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ADVERTISEMENTS,

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THE TWAIN PRESENCES.

"How-d'-ye-do!" is a most cheery lass, making many a heart and lip to utter benison of welcome. Is not the echo of her name sweet "YE-DO?"

"Good-by!" Ah, there is a sinking of the heart a filling of the eye, when her name is mentioned.—She stands over behind How-d'-ye-do, when the welcome is uttered, ready to whisper her warning; and so she has become the guest for whom we have no salt. (Worse than Arabs, then, we are, for they offer salt even to an enemy.)

The unwelcome guest, however, has found a defender. Some good poet-friend has put in this kindle and well-timed plea for the much lamented Presence:

One day Good-by met How-d'-ye-do,
Too close to shun saluting;
But soon the rival sisters flew
From kissing to disputing.
"Alway!" says How-d'-ye-do; "your mein
Appals my cheerful nature—
No name so sad as yours is seen
In sorrow's nomenclature!
Whene'er I give one sunshine hour,
Your cloud comes o'er to shade it;
Whene'er I plant one bosom flower,
Your mildew drops to fade it;
Ere How-d-ye-do has tuned each tongue
To "Hope's delighted measure,"
Good-by in friendship's ear has rung
The knell of parting pleasure.
From sorrows past my chymic skill
Draws smiles of consolation:
While you from present joys distill
The tears of separation."
Good-by replied "your statement's true,
And well your cause you've pleaded:
But pray, who'd think of How-d'-ye-do,
Unless Good-by preceded?
Without my prior influence
Could you have ever flourished?
And can your hand one flower dispense
But what my tears have nourish'd?
How oft, If at the Court of Love
Concealment be the fashion,
When How-d'-ye-do has failed to move,
Good-by reveals the passion!
Go, bid the timid lover choose,
And I'll resign my charter.
If he for ten kind How-d'-ye-do's
One kind Good-by would barter!"

AND THERE SHALL BE NO NIGHT THERE.

BY A. W. MANGUM.

These words are few, but they are magical. They are full of beauty, poetry, eloquence and power. They are used in a description of heaven, and surely they fall with a *heavenly* sweetness and enchantment on the soul. They constitute a blessed centre, whence spring unnumbered thoughts, that sweep over the bliss and beauty of the Holy land—and through the mercy of the Father, twine about our hearts and bind them by ties of hope and faith to joys and glories that are lofty and eternal.

The legitimate influence is, that the *purposes* and *emblems* of night are not needed in heaven, and therefore "there is no night there." Hence, in order to a full appreciation of the meaning of these sweet words, it is necessary to consider those purposes and emblems. This will develop thoughts which, while they proclaim the vanity, frailty and doom of the earthly and mortal will point us to some of the most inspiring assurances that ever set a soul on fire with longings for the skies.

Here, there is need of night as a restorer of nature. This is strikingly seen when we contrast the crisped and withered vegetation—the drooping flowers, the feeble murmurings of the heated brook, and the hot steams and scorching sands of a summer evening, with the beauty, freshness, life and energy which invest them, when they sparkle with the dew gems, and drink in the cool breezes of the early morn.—Thus it has been termed a "sweet reviver of the fevered land."

Further, the wings of the bird grow weary, the limbs of the quadruped ache for quiet, and the noble animals of labor all long for freshing repose. Night comes as a soothing relief. Most of all, *man* needs the rest which it brings. Whoever lives and is worthy of life, labors either with the body or mind. Indeed, toil to the hand—thought to the brain, anxiety to the heart, and countless perplexities and exertions to the soul, make up a part of the daily life of all who *live* in reality. How essential then is that which brings "tired nature's sweet restorer!" When the son of honest labor comes home from the plow or the plane, with exhausted energies and flagging strength, how sweet to lay the wearied limbs upon the couch of peace, and softly slumber, while new life comes to every vein, and gently recuperate his body! When the student has spent the long day in intellectual effort, and the mind is unnerved and prostrate, how dear is the privilege to close the eye of reason, and notice in the gentle dreams and soft content of night's slumbers!

