New Orleans Daily Crescent.

POETRY, MISCELLANEOUS AND TALES.

Anne Hathaway.

The following lines, attributed to Shakspeare, we have never met with, says the Charleston Mercury, anywhere else in the volumes before us, the "Honor and Poetry of Finger Rings," by Charles Edwards, of New York. Speaking of a ring which was found a few years ago, which had belonged to Shakspeare, and had the true lover's knot upon it, the gentleman says: "There is reason to suppose that the ring was the gift of Anne Hathaway, the wife had as much virtue as could be, ye. And, we must be allowed to indulge in the fancy, that it were pleasing Shakspeare's lover when these lines were inscribed.

TO THE IDOL OF HIS EYES AND THE DELIGHT OF HIS HEART, ANNE HATHAWAY.

Would ye be taught, ye feathered throng,
With Love's sweet notes to grace your song,
To pierce the heart with thrilling lay,
Listen to mine, Anne Hathaway!
She HATH A WAY to sing so clear,
Phoebus might wond'ring stop to hear;
To melt the sad, make blithe the gay,
And nature charm, Anne HATH A WAY.
She HATH A WAY,
Anne Hathaway,
To breathe delight Anne HATH A WAY.

When envy's breath and rancorous tooth
Do soil and bite fair worth and truth,
And merit to distress betray,
To soothe the heart Anne HATH A WAY;
She HATH A WAY to chase despair,
To heal all grief, to cure all care,
Turn foulest night to fairest day;
Thou know'st, good heart, Anne HATH A WAY;
She HATH A WAY,
Anne Hathaway,
To make grief bliss Anne HATH A WAY.

Talk not of gems, the orient list,
The diamond, topaz, amethyst,
The emerald mild, the ruby gay:
Talk of my gem, Anne Hathaway!
She HATH A WAY, with her bright eye,
Their various luster to defy.
The jewel she, and the foil they,
So sweet to look Anne HATH A WAY;
She HATH A WAY,
Anne Hathaway,
To shame bright gems, Anne HATH A WAY.

But were it to my fancy given
To rate her charms, I'd call them Heaven;
For though a mortal made of clay,
Angels must love Anne Hathaway.
She HATH A WAY so to control
To rapture the imprisoned soul,
And sweetest Heaven on earth display,
That to be Heaven Anne HATH A WAY!
She HATH A WAY,
Anne Hathaway,
To be Heaven's self Anne HATH A WAY.

Raising the Devil.

A LEGEND OF ALBERTUS MAGNUS.

BY THOMAS INGOLDSBY, ESQ.

"And hast thou nerves enough?" he said,
That gray Old Man, above whose head
Unnumbered years have rolled—
"And hast thou nerve to view?" he cried,
"The incarnate Fiend that Heaven defied?"
Art thou indeed so bold?

"Say, canst thou, with unshrinking gaze,
Sustain, rash youth, the withering blaze
Of that unearthly eye,
That blasts where'er it lights—the breath
That like the simoon, scatters death
On all that yet can die?

"Dared thou confront that fearful form,
That rides the whirlwind and the storm
In wild unholy revel?
The terrors of that blasted brow,
Archangel once, though ruined now—
Ay—dar'st thou face THE DEVIL?"

"I dare!" the desperate youth replied,
And placed him by the Old Man's side,
In fierce and frantic jeer,
Unblanched his cheek and firm his limb;
"No paltry juggling fiend, but Him!
THE DEVIL! I fain would see!"
In all his Gorgon terrors clad,
His worst, his fellest shape?" the Lad
Rejoined in Reckless tone.
"Have then thy wish!" Albertus said,
And sighed, and shook his hoary head,
With many a bitter groan.

He drew the mystic circles round,
With skull and cross bones fenced around!
He traced full many a sigil there;
He muttered many a backward prayer,
That sounded like a curse—
"He comes!" he cried, with wild grimace,
"The fellest of Apollyon's race!"
Then in his startled pupil's face,
He dashed an earry Fetish!

Our Fireside.

Rich Autumn with her golden store,
May count her treasures o'er and o'er;
And say such wealth did never before
Do land bestow.
And fruits, and flowers, and yellow sheaves
Are gathered in, and withered leaves
Are all the traveler's eye perceives
In prospect wide—
But give to me the sheltered room,
Where mother mind's nor season's gloom
Can blight our joyous mental bloom
By our fireside!

How sweet to ramble through some bower,
Or chat with friends in social nook,
With children round on whom to look
With hopes' pride!

And then to have the meeting crowned
With some old ditty's a cordial sound,
Or sit and hear the tale go round,
Or aught beside
Which may the passing hour engage
Of life we'll con the varied page,
And hope for happy, good old age
By our fireside.

