To Farmers and Planters.

Per-Manipulated GUANO,

A COMBINATION OF

Best Peruvian and the Best Phosphatic Guano, made with the Best Machinery and by the most expert workmen.

ON MOST LANDS AND ON MOST CROPS SUPERIOR IN ITS EFFECTS TO EITHER PERUVIAN OR ANY OTHER GUANO.

By Dr. JAMES HIGGINS,

For the past ten years State Agricultural Chemist of Maryland.

THIS combination of Peruvian and the Phosphatic Guanos was *first* recommended by me more than *six years* ago, and very successfully used by many farmers in this State, though several in this city (Baltimore) have pretended to be its inventors. If this statement be denied, I have abundant proof of its correctness.

A long experience as a practical planter and farmer, with the analytical examination for more than ten years, of every kind of Manure sold in our market, (advantages possessed by none others in the trade,) will enable me always to furnish those, who may favor me with their orders, with the *best, purest*, and therefore the *cheapest* Manures.

Farmers, planters and others will be furnished with all the Guanos sold in our market. Also, with PLASTER OF PARIS, and PURE or MAGNESIAN LIME, according to the wants of the soil,—and too much care cannot be taken in adapting the proper lime to soils; for the want of this, thousands of dollars have been annually lost to our State. Also the following artificial manures:

Higgins' Super-Phosphate of Lime, prepared under his own direction; and

Higgins' Nitrated Saline Fertilizer, an admirable Top-Dressing for Wheat, Oats or Grass, which has been very successfully used, and prevents, to a great extent, the wheat from being straw-fallen; where the wheat is pale, sickly or yellow, it at once changes it to a bright, healthy green, and rapidly increases its growth, and greatly promotes the yield.

All Manures sold in our markets are liable to differ naturally, though coming from the same place and bearing the same mark. Still more are they liable to *adulterations*, &c., and for these things *our Inspection System has never afforded an adequate protection.*

All Manures sold by me will have my name stamped on each bag or barrel, be carefully analyzed, and for their purity the buyer is pledged a legal guarantee and my personal honor.

The Manures sold by me will be at the same rate as those sold by others in the trade.

Persons wishing to obtain any of the Manures manufactured by me, or any others of my selections, should so specify in their orders to their agents in town.

TERMS CASH, or accepted city paper.

☞I will also attend to the BUYING OF REAL ESTATE, and *everything* connected with the Farming and Planting interest.

FOR SALE now, several *very fine* FARMS on the Baltimore and Washington Road, one of them with elegant improvements and every convenience, in the most beautiful and elegant location on it, and several large tracts in Virginia, with negroes, stock, &c., attached.

OFFICE AND LABORATORY,
SECOND STREET,
Third door from South street, in Gittings' New Building,
jy6-tf BALTIMORE, MD.

PIANOS,
MELODEONS,
AND MUSIC.

The Cash System Adopted—Prices Greatly Reduced.

HORACE WATERS, No. 333 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, agent for the best BOSTON AND NEW YORK INSTRUMENTS.

The largest assortment of Pianos, Melodeons, Musical Instruments and Musical Merchandise, of all kinds, in the United States.—Pianos from ten different Manufactories, comprising those of every variety of style, from the plain, neat and substantial 6½ octaves, in Walnut or Rosewood Cases, from 150 to $200, to those of the most elegant finish, up to *ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS.* No House in the Union can compete with the above in the number, variety and celebrity of its instruments, nor in the *extremely low prices* at which they are sold.

HORACE WATERS' MODERN IMPROVED PIANOS, with or without Iron Frames, possessing, in their improvements of over-strings and action, a length of scale, power and compass of tone equal to the Grand Piano, united with the beauty and durability of structure of the Square Piano. They are justly pronounced by the Press and by the first Musical Masters to be equal to those of any other manufacturer. They are built of the best and most thoroughly seasoned material, and guaranteed to stand the action of every climate.

