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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS.

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ADVERTISEMENTS,

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All orders addressed to the editor, post-paid will receive prompt attention.

A WISH.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

In southern seas there is an isle,
Where earth and sky forever smile,
Where storms cast not their sombre hue
Upon the welkin's holy blue;
Where clouds of blessed incense rise
From myriad flowers, of myriad dyes,
And strange bright birds glance through the bowers

Oh, dear one, would it were our lot
To dwell upon that lovely spot,
To stray through woods in blossoms starr'd
Brightens the dreams of seer or bard,
To hear each others whispered words
Mid the wild notes of tropic birds,
And deem our lives in those bright bowers
One glorious dream of love and flowers.

"BY-AND-BYE."

There's a little mischief-making
Elfin, who is ever nigh,
Thwarting every undertaking,
And his name is By-and-bye.
What we ought to do this minute
"Will be better done," he'll cry,
"If to-morrow we begin it"—
"Put it off" says By-and-bye.

Those who heed his trecherous wooing
Will his faithless guidance rue:
What we always put off doing
Clearly we shall never do:
We shall reach what we endeavor,
If on Now we more rely;
But unto the realms of Never
Leads the pilot By-and-bye.

THE BACHELOR MARRIED;

OR,

MUCH MORE AGREEABLE TO ALL PARTIES.

BY WILLIAM HENRY PECK.

When Henry Bordan was upon his death-bed, and had been told by his physician that, if he had any unsettled business anywhere, he had better attend to it quickly, he sent for his friend Tobias Hardgrip, an honest but eccentric man.

Tobias, who smelt money in the affair, hastened to the bedside of the dying man, and was about to pour forth his lamentations over him, when Bordan checked him with a grim smile and said:

"Don't do it, Hardgrip, for you know it would be all nonsense. I am dying, and you are glad of it."

'Glad of it! Why, dearest friend, what can you mean! Have I not cause to lament, when the man whose purse has often helped the firm of Hardgrip & Co., is about to depart for—?'

'Precisely,' said Bordan. But of late years yours has been the purse that has helped the house of Bordan & Son. Well, the son died last month, and now the father must after him. Your house will enjoy a monopoly, for who can outbid Tobias Hardgrip, when Henry Bordan & Son are grave-dust? You are glad—you know it—don't say no, for I tell you I would be very glad, if it was I, sitting so well and strong at your death-bed, my friend Tobias,' said Bordan, writhing in the sheets as death gave him a nip in the vitals as a hint for him to hurry through with all he had to say.

'I have not the least doubt of it,' groaned Tobias, 'I should be much surprised otherwise. No doubt, it is much more agreeable to all parties as it is.'

'Precisely,' groaned Bordan; and then, speaking very slowly, and with much difficulty, he continued: "Let us come to business.'

'That's it—that's the word—I like business. What is it?' said Tobias, moving closer to Bordan, and producing a pencil and note book. 'Go ahead, for your time is short, Bordan.'

'You were ever a stony-natured man, Tobias,' said Bordan, bitterly. 'But you are right—my time is short. Some day you Hardgrip, will say the same, when you are lying stretched———'

'Never mind all that, Bordan,' interrupted Tobias quickly, 'that's all right.'

'Very well. Hardgrip during the sixty-nine years that I have lived, I have amassed quite a large property. Before Dr. Crampill told me my case was hopeless, I thought myself a poor man; but now that I must leave my riches, they seem ten times as great'

'No doubt—no doubt—a very common idea,' said Tobias, flourishing his pencil.—'How much do you leave?'

'Very near two hundred and eighty thousand.'

'What! so much! Then why did you tell me three months ago that you had not enough to bury yourself with?' exclaimed Tobias, knitting his brows.

'To keep you from asking my endorsement,' said Bordan. 'The times were very slippery. Some of our best houses were crumbling, and I think you were a little shaky then.'

'Do you! Well, I was not; but do you know I imagined you were, and was afraid of your paper,' grinned Tobias, sharpening his pencil.

'Precisely. We were afraid of each other,' continued Bordan. 'Now, you know I have a daughter—a little girl of ten years. My wife died three years ago—my second wife—I believe you were present when we were married.'