DANGEROUS CURIOSITY.—An accident which, though comic enough might easily have had a tragical ending, occurred the other day at Madame Tussaud's exhibition. A medical student who, examining the guillotine in the Chamber of Horrors, took it into his head that the sort of yoke which fits down on the shoulders of the criminal would not be sufficient to confine a person who struggled. His curiosity on this point led him to watch till the place was empty, and actually put himself in, letting down the yoke. He soon found that he was quite unable to lift it, and it at once flashed across his mind, that the sharp axe which was suspended over his neck could not be very firmly fixed or it would not fall (as it does) with a touch. He was afraid to struggle lest the shaking should bring it down and at once deposit his head in the basket of sawdust beneath him, into which his eyes were of necessity steadily looking. Having stayed some time in this plight, he was overjoyed to hear the approach of a visitor, whom he supplicantly implored to release him. "I'm thinking," said the gentleman (a Scotch visitor of the metropolis,) to his wife, "I'm thinking he's hired to show how the thing acts, and I think we'd better not interfere." So the luckless student was left till M. Tussaud came in, and made fast the axe before releasing him. The axe has been removed and laid by the side to prevent future accidents. [London Weekly Register.

COLOSSAL FOUNTAINS.—The fountains of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, England, are among the greatest wonders of the world. The huge fountains throw vast jets of water to a height of three hundred and eighty feet. Two towers are erected on the highest part of the grounds, each two hundred and seventy feet high; powerful engines take water from artesian wells five hundred and seventy-five feet deep, and throw it to the top of these towers, whence it descends and feeds the fountains. The total weight of each tower, when the fountains are playing, is over three thousand tons. Besides the two colossal fountains, there are ten lesser ones, that throw jets one hundred feet high, as well as almost countless smaller fountains, in addition to water-temples, cascades, etc., over several thousand tons of water, one hundred and twenty thousand gallons of water per minute to supply them. Ten miles of iron pipes are required to conduct the water that feeds these works. The sight, when they are all in full play, is said to be most magnificent. The spectator sees before him a group of basins, arranged on terraces that rise above each other, the Crystal Palace building crowning the summit; and each of these basins seems alive with jets flashing in the sunshine, and crossing and recrossing each other, while cascades diversify the scene, and the two colossal fountains shoot to a dizzy height.

AN INTELLIGENT VOTER.—An amusing incident occurred in the town of Oxford, Ct., on election day. A voter whose literary qualifications were called in question by the board of selectmen under the "reading" law lately passed in this State, undertook to enlighten their minds by complying with its provisions. He could spell tolerably, but found it difficult to read. An easier place was found, and by spelling slowly the sense was determined until the last word was reached, which was "governor." The voter here came to a full stop—a dead halt! That word was a "poser." He was requested to spell it. He did so, but he spelled it wrong. He was then told to try it again. He did so, but hesitated again. He stumbled among the three syllables for some time, and at last was requested to pronounce the word. A long pause ensued. He was encouraged to try once more. He then braced himself up for the effort, and with determination in his face, he said he could not exactly say what the word was, but he believed it was "gorner." He was told that he was a "gorner" himself, but if he would stick to his spelling-book a year more he would probably be so far in the possession of the legitimate qualifications that he could be made an elector. [New Haven Palladium.

PERFORATION.—"457,000,000 feet of lumber received at Chicago in one year! Phew!" quoth Starlight, "could'nt a fellow get board cheap there!"

"Not so cheap as one gets bored wherever you are!" growled the Ancient Hurricane. Starlight went overboard immediately.

A medical gentleman defines winking to be an "affection of the eye."

Home Scenes.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"I'll not live in this way!" exclaimed Mrs. Lyon, passionately, "Such disorder, wrangling and irregularity, rob me of my peace and make the house a bedlam instead of a quiet home. "Tom!" she spoke sharply to a bright fellow who was pounding away with a wooden hammer on a chair and making a most intolerable din, "stop that noise this instant." "And you, Em, not a word from your lips. If you can't live in peace with your sister I'll separate you! D'ye hear? hush this instant!"

"Then make Julia give me my pincushion. She's got it in her pocket."

"It's no such thing! I haven't!" retorted Julia.

"You have, I say."

"I tell you I haven't."

"Will you hush!" The face of Mrs. Lyon was fiery red; she stamped upon the floor as she spoke.

"I want my pincushion. Make Julia give me my pincushion!"

Irritated beyond control, Mrs. Lyon caught Julia by the arm, and thrusting her hand into her pocket drew out a piece of lace and a pinkuife.

"I told you it wasn't there; couldn't you believe me?"

This impertinence was more than the mother could endure; and acting upon her indignant impulses, she boxed the ears of Julia soundly, conscious at the same time that Emily was chiefly to blame for all this trouble by a wrong accusation of her sister; she turned upon her, also administering to her likewise an equal punishment. Frightened by all this, the younger children, whose incessant noise for the last half hour had contributed to the overthrow of their mother's temper, became suddenly quiet, and skulked away into the corners; and the baby, that was seated on the floor between two pillows, curved her quivering lips, and glanced fearfully up at that distorted face in which she had been used to see the love-light that made her heaven.