The enjoyment of nature's beauties, and the common joys of life depends, in a great measure, on the oft-returning intervals of night. If the eye never closed, and darkness never spread its pavilion, the sameness of scene and landscape would divest them of their charms; "one might as well see beauty never more as look upon it with an empty eye;" and if there were no cessation or repose to the emotions of the bosom, they would lose their vivacity, and pleasures would all pall upon the sense.—As it is, night is equivalent to a visit or an absence, and each morning to a pleasant revisit to familiar and cherished scenes.

There is need of night as a soothing balm to the wounded heart—a sacred charmer of the ills of life—a sweet relief to misfortune and distress. If there were perpetual consciousness and sensibility to the suffering and afflicted, life would wane far sooner than it does; and the cords of the heart would often early wear and sever. As long as eyes weep, and bosoms bleed, and troubles rage, so long will night with its soft oblivious slumbers be a blessing to mankind. Beneath its spell, the unfortunate forget their sorrows and rest untroubled by the pangs of grief. The blind know not that there is beauty which they cannot see; the dumb, that there are voices which they cannot utter; the lame, that there are paths they cannot tread. The eye of the widow is "unsullied with a tear;" and the heart of the lone orphan feels not that the grave enfolds it's parent's forms. Sad memory folds her wings and ceases to mock the bereaved with visions of treasures once more but forever fled. The bitter past is lulled to quiet, and for a few precious hours *all is well*. Oh, how much of gloom, affliction and woe, is all unknown and mighless under the magic enchantment of each stilly night that veils the world!

There is need of night as a reproof of human vanity. Man often stands at evening twilight like Xerxes at the sea-shore, when he lashed the waves and bade them obey him. He plans with venturous boldness and engages eagerly in the effort to execute his purposes. Night comes on, and as the shadows thicken, avarice frowns, ambition murmurs, and he who will not own there is a God, must yield to that which all his pride and boasted power cannot control, and he must wait and feel his littleness, till that God, who blesses the creatures of his hand shall mercifully scatter the beams of day again. Ah! as man, eager, restless, aspiring, drops the implements of labor and goes away till darkness shall have vanished, the voice Truth whispers to him from every departing ray: "Thou art only man—there is a greater than thou—there is a God."—Thus comes profitable contemplation. This is important, not alone to the vain glorious, but not to all. Such are life and human nature, that the close of each day finds hundreds of every class and calling, with thoughts engrossed with worldly considerations—with minds tossed to and fro by conflicting or exciting influences, so that there is little or no welcome or entainment for serious and religious reflection. Night calms the excitement and enthusiasm of the soul, and before sleep comes, many a good lesson is taught by the Spirit of Mercy and Love. Night is also needful as an *emblem*. It represents evil and calamity. Long as its saddening shadows and terrible blackness veil the face of nature, the idea of *evil* will be presented to the mind. Its very stillness is filled with the spirit of fear or foreboding. Who ever looked out upon the deep gloom of a starless midnight, or groped through the rayless valley, without a feeling that never arises when the sun shines? In the Bible we read: "Watchman, watchman what of the night? Watchman, what of the night?" The watchman said, "the morning cometh, and also the night." That is, as the context proves, the time of affliction, adversity and calamity is coming. As there is darkness and trial before all in the future, night is given as a faithful warning.

It is a forcible representation of mental and spiritual darkness. The great Apostle applied it thus in part when he wrote "the night is far spent, the day is at hand; let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armor of light."—Brilliant and glorious as the knowledge that has shone on us here,—compared to the vast and holy wisdom of the inmates of heaven, it is but as a little candle to the noontide of the sun's splendor. The simplest objects around us have spirits of mystery that mock our incapacity, and the most noble and successful minds are bowed in humility on the mere borders of that immensity of mental beauty and spiritual glory which none but the heavenly have ever explored. Ah oh, the *night* of the wicked soul contrasted with the infinite lustre of the Holiness of all.

It is also an emblem of death. When we retire at night to our dwellings—see no object in our nature—hear no one of the countless sounds that have saluted the ear through the day—and amid the dim flickerings of the lights, muse upon the strange difference between the day and the night, the thought of the solemn stillness of death is naturally suggested to the mind. When we retire to rest, it is as though we bade the world farewell, and for the while, slept the sleep of death. The great Redeemer used it as an emblem in this sense when he uttered those words which we all should adopt as our motto—"I must work the works of him that sent me. The night cometh when no man can work."