'Yes, I recollect; I thought what a fool you were to marry a young woman—you nearly sixty, she twenty—foolish, very.—Go on.'

'She was faithful to me I truly believe, Tobias.'

'No doubt; I never said she wasn't. It is much more agreeable to all parties to believe so. I do. What next?'

'I have willed all my property to my child except a few legacies. Among others, one to yourself.'

'One to me—thank you; how much?'

'Ten thousand dollars,' said Bordan with a grimance.

'Very good. What am I to do to earn it? For I know I have a job on hand.'

'I have appointed you guardian of my daughter till she shall have attained her twenty-first year. If she shall be satisfied with your care of her during the interval, I have enjoined it upon her to present you with an additional ten thousand.'

'She won't be satisfied—women never are. Eve had a plenty of peaches, but preferred apples. Why? Because they were forbidden. Besides, what shall I do with a little thing like her. I am a crusty old bachelor—I know it; I have no more heart than a half-penny. I must send her off to a boarding school. When she comes back, marry her off. Is that it?'

'No; do no such thing—rent a house—buy a house—rear the child as if she were your own. Promise—swear that you will raise her as if she were your own flesh and blood,' exclaimed Bordan.

'That's it. Modern people send their own children to boarding schools. But Henry, my old friend, rest assured that I will perform all you require. Stop—suppose she marries before she becomes twenty-one? I see before me at least five hundred impudent young ninnies in her train—she'll be pretty—her mother was—you had good taste—never mind all that, suppose she marries?'

'If she marries without your consent, then the property all falls—save an annuity of four hundred to youself,' said Bordan.

'Is that all set down in your will—and is this parchment the will?' asked Hardgrip, taking up a sealed document.

'It is; and this is my final will and testament.'

'I think you will live long enough to rectify a little mistake you have made in it,' said Hardgrip, unceremoniously breaking it open.

'What mistake! What do you mean?'

'Henry Bordan, I have the reputation of being a sorbid, avaricious man. Perhaps the world is right, for I do love money.—Now, I am willing to try to please you. I will take fatherly charge of your daughter, change my mode of life, buy a house, be deviled with servants, worry myself with a housekeeper, fight off the dandies when Laura grows up—and all that. But I shall not make myself miserable by breathing temptation with every breath of my nostrils. Strike out the condition that she shall marry with my consent, and I am your man. Otherwise, I am off.'

'No such condition exists,' said Bordan, with a gratified smile. 'Examine the will and you will find what I said to be true.—What I said was meant to try you. You are an eccentric man, but honest and faithful.'

It is unnecessary to speak further of the interview. Four days after its termination Henry Bordan's remains were conveyed to their final resting place. Tobias Hardgrip was a single gentleman of thirty-five years of age, blunt and matter-of-fact in his address, almost rude in his manners, fond of money, yet honest, and had a heart much more gentle than the world believed. He was the only son of a man who had reared him from infancy, in the belief that gold was everything; and it is no marvel that the heart of Tobias had, by constant contact with his father's metalic nature, become somewhat hardened, yet not irretrieveably so. His miserly father had died a few months before Bordan's second marriage, and freed from his influence, Tobias had begun to think there was something else besides money to live for. And that something, in his eyes, were the smiles of Laura Amar, who afterwards became the wife of Henry Bordan—a victim of worldly-minded parents upon the golden altar of Mammon. Had Tobias declared his passion in season he would have found that Laura loved him; but a deep-seated self-distrust had deterred him, and his beloved became the wife of a man old enough to have been her grand-father. After this the heart of Tobias grew harder, till at the time of Bordan's death every corner and crevice of it was filled with dollars, or the love of dollars.

Bordan being buried, Tobias purchased a neat residence, hired an excellent housekeeper and the requisite number of servants and began a different kind of life from that which he had hitherto led. It was not long before he found that his tender little charge was growing very dear to him; and as year after year sped by, her sweet and lovely graces dislodged every one of those hard dollars from his heart, till the smiles and happiness of the beautiful girl were the principal things therein.

'Bordan gave me ten thousand dollars to take care of her,' said Tobias one morning as he wended his way to his office, the parting kiss of his ward tingling upon his cheek. 'Bless my soul, I believe I would give the same amount now to be allowed the privilege. I think I stand a chance to get the remaining ten thousand by pleasing her—not that I want it. Bless my soul how that little thing, Laura has changed my nature. Must be because I love her mother so much—she looks just like her.'