A deep quiet followed this burst of passion like the hush that succeeds the storm. Alas for the evil traces that were left behind! Alas for the repulsive image of that mother, daguerreotyped in an instant on the memory of her children, and never to be effaced! How many, many times in after years, will not a sigh heave in their bosoms as that painful reflection looks out upon them from amid the dear remembrances of childhood!

A woman with good impulses, but with little self-control, was Mrs. Lyon. She loved her children and desired their good. That they showed so little forbearance, one with another, manifested so little fraternal feeling, grieved her deeply.

"My whole life is made unhappy by it," she would say; "what is to be done? It is dreadful to think of a family growing up in disorder and disunion. Sister at variance with sister, and brother lifting his hand against brother."

As was usual after the ebullition of passion, Mrs. Lyon, deeply depressed in spirits as well as discouraged, retired from her family to grieve and weep. Lifting the frightened baby from the floor, she drew its head tenderly against her bosom, and leaving the nursery sought the quiet of her room. There, in repentance and humiliation, she recalled the stormy scene through which she had just passed, and blamed herself for yielding blindly to passion, instead of meeting the trouble among her children with a quiet discrimination.

To weeping, calmness succeeded. Still she was perplexed in mind, and grieved at her own want of control. What was to be done with her children? How were they to be governed aright? Painfully did she feel her own unfitness for the task. By this time the baby was asleep, and the mother felt something of that tranquil peace that every true mother knows when a young babe is slumbering on her bosom. A book lay on the shelf near where she was sitting, and Mrs. Lyon, scarcely conscious of the act, reached out her hand for the volume. She opened it without feeling any interest in its contents, but she had read only a few sentences when this remark arrested her attention:

"All right government of children begins with self-government."

The words seemed written for her, and the truth expressed was conducted instantly into perception.

She saw it in the clearest light, and closed the book and bowed her head in sad acknowledgment of her own errors. This for some time she had been sitting when the murmur of the voices below grew more and more distinct, and she was soon aroused to the painful fact that, as usual when left alone, the children were in a wrangle among themselves. Various noises, as of pounding and throwing chairs and other pieces of furniture, were heard, and at length a loud scream, mingled with angry vociferations, smote upon her ears.

Indignation swelled instantly in the heart of Mrs. Lyon; hurriedly placing the sleeping baby in its crib, she started for the scene of disorder, moved by an impulse to punish severely the young rebels against authority, and was half way down stairs, when her feet were checked by a remembrance of the sentiment, "All right government of children begins with self-government."

"Will anger subdue anger? When storm meets storm is the tempest stilled?" These were questions asked of herself almost involuntarily. "This is no spirit in which to meet my children. It never has or never will enforce obedience," she added, as she stood upon the stairs struggling with herself and striving for victory. From the nursery came louder sounds of disorder. How weak the mother felt. Yet in this very weakness was strength.

"I must not stand idle here," she said, as a cry of anguish smote on her ears, and so she moved on quickly, and opening the nursery door stood revealed to her children. Julia had just raised her hand to strike Emily, who stood confronting her with a fiery face. Both were a little startled at their mother's sudden appearance, and both expecting the storm which usually came at such times, began to assume the defiant, stubborn air with which her intemperate reproofs were always met.

A few moments did Mrs. Lyon stand looking at her children—grief, not anger, upon her pale countenance. How still all became. What a look of wonder came gradually into the children's faces, as they glanced one at another. Something of shame was next visible. And now the mother was conscious of a new power over the young rebels of her household.

"Emily," said she, speaking mildly, and yet with a touch of sorrow in her voice she could not subdue, "I wish you would go up to my room and sit with Mary while she sleeps."

Without a sign of opposition, or even of reluctance, Emily went quietly from the nursery, in obedience to her mother's desire.

"This room is very much in disorder, Julia."

Many times had Mrs. Lyons said, under similar circumstances, "Why don't you put things to rights?" or "I never saw such girls! If all the house was topsy-turvey, and the floor an inch thick with dirt, you'd never turn over a hand to put things in order," or "go and get the broom this moment, and sweep up the room!" Many, many times, as we have said, had such language been addressed by Mrs. Lyon, under like circumstances, to Julia and her sisters, without producing anything but a grumbling partial execution of her wishes. But now the mild intimidation that the room was in disorder, produced the effect desired—Julia went quickly about the restoring of things to the right places, and in a few minutes order was apparent where confusion reigned before. Little Tommy, whose love of hammering was an incessant annoyance to his mother, ceased his din on her sudden appearance, and for a few moments stood in expectation of a boxed ear; for a time he was puzzled to know the new aspect of affairs. Finding that he was not under the ban as usual, he commenced slapping a stick over the top of an old table, producing a most ear-piercing noise. Instantly Julia said in a low voice to him:

"Don't Tommy, don't do that. You know it makes mother's head ache."

"Does it make your head ache mother?" asked the child curiously and with a pitying tone in his voice, as he came creeping up to his mother's side, and looking at her as if in doubt whether he would be repulsed or not.

"Sometimes it does my son," replied Mrs. Lyon kindly, "and it is always unpleasant. Won't you try to play without making so much noise?"

