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[From the Home Journal.]

LINES TO A CANARY-BIRD.

Thine is a lovely song my bird,
Tho' by thy mates 'tis never heard;
And it may seem to those around
An idle, tho' a pleasant sound:
For not to them is given to know
The feelings whence thy carols flow.
Bird! thou art severed from thy kind,
And in a narrow cage confined,
Whose bars obscure the fields of light,
Which once alone could bound thy flight,
(Of which the glimpses serve at most
To mock the freedom thou hast lost!)
Yet, bird! thy heart is brave and strong,
Companioned only by thy song,
Which, careless if 'tis heard or not,
Sheds light and beauty on thy lot.
The gift of God thou dost employ,
And in its use dost find thy joy.
Like thine, how oft the poet's fate!
How lone it seems!—how desolate!
No kindred spirit near, to share
The feelings which he wastes on air;
No heart in which he can awake
Responsive cords to thrill or break,
Life's fettering cares around him cling,
And bind to earth his heavenly wing,
And from his vision half efface
The skies which are his native place!
His proudest lay is heard by few,
Nor meets from those the honor due,
But to the kindest seems to be
A beauty—but a mystery!
Yet tho' it may not win him fame,
Or love, his more exalted aim,
His godlike thoughts will have their voice,
And in that glorious sound rejoice;
As mounting heaven, it peals along
To God as a thanksgiving song! J. N.

PLAYING POSSUM.—Some few years since, I witnessed rather a strange scene in Shakspeare's beautiful tragedy of Romeo and Juliet; it was at one of the Western theatres The piece had passed well, without interruption, until the last scene. The character of Romeo was excellently enacted and loudly applauded. The very model of the lover was before the tomb of the Capulets, gazing upon the motionless form of her who had so attracted his soul, and meditating upon committing an act which would send his spirit to that undiscovered country where he supposed Juliet's had gone. Just as he exclaimed, "Here's to love!" and at the same time raised the vial which contained the poison to his lips, a stalwart young countryman jumped upon the stage, seized him, dashed the vial from his hand, crushing it to atoms, and yelling:

"Yer damned fool, she ain't dead; only been takin' a little sleepin' medicine. Did n't yer get the parson's letter?"

"Sirrah!" growled out the enraged tragedian, while the house fairly shook with laughter.

"Why, yer gal ain't dead, I tell yer!—The way it war, they wanted to make Juliet marry that chap thar," pointing to Paris, "whose business you have just settled; but I tell you Juliet war spunk—she got her back right up, and vowed she wouldn't do it even if, while she war lyin' in the vault, the ghost of the other feller who you kill should dash her brains out with the bones of some of her dead cousins. Wall, her spunk war up, and she took the stuff the parson fixed, so she could play possum till you got hum. That's the way it war," replied the countryman, giving the desperate lover a tremendous poke in the ribs, with his elbow, and at the same time loosing his hold.

"Hell's curses on the fellow!" muttered the raving tragedian, as he stalked behind the scenes.

"Wall, now," said the countryman, fronting the audience, "if that ain't a little the dod darnedest meanest cuss I ever did see, I hope to be swowed. That's all the thanks I git for stoppin' him from pizenin' himself. I hope to be tarnally swashed if ever I go to interfere agin' when a feller wants to murder himself," he continued, as he clambered back to his seat just in time to prevent his upper story from coming in contact with the curtain as it descended.

RAPID VEGETATION.—There is an old but good story of the times when guano first came into repute as a manure, about a man who went out to plant some cucumber seeds, enriching the earth plentifully before-hand. To his amazement the dirt began to fly in an instant, the plant burst forth, the vine began to spread, and the affrighted husbandman started for the house at the top of his speed. But the growth of the plant outstripped his utmost fleetness. It followed him, it wound all about him, and when he reached his room and a chair, he was utterly astounded to find an enormous cucumber in his pocket, *gone to seed!*

About as good as the man who lately, by mistake, threw a quantity of very wonderful manure on the root of a grape vine. The next morning he found it had run to a neighboring wood-shed some sixty feet off; at noon, it had got to the telegraph wire, a mile off on the highway, and the last that was seen of the unfortunate possessor, he was flying with his coat tails standing out, crying at the top of his voice, "Stop that grape vine."

P. S.—He never overtook it.

A man who had heard of Dr. Johnson's fame, but who had never seen him, was shown into his presence once, and not knowing him, made inquires where he was. The Doctor said he was Johnson.

