WM. H. JACOBY,

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Every subsequent insertion, . . . One square, three months,

Choice Poetry.

THE LAST WITCH BURNING.

BY WALTER THORNBURY.

At Forfar, June-, 17-, There was a swoon of yellow cloud,
A seud of wind-tossed blue,
A drift of vapor, crimson proud,
Shot purple through and through,
Then a scurl of the grays of a wild dove's
With shifting pearly hue.

At Forlar, onla bright June eve (The sun in blazoned pride,) They led old Elspelh to the stake, Her withered hands both tied; They brought her with a blast of pipes, As men bring home a bride.

The pointing children hooted her, Even the beggar's bitch Bit at her as she trembling went To die—"the poisoning witch."
Patched cloaks flocked with soft scarlet The poor as well as rich.

They struck her as men do a thief, Pelting the blackening mud: Pelting the blackening mud;
They would not stay to file the bridge,
But dragged her through the flood
Old bedrid hags from windows screamed
Longing to drink her blood.

Looking across the fields you saw
Black lines, that widened out,
Of ploughmen running; on the wind
Came curse and groan and shout: But, God! to hear no single sob Or sigh from all that rout!

She masped for mercy. Ask the dog
To spare the strangling life
That in the vixen moans and barks
Deep in the tumbling strife;
Or ask the Indian chief to give
Mercy when blood is rife.

Old Elspeth, with her lean arms crossed Mumbly upon her breast,
Walks paintuily with bleeding feet,
A rope strains round her chest;
Sickly her watery eyes upturn
To the gallows further west

Her coif is off, her ragged hair, Snow-streaked with wintry years, Floats out when any gost of wind Brings billowing storms of cheers: The rolling mob still screech and roar, No bloodshot eye drops tears.

She kissed a Bible,-close she kept The volume to her lips; Oh! then arose a flame of yells As when war's red eclipse Passes. The leaping hangman then Cried out for "stronger whips."

Yet all this time the mounting larks
Saug far from human toil,—
Miles, mites around the ripening corn
Was in the golden boil;
The bee upon the blue flower swings

The bee upon the blue no. With stolid care across the moor The distant death-bell rung.
And drowning it five thousand screamed.
The ribald dirge that's aung.
When the great King Devil has his own,
And another witch is hung.

Twas pitiful to see them bind Those shrunk limbs to the stake r idiot sisters' thankful smile

Approve the pains they take, And all the cruel, mocking care With which the sticks they break A calcined collar round her neck The bare-faced hangman fits, An iron chain around her waist And round her ankles knits, As ready for the fire his man The beach log cleaves and splits.

They thrust the cruel arrowy flame Into the billet heaps,

Its fiery, serpent quivering tongues
Make eager hungry leaps;
The poor old creature stretched her hands
To warm them. No one weeps! The savage tiger fire is lit, A thunder-cloud of smok

A thunder cloud of smoke, In one ribb'd column tall and black, Rose thirty feet, then broke: It blotted out the setting sun As with a burial cloak.

You hear from thickness of the cloud The numble of a prayer, And lo! a shriek, swift, dagger keen Sprang up and stabbed the air, Then just one burning hand that strove To wave and beckon there.

To wave and becken there.

All the come upon the crowd,
As when the softening spring
Breaks up the icy northern seas,
Melting ring after ring:
Then, risang o'er their guilty heads,
The lark sought Heaven's King.
Was it me sinner's pleading soul
That was on to those skies,
High, bigh above the burning light
And sea or brutal eyes,
The storms and addies round the stake
Of brutal will-beast cries.

An hour ago Now but a ring
Of ashes silver white,
And filmy sparks was broke in blooms

Of ashes silver white,
And filmy sparks that broke in blooms
Of fittal scarlet ligh
When scudding winds with fiery gush,
Drove the children let and right.

And chief amongst the starting crowd A child laughed with those bands— She was the maid the hag bewin and Upon the lairds own lands; And when she saw the ash blow red She clapped her little hands.

Thank God, the frightened, cruel folky.
No'er lit that fire again;
None wore that calcined collar more,
With its griping, throttling strain:
Twas a cruel deed, and only sweet
To the bigot's blighted brain.