Here his attention was attracted to a beggar woman, asking alms for herself and sick infant of a young and richly dressed man just before him. His blue coat and brass buttons especially caught the eyes of Tobias.

'Go to the poor-house,' was the brutal reply of the young man, as he hurried on from the beseeching and woe-begone woman.

'Just what I used to say,' said Tobias to himself, as he placed a dollar in the palm of the poverty-stricken female, and hurried on from her tearful thanks. 'Just what I would say now, if my nature had not been softened by that little angel at home. She is wayward, though, I must admit that—but then she is only eighteen. Bless my soul! I get as far as eighteen in these days they are generally mothers. Eighteen! why it seems as yesterday when she was a timid little short-frocked girl of ten—fond of cakes, and detesting governesses.—Ah! here's my office.' Tobias passed through the outer office into his private room, and found there the gentleman in the blue coat and intensely bright buttons.—This gentleman bowed and presented a letter. Tobias Hardgrip read it carefully, and then looking at the young man sharply, with his keen, black eyes, said:

'So you are Orlando Tompkins—son of my step-sister. Why didn't she call you John, or James, or Moses or Jacob? What—bless my soul! I was very near swearing. Where did she find that name—Orlando! It is a miserable name—I don't like it.'

'I trust your dislike to the name will not extend to the owner,' remarked the young gentleman, rather flippantly, as if it were a mere trifle whether Tobias liked him or not.

'Can't say yet, Mr. Tompkins; saw you refuse to aid a poor woman a while ago—sorry to see that. Why did you not help her?' asked Tobias, poking the fire.

'One sees so many imposters that one is afraid of being imposed upon, sir,' said Tompkins, very red nevertheless.

'But, sir, you have not shaken hands with your sister's son.'

'How do you do said Tobias, giving him a grip of the hand that made Orlando grin with pain.

'But you are not my sister's son—I never had a sister—your mother was the daughter of your mother's mother before your grand-mother married my father—do you understand?'

'Perfectly,' said Orlando, who was butting his brains among all these mothers seeking for his grand-mother.

'Your mother asks me to allow you to make my house your home during your stay in this city. How long shall you stay?'

'A few days only. I am on my way to California to dig gold,' said Orlanda lighting a cigar.

'Allow me,' said Tobias, who, among other and lesser failings, could not bear the scent of a good cigar, and taking the weed from the mouth of the young gentleman he threw it into the fire. 'You see I don't like tobacco; it makes me sick. So you are going to dig gold. Many go there to dig gold and dig such deep holes that, bless my soul! they fall into them and die. That's your affair. Here's the address of my house. There is no one there now, except a little girl—a ward of mine. Walk about the city. I'm busy. I'll meet you at my house at 5—my dinner hour. There, clear out.'

When Tobias was again alone he began to think about his step-sister's son.

'He is very handsome. He is very showy. He has plenty of impudence. Why, bless my soul, I believe he is the finest looking fellow I ever let into my house. I don't like him. He looks very dissipated. Laura's too young to fall in love—bless my soul! she's eighteen. Suppose she should fancy some popinjay like Orlando, and marry him? What would become of me—of Tobias Hardgrip? Nobody shall marry her! But stop—she's a woman—she'll marry somebody; I declare I never thought she was so very tall—so much eighteen—till now. Bless my soul, now I think of it; she is a full grown woman. That accounts for all the beaux she's talking about lately.—But I know she does not care a pinful of ashes for the best of them. She can't marry without my consent. Nonesnse! if a woman wants to marry, she'll do it—there's no holding her. Besides, I struck that clause of the will out. What on earth will become of me when Laura marries? I must begin to think about that. But I hate the idea. She shan't marry.'

All that day, till five o'clock, Tobias brooded over the thought, and once caught himself entering upon his ledger this singular and mystic merchandise.

Suppose Laura should marry Tobias Hardgrip.'