"Yes, mother, I'll try," answered the little fellow, cheerfully. "But I'll forget sometimes."

He looked earnestly at his mother, as if something else were in his thoughts.

"Well, dear, what else?" said she, encouragingly.

"When I forget, you will tell me, won't you?"

"Yes, love."

"And then I'll stop. But don't scold me, mother, for then I can't stop."

Mrs. Lyon's heart was touched. She caught her breath, and bent her face down to conceal its expression, until it rested on the silken hair of the child.

"Be a good boy, Tommy, and mother will never scold you any more," she gently murmured in his ear.

His arm stole upwards, and they were closely twined about her neck; he pressed his lips tightly against her cheek, thus sealing his part of the contract with a kiss.

How sweet to the mother's taste were those first fruits of self-control. In the effort to govern herself what a power had she acquired. In stilling the tempest of passion in her own bosom she had poured the oil of peace over the storm-fretted hearts of her children.

Only first fruits were these. In all her after days did the mother strive with herself, ere she entered into a contest with the inherited evils of her children, and just so far she was able to overcome evil in them. Often, very often, was self-resistance only a slight effort, but the feeble influence for good that flowed from her words or actions whenever this was so, warned her of error, and prompted a more vigorous self-control.

Need it be said that she had an abundant reward?

A FOX STORY.—The Mound City Emporium tells the following tale about an impertinent fox: "A gentleman residing in Scott county, Missouri, informs us that while he was leisurely riding along the bank of the Mississippi last week, with a half dozen favorite chickens thrown across his saddle-bow, a large fox emerged from the woods and impudently followed him. Thinking Reynard would by himself liable to capture in making off with them, he tossed the Shanghais from his horse. They had scarcely struck the ground before the fox had seized them. Our friend threw himself from his horse, but before he had cleverly alighted the fox, with all six of the fowls, was several feet out in the Mississippi, paddling with an industry worthy of the occasion for the opposite bank of the river. After obtaining his kingdom for some about a dozen times, our friend bestrode his nag and pushed forward, feeling very much like acknowledging that he had been abominably sold."

Adventure in Africa.

BY CAPT. MARRYATT.

I manned my boats and went on shore for the ivory that was left. I found that it would take the whole day to embark it, as we had to go two miles further up the river than the depth of water would permit the vessel to do, for the ivory was in a hut close to the king's house. I sent off four boat loads, and it being then noon, I went off with the fifth myself that I might get my dinner, leaving the second mate to attend on shore, and taking the first mate with me, who messed in the cabin. As we were in the middle of the stream the boat struck against a stump of a tree, as we supposed, and knocked so large a hole in the bows that she began to fill.

I immediately ordered the men to pull for the nearest point, which was on the opposite side of the river, that we might ground the boat to prevent her sinking.

The first mate, who was a very active man, finding that the elephant's teeth prevented his reaching the bow of the boat, and stuffing into it some oakum which he had found in the stern sheets, sounded with the boat hook, and finding that there was not more than three feet of water where we were pulling, jumped over the bows to put the oakum into the hole; but the poor fellow had not been but a few seconds in the water when he gave a shriek, and we perceived that a large shark had snapped him in two.

This was a sad mishap, and the men, terrified, pulled as hard as they could, while two of them bailed out the boat, to gain the shore, for we knew what fate awaited us if we sank in the river. With great exertion we succeeded, running her up among the canes, which grew on the side of the river so thick that it was difficult to force our way through them.

We landed up to our knees in mud, and throwing out the ivory, we found that a whole plank was rent out, and it was impossible to repair our boat; and we were hidden by the canes from those who could have assisted us had they known that we required their assistance, and we had no possible means of communication. At last I thought that I could force my way through the canes to the point down the river, I could hail and make signals for assistance, and, desiring the men to remain by the boat, I set off upon my expedition.

At first I got on pretty well, as there were little paths through the canes, made, as I imagined, by the natives; and although I was up to my knees in thick black mud, I continued to get on pretty fast, but at last the canes grew so thick that I could hardly force my way through them, and it was a work of excessive labor. Still I persevered, expecting each second that I should arrive at the banks of the river and be rewarded for my fatigue; but the more I labored the worse it appeared for me, and at last I became worn out and quite bewildered.

Then I tried to find my way back, and was equally unsuccessful; and I sat down with anything but pleasant thoughts in my mind. I calculated that I had been two hours in making this attempt, and was now quite puzzled how to proceed. I bitterly lamented my rashness, now that it was too late.

Having reposed a little, I resumed my toil, and was again, after an hour's exertion, compelled, from fatigue, to sit down in the deep black mud. Another respite from toil, and another or more of exertion, and I gave myself up for lost. The day was evidently fast closing in, the light overhead was not near so bright as it had been, and I knew that a night passed in the miasma of the cane was death. At last it became darker and darker. There could not be an hour of daylight remaining. I determined upon one more struggle, and recking as I was with perspiration and faint from fatigue, I rose again and was forcing my way through the thickest of the canes, when I heard a deep growl and perceived a large panther not twenty yards from me.