Each instrument guaranteed to give satisfaction, or purchase-money refunded. SECOND-HAND PIANOS, at great bargains, constantly in store; prices from 30 to $140.

HORACE WATERS' MELODEONS, superior instruments in tone, touch and durability of make, (tuned the equal temperament.) Melodeons of all other styles and makes. Prices: $45, $60, $75, $100, $125, $140; double Reeds, $150; double Reeds and two banks of Keys, $200. Less a liberal discount. Clergymen and Churches, an extra discount.

Martin's Guitars, Brown's Harps, Flutes, Flutinas, Accordeons, Violins, and Musical Instruments of all kinds, at lower prices than ever before offered to the public. A large discount to Teachers and Schools. The trade supplied on the most liberal terms.

MUSIC.—One of the largest and best selected Catalogues of Music now published, comprising many of the choice and most popular airs of the day, and will be sold at one-third off from the regular prices.

Music sent by mail to all parts of the country, post-paid. Particular and personal attention paid to all orders received by mail. Satisfaction guaranteed in every instance. Pianos and Melodeons for rent, and rent allowed no purchase. Pianos and Melodeons for sale on monthly payments. Second-hand Pianos taken in exchange for new. General and select catalogues and schedule of prices forwarded to all parts of the country by mail.

☞Great inducements offered to Agents, in all parts of the country, to sell the Horace Waters' Pianos, Melodeons and Catalogue of Music. [July 29, 1858.

War on the Abolitionists!

THE SOUTHERN MONITOR, permanently located in the North, keeps up its fire on the Abolitionists. The Monitor is an Eight-page paper, and gives the latest and most interesting details of the Latest News.

It is, besides, a family journal, containing Stories, Essays, Poetry, &c., &c.

Terms of Subscription—in advance.

For Monitor alone, - - - - - $1
" " and two illustrated Books—'Wild Western Scenes' and 'War Path,' 2

Postage on the books will be paid by the Publisher of the S. M. Address

J. B. JONES,
Editor Southern Monitor,
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A fresh supply of those celebrated Bitters just received and for sale by

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WM. C. HANDY, WM. W. BALLARD, } Proprietors. "Resistance to Tyrants is Obedience to God." WM. W. BALLARD, Editor.

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BISHOP ASBURY'S WATCH.

The following note, accompanying some lines, was sent to Bishop Morris:

REV. SIR:—Seeing, in a daily report of the doings of the ecclesiastical body over which you preside, an account of the presentation of Bishop Asbury's watch to you, I indulged in expressing my feelings in the enclosed verses which I take the liberty of offering for your acceptance. Though of another communion, I know the experiences of the life of

A PREACHER.

* * * * * * *

Strong in his youth the preacher stood
Before the listening crowd,
And that the Lord is kind and good,
Declared, with spirit bowed;—
Bowed not in sorrow nor distrust,
Bowed not in helplessness;
But, to the Merciful and Just,
Bowed, praying Him to bless
The living word in power spoken—
The precious promise, never broken.

And then upon his watch he gazed,
And then upon the throng,
And then his voice in prayer upraised;
Then on his journey long
Departed, other crowds to meet,
And in their ears to speak;
To call them to the Master's feet,
To learn of Him, the meek,
The lowly, and his yoke to bear
On earth—a crown in heaven to wear.

Again upon the watch his eye
Rested a moment's space,
And then he sped where one did lie
With death writ on his face.
True to the hour the preacher came,
And spoke of heaven, and Him
Who writes on human brows His name,
And through the valley dim
Leads them that know him—whom he knows—
To founts where living water flows.

Again he looks, and goes away
To bless a youthful pair,
Who, for the rest of life's short day
Each other's joys will share.
And then he looks and goes to lave
An infant's brow, and pray
That He who bowed in Jordan's wave,
May keep him in the way
That leads, through usefulness, to peace,
That shall forever more increase.

