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DAILY CRESCENT.

Our New York Correspondence

RECEPTION OF THE PRESIDENT—TRIUMPHAL MARCH FROM THE BATTERY—APPEARANCE OF BROADWAY—MUSIC AND THE MILITARY—EXCITEMENT AND GREAT GUNS—OPENING OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE—RAIN, HAIL, AND STAMPEDE OF THE POPULACE—INTENSE EXCITEMENT!!

Correspondence of the Crescent.

NEW YORK, July 14.

Eds. Crescent—The progress of the President on his way to the opening of the Crystal Palace, has presented the characteristics of a triumphal march, which, in respect of the attendants of pomp, pride and showy circumstance, may be not improperly assimilated to the triumphal return of a Roman Emperor from foreign wars, attended by glittering cohorts and laden with the tinsel of barbaric spoils. Never since the days of the Latian Consuls, when they penetrated across the plains of Italia, overcame the summits of the snowy Alps, ravaged the peaceful hamlet of the Goth

"By the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone,

gathering the fruit of vineyards and the fleeces of foreign flocks to enrich their imperial palaces, and "brought many captives home" to "The Seven Hilled City," has such a scene been presented as to-day delighted Gotham through all its bounds.

The city authorities of New York, ever ready to do honor to lofty station, and for the credit of themselves, and of the Dutch burgomasters who smoked their pipes in old Manhattan a hundred years ago, made every preparation for the proper reception of the President that money could command or ingenuity invent. To this end, a joint committee from the Common Council chartered the steamer Josephine to convey the Reception Committee to the "Jersey" shore, where his Excellency awaited their arrival, and took some breathing space from the fatiguing dance that he had been led by the sovereign people of Jersey City.

The Committee, accompanied by several chief officers of the military, invited guests and members of the press, repaired on board the Josephine at seven o'clock. Your correspondent, among the number, was honored with an invitation, as being one of that useful and ubiquitous class "The Fourth Estate," of which he availed himself, being the only means open for him to participate at the grand ovation. The Josephine was tastefully and elegantly fitted up for the occasion, being gay with the brilliant adornment of garlands and evergreens, and with the flaunting of numerous banners.

The steamer left the pier at the foot of Duane street at about half-past seven o'clock, steamed up the river, where a seat on her deck commanded a magnificent view of the Highlands, Hoboken and Brooklyn Heights, and turning, went down the Bay, serenaded by a concert of a thousand voices from the shore and shipping, the latter of which gave their colors to the wind from a forest of lofty spars. Twenty guns boomed forth a thundering salutation to the spectators on shore, while Bloomfield's U. S. Band, from Governor's Island gave forth their brazen voices in appropriate national airs.

Among the company present were Major-Gen. Wool and Staff, consisting of Major Winsell, Adjutant-Gen.; Capt. Shields, Lieut. McLean and Lieut. Delmadge; besides a great many distinguished citizens, numbering among them ex-Mayor Lyons, ex-Mayor and ex-Collector Lawrence, J. V. Fowler, Postmaster, and a host of prominent political and literary celebrities.

Nearing Jersey city, the steamer was saluted by a *salvo* from a heavy piece of ordnance, which was duly returned.

About 8 o'clock the steamer arrived at the Cunard Steamship Dock a portion of which was set apart for her accommodation. On the opposite of the pier lay the steamship Arabia, with her men in holiday dress, who brought a *gangway* to run from the steamship to the shore, covered with a fine carpet, and having a handrail on either side. This was ornamented with flags of the ship, making altogether a very gay and animated appearance. From the fronts of the various public houses and hotels the "Stars and Stripes" were displayed, and the wharves were crowded with a dense mass of human beings—young and old, homely and beautiful, lame and halt, well dressed and ragged—with mouths agape, and with staring eyes, anxious to catch a glimpse of "The Great Mufti" and his train, and, if possible, to touch but a hem of the garment of the People's Great Anointed.

