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The Easton Gazette.

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ADVERTISEMENTS,

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[Written for the Easton Gazette.]

BY MAR.

Oh, brighter shines the morning beams,
And richer blooms the heather,
And happiness all things beseems,
When we, love, are together.

This life they say is weariness,
Its fairest flowers but fading,
Its hopes all melt in dreariness,
Its joys are canker laden.

But the loving light of thy blue eye
Doth charm away my fear,
My bosom thrills with exstacy
When thou, my love, art near.

Sunday Reading.

The Patriotism of Prayer.

When the Convention that framed the Constitution of the United States was so divided in its counsels that it seemed about to dissolve without finishing its work, Franklin proposed that a chaplain should be appointed to open the session with prayer.—Said he: "I have lived a long time; and the longer I live, the more convincing proofs I see of this truth, that God governs the affairs of men. And if a sparrow cannot fall to the grouud without his notice, is it possible that an empire can rise without his aid!"

There is a tradition that some one in the Convention objected to the proposal for a chaplain, with the profane remark that "since the Convention had gone on so far without foreign aid, it was not worth while to invoke such aid at the last. But Franklin, though not a man of ardent religious feeling or an earnest evangelical faith, had too much reverence as a philosopher which he felt to be above human sagacity and natural laws, to suffer such atheistic profaneness to pass without rebuke. The Convention adopted his suggestion; and whether we account for it on natural or supernatural principles, the fact remains that the body was soon led to that spirit of harmony and concession which resulted in the adoption of the Federal constitution.

It has often occurred to us that Christians in this country place less reliance upon prayer as a power in Politics, than they would if living under a despotism. Under a despotism Christians feel that they have no resource against misrule and oppression but in the power of prayer. It is distinctly felt that God alone can deliver his people from a wicked king. But here, where every man can vote as well as pray, and where almost every man is linked with some political party whose success he deems important for the welfare of the country, there seems to be no less regard for prayer as an agency for good in the state. Men are even apt to pray in the spirit of partisans, or to interpret the prayers of others from a political stand-point. But cannot Christians pray together as patriots without being interpreted as partisans? If prayer be proper prayer, and not exhortation and discussion foistered into a meeting under the name of prayer—surely there can be a union of Christians in supplication for divine wisdom and guidance in public affairs. Such prayer betokens the truest Patriotism. Men of the truest piety are ever the truest patriots.

OUTSIDE AND INSIDE.—"Two things a master commits on his servant's care," saith one—"the child and child's clothes." It will be a poor excuse for the servant to say, at his master's return.

"Sir, here are all the child's clothes, neat and clean; but the child is lost!"

Much so with the account that many will give to God of their souls and bodies at the great day:

"Lord, here is my body; I was very greatful for it; I neglected nothing that belonged to its content and welfare; but as for my soul, that is lost and cast away forever—I took little care and thought about it!"—*Flavel.*

A BEAUTIFUL REPLY.—A pious old man was one day walking to the sanctuary with a New Testament in his hand, when a friend who met him said:

"Good morning, Mr Price."

"Ah, good morning," replied he, "I am reading my Father's will as I walk along."

"Well what has he left you?" said his friend

"Why, he has bequeathed me a hundred fold more in this life; and in the world to come life everlasting."

This beautiful reply was the means of comforting his Christian friend, who was at the time in sorrowful circumstances.

THE BRIDGE OF DEATH.—When engineers would bridge a stream, they often carry over at first but a single thread.—With that they next stretch a wire across. Then strand is added to strand, until a foundation is laid for planks, and now the bold engineer finds safe footway and walks from side to side. So God takes from us some golden-threaded pleasure, and stretches it hence into Heaven. Then he takes a child, and then a friend. Thus he bridges death, and teaches the thoughts of the most timid to find their way thither between the two spheres.