It was on the move as well as I was, attempting to force his way through the thickest of the canes, so as to come to me. I retreated from him as fast as I could, but he gained slowly on me, and my strength was fast exhausting. I thought I heard sounds at a distance, and they became more and more distinct, but what they were, my fear and my struggles probably prevented me from making out. My eyes were fixed upon the fierce animal who was in pursuit of me, and I now thanked God that the canes were so thick and impassable. Still the animal evidently gained ground until it was not more than five yards from me, dashing and springing at the canes, and tearing them aside with his teeth.

The sounds were now nearer, and I made them out to be the howlings of other animals. A moment's pause and I thought it was the baying of dogs, and I thought that I must have arrived close to where the schooner laid, and that I heard the baying of the bloodhounds. At last I could do no more, and I dropped exhausted and almost senseless in the mud. I recollect hearing the crashing of the canes, and then the savage roar, and then yells and growls and struggles, and fierce contention, but I had fainted.

I must now inform the reader that about an hour after I had left the boat, the captain of the slaver was pulling up the river, and was hailed by our men in our long boat. Perceiving them on shore on that side of the river, and that they were in distress, he pulled towards them, and they told him what had happened, and that an hour previous I had left the boat to force my way through the cane brakes, and they had heard nothing of me since.

"Madness!" cried he. "He is a lost man. Stay till I come back from the schooner."

He went back to the schooner, and, taking two of his crew who were negroes and his two bloodhounds into the boat, he returned immediately, and, as soon as he landed, he put the bloodhounds on my track, and sent the negroes on with them. They had followed me in all my windings, for it appeared that I traveled in every direction, and had come up with me just as I had sank with fatigue and exhaustion, and the panther was so close upon me.

The bloodhounds had attacked the panther, and this was the noise which sounded in my ears as I lay stupefied at the mercy of the wild beast. The panther was eventually, although not easily, overcome, and the black men coming up had found me, and borne me in a state of insensibility on board of the Sparrow Hawk. The fever had come on me, and it was not until three weeks afterwards that I recovered my senses, when I learned what I have told to the reader.

ANECDOTE OF ANDREW STEVENSON AND MR. FILLMORE.—The death of the distinguished Virginian statesman, Andrew Stevenson, a short time since, filled the Speaker's chair with characteristic and blended dignity, firmness and courtesy. Mr. Fillmore, a member of the Whig party, rose to make his maiden speech. A set of ill-mannered and rowdy Democrats immediately endeavored to cough him down. Mr. Stevenson, observing the noise and discourtesy, rapped strongly and loudly with the Speaker's hammer, and called, "Order! order!" in a decisive tone, and said, "The honorable member from New York will take his seat until order is restored." Mr. Fillmore accordingly sat down, and on the disturbance being entirely quelled, Mr. Stevenson said, "Order having been restored, the honorable member from New York will proceed with his remarks." Mr. Fillmore, on this intimation, again rose, and gracefully expressed his acknowledgments to the Speaker for his kind interposition, and added, "I am satisfied, Mr. Speaker, that the interruption I experienced did not proceed from the *gentlemen* on the other side of the house." "After that," continued Judge Wayne, "a pin might have been heard to drop while Mr. Fillmore went on with a speech which at once gave him rank among the ablest debaters of the House." Judge Wayne was himself a member of the House at that time, occupying a seat in the immediate vicinity of Mr. Fillmore, and said that, from the foregoing incident, he had imbibed the most favorable impression, which subsequent events only tended to confirm, of one who had afterwards filled with grace and propriety, and with honorable fidelity to the constitution and the Union, the Presidency of the Republic.

A LESSON FOR WIVES.—The following touching simple and sorrowful memorial of his wife was written by one of the greatest statesmen of England—Sir James McIntosh—in a private letter to a friend: "She was a woman," he writes, "who, by tender management of my weaknesses, gradually corrected the most pernicious of them. She became prudent from affection; and though of the most generous nature, she was taught frugality and economy by her love for me. During the most critical period of my life she preserved order in my affairs, from the care of which she relieved me. She gently reclaimed me from dissipation; she propped my weak and irresolute nature; she urged my indolence to all the exertions that have been useful and creditable to me; and she was perpetually at hand to admonish my heedlessness and improvidence. To her I owe whatever I shall be. In her gratitude for my interest, she never for a moment forgot my character. Her feelings were warm and impetuous, but she was placable, tender and constant. Such was she whom I have lost; and I have lost her when a knowledge of her worth had refined my youthful love into friendship—before age had deprived it of much of its original ardor. I seek relief, and I find it in the consolatory opinion that a benevolent Wisdom inflicts the chastisement, as well as bestows the enjoyment of human life; that this dreary and wretched life is not the whole of man; that a being capable of such proficiency in science and virtue is not like the beasts; that there is a dwelling place prepared for the spirits of the just; that the ways of God will yet be vindicated to man."

