o Such Word as Fail."
A RESISTLESS REMEDY.
LOWAY'S OINTMENT.
CIRCULAR TO THE SICK.
irst hospital surgeons and medical pub- Europe admit the unparalleled anti- atory and healing properties of this nt; Governments sanction its use in val and military services, and the mass- s country and throughout the world he utmost confidence in its curative es. It penetrates the sources of inflam- and corruption which underlie the ex- vidences of disease, and neutralize the ments which feed and exasperate the
HEUMATISM, SCROFULA, ERYSIPELAS,
are among the most terrible and ago- seases of the muscles, the fleshy fibre skin; yet in their worst forms, and emingly incurable, they invariably dis- nder a persevering application of this healing, antidote to pain and inflam-
RHEUM, FEVER SORES, STIFF JOINTS.
s of Salt Rheum, where medical wa- ons, and every recipe of the pharma- ve proved useless, the Ointment will sh a thorough cure. Fever Sores kly under its influence, and its relax- upon contracted sinews is truly won-
DISCHARGING ULCERS.
remarkable and happy change is in the appearance of malignant ul- a few applications of this Ointment. ounding redness vanishes, and granu- lthy flesh begin to take the place of rged matter. This process goes on ess rapidly, until the orifice is filled ound material, and the ulcer radical-
WORD TO MOTHERS.
ung are the most frequent sufferers ernal injuries, and therefore every ould have this healing preparation at hand. It is an absolute specific easts, and quickly removes the en- res which sometimes disfigure the faces of children.
SIGNIFICANT FACTS.
ntment is universally used on board tic and Pacific whaling fleet as a corbutic affections and as the best medy for wounds and bruises. Large f it have recently been ordered by of Turkey for hospital purposes.
e Ointment and Pills should be used owing cases:
, Burns, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, out, Lumbago, Mercurial Eruptions, umatism, Ringworm, Salt Rheum, in Diseases, Swelled Glands, Sore Breasts, Sore Heads, Sore Throats, ll kinds, Sprains, Stiff Joints, Tet- , Veneral Sores and Wounds of all
at the Manufactories of Professor , 80 Maiden Lane, New York, and , London, and by all respectable and Dealers in Medicine throughout States and the civilized world, in 5 cents, 62½ cents and $1 each. ere is a considerable saving by taking sizes.
Directions for the guidance of pa- ery disorder are affixed to each box.
CAUTION!
genuine unless the words "*Holloway, York and London,*" are discernable *mark* in every leaf of the book of round each pot or box; the same inly seen by *holding the leaf to the* andsome reward will be given to dering such information as may detection of any party or parties ng the medicines or vending the ing them to be spurious.
1857. 1y
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Cambridge Democrat.

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Choice Poetry.

[From the Philadelphia Dollar Newspaper.]

THE TWO WORLDS.

BY MRS. LINA STEWART.

Some say that this world is a Paradise,
With its myriad rills and flowers;
With its birds of song and its azure skies,
And its softening monlight hours;
And they say to the music of tinkling streams
Our lives may pass in delicious dreams,
In this fairy world!

They tell us of social ties that bind
Warm hearts in a strong, pure link,
Of flowers of feeling and thought that bloom
On the stream of affection's brink;
And they'd lure us, too, to be charmed awhile
By the tunlight scenes and the witching smile
Of this lovely world!

But its tempting scenes and haunts of bliss,
And flowers of brilliant dyes,
Are types of a fairer world than this,
Of a land beyond the skies,
Where birds flit gaily on pinions bright,
And all is glorious, for all is light,
In that upper world!

Away, away from this charming world,
From this land of waking dreams,
Our hearts reach out toward that fairer realm,
To its brighter skies and streams;
To which the loveliest things that grow
In this lower world are but paltry show.
Oh! that heavenly world!

Yet it seems sometimes that the two worlds meet,
Or the sundering veil's so thin
That the spirits o'en in the lower world
The glories may view within
That upper world of delight and song,
And catch the tones of the angel throng,
In that blissful world!