FIRE AND LOSS OF LIFE.—On Tuesday night week between 11 and 12 o'clock, a small tenement, near Hall's X Roads, occupied by an old negro woman, named Cela Benson, was discovered to be on fire, and before assistance could be rendered, the roof fell in, and in a short time the house was consumed. The woman Benson was between 70 and 80 years of age, and lived alone. Justice Baynard summoned a jury on Wednesday, who held an inquest on her remains and rendered a verdict that she came to her death by accidental burning.—*Centreville Citizen.*

A magistrate asked an Irishman whom he was questioning; "Have you ever seen the sea?" "Iver seen the say, your honor? Be jabers; and does yer honor suppose that I was trundled all the way over the say ocean in a wheelbarrow?"

Amusement for the Million!

[From the New York Picayune.]

A 2.40 SLEIGH-RIDE.

BY DOESTICKS.

Sleigh-nding is an amusement to which I was never partial, for I cannot appreciate the pleasure there is, in a man's deliberately freezing his feet, and congealing his fingers into digital icicles; and for my own part unless there was some unusual charm beyond the ride itself, I would as soon think of seeking an evening's amusement by sitting a given number of hours on a frozen mill pond with my pedal extremities stuck through a hole in the ice into the water below. And in the city there are even more discomforts attending this popular penace than in the open country.

The man who will trustingly endeavor to draw a sherry cobbler out of a clam-shell make a gin sling from cold potatoes, lard oil from railroad spikes, or a mint-julep out of sea weed and chestnut burs—or hopefully essay the concoction of a satisfactory oyster stew from jack-knife-handles and bootlegs, is the only person I can conceive of, sanguine enough to anticipate an evening's pleasure from a city sleigh-ride.

I can readily conceive that in the country, give a man a fast team, a light sleigh, a clear sky, a straight road, a pretty girl, plenty of snow, and a good tavern with a bright ball-room and capital music waiting at his journey's end, the fruit amusement may be made endurable—possibly, to a man enthusiastic enough to seek for pleasure with the thermometer at zero, even desirable.

But in New York, we can't get an unadulterated country sleigh-ride, any more than we can get genuine country milk—neither will bear importation. In both cases some unbargained-for dash of cold water interferes with the purity of the article, and nips in the bud our delusive anticipations.

The conditions necessary to a thoroughbred sleigh-ride can never be present in a great city. In the first place, the snow (an item of some importance) cannot reach the earth unsullied; it is met in its quiet journey by some aspiring chimney, some impertinent roof, or ambitious spire, all dust-covered and smoke-begrimed, or by some other of the spontaneous nuisances indigenous to a city, and is robbed of its maiden purity, as its first welcome to the lower world—then, mixed with ashes, soot, pulverulent nastiness of every sort—tainted with dainty perfumes of gas, garbage markets and slaughter-houses, besides all the volatile filth of thousands of perspiring bipeds (not mentioning hogs, horses, rats, dogs, and jackasses,) it comes from upper air to us, expectant citylings—and even then we have to take it second-hand, for it is stopped in its airy transit by countless awnings, the tops of innumerable houses, stages, drays, and hackney-coaches, and the hats and outside apparel of the peripatetic multitude—from all which meddling mediums, it is transferred to the cold charity of the stony pavement where the first instalment, in sorrow for its sullied purity, dissolves itself in discontented tears, and sulkily seeks, by some narrow down-hill track its grave—the common sewer.

But a persevering snow-storm, which gives its whole attention to the work, sometimes succeeds in covering the streets of Gotham with a pepper-colored mixture, which we accept as snow.

When the air is cold, this peculiar substance cuts up into a kind of greyish sand, as much like real snow, as wild geese are like wooden legs—and when the weather is moist, it degenerates into a muddy malicious mixture, in which the city flounders, until a drenching rain dilutes the mass into a coffee-colored flood, which sneaks into rivers through back lanes and dirty alleys, leaving the thoroughfares once more practicable. One week last winter eight inches of snow set our city people crazy, and turned Broadway into a horse purgatory. From Bloomingdale to the Battery, the street was filled with sleighs, cutters, pungs, jumpers and every variety of sled all full of screeching, screaming men women and children, in different stages of frigidity and voluntary discomfort, but all seeming, by their actions, to reiterate the cockney sentiment—"What's the hodds, long's you're 'appy?"

