Mothers-in-laws are usually the subject of derision to *Punch*; but the old cynic makes the following exception:

Happy the man who, when he takes a bride,
Espouses her alone, and none beside;
And doth not find, as many husbands do,
That he has married her relations too.
Let him that needs must wed select a wife
Whose parent, both, departed have this life,
Her sole regard that he may comprehend
And prove the else friendless orphan's only friend.
What mortal ever yet the husband saw
Blest in the mother he acquired by law?
Exceptions to all rules in time are born—
Long live thy mother-in-law, Lord of Lorne!

Punch gives us the following indignant protest of "a British parient" against "The Eddication League:"

I am a British parient, my quiver musters six.
My eddication's awfun, or—as I pronounce it—six.
I'm a hindependent voter, and was never thought a fool,
Nor ever will I be "compulsed" to send my kids to school.

Thank goodness I my brains with reading never am fatigue,
But still I've heard 'em talking of this Eddication League,
And far a roarin' radical, it does sound rather odd,
When told to eddicate his brats, or else be sent to quod.

My wife she goes to chapel—at the step I kindly wink;
Spouts at Teetotal meetings, and I bags her share o' drink,
That's my philosophy—but how with tyranny I grapple,
Afore some Eddication League "compulses" me to chapel.

My hinfants, whom the parsons all denounce as heathens utter,
I send out on most wonderfully in their nativ gutter.
The elder boys are sharp as nails, and often prigs a wipe,
Which, turned to hacey, I serenely puts into my pipe.

If this goes on much longer, it'll be as bad as France,
And I'll get up a counter league for General Ignorance,
When in my family circle I send round the pipes and pewter,
Ain't that their eddication? Ain't their pa their private tutor?

I stand for Magna Charta; and I disagreve of schools.
How would the heavy swells get on, if no one dared be fools;
Where would the Church and State be, the army and the navy,
If every fool among them were obliged to my "pecuel?"

Be warned in time, my borators, quite far enough you've gone,
And for this Eddication League just don't you try to on;
Or many martyrs hold like me—Pas of the Period—
Rather than send their kids to school will live and die in quod.

A MAGDALEN'S DEATH.—We copy as follows from the Washington *Capital*:

"Fisk's is the Fall River line, is it not?"

"Yes. And the way he tries to beat everybody else and make his the only line to Boston is astonishing. Why, I'll tell you something about Fisk. One day, just as we were starting from New York, a trim little girl stepped aboard and took a stateroom, saying she was going through to Boston. She wasn't dressed loud, but mighty neat and rich, wearing a Turkish hat, velvet sack trimmed with lace, a dress with a lot of scollops and satin trimmings around it, and about the most bewildering foot I ever saw on a human. She was pretty, sassy, and called me old father at supper, and carried on in a way that soon showed what she was, though she deceived me at first with her baby face and girlish manners.

She was standing on the deck about seven o'clock, after having horrified the ladies and amused the gentlemen by her rollicking humor, and becoming quiet for a few moments, while she looked out at sea, she turned round to the captain and, putting up her small white hands and taking him by the whiskers on each side of his face, she looked up at him and says she, very solemnly: "Did you ever want to die, captain?" "Well no," said he, "I don't think I ever did." "And if you did," said she, "what would you do?" "Well, in that case," said the captain, loosing her hands and turning away, "I think, as I have plenty of opportunity, I should jump into the Sound and drown myself."

These words were hardly out of his mouth before she turned round like a flash, and putting one hand on the railing leaped overboard. She was gone before a person could stir to catch her, and a terrible scream arose from the passengers who saw it. I was standing aft when I heard the shouts, and looked out and saw her coming to the surface. She had taken off her hat, and her splendid brown hair which she wore loose down her back, floated in a mass on the water. I fancied she looked straight at me with her childish face as she came up, and there was nothing wild or struggling about her, but she seemed to smile in the same jaunty way that she did when she was plaguing me a half an hour before.

In another moment she was swept rapidly [illegible] and disappeared. We put about and lowered the boats but we never found her. It is strange how the women, who had been so shocked at her conduct before, now pitied and even wept for the little girl when they found what a load there must have been in the foolish little baby's heart while she was laughing the loudest. She had left a small reticule in the cabin, and when we opened it we found some verses written in a little cramped hand on a folded sheet of note paper. They ran about this way, and were headed:

A MAGDALEN'S DEATH.