Then came the masses down the street, elbowing each other along the street—thousands on thousands filling it. Then came the military with bands, elbowing the people, and the people elbowing the hordes of patriotic urchins, and the patriotic urchins lifting up their voices and crying out "Great is Frank Pierce of the Granite Hills!" and the bands of the battalion playing their various airs: the hoarse voice of the trombone mingling with the shrill shriek of the fife, and all swelling up in a joyous dissonance. And, in the midst of the living avalanche came, in his carriage, the "Mufti," and his train—the anointed of the "Great Unterrified," Franklin Pierce of the Granite Hills!

Then came a great roar of cannon and a war of battling sounds, and a splitting of the upper concave and the great gazed at effulged, followed by carriages containing the members of the different reception committees, who had come after the triumphal procession from Newark and other towns, even from the "City of Brotherly Love."

The President and attendants then stepped on board, and his appearance there was another signal for rounds of cheers, a crash of brazen instruments, and a roar of thunder-guns perfectly deafening.

The envoys of the Burgomasters of the modern Manhattan then presented themselves, and after congratulatory speeches and replies, the President shook off the mass that crowded around him, and with a select party ascended the promenade deck to enjoy the scene. The Josephine was then cast loose from her moorings, and sped down the bay to the Narrows, giving the party a fine view of the shores, and the President an opportunity to sniff the invigorating breeze after his so long inspiration of the breath of adulation.

As the gallant craft sped onward, her guns were fired at intervals and duly answered by the vessels that lay on her track, and a steamer laden with passengers, passing close by, delivered a salute, while the passengers cheered manfully, and the ladies waved their handkerchiefs and bouquets, wafting an incense scattered not from the censers that burn for hero worship but exuding from the genuine extract of *fleur des roses* and *eau de Cologne*.

Nearing Governor's Island, the battery appeared fully manned for the occasion, and its guns gave a full salute, which were answered with a ready will from the Josephine. The river from this point presented a most magnificent appearance. What with the forests of shipping, the taper masts displaying the colors of every nation, flaunting red, green, and purple in the rays of the sun, the gallant tars cheering from the shrouds, the ratlins, the spars, and from every available position where a foothold could be found—Castle Garden in front, with its gay promenade thronged with broadcloth and boots, brocades and bareges, feathers and fashion, with the flashing armor of the "Sunday Soldiery," arranged in bristling array on the Battery, made up a dazzling display as of the brave days of Chivalry, when Knights jousted in the *tourné* and gave and received broken bones for the doubtful reward of ladies' smiles. As the Josephine neared the shore her guns were fired more frequently, answered by cheering thousands, and at a few minutes after ten o'clock the President stepped on shore: the bands at the time playing "Hail Columbia," and other appropriate airs.

The Castle Garden Reception.—Early in the morning, hours before the arrival of the city's guest, crowds collected around the Battery and blocked up every avenue of approach. Tickets of admission were issued by order of the Common Council, which made their patriotism less expensive, and, in fact, a source of profit. This embargo laid on the ingress of the unwashed democracy, made the attendance more select than it otherwise would have been, and more orderly than if Young America and subterranianism had have been allowed the privilege of free admission. Many were the military coats there, and many the brass buttons with nautical devices, that took the eyes of the sage *duennas* of rich young Misses, and made muslin heave from an awakened fire. In the centre of the floor of the amphitheatre was ranged a company of Light Guards with splendid uniforms.

About half past ten o'clock a salute of big guns, and a heaving to and fro of the mighty crowd, gave notice to those on the outskirts that the President had arrived. In the rush that then took place, muslin suffered in a manner to elevate the hopes of milliners, and new hats were smashed into cocked ones. The strong overpowered the weak, almost smothering them in the rush, and the more nimble clambered over the shoulders of the strong. One young lady fell down in a fit of suffocation, and a matron, overcome with the heat, was carried off in a wheelbarrow.

