THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY.

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Poetry.

☞ Capitally done in the following negro melody from the Knickerbocker. If any one objects to it on account of the "color" of the language, he certainly cannot fail to laugh at the imagery:

Dark dark de night, and was the moon,
Nè star but one am peeping;
De lost-owl sings de same old tune,
And troo de woods I'm creeping.
"Boo-hoo! hoo!"—who car' for dat?
You good for nottin' feddered cat!
Dis niggar keep on singin';
He sing and on the banjo play,
To charm the goblum ghosts away,
While skunk he sweets am flinging;
Troo de woods—push along,
Never fear the boog-a-boo;
Troo de woods—dat's the song,
Gallus son of Ginger Blue.

De whip-um-will squat on the stone,
Trows music from his fiddle;
De dancin' frogs all swash-a down
Outside and up the middle;
What's dat? what's dat dis niggar's eyes
Displore with mighty big surprise,
Up the gum tree swinging?
'Tam massa possum at his ease,
Rocked in de cradle ob de breeze,
And listening to de singing.
Troo de woods—push along,
Never mind the possum too,
Troo de woods—dats the song,
Fearless son of Ginger Blue!

De moon's gwine down—pitch dark the night,
Cold, cold de dew am falling;
I fear dis darkey see a sight
Dat set him wool a crawling:
Who dar'l who dar'l—a goblum cuss'd;
'Peak! or dis minstrum's banjo bust!
'Peak and dyself unrabb'l!
'Peak goblum, 'peak! but wher'r or no,
Dis minstrum drap his ole banjo,
And try a *little* trabb'l!
Troo de woods—cut along—
Furder back you boog-a-boo!
Troo the woods—drap de song—
Nimble child of Ginger Blue!

A Select Tale.

How Bob Bolter's Prisoner Escaped.

Bob Bolter (as he has been familiarly termed in the Police Department for many years—he is now a resigned member, choosing neither to wear his red nor the white rose of the Plantagenet Commissioners) loves to take a quiet "drop" into my easy chair in the little studdy, and with a Romano cigar in one corner of his mouth, play narrator from the other side.

We were talking last week about the queer manner in which the French jail-bird, "parrot," got away from the Marshall, and I had irreverently sneered at the latter, when "Bob" cried, "Be easy, my boy! your prisoner *will* escape despite your best vigilance; so listen.

"Several years ago I had with much difficulty arrested a clerk of a leading jewelry store, who for a long time had not only successfully purloined from his employers, but had successfully diverted suspicion from himself. He made no confessions when apprehended and was very sullen; but I got facts enough to give me a clew that the property he had taken was sold to the Ehrwitz Brothers, who for a series of years had defied by their *finesse* all the exertions of police and magistrates. After commitment he was "habeas corpused"—plague on these bothersome writs! Instead of being helps to justice, as in olden times, they have got to be mischievous, and oftentimes—as in the case I now speak of—mere dodges to help an escape Being somewhat his criminal guardian, I was elected to care for him on his way to the judge's chambers and back again. The argument over, he was remanded; "for the liberty of the subject," as the counselor with much boldness contended.

"Just by Pearl Street in Centre, as we were going to the Tombs, two intensely scoundrelified fellows came along, and quick as lightning seized me by the arm, and just as quickly my prisoner cut and ran towards Elm Street. The thing was so bold and audacious I was for a moment paralyzed, and they held tightly, too, I assure you. In an instant there was a rush. "Help me," I cried, "I am an officer." The crowd came closer; the men collared me. One said, "I'll get an officer;" the other cried, "Oh, the fellow's drunk," and off they went, everybody laughing like mad, and coming closer around me. "Don't be so affectionate," said I, "let me out of this;" and I made a lunge at a big fellow, and down he went. At this another struck me, and I saw at once that the whole thing, rescue, crowd and all, must be a premeditated dodge of the "Brothers" aforesaid, who were protecting a pal, and had well watched the opportunity.

"My bird was gone, and bowling my watch, I said to myself, "Very well, gentlemen, you think I don't know you, but for all that, however, I'll have both you and the prisoner tighter than the kettle thinks at quarterage, or I'll resign my office."

