little 'scene,' in which tragedy would be the main element.

But it, at this period, the Bangletownonians were fearful of a 'scene' between Messrs. Squizzle and Grizzle, how must they have trembled when six weeks went by, and three successive issues of each luminary had appeared? Ah!

Thus the battle commenced—this was the rocket that exploded in the voice of the Trumpet, and provoked the war. Grizzle sent the rocket over to Squizzle:

"THE ASTUTE MR. SQUIZZLE—THE WISE ONE. Squizzle, who prints the Bangletown *Trumpet*—circulation fifty—attacks the Democracy. He also makes a distant allusion to ourself. Of course his silly flings can hurt nobody. He has probably one regular reader—himself; beyond this, his articles are food for fire, or are simply read to be laughed at."

Whereupon Mr. Squizzle rejoined:

"The valiant Mr. Grizzle takes allusions to the Democracy, of last week, rather hard. We are averse in crossing swords with the *Scorpion* man, to make this a personal controversy; our readers know very well that our modesty—we state it modestly—is proverbial. As to the slur upon our subscription list, we have only to state that ours is the official paper of Bangletown; this is a sufficient answer. The Bangletownonians will judge between us, and the 'astute' Grizzle will have to get his 'back up' in a different shape.'

Everybody knew there would be a perfect storm after that, and the Grizzle vs. Squizzle difficulty became town-talk directly, and the village papers were anxiously looked for.

We cannot stop to quote attacks and rejoinders in full. We will merely make extracts, showing how the war with the goose-quill progressed—from wit to sarcasm, from sarcasm to personalities, from personalities to 'strong' articles, plentifully sprinkled with epithets, and boasts, bravery, and threats.

A few lines from the Scorpion article in reply to Squizzle's las effort must suffice:

"Everybody knows what Squizzle is: a low sneaking, half-witted individual. If he thinks he can frighten us, he is mistaken. Let him try it on!"

Extract from Sqizzle's second rejoinder:

"The Scorpion lashes its tail! Let the Scorpion rest assured we are not afraid of him. Had he the reputation that Grizzle boasts, he would never assume to so a respectable business as editing a newspaper. He is a disgrace to the profession."

Extract from the Scorpion's reply to the above:

"The Trumpet—! !.! • • • • • ! ! ← ↔ → ! !—We WILL! ☠ ☠ Not afraid—no, not we! ! • • Let him be on his GUARD! ! • • • cane him! • • • He has INSULTED us! • • shake him WELL!—The miserable, execrable • • Squizzles! ☠ A-HEM!"

And it was directly after the Scorpion, containing the article quoted from, appeared that Bangletown was all ablaze with excitement.

CHAPTER II.

How one difficulty was "brought to a focus" —how it ended, and what came of it.

When Mr. Grizzle arose from his bed the morning after "publication," it was broad day-light. He had worked late the night before to get the *Scorpion* edition off, and he presumed that ere then it was in the hands of its readers. With a vanity which is pardonable, he imagined the big eyes that would be made on perusing the "leading" article devoted to Squizzle and the *Trumpet*, and the alarm that the Bangletownonians would experience with a duel or a street encounter in prospect.

With no little anxiety, he watched for the evidences that his article was appreciated, and was gratified when Mrs, Garner issued from her dwelling, *Scorpion* in hand, and walked rapidly to a neighbor's house, with her countenance as expressive of something important within, as a box marked 'with care and dispatch.' He heard her say as the door swung open, or rather fell, 'Oh my! its shocking!' and this, with arm akimbo, and the Scorpion floating in the breeze. His article was taking effect—his 'mental labor' was being appreciated.

The news spread rapidly. From door to door Mrs. Gabble went, and the astounding intelligence that Grizzle was going to murder poor Squizzle, was communicated to all—the story growing like a snow-ball as it went.

By-and-bye, the future tense was altered to the present, and the news flew through Bangletown that Grizzle *was* murdering Squizzle. One old lady vowed she could 'hear the blows crack;' whereupon several thought of fainting, and people wended their way toward Squizzle's house. But all was quiet there, though the people of Bangletown were minutely expecting something awful, and therefore excited.