The President made his appearance, leaning on the arm of a gentleman in spectacles, with a most unaccountable accumulation of stomach, while on his other side towered a bony individual almost enveloped in the huge folds of a white cravat. The Boards of Aldermen followed, each displaying different degrees of fatness and leanness, and a different stiffness of shirt collar. Several gentlemen in gaiters and oddly cut coats stepped forward, and shook the President energetically by the hand, as if they were working at a pump handle. This kind of manipulation he took very kindly, occasionally raising his right hand to his forehead, as if he had the head-ache, but in reality to purchase a truce from the pump-handle movement aforesaid.

The Mayor then made a speech, whereat the attendants clapped their hands, and the President replied quite felicitously and at length, whereat the attendants clapped again, and louder and longer than before, and shouted somewhat also.

Jeff. Davis was then called for—the hero of Buena Vista—and he came and thanked them with his hat off, but would not detain them from the procession, which it was time to form, in order to proceed to the inauguration of the Palace.

The President then moved from the stage to the Battery, followed by an immense rush of the "unterrified," who pursued him into the body of the building. The Chief of Police was on hand to preserve order and to prevent civil war. He succeeded in parting the throng so as to allow the carriages and escort to pass to the review of the troops, which then took place on the Battery. A vast concourse of the citizen soldiery was present, and the President rode up and down the lines, accompanied by the Secretary of War, Hon. Jefferson Davis, and escorted by a staff of officers of the City Volunteers. He was very enthusiastically received by the lines, and bowed separately and gracefully to the frequent salutes. The review being over, the President was escorted up State street by five battalions, where the companies broke into column and formed in line up State street, and marched up Broadway to the Crystal Palace.

The March up Broadway.—The balconies along the line of march were crowded with people of every grade and hue, the sidewalks were one dense mass, the shop windows showed their thousands of anxious faces, and from the house tops the "million" poured forth their congratulatory voices right joyfully. The head of the column is now nearing the Palace—a little black cloud, that has been threatening for hours, has burst in a deluge, hail-stones are pelting the dying heels of the army of whilom spectators—and, the mail being about to close, for the present I must bid you adieu. To-morrow, ho! for the christening of the Crystal Palace.

Yours, GAS.

ARRIVAL OF THE PRESIDENT—RECEPTION AT THE BATTERY—THE SPECTACLE ON BROADWAY—OPENING OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

Correspondence of the Crescent.

NEW YORK, July 14, 1853.

Dear Crescent—Broadway from the Battery to the Crystal Palace, a distance of four and a half miles, is a dense mass of people. Every window and awning post, indeed every place that can hold a human being is occupied. The President on horseback, accompanied by the Mayor and Mr. Webster, his Private Secretary, in an open barouche, drawn by six milk-white horses, is now proceeding slowly from the Battery—where he has just been received by the Common Council—to the Crystal Palace, which he is to open. A column of 20,000 men in splendid uniform are his escort, and 100,000 of freemen around hold him in full survey. The veterans of 1812, in the uniforms they wore when they fought their way through superior numbers, and using their trusty blades as staffs, are the body-guard of the nation's chief. The remnant of the New York Volunteers in the Mexican war are out in full force, one hundred and sixty only being left out of one thousand. These two remnants of two wars are a melancholy commentary upon the strife of nations. General Quitman, the gallant old hero, the approved chevalier, "*sans peur et sans reproche*," is also here, and as he passes along hats are immediately lifted, and many a little specimen of Young America is raised by his mamma to see the hoary-headed Captain.

Gen. Scott is still suffering much from the effects of the fall from his horse. I had the pleasure of seeing the old hero the other day, and when he expressed his regret that I had followed his political fortunes I gave him the consolation given to the noble Roman: "Marcellus in exile more true glory feels than Cæsar with a Senate at his heels." How trying it must be to the General to hear the triumphal music and the loud hosannas which greet his fortunate rival. And yet I have no doubt if the General was well enough he would be in attendance to do honor to the President, losing sight of the man in the office.