"You Johnson!" said the man in astonishment, "You don't look as if you could say boo to a goose."

"Boo," said Johnson, gruffly.

"I see, I see," said the man, "you are indeed the great Johnson."

THE NOBLE LADIES OF ENGLAND

—THE AWFUL CRUELTIES PRACTISED ON WHITE SLAVES IN GREAT BRITAIN.—The Stafford House meeting, at which the "Christian affectionate" address of the ladies of Great Britain to their dear sisters in America was adopted, with the name of the Duchess of Sutherland at the head, followed by her two daughters—of Argyle and Blantyre—Duchess of Bedford, Lady Trevellyan, and many others, has not been allowed to pass without notice even in England. The able letter of Mrs. Tyler, which we have published, expresses truly the feelings of this country on the subject, and in late English papers, there is a letter from Donald MacLeod, who will be remembered by our readers as the Washington correspondent for the Patriot for many years. He is a native of Scotland, but early came to this country and settled with his father in Washington. He is now, it appears, in Scotland, and on the appearance of the Lady Sutherland's Address, he wrote a letter, which is published in the liberal English papers. It is a scathing and triumphant reply We find the following notice of the letter of MacLeod's in the paper:—*Balt. Patriot.*

After adopting from another writer the rebuke of "Look at home," Mr. MacL. proceeds as follows:

But I must go further, and instruct the American ladies in what they should tell their English sisters to look at home.—They can meet this feminine, English, Christian, affectionate appeal with the same argument that the Cannibal Queen met a French philosopher when he was remonstrating with her upon the hateful, horrifying, and forbidden practice of eating human flesh, and recommending her to discontinue and forbid the practice in her dominions. "Well," replied the Cannibal Queen, "Voltaire, what is the difference between your people and us? You kill men and allow them to rot; we kill men, and to crown our victory we eat them, and we find them as good for food as any other flesh; besides, our laws demand of us to eat our enemies." Now, sir, though two blacks will never make a white, yet the American ladies may justly reply and ask their English sisters, "What is the difference between you and us? We buy black African slaves, but when we buy them, we feed, clothe and house them. No doubt some of us whip them at times for disobedience or for our own caprice; but we heal their stripes, and take care of them, that they may work our work. But you, English sisters, you make white slaves paupers and beggars; and when you make them this, by depriving them of all means to live by their own industry, then you turn them adrift—you raze, plough up, or burn down their habitations, and allow them to die (in hundreds) the agonizing, lingering death of starvation on the roadsides, ditches and open fields. Dear sisters, look at the history of Ireland for the last six or seven years, and you will see how many thousands you have allowed to die by hunger; and consider how many thousands more you would have allowed to die a similar death, had we not come to their rescue, and sent them food until we could remove them from your tender mercy and from your territories, to feed, clothe, and house them, and to find employment and fair remuneration for their labor among ourselves.

Look for one instance at an Irishman arraigned at the bar of justice for sheep-stealing, and his counsel offering to prove that before he stole the sheep, three of his children perished for want of food, and in the case of the last of them who died, a sucking infant the mother peeled the flesh off its legs and arms; she boiled it, and both she and her husband, the prisoner, ate it to save their own lives, and the mother died soon after. At this time you, our English sisters, were riding upon chariots, rolling smoothly over your extensive, uncultivated, depopulated domains, upon the wheels of splendor and cushions of the finest texture, and your husbands, sons, and daughters sharing of your festivities, luxuries, and unnecessary grandeur; expending more money and human food upon useless dogs and horses than would have saved thousands of the poor useful Irish (with the image of God upon them) from a premature agonizing death. We have read with horror of one of your husbands urging with might and main upon the government (who besturred themselves at the time, for fear the famine might cause a disease among the Irish landlords,) to feed the people with curry powder; and must recollect, when the curry powder scheme of destroying the Irish could not be approved of, that Sir A. Trevellyan was sent over to Ireland with the test starving commission, and conducted the Irish destruction with more humanity, for he allowed one pound of meal as meat and wages for every starving Irishman who would work ten hours per day the estates for Irish landlords.