Every man who could hire or buy a transient interest in a string of bells and horse, jackass or big dog, went in for an independent ride on his own hook—and those who could not compass this luxury, piled pell-mell into the stage sleighs, a hundred in a heap, each bound to have a sixpence-worth of slushy, slippery, horse locomotion.

At this crisis, Sandie proposed to me to join a company who were going to undertake an evening's pleasure, calculating to ride through the city, see the sights, go out of town to a ball, and dance till morning.

Agreed to go, put on my tightest boots, and got ready—time came, sleigh arrived, got in, received a promiscuous introduction to seventeen young ladies, by the light of a street lamp. Couldn't of course distinguish their faces so as to tell them apart, and so was continually calling Miss Jones, Miss Smithkins, Miss Doodle, Miss Vanderpants, and addressing Miss Fanbob and Miss Wiggins by each other's names; which, as they were ready to scratch each other's eyes out for jealousy, and hadn't been on speaking terms for a year and a half, made the matter decidedly pleasant.

Found a place for my feet among the miscellaneous pedal assortment at the bottom—sat down, held on with both hands, and prepared to enjoy myself. After a great deal of whipping of the spirited horses, and some curiously emphatic observations by the driver, we got under way.—Driver (an enthusiastic Hiberman with one black eye) took the middle of the street, resolved to give the road to nothing—met a young gent in a cutter, he didn't turn out, ice didn't turn out, collison ensued, young man got the worst, his hat was smashed, and his delicate person left in a snow-bank—his horse started, hit against a lamp-post, then ran away, distributing the ruins of the cutter all along the road, leaving a piece at every corner and telegraph-pole, until there wasn't enough left in any one spot to make a rat-trap—finally dashing through the show window of a confectioner's shop and being brought to a stand-still by the shafts sticking in a soda fountain.

Met a charcoal cart, run against us and distributed a shower of pulverized nigritude over the company, to the great damage of the clean linen of the gentlemen, and the adornments generally of the ladies, especially those little white rosetts which they had tied on the backs of their heads, and dignified with the fabulous title of bonnets.

Met a stage sleigh, got jammed with us—and during the three minutes preceding our violent extrication, I had leisure to take particular notice of the inmates.

Now, even in ordinary times, any kind of an omnibus is a purely democratic institution, but an omnibus sleigh containing ordinarily, anywhere from fifty to a hundred and twenty people, is a most effectual leveller of aristocratic distinctions.

In this particular vehicle, a fashionably dressed Miss, had from necessity, taken her seat in the lap of a Bowery boy, who, in his anxiety to make her comfortable, had put one arm round her waist, and one hand into her muff.

An up-town merchant was carrying a washer-woman's baby, while a dandy, in patent leather boots, was holding her bundle of dirty linen.

A news-boy, stealing a ride, was smoking a Connecticut cigar, and puffing the smoke into the faces of the incongruous assembly.

A negro woman was sustaining her position on the edge of the slippery craft, by holding on with one arm around the neck of a clergeman in a blue cloak with a brass hook and eye at the neck, who had a basket of potatoes with a leg of mutton in it, which a sailor was using for a shield to protect him from the shower of snow balls, fired by the boys on the corner—naughty boys—one hit one of our ladies on the head, she made a very pretty faint, but was soon revived by a piece of ice which I slipped down her back, one—blacked the driver's other eye, and a particularly and solidly unpleasant one, hit Sandie in the mouth and waked him up.

Began to be sensible of the pleasures of my situation—felt as if my boots were full of ice water, my nose a Croton water pipe, and my fingers carrot-shaped icicles. Each leg seemed a perpendicular iceberg, my feet good sized snow-drifts, my head a frozen pumpkin, and the inside of me felt as if I had made my supper on a cast-iron garden-fence.

As, however, these peculiar but unpleasant sensations are inseparable from the sleigh-riding performances, I tried to warm myself by imagining volcanoes and conflagrations; and, indulging in a hope of hot brandy and water at my journey's end, endeavored to bear my trials like a frozen martyr, as I was.