"Slinking away, I went immediately to the office of an evening paper, and wrote a little bit of intelligence that——had escaped and was probably on his way to Philadelphia, and that Officer Bolter would take the afternoon train in pursuit. All a blind, of course. From there I instantly went to the store of a leading jeweler and told my story. He commiserated. "Now," said I, if you want to pity and aid me, lend me two diamond rings, four or five watches, and a case of chains. I pledge my word they shall be back to-morrow." "Decoys?" said he laughingly. "Just so," I returned; for he and I had served each other before. I left with my booty, saying as I did so, "If you see in the paper that you have been robbed, tip the wink and humor it, you know." He laughed, and off I bolted again to the newspaper office, and fortunately got there just as it was going to press. It was but the work of a moment to write a few lines speaking of a daring larceny in a jewelry store that morning, bold plunderers, etc., etc., etc., which coupled with the escape, made the fourth edition of the paper a highly epicy issue. From there I went to the house of a particular partner in our police business.—I told him at twelve o'clock precisely to be at No.——,——Avenue, with eight or ten men, and come in and make search. "That is Ehrwitz's den," says he, "they're cunning; there'll be nothing found; we've tried that before." Never you mind," I rejoined, "*this* time I'll be there before you learn the mysteries." With a sigh of delighted recognition—for he loved a bit of excitement—we separated, he to pick his fellows, and I to put into my traveling bag the costume of a jaunty English cracksman, which had once before served as a good disguise—the sandy wig and whiskers, and check cravat were perfectly irresistible.

"By six o'clock, bag in hand, I was on board of the Jersey ferry-boat. Said I to myself, 'Bob, my boy, somebody interested has seen that piece in the paper, and is watching to see if you go Now you must find out who that somebody is.' Looking around over the crowd carelessly, it was sometime before I could venture a conjecture; but finally I lit upon a certain demur-looking person as the spy. So to try him with a bit of a bait, I pulls out a stale telegraphic dispatch, and holding it so he could see what it was, scanned it carefully with one eye, while with the other I peered over at him. He nibbled, and shortly edged toward my position. I was almost sure, and only wanted a grain more into the scale to lose the doubt. So taking a favorable turn in the 'voyage,' I made over to him and said, "Have you an evening paper? I omitted to buy one. 'No, Sir,' said he; 'but you'll get one at the depot, I think I then pulled out my Philadelphia ticket, so as to carelessly show it—caught his eyes looking anxiously at it, and felt more convinced. But when just as getting in the cars, I saw him whisper to another parsonish cove, and they both looked at me, I was sure of the spy; But, to my chagrin, he got on the cars and sat near me. I may be balked yet, I thought for perhaps he is to follow me through! You may believe I was much relieved when he got off at Newark, where I had intended to stop, and so compel me to go on to New Brunswick. I had just twenty minutes to spare before the return train came by. I jumped for the hotel, where I was known—applied and got a room—and in ten minutes was the English cracksman! My own clothes were put into the carpet-bag, and in a short time more I was back again for the city. At Newark my parson spy got in, and now I felt that I was right to a perfect certainty. Fortunately I had checked my bag, and it could lay until called for. So, unincumbered, I could operate with him as I chose I took a bold position and sat down by him. We got into conversation. Presently I leaned over, and whispered meaningly, 'don't be fly—I know you—you are Jack Simpson' (giving him the bold name of a bold pickpocket). He started and then said, 'Sir, do you wish to insult me? I am the Rev. Mr. Jones.' 'Ah! rejoined I, with my finger to my nose, 'and you preach for Moses Ehrwitz, the Polish fence, believe?' He looked alarmed. "Don't be afraid,' said I; 'I am Bob Mazy, the Liverpool fakir But since *you* are afraid to trust me, I will trust you. This very morning I took this jewelry (producing the loaned articles.) 'and was on my way to Philadelphia, when who should be on board but Bob Bolter. So I took return train from New Brunswick! In an instant he took my hand with a meaning pressure, and told me who he was, and how nicely he had been watching the same officer, and how cleverly he was diddled, going off after his escaped prisoner. And then he laughed merrily; and, egad, I laughed too; but I leave you to judge who had the best of the joke!