And all this while the redoubtable Grizzle was looking, apparently as calm as a summer's morning, from his window blinds, and watching the course of human events in the streets. We will not deny that he was not calm; we even think he trembled some, and was considerably alarmed, when he thought seriously of caning the impudent Squizzle, and was a little surprised that the article should have had so great an effect.

When the people pointed to his house, however, as the residence of the terrible Grizzle, he forgot his weakness by letting vanity have full play. Calmly he opened the blinds, and as calmly took a pinch of snuff; appeared not the least surprised at the pointing of many hands, and the looking of many eyes at him, and very quietly took a look about, snuffed the fresh air, set down in a chair where all could see him, and perused the morning paper, now and then peering over the corner of the same, chuckling as the people looked and pointed, and made remarks.

Grizzle was a genius. His discretion, however, was greater than his valor. It is not to be supposed that the terrible article in the Scorpion was written in the heat of passion; no, it was after much thought, and a well-formed plan as how to get up a 'terrible' reputation, without risking his precious body to any good extent.

We don't know what that plan was; we only know that Grizzle and the police constable of Bangletown were in close conversation the day—or a day or two—before the issue of the Scorpion, and that Grizzle was heard to say, 'puff;' 'near election;' 'elected sure,' with various significant nods and taps on his forehead, and bunches of the aforesaid officer of the law.

We will not stop to inquire about this, however, but return to Grizzle, who, with vengeance written on his brow, and a stout cane in his hand, sauntered forth—very calmly—from his domicile, about ten o'clock in the morning, and proceeded up Bangletown's Broadway, the observed of all observers.

'That's Grizzle,' said one pointing finger as the editor went on.

'He's after Squizzle, now,' said another, with a look of intelligence and expectation. 'Oh! he's a terrible man when he gets going—killed two men in a duel—been to the wars—seriously wounded fourteen to my certain knowledge. Fact!' and the speaker looked knowingly at the half-dozen who had gathered around him, eyes and mouth open, to catch every word.

'He's gone to murder Squizzles!' shrieked the indefatigable Mrs. Gabble, and straightway she flew to communicate the news to her neighbors.

While the Moreys followed Grizzle, and a few wicked, little urchins, quietly asked, 'Vell, vot of it?' and several heartless men smiled as if all the fuss was about nothing.

But Grizzle was followed by the police constable, mentioned above. The fellow looked mighty knowing and important, but kept a safe distance behind. Whether the interview before alluded to had anything to do with his knowledge, we will not undertake to say.

And all this time Mr. Grizzle was walking; his steps growing more rapid, until he walked quite fast; and his heavy cane striking the pavement harder, until they rang again, and his face growing redder, and his hair standing stiffer under the shocking bad hat that he wore.

But the officer kept pace with him. And so did the followers behind the officer.—And so did the anxiety of the Bangletownonians. The news was telegraphed ahead of him—only two words at first, 'Grizzle's coming!' and pretty soon they grew to 'Grizzle's going to kill poor Squizzle with a big oak club!' And so white caps dodged to windows, and black caps, and heads with no caps at all, and all Bangletown was on the *qui vive.*

At last—they met!

Horror! they ran against each other, so fast each was going his own way, and so quick they both tried to turn a corner!

The effect was awful. The valiant Mr. Grizzle was knocked into a mud-puddle, to the great disarrangement of his clothes, and he lost his specs, and damaged his 'mental' arrangement. The spruce Mr. Squizzle rebounded several feet, fell against a lady passer-by, thereby upsetting the dear creature and making for himself a pillow in her lap.

He apologised so prettily, however, that the lady forgave him, and blamed poor Grizzle for the occurrence.

And—again they met!

And this time there was fire in the eyes of Grizzle; and while he sputtered and blew the mud from his mouth, and wiped it from his face, and shook himself, he distinctly said naughty words several times (looking over his shoulder, perhaps, for the police constable,) and mentioned Squizzle's name in connection with some kind of a dam?