Night is also an appropriate emblem of the final destruction of the world. It is a fearful imperfection in the constitution of nature, like the hectic flush on the cheek of the invalid, telling us that the world itself is doomed to die. While the clamor and bustle of life are silenced, and the smiling light of heaven is away—we naturally fancy that morningless night, when the sun shall cease to shine forever, and the moon and the stars go out in eternal gloom. As we look out upon the fields and see nought through the darkness, where but a few hours before all was beauty and life—we anticipate that direful scene when earth shall have melted—when the great and small shall have fallen together, when the monuments and temples of earth shall have crumbled in a common doom, and all this crowded, varied, wonderburdened sphere show nought but a desert waste—the dreary tomb of the hope and ambition that worshiped at the shrine of vanity and sin.

Lastly, night is an emblem of the doom of the lost. It whispers of the land of darkness—that cheerless "outer darkness"—the realm of endless night. Such are the more appreciable of its purposes and emblems.—They are not used in heaven, and therefore "there shall be no night *there*."

The beauties of heaven never droop or fade. No flower ever withers, no leaf ever falls, no loveliness ever sinks beneath the scorching heat of a sun like ours. The light of its nightless day is the genial glory of the Father. The fragrant spray of the holy stream sprinkles its life-giving essence on all that blooms and flourishes and keeps it ever fresh and green. There is no imperfection there, and hence there is no weariness forever. The saint may gaze with an eye that never tires—may sing with a tongue that never falters—may sweep his harp with a hand that never wearies—may traverse its realm with a wing that never flags—or walk its streets or gardens with a step that never knows fatigue.

There fadeless lustre never loses the power to rapture the heart, and such are its resources and the nature that enjoys it, that there is always relish for the pleasures that it gives. No trouble ever reaches there.—"God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain." Everlasting perfection and happiness are there, and immortality is the priceless boon for the inmates.

There is no vanity to humble—no iniquity to rebuke. All is loyalty, devotion and praise. There is no coming dissolution of that goodly land to be foreboded. The bosom of earth must turn suicide with its destructive fires—the sun must cease to shine and the heavens sink into dark chaos and death; but the land of the blessed shall roll on its hallowed cycles—forever sweeter and brighter to expanding souls.

"The smiles of my Redeemer play
Around my happy home—
And through one rich, eternal DAY,
Sweet heaven's beauties bloom."

[From the Methodist Protestant.]

Our Children.

We often hear persons congratulate themselves on the antiquated notions of their fathers being done away with—that Solomon's ideas of training up youth are becoming obsolete, and that moral suasion, as they term it, is the only kind of restraining influence that our rising generation should be subjected to. But the fact is, there is but very little of even the latter influence in the system of family discipline; and children are left pretty much to themselves to carry out their own inclinations and propensities as they desire. This is owing to mistaken notions held by parents, that children must not be thwarted in their plans—that their wishes must all be gratified, and their whims, too, as far as possible, or else their tempers will be soured. But it is not possible always to gratify them—they have to be denied sometimes, as that mother knows, whose little three years' old petted and stamped with so much violence because he could not have the moon to play with.

It is preparation for the future that parents should consider in the discipline of their children. They can't always keep them under their eye, nor anticipate all their wants and gratify all their desires. A time will come when the son will issue from the paternal home and enter on the busy scenes of life—its never-ending cares, trials, and disappointments; and how is he to encounter those unaccustomed to self-denials and privations? He won't bear them; at least he will never have energy enough to surmount difficulties, or perseverance enough to pursue any plan that requires time and patience for its execution. Young people must have their trials as well as grown up ones. Uninterrupted success in their plans and sports—a gratification of all their wishes, is as unhealthy on their characters as it would be on that of their parents. Even if it were possible to humor all their whims it is not right to do it. Your child has a propensity to seize on the tongs or shovel, or the knives and forks; to scribble on your handsomely bound books, or play with the highly-wrought ornaments of your centre table. To avoid this and to ward off temptation, you put these articles out of sight.—Now don't do this. Let them remain in their usual places, and teach the child not to touch them: that there are some things which he must be denied. It would soon be accomplished, and the effect would be salutary. Example is to be preferred to precept generally; but if we wish a child to grow up amiable and self-denying, or to be possessed of the virtue opposite to selfishness, he will not be apt to learn it from the parents example. A fond mother takes pleasure in gratifying her child; she denies herself actual necessities that she may contribute to his wants. The child witnesses these sacrifices as they are daily made, and the more she grants, the more exalting he becomes, until he ceases to receive aid as a favor, but demands it as a right.