"Joke, Sir! He was no sooner at Jersey City than I seized the constable, who is always about the place, whispered a word to him as to who I was, and then we both had our parson friend by the elbows, and took him, as snugly as you please, and half frightened to death, into the Treasurer's little office. He had told me his name in the cars, and I had immediately perceived he was a very excellent cracksman, and a man whom we had long wanted. It was but a moment's work to undeceive him, to cow him, and to get a clean breast of all I wanted after a promise to let him go for his information. My friend the constable was to keep him until morning, when, I was to return and let him off.

"Armed with excellent information, I was soon on the New York side, and calling a carriage, rode within a block of the Ehrwitz Brothers. Down stairs they kept a store, but up stairs I was satisfied they kept a regular crib, merely using the counting-room as a blind, and a place in which to shove off articles that from their common use could not be well identified. They were just closing the store as I went in and asked for the elder. He made his appearance I told him I wanted some private conversation. At this moment (it was now half-past eleven o'clock) my partner entered, most capitally disgusied as a countryman, to make a pretended purchase and reconnoitre, and a meaning glance passed between us. He said out very loudly, 'Talk away, mine friend, I'sh got no private place but dish—talk away.' I whispered in his ear the name of the fellow who was then in durance vile in Jersey City. He started, and led the way up stairs. "Vot of *him*?" said he, as he got up stairs. "Why just this," I answered, putting on a bold way—"I met him on the Jersey cars watching Bob Bolter, who stopped a little journey I was taking, and I turned around with this little swag"—and I produced the jewelry—some I pulled this morning, and our friend said I could'nt do better than to sell it to you. I suppose it's worth fifty dollars or so." His caution in an instant succumbed to his avarice, and he took me into the third story, where he locked the door. "Since you've made a clean bosom to me," I can trust you mine fellow—for we are alone—you can never betray me—for dere is no coroberashun, and dat is where we are safe with you gentlemen! You did the little matter well; I read in ze paper." Saying this, and smothering a vulgar chuckle, he touched a little spring in the wall, and the false wainscot moved disclosing a space of two feet behind. I was almost thrown off my guard with joy, for I saw that the whole villainy would be shortly at my disposal! From the recess he took a little box, and in it I saw much of the jewelry that I knew was taken by my escaped prisoner. But where is *he!* If I did not get *him*, however else I might succeed, I was not to be satisfied. I therefore angled for information, "Bob Bolter I see has gone after the fellow who ran away so cleverly," said I. "All mine work," he returned, "for I always protect my friends—mine true friends—but the "copper" (slang for officer) will get ze toss up for his pains—ze bird is in dis carriage," and he pointed with his thumb up stairs I could now scarcely conceal my delight. My heart thumped like a mill-wheel, and the sweat poured from my body into my very stockings. He counted out his money (thinking, no doubt what a fool I was,) and just shut the wainscot when the church clock hard by struck twelve.

"In a few minutes a noise was heard in the hall. My heart thumped louder. The old rascal was a little flurried, but only for a minute, when unlocking the door he said, "perhaps a visit from the police—dey will not let an old man be (here he tipped a wink) and often incommode.—You (another wink) are an English pedlar, you know, and—here his hints were cut short as the door opened and in came our force, headed by the younger brother, who said. "It is no use—all is the same as when you were last here."

"All is not the same," cried I snatching off my wig. Down on the floor dropped the old rascal, as I touched the spring and open came the wainscot!

"up stairs in a curious closet I found my prisoner, and altogether we recovered about eight thousand dollars worth of stolen goods. My first prisoner and my others are now enjoying the country air at Sing-sing; and there was a fine sing-sing on my own account the next day I assure you."

☞ A Dutchman in Pennsylvania, troubled with a balky poney, tells the following story of how he manages him:

"I hitch him to de cart mit his dall ver his heat ought to be; den I gife him apout so a tozen cuts mit a hitecow; he starts to go, but so soon as he see to cart before him he makes packwards. Burdy soon he stumbles pehind unt sits town on his haunches, und looks like he veel burdy shamed mit himself. Den I dakes him out, hitch him the right vay, ant he goes right off shust so goot as any pody's bony."