--Beatley's Miscellany

New York.

ing underneath a shed which has been ghosts to give up. - Express. constructed on deck. Close by the door is the desk of the clerk, who keeps an account of all dogs and puppies received, giving to the persons who bring them checks on the Mayor for their respective amounts. Long before the visitor reaches the pier his ears are saluted by a medley of canine sounds, not by any means melodious as the deep baying of the beagle, while engaged in th chase; but it is not until he is fairly in the enclosure where the animals are kept that he receives the full benefit of the discord Along each side of the shed is a lath, to which on Monday afternoon about two hundred dogs, of all sorts and all conditions, are tastened with ropes; one on the end of the cord being slipped around the neck of each animal. There were the Scotch terrier, the spaniel, the pug, the poodle, the cur-in short there were

"Puppy, mongrel, whelp and hound, And cur of low degree." And they kept up a deafening noise, of yelping, howling, snapping, snarling, yel-ling and barking—from the short, sharp yell of the poodle, to the deep bow-wow of the house dog. There were very tew of any value, while many were decidedly of a Snarleyow character, as far as appearance goes. A pretty large regiment of them might have been collected so mangy and otherwise so objectionable, that a canine Falstaff would have refused to "go through Coventry with them—that's flat."

At the further end of the deck is placed

arge square cistern, with a grating covering it over on the top, in which the dogs are drowned, secundum artum—a very delicate bit of a job, as will be shown in its proper place. Descending in the hold, the visitor enters another kennel of dogs, where sights are to be seen, and noises heard similar to those on deck. It is unnecessary to inform the reader that the effluvia of the entire vessel is by no means ambrosial, particularly those of the cistern, in which a large num-

ber of dogs have been already placed. e arrived for At about 5% o'clock, the tim the execution to commence. Accordingly, a boy stationed himself on the grating upon the cistern, opened a trap door forming a part of the grating, and large enough to admit a good sized dog. A man stood on the step leading to the top of the cistern, for the to severe storms and the character of the purpose of receiving the dogs, which were handed to him one by one, or it. the case of small dogs, by couples. The modus operandi was to first coax the dogs, calling out in a wheedling manner, "Jack, Jack poor fellow!" (poor fellow, indeed!) accompanied by that peculiar sucking of the lips wellknown as the dog language, but which in the present imperfect state of the sci-ences of chicograpy and typography, it is have been formed and finished on a line impossible to delineate upon paper. This exceeding fifty miles so completely that it was rather a Judas like proceeding, but it exceeds in excellence any road I know of was rainer a judas like proceeding, but it is descensed any road I know of the distribution of the united States, whether public or private and long roshort. It is kept in high order, and himself lifted by the "scruff" of the neck and handed to the man on the step, who threw him incontinently into the cistern among his fellow-canines, when the attendant juvenile immediately closed the trap over him. With small dogs this was an easy job, but it was otherwise with the large fellows, and the executioner had to take a purchase by their caudle appendages to pitch them in. There was no offer to bite the men engaged in the work, except in the case of one pug nosed and pugnacious little fellow, with hair as rough and about the collor of a rat, and not much larger than that interesting quadruped. He was determined to die "game" and so showed fight to the last. The man who had to was the three Arabian children; they put catch him went very gingerly to work, and 'em in a firey furnace, heeted seven times at last succeeded in laying hold of him in a

handy part and popping him into limbo. lever a really valuable dog is found he is put aside and kept for sale. While where do you think brethering and sistern, this operation was going on, the man who they put him? Why they put him in a was handing up the dogs, passed a dark caldadronic of bilin' ile, and biled him al colored spaniel, when he who was pitching them into the cistern, and who is evidently a Cockney, to judge by his vernacular, ex-claimed, "Wot you passin' by of that 'ere spected auditories, do you think he was put dorg for, Chariey. He haint worth nothin'," To which Charley replied, that the owner had promised to call for him. He was re-

The last dog-a huge black female, in an interesting condition—had been put in, and the trap was fastened down. And now the yelling was frigthful. A noxious exhalation ose from the packed cistern, and intense heat Long before the water could be applied, the dogs at the bottom must have died from suffocation; for upwards of two hundred dogs of all sizes were packed ut twelve feet square and about seven feet deep. It was a perfect canine hole of Calcutta; and if the mind can conceive of Mayor Tiemann's Sarajah Dowlah, Marshal Stephens, who superintended the whole affair, as the sentry, and the dogs as the British soldiers, (all Christians ate dogs in Mahommendan eyes,) the parallel will be complete.