How wonderful this spectacle must be to Europeans, especially when they bear in mind that a large minority, who, but the other day, were arrayed in all the bitterness of political hostility against the man whom this day all delight to honor. The Crystal Palace is now open, and the deep-mouthed cannon are announcing the fact. The rain, which was falling while the procession was moving, ceased at the very instant the President entered the Palace, and now the sun is reflected back by the towering dome. The Inauguration Ceremonies were splendid—the benediction by Bishop Wainwright—the anthem by the Sacred Musical Society—the shouts of 100,000 of nature's noblemen, and even now 600 musical instruments are playing the Star-Spangled Banner.

This Palace falls short of its brilliant prototype at first sight, but when it is remembered that this is the offspring of private enterprise, and the other the cherished child for years of the wealthiest and most influential monarchy on earth, the natural inquiry suggests itself, if a few individuals can, unaided, do this, what could not this great nation do.

This day will be long remembered and cherished by the people of New York and the whole United States.

Louisiana is represented by Colonel Fluker, Col. Carter, and Col. Clifton; Mississippi by Col. Parks. TRITICUM.

M. Gaillardet, the Paris correspondent of the *Courrier des Etats Unis*, says that a manuscript of seventy-nine pages, written by Napoleon in St. Helena, has been discovered, and is likely to produce a lively sensation. It is a sort of biography, and is designed to justify his policy in the eyes of his son and of France. The style is "bulletinic," and each sentence makes a report. The royal conspirators are severely handled. The death of the Duke d'Enghien is defended at length, and liberty is proclaimed to be the necessary aim of every Government that can expect to continue. What is singular the memoir was sent to a republican of '93, the journalist Prudhomme, whom nothing could induce to support the empire. An aged daughter, his sole heir, has discovered by chance this production, buried in the dust. It would seem that M. Gailliardet credits the authenticity of the memoir; but others are likely to suspect it to be a Jacobin forgery.

A Postmaster in Essex county, while puzzling over a very uncertain superscription on an Irish letter, jocosely remarked to an intelligent son of Erin, who stood by, that the Paddies brought a hard set of names to this country. "Ah, yes," replied Pat, "but they *git* harder ones after they arrive here."

Lieut. John Wilson, another of the New York volunteers in the Mexican war, was buried on Tuesday, the 12th inst.

[From the London Leader, April 2.]

STORY OF THE DRESS.

Among the sights of London I encountered one that I little expected to see—it may not be uninteresting to some of our readers down South. I was looking at the Palace of the Kings—not at all equal to the White-House, which is open to every citizen—and it was there that a sight struck me which was not quite pleasant for one of Uncle Sam's nephews. A bevy of fair ladies were leaving a great house, with a crowd of folks looking at them and police to keep order. The ladies had been tending a meeting to sympathize with Uncle Tom—that benighted old negro whose jargon prevents our real statesmen from making our men of the South ever listen to reason. The poor ladies, however, looked more fit for a ball or morning concert than for any political work in earnest, and their countenances were guilty of nothing worse than a little holiday bustle, newly spiced with black pepper.

But something was to happen beside this "Uncle Tomery." In a crowd I saw a young couple who were waiting out of mere curiosity. You could see that by the eye of the girl. The young man also watched the ladies as they came out, but evidently his care was the girl. At last a lady issued from the door—a tall, handsome woman, with fine aristocratic features, bold, yet delicate: a very voluptuous countenance, if the sensuous look had not been rendered harsh by a slight habitual sneer or scorn, very common with English people of "high birth," her face being also, if it is not rude to say so, a little hardened by time. She must have been a glorious creature, and she looked to think herself still so. She was in no hurry—haste would have spoiled her costume. I wish I could describe it, but that would need a less republican pen than mine. Her noble throat rose out of a wide expanse of delicate and brilliant silk, softened with a large white shawl and a variety of lace, or whatever else it was: but the taste of the arrangement disposed the mass of soft stripes so as to display, and not to disguise, the grace of her tall and rather slender figure.

"That gown," said I to the young man, "cost more in making than in the stuff."

"It might in your country," he answered, turning round sharp to look at me, though I did not know that I had any peculiar accent: "but in this country the labor is the least part of the cost, except to the laborer." He had an accent not quite English.

"What have all these fair ladies been doing, sir?" I asked.