☞ Scene—The crowded deck of an American packet from California;

California to Skipper—"I should like a sleeping birth, now, if you please."

Skipper—"Why, where have you been sleeping for the last two weeks since we left California?"

California—"Wall, I've been sleeping on the top of a sick man, but he's got better, now and he says I got to move my boots."

☞ An Irish servant was requested by a lady to go to a clothing store and obtain a "bed-comforter" for her. In about an hour afterward she returned with one of the clerks,

Paying an Old Debt.

A merchant very extensively engaged in commerce, and located upon the Long Wharf, Boston, died intestate, February 18th, 1802, at the age of seventy-five. After his death, a package of very considerable size was found carefully tied up and labeled as follows:

"Notes, due bills and accounts against sundry persons down along shore. Some of them may be got by suit and severe dunning. But the people are poor; most of them have had fishermen's luck. My children will do as they think best. Perhaps they will think, with me, that it is best to burn this package entire."

About a month after he died, the sons met together, when the elder brother, the administrator, produced the packet, and read the superscription, and asked what course should be taken in regard to it. Another brother, a few years younger than the eldest, a man of strong impulsive temperament, unable, at that moment, to express his feelings by words, while he brushed the tears from his eyes with one hand, by a spasmodic jerk of the other toward the fire-place, indicated his wish to have the packet put into the flames. It was suggested by another brother, that it might be well first to make a list of the debtor's names, and of the dates and amounts, that they be enabled, as the intended discharge was for all, to inform such as might offer payment, that their debts were forgiven. On the following day they again assembled and the list had been prepared, and all the notes, due-bills and accounts, which, including interest amounted to thirty thousand dollars, were committed to the flames.

It was about four months after our fathers's death, continued my informant, in the month of June, that I was sitting in my eldest brother's office, waiting for an opportunity to speak with him, when there came in a hard favored, little old man, who looked as if time and rough weather had been to the windward of him for seventy years. He asked if my brother was not the executor. My brother replied that he was administrator, as our father died intestate.

"Well," said the stranger, "I have come up from the Cape, to pay a debt I owed the old gentleman."

My brother requested him to take a seat, he being at the desk. The old man sat down, and putting on his glasses, drew out a very ancient pocket book and began to count over his money.

When he had finished, as he sat waiting his turn, slowly twirling his thumbs, with his old gray, meditative eyes upon the floor, he sighed, and I knew the money as the phrase runs, come hard, and secretly wished that the old man's name might be found on the forgiving list. My brother was soon at leisure, and asked him the usual questions, his name, residence, &c. The original debt was four hundred and forty dollars. It had stood a long time, and with the interest had amounted to between seven and eight hundred dollars My brother went to his desk, and after examining the forgiven list attentively, a sudden smile lit upon his countenance, and told me the truth at a single glance. The old man's name was there. My brother quietly took a chair by his side, and conversation occured between them which I never shall forget.

"Your note outlawed," said he; "It was dated twelve years ago, payable in two years; there is no witness, and interest has never been paid; you are not bound to pay this note; we can never recover this amount."

"Sir," said the old man, "I wish to pay it. It is the only debt I have in the world. It may be outlawed *here*, but I have no child, and my old woman and I hope we have made our peace with God, and I wish to do so with man. I should like to pay it." And he laid the bank notes before my brother, requesting him to count them over.

"I cannot take the money," said my brother. The old man became alarmed. "I have cast simple interest for twelve years, and counted it all over," said he. "I will pay you compound interest, if you require it. The debt ought to have been paid long ago; but your father was very indulgent—he knew I'd been unlucky and he told me not to worry about it."

My brother then properly set the matter before him, and taking the bank bills he returned them to the old man's pocket-book, telling him that, although our father left no formal will, he had recommended to his children to destroy certain notes, due bills, and other evidences of debt, and release those who might be legally bound to pay them.