From the time of our Revolution, when the boys of Boston Common carried their complaints to Gen. Gage, that the British soldiers had beaten down their sliding grounds, that they had borne it so long, and would bear it no longer—till the present, the progress of young America has been onward, and of late years, with such rapid strides, that it has left leading-strings far behind: until, as some writer says, there is not another country in the world where there are so many badly-governed children.

There is nothing that contributes more to the pleasure and happiness of a family than sprightly, intelligent, and well-behaved children. Each one contributing his or her part to the general sociality, aiding each other in all their difficulties, avoiding unpleasant allusions, and bringing all their good influences to completing the harmony of the whole. But spoiled and indulged children can never be loved. Parents may wink at their willful ways, and thus humor the incipient germs of passion, until they have grown up Titans, and are no longer under the control of paternal authority; but they will learn in the end, how

"Sharper than a serpent's tooth, it is
To have a thankless child."

Booth, the Actor, on the Lord's Prayer.

The following anecdote of Booth, the great tragedian, is related in the Washington Sentinel. It occurred in the palmy days of his fame, before the flash of his great black eye had been dimmed by that curse of genius and bane of humanity, strong drink.

Booth with several friends had been invited to dine with an old gentleman in Baltimore of distinguished kindness, urbanity, and piety. The host, though disapproving of theaters and theater-going, had heard so much of Booth's remarkable powers, that curiosity had, in this instance, overcome all his scruples and prejudices. After the entertainment was over, lamps lighted, and the company reseated in the drawing-room some one requested Booth, as a particular favor, and one which all present would doubtless appreciate, to read aloud the Lord's Prayer. Booth expressed his willingness to afford them this gratification, and all eyes were turned expectantly upon him. Booth rose slowly and reverently from his chair. It was wonderful to watch the play of emotions that convulsed his countenance. He became deathly pale, and his eyes turning tremblingly upward, were wet with tears. As yet he had not spoken. The silence could be felt. It became absolutely painful. At last the spell was broken, as if by an electric shock, as his rich-toned voice, from his white lips, syllabled forth, "Our Father, who art in Heaven," etc., with a pathos and solemnity that thrilled all hearts. He finished. The silence continued. Not a voice was heard or a muscle moved in his rapt audience, until from a remote corner of the room a subdued sob was heard, and the old gentleman (their host) stepped forward with streaming eyes and tottering frame, and seized Booth by the hand.

"Sir," said he, in broken accents, "you have afforded me a pleasure for which my whole future life will feel grateful. I am an old man, and every day, from my boyhood to the present time, I thought I had repeated the Lord's Prayer, but I have never heard it before, *never!*"

Good Advice to Young Women.

Trust not to uncertain riches, but prepare yourselves for every emergency in life.—Learn to work, and be not dependent on servants to make your bread; sweep your floors and darn your own stockings. Above all, do not esteem too lightly those honorable young men who sustain themselves and their aged parents by the work of their own hands, while you caress and receive into your company those lazy idle popinjays, who never lift a finger to help themselves as long as they can keep body and soul together, and get funds sufficient to live in fashion. If you are wise, you will look at this subject in the light we do, and when you are old enough to become wives you will prefer the honest mechanic, with not a cent to commence life, to the fashionable loafer, with a capital of ten thousand dollars. Whenever we hear remarked, 'Such a young lady married a fortune," we always tremble for her future prosperity. Riches left to children by wealthy parents turn out to be a curse instead of a blessing. Young women, remember this, and instead of sounding the purse of your lovers and examining the cut of their coats, look into their habits and their hearts. Mark if they have a trade, and can depend upon themselves—see that they have minds which lead them to look above a butterfly existence. Talk not of the beautiful white skin and soft delicate hand, the splendid form and fine appearance of the young gentlemen. Let not these foolish considerations engross your thoughts.