LOWERING SHIP'S BOATS.—Emigrants and others whose affairs lead them across the sea, will hear with pleasure that the long complained of want of facilities for escaping in the boats in case of need, is at length satisfied. The Oneida, the first of the new line of mail steamers to Australia, which sailed from Southampton on the 18th of October, having Sir H. Barkly, late governor of Victoria, among her passengers, was "fitted with Clifford's newly patented apparatus for lowering and instantly disengaging ships' boats at sea even during the time the vessel is under way. A trial was made as the Oneida was steaming forth. "At the word of command," says the report, "the boat, laden with its entire crew, together with the necessary masts, sparsand gear, was instantly lowered and freed from the ship, at a time when she was in full speed, and with a fall of twenty-six feet from the davit-heads to the water. We hear, and glad we are to hear it, that the Emigration Commissioners make it compulsory on all vessels chartered by them to be fitted with Clifford's apparatus. We only hope they stipulate for a sufficiency of boats. [Chambers' Jour.

Whipping a Lion.

The menagerie was in town. A rare occurrence was an exhibition of wild beasts, lions, tigers, polar bears and ichneumons, in Baltimore, at the early days of which we are writing, yet they came occasionally, and by this time were visited by old Nat Wheatley, a jolly, weather-beaten boatman, well known in Baltimore as an inveterate joker, who never let any get to the windward of him. He was furthermore a stutterer of the first class.

Nat visited the menagerie. As he entered, the showman was stirring up the monkeys and tormenting the lion, giving elaborate descriptions of the various propensities and natural peculiarities of each and all.

"This, ladies and gentlemen, this, I say, is the Affrikin lion. A noble beast he is, ladies and gentlemen, and is called the king of the forest; I have often heard that he makes nothing of devouring young creatures, of every description, when at home in the woods. Certing it is that no other beast can whip him."

"M m-mister," interrupted Wheatley, "d-do you say he c-a-n't be w-whi-whipped?"

"I do," says the man of lions and tigers.

"What w-will you b-b-bet I c-a-n't fetch a critter what'll whip him?"

"I ain't a-bettin' man at all, but I don't object to taking a small bet to that effect."

"I'll b-bet I c-an fetch something that'll whip him. What-a-say you to a h-hundred dollars?"

Now there were several merchants in the crowd who knew Wheatley well, and who were fully convinced that if the bet was made he was sure of winning. So he had no difficulty in finding "backers," one of whom told him he would give him ten gallons of rum if he won. The menagerie man glanced at his lion. There he crouched in his cage, his shaggy mane bristling and his tail sweeping, the very picture of grandeur and majesty. The bribe was tempting, and he felt assured.

"Certing, sir, certing; I have no objection to old Hercules taking a bout with any critur you may fetch."

"Y-y-very w-well," said Nat "it's a bet."

The money was planked, and the next night was designated for the terrible conflict. The news was spread over Baltimore, and at an early hour the boxes of the spacious theater were filled—the pit being cleared for the fray.

Expectation was on tiptoe, and it was with great impatience that the crowd awaited the arrival of Wheatley. He at length emerged, bearing a large bag or sack on his shoulders, which, as he let it fall on the floor, was observed to contain some remarkably hard and heavy substance. The keeper looked on with indignation.

"Where's your animal?" he inquired.

"Th-th-there," said Nat, pointing with his finger at the bag.

"Well, what is it?" asked the man with increased astonishment.

"Th-th-at, l-ladies and gentlemen," said Nat, gesticulating like the showman, "is a wh-wh-whimpamper!"

"A whimbamper?" echoed the keeper. "That's certainly a new feature in zoology and anatomy. A whimbamper! well, let him out and clear the ring, or old Hercules may make a mouthful of both of you."

The keeper was excited. Accordingly Nat shoved the bag, holding the aperture downwards, and out rolled a huge *snapping turtle*, while the cheers and laughter of the audience made the arches ring.

"There he is," said Wheatley, as he tilted the "whimbamper" over with both hands, and set him on his legs. The snapper seemed unconscious of his peril. Wheatley was about leaving the ring when the Keeper cried that his lion should not disgrace himself by fighting such a pitiable foe.

"Very well," said Nat, "if y-y-you ch-choose to give me the h-hundred dollars—"

"But it is unfair!" cried the showman.

The audience interposed and insisted upon the fight. There was no escape, and the showman reluctantly released the lion, making him secure to the top of the cage.

The majestic beast moved slowly around the ring, sniffing and lashing, while every person held his breath in suspense. Lions are beasts, and this one was not long in discovering the turtle which lay on the floor, a large inanimate mass. The lion soon brought his nose in close proximity to it, which the turtle not liking, popped out its head and rolled his eyes, while a sort of wheeze issued forth from his savageous mouth. The lion jumped back, turned, and made a spring at the turtle, which was now fully prepared for his reception. As the lion landed on him, the turtle fastened his terrific jaws on the lion's nostrils, rendering him powerless to do harm; yet with activity to limb he bounded around the circle, growled, roared and lashed himself, but the snapper hung on, seeming to enjoy the ride vastly.