But Squizzle was ready for him. He braced himself up against a brick-house, and awaited the attack.

Fiercely, Grizzle advanced his stout, oak cane uplifted. The cane was dangerously near Squizzle's head; he held up hands 'scrowded' and looked at Grizzle's legs, evidently calculating to begin low, and go gradually up.

It was a moment of intense excitement. Women trembled, and the crowd held their breath as they advanced.

'Aha!' fairly shrieked the valiant Grizzle, 'I have thee now, scoundrel!' and the cane—

But no! The aforesaid police officer jerked Grizzle back, thereby saving Squizzle, and politely said to the two combatants:

'Will you go with me?'

And they went; Mr. Grizzle with many 'ah! reallys;' "absent-minded, you sees;" and 'mental labor-ahs;' and a significant wink to the officer; and Squizzle with a lugubrious countenance, and his head drooping, though he came out of the battle best.

They little knew who saw that battle.—They could not see Clemantha Boom behind the window-blinds of a neighboring house, though she could see them.

Perhaps it was better thus. Men will fight like devils when their lady-lovers are looking on. Had Messrs. Grizzle and Squizzle known where Clemantha Boom was, they might have both been killed.

And they little knew that that battle decided the matrimonial fate of each. For, while they were passing in the custody of an officer, and followed by a crowd to the police office, Clemantha Boom decided which should be the happy man!

They were tried. The evidence was tested and it was proved that each ran against the other, thereby sharing an intent on both sides of committing a breach of the peace. They were bound—much to the radiant Grizzle's chagrin—to keep the peace.

And when they were to leave the court-room, the police officer caged Grizzle behind the door, and asked him if it wasn't 'done slick,' and apologetically said he was rather slow in walking, but caught up by almost superhuman exertions, and begged Grizzle to remember the 'puff,' and the near election.

What all that meant, we, of course, do not know. Our respect for Grizzle, as a brave man, will not allow us to believe that the police officer was warned, or hired by Mr. Grizzle, to preserve the peace.

So ended the battle, and Bangletown was quiet again. But 'what came of it?'

We are sentimental now. Our heart beats with sympathetic joy for somebody, and thumps with sympathetic sorrow for another body. Our joy is joy with a tear in it; our sorrow is sorrow with a laugh, like a dream, in it.

It was the evening of a June day. The birds had gone to rest, the flowers had folded themselves to sleep, and the wind murmured musically, and lovingly, through the woods that hedged in Bangletown, and came, laden with weepings, Mr. Squizzle said, and they were all for him!

Oh, love! and oh, Clemantha Boom!

The dear girl was clasped around the waist by Squizzle, and out from Bangletown, in the beautiful country, they were taking an evening walk.

We heard her murmur, as they strolled along, 'I always thought I'd love you, dear Squizzle, and I said 'Yes,' to myself, when I saw you abused by that awful Grizzle. The ridiculous old creature! I shall laugh every day during my life, at the ludicrous way he popped the question!'

We heard no more, but that was enough, and we walked rapidly away, only hearing a sound—like 'ush'—which, we guess was all the answer.

And the above proves the good of keeping 'spruce,' and popping the question like a man.

We must not forget to tell you that Grizzle left Bangletown shortly thereafter, the *Scorpion* was purchased by Squizzle, and the two papers—like Squizzle and Clemantha—were made one, under the title of "*The Bangletown Trumpet and Scorpion,*" devoted to politics, news, literature, education, morals, etc. It is an excellent paper, published at "twelve shillings in advance, two dollars at the end of the year.' Don't you wan't to subscribe?

Un-Americanisms of the Chinese.