The Happiest and Saddest Moment.

Marriage is to a woman at once the happiest and saddest event of her life; it is the promise of future bliss, raised on the death of all present enjoyment. She quits her home, her parents, her amusements, every thing on which she has hitherto depended for comfort, for affection, for kindness, for pleasure.

The parents by whose advice she has been guided, the sister to whom she has dared impart every embryo feeling and thought, the brother who has played with her, by turns the counsellor and the counselled, and the younger children, to whom she has hitherto been the mother and the playmate, all are to be forsaken at one fell stroke; every former tie is loosened, the spring of every hope and action is to be changed; and yet she flies with joy into the untrodden path before her; buoyed up by the confidence of requitted love, she bids a fond and grateful adieu to the life that is past, and turns with excited hopes and joyous anticipations of the happiness to come. Then woe to the man who can blight such fair hope—who can treacherously lure such a heart from its peaceful enjoyment, and the watchful protection at home—who can, coward-like, break the illusions that have won her, and destroy the confidence that love had inspired. Woe to him who has too early withdrawn the tender plant from the props and stays of moral discipline in which she has been nurtured, and yet make no effort to supply their place; for on him be the responsibility of her errors—on him who has first taught her, by his example, to grow careless of her duty, and then exposed her, with a weakened spirit and unsatisfied heart, to the wild storm and willy temptations of a sinful world.

STORY OF A FEMALE SMUGGLER.—A few weeks ago an elegantly dressed lady wearing a fashionable bonnet, costly veil, flowing pelisse and silk dress distended by an ample quantity of crinoline, presented herself at one of the Custom Houses on the Belgian frontier, carrying in her arms a bouncing child, carefully wrapped up in fine linen and rich lace, her dear little features being protected by a thick green veil. As the lady entered the office, she whisperingly informed the agent that her child was asleep, and begged that his slumbers might not be disturbed. The skeptical official bowed with native French politeness, but, nevertheless, requested the elegant stranger to accompany a female employee of the bureau into a private room. There was no need, however, of an excess of courtesy. No sooner was the employee summoned, than she snatched the infant from the mother's arms, and let it fall heavily upon the floor! In the handsome stranger she had recognized a professional smuggler, and the interesting child was nothing more nor less than a roll of tobacco, weighing over thirty pounds. As for the ample crinoline, of which some suspicions also were naturally entertained, it was found upon examination, to conceal several pounds of tobacco, rolled up into twists and introduced as hoops.

The House of Representatives of Georgia has passed a bill abolishing public executions

HUMOROUS.

A Dutch Sermon.

The following admirable production, delivered before a company of volunteer soldiers during the revolutionary struggle upon the eve of their going to glorious war," was calculated to inspire them with more than Herculean couroge.

"MINE FRIENTS: Ven virst you comed here you vas poor, and now mine frients, you is prout and sassy; and yous gotton on your unicorns, and dem vit you like dongs upon a hog's back; now mine frents, let me tell you dis, a man is a man if he is no pigger as my dumb. Ven Tavid went out to vite mit Gollah, he took noting mit him but one sling;now don't mistaken me, mine frients; it was not a rum sling; no, nor a mint vater sling; no it was sling made mit von hickory schtick. Now ven dis Goliah sees Tavid coming, he says, "you von little scundrel, does you come to vite me? I vill give you the bird of the fielt and de beasts of de air." Tavid says, 'Goliah, Goliah, de race ish not always mit de shwift, nor ish de battle mit de strong, and a man is a man if he is no pigger as my dumb.' So Tavid he fixed a shtone in his ling and drows it at Gollah and knock him rite in de voreheat and Tavid takes Goliah's sword and cuts of his heat—and den all de purty cals of de shiddy comes out and shtrewed flowers in his way and sung 'Saul ish a great man for he has kilt his thousands but Tavid is greater as he for he has kilt Goliah.'