Ah! English sisters, though we could bring no more against you, the public will judge and decide that you should be the defenders, and not the pursuers, in this case; but since you began to expose us, we will expose you to the letter, for there is no case or cases brought out against us in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," with all Harriett Beecher Stowe's capabilities of coloring, that is equal to this. We tell you emphatically, that our law would neither sanction nor tolerate such inhuman treatment—our religion forbids it; and any man or number of men who would be guilty of such would be branded with infamy and chased from our States and from our societies as inhuman, irrational, irreligious, and immoral monsters, unworthy of Christian society, or to have a voice in the civil or religious government of our country. But by taking a retrospective view of the history of your Christianized nation, we find that inhumanity, oppression, cruelty, and extortion, are qualifications required to fit a legislator, commander, commissioner, or any other functionary to whom you may safely entrust the law making, the law administration, and the government of your people; but qualifications specially required to entitle them to dignified high sounding titles and distinction, as will be shown afterwards.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" has aroused the sympathy and compassion of the Duchesses of Sutherland, Argyle, Bedford, and Ladies Blantyre and Trevellyan, and many thousands of the women of England, over the fate of Ham's black children. But we would seriously advise the Duchess of Sutherland and her host to pause until Uncle Donald M'Leod's Cabin comes out, and until he himself comes across the Atlantic with it among the thousands of those and their off-spring who have fled from their iron sway and slavery to our shores He, poor man, has been expostulating with you for the last twenty years against your cruel, unnatural, irrational, unchristian, and inhuman treatment of the brave, athletic, Highland white sons of Japhet; but no English and Scotish duchesses or ladies took any notice of him, nor convened a meeting to sympathize with him, or to remonstrate with Highland despotic slave making proprietors to discontinue their unrighteous depopulation of the country and their ungodly draining away of the best blood from the nation. Hence we aver that these ladies would never convene a sympathizing meeting for the benighted Africans, should their own African chiefs, kings and queens, destroy by the thousand; but because they sell them, and we buy them and take care of them, English feminine hearts sympathize with them. This is a fine opportunity for Donald M'Leod. Let him now speak out and make haste, and we promise him a quick and an extensive sale for his Cabin of unvarnished facts. The Duchess of Sutherland got very warm on the subject. After she read the sympathizing, remonstrating address, (which need not be quoted here, being long ago before the public,) she with great emphasis said, "I hope and believe that our efforts, under God's blessing, will not be without some happy result; but whether it succeed or fail, no one will deny that we shall have made an attempt, which had for its beginning and end, 'Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace and good will to men.'" It seems that effrontery is becoming very lofty and high voiced, under the protection of high-sounding English titles, when the Duchess of Sutherland could presume to mix such notorious hypocritical whinings as these with "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace and good will to men," for no other cause or design than to whitewash from some public odium already out, or to screen from some that is expected, come from whatever quarter it may. Surely this cannot be the Duchess of Sutherland who pays a visit every year to Dunrobin Castle, who has seen and heard so many supplicating appeals presented to her husband by the poor fishermen of Golspie, soliciting liberty to take mussels from the Little Ferry Sands, to bait their nets—a liberty which they were deprived of by his factors, though paying yearly rent for it, yet returned by his Grace with the brief deliverance that he could do nothing for them. Can I believe that this is the same personage who can set out from Dunrobin Castle, (her own Highland seat,) and, after travelling from it, then can ride in one direction over thirty miles, in another direction, forty-four miles; in another direction, (by the taking the necessary circuitous route) sixty miles, and that over fertile glens, valleys, straiths, bursting with fatness, which gave birth to, and where were reared for ages, thousands of the bravest, the most moral, virtuous and religious men that Europe could boast of; ready, to a man, at a moment's warning from their chief, to rise in defence of their king, queen and country; animated with patriotism and love for their chief, and irresistible in the battle contest for victory.