One of the missionary writers on the land of 'tea,' thus summarily specifies our differences from the 'tea'-totalers:

'The Chinese parents select the wives for their sones, and decide whom their daughters shall marry. Their badge of mourning is white, and their funeral cards are written with blue ink. They mourn for the dead by proxy, and select a burying-place for the departed by the aid of one who makes that his profession. We read horizontally; they, perpendicularly. We read from left to right; they, frem right to left. We uncover the head as a mark of respect, they put on their caps. We black-ball our boots; they whitewash theirs. We compress the waist; they, the feet. We give the place of honor on the right; they, on the left. We speak of northwest; they, of west-north. We say the needle of the compass points north; they, to the south. We shake the hand of a friend in salutation; they shake their own. We locate the understanding in the brain; they, in the belly.—Our official designate their office or rank by a star on the breast or epaulets on their shoulders; they, by a button on the apex of their caps. We page our books at the top; they, on the margin. We print on both sides of the leaf; they upon one. We place our foot-notes at the bottom; they, at the top of the page. In our libraries we set our volumes up; they lay theirs down.—We keep our wives in the parlor; they keep theirs in the kitchen. We put our daughters to school; they put theirs to service. We propel our canal-boats by horses and steam; they pull theirs by men. We take our produce to market by railroad; they take theirs on men's shoulders. We saw lumber and grind flour by steam and water-power; they do it by human muscle. We turn a thousand spindies, and fly a hundred shuttles without a single hand to propel; they employ a hand for each. We print by a power-press and metal type; they, on wooden blocks with a hand-brush. We are a beardless republic; they, a hoary-headed empire. We worship God; they offer incense to the devil.'

Moral Influences of a Good Horse.

The *Northern Advocate*, in reccommending good horses to traveling Methodist preachers, says:

'If one watches the evident emotions of the rider of a fine horse, his first impression will be that the horse is the great fosterer of pride. See how the man glances over the outlines of the beast, and then looks around as if to at once court and disdain the eyes of all other men! His self-esteem is Centaurean, and has six legs.—My horse and I! The English lady at St. Helena could never appreciate Napoleon's personnel, seeing him near the aristocratic Sir Hudson Lowe, until she saw him mounted. Then she felt that he was the emperor.

'A fine horse promotes, cheerful, elastic spirits. Willis says that of all exercises for a consumptive and invalids, he has found horseback riding far best, but adds, be must have a good horse and own it. Then the noble animal sends a sort of magic sympathy through every nerve of his feeble rider. We have seen a trembling man of eighty years helped into the saddle, suddenly resuming the life and bearing of his youth, as his kind and noble steed stepped proudly under him. A good horse is better and cheaper for an invalid man or woman than weeks at springs or a trip to the south.

'But a traveling preacher knows best the moral aid of a good horse. Let him be going to an appointment, if his horse springs under him with mettlesome courage, it stimulates the man. When faint with labor, he mounts to return, the strong animal soothes him, as the cradle does an infant. He can talk to his horse, and fancy flagging spirit comforted. We have thought often, that God appointed the horse as one of the minor comforts of the itinerant.—The lack of a horse is an uncomfortable item of a station. It is also to be noticed that our grand old pioneers, Asbury, Lee, Garrettsen and Cartwright, always make it a point to be well-mounted.'

AN IGNORANT AFRICAN.—The Columbus, (Ohio) Journal thus reports a row in that city:

'A large African, whose back might answer for a black board in a public school was arrested, and a boulder, weighing about four pounds, was found under his shirt bosom. On being questioned as to how it came into his possession, he exclaimed with a look of blank astonishment, 'Dat's just what I'd like to know, how dat infernal rock got into my buzum. I 'spect some nigger must have frowed it Jar.'

A Pearl worth fifty thousand dollars.