"Meeting about 'Uncle Tom,'" said he. "I wish they would look to the slaves in their own country."

"We don't get up abolition meetings for the white niggers of Manchester, sir," said I.

"No," said he, "I wish you did. But Manchester is not our South. There are worse places that's not so far off."

The fine lady came down the steps, and the young woman, who had not attended at all to us, stepped close to the lady and spoke to her. A policeman came forward to remove the girl: and my blood boiled to see a fellow in a glazed hat attempt to touch a female: but the lady herself stopped him by a waive of the hand. The girl repeated what she had said. I did not hear it. The lady looked not surprised—she was too proud for that—but unbelieving. The girl again spoke, and the lady again replied; and then the lady motioned the girl to get into her carriage. They both got in, and after a few words to the footman—a fine gentleman, in a lovely delicate blue coat, with white gloves, and cheeks like a girl's—the carriage drove off.

The young man looked for an instant into my face and then asked me if I could run. Without reply I joined him in following the carriage. We ran barely a mile, and then we arrived at the door of a poor house, in a small street, before the carriage. The young man followed the woman, and I followed him, no body stopping me—I suppose, because I did not look as if I expected they would. A sense of silence came over us as we went up stairs, and the rustling of the fine lady's dress was the loudest noise as we crept up. We all entered a small room, and, as we did so, a child began to cry. The young woman took it from another who held it to suckle it, and so to stay the little voice which disturbed the quiet room with its healthy discontent.

The silence lay thickest at the further end, on a narrow white bed which the lady approached and gazed upon. On it lay a young woman, but partially undressed, ghastly pale, with her eyes closed. By her side, with its head pillowed on the arm that partly clasped it, lay a little child: like its mother in paleness, like her in its closed eyes, but unlike her whose breath was scarcely heard, in its short and painful breathing, which would have been loud had it not sunk to the hurried whisper of departed life.

We all gazed for a minute in silence and in reverence for mortal suffering which calls alike republican and aristocratic, rich and poor, to account. The lady looked at the sick woman, who kept her eyes fixed on the lady: the proud woman's look seemed to ask why she had been brought there.

"Jessy wished me to fetch you," cried the happier mother, for she could not nourish and quiet her child. I noticed that there was no ring upon her finger, however.

"Poor thing! But I would have assisted her without," and the lady put her hand into her ~~pocket for her purse.~~

"No, it is too late for that. You must do something else for her; and you are bound—you are doubly bound."

Again the lady's proud eyes looked a question. There was no fear in her face, but her glance around implied a challenge of the right to keep her there.

"It was your haughty haste that killed her: it was yours that brought her so near death. Yes, lady Julia! I do not wish to offend you, but you ought to know the truth—such as you ought to know it. That is a beautiful dress you have on, very beautiful, far too beautiful for poor Jessy to wear. But when did you order it? Was there time for human hands to make it before 'you must have it' for this very day? And who set the finish to that beautiful dress? Whose aching fingers put the last work in it? Jessy's there: and when I took it from her last night she lay down to die."

The proud lady was silent, her eyes bent upon the dying woman, without retort, and her haughty features softened to a gaze of reflecting sorrow, for these English women have hearts in their bosoms, haughty and cold as they seem; at least some have. Suddenly the lady's manner altered, as if she threw off some mantle of pride and restrain, and turning once more to the girl who brought her, with a low simple direct way of speaking, she said:

"And what can be done now?"

"One thing—to let the pride of luxury come and do homage to want and misery, when death raises the lowly above the high."

"I have done that."

"Next, to bring justice and consolation to parting life. On that bed lies, half unconscious, the poor seamstress who died at her needle; it is a common end enough. But that same woman, not half your age—do you see her child?"

The lady bowed.

"How much would you rate his life worth? Why is it there at all? Why come into this world only to look for a few uncertain days upon its misery? Who called it?"

The girl paused, as a sign from the dying woman summoned her attention; but she went on, bent to make out the retribution where redemption could not come.