Who, who would stay for a moment here,
When the Lord of that world says come?
Who, who would cling to this lower sphere,
When call'd to that brighter home?
Ah! many, many at that glad word
Will haste with joy to obey their Lord,
In that glorious world!

Philadelphia, 1857.

Select Story.

THE GHOST RAISER.

My uncle Beagly, who commenced his commercial career very early in the present century as a bagman, will tell stories. Among them he tells his singular ghost story so often that I am heartily tired of it. In self-defence, therefore, I publish the tale, in order that when next the good, kind old gentleman, offers us with it, everybody may say they know it. I remember every word of it.

One fine autumn evening, about forty years ago, I was travelling on horseback from Shrewsbury to Chester. I felt tolerably tired, and was beginning to look out for some snug wayside inn where I might pass the night when a sudden and violent thunder storm came on. My horse terrified by the lightning, fairly took the bridle between his teeth, and started off with me at full gallop through the lanes and cross-roads, until at length I managed to pull him up, just near the door of a neat looking country inn.

"Well," thought I, "there was wit in your madness old boy, since it brought us to this comfortable refuge."

And alighting, I gave him in charge to the stout farmer's boy, who acted as hostler. The inn kitchen, which was also the guest room, was large, clean, neat and comfortable—very like the pleasant hostelry described by Isaac Walton. There were several travellers already in the room—probably, like myself, driven there for shelter—and they were all warming themselves by the blazing fire, while waiting for supper. I joined the party. Presently, being summoned by the hostess, we all sat down twelve in number to a smoking repast of bacon and eggs, corned beef, and carrots, and stewed hare.

The conversation naturally turned on the mishap occasioned by the storm, of which every one seemed to have his full share. One had been thrown off his horse; another driving in a gig had been upset into a muddy dyke; all had got a thorough wetting, and agreed unanimously that it was dreadful weather—a regular witches' sabbath.

"Witches and ghosts prefer for their sabbath a fine moonlight to such weather as this!"

These words were uttered in a solemn tone, and with strange emphasis, by one of the company. He was a tall, dark looking man, and I had set him down in my own mind as a travelling merchant or pedler. My next neighbor was a gay well looking, fashionably dressed young man, who, bursting into a peal of langhter, said:

"You must know the manners and customs of ghosts very well, to be able to tell that they dislike getting wet or muddy."

The first speaker, giving him a dark fierce look, said:

"Young man speak not so lightly of things above your comprehension."

"Do you mean to imply that there are such things as ghosts?"

"Perhaps there are, if you had courage to look at them."

The young man stood up, flushed with anger. But presently resuming his seat, he said calmly:

"That taunt should cost you dear, if it were not such a foolish one."

"A foolish one!" exclaimed the merchant, throwing on the table a heavy leathern purse. "There are fifty guineas. I am content to lose them, if, before the hour is ended, I do not succeed in showing you, who are so obstinately prejudiced, the form of any one of your deceased friends; and if, after you have recognized him you will allow him to kiss your lips."

We all looked at each other; but my young neighbor, still in the same mocking manner, replied:

"You will do that, will you?"

"Yes," said the other, "I will stake these fifty guineas, on the condition that you will pay a similar sum if pou lose."

After a short pause, the young man said, gaily:

"Fifty guineas, my worthy sorcerer, are more than a poor college sizar ever possessed; but here are five, which, if you are satisfied, I shall be most willing to wager."

The other took up his purse in a contemptuous tone:

"Young gentleman you wish to draw back."

"I draw back!" exclaimed the student.—"Well, if I had fifty guineas, you should see whether I wish to draw back!"

"Here," said I, "are four guineas which I will stake on your wager."

No sooner had I made this proposition than the rest of the company, attracted by the singularity of the affair, came forward to lay down the money; and in a minute or two the fifty guineas were subscribed. The merchant appeared so sure of winning that he placed all the money in the student's hands, and prepared for his experiment. We selected for the purpose a small summer-house in the garden, perfectly isolated, and having no means of exit but a window and a door, which we carefully fastened, after placing the young man within. We put writing materials on a small table in the summer-house, and took away the candles. We remained outside with the pedler among us. In a low solemn voice he began to chant the following liens:

"What riseth slow from the ocean caves
And the stormy surf!
The phantom pale sets his blackened foot,
On the fresh green turf."