Got to the hotel at last, waiters rescued us and got us into the house, which was full of parties ahead of us. Burnt the skin off my throat trying to thaw my congealed digestive apparatus, by drinking brandy and water boiling hot; ladies imbibed hot gin sling all round "*ad libitum*," gentlemen ditto, and "*Dr Copo.*"

Ready for a dance; got into the ball-room, which was so full already that each cotillion had only a space about as big as a pickle-tub—"balance four" and you stepped on somebody's heels and tore off the skirt of some lady's dress—"forward two" and you poked your nose into the whiskers of the gentleman opposite, and felt his neck tie in your eye, and "promenade all" with the signal for an animated but irregular fancy dance upon the toes of the bystanders.

But this quadrille was voted by most of our ladies to be altogether too antiquated and energetic—the truth is, city dancing is no more like a country jig than a dead march is like a horn-pipe—in the one case the ladies slide about with a die-away air, as if one lively step would annihilate their delicate frames; and in the other, they dance as if they were made of watch-springs and india rubber.

The only way to get an ordinary city girl really interested in a dance, is to have some moustachoed puppy put his arm around her waist, hug her close up to him, spin her round the room till her head swims.

But the dancing couldn't last for ever, and at length we had to prepare for the ride home.

Towards morning the music got tired, the leading violinist was fiddling on one string on the wrong side of the bridge, and the ophicleide man, unable from sheer exhaustion to convey his potables to his mouth, was pouring them into his instrument, which he had regaled with four mugs of ale and a brandy smash, and the little fifer, with his foot in the big end of the French horn, was wasting his precious breath in trying to coax a quick step out of a drum-stick, which he mistook for a flageolet.

Compelled to stop dancing. Ladies went to a private room and repaired their damaged wardrobe with pins and other extemporaneous contrivances, known to them alone. Gentlemen put on what hats and great-coats the preceding parties had left, paid the bill—woke up the driver, and all started for home.

Shower came on, making the ladies look like damaged kaleidoscopes, and taking the starch out of the gentlemen's collars—the gum out of their hats, and the color out of their whiskers.

Upset—females got scattered round loose (horses didn't run away, not a bit of it,) one young lady had her foot in my overcoat pocket, and both hands clinched in my hair—got out of the snarl at last, and found that I had traps enough hanging to me to manufacture a small-sized new married couple—a set of false teeth in my fur glove—two pairs of patent moustaches, with the springs broken, in my hat-band, half a head of glossy, ringleted hair in my button hole, a lace collar hanging to my pantaloons, and my boots full of puff combs.

Righted up at last, hurried over milestones, curb-stones, and pebble-stones, till we reached the city—took the young ladies home, and was immediately after arrested by a moist watchman for being a suspicious character, and only identified by my friends in the morning, just in time to keep my name out of the papers.

Am completely disgusted with sleigh-riding—the enjoyment is purely imaginary, and the expense not at all so. Excitement ain't pleasure, any more than sawdust pudding is roast turkey—and then too, the girls are so different—girls here are such touch-me-not creatures, that no one understanding the nature of the animals would venture on a kiss, unless he wanted to get his mouth full of magnesia and carmine; fuss, feathers, furbelows and flummery, will never make a *woman* out of any of these, until a new saddle and pair of gilt spurs will transform a sucking-calf into a race-horse.

A modern belle stands no kind of a chance with a country beauty—pale cheeks and dingy complexions may be *alleviated* by chalk and vermillion; but artificial hues are always evanescent, nature alone paints *cheeks* in fast colors. Sitting up late and guzzling brandy punches wont put the same kind of crimson in the face that is placed there by getting up in the morning, feeding the chickens, chasing the pigs out of the garden, and drinking sweet milk for breakfast. And not only in looks do they differ, but they

"have yet
Some tasks to learn, some frailties to forget."

An affected giggle won't pass muster for a hearty laugh—superficial boarding-school "finishing" is not education, for bad spelling will show, though the pen be held by jewelled fingers—and bad French, bad Italian, and worse English, are miserable substitutes for conversation, though muttered by the fairest lips that ever lisped in fashionable drawl.