"Lady Julia, do you know what it is to have temptations—hopes of the heart where no straight path of hope appears? You can not. If ever you are tempted—and you are—and you yield—your face tells it—you have not been driven by total wretchedness and despair. Love never visits you in misery, and privation, and endless toil; never came from a distant world of pleasure and power; never whispered in your wearied ear that pleasure might in itself be a release from slavery: never won you to one short dream of delirious delight, and then left you back in that nightmare of pleasureless toil, to take the consequences of pleasure taken, pleasure granted, pleasure without bond exacted. But it did come to poor Jessy there."

The lady began to look impatient. I notice of these English that they can never listen to any narrative of suffering save when they tell it of themselves.

"You are looking at my hand," said the girl, holding it out, to confess by the act that it was ringless: "but it was not *deserted*. Trouble and sorrow have I, but not despair. Bertrand, take the darling." She gave her own baby to the young man, and stooped over the other's child. "Now, Lady Julia, look closer and see if in this poor death-stricken little creature's face you can trace a proud likeness. Jessy, on her death-bed, has conceived a longing to see the father of her child. Both will be gone soon, and why should not that little wish be gratified? Would the father grudge that trouble? He took more to persuade Jessy out of her hard poverty into his pleasure! Would he be too much of a coward to visit this poor room, where suffering and ghastly death have succeeded love?"

Lady Julia looked to see if an answer was expected to questions that seemed so abstract.

"Do not be amazed, for it is *you* only can answer. Poor Jessy's last toil was to finish the gown you wear. The father of her child is *your son*."

A dead silence followed this somewhat startling announcement, and the girl evidently took a pleasure, which Bertrand shared, in driving home the knife. Doubly had poor Jessy's life been sacrificed to the pleasure of Lady Julia's blood.

The lady stooped down and kissed the child not hastily; and then stooping lower she kissed the moveless hand of its mother.

"Send for him," said the girl.

"I will fetch him," said Lady Julia, rising. "I see the likeness. But take this, my poor girl," and she tried to force her purse into the reproacher's hand.

"It is too late."

"I hope not—skillful aid, and," she added, yielding to the hopelessness plainly written on the aspect of that cheerless room, "if not for *them*, at least for yourself and your—"

With a passionate burst of tears the girl dashed the clanking purse upon the ground, and then kneeling to the dying woman, whom her grief startled from the apathy of death, she cast her arms over her and cried:

"Forgive me, Jessy—my darling Jessy; I could not help it, dear, I would not bear that offer to *me* here, by your bed-side. Get better, dear, he will come; and do not tell me that I killed you by my thoughtlessness."

Jessy's faint lips moved with a smile that died in coming. The girl laid her head upon her friend, and gently sobbed.

"For Heaven's sake try to calm her," said Lady Julia to Bertrand; "I will go fetch him. I will bring him myself."

She left the room with a head less proudly lifted than when she entered it; but I thought her face looked far more beautiful in its downcast tears than it was confronting the public gaze in the great portico.

Bertrand, who is a young Frenchman, bred in England, told me the whole story; but there is little more to add. We left Jessy to die alone with the father of her dead child, who was honorably brought back to her. And some atonement has been made to Anna, her friend. I think she had the subscription meant for "Uncle Tom" many times multiplied; but that did not, truth makes me confess, rein her tongue when she found that Jessy could no longer be disturbed by the reproaches showered upon the recreant lover.

I must confess, too, that he boldly did his duty in undergoing the penance, which I believe few of those demoralized young Englishmen would have the manliness to bear, and which it relieved Anna's heart to inflict. Also, he did his duty in attending as mourner when we buried Jessy. But how much better if he had thought of his penance before: how much better if those well-meaning, easy-going reformers, who set up to teach us in America how to put the world to rights at a blow, would think of the path by which their own luxuries reach their own dainty selves! How many Jessies, each following the other as she perishes, it takes to clothe one Lady Julia through all the seasons she enjoys!

WASHING SHEEP.