Then raising his voice solemnly he said:

"You asked to see your friend, Francis Villiers, who was drowned three years ago off the coast of South America; what do you see?"

"I see," replied the student, "a white light arising near the window; but it has no form; it is like an uncertain cloud."

We—the spectators—remained profoundly silent.

"Are you afraid?" asked the merchant in a loud voice.

"I am not," replied the student firmly.

After a moment's silence, the pedler stamped three times on the ground and sang:

"And the phantom white, whose clay-cold face
Was once so fair,
Dries with his shroud his clinging vest
And his sea-tossed hair."

Once more the solemn question:

"You who would see revealed the mysteries of the tomb—what do you see now?"

The student answered in a calm voice, but like that of a man describing things as they passed before him:

"I see the cloud taking the form of a phantom; its head is covered with a long veil—it stands still!"

"Are you afraid?"

"I am not!"

We lookee at each other in horror-stricken silence, while the merchant raising his arms above his head, chanted in a sepulchral voice:

"And the phantom said, as he rose from the wave
He shall know me in sooth!
I will go to my friend, gay, smiling and fond,
As in our first youth!"

"What do you see?" said he.

"I see the phantom advance; he lifts his veil—'tis Francis Villiers! he approaches the table!—he writes—'tis his signature!"

"Are you afraid?"

A fearful moment of silence ensued; then the student replied, but in an altered voice:

"I am not!"

With strange and frantic gestures the merchant then sang:

"And the phantom said to the mocking sneer,
I come from the South;
Put thy hand on my hand; thy heart on my heart;
Thy mouth on my mouth."

"What do you see?"

"He comes—he approaches me—he pursues me—he is stretching out his arms—he will have me! Help! Help! Save me!"

"Are you afraid *now?*" asked the merchant in a mocking voice.

A piercing cry, and then a stifled groan, were the only reply to this terrible question.

"Help that rash youth!" said the merchant bitterly. "I have, I think, won the wager, but it is sufficient for me to have given him a lesson. Let him keep his money, and be wiser for the future."

He walked rapidly away. We opened the door of the summer-house and found the student in convulsions. A paper signed with the name "Francis Villiers," was on the table.—As soon as the student's senses were restored, he asked vehemently where was the vile sorcerer who had submentally subjected him to such a horrible ordeal—he would kill him! He sought him throughout the inn in vain; then, with the speed of a madman, he dashed off across the fields in pursuit of him—and we never saw either of them again. That, children, is my Ghost Story!

"And how is it, uncle, that after that, you didn't believe in ghosts?" said I, the first time I heard it.

"Because, my boy," replied my uncle, "neither the student nor the merchant ever returned; and the forty-five guineas, belonging to me and the other travellers, continued equally invisible. Those two swindlers carried them off, after having acted a farce, which we, like ninnies, believed to be real."

Original.

[Written for the Cambridge Democrat.]

AMERICAN EDUCATION.

In this great age of improvement we behold so many new inventions and recent discoveries, that it would weary the loquacious Faunus, barely to enumerate them. And seeing as we do so many of these lasting benefits to mankind, the question naturally arises in our minds, from whence they came, and from what source did they spring? But this is soon accounted for in our minds; for Progress in its rapid course points with pride to education, as the source from which springs its most astonishing advancements, and Science crowns it as the Queen of the World, arrayed in more regal splendor than the Prince of the East, and applauding nations raise their mingled voices in acclamation. Nature lifts her ornamented form, decorated with the grandeur of art directed by education, and bears witness to its excellence, by showing us what beauty and magnificence education gives her glowing pages. In her we behold the handy work of God, raising loftly mountains whose rocky peaks pierce the clear ether, and embrace the fleeting clouds, as if to reach the throne of Him who created them; and along these mountains we see the magic hand of education, leading forth the iron horse, which winds its way up this projecting range, and with fierce, shrill shrieks wakes the sleeping enterprise of a savage nation, and bounds across this western world, free as the noble hearts that gave it birth.