The Shah of Persia has in his possession the famous pearl found at Catifa, in Arabia and bought by Tavernier, originally, for this enormous sum! It is pear-shaped and without blemish, and from two to three inches in length. In the present day of oyster discovery, and with the possibility that a branch of the Long Island family may be the 'bivalve Mollusk,' containing the occasional pearl, it may be well to refresh our memory as to how these children of the sea are cradled. A writer in the *National Intelligencer* says:

'A pearl is a small concretion which is formed within the hard envelope of a shell-fish, but particularly in what is called the mother-of-pearl oyster, which nearly resembles in shape the common oyster, but is larger, being usually about three inches in diameter. The pearls are most commonly contained in the shell, but sometimes they are found in the thickest and most fleshy parts of the oyster. A single oyster will frequently contain several pearls; and it is on record that one has been known to contain one hundred and fifty. The pearl itself is supposed to be the result of some accidental deposit or extravasation of the liquor secreted by the animal in the gradual enlargement of its shell—very small in the first instance, but increased by successive layers of pearly matter. The formation of the pearl has, however, embarrassed both ancient and modern naturalists to explain, and has given occasion to a number of very curious hypotheses. Some have even supposed that pearls are formed like other stones in animals.

ORIGIN OF THE CORONER'S JURY.—A gentlewoman in London, after having buried six husbands, found a gentleman hardy enough to make her a wife once more. For several months their happiness was mutual, a circumstance which seemed to pay no great compliment to the former partners of her bed, who, as she said, had disguised her by their sottishness and infidelity. With the view of knowing the real character of his amorous mate, the gentleman began frequently to absent himself, to return at late hours, and when he did return appear as if intoxicated. At first reproaches, but afterwards menaces, were the consequences of this conduct. The gentleman persisted and seemed every day to become more addicted to the bottle. One evening, when she imagined him dead drunk, she unsewed a leaden weight from one of the sleeves of her gown, and having melted it, she approached her husband, who pretended to be still asleep, in order to put it into his ear through a pipe. Convinced of her wickedness, the gentleman started up, and seized her: when, having procured assistance, he secured her until the morning, and conducted her before a magistrate, who committed her to prison. The bodies of her six husbands were dug up, and as marks of violence were still discoverable upon each of them the proof of her guilt appeared so strong upon her trial, that she was condemned and executed. To this circumstance is England indebted for that useful regulation by which no corpse can be interred in the kingdom without evidence as to the cause of death.

SCENES ON THE OHIO.—Our boat stopped to take in wood. On the shore, amongst the crowd, stood a remarkably stupid looking fellow with his hands in his pockets, and his under lip hanging down. A dandy tipe for a scrape, tipped nods and winks all about saying:

'Now I'll have some fun. I'll frighten that green horn.''

He jumped ashore with a drawn bowie knife, brandishing it in the face of the 'green un,' exclaiming:

'Now I'll punish you. I have been looking for you a whole week.'

The fellow suddenly started at the assailant.

He evidently had not sense enough to be scared—but as the bowie knife came near his face, one of his huge fists suddenly vacated his pocket and fell solid and heavy between the dandy's eyes, and the poor fellow was floundering in the river. Greeny jumped on board our boat, put his hands in his pockets, and looked around. 'Maybe,' said he 'there's somebody else that's been a lookin, for me a whole week.'

BLACK OR BROWN.—The Hartford *Times* suggests that, as the Republicans do not relish the prefix "Black," they may with propriety change their party name to *Brown Republicans*, in consideration of the exploits of the "Ossawattomie" champion.

Mrs. Mary Stevens, who died in Savannah a few days since bequeathed a residence valued at $8000, and seventeen slaves, to the Methodist Church of Savannah, of which church she was a member.

The *Herald* tells us that Bishop Onderdonk has resolved to bring an action for damages which he has sustained, through the deprivation of his office, and its immunities, privileges and perquisites.

WIT AND JUDGMENT.—Wit is brushwood, judgment timber; the one gives the greatest flame, and the other yields the most durable heat; and both meeting make the best fire.—*Overlung.*

NOISE.—It is with narrow-souled people as with narrow necked bottles; the less they have in them, the more noise they make in pouring it out.—*Pope.*

A dandy with a cigar in his mouth, entered a menagerie, when the clown requested him to take it out of his mouth, as he might learn the other monkeys bad habits.

AN English missionary now in Sumatra, lately wrote home that he had "the melancholy satisfaction of examining the oven in which his predecessor was cooked.

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