'Bless my soul, I never dreamed of that,' said Tobias, blushing very red, and looking about him in alarm. 'If old Bilks, my book-keeper, should see that entry, he would run me to death—I should never hear the last of it. Oh, no—that is foolish. I am forty-three and she is eighteen. Twenty-one years are a long jump between man and wife. Besides that would not be treating her like my own flesh and blood. Bless me, yes it would. If I marry her she will be 'flesh of my flesh, bone of my bone.'—I am getting silly. Say, Mr. Bilks, do I look old?'

'Not at all,' said Bilks, who was sixty-two, and who considered Tobias a rather young man.

On his way home Tobias laid several wagers with several of his acquaintances that none of them could guess his real age.

'Forty,' said one; 'Thirty-eight,' said Two; 'Thirty-five,' said Three; 'Forty-nine,' said Four; 'Sixty,' said Five; and Tobias refused to discount Five's note the very next day.

When he reached his house Tobias found Orlando Tompkins and Laura Bordan chatting away as merrily as if they had known each other ten years.

'Why, uncle—" said the fascinating Orlando.

'Don't call me uncle," cried Tobias, rather snappishly. "I am not your uncle.—You see, your mother's mother had a daughter, which daughter is your mother, when your grandfather married my father—you understand'

'Oh perfectly,' said Orlando, who was completely mystified by this genealogical information, and who despaired of ever seeing through it. 'Well, Mr. Hardgrip, you told me there was no one at home except a little girl. I find here a magnificent woman—demmy!" and Orlando made a crescent of his back, and a love battery of his eyes.

'Did you? Bless my soul, I think so too,' said Tobias, who began to hate the son of Mrs. Tompkins, and wished him and his brass buttons in the Red Sea.

Laura, who was a very lovely and amiable young lady, and who had been reared almost isolated from the world, had never known her guardian to be so enthusiastically complimentary as he was that evening. He beat Orlando 'all hollow,' and that cerulean and brazen gentleman retired that night with the impression upon his mind that Tobias Hardgrip could talk faster and more to the purpose than any two men that he had ever met.

'Demmy!' said Orlando, as he tumbled into bed and drew the cover up to his nose, "Demmy, I believe the guardly loves the ward! No wonder; she's deuced pretty, and ravishingly artless. That Tobias Hardgrip is not a bad looking fellow, either—He don't look over thirty-three, and I know he must be nearer fifty. It's strange how some of these old fogies preserve their youth and good looks, while we youngsters of twenty-three looks sixty at thirty. I must quit smoking. Demmy! I must give it up, or my face will look like a dried oyster in five years.'

Yes, Mr. Orlando Tompkins, give up smoking, hard drinking, late hours, gambling, and several other fashionable amusements of that spindled-shanked, dissipated demon called Young America, and there will be a faint hope left for you to see your fortieth birth-day out of Purgatory.

A week, two weeks, three weeks, passed on; and still Orlando lingered at the hospitable house of Tobias, his presence beginning to haunt that worthy gentleman as the Demon did Faust.

'I am afraid she loves him,' said Tobias to himself. 'I know he loves her—fortune. What in——(bless my soul! I believe I swore mentally)—why didn't I leave that condition in the will? or, as it wasn't there, why did I not insist upon its insertion? I am afraid I shall grow savage, and wish the young rascal in some place whose name begins with an H—Halifax, Hamburg, or Havre de Grace, or—bless my soul! any other place that has H at the hilt.'

Tobias offered Orlando ten thousand dollars to set him up in business in the Sandwich Islands, or in Porto Rico, if he would start immediately. But Orlando grinned a decided negative, while Laura seemed to become more infatuated with him every day.

"Ten thousand dollars!' said Mr. O. Tompkins! one night as he tumbled into bed and drew the sheet up to his nose.—'Ten thousand crab-apples! The girl is worth, they say, nearly half a million.—She is deucedly taken with me—I am sure of it. Tobias is sharp, darn sharp—but Orlando Tompkins is sharper. Not my uncle eh? Before long he shall be glad to claim me. I like this digging for gold in pleasant parlors, and in handsome gardens, and in a lovely damsel's eyes, better than in the mud and water of California. Bless my soul! as Tobias says, it is much more agreeable to all parties.'

While Orlando was soliloquizing in this complacent mood, a dialogue was going on below in the parlor, where Tobias was sitting with his beautiful ward.