All being prepared, the hose was run from the plug on the street to the cistern, ago." and the water let in. To those on top the cooling bath must have been a temporary relief and they seemed rather to enjoy it; but it was no to last. The water rose higher,

SPAR OF THEIR MORTHE, The way Dogs are taken in and done for in placed therein, for conveyance to the place where such carrion is usually deposited The dog pound is an old hulk, moored close of the pier at the foot of East Twenty-eighth street. The visitor steps on board by means of a plank, and enters a door lead-

The Road over the Alps.

As this road will soon become famous a the route of the French army from France into Italy, the following description, given by a correspondent of the New York Times, who recently passed over it, will be read

with interest "The road over Mont Cenis is macada nized throughout its whole extent, and is wide and in perfect order, consisting of easy grades. On the top of the mountain the was much snow, but most of it was removed from the road; a work of great labor, as the cuts in some places were ten feet deep, and the snow so compact that its sides wer pendicular. The diligence was several hours in passing through this region of snow, and it was snowing at the time and extremely cold. On Monday and Tuesday of this week it rained hard on the West side of the mountain, and it was feared that the passage of troops was impeded by fresh nows. The journey over the pass is no nice affair, even to one who occupied the protected seats of a comfortable diligence -such was my fortunate position. must it be to soldiers on foot, wet with severe rains, and encumbered with knapsacks and arms ?

"The pass is 6,825 feet high-nearly 300 feet higher than the famous Simplon pass. That of the great St. Bernard, over which Napoleon conducted his army before any road had been formed, is 8,206 feet. The east grades of the Mont Cenis road, and the protection furnished by granite posts on its site muscles of the mouth, in which lie the exterior, within seven or eight feet of each other, firmly planted in the earth, and four the courtenance. In the young, it is perfeet high, indicate that a principal object in thus forming it was the easy and sale haulsuffer severely from the irrepressibility of

I walked for miles over the road, in the ascent from the Sardinian side, and carefully observed its construction. The engineering difficulties were immense, but they have been overcome with such skill that the ascent is uniform and easy in every part. Occasionally a level place is left to afford relief to horses from the wearysomeness of a steady pull. I noticed that the marks of the drill used in blasting were nearly obliterated, the effect of long continued exposure rock, which is a soft limestome. It may be if the history of the road shall ever be lost, that future antiquarians may contend, from the obliteration of all signs of blasting, that at least no great difficulties were encountered in its construction, even if they do not insist that it was formed or, a natural bed. One is struck with wonder that such

"It seemed most appropriate, as this great road was the work of the elder Napoleon, soon after crossing the Alps."

The Voice of the Whang-Doodle.

A 'whang-doodle' preacher wound up a on with this magnificent pero rations

'My brethering and sistern! efa man's fall of religion, you can't hurt him! There hotter then it could be het, and it didn't singe a har on ther heads! And there was John the Evangeler; they put him-and night, and it didn't faze his shell! And there was Daniel; they put him into a lion's spected auditories, do you think he was put into a lion's den for? Why, for praying ering and sistern; I don't think any of you will ever get into a lion's den for a like fence.

A Temperance Story. Deacon Johnson is a great temperand man, and sets a good example of total abstinence as far as he is seen. Not long ago he employed a carpenter to make some alernations in his parlor, and in repairing the corner near the fire place it was found necessary to remove the wainscoting, when lo! a discovery was made that astonished everybody. A brace of decanters, a tumbler and a pitcher, were closely reposing there as if they had stood there from the begining held the blushing bottles, he exclaimed "Ha'll, I declare, that is curious, sure enough. It must be what old Bains left when he went out of this 'ere house 30 years "Perhaps he did" returned the carer must have been friz mighty hard to stay till this time."

'Don't hurry,' exclaimed the man who

Funny People.