"G-go it, whimbamper!" cried Wheatley from the boxes.

The scene was rich. The showman was no less engaged than the lion. Drawing a pistol, he threatened Nat that if he did not take his turtle off he would shoot him.

"Ta-take him off yourself!" shouted Nat in reply.

At this critical moment, by dint of losing a portion of his nose, the lion shook his dangerous foe from him and clearing the space between himself and the cage with a bound, he slunk quietly in, to chew the cud of his defeat and pain.

It was a fair fight, all declaring that the "whimbamper" was the victor. The next morning he carried his turtle to market and sold him. So this valiant champion, after conquering the king of beasts, served to make a dinner for Baltimore epicures.

GEN. WASHINGTON'S ARTIFICIAL TEETH.—A paragraph stating that Gen. Washington wore artificial teeth, has elicited the following curious statement:

That same set of teeth changed not only the countenance but the character of Washington, as the latter is generally understood. Everybody has noticed the marked difference between the "Stuart" and the "Trumbull" portraits. The latter is by far the most spiritited and martial looking face, yet for some reason or other it has never been the popular favorite. The peculiarity of the Stuart picture is the *wide, unexpressive grandmatherly mouth*, which one sees to this day in all the engravings. But this face was not Washington's, but was an exaggeration, or distortion rather, produced by his artificial teeth, which entirely changed the expression of his countenance, giving it a certain look of maternal benignity that is not found in the Trumbull likeness, painted before the dentist had earned his "five hundred dollars," by a job which though very well in those days, would now be reckoned a bungling piece of workmanship. These facts, though I have not seen them in any biography of Washington, are as well authenticated as his patriotism or consummate generalship. Trumbull and Stuart were accustomed to talk of the matter together, and in the correspondence of the latter there is an allusion to the artificial teeth, and the striking change they made in the appearance of the wearer. It may be owing to the fact that the American people like to contemplate the gentler qualities of Washington rather than the stern and heroic virtues, that they have always considered the dentist's picture as the true one, though, in truth, it is as false as the teeth which distort it. The fault was not Stuart's, who painted his illustrious sitter as he found him; but he had the misfortune to attempt the hero's likeness "in spite of his teeth," and the result was such as might be expected.

PLEASANT COMPLIMENTS.—We find the following in the New York Mirror. It is an excellent specimen of a very thorough style of pen-slashing. We cannot remember of ever before having seen a quiet, gentlemanly editor, like Fuller, "pitch in" so ferociously and to the purpose:

Poor Old Bennett.—The toothless old viper of the Herald, who has been nine times publicly kicked, kaified, kained, Rowbidged and spit upon, and whose mother seems to grow with imbecility and age, is again blurting his vernacular billingsgate at the editors of the Express and Mirror. He can bring no charges against us as journalists or as gentlemen, and so he attacks our business in his usual vulgar strain of lying blackguardism. But among men of sense, Bennett has lost his power to injure his calumnious pen.

Whether it be owing to the fact that the "Daily Times" is daily eating into his circulation, (*tempus edax rerum*) or to the growing expensiveness of his establishment in Paris, or to the increasing irritability of old age, we know not; but the malicious and imbecile drivellings of the Herald indicate a mental condition, arising from a sad disposition, that is truly melancholy to see in such a piece of "grey inutility" as Bennett, now that he is tottering on the verge of three score and ten.

Personally, the exposure of contempt wherever known; editorially, despised by all honest men and feared only by guilty cowards; the betrayer of all political parties and the scorned of all; without a single friend among all his cotemporaries; yet, for I shall be, in her merciful judgment, to be again cowskinned; this poor old bonnet of the press continues to growl and snarl and sputter his dirty blackguardism against the wind, only to have it blown back again in his face. That he is not oftener kicked into the gutter and rolled into the sewer, with other disgusting nuisances, is owing to that natural prudential instinct which leads a gentleman to avoid a personal encounter with a skunk.

SINGULAR NAMES.—The following record of American nomenclature is given in the memorials of William Shattuck, lately published at Boston:

Simon Shattuck, of Fitchburg, named three sons Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego; Abel Shattuck, of Coleraine, named the male of a pair of twins Truman, and the female Truly; this Truman Shattuck named a girl Truly Truman; and Truly Shattuck named a girl Emeline Truly; Moses Shattuck, of Brooklyn, named four sons, since 1800, Asia, Africa, Europe and America. Other odd names in the volume are Al, Pillahasse, Seraph, Sayneda, Sarada and Thisby Athalia.

Mr. Shattuck, in his remarks upon some of these names, says: "Singularity of taste is not peculiar to our family; we once had under our instructions in Detroit, a family whose sons were name One Stickney, Two Stickney, Three Stickney, and whose daughters were named First Stickney, Second Stickney, and so on. The three elder children of a family nearer home, were Joseph, And, Another, and it has been supposed that should they have any more, they might have named them Also, Moreover, Nevertheless and Notwithstanding. Another family actually named their child Finis, supposing it was their last; but they happened afterwards to have a daughter and two sons, whom they called Addenda, Appendix and Supplement."