For a moment the worthy old man appeared to be stupefied, After he had collected himself, and wiping the tears from his eyes, he said: "From the time I heard of your father's death, I have raked and scraped, pinched and spared, to get the money together for the payment of the debt About ten days ago, I made up the sum within twenty-five dollars. My wife knew how much the payment of this debt lay on my spirits, and advised me to sell a cow and make up the difference, and get the heavy burden off my mind. I did so; and now what will my old woman say! I must go back to the Cape and tell her this good news. She'll probably repeat the very words she used when she put her hand on my shoulder as we parted—'I have never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread."

Giving each of us a shake of the hand, and a blessing on our old father's memory, he went on his way rejoicing.

After a short silence, taking his pencil and making a cast—"There," said my brother, "your part of the amount would be so much. Contrive a plan to convey me your share of the pleasure derived from this operation, and the money is at your service."

Such is the simple tale, which I have told as it was told me. To add the evident moral, would be an insult to the reader.

KIT CARSON.

A New Mexico correspondent of the Washington Union gives the following account of this distinguished mountaineer and frontiersman:

I this day had the pleasure of seeing and conversing with the far-famed Kit Carson. He is a mild, pleasant man in the expression of his face, and one would never suspect him of having led the life of daring and adventure which distinguish him. He is refined in his manner, and very polite in his intercourse; his conversation is marked by great earnestness, and his language appropriate and well chosen, though not pronounced with correctness. He has a strong mind, and everything he says is pointed and practical, except when indulging in a vein of humor, which is not unfrequent. No one can converse with him an hour without being favorably impressed; he has a jovial, honest, open countenance, and a kindness of heart almost feminine. He is universally beloved here, and a favorite with all classes, Indians included. He never alludes to his career as an adventurer unless questioned relative to it. He is heavy-framed and weighs about one hundred and seventy pounds. He is forty-eight years old, but does not look to be more than thirty-five. He came to this country in 1827, having run off from his employer, near Booneville, Missouri, to whom he was apprenticed to learn the saddler's trade. The facts of his life are now in the possession of Washington Irving, and will doubtless be thrown into the form of a book during the coming winter. He is a strong State rights Democrat.

FIFTY YEARS HENCE.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Clarke delivered a lecture in Cambridge on Tuesday evening of last week, taking for his subject "Fifty Years Hence." From a sketch in the Cambridge Chronicle, we take the following extract:

"Fifty years hence the married pair will step into an emporium for the sale of houses, look over the book of patterns, select one to suit their taste and means, order it and it will be sent home in the morning, put together and occupied at night.

"In travelling, as great changes will take place, instead of the dusty road and crowded car, there will be a splendid Locomotive Hotel, flying over a road carpeted with turf and bordered with shade trees, and heralding its approach with sweet music, instead of the demoniac shriek of the steam whistle, and labelled, 'Through from Boston to San Francisco in four days."

"Instead of the unsightly telegraph poles, there will be, fifty years hence, a net-work under ground, and under the bosom of the deep, and it will click of thoughts instead of words. Then the Electric Battery will light the street lamps at once, enable all the clocks in the city to keep exact time, and kindle the beacons on the dangerous rocks, where now men hazard their lives and wear out their lonely days

"Then the author will not write by our slow process, losing his rarest fancies but he will sit down to the newest invented Chirographical instrument, and putting his fingers on the keys write as fast as he can think."

The October Elections.

This month will be interesting politically. Elections were held in the following States and Territories on Monday, the 5th inst.:

Georgia elects a Governor and eight members of Congress. The Democratic candidate for Governor is Joseph C. Brown; and the American, Benjamin H. Hill. The Americans make no opposition in three of the Congressional Districts. The election of a Democratic Governor and of an entire Democratic Delegation to Congress, is anticipated.

Florida also elects a Governor, a State Legislature, and two members of Congress. As the Democrats are largely in the ascendant in that State, it is not to be expected that they will fail of success.

Kansas elects a Territorial Legislature, County Officers, and a Delegate to Congress. The Democratic candidate for the latter office is Mr. Ransom, ex-Governor of Michigan; and the Republican, Matthew J. Parrott.

The following elections were held on Tuesday, the 13th instant:

Ohio elects a Governor, Lieutenant Governor, Secretary of State, Treasurer of State, one Supreme Judge, one member of the Board of Public Works, members of the State Legislature and County Officers. The people will also decide at the same time, whether they will adopt the charter of the Bank of Ohio, and Branches proposed by the last Legislature, and all or any of the Amendments to the Constitution submitted by the same body.