It is true that in the circle of my limited acquaintance I have the honor to number some ladies whose unaffected manners, natural grace, and true politeness place even my usual awkwardness at perfect ease, while their superior intelligence causes me to feel most deeply my extensive *non-acquirements*—but to every one of these I have met twenty who, although they could dance, sing, play the piano, paint on velvet, or work in worsted, flowers unknown in botany, and animals to which ordinary natural historians are strangers; couldn't write an Intelligible English note, or read anything more difficult than easy words of two syllables; and if told that wheat bread is made out of kidney potatoes wouldn't know the difference.

I repudiate all this tribe of diluted milk-and-water misses, and should I ever feel matrimonially inclined shall commission some country friend to choose me a wife who can darn stockings, and make pumpkin pies anyhow, and hoe and chop cord-wood, if in any case the subscriber shouldn't be able to meet current family expenses.

Union Sentiments in South Carolina.

On account of the place where the following extract from a speech of Hon. Wade Hampton was delivered, which was the Senate of South Carolina, on the 10th of December last, it will attract general attention, and be read with no ordinary gratification. It would do no discredit to the noblest orator of the age. We call it patriotic and sublime, doing honor alike to the head and heart of the distinguished gentleman whose great soul evidently throbs in his words:

"No human foresight can predict the consequences that would follow a dissolution of this Union. The ark of freedom may be overthrown, the city of refuge which we have built up here in the wilderness for the oppressed of all Christendom, may be torn down and liberty herself be forced to weep over the untimely grave of her youngest and fairest child. Others may speak lightly of the disruption of this great Confederacy, of dismembering this mighty empire, and forming from its dejecta members another of more enduring elements and higher destines as easily as a child knocks down his castles of cards, to rebuild them as his fancy suggests; but I would not have my country, with rash haste, or unprepared, venture on any experiment that must under any circumstances, be one of fearful solemnity. Nature shows us by what slow process her mighty results are arrived at, and experience teaches us how easy and rapid is the work of demolition.

"The noblest oak of the forest, the pride of our woods, under whose wide-spread branches the red man may have taken refuge for centuries, and whose giant trunk and deep-set roots have proudly defied the storms of a thousand years, falls in an hour before the axe of the great heedless woodman. The Great Architect of the Universe himself, He who could by a thought have called into existence all created things, deemed it not beneath his majesty and dignity to labor at the work of creation for six days, thus teaching to man, by the sublimest of lessons, that time and labor are necessary to the perfection of all great works. As in nature, so with nations:

"A thousand years scarce serve to form a State—
An hour may lay it in the dust: and when
Can man its shattered splendors renovate,
Recall its virtues back, and vanquish time and fate?

"Never, sir, never! Ignorant, reckless, or wicked men may in an hour work the ruin of the proudest empire on earth; and when once laid in the dust, history teaches us by many a mournful example, that never again can man restore its shattered splendors or recall its virtues. Such seems to be the destiny of nations; let her sons protect the South from the danger of such fate."

Miscellaneous.

Young Ladies Read.

The following is from the Hartford Daily Courant:

"What a number of idle, useless young women—they call themselves young ladies—parade our streets. "They toil not neither do they spin, yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of them." Do they ever look forward to the time when the real cares and responsibilities of life will cluster around them? Have they made, or are they making any preparation for the onerous duties which will assuredly fall to their lot—duties to society, the world and God. They lounge or sleep away their time in the morning. They never take hold of the drudgery, the repulsive toil which each son and daughter of Adam should perform in this world. They know nothing of domestic duties. They have no habits of industry, no taste for the useful, no skill in any really useful art. They are in the streets, not in the performance of their duty or for the acquisition of health, but to see and to be seen. They expect thus to pick up a husband who will be as indulgent as their parents have been, and support them in idleness. They who sow the wind in this way are sure to reap the whirlwind.—No life can be exempt from cares. How mistaken an education do these girls receive who are allowed to imagine that life is always to be a garden of roses! Labor is the great law of our being. How worthless will she prove who is unable to perform it.