Clippings.

WANTED.—A female who has a knowledge of fitting boots of a good moral character. We suppose boots of a good moral character means those that are well-soled.

"Dr. Emmons, can you tell me what I am to understand by the soul of man?" "No," was the reply; "I can not tell a man that has'nt got any."

A pompous fellow made a very inadequate offer for a valuable property, and calling the next day for an answer, inquired if the owner had entertained his proposition. "No," replied the other, "your proposition has entertained me."

An auctioneer, speaking to a horse-dealer about the situation of the estate he was to sell in a level neighborhood, said "the country is exceedingly beautiful, and I do so admire a rich flat." "So do I, sir," said the grinning jockey.

When an act passed in Paris that no dog should go at large without a muzzle, a man was brought up for infringing. In defense he alleged that his dog had a muzzle. "How is that?" inquired the Justice. "Oh," said the defendant, "the act does not say whether it should be the dog's own muzzle or a leather muzzle."

If we crave the love of others, we must love them.

Woman's whole life is a history of the affections.

To resuscitate a drowned Englishman, broil a beefsteak under his nose.

If a woman would have the world respect her husband, she must set the example.

No dust affects the eyes like gold dust, and no glasses like brandy glasses.

Nothing is so atrocious as fancy without taste.

Indolence leaves the door of the soul unlocked, and thieves and robbers go in and spoil it of its treasures.

Men and women are extinct—they died about sixty years ago, and left no heirs. Ladies and gentlemen have usurped their places.

In a country paper the marriage of a Mr. Cooper to Miss Staves is announced. The result will probably be barrels.

In Siam the penalty for lying is to have the mouth sewed up. Suppose such a law were in force here, what a number of mutes we would have.

Mr. C——, if you'll get my pants done by Saturday night, I shall be forever indebted to you." "If that's your game, they'll not be done sure," said the tailor.

Idleness is the dead sea that swallows all virtues, and the self-made sepulchre of a living man.

White hair is the chalk with which Time keeps its scores—two, three, or four-score, as the case may be—on man's head.

A jeweler advertises that he has a number of precious stones to dispose of; adding that they sparkle like the tears of a young widow.

A correspondent of the Evening Post wants to know who was the author of these lines:

"Count that day lost whose descending sun
Views from thy hand no worthy action done."

How long did Adam remain in Paradise before he sinned? (asked an amiable wife of her husband.) "Till he got a wife," he replied. "Well, how long did he remain after committing that sin?" she again asked. "Till he was' snaked' out, to be sure, he replied.

It is said that the Sultan is averse to the building of a railroad to Constantinople, lest it should afford too great a facility for the running off his wives, and thus break up his harem.

A young man, member of an evangelical church, advertises in a New York paper for board "in a pious family where his Christian example would be considered a compensation." Very modest, indeed.

"Let us remove temptation from the path of youth," as the frog said as he plunged into the water when he saw a boy pick up a stone.

The quickest way to get up a fourish of horns is to tease a bobtailed bull during fly time. Scores of theatrical orchestras will please notice.

The man who travels on a "train of ideas" will be very apt to know more about the world than he who travels only on a "train of cars."

The best way to expand the chest is to have a large heart inside of it.

Sincerity does not consist of speaking your mind on all occasions, but in doing so when silence would be censurable and falsehood inexcusable.

In order to live justly and be respected, we must abstain from doing that we blame in others.

Whatever we know to be right, that we should do, even though our conduct should meet with reproach and ridicule.

We should not be hasty in forming new friendships, nor in terminating those of long standing.

Let thy mildness excuse thy power; dread to be feared. "Why may the mean not fear nor great despise.

I am pleased with the abode which exhibits nothing superfluous, and where I find everything that is necessary.

Parents may expect from their children the same degree of dutiful behavior as they themselves paid to their own parents.

The best capital that a young man can start with in life is industry, with good sense, courage and the fear of God. They are better than cash, credit, or friends.

Nobility and gentleness go hand in hand, and when I see a young gentleman kind to his mother and gentle and forbearing to his brothers and sisters, I think he has a noble heart.

Schedule of Mails.

NEW ORLEANS POST-OFFICE.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

From 1st November, to 1st June, 1857.

OFFICE HOURS—Week Days, from 7 A. M. to 5 o'clock P. M.; Sundays and Holidays from 9 to 11 o'clock A. M.

EASTERN MAIL—Due daily at 8 A. M.; closes daily at 2½ P. M. for prepaid letters, at 3 P. M. for foreign letters.

LAKE COAST MAIL—Fort Pike, Bay St. Louis, Pass Christian, Mississippi City, Biloxi, Ocean Springs, on Tuesdays and Saturdays at 3 P. M. and Thursdays at 8 A. M.; Pascagoula on Tuesdays and Saturdays at 3 P. M.

CAIRO MAIL—ROUTE 7,803—Supplying