Once more: 'Tis eve—the watch now tells
The blessed hour of prayer;
And where some faithful brother dwells,
The brethren all repair;
The preacher is a listener then,
And thankfully his heart
Responsive beats, while stalwart men
God's blessed gifts impart
To one another, in His name,
Who, for their glory, bowed to shame.

Servant of God! 'tis meet that thou,
Who such a life hast known,
Shouldst take this precious relic now,
And keep it—not thine own,
But thine in trust for those to come,
Who in thy place shall stand,
Until its small, "weak voice be dumb,"
Moveless each feeble hand.
Then silence eloquent will be,
Telling of men like him—like thee.

THE LAST CHARGE OF NAPOLEON'S OLD GUARD.

Napoleon's "Old Guard" gained by their many desperate instances of bravery, an immortality in history; but their grand crowning was their desperate charge at Waterloo, which has few parallels in ancient and modern warfare. They fought for their adored Emperor, and to retrieve the evil fortunes of the day, they fell, as though to do so would secure them immortal glory and eternal bliss in the world of spirits. The most graphic and stirring account of that last fearful and fatal struggle, that we have seen, is from a recently published French work. It reads like war itself—this is it:

During the day the artillery of the Guard, under Dronet, maintained its old renown, and the Guard itself had frequently been used to restore the battle in various parts of the field, and always with success. The English were fast becoming exhausted, and in an hour more would doubtless have been forced into a disastrous defeat, but for the timely arrival of Blucher. But when they saw him, with 30,000 Prussians approaching, their courage revived, while Napoleon was filled with amazement. A beaten enemy about to form a junction with the allies, while Grouchy who had been sent to keep them in check, was nowhere to be seen. Alas! what great plans a single inefficient commander can overthrow.

In a moment Napoleon saw that he could not sustain the attack of so many fresh troops if once allowed to form a junction with the allied force and he determined to stake his fate on one bold cast, and endeavored to pierce the allied centre with a grand charge of the Old Guard, and thus throw himself between the two armies. For this purpose the imperial Guard were called up and divided into two immense columns, which were to meet in the British centre. That under Reille no sooner entered the fire than it disappeared like mist.—The other was placed under Ney, "the bravest of the brave," and the order to advance given. Napoleon accompanied them part of the way down the slope, and halting for a few moments in the hollow addressed them a few words. He told them that the battle rested with them, and that he relied on their valor, tried in so many fields. "Vive l'Empereur," answered him with a shout that was heard above the thunder of the artillery.

The whole continental struggle exhibited no sublimer spectacle than the last effort of Napoleon to save his sinking empire. The greatest military skill and energy the world possessed had been taxed to the utmost during the day. Thrones were tottering on the turbulent field, and the shadows of fugitive kings flitted through the smoke of the field of battle. Bonaparte's star trembling in the zenith—now blazing out in its ancient splendor, now paling before his anxious eye. The intense anxiety with which he watched the advance of that column, and terrible suspense he endured when the smoke of the battle wrapped it from sight, and the utter despair of his great heart when the curtain lifted over a fugitive army, and the despairing shriek rung out "The Guard recoils! the guard recoils!" make us for a moment forget all the carnage in sympathy with his distress.

The Old Guard felt the presence of the immense responsibility, and resolved not to prove unworthy of the greatest trust committed to it. Nothing could be more imposing than its movements to the assault. It had never recoiled before a human foe, and the allied forces beheld with awe its firm and steady advance to the final charge. For a moment the batteries stopped playing and the firing ceased along the British lines, as, without the beating of a drum, or a bugle note to cheer their steady courafie, they moved in silence over the field. Their tread was like muffled thunder, while the dazzling helmets of the cuirasseirs flashed long lines of light upon the dark and terrible mass that swept in one strong wave along. The stern Drouet was then amid his guns, and on every brow was written the unalterable resolution to conquer or die. The next moment the artillery opened, and the head of that gallant column seemed to sink into the earth. Rank after rank went down, yet they neither stopped nor faltered. Dissolving squadrons and whole battalions disappearing one after another in the destructive fire affected not their courage. The ranks closed up as before, and each treading over his fallen comrade, passed unflinchingly on.