"It has been observed that "by far the greatest amount of happiness in civilized life, is found in the domestic relations, and most of those depend on the home habits of the wife and mother.' What a mistake is then made by our young girls and their parents, when domestic education is unattended to! Our daughters should be taught *practically* to bake, to cook, to arrange the table, to wash and iron, to sweep, and to do everything that pertains to the order and comfort of the household. Domestics may be necessary, but they are always a necessary evil, and the best 'help' a woman can have is *herself*. If her husband is ever so rich, the time may come when skill in domestic employments will secure to her a comfort which no domestic can procure. Even if she is never called to labor herself, she should at least, know how things ought to be done, so that she can never be cheated by her servants.

"*Domestic education* cannot be acquired in the streets. It cannot be learned amidst the frivolities of modern society. A good and worthy and comfort-bringing husband can rarely be picked up on the pavement.

"The nymph who walks the public streets,
And sets her cap for all she meets,
May catch the fool who turns to stare,
But men of sense avoid the snare."

"The highest and best interests of society in the future, demand a better, a more useful, a more domestic training of our young ladies."

Forced Marriage Prevented.

On Tuesday last says an Albany Exchange, a man about sixty years of age, entered the office of Justice Slace, of Bethlehem, N. Y., having on his arm a young lady of about seventeen summers, whose countenance gave conclusive evidence that the possessor of that face had as yet encountered or learned none of the cares or troubles of this wicked world. Her heart was light when it surely should be sad.—It appeared upon subsequent enquiry made by officer Hagadorn, that the object of her visit to the Justice's office was wedlock.

At the time of their arrival, a case was pending before the magistrate. Before it had concluded the movements of the girl attracted the attention of officer Hagadorn. When a favorable opportunity offered, he approached her and asked where the man was to whom she was to be married. She pointed out the old gentleman above referred to, whose looks were wrinkled from age. "Why, that man is old enough to be your grandfather," said H. "I know that," said the simple minded girl, "yet it is the wish of my parents that I should wed him. He and my father are intimate friends, hence my visit here to enter into this compact.—The man is not the choice of my heart by any means. I do it to please the old folks. They say he owns a house and lot, and it is all right."

"Well," said H. "you are foolish to marry that old fellow while so many fine looking men are about. Now if you want to get married, take one of them." "But," said she, "none of them will have me."—"I'll guarantee they will, if you only ask them," said H. Just at that moment the Court finished the case under trial. The old man rubbed his hands with delight, and in a stentorian voice exclaimed, "Catharine! Catharine! Come here!" Catharine heeded not his call. Officer Hagadorn called her outside.

He also called out a good looking, intelligent mechanic of his acquaintance, and proposed a match between the pair. Each accepted the offer made, and embracing to bind the bargain, they kissed, and started off to make arrangements for a marriage, "as is" a marriage, while the old Don Juan who sought the hand of the fair damsel, set about biting his teeth with anger. He finally went off, swearing terribly at those who prevented the consummation of the marriage ceremony between himself and the girl.

THE DELAWARE RAILROAD.—A dividend of 6 per cent has been declared on the Stock of the Delaware Railroad. The extension of the road to Salisbury, it is thought, will be completed in less than a week's time. The company have made arrangements to run steamboats from Seaford to Norfolk, Va., in connection with the cars. A very superior and commodious boat, we learn, has been secured to make the trips, and she will soon commence operations.

Humorous.

I have been 'shopping' to-day, for the first time, and as there was quite a crowd in the store, I was obliged to stop some time before I could be waited upon. I found a woman there who had spent about two hours in choosing a calico dress. It was to be the wedding dress of her daughter, and she could not decide whether to have it a bright red or deep yellow. She at length concluded to have the skirt red and a basque of yellow. This important matter once decided, she began to look around the store to see what else she could find that she wanted. Seeing some bottles and jars of medicines on the shelf, said, 'Oh, there! Now I know what I want! Have you got any pills, Mr. Carter?'

"Yes," said he, "I have several kinds; what kind do you wish?"