As a class, funny people are by no means numerous. Indeed, they are great rarities. So that it is chiefly on the stage that you can see the model men and women of the Boston. Michael is industrious and strives order. The world of real life is dull and hard to turn an honest penny to account can see the model men and women of the dry for rearing the species and preserving whenever, and however, there may be the its originality. It gets soured and crusted slightest prospect of profit. Michael has a with the atmosphere of society, and looses little patch of ground behind his house its specific levity by the requisition of grav-where he supports a few ducks and Chick ity instead. Fun is generally a great favorite—so much so, that even in church, if It hood can always be found on his premises should be met with, it seldom causes a for he never allows himself to be possesse mer it is generally done gravely and seri-ously, as it unconscious the ridicule pig, which after four months petting and about to be excited. The funniest of all people never laugh at their own fun. You never see old Keeley laugh; his wite mer it is generally done gravely and serilaughs, for she wants the same power as he of commanding the countenance, but for coughing and sneezing symptoms, it was that very reason she wants his humor—certainly evident that he had contracted a Keeley looks grave as Bottom, when all the house is roaring with laughter; nor does there appear the slightest effort on his part to restrain his countenance. It was the same with Liston—that cool, in:mitable drol!—who always seemed to be the only person present who was not aware of his

drolleries.

It is chiefly in this perrfect restraint or command of the countenance that the diffi-culty of comic acting consists. It it a rare "Ah gift. Not one man in ten thousand can preserve his countenance unmoved, in the midst of a good-natured voffey of mirth and fun. Anger may de it for him sometimes, when he would rather indulge in it; but that is only another proof of the almost insuperable difficulty of controlling the exquiing of cannon and baggage over the line. laughter, when ludricous ideas are presented to the mind. Young girls, also, when they would be merry and very funny, generally laugh so much when telling funny stories, that it is no easy mat-ter to know what they are saying. A real funster can so surcharge his story with fun that his hearers shall be compell ed to laugh, whether he himself laugh or not, which he seldom does, except for so-ciality and exercise for his lungs. But who has not a real funny genius supplies the want of it by the laughter that nature has ordained to accompany it. If you see a girl telling a story and laughing inordinately at every two or three words, as if she were rather hearing some one recount the tale than recounting it herself, you may be quite sure that that girl has not the genius for telling a funny story, but only the sus-ceptibility for laughing at one.

But if you see two or three young wo men laughing most histerically, and one in the midst of them talking quietly with almost imperturable, but yet good-natured smiling countenance, you want no more evidence—that is a funny firl, the funniest of the bevy. She has got the genius for fun

Causes of Crime-Imperfect Training. The rapid increase of crime, and the de

noralization and carelessness which to frequently prevail in our cities, and large owns and villages, too plainly show the improper training of our young men and our young women also. Says a cotempora-ry—with too much truth—over indulgence s a potent auxiliary to imperfect training Our boys and girls are scarcely out of the swadling clothes ere they are treated as young gentlemen and incipient ladies. er's ferule, they conceive themselves competent to take their places in society. Boys grunter's feet. He died under this double of sixteen talk politics, frequent public dose, and though Michael has never since amusements, smoke cigars, and imbibe in-toxicating fluids. Girls of fourteen or fif-still insists that it was "a mane trick so it teen chatter scandal, are fastidious and ele- | was." gant in the toilet, play the woman, prate of marriage, and converse among themselves about their beaux. Long ere the years of discreation have arrived, both sexes know oo much. Beardless youths are converted into rakish men of the world, and simper ing misses, who ought still to wear pantalets, are thoroughly grounded in the arts to flirtation and coquetry. To anticipate modesty, propriety, moral rectitude, and a sense of religious responsibility from such materials would be about as unreasonable as to expect to find humanity in a tiger courage in a hare, or genius in an idol Seven-eights of the crimes which the press is constantly compelled to record, procee from this fruitful source of misery and vice As long as parents and guardians shrink from the performance of their duty, so long will the evil continue unchecked. It is impossible to plant brambles, and gather ro es. No one can habitually swallow po son with impunity. Children, if surrender ed to the anarchical government of their own bad passions, will necessarily becomricious in youth and depraved in manhood

A cabin boy on board a ship, the cap tain of which was a religous man, was called up to be whipped for some misdemean or. Little Jack went crying and trembling and said to the Capt .- "Pray, sir, will yo short time all was still.