Tobias would have burned daylight before Orlando should out-sit him.

'Laura, I have something very important to tell you,' said Tobias, who had been revolving a plan in his mind to solve all doubts.

'What is it, papa? said Laura, taking a seat upon the sota by his side, and resting her dainty, snowy hand upon his stout and handsome shoulder.

'Bless my soul! don't call me papa! I am not your papa,' said Tobias, upon whom this affectionate and filial appellation splashed like a bucket of cold water.

'Why, I have called you so for so many years,' said Laura, in astonishment.

'Not so very many, my dear girl; only eight. Call me Toby.'

'Toby! Ha! ha! What a ridiculous name,' and the little hands and little feet of Miss Laura danced with merriment.

'Toby Hardgrip is not a name to be laughed at. Looks very well when signed to a check for a hundred thousand or so—bless my soul! goes well too. But Laura, what do people do when they get marrid? Where do they go?'

'I have heard that they go away some where and live together, never caring for any one except each other. Papa—I mean Toby—I declare I can't call you Toby,' laughed Laura.

'Never mind that, call me Pudding-head, as that monkey Tompson called me once. I heard him! Bless my soul! I am going to marry.'

'You are going to marry!' exclaimed Laura.

'Why not. Bless my soul. I am not too old. Only forty-three, and there's more pith in me than in ten such laths as that fellow up stairs. Say, you minx, am I too old!'

'No, not too old,' said Laura, slowly and mournfully 'but I thought—'

'Eh! what did you think. Bless my soul,' cried Tobias, springing up, 'I suspect you thought nobody would have me. I know six—six? I know sixty-six that would jump at me.'

'I do not mean that. I mean—tell me dear guardian, for you shall always be dear to me, married or single, can I not love you enough? Must you go marry to be loved?' said Laura, turning the full blaze of her brilliant beauty upon him.

'Yes; you call me Papa, and love me as a Papa I hates Papas! I want to marry! I am rich, not old, good looking, strong; healthy, and—yes bless my soul, I may venture to say, good natured. I must marry. You'll be at the same, before long, and I shall be left alone. Bless my soul! I can not live alone!'

Laura, blushing and trembling like a rose-leaf fluttering in the breeze, rose from the sofa, approached the handsome bachelor, placed her soft hands upon his cheeks, and gazing up into his good looking face with those bewitching blue eyes of hers, said:

'Will you marry me, Toby?'

'Bless my soul! Do you mean it?' exclaimed Tobias, who felt, he afterwards said, as if somebody had emptied a bowl of live ants between his neck and shirt.

'I do mean it—as I am a woman. I know you love me. I have known you so long and know you so well, guardy, and love you so much, and have loved you so long, do you think that I can live away from you?'

'But—bless my soul, this is pleasant—but, Am up stairs—I mean Orlando Tompkins.'

'I detest him. I never wish to see him again,' said Laura, almost sinking with the emotion she had grappled.

'That's just my opinion. It will be much more agreeable to all parties. And so you *will* marry Toby Hardgrip! Hurrah! Did you love me all this time? cried Tobias, who was higher in Heaven than Mahomet ever soared; and who was now seated upon the sofa with Laura by his side.

'Yes; for years. And isn't it a shame that I have been forced to ask you to marry me?' said Laura, nestling her burning cheeks in Tobias' bosom.

'Bless my soul, no! I never would have dared to ask you to marry me—besides this is Leap year, and that makes it much more agreeable to all parties.'

The following morning Orlando Tompkins, on decending to his breakfast, at 11 o'clock found to his surprise that Tobias and Laura were awaiting his tardy approach at the table.

'So you both slept late, too. Well, that's clever; we can all breakfast together, eh, Miss Bordan?' said he, seating himself.—'Why, Mr. Hardgrip, you are dressed like a bridegroom.'

'Bless my soul,' said Tobias, smiling from head to foot, 'I am one. While you were snoozing up stairs, I went out a bachelor and came back a benedict.'

'Demme! you don't say so. Why, where's the bride?'

'Here at your service, Mr. Tompkins.—Will you take tea or coffee, or chocolate this morning,' said the blushing Laura, and with eyes much brighter than the silver tea-pot.