The horse which Ney rode sank under him, and scarcely had he mounted another before it also sank to the earth, and so another and another, till five in succession had been shot under him. Then with his drawn sabre he marched sternly at the head of his column. In vain did the artillery hurl its storm of iron upon that living mass. Up to the very muzzle they pressed, and driving the artillery men from their places, pushed on through the English lines.—But, just as the victory seemed won, a file of soldiers who lay flat on the ground, behind a ridge of earth, suddenly rose and poured a volley in their very face. Another and another followed, till one broad sheet of flame rolled on their bosoms, and in such a fierce and unexpected flow that they staggered before it. Before the Guard had time to rally again and advance, a heavy column of infantry fell on its left flank in close and deadly volleys, causing it, in its unsettled state, to swerve to the right. At that instant a whole brigade of cavalry thundered on the right flank, and penetrated where cavalry had never gone before.

The intrepid guard could have borne up against the unexpected fire from soldiers they did not see, and would have rolled back the infantry that had boldly charged its left flank, but the cavalry finished the disorder into which they had been momentarily thrown and broke the shaken ranks before they had time to reform, and the eagles of that hitherto invincible Guard were pushed backward over the slope. It was then the army seized with despair, shrieked out, "The Guard recoils!" "The Guard recoils!" and turned and fled in wild dismay. To see the Guard in confusion was a sight they had never before beheld, and it froze every heart with terror.

For a long time they stood and let the cannon balls pass through their ranks disdaining to turn their backs on their foe. Michel, at the head of those battalions, fought like a lion. To every command of the enemy to surrender, he replied, "The Guard dies—but never surrenders." And as with his last breath bequeathed this glorious motto to the Guard, he fell a witness to its truth. Death traversed those eight battalions with such rapid footsteps, that they soon dwindled away to two, which turned in hopeless darings on the overwhelming number that pressed their retiring footsteps.

Last of all but a single battalion, the debris of "the column of granite," at Marengo, was left. Into this Napoleon flung himself. Cambrenne, its brave commander, saw with terror the Emperor, in its frail keeping. He was not struggling for victory, he was intent on showing how the Guard die. Approaching the Emperor, he cried out: "Retire! Do you not see that death has no need of you?" and closing mournfully yet sternly round the expiring eagles, those brave hearts bade Napoleon an eternal adieu, and flinging themselves on the enemy, were soon piled with the dead at their feet.

Many of the officers were seen to destroy themselves rather than suffer defeat. Thus greater even in its own defeat than any other corps of men in gaining a victory, the Old Guard passed from the stage, and the curtain dropped upon its strange career. It had fought its last battle.

The Mother of Washington.

A correspondent writing from Fredricksburg, Va., furnishes some reminiscence of the mother of Washington that will be read with interest. The following is an extract from the letter:

There are many reminiscences of Mrs. Washington which ought to be treasured and handed down to posterity in more enduring forms than by tradition. An old negro man, Jerry, who died last year at the advanced age of more than a hundred years, recollected her well. The monument is erected on the spot pointed out by Jerry as where Mrs. Washington was buried, though there are no traces of her grave. A large rock near by is where tradition says she was accustomed to sit and read. A lady now living, about seventy years old, resided in a house over-looking Mrs. Washington's garden, and she frequently saw her with a wide-brimmed hat on, such as men wore, working in the garden, which she cultivated assiduously. Though a woman of great integrity and firmness, Mrs. Washington is not represented as a polished and refined lady. She was careless of her personal appearance, and blunt in her conversation. It is related that during the war, an officer passing through the town, called at her residence, and inquired for Mrs. Washington. The servant girl led him through the house into the garden where she was at work, with the accustomed man's hat on. Introducing himself, he congratulated her on being the mother of so noble a son. Without pausing in her work, the mother merely replied, "George always was a good boy, and I tho't he would make something." A certain independence characterized her, that her old neighbor did not admire. With all her firmness and faith in the protection of a Higher Power, she was yet sometimes timid, and in a thunderstorm would bolt and bar every door in the house, and be overcome with terror.