Pennsylvania elects a Governor, a Legislature and other State officers, Gen. Wm. F. Packard is the Democratic candidate for Governor, and Hon. David Wilmot of "Wilmot Proviso" memory, the Republican candidate. Both parties, we believe, anticipate success.

Iowa elects a Governor, a Lieutenant Governor (an office created by her new Constitution) and a Legislature. The new Constitution of the State recently adopted by the people, changes the State election from August to the second Tuesday in October. B M. Samuels is the Democratic candidate for Governor; and R. P. Lowe, the Republican. The Democrats have nominated George Gillespie for Lieutenant Governor, and the Republicans, Orin Faville. Quite a spirited contest, we learn, is going on, and the vote is likely to be a close one between the two chief contending parties.

Minnesota votes on the State Constitution submitted by the Convention recently assembled, and elects State officers and three members of Congress pursuant to the State Constitution, and also a delegate to Congress to serve, at the ensuing session, until Minnesota is admitted as a State. Both the Democratic and Republican parties are active, and it is doubtful which will carry the election.

Search for Happiness.

A wealthy epicure applied to an Arabian doctor for a prescription that would restore his body to health, and give happiness to his mind. The physician advised him to exchange shirts with a man who was perfectly contented with his lot. Whereupon the patient set out upon journey in pursuit of such a person. After many months spent without accomplishing his object, he was told of a certain cobbler of whom every one had spoken as a model of contentment and happiness. Pursuing the direction given, the traveler was at length rewarded with the sight of a cobbler enjoying a sound nap on a board. Without any ceremony he was aroused from his slumbers, and the important interrogatory whether he was contented with his lot was answered in the affirmative.

"Then," said the speaker after happiness, I have one small boon at your hands—it is, that you exchange shirts with me, that by this means I also may become contented and happy."

Most gladly would I accede to thy request," replied the cobbler, but—

"Nay, refuse me not," interrupted the man of wealth; "any sum that you name shall be thine."

"I seek not thy wealth," said the cobbler, but—but—

"But what?"

"But—the truth is—*I have no shirt!!*"

Hold Fast to Your Business.

If you have a buisiness—stick to it.—If you have none—get one as speedily as possible. But in business, or in the hunt after one, do but one thing at a time, young gentlemen, and do it well. Not one, but many thousand young men have failed to accomplish any thing in life, simply because they hadn't the faculty of preseverance—a part of a man's phrenology which can be cultivated if primarily deficient, and so the dearth of which is inexcusable. Nobody ever yet did a deed to make his name famous, or the world better, that he did not follow out his purpose 'through thick and thin.' It is the indomitable energy, the pluck, the will, of a man that causes him to make his way along the stormy pathway of this little pilgrimage below the stars, and what possible reason is there for a body to stop all along the road to prick his fingers with the nettles that spring up on the banks? That performance don't pay. Have a purpose. Get a business. When you have it, hold fast to it, being first sure that you are in the track that nature intended you to follow. 'Be sure you're right then go ahead!' said old Davy Crocket, and so every good adviser wil tell you.

But the young man just commencing in his independent career, who turns discontentedly and disconnectedly from this to that, and from that to the other, and back again to this, will never do anything to make himself known to two people besides himself for qualities that a man is no man if he lack. And as drones are not wanted in these parts, among men folks—however useful the class may be with the bees—it is a boy's privilege to select his way of making his living.

I have had occasion to trace the progress of a lad, who began in a very little field, with an income that was no income at all, who by dint of sticking to his business, made it a comfortable thing before he had turned twenty-five. While he was doing this—following out his bent—keeping his will active enough to hew down difficulties as they sprang up before him—a plenty of beginners, as young as he, and with similar opportunities, failed utterly because fortune did not so favor them that they could jump at a leap into position and power. What chances there were for these people were entirely inadequate to their necessities, they said, and so some went and filibustered, and some went one gambled, and some lived on their friends, and others did not live at all, but put an end to the shortness of their lives & pocket books together—all which was criminal and worse than foolish.