Arts are now brought on the pier, and there," and the side are now brought on the pier, and the side are now brought on the pier, and there."

'Dow't hurry, exclaimed the limit the stern reply. "Well then," replied Jack was going to be hung, to the crowed which followed him, 'there'll be no fun till I get looking up, and smiling triumphantly.—

I'll say them when I get ashore." wait till I say my prayers?" "Yes," was the stern reply. "Well then,"replied Jack

How Mike Fagan Doctored His Pig.

Mr. Michael Fagan is a very worthy repsentative from "Green Eric," residing i a small dwelling in a small village near With some this funny propensity of more than a single dozen at any time be is natural and unaffected—with others it is fore disposing of them. In addition to his artificial, aiming at effect. With the for-

But Michael's pig took sick, and from his

very bad cold. Close by the residence of this honest Hibernian, there dwells the village physician, a kind hearted man, and very skillful, whose practice is none of the largest. As Michael stood at the gate, ruminating upon own absurdities, or amused by his own the chances in favor of his favorite pork er, and observing the doctor, he hailed with: "The top uv the mornin' to ye doc

"Ah, Michael, how are you?" "It's very well I am meself docthur-but erhaps ye'll be tellin' a poor man what he'd be after doin' for his pig; ahone! ahone!

he's very sick, docthur." "Pig," exclaimed the doctor with a smile, What pig, Michael, and what's the mat-"Sure he's very bad indade, so he is. A

owled, docthur, shneezin' and barken the head off him and divil blasht the thing I can "Well, really, Michael, I can't say, I'm

not a pig doctor !" "Sure it's meself that knows that. But if

t was a gosspon instead uv the darlin crayther what would I be after doing wid him for the cowld he has ?" "Weil." continued the doctor, consider

ately, "were it a child, Michael, perhaps should reccommend a mustard poultice to his back, and his feet put in hot water." "It'e meself that's obliged to ye, docthur be dad I am," responded Mike, as the phy sician passed slong, and he entered his

"Biddy !" he added, addressing his wife, "we'll cure the pig, so we will." In a short time the porker was invested in a strong mustard plaster from his tail to his ears. Notwithstanding his struggles, and his wheezings, and torture from the action

of the unyielding plaster, a tub of almost oiling water was prepared, and into it poor piggy was soused above his knees The result may easily be conceived. Next morning, bright and early, Michael ood at the gate once more, awaiting the

oming of the doctor, who soon made his appearance. Good morning, Mike, how does the pig

"O, be gorrah, docthur! it was mighty ncivil in ye to be trating a neighbor in that way, so it was."
"Why, what is the matter, what has hap-

ened, Michael." "Happened is it, I put the powltice on the pig, so I did, an' he squealed murther, an' be dad it's no wonder, for the wul roll'd off his back from head to tail."

"Didn't I put the pig's feet in hot wather as ye towled me, an' be jabers the hoofs tumbled off uv him intirely !"

Poor Mike spoke truly. Through his ignorance he had blistered off the bristles, curred some five miles above Louisville, ed her poor benighted eyeballs towards the

Indian Anecdote. Sequashequash, an Indian of the remains of a tribe in Connecticut, was some years without exciting any suspicion as to be since brought before a justice of the pace on some charge or other, which I do not from the temple of justice, after the exami time, and instead of answering directly to the question put by the justice, merely mut cifully with the whip. He made good time tered out :— Your honor is very—very wise
—very wise—y-y-your honor is very wise,
chagrin he found the horse unhitched, and

Being unable to get any other answer rom him, the justice ordered him to be locked up till the next day, when John was brought before him perfectly sober.

'Why, John,' said the justice, you was as drunk as a beast yesterday. When I asked you any questions, the only answe you made was—'Your honor's very wise very wise.'
'Did I call your honor wise! said the In-

lian with a look of incredulity. 'Yes,' answered the magistrate. 'Then,' replied John, 'I must have been drunk, sure enough.'

'Miss Brown, I have been to learn how to tell fortunes,' said a young man to a bru-nette. 'Just give we your hand if you please.'