I can no longer endure this polluting,
This festering breath;
Gladly I fly to the refuge that's left me,
Merciful death,
Not sadly, tearfully,
But gladly, cheerfully,
Go to my death.

Priests may refuse to grant sanctified burial
There unto me.
Father, I thank Thee, a blessing is always held
Over the sea,
Aye, in its wildest foam,
Aye, in its thickest gloom,
Blessed is the sea.

Welcome, O sea, with the breakings and dashings
That never shall cease;
Down in thy angriest, stormiest waters,
O! hide me in peace,
Say to the weary race,
Come to thy resting place,
Slumber in peace.

—"though earth's fairest blossoms die
And all beneath the skies is vain,
There is a land, whose confines lie
Beyond the reach of care and pain.

Then let the hope of joys to come
Dispel our cares, and chase our fears:
If God be ours, we're traveling home,
Though passing through a vale of tears."

Yours affectionately,
T. S. Burnell

Mêlûr, August 2, 1860.

Peculiar People.

The extravagant man hired a cab to look out for an omnibus.

The man of gallantry escorted his Scotch mother-in-law underneath the mistletoe, although he knew beforehand that she had been taking snuff.

The sanguine man expected to find a policeman when he wanted one.

The credulous man believed the assurance of a cab-driver that a long circuit was needful, because the streets were being paved.

The lazy man allowed his fire to go out rather than ring the bell to bid somebody to poke it.

The cheerful man enjoyed the half hour that he spent in waiting for the dentist.

The punctual man served out the soup for his eleven expected guests, when only three of them had actually arrived at the appointed hour for eating it.

The hasty man sat down to read "Paradise Lost," and afterwards was heard to boast that he got through it at a sitting.

The hopeful man twice gave a cab-driver a sovereign for a shilling, and twice cherished the delusion that it would be returned to him.

The man of fortitude was brave enough to open his front door himself, when he saw the tax gatherer, the gas man, and the rate collector knock at it.

The cautious man never went a mile away from home without taking his umbrella with him, and putting a corkscrew, pen and ink, and a bill-stamp in his pocket.

The gluttonous man, by bribery, went beforehand to the supper rooms, and devoured the liver-wings of all the fowls displayed there.

The reckless man was bold enough to take his wife down Regent street, and tell her that he had a ten pound note with him.

The modest man was tempted to return thanks for the bridesmaids, and, to avoid his chaffing friends, was caught next day at Gravesend in the act of emigration.—*Punch.*

A "Muscular Christian."

Some few years ago a gentleman who was employed as a superintendant in a really charitable institution in New York, went into one of the markets of that city, and selected a quarter of beef for "home consumption."

"Shall I send it home for you?" asked the market man.

"No, thank you, I will carry it myself."

The market man regarded him with an incredulous look, and remarked—"What! you carry a whole quarter of beef?"

"Yes, sir," was the quiet response.

The market man again regarded his customer with attention, and no doubt made up his mind that he was overrating his strength. Then he said—

"Well, sir, if you will undertake to carry this quarter of meat home yourself I will give it to you for nothing."

"Are you serious?"

"I am serious," replied the marketman.

"Then," returned the customer, "if that is the case, just help me to get it on my back, and we'll see if I can't carry it."

This was done, and without let down or rest, the gentleman carried it to the institutions with which he was connected, the market man accompanying him, lost in amazement at the unexpected development of strength and endurance.

On another occasion the same muscular Christian, having purchased twenty-five pairs of shoes for the institutions under his care, began gathering them together in order to carry them off.

"Are you," said the merchant, "going to carry these home yourself?"

"Certainly, I am," was the reply, "and if necessary would carry twenty-five pairs more."

The merchant looked thoughtfully for a moment and then turning to his clerk (he knew the occupation of his customer), said—

"John you may put up twenty-five pairs more of those shoes for Mr. T——. And, John, do not make any charge for them."

Of course the customer who had carried the quarter of beef did not fear to shoulder fifty pairs of shoes.

This strong man—strong in faith as in works—is the Rev. R. G. Tolcs, now and for some years back the efficient superintendent of the Home for Little Wanderers in this city.—*Boston Traveler.*

Here is a Saratoga epitaph:

"Here lies the wife of Robert Bicular,
He walked the way of God perpendicular."