Kenmore, the estate on which Mrs. Washington was buried, has recently been purchased by an association of Fredericksburg gentlemen, at two hundred dollars an acre, and they have laid out a wide avenue to the monument, called "Monument Avenue," with side walks, and are preparing to set out shade trees thereon. The purpose is to sell the property in lots, with a stipulation for the erection of handsome and costly dwellings thereon.

The private residences on the principal streets have ample breathing room around them, and perfume laden breezes come from the flowers of every hue now blooming there.

Down the river, in Stafford county, opposite the lower part of this town, was once the residence of the Washington family, but no trace of the dwelling house remains, which is described as having been quite small and unromantic. Up the river a half a mile or more, in the same county, are the ruins of a brick building, said to have been used during the war as a depository for ammunition and other public property. It is now overgrown with woodbine.

The best lip-salve in creation is a sweet kiss. The remedy, however, should be used with great care, as it is very apt to bring on *affection of the heart.*

The Weighing and Measuring of Grain.

We learn that a meeting was held at the City Hotel, on the 1st May, at which some twenty old farmers, from different counties on the Eastern Shore attended, by the invitation of a committee which had been appointed by a number of grain dealers in the city. The committee received their guests with great hospitality, and through their chairman, made an explanation, very much at length, of the views put forth in a printed circular, which had been previously placed in possession of several of the farmers. This circular admits the necessity of some arrangement by which a more satisfactory mode of proceeding may be secured in the weighing and measuring of grain than that now practiced, and suggests that the system which it proposes will afford appropriate remedy for existing defects.

The farmers, after hearing the views of the chairman of the committee, held a conference amongst themselves, and came to the conclusion that the system suggested in the circular could not be adopted, even if it were calculated, in practice, to operate satisfactorily, inasmuch as it was in direct violation of the existing law relating to the inspection of grain, which it was obviously designed to repeal, as effectually as if it declared there should no longer be an inspector in the State. They also answered the committee, that the material items in the proposed system were much the same as those embodied in the bill which passed the Senate of Maryland at its late session, and which failed to pass the House, solely because it was not brought before it until too late a period to be acted on, except that its provisions were to be executed by a different agency: the circular proposing to constitute grain dealers the actual and effective machinery, while the law and the bill, proposed to leave to the appointees of the executive authority of the State, the duty of administering its provisions; that the bill provided for the creation of a disinterested board of referees, and a security against false samples, as fully as the circular, while its execution was entrusted to persons perfectly impartial—and that its provisions, if adopted by common consent of buyers and sellers, could be made available in practice with the approbation and concurrence of the inspectors, in perfect harmony with the existing law; and that they could not doubt the willingness of the inspectors to unite in such an arrangement, if entered into by the farmers generally, and the gentlemen in the city engaged in the trade. They further expressed the entire willingness of those present, to modify the provisions of the bill in any way that would afford the most complete security to purchasers; provided only, that it gave at the same time to themselves security for the accurate weighing and measuring of grain They stated that these views were of course to be received as those of the farmers present, but they had full confidence that they would be adopted by a large portion of their absent brethren—and that it would result in effecting an object now deemed of very great importance, as they were informed by the buyers, viz: the sale of corn by weight, and also in the reduction at the next session of the Legislature, of the cost of inspection to the lowest amount suggested, as the one cent per bushel had been made necessary solely by reason of the opposition to the inspection law, and the consequent comparatively small proportion submitted to inspection.

The names of the committee were Israel M. Parr, H. L. Whitridge, Charles A. Gambrill, Thos. W. Levering, Joseph B. Brinkley, and S. C. Miles, Esqrs., and we understand that they are not unanimous in the views expressed in the circular.