La, Mr. White, how sudden you are

Well, go ask pa.' his good intention has not yet sprouted.

AN OYSTER SUPPER

Gently stir and rake the fire, Put the oysters on to roast,
'Duck Creek planted' I desire,
They're the kind that please me most
As the odor strikes my nose,
My appetites much keener grows.

" On the plate now see them lie, In the gravy plum p and fat! Finger 'fish' ne'er met my eye' Nor an op'ning rich as that! Let me season to the taste, With pepper, salt, etc.-haste

"The cloth upon the table spread Now knife and fork as quietly go With butter fresh and toasted brea i'll have a feast unread of yet; While pony brandy and segars Will set me up beyond the stars."

Oceasions of Death.

They are everywhere! No path is shelered from them; no business; no mode o life is secure from their invasion. We walk amid them, lie down amid them, labor, rest eat and steep amid them. Abroad they beset our goings. Do we go forth in th morning to the day's labor ?-we may no reach the field or the shop. Do we homeward from our place of business ?we may be seized with death pangs on the street. Do we stroll out musingly at even ing twilight, by field or streamlet ?-deat accompanies us. The poor man's cottage may be proudly called his citadel, which no human authority nor civil force can rightfully enter; yet the messenger of the King of Terrors lurk in every corner, and mortal diseases brood over the generous board, the blazing hearthstone, and the

sleeping couch.
We never get beyond this deadly immi-We are not like a mariner passing by Hell's Gate, with smooth, safe water just ahead. Our whole life is a voyage through a narrow strait, hemmed in with socks and whirlpools. It has been said of life, that it is not a path tending to a precipice in the distance, but a path lying along the edge of an abyss, and that each advancing step may be the fatal leap. Cast your eye on yonder mountain. See that frightful precipiece, which frowns along its jagged side as far as the eye can reach .-Many an ill-fated wanderer upon those dizzy heights, has toppled, and gone shrieking down into the deep gorges below. As you look, a huge rock, loosening from the mountain top, thunders down, and startles the quiet of that deep abyss with its tremendous crash. Look upward again! Along the crumbling edge of that precipice you perceive a narrow path; and with shivering sensation, you discover that human beings are crowding along that mountain tootway. Age creeps on with its staff, youth rushed forward, the cripple hobbles along, the mother goes there, and her child by her side. You are surprised to find, that, with the exceptions of one here and there, those way-farers seem to be entirely ignorant of their perilous situation. They march on as securely as though there was no abyss own State. within a thousand miles. Often they stagge on the brink, and—

"Their heedless feet from under Slips the crumbling brink."

But with a bound and a shout, they dance

along. Your impulse is to cry out "Stop! stop!" But in vain! Your voice could not reach those giddy heights. See! one hapless creature fall! Those near by are arrested by the sudden plunge, and they seem for a moment to be sensible of their danger but next moment they rush on heedless, as before. Soon another sinks; and as one after another, in rapid succession, goes headlong down, the eager crowd press on, unaffected by the catastrophe. Such is a picture of life, of death, and of

human blindness !- A.

EXPLOIT OF A KENTUCKY LADY .- The Louisville Journal relates a 'rich affair' which oc-Kentucky lady severely whipped her husband whom she had discarded. Both parties being present at a trial before a justice of the peace, she secretly ordered her ne-gro boy to unhitch the horse attached to the buggy in which the husband had come, so as to prevent his escape, and having got hold of the whip of Deputy Sheriff Hite, collect. John happened to be drunk at the nation of the trial. As soon as he stepped returning still pursued by her, he called upon the officers for protection. She pro tested against any interference, remarking that he had a set of teeth in his mouth that were paid for by her, and she wanted to ge

> Love.-An old writer says that love i like the small pox-a man never experiences it but once. To continue the figure would it not be safer for young men to un dergo a process similar to vaccination, rath er than take the disease in the natural way, that is, to fall in love with a woman from books and description, rather, than from ac tural intercourse with the world-to admire her in the abstract, not in the reality? Thus a large proportion of foolish love scrapes, ore foolish marriages might, perhaps be prevented.