Here in this ocean-bound land, education has reared her national pride of stately domes, and here she pours forth from her classic founts and kindred springs, the dearest of all pearls—that of Knowledge. Here streams, copious, abundant, and gushing streams of wisdom, flow like Mississippi torrents throughout our whole land, and bear along with them everything that is fit to deck the classic brow of a youth, who is just making his footprints upon the golden sands of life. Here upon the national throne of American Liberty, sits full fledged Minervas with the horn of plenty, lavishing its precious contents upon the favored nation of Heaven, and pointing its aspiring youths to the temple of knowledge, and urging them on, ever on, to reach the desired goal, and bear off the ennobling palm of "Excelsior" amid the applauding shouts of an enraptured world. Who then would wish for more than to be a young man in the nineteenth century, and a citizen of the American Republic, blessed with so many advantages and opportunities of cultivating the mind, and storeing it with useful knowledge? Some may seek to grasp the "almighty dollar," and store away their hoardes in the earth, but they alone will be happy who improve their time in reaping the golden harvest of Knowledge, and implanting within themselves that which will make them men, and raise them above the common standard of mankind, "*Hereux ceux qui se plaisent a cultiver leur esperit par les sciences.*"

Some may think that education is not worth striving for, is not worth obtaining, at so much labor and expense. This is the opinion of the calm, prudent, calculating man. Now if education is not worth obtaining at so great labor and expense, why do so many strive to obtain it? They must either be fools for striving to obtain, at such labor and expense, what in the calculating man's opinion is nothing, or the calculating man must be a fool for deeming it nothing. Which of the two is the fool we will leave for the world to decide.

But education is of importance, and worth obtaining at any price; for it is educated men that are to guard the rights of our countrymen, and look, Argus-eyed, to our welfare, where civil storms arise, and convulse this western land in evil factions. Others may place their trust in small and trifling possessions; but education is what really constitutes, all that is noble and God-like in man, "*Doctrina sed vim promovet insitam, recti que cultus pectora roborant, utcunque defecere mores, indecorant bene nata culpae.*"

Since then everything depends upon the educating of our youth, and implanting within them the aspiring thought of becoming noble men, worthy to take the place of their forefathers; why do we not see a greater interest manifested in her behalf, and a greater desire to have them educated? that when they are called upon to take their places in life, they may be ready to stand lion-hearted and eagle-eyed at their posts, and with intelligence guide our ship of confederacy, not lulling their eyelids in sleep. We have colleges which are nurseries to prepare our young men for future usefulness, and teach them those studies which the advancement of the age requires, and the world expects them to know, before they go forth upon the stage of action. We have institutions well fitted to rear our youth, and send them forth men of intelligence, and men of thought, to rule the world, and give protection to man by implanting in him the solid principles of education and morality. And among these stands the far-famed Dickinson, whose classic walls usher forth her aspiring sons, to enter the combat of life and bear off the palm of honor, and deck their brows with the Delphian laurel. Well may she boast of her alumni, and raise her voice in the shouts of the nation, as they hail her son as the pride of the American nation, and the polar star of a political world. Of all the institutions in our land, Dickinson College promises to be second to none; but lifts her standard of "*Excelsior*," and marches in triumph to the height of superiority, and there looks down upon her rival sisters; like the noble emblem of our country, soars to the highest peak, and perches himself to look down upon his feathered brethren. While, then, there is such a good institution as Dickinson, near "old Maryland," it is not at all astonishing that she should be well represented there, and that she should point to Dickinson as the nursery of her greatest men, and her future hopes in the advancement of education. We are glad that the citizens of Maryland see the importance of a classic education, and do not neglect the advantages offered them, but raise their standard of education conspicuously before the world, and and emblazen upon its ample folds the motto "*In hoc signo vinces.*" OSCEOLA.

Miscellaneous.

Tecumseh's Honor.

AN INDIAN'S WORD AND GRATITUDE.