STANDING UP FOR HIS FRIENDS.—In the flush times of Vicksburg, Miss., when the phrase 'hard case' meant something more than it does now, Harvey Jenkins was admittedly one of the hardest. By some strange accident Harvey found himself at church one evening. The sermon being over, the preacher requested all who were friendly to religion to rise and hold up their right hands. The whole audience, apparently, rose to their feet. After they were seated again, the minister continued.—'Now, if there is a single one here who desires to see Satan and his kingdom prosper, he will rise and hold up his hand.' Harvey, with some difficulty, got into an erect position, and said: 'Had the vote been less unanimous, I should have retained my seat; but I make it a point of honor never to abandon a friend under adverse circumstances.

Confession of an Abolitionist.

OR

THE FIRST NIGHT AFTER MARRIAGE.

The most bigoted and unreasonable party man I ever met with, says a St. Louis editor, was Jack D———, now a prosperous and influential attorney.

Jack was a red-hot abolitionist, and his chief pleasure seemed in making the fact as notorious as possible. His friends and associates, with one consent, pronounced Jack a bore, and his politics a nuisance, but with a stranger the thing was essentially different. Seized by the buttons at the moment of introduction, Jack would astonish him by a rapid rehearsal of the articles of his political creed, and branch out into interminable rhpsody on the manifest destiny of the great Nigger Party.

Such was Jack D———, at the time of our story, and acknowledged on every side as a firm and incorruptible abolitionist.

One day, Jack met at the house of some friend, a young lady of great personal beauty and accomplishments. Attracted by her loveliness, and captivated by her intelligence he became assiduous in his intentions, forgot for awhile his "principles," and without inquiring what might be the political preferences of his lady love, imprudently proposed, was accepted, and they were married.

The wedding was over and all the guests had departed, the happy pair had retired to their chamber, and were snugly ensconced in bed, when Jack in the course of a quiet conversation with his wife, unwittingly alluded to his favorite subject, by casually speaking of himself as a Republican.

"What?" exclaimed his wife turning sharply and suddenly towards him, "are you a Republican?"

"Yes," replied Jack delighted with the idea of finding a patient listener to his long unrestrained oratore. "Yes, madam, I am a Republican, attached to the principles of the progressive party, a regular out-and-outer, double dyed and twisted in the wool.

"Just double and twist yourself out of this bed, then."—interrupted his wife—'I'm a Democrat, I am; I will never sleep with a man professing the abominable doctrines you do!"

Jack was speechless from absolute amazement. That the very wife of his bosom should prove a traitor, was horrible; she must be jesting. He remonstrated, but in vain; tried persuasion, 'twas useless; entreaty, 'twas no go; she was in earnest, and the only alternative left him, was a prompt renunciation of his herasy, or a separate bed in another room.

Jack did not hesitate. To abjure the established doctrines of his party—to renounce ellegiance to that, had become identified with his very being—to surrender those glorious principles which had grown with his growth and strengthened with his strength, to the mere whim and caprice of a woman, was utterly ridiculous and absurd: and throwing himself from the bed, he quit the apartment.

A sense of insulted dignity, and a firm conviction that he was a martyr to the right cause, strengthened by his pride, resolved him to hold out till he forced his wife into a capitulation with him.

In the morning she met him as if nothing had happened; but whenever Jack ventured to allude to the night previous, there was a laughing devil in her eye which bespoke her power, and extinguished hope.

A second time he repaired to his lonely couch, and a second time he called on his pride to support him in the struggle, which he now found was getting desperate. He ventured curses 'not loud but deep,' on the waywardness and caprice of the sex in general, and his wife in particular, wondered how long she would hold out, whether she suffered as acutely as he did, and tried hard to pelude himself into the belief that she loved him too much to prolong the estrangement, and would come to him in the morning, perhaps that very night, and sue for a reconciliation.

But then came the recollection of that inflexible countenance, of that unbending will and of that laughing and unpitying eye, and he felt convinced that he was hoping against hope; and despairingly he turned against the wall for oblivion from the wretchedness of his thoughts.