But these valiant men had then a country, a home, and a chief, worth fighting for. But I can tell her that she can now rule over these extensive tracts in the interior of the country without seeing the image of God upon a man travelling these roads, with the exception of a wandering Highland shephard, wrapped up in a gray plaid to the eyes, with a colly dog behind him as a drill serjeant, to train his ewes and to marshal his tups. There may happen to travel over the dreary tract a geologist, a tourist, or a lonely carrier, but these are as rare as a pelican in the wilderness, or a camel's convoy caravan in the deserts of Arabia. Add to this a few English sportsmen, with their stag-hounds, pointer dogs, and their servants, and put themselves and their bravery together, and a company of French soldiers would put ten thousand of them to a disorderly flight to save their own carcasses, leaving their ewes and tups to feed the invaders! The question may arise, where those people who inhabited this country at one period have gone? In America and Australia the most of them will be found. The Sutherland family and the nation had no need of their services; hence they did not regard their patriotism or loyalty, and disregarded their past services. Sheep, bullock, deer and game became more valuable than men. Yet a remnant of them, or in other words, a skeleton of them, is to be found along the seashore, huddled together in motley groups upon barren moors, among cliffs and precipices, in the most impoverished, degraded, subjugated, slavish, spiritless condition that human beings could exist in. If this is really the lady who has 'Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth and good will to men,' in view, and who is so religiously denouncing the American statute which "denies the slave the sanctity of marriage, with all its joys, rights and obligations—which separates, at the will of the master, the wife from the husband, the children from the parent," I would advise her, in God's name, to take a tour round the sea-skirts of Sutherland, her own estate, beginning at Brora, then to Helmsdale, Portskerra, Strathy, Farr, Tongue, Durness, Eddrachillis, and Assynt, and learn the subjugated, degraded, and impoverished, uneducated condition of the spiritless people of that sea-beaten coast, about two hundred miles in length, and let her with similar zeal remonstrate with her husband, that their condition be bettered; for the cure for all their misery and want is lying unmolested in the fertile valleys above, and all under his control; and to advise his Grace, her husband, to be no longer guided by his Ahithophel, Mr. Lock, but to discontinue his depopulating schemes, which has separated many a wife from her husband, never to meet—which caused many a premature death, and that separated many sons and daughters, never to see them, and by all means to withdraw that mandate of Mr. Lock, which forbids marriage on the Sutherland estate, under the pains and penalties of being banished from the country; for it has been already the cause of a great amount of prostitution, and augmented illegitimate connections and issues fifty per cent above what such were a few years, before this unnatural, ungodly law was put in force. When the Duchess will do this, then, and not till then, will I believe that she is in earnest regarding the American slaves. Let her and the other ladies who attended the Stafford House meeting be not like the believers and followers of Jupiter, who were supplied with two bags each, the one bag representing their own faults, the other their neighbors' faults—the one representing their neighbors' faults suspended before them, and the one representing their own faults suspended behind them, so that they could never see their own faults, but their neighbors were seen at all times. Ah! ladies, change your Jupiter bags, that you may discern your inconsistency, and connections with those to whom you owe your position, your grandeur, your greatness, and all your enjoyments.

HAVE WE A BOURBON AMONG US?—There is an article in the last number of Putnam's Magazine, written by Rev. John H. Hanson, a clergyman of worth, and transmitted to Mr. Putnam by Rev. Dr. Hawks, going to show that we have a Bourbon of the royal line of France living unknown amongst us. Dr. H. bears testimony to the high character of the author, and also to the reputation for truth and piety maintained by the person who is the main subject of the article. The object of this strange article is to furnish evidence that Louis XVII, son of Louis XVI, King of France, and of Marie Antoinette, of Austria, did not die in prison in 1795, as was reported to the French Convention, but is still alive and in the State of N. York, in the person of Rev. Mr. Williams, a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal church, who has labored chiefly as a missionary among the Indians, and been generally regarded as a half-breed, is no other than Louis XVII. A mass of strong circumstantial evidence is furnished—evidence so connected, and simply consistent, that it seems conclusive to show the fate of Louis the Seventeenth, and that the Dauphin was secretly conveyed from prison to this country, and placed among the Indians, in the northern part of New York.

"A French gentleman died at New Orleans in 1848, named Boulanger, who confessed on his death-bed that he was the person who brought the Dauphin to this country. When the Prince de Joinville visited this country in '41, he sought out Mr. Williams, and after demanding a conditional pledge of secrecy from him, told him he was Louis XVII, and asked him to sign a resignation of his title to the Crown of France in favor of Louis Philippe.—This statement, Mr. Williams asserts to be true; and, also, that not only did the Prince de Joinville afterwards correspond with him through his secretaries, but that Louis Phillippe wrote to him, (Mr. Williams,) with his own hand, after the Prince's return. Louis Phillippe knew the Dauphin was alive, and the name of the Dauphin was omitted from the solemnities for the departed Bourbons during Louis Philippe's reign. Another piece of strong evidence is a statement that the French Ambassador Genet, while in this country in 1818, acknowledged in the presence of Dr. Francis, and other gentlemen of this city, that the Dauphin was not dead, but was brought to America. As the Princede Joinville, and other parties referred to in the article are still alive, there can be no suspicion of an attempt at deception, unless it be on the part of Mr. Williams; and Dr. Hawks says all the precedents of his character are antagonistic to this idea. Mr. Williams has not been the active agent in bringing the facts before the public."