A correspondent of the Detroit Free Press gives the following, among other deeply interesting anecdotes of the great Indian warrior Tecumseh:

While the enemy was in full possession of the country around Monroe and Detroit, Tecumseh, with a large band of his warriors, visited the river Raisin. The inhabitants along the river had been stripped of subsistence. Old Mr. Rivard, a Frenchman, who was lame and unable to procure a living for himself and family, had contrived to keep out of sight of the wandering bands of savages a pair of oxen, with which his son was able to procure a scanty support for the family. It so happened that, while at labor with the oxen, Tecumseh, who had come from Malden, met him in the road, and, walking up to him said: "My friend, I must have these oxen. My young men are very hungry, and they have nothing to eat. We must have the oxen."

"Young Rivard remonstrated, he told the chief that if he took the oxen his father would starve to death.

"Well," said Tecumshe, "we are the conquerors, and every thing we want is ours. I must have the oxen; my people must not starve; but I will not be so mean as to rob you of them. I will pay you one hundred dollars for them, that is far more than they are worth; but we must have them."

Tecumseh got a white man to write an order on the British Agent, Col. Elliott, who promptly refused to pay it, saying, "we are entitled to our support from the country we have conquered; I will not pay it."

The young man, with a sorrowful heart, returned with the answer to Tecumseh, who said, "To-morrow we will go and see."

In the morning he took young Rivard, and went to see the Colonel. On meeting him he said; "Do you refuse to pay for the oxen I bought?"

"Yes," said the Colonel; and he reiterated his reason for the refusal.

"I bought them," said the chief, "for my young men, who were very hungry. I promised to pay for them, and they shall be paid for. I have always heard that white nations went to war with each other, and not with peaceful individuals; that they did not rob and plunder poor people. I will not."

"Well," said the Colonel, "I will not pay for them."

"You can do as you please," said the chief, "but before Tecumseh and his warriors came to fight the battles of the great king they had enough to eat, for which they had only to thank the Master of Life and their good rifles. Their hunting ground supplied them with food, and to them they can return.

This threat produced a sudden change in the Colonel's mind. The defection of the great chief, he well knew, would immediately withdraw all the nations of the red men from the British service; and without them they were nearly powerless on the frontier."

"Well," said the Colonel, "if I must pay, I will."

"Give me hard money," said Tecumseh, "not rag-money"—(army bills.)

The Colonel then counted out a hundred dollars in coin, and gave them to him. The chief handed the money to young Rivard, and then said to the Colonel, 'Give me one dollar more.' It was given; and handing that also to Rivard, he said, "Take that; it will pay you for the time you have lost in getting your money."

☞Punch says, if you wish to see the teeth of a beautiful young lady, praise her rival before her face.

The Baby Cradles of St. Petersburg.

In St. Petersburg there is an institution which takes care of the babies of hard-working mothers. It embraces all that is good in the French system, and something more. The *Djetskie Prijuty*—the baby cradles of St. Petersburg—had their origin in an excellent mother, the Countess Julia Stroganoff, and an excellent man, Anatol Demidoff. On the 16th of May, 1837, the first *Prijut* was opened in the capital of Russia, under the name of "Helping Stile," their object being to transfer the babe and suckling from muddy lanes into green pasturage—to secure them against the weasel and the wolf. The Paris "cribs" receive only children under the age of two years, and the parent has to pay from 5 to 20 cent-jmes for their daily board—a matter of twopence a day at the utmost. The Russian *Prijuts* receive children from the age of three to that of ten, as well as children of more tender age. Early in the morning the infants are brought to the Prijut, and there they remain all the day. There they are nourished, there fed, and even there clothed, at small expense to their parents; and the best of it is, that the child goes to the Prijut without compulsion, hastens to it with delight. The person who can rise betimes, so we read, may see of a morning hastening through the streets of St. Petersburg, sometimes in groups, sometimes in pairs, in the direction of the Prijut. Little sisters may be seen leading smaller brothers, with comic gravity, to this kindly institution. Seldom are grown-up persons seen to guide them.