Amongst the farmers present were Hon. E. F. Chambers, Hon. Edward Wilkins, J. H. Evans, Henry Holliday, W. Wilson Byrne, M. T. Goldsborough, Gen. Walter Mitchell, G. W. Oldham, W. E. B. Faithful, Col. Samuel T. Harrison, Dr. James Bordley, James P. Weeks, Chas. McCollister, John R. Cavrill, Francis Pascault, Dr. Robt. Wright, James Denny, and James T. Earle.—*American Farmer.*

REGULARITY IN MILKING.—Mr. O. E. Hannum, a very successful dairyman of Portage county, Ohio, a native of Berkshire, Mass., names the points of his management as follows: Good cows, good feed, good milking, good care and management of the milk. He puts "good milking" in italics, and remarks: "Each cow should have a steady milker, be milked as fast as possible, and all the milk drawn. I am satisfied that there is a loss of one-third in many dairies, by the lazy, hap-hazard way in which cows are milked. I have known persons sit down in the milking-yard and go through with some long yarn, and be from ten to twenty minutes milking one cow, when it should be done in less than five."

BUILD HIGH STABLES.—That is, high between floors. Most stables are built low "because they are warmer." But such people forget that warmth is obtained as a sacrifice of the health of animal and pure air.—Shut a man up in a tight, small box, the air may be warmed, but it will soon lay him out dead and cold if he continues to breathe it. If stables are tight, they should have high ceilings; if they are not tight, but open to the admission of cold currents of air from all directions, they are equally faulty. A stable should be carefully ventilated, and one of the cheapest of modes is to build a high one.

[From the Utica Telegraph.]

Life of Lincoln.

Enterprising booksellers are puzzling their brains to find ingenious *litteraturs*, with prolific imaginations, to manufacture lives of Abram Lincoln. These lives are announced for publication as soon as they can be written; that is, as soon as a few incidents can be sufficiently amplified by the glowing fancy of the Bohemians, who invent lives for unknown great men, to constitute a life of respectable paper dimensions. We dislike to spoil the book trade by anticipating the issue of these valuable publications; but in order to allay the intense curiosity of the public, we are compelled to lay before our readers the following full, comprehensive and accurate

LIFE OF ABRAM LINCOLN.

CHAP. I.
"He had a father."

CHAP. II.
Do. Mother.

CHAP. III.
He split rails.

CHAP. IV.
He mauled Democrats.

CHAP. V.
He went to Congress.

CHAP. VI.
Do. Legislature.

CHAP. VII.
He was defeated by Douglas.

CHAP. VIII. (In futuro.)
Do.

FINIS.

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE.—In the Cohassett, Massachusetts, poor house there lives at this time an aged pauper, who has attained to the somewhat remarkable age of 86 years, and in the same establishment lives an antiquated dame who is his junior by eight summers.—Notwithstanding the frostness with which so many winters have naturally invested this venerable couple, it is said that they still retain sufficient warmth of affection to institute a deep reciprocal attachment, and the aged pair are warmly desirous, even at their late day, of perpetrating matrimony. But the lady being a resident of the town of Hull, which pays her board to Cohassett, and the old gentleman belonging to Cohassett, a difficulty has arisen in their case, and the course of their true love has been crossed in its march by the town of Cohassett protesting, on the ground that if their mutual desire is consummated, both of them will come upon that town for support, and subsidy from Hull be lost. The parties warmly plead their desire, but the selectmen are inexorable, and it is most likely that their nuptials will be indefinitely postponed.