The second day was a repetition of the first. No allusion was made to the subject on either side. There was a quiet happiness and cheerfulness about his wife that puzzled Jack sorely, and he felt that all idea of forcing her to surrender must be abandoned.

The third night he was alone! His reflections were yet more serious than the previous nights—what they were of course was only known to himself, but they seemed to result in something decided, for about midnight three distinct raps were made at his wife's door.

No answer.

The signal was repeated in a louder tone and still all was silent.

A third time the door shook with the violent attack.

"Who's there?" cried the voice of his wife, as if aroused from a deep sleep.

"A little of the best Democrat you ever did see."

The revolution in his opinion was radical and permanent. He removed to another county and,became popular, offered himself as a candidate on the Democratic ticket for the Legislature, was elected, and for several sessions, represented his adopted county as a firm and decided Democrat.

The Quaker and the Pugilist.

A genuine bully once called upon a 'Friend' avowedly to thrash him. 'Friend', remonstrated the Quaker, knocking down the visitor's fists, "before thou proceedest to chastise me, wilt thou not take some dinner?" The bully was a glutton, and at once consented, washing down the solids with libations of strong ale. He rose up again to fulfil his original errand. "Friend," said the Quaker, "wilt thou not first take some punch?" and he supplied abundance of punch. The bully, now staggering, attempted to thrash his entertainer, but quoth the Quaker. Friend, wilt thou not take a pipe?" The hospitable offer was accepted, and the bully utterly weak, staggered across the room to chastise the Quaker.—The latter opening the window, and pulling the bully towards it, thus addressed him: "Friend, thou camest hither not to be pacified; I gave thee a meat offering, but that did not assuage thy rage; I gave thee a drink offering, still thou wert beside thyself; I gave thee a burnt offering, neither did that suffice; and now will I try thee with a heave offering." And with that he tossed him out of the window. That sufficed him.

A BULL AT SEA.—A few years ago, while sailing along the coast of Brazil, in moderate weather, the mate of our vessel made a kite, for the purpose of pleasing the boys who were passengers on board the ship. It was flying finely, with a liberal scope of twine, attached to the mizzen mast head, much to the amusement of the juveniles; when an English ship came in sight. She hoisted her colors and altered her course to intercept us. When near enough, we both hove to, the Englishman sending his boat, maned with four men and the chief mate.—On reaching the deck, the first officer asked for some tobacco; but it was apparent to every one on board for another purpose.—After pacing the deck nervously for a few moments, he mustered sufficient courage to call the captain one side, and inquired what he had flying over the stern? 'On'y a kite, to please the children," was the reply. "Our skipper sent me on board" said the mate, "thinking it was a sort of machine to get the longitude; you Yankees are so *full of inventions*"

The Divine and the Docter.

A devoted minister was once asked by a skeptic if he followed preaching to save souls? and upon replying that he did, the cavalier rejoined:

'Did you ever see a soul?'
'No!'
'Did you ever hear a soul?'
'No!'
'Did you ever tastea soul?'
'No!'
'Did you ever smell a soul?'
'No!'
'Did you ever feel a soul?'
'Yes, thank God!" said the preacher.
'Well,' said the cavalier doctor, 'there are four out of the five sences against one that there is no soul!'

So the matter might have dropped, but the preacher, as subtle in understanding as he was pious in heart, turned the table on the cavalier doctor, and being informed that he was a doctor of medicine, asked:

'Did you ever see a pain?'
'No!'
'Did you ever hear a pain?'
'No!'
'Did you ever taste a pain?'
'No!'
'Did you ever smell a pain?'
'No!'
'Did you ever feel a pain?'
'Yes!' said the doctor.
'Well, then,' rejoined the preacher, there are, you see, also four senses against one to prove that there is no such thing as pain, and yet sir, you know that there is such a thing as pain, and I know there is a soul.'

The doctor appeared confounded, and walked away.

The Worcester, Mass., Spy denies the story that the Hon. Charles Summer, is "about to resign his seat in the Senate, marry a wife, and take up his permanent residence in England."

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