There is nothing better as you push along through life than to persevere in that which you undertake. Your score is growing all the while to the form and comeliness of an oak.

UNCLE BENJAMIN.

DROLL EPITAPHS.

Dr. Pettigrew has published, in London, a collection of epitaphs, under the title of "Chronicles of the Tombs." The best, those possessing the grace of appropriateness, or of literary beauty, have become household words. Some of the more quaint may provoke a smile. Here is a droll one—droll in its orthography, at least:

Two sweetur babes you sure did see
Than God smity good too wee
But they wur ortaken wee agur fitts
And bear they lys as dead as nitts.

Here is one on Sir John Woodcock:

Hic jacet in require Woodcock John
vin generosus,
Major Londoniae, Mercerus valde mo-
rosus.

Hic jacet *Tom Shorthose*
Sine *tomb* sine *sheets* sine *riches*,
Qui vixit sine *gown*,
Sine *clock*, sine *shirt*, sine *breeches*.

On Robert Trollop, architect of the Exchange and Town Hall of Newcastle:

Here lies Robert Trollop
Who made you stones roll up
When death took his soul up
His body filled this hole up.

On Ann Jennings, the mother of an immense family:

Some have children—some have none—
Here lies the mother of twenty-one.

In Oxfordshire, Mr. Pettigrew has found:—

Here lies the body of John Eldred,
At least he will be here when he is dead;
But now at this time he is alive,
The fourteenth of August sixty-five.

Quotations might be multiplied; but this style of thing should be taken in exceedingly small doses.

HUNTING UP A SOFT PLACE.

I was down to see the widow yesterday, said Tim's uncle, and she gave me dinner. I went down rather early in the morning, we talked, and laughed, and chatted, and run on, she getting out and in occasionally, till dinner was ready, when she helped me graciously to pigeon pie. Now I thought that, Tim, rather favorable. I took it as a symptom of personal approbation, because everybody knows I love pigeon pie, and I flattered myself she had cooked it on purpose for me. So I grew particularly cheerful, and thought I could see it in her, too. So after dinner, while sitting close by the widow, I fancied we both felt rather comfortable like—I know I did. I felt that I had fallen over head and ears in love with her, and I imagined from the way she looked she had fallen in love with me. She appeared just for all the world as if she thought it was coming—that I was going to court her. Presently—I could'nt help help it—I laid my hand softly on her beautiful ulnaides, which I remarked when I had placed it there, in my blandist tones, Tim, for I tried to throw my whole soul into the expression, I remarked then, with my eyes pouring love, truth, and fidelity, right into hers—

"Widow, this is the nicest, softest place I ever had my hand on in all my life!"

Looking benevolently at me, and at the same time flushing up a little, she said, in melting and winning tones—

"Doctor, give me your hand, and I'll put it on a much softer place."

In a moment, in rapture, I consented, and taking my hand, she gently, very gently, Tim, and quietly laid it on my knee—and burst into a laugh that's ringing in my ears yet.

Now, Tim, I haven't told this to a living soul but you, and, by jing! you mustn't; but I couldn't hold in any longer, so I tell you; but mind, it mustn't go any further.

PERILOUS PROPERTY.—A negro fisherman in Norfolk, Va., came one day to his master and said,

"Massa, I want to buy myself free—I got *free* hundred dollars, sir! you you shut down and *sit* you *de* seat, while I make 'em."

"Very well, Tom," said his master, "you have been a faithful fellow, and I will comply with your wish."

The money was accordingly paid, and complete freedom of Tom commenced.

A few days afterwards Tom went out to fish in company with a fellow servant, and there came up a blow which capsized the the fishing smack, and drowned Tom's companion. The next day Tom came to to his master, and said;

"Massa, I change my mind, sir, I don't want to buy myself any more, sir—please pay me back my money, sir."

"Why, Tom" said his master, "you have already paid a large portion of your price, and by industry, in your profitable calling, you will soon earn and pay the residue, and you had better carry on your original intention."

"No massa," was Tom's unanswerable rejoiner, "I rudder hab my money back, sir, ger properly too nervorsin sir."