'No, I thank you,' said Orlando, rising, and very white, 'I think I'll take my departure. Demmie!'

'Bless my soul! *that's much more agreeable to all parties*,' said Tobias, as Orlando 'mizzled.'

HUMOROUS.

COME IN AND SHUT THE DOOR.

Oh! do not stand so long outside,
Why need you be so shy?
The people's eyes are open, John,
As they are passing by!
You cannot tell what they may think,
They've said strange things before,
And if you wish to talk awhile,
Come in and shut the door!

Nay, do not say, "No, thank you, Jane,"
With such a bashful smile;
You said when ladies whispered "No,"
They meant "Yes," all the while!
My father, too, will welcome you:
I told you that before;
It doesn't look well standing here—
Come in and shut the door!

You say I did not answer you
To what was said last night:
I heard your question in the dark—
Thought on it in the light;
And now my lips shall utter what
My heart has said before.
Yes, dearest, I—but stay awhile—
Come in and shut the door!

Our Country.

The editor of the Wedowee (Ala.) *Mercury* lets himself off in the following style:

"There is not the least shadow of a doubt about the matter—ours is emphatically, undeniably, positively, comparatively and superlatively, a great and glorious country. The annals of time furnish nothing to compare with it: Greece was'nt a circumstance, Rome was "nowhar;" Venice could'nt hold us a candle, while all modern nations sink into insignificance before our country. It has longer rivers, and more of them, and muddier and deeper, and they run faster and go farther, and make more noise, and rise higher, fall lower, and do more damage than any body else's rivers. It has more lakes, and they are bigger and deeper, and clearer than those of any other nation. It has more cataracts, and they fall further and faster, and harder than all other cataracts. It has more mountains, and higher ones, and more snow on 'em, and harder to get up, and easir to fall down than all other mountains. It has more gold, and it is heavier and brighter, and worth more than the gold of other countries. Our rail-cars are bigger, and run faster, and pitch off the track oftener, and kill more people than all other rail cars. Our steamers are longer, and carry loads, and "bile their buster" oft'ner, and the captains swear harder than those of any other country.—Our men are bigger, and longer, and higher, and thicker, and can fight harder and faster, and drink more whiskey, chew more tobacco, spit more and further, kick up their heels higher, and do anything else more and better, and oftener than men of all other countries. Our ladies are prettier, dress finer, spend more money, break more hearts, wear bigger hoops and shorter dresses, and kick up the mischief generally to a greater extent than all other ladies. Our politicians can spout louder, lie harder, make gas faster, dodge quicker, turn oftener, make more noise and do less work than any body else's politicians. Our niggers are blacker, larf more, have thicker skulls, and smell louder and need thrashing longer than other niggers. Our children squall louder, grow faster, get too big for their trousers quicker than all other children.

It is a great country. It is the corner stone of nations; it is the top of the pile, the head man of the heap, the last button on the coat, the crowning jewel in the diadem, the capital of the colum, the last link in the chain, the 'observed of all observers.' It will eat up all other nations faster than Pharoah's lean kine eat up the fat ones. When all other nations are numbered among the things that were, it will be just rejoicing in its strength. It will kick all other nations out of existence—it will lick all them up as the cow licketh salt. It has now 33 States, and "more a comin." It covers more territory than all other nations. And finally, it has louder thunder, faster lightning, bigger hail, colder ice, than can be found in any part of the habitable globe. Hurrah for this prodigious constellation of free States! Hang a man that won't praise his own country.

The following, which is said to be recorded in an Irish grave-yard, is excellent of its kind:

"Here lies the body of John Mound,
Lost at sea, and never found."

Georgia Court—Rich Scene.

After a well known Georgia Solicitor General had administered the usual oath to the grand and petit juries and bailiffs, he turned to the presiding Judge and remarked:

Solicitor—May it please your Honor I do not remember any form of oath administered to the lobby bailiffs, but by your permission I think I can frame one that will be satisfactory to the Court.

Judge—Proceed, Mr. Solicitor.

Solicitor—Put your hand on the book.—Whereupon a tall, lean, vinegar-faced son of Anak, stepped up and promptly grabbed the book.