$10,000 reward! For the head of the next watering place correspondent who quotes—

"As idle as a painted ship,
Upon a palated ocean."

Satans begged like a dog when the Texas court sentenced him. The big injun of romance wouldn't have done this, but the injun of reality is

payment of several

SOUNDS OF INDUSTRY.

FROM "POEMS BY MRS. FRANCES DANA GAGE."

I LOVE the clanging of the hammer,
The whirring of the plane,
The crashing of the busy saw
The creaking of the crane;
The ringing of the anvil,
The grating of the drill,
The clatt'ring of the turning-lathe
The whirring of the mill;
The buzzing of the spindle, too,
The rattling of the loom,
The quick puff of the engine,
The fan's continuous boom;
The clipping of the tailor's shears,
The driving of the awl;
These sounds of active industry,
I love,—I love them all!

I love the plowman's whistle,
The reaper's cheerful song,
The drover's oft-repeated shout,
Spurring his stock along.
The bustle of the market-man,
As he hies him to the town;
The gay "halloo" from the tree-top
As the ripe fruit cometh down!
The busy sound of threshers
Cleaning out the golden grain;
The husker's joke and merry mirth,
Upon the moonlit plain;
The kind voice of the dairyman,
The shepherd's gentle call;
These sounds of active industry
I love, I love them all!

The rumbling of the washboard,
The splashing of the churn,
The sput'ring of the cooking-stove,
The hissing of the urn;
The thimble, needle, tinkling—
The brushing of the broom,
The flutterings of the duster
About the well-aired room;
And the voices of the children
As with mirthfulness they come,
Shedding the light of innocence
Upon the happy home;
The song of love and sympathy
In cottage or in hall;
These sounds of cheerful labor,
I love, I love them all!

For they tell my list'ning spirit
Of the earnestness of life;
How much of all its pleasure
Cometh of toil and strife;
Not the toil or strife which fainteth,
And murmureth by the way;
Not the toil or strife which groaneth
Beneath a tyrant's sway;
Not that toil or strife which gropeth
All selfishly along,
Giving out no ray of sunshine,
Taking in no joy of song;
But the toil that ever springeth
From a free and willing heart,—
The strife that ever bringeth
To the toiler nobler part.

Oh! there's joy and good in labor,
If we labor but aright;
Giving vigor to the daytime,
And sweeter sleep at night;
A good that bringeth pleasure
Even to the toiling hours.
For Duty cheers the spirit
As the dew revives the flowers;
Giving strength and hope in sorrow,
Driving clouds and storms away;
Making sunshine for the morrow
From the darkness of to-day.

Say it not, that our good father
Made us labor as a doom.
No, it is his richest mercy
Meant to sweeten life's dull gloom.
Let us cheer'ly then be doing
Whatsoe'er we find to do,
With an earnest, willing spirit,
And a strong hand,—true and true.

Lippincott & Co., 1857.

MISCELLANEOUS QUESTIONS.

What will bring forth boughs like a plant? By what means?

Who were the Lord's pleasant plants?

What had turned into the degenerate plant of a strange vine? Unto whom?

For whom would the Lord raise up a plant of renown?

Continued

A) The sales of a consignment of goods became due viz

$ 267	on the first of	march	
216	" " 10	"	
135	" " 4	July	
162	" " 16	August	

Required the equated or mean time of Payment

$ 267 due at present

216 × 70 days	— — —	15120
135 × 125 "	— — —	16875
162 × 168 "	— — —	27216
780	780)	59211

76 days from the first of march

which is the 16th of may or thus

March 1,	$ 267 × 70	— — —	18690
May 10,	216 / 483 × 55	— — —	26565
July 4,	135 / 618 × 43	— — —	26574
Aug 16,	162 / 780	780)	71829

ans 92 day previous

to the 16th of august which gives the mean time May 16th as before

If the times of payment be not in regular succession, they should be so placed previous to the calculation, noting the first or earliest time of payment and then taking the others as they come due.

When there are Dr. and Cr. to an account and the equated time of paying the ballance is required some persons find the products of each in the usual manner of time & monnies and divide the ballance of moneys for the time required

But the general method in such case specially in accounts between British and American merchants is to adjust by an interest account and in this way show the ballance at the time of furnishing the account Current