"Oh!" said she, "I don't know nothin' about your different kinds, s'pose pills is pills the world over. Give me the biggest box you can sell for a shilling."

Just at that moment a little boy came in, and said, "Mr. Carter, have you got any fetty? (assafœtida) 'cause if you have, Dad wants a peownd on't."

"Yes," said Mr. Carter, "I have it, but what can you do with so much?"

"Oh, laws'" said he, "don't yew know what to dew with it? Jest feed it to your keow, and she'll give cream like sixty!"—*Cor. Springfield Republican.*

SHE HAD A "WINNING WAY" WITH HER.—A wayward son of the Emerald Isle, "left the bed and board" which he and Margaret, his wife, had occupied for a long while, and spent his time around rum shops, where he was always on hand to count himself "in," whenever anybody should "stand treat." Margaret was dissatisfied with this state of things, and endeavored to get her husband home again. We shall see how she proceeds:

"Now, Patrick, my honey, will you come back!"

"No, Margaret I won't come back."

"And won't ye come back for love of the children?"

"Not for the love of the children, Margaret."

"Will ye come back for the love of meself?

"Niver at all. "Way wid ye."

Margaret thought she would try another inducement. Taking a pint of whiskey from her pocket, and holding it to her truant husband, she said:

'Will ye come for the drap of whiskey.'

"Ah, me darlint," said Patrick, unable to withstand such temptation. "It's yerself that'll always bring me home again—*ye has such a winning way wid ye*, I'll come Margaret.',

Margaret declares that Patrick was reclaimed by moral suasion.

A Kentucky lawyer on circuit, was asked to dine with the judge. At the table, the Judge, as his custom, asked a blessing, and shortly after arose from his seat and took from the sideboard a bottle of old Bourbon, of which he invited his guests to partake, partaking free himself, as is always the custom. After dinner the lawyer said: "Judge, will you permit me to ask you a question?" "Oh, certainly, replied the Judge, "what is it!" "I observed," said the lawyer, "that after you had asked the blessing, you set on the bottle. Now I wish to know whether you are ashamed to ask a blessing on the liquor, or whether you thought it was good enough without?" The Judge took the case under advisement.

TWIN PICTURES.—Here is a brief but pointed "essay on man."

At ten, a child; at twenty, wild:
At thirty, tame, if ever:
At forty, wise, at fifty rich;
At sixty, good or never.

Here is a brief "essay on woman."

At ten, a fuss at twenty, in bloom;
At thirty, married: if ever:
At forty, mother; at fifty, aunt;
At sixty—the probability is that the old lady is something worse for the wear.

A recent writer thus concludes his story: "This is my first attempt at writin a Tale & is far from being perfeck but if I have indoosed folks to see that in 9 cases out of 10 they can either make Life as barren as the desert of Sarah, or as joyous as a flower garding my objeck will have bin accomplished. Adoo.

IN THE SUGAR TRADE.—"Julius, was you ever in business!"

"In course I was."

"What business, Julius?"

"Why, I was a sugar planter."

When was dat?"

"Der day dat I berried dat old sweetheart of mine."

THE UNIVERSAL PASSION.—A foreigner, who had mixed among many nations, was asked if he had observed any particular quality in our species that might be considered universal. He replied, "Me tink dat all men love lazy."

"Dear Laura, when we were courting you were very dear to me; but now you're my wife, and I am paying your bills, you seem to get *dearer and dearer!*"

"HIS'N" AND "HER'N."

When Peggy's arms her dog imprison,
I've often wished my lot was his'n;
How often would I stand and turn,
To get a pat from hands like her'n.

THE FAIR SEX.—Woman was made out of a rib from the side of Adam, not out of his foot to be trampled upon, but out of his side to be equal to him, under his heart to be protected and near his heart to be loved.

DEATH OF AN OLD PRINTER.—The New Orleans papers announce the death in that city of Mr. Benjamin Levy, in the 74th year of his age. Mr. Levy was a native of Long Island, New York, and arrived in New Orleans about the year 1812. His profession as a book binder and printer led him to be largely connected with the art preservative of all arts—printing.

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