Solicitor—You do solemnly swear, in the presence of this Court and us lawyers, that you will take your position in the lobby, and there remain with your eyes skinned during the entire sessions of this Court.—That you will not suffer any one to speak above a low whisper, and if any one shall dare do so in the presence of your royal highness, vociferously exclaim, 'silence in the lobby,' and if order is not immediately restored, you further swear that you will by one ponderous blow of your fists, planted between the peppers of the offender, knock him down. All this you will do to the best of your skill and knowledge, so help your God.

The bailiff took the position assigned him, and immediately after the court was organized, Tom Diggers, who looked as green as young gourds, walked into the room, wearing brogans No. 11, and his hands thrust deep into his pockets, and inquired:

'Hello, fellows, where in thunder is Jim Snellings?'

'Silence in the lobby,' roared the enraged official.

Brogans—You must be an all-fired tarnal tool, and et ye jist open that bread trap of your'n agin, your mammy won't know ye.

Whereupon Jim Jarvis, the bailiff, let fly the dogs o' war and greeny fell flat on his back, with his pedestals at an angle of forty degrees in the air. He grabbed greeny by the seat of his trowsers, and dragged him wsong end foremont into the presence of his Honor, the Judge, and said:

'Mr. Judge, here's that darned infernal John Diggers, that warn't never in a court house afore, and undertook to run over this chicken, but 'cordin to my oath, I fetched the tarnel critter up stoodin, by givin' him a jerk atween the eyes 'cordin to law, and now say the word, and I'll maul the dog-juice outen him afore you can wink yer eyes twice.'

Judge—Turn him loose, Mr. Bailiff, and accept the thanks of the Court for the prompt discharge of your official duties.

Exit Greeny with eyes as large as saucers.

AN UNEXPECTED CLIMAX.—Speaking of the tendency of temperance orators to put themselves forward as previous examples of the blithing effects of drink, an exchange says: "My friends three months ago I signed the pledge. (Clapping of hands and approving cheers.) In a month afterward, my friends, I had a sovereign in my pocket, a thing I never had before. (Clapping and loud cheers.) In another month, my friends I had a good coat on my back, a thing I never had before. (Cheers and clapping of hands much louder.) A fortnight after that, my friends, I bought a coffin!" The audience were going to cheer here but stopped and looked serious. "You wonder," continued the speaker, "why I bought the coffin. Well my friends, I bought the coffin because I felt pretty certain if I kept the pledge another fortnight, I should want one."

DISUNION TALK.—A trip since Friday last through portions of the neighboring counties of Alexandria, Fairfax, Prince William, Fauquiet, and Culpeper, Va., satisfies us that the newspaper descriptions of the excitemant now existing throughout that State are not overdrawn, as extravagant as more or less of them may appear to the reader in a locality not immediately sympathizing with those who were not long since murdered and their neighbors whose property is now being nightly fired by Northern emissaries in furtherance of the abolition cause. This excitement, however, is not a wild one, as represented by journals secretly or avowedly favoring the cause of abolitionism.

It is a calm and clear sentiment in favor of a speedy end of the government of the United States, if it is to continue to be a means through which parties from the North may steal into the South, and there stealing and burning Southern property and murdering Southern citizens, may be countenanced in such acts by an almost universal expression of Northern sentiment in their favor, as droved by the present tone on the subject of three-fourths of the Northern press under the lead of the secular New York Tribune, and the religious New York Observer. Throughout that trip we heard no other than sentiments in favor of disunion expressed on the subject.—*Washington Star.*

There will be no appeal to the civil courts for the relief of Bishop Onderdonk. The Church Journal says:

Rumors have prevailed, in some instances getting into the daily papers, that the Bishop of New York is about to appeal to the civil courts to obtain relief. The Bishop has long ago had in his possession the opinion of distinguished jurists that such an appeal would probably be successful, and thousands of dollars have been placed at his command to defray the expenses of the contest. But he has, at all times, steadily refused to take any step of the kind, preferring to leave the whole question where the Church has placed it—in the hands of the Rt. Rev. Brethren in the House of Bishops. From this position he has never dreamed of departing now, no matter how severe the temptation may have appeared to some of his friends. The story that he contemplates any different course is utterly unfounded. He is content to suffer and to wait.

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