Arriving at the Prijut, they cast aside their every day dress—the ragged coat and clouted shoon—and attire themselves in the dress of the institution, a gray blouse, clean stockings, shoes and aprons. In winter time, before the business of the day is commenced, the children are treated to a cup of *Sbiten*—honey and hot water—pleasant enough, we dare say, and grateful to young stomachs. The boys then take their places on one side of the room; the girls on the other. Until all are assembled, they busy themselves with knitting or twine-making. All met at last, the whole school breaks forth in a choral hymn. Instruction in the Prijuts consists in the catechism, Bible history, the leading events in Russian history, reading, writing, the first rules of arithmetic, the rudiments of natural history, and teaching in handicrafts. Not to weary the tiny scholars, instruction in a single branch lasts only for half an hour. While busy with their hands, their silver voices join in song, the effect of which upon the visiter is stirring. The little fingers even have music in them. At noon the children are called to dine, if a couple of spoonfuls may be called a dinner; but it is to be remembered that they are the children of poor people, and but for the two spoonsful they might fast. After dinner there is an hour for play, and after that to work again, with renewed singing. Then comes evening. The torn jackets and frocks of the morning are resumed, the patched stockings and clouted shoon; but little maidens depart cheering with ribbons in their caps, and small boys with similiar testimonials of good conduct in their button-holes. Every school has its director, chosen from the most eminent physicians of the locality, with a matron and her assistant. Upon the whole, the babies are well attended to.

FAIRY LAND.

BY MARTHA HAINES BUTT.

'Tis where waters laugh and gentle doves bathe their snowy plumage in fountains of silver. Flowers have a language and fairies hold commune with them when Vesper hath lighted her evening lamp. In the far off distance a lovely island stands, surrounded by transparent hills; oh! softly and sweetly sleeps a sunset over that spot; the clouds are of the most gorgeous hues and blend superbly—a fairy hath her court in those clouds; and as the great day-god sinks to rest beyond those transparent hills, she lulls him to rest with her golden lyre. An eternal spring ever pervades; the flowers are always beautiful and fragrant, for ever watchful Flora guards them tenderly. Oh! a night in Fairy Land—think of all that is beautiful, all that is heavenly; even then, language hath not the power to describe aught so enchanting, so soul-inspiring. Slowly twilight fades into darkness, bright gems seek the canopy of heaven, while Luna seats herself upon a royal throne. Oh! the beauty and quietude which rests o'er that island; the transparent hills seemed to be bathed in a flood of rosy light; the ocean around is calm and beautiful; the zephyrs amid the waves; the sea bird bathes her plumage there, fearless of any rude storm. And with that beauteous night comes sweet visions; oh! bright are those dreams, for angels preside o'er them; there harps have been tuned to enrapture the senses; every zephyr seems to bear upon its wings softest music—'tis there we visit mysterious places, see mysterious spirits; the spirit of beauty, draped in robes of purest light, speeds upon the wings of the wind, she lays her tiny wand upon the flowers and gives brighter blushes to the cheeks; and where'er she chances to roam all is bewitching. Fairy Land! 'tis enchanting, 'tis beautiful: one glance at it imagination fills the heart with delight, and causes us to sigh at the tho't that it exists no where but in the mind's eye.

☞"Well, Charley," said an anxious parent to an urchin of some three years, on Christmas day, "what did you find in your stocking this morning?" "Find, Father," replied the young hopeful, "Why I found a big hole." The father gave the boy a cent.

☞A country dentist advertises that he will "spare *no pains* in his operations to render them satisfactory."

A Red Coat in Disguise.

At a convivial party, at which Mr. Webster and several distinguished lawyers were present, the conversation happened to turn on the legal profession, Mr. Webster related the following story:

"When I was a young practioner," said Mr. Webster, "there was but one man at the New Hampshire bar of whom I was afraid, and that was old Barnaby. There were but few men who dared enter the list with him. On one occasion, Barnaby was employed to defend a piece of land, brought by a little crabbed, cunning lawyer by the name of Bruce. Bruce's case was looked upon as good as lost, when it was ascertained that Barnaby was retained against him. The suit came on for trial, and Barnaby found that Bruce had worked hard, and left no stone unturned to gain the victory. The testimony for the plaintiff was very strong, and unless it could be impeached, the case of the defendant was lost.