The following story, which has been told some time ago, though it has never appeared to any extent in print, is decidedly rich:

Once upon a time, when the subject of temperance was being freely discussed, the citizens of a little town in the western part of Massachusetts called a meeting to talk over the matter. There had never been a temperance society in the place, but after some little discussion it was voted to form one. They drew up a pledge of total abstinence, and agreed that if any member of the society broke it he should be turned out.

Before the pledge was accepted Deacon D. rose and said he had one objection to it; he thought Thanksgiving Day ought to be free for the members to take something, as he could relish his dinner much better at this festival if he took his glass of wine.

Mr. L. thought the pledge was not perfect. He didn't care anything about Thanksgiving, but his family always made a great account of Christmas, and he couldn't think of sitting down to dinner then without something to drink. He was willing to give it up on all other days, and, in fact, that was the only time he cared anything about it.

Mr. B. next rose, and said he agreed with the other speakers, except in the time. He didn't think much of Thanksgiving or Christmas, though he liked a little at any time. There was one day, however, when he must have it, and that was on the 4th of July. He always calculated upon having a "regular drunk" on that occasion, and he wouldn't sign the pledge if it prevented him from celebrating Independence.

Squire S., an old farmer, followed Mr. B. He was not in the habit of taking anything often, but must have some when he washed his sheep. He would sign the pledge if it would give him the privilege of imbibing when he washed sheep. Why, he considered it dangerous for him to keep his hands in cold water without something to keep him warm inside.

After some consideration it was concluded that each member of the society should take his own occasion to drink—Deacon D. on Thanksgiving, L. on Christmas, etc. The pledge was signed by a large number, and the society adjourned in a flourishing condition, after it should be the duty of the members to watch each other, to see that they did not break the pledge.

The next morning Deacon D. walked to his neighbor's yard, who, by the way, was Mr. S., the sheep man, wondering, as it was a bitter cold morning, whether S. was yet up. He met his neighbor coming out of the house, and, to his surprise, gloriously drunk—or, to use a very modern phrase, "burning a very beautiful kiln."

"Why, S.," exclaimed the astonished Deacon, "what does this mean, sir? You have broken your pledge, and disgraced our society and the temperance cause."

"Not—hic—as you know; no—hic—Deacon, I haint—hic—broke the—hic—pledge, Deacon."

"Certainly you have, sir, and I shall report you to the society. You agreed not to drink except when you wash sheep. You cannot make me think you are going to wash such a cold day as this."

"Follow me, Deacon."

S. started for the barn and the Deacon followed. On entering the door the Deacon saw a large wash-tub standing on the floor, with an old ram tied to it, the poor animal shaking dreadfully with cold, and bleating pitifully.

"Hic—there, D-deacon," said S., pointing to the sheep with an air of triumph, "that old—hic—ram has been washed six times this—hic—morning, and I—hic—ain't done with him—hic—yet!"

The Deacon "mizzled."

THE SMALLEST STEAM ENGINE IN THE WORLD. Mr. Benjamin J. Warner, the London Watch Manufacturer, has sent to this country, for exhibition at the World's Fair, the working models for two steam engines. The smallest one, an oscillating cylinder engine, stands upon an English fourpenny piece, (size of half a dime) with room to spare. The cylinder is but one-sixth of an inch in diameter, the length of stroke three-eighths, and diameter of the piston is that of an ordinary needle. The other is a beam engine, composed of more than two hundred pieces. The length of the stand is three and a quarter inches, length of beam two and a quarter inches, diameter of cylinder three-eighths of an inch, and the length of stroke seven-eights of an inch. Both of these engines are screwed together with the delicacy and precision of the work of a watch.

The great law of nature is, "eat and be eaten." The spawn eater swallows the worm, the shark swallows the spawn eater; the hawk pounces on the chicken; the eagle on the hawk, and the sportsman on the eagle; rogues feed on honest men, pettifoggers on rogues, and the devil on pettifoggers. Queer arrangements these, but who will say that it is not all for the best?

"Sister, are you happy?"

"Yes, Deacon, I feel as though I was in Beelzebub's bosom."

"Not Beelzebub's."

"Well, some of the patriarchs, I don't care which."