AMERICAN AND BRITISH DIPLOMACY CONTRASTED.—The following is from an article in the London Daily News of Jan 13, upon the British Diplomatic System, and contains a well merited compliment to Mr. McCurdy, recently U. S. Charge to Austria:

"Our business at present is with an annual diplomatic expenditure—amounting in 1850 to £160,883; in 1851 £159,285, and in 1852 to £152,798.

"These sums may not *per se* seem very exorbitant. But the question remains—does the country get its money's worth in return for them? Nay, some go so far as to ask whether the services rendered for the money are not in many instances absolutely detrimental to the country? The first question admits of an easy answer.—Let us take, for example, the Earl of Westmoreland. About the same time that the Free Kirk Missionaries to the Jews at Pesth were expelled from Hungary, an American clergyman, travelling in that country, was arrested by the Austrian authorities. His arrest was kept secret, but somehow or other rumor of it reached the ears of the gentleman (a loyal Austrian subject) who sits as American Consul at Vienna.—Mr. McCurdy, the American Minister, chanced to be absent at the time, and a remonstrance was addressed to the Prince Schwarzenberg by the Consul. The moment Mr. McCurdy returned, he took up the question vigorously, although he had received (and could receive) no communication from his countryman. He gave the Austrian Government no rest until Rev. Mr. Brace was tried, acquitted, and set at liberty. And when the Austrian Police, on two subsequent occasions, attempted to lay hold of Mr. Brace, Mr. McCurdy immediately interfered, obtained his liberation on the first, and was only prevented from being equally successful on the second by Mr. Brace's having permanently quitted the country. Let us now compare (or contrast) the conduct of Lord Westmoreland with that of Mr. McCurdy.

"Lord Westmoreland was at Vienna when the outrage against the Free Kirk Missionaries was perpetrated. He was not left in ignorance of it, for a gentleman of high character and influence proceeded immediately from the scene of action to inform him of what had taken place. But Lord Westmoreland declined to interfere, and the reason assigned for his non-interference was that the missionaries had not forwarded to him a written statement of their case. The American Minister did not wait to be applied to by his countryman; he moved energetically (and successfully) in his behalf the moment he received a first vague intimation from other sources that wrong had been done to him. The British Minister, although fully informed of the injustice done his countrymen by their highly respectable agent, refused to give himself any trouble in the matter, because it was not brought under his notice in the exact mode he had chosen to prescribe, but had never before that moment intimated to the public. And in his correspondence on the subject with the British Government, Lord Westmoreland took upon him to be the advocate and apologist of the Austrian authorities, repeating, without examination, their false statements regarding the missionaries.

"Persons unacquainted with the facts, might, perhaps, imagine that the American Minister had a better case than was submitted to the English Minister. On the contrary, if there be any difference, it is in favor of the Englishman. In both cases the charges of the Austrian authorities were frivolous and false. But the American had entered Hungary after civil war begun; he had penetrated into districts seldom visited, and thus escaped at times (without seeking to do so) even from the prying eyes of the police. In the circumstances of the time, in his erratic movements, there was some faint semblance of an excuse for suspicion. But the Free Kirk Missionaries were residing where they had resided for years. They had settled there not only with the permission, but with the express approbation and encouragement of the Government. It is now established that they had complied rigorously with all the conditions exacted from them. Their case was much more simple, and much more easy to defend, than that of the American.

"It is clear, then, that in this one case Lord Westmoreland has served his country and his countrymen less efficiently than the American Minister, at the same court, has served his under greater difficulties. Mr. McCurdy did his duty in a manly and intelligent manner, yet he did no more than his duty. Lord Westmoreland has, therefore, done less, and, unfortunately, this is not an isolated case of neglect on his part. The cases of Mr. Pidham and Mr. Newton have been made public, but there are others equally flagrant to which general attention has not yet been drawn. And in all the cases that have attained to public notoriety, it is palpable that the Ambassador's contemptuous neglect of his countrymen and sycophancy to the Austrian Government is the pervading sentiment of his whole bureau; that the English Embassy at Vienna is an anti-English establishment.