"Pooh ! pooh !" said a wife to her ex-The man who has planted himself on parting words, "don't stop to talk, go on with your dying."

A Yankee at a Court in the Lower Regions.

The Court was sitting, and business seemed to carried on with a dispatch quite unknow to our "upper" tribunals. Presently one of the Constables called out

"Virgil Hoskins! Virgil Hoskins! "Here !" answers a yankee pedler, quak-

Rhadamanthus was settled with a great number of huge account books before him 'Virgil Hoskins is your name, is it ?" said "here it is among the H's, pp 49,358; ah, Virgil, there is a terrible long against you. Let's see a few of the charges :

Virgil Hoskins, Dr.

June 27, 18—: To selling in the course of one peddling expedition, 497,368 wooden nutmegs, 281,532 Spanish segars i oak leaves, and 647 wooden clocks.

"What do you say to that charge, Hos-

Hoskins-"Say to it? Why, that was counted in our place, abeout the greatest peddlin' trip that ever was made over the Rhadamanthus-"June 29, 18-: To steal-

ing an old grindstone, covering it over with cotton cloth, smearing it over with butter,

Hoskins (in great surprise)-"Jimminy ! ou wouldn't punish a man for that, would

Rhadamanthus-"December 13, 1780 :-To making a counterfeit dollar out of pewer, when you were six years old, and cheating your own father with it."

Hoskins—"My parent was real glad when he found it cout; he said it showed I had a enus."

Rhadamanthus-"To taking a worn out pair of shoes, which you had found on the road, and selling them to an old lady, as being the actual shoes of St Paul ?

Hoskins (with exultation)-I made four dollars and twelve-and-a-half cents by tha Rhadamanthus-" July 2, 18-: To taking

an old empty gold watch case, putting a live cricket into it, and then selling it as a pat ent lever in full motion."

Hoskins—"He! he! he!—wal, that was

ne of the cutest tricks I ever played in all my life !" Rhadamanthus—"It would occupy me a

week, Hoskins, to go through all the charges against you you. I really am getting entirely out of patience with New England, for it gives me more trouble than all the rest of the world put together. You are sentenced to be thrown into a lake of boiling molasses, where nearly all your countrymen already are, with that same old gindstone tied to your neck."

After the Yankee had been thus disposed of, there were a few other cases. Among the rest an old Virginian was condemned for fishing on Sunday; a Kentuckian for horse stealing; a Georgian for hard swear-ing; and a south Carolinian for taking part

BLIND GIRL-POWER OF THE BIBLE .- A little girl had been attacked with a severe pain in the head, which ended in blindness She was taken to an emment occulist, who pronounced her incurable. She wished to know what the doctor said about her state and her mother told her. 'What mother! exclaimed the child 'am I never to see the sun, nor the beautiful field, nor you my dear mother, nor my father? O! how shall I bear it!' She wrung her hands, and wept bitterly. Nothing seemed to yield her the slightest comfort till her mother taking a pocket bible from the table, placed inquired the desolate little girl. 'It is the Bible, my child.' Immediately a score of its most consolatory passages presented themselves to her mind. She paused, turnon her countenance and then, as if filled with the Holy Spirit, breathed impassioned, but scarcely audible whisper - Thy will be done on earth as it is done

ROLLING OFF A LOG.—An editor out West, being deserted by his printers, who were on a strike, was compelled to turn into the office himself. In his next week's paper appeared a graphic account of the circumstances, composed by the editor's 'own fair finger,'s conluding with the words—'Task of the sublime arT of Printing; bless out soul ? it's as oAs as roLling of a 103.

A LESSON IN ARITHMETIC.-Teac John suppose I was to shoot at a tree with five birds on it, and kill three, how many would be left!

Teacher.-No, two would be left you ig-John.—No there wouldn't though—the

three shot would be left, and the other two would be flied away.

Teacher.-Take your seat, John

A hunrgry Scotchman took a raw egg, e shell, and was raising it to his mouth, when his ear was suddenly saluted by the the shrill pipe of an unborn chicken. "Ye speak too late," cried Swaney and down went the pullet, feathers and all.

CURE FOR WARTS AND CORNS,-the bark strong vinegar and applied to the parts, will remove all corns or excrescenses en any part of the body.