"The principal witness of the plaintiff wore a red coat. In summing up the evidence, old Barnaby commenced a furious attack upon this witness, pulling his testimony all to pieces, and appealing to the jury if a man who wore a red coat was, under any circumstances, to be believed. 'And who is this read coated witness,' exclaimed Barnaby, 'but a descendant of our common enemy, who has striven to take from us our liberty, and would not hesitate now to deprive my poor client of his land, by making any sort of red-coated statement?'

"During this speech Bruce was walking up and down the bar greatly excited, and half convinced that his case was gone, knowing as he did the prejudice of the jury against anything British. Whilst, however, Barnaby was gesticulating and leaning forward to the jury in his eloquent appeal, his shirt bosom slightly opened, and Bruce accidentally discovered that Barnaby wore a red undershirt.

"Bruce's countenance brightened up. Putting both his hands into his coat pockets, he walked the bar with great confidence, to the astonishment of his client and the lookers on. Just as Barnaby concluded, Bruce whispered into his client's ear, 'I've got him—your case is safe;' and approaching the jury, he commenced his reply to the slaughtering argument of his adversary.

"Bruce gave a regular history of the ancestry of his red coated witness, proving his patriotism and devotion to the country, and his character for truth and veracity. 'But what, gentlemen of the jury,' broke forth Bruce in a loud strain of eloquence, while his eyes flashed fire, 'what are you to expect of a man who stands here to defend a case based on no foundation of right or justice whatever, of the man who undertakes to destroy our testimony on the ground that my witness wears a red coat, when, gentlemen of the jury—when, when, gentlemen of the jury!"—here Bruce made a spring, and eatching Barnaby by the bosom of his shirt, tore it open, displaying his red flannel—'when Mr. Barnaby himself wears a red flannel coat concealed under a blue one!' The effect was electrical; Barnaby was beat at his own game, and Bruce gained the case."

Conundrums.

"Talking of conumdrums," said Old Hurricane, stretching himself all over Social Hall, and sending out one of those mighty puffs of Havana smoke which had given him his name, "can any one of you tell me when a ship may be said to be in love?"

"I can tell—I can," snapped out Little Turtle. "It's when she wants to be manned."

"Just missed it," quoth Old Hurricane, "by a mile. Try again. Who speaks first?"

"I do, secondly," answered Lemons. "It's when she wants a mate."

"Not correct," replied Hurricane. "The question is still open."

"When she's a ship of great size," (sighs,) modestly propounded Mr. Smoothly.

"When she's a tender to a man of war," said the Colonel, regarding the reflection of his face in his boot.

"Everything but correct," responded Hurricane.

"When she struck back by a heavy swell," suggested Starlight.

"Not as yet," said Hurricane. "Come, hurry along."

"When she *makes much of a fast sailor*," cried Smashpipes.

Here there was a great groan, and Smashpipes was thrown out of the window. When peace was restored, Old Hurricane "popelled" again.

"You might have said, 'when she hugs the wind,' or 'when she's after a consort,' or something of that sort. But it wouldn't have been right. The real solution is—when she's attached to a *buoy*."

A GENTLEMAN'S DIARY OF HIS WIFE'S TEMPER.—Monday—A thick fog; no seeing through it. Tuesday—Gloomy and very chilly; unseasonable weather. Wednesday—Frosty; at times sharp. Thursday—bitter cold in the morning; red sunset, with flying clouds, portending hard weather. Friday—Storm in the morning with peals of thunder; air clear afterwards. Saturday—Gleams of sunshine, with partial thaw; frost again at night. Sunday—A light southwester in the morning; calm and pleasant at dinner time; hurricane and earthquake.

☞"Are those pure canaries?" asked Tubs of a bird dealer, with whom he was negotiating. "Yes, sir," said the dealer confidentially; "I raised them 'ere birds from canary seed!" Tubs suddenly imagined he heard the whistle blow.

☞Lazy rich girls make rich men poor, and industrious poor girls make poor men rich

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