"In this the English Embassy at Vienna is not singular. It is the same at Berlin; it is the same at Dresden; until very lately it was the same at Florence, and is still there in the lower official grades. The mass of our English diplomatists resident at foreign Courts are still affected with a stale, sour leaven of absolutism and legitimacy. They draw their pensions, and endeavor to make themselves as comfortable as they can. They conform to the prejudices of the Courts to which they are accredited in order to secure the *entree* to all their gaieties, exactly as they would in London court the lady patronesses of Almack's. They turn up their noses at every thing plebeian. They transmit home false and distorted accounts of all popular movements; they do not condescend to seek statistical information; they eschew the contact of every Englishman who has not been presented at Court as if he had the plague; they palliate and defend every outrage offered to Englishmen by the despots of the Continent. A diplomatic establishment manned after this fashion is too dear at any price."

SHOOTING AFFAIR AT WASHINGTON.—The Washington Republic of Thursday states that on Wednesday evening, about half-past six o'clock, as Mr. Edward H. Fuller was about to enter the National Hotel he was met by Lt. James W. Schaumberg, formerly of the U. States dragoons, who, without the exchange of any words, discharged a pistol at Mr. Fuller, wounding him severely in the right side. Mr. Fuller immediately retreated into the street, passing between the hackney carriages, and crossed to the opposite side of the street, where he fell, and was then conveyed into the Waverly House. Physicians were immediately sent for, and the wound was pronounced at 10 o'clock in the evening to be in all probability mortal. Mr. Fuller was sensible up to that hour, and his family were in attendance upon him.

Mr. Schaumberg, upon Mr. Fuller retreating, supposed, as we were informed, that his fire had taken no effect, pursued Mr. Fuller nearly to the other side of the avenue, when, by the interference of bystanders and others, and upon the information that Fuller had fallen, he retraced his steps to the hotel, and ascended to his room.—He was arrested there shortly after by some officers. Much indignation at his conduct was expressed by the crowd who had congregated at the doors and in the office of the hotel.

He was conveyed to the office of B. K. Morsell, Esq, at the 4th district police office, and shortly after the Hon John P. Hale appeared as counsel. The facts having been detailed, and the probable death of Mr. Fuller ascertained, Schaumberg was committed to jail for further examination, an offer to get bail being refused.

The immediate cause of this unhappy event was the appearance of large placards on Monday morning posted in the vicinity of all the hotels, headed "James W. Schaumberg, a Liar, a Coward and a Swindler," and which contained a statement tending to show and prove Schaumberg to be guilty of lying, cowardice and swindling, interspersed with many other opprobrious epithets.

It appears that Schaumberg was indebted to Mr. Fuller, and that ill-feeling had existed between them for a considerable time, and which, on a former occasion, led Schaumberg to make a publication concerning Fuller, and Fuller to make a personal assault on Schaumberg.

Mr. Fuller was well known to our citizens and to the travelling public. In company with his father he was for a long time one of the proprietors of the City Hotel, then of the Irving House, and recently of the Hygeian Hotel, at Old Point Comfort. For some months past he has been a Clerk in the Census office.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 3.

After the shooting of Fuller last night, excited crowds hung about the National Hotel until a late hour. Public sentiment here, many think, gives some excuse for the act. Many of Schaumberg's friends were cutting his acquaintance yesterday, in consequence of Fuller's unanswered publication. Both were in the prime of life and well known to the community.—Fuller was in great agony last night, but was put to sleep by powerful opiates, and is reported easier this morning. A slight discharge of bile from the wound, indicated that the ball had penetrated the liver, and his physicians think he cannot survive many days.

AN APT RETORT.—A beautiful Jewess attended a party lately in New York, where she was excessively annoyed by a vulgar, impertinent fellow.

'And you never eat pork, Miss M?' asked he, tauntingly.

'Never, sir,' was the reply.

Nor use lard lamps?' continued the persecutor.

'No, sir,' she answered, 'our religion teaches us to avoid everything swinish, physically and morrally; therefore you will excuse me for declining to have any more words with you.'

RAILROAD TO THE PACIFIC.—The recent distressing intelligence from California in relation to the scarcity of provisions among the miners, constitutes another and a powerful argument in favor of a great Railroad to the Pacific. While the members of Congress delay and procrastinate this measure, not only the vital interests of the country are suffering, but misery and death may be said to prevail, as well along the inland route, as with the thousands of hardy adventurers who are digging and delving among the rocky granite and the golden placers of the Pacific.

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