AN INDIAN COQUETTE.—A young Indian failed in his attentions to a young squaw. She made complaint to an old chief, who appointed a hearing on trial. The lady laid the case before the judge and explained the nature of the promise made to her. It consisted of sundry visits to her wigwam, "many little undefinable attentions," & presents a of bunch of feathers and several yards of red flannel. This was the charge. The faithless swain denied the "undefinable attentions *in toto.* He had visited her father's wigwam for the purpose of passing away time, when it was not convenient to hunt, and had given the feathers and flannel from friendly motives, and nothing further. During the latter part of the defence, the squaw fainted. The plea was considered invalid, and the offender sentenced to give the lady "a yellow feather, a brooch that was then dangling from his nose, and a dozen coon skins." The sentence was no sooner concluded than the squaw sprang upon her feet, and clapping her hands exclaimed with joy, "Now me ready to be courted again."

YOUNG AMERICA WONDERS:—Wonder why our minister bought that pretty cane with the yellow lion's head on the top, and then asks me for a cent to put in the missionray box? Don't I want a jewsharp as much as he wants a cane?

Wonder what makes pa tell those nice stories to visitors, about his hiding the schoolmaster's rattan, when he went to school, and about his running away from his schoolmistress, when she was going to whip him, and then shut me up in a dark room because I tried, just once, to be as smart as he was?

Wonder why mamma tells pa he is cross when he comes home at night and says his tea is not ready, and then ties a handkerchief over my mouth so that I can neither speak nor breathe, because I happened to say she was cross?

Wonder what made papa say that wicked word when Betsey upset the ink all over his papers, and then snapped my ears because I said it when my kite string broke?

Wonder why mother told Bridget the other day to say she was not at home when Tommy Day's mother called, and then puts me to bed without my supper every time that I tell a lie?

COULDN'T FOOL HER.—The Lafayette (Ind.) "Courier" tells an interesting story of a company of young ladies and gentlemen of that place who took it into their heads to adjourn from a social party to walk near the cemetery. As they approached the ghostly place a lady screamed. All eyes turned to the point indicated by her alarm, and saw a ghost coming toward them, appareled in orthodox white. They all run, but one sturdy woman of the strong minded class, stood her ground till the ghost got to her, when she seized it, and thrashed out of his frightful disguise a mischievous fellow who had heard the project of walking about the graveyard discussed, and hid himself there to give the party a fright. She led him back to the house; and in reply to the questions that poured upon her, said—"Can't fool me, I've seen too many men in sheets to get frightened at them!"

A popular preacher tells a story as a hit at those Christians who are too indolent to perform the duties required of them by their faith. He says that one pious gentleman composed a very fervent prayer to the Almighty, wrote it out legibly, and affixed the manuscript to his bed post. Then on cold nights he only pointed to the document and with the words "Oh Lord, these are my sentiments," blew out the light and nestled amid the blankets.

A fashionable doctor lately informed his friends, in a large company, that he had been passing eight days in the country. "Yes," said one of the party, "it has been announced in one of the journals." "Ah!" said the doctor stretching his neck, and looking very important, "pray, in what terms?" "In what terms?—Why, as well as I can remember, it is nearly in the following: "There was last week seventy-seven interments less than the week before."

A poor Irishman who applied for a license to sell ardent spirits in one of the provincial towns in England, being questioned by the Board of Excise as to moral fitness for the trust, replied—"Och, an' its there yo are—sure an' its not much of a character a man needs for to sell whiskey!"

It is said that the Tartars invite a man to drink by gently pulling his ear. A good many of our people will "take a pull" without waiting to have theirs pulled.

The question is often discussed whether the savages enjoy life. We suppose they do, as they always seem anxious to take it when they get a chance.

An old and well known Phrenologist, the other day in running over the head of an Orator, discovered a new bump, called "Tautology."

"Good morning, Mr. Grumm; what is the news to-day?" "Oh, there's no news; my wife was sick yesterday, and didn't go out; no news—no news."

A boarding-house boy, on being asked by an amateur mineralogist what he thought was the *strongest of substances*, replied, promptly, "*Butter!*"

The age of a young lady is now expressed according to the present style of skirts, by saying that "eighteen springs have passed over her head."

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