Morning Star and Catholic Messenger.
NEW ORLEANS, SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1871.

WIT AND WISDOM.

"How can I expand my chest?" asked a miser of a physician. "By carrying a good big heart in it," was the reply.

"Sir, you have broken your promise," said one gentleman to another. "Oh, never mind; I can make another just as good."

"Women," remarked a contemplative man, "are as deep as the blue waters of yon bay." "Ay, sir," rejoined a disappointed one, "and as full of craft."

A German being required to give a receipt in full, produced the following, after much mental effort: "Ish full. I vants no more monish. John Swackhammer."

"I say, friend, your horse is a little contrary, is he not?" "No, sir." "What makes him stop, then?" "Oh, he's afraid somebody'll say whoa, and he shan't hear it."

A rumor is afloat that the man who dived into faturity came up drowned in tears, and has since been in the depths of despair. He is now better, having dipped into a book.

"Bid what you please, gentlemen; bid what you please," an auctioner kept crying, until, as if by concert, the crowd exclaimed, "Very well, then, we bid you good-day," and off they went.

"This milk is rather warm for such a cold morning, said a customer, the other day, to a milk boy. "Yes, father put hot water in it, instead of cold, to keep it from freezing," was the simple but truthful reply.

"Does our talk disturb you?" said one of a company of talkative ladies to an old gentleman sitting in a railroad station the other afternoon. "No, ma'am," was the naive reply, "I've been married nigh on to forty years."

An inveterate dram-drinker being told that the cholera with which he was attacked was incurable, and that he would speedily be removed to a world of pure spirits, replied, "Well, that's comfort at all events, for it's very difficult to get any in this world."

A loquacious young man came to Isocrates to learn the art of oratory. Isocrates asked him double price. "Why charge me double?" asked the youth. Isocrates replied, "Because I must teach you two sciences—the one, how to be silent; the other, how to speak."

A young man was tried on the chrge of having murdered both his father and mother. The crime was fully proven, and the judge, before passing sentence, asked the criminal if he had anything to say. "Nothing," he answered, "except to beg your honor to remember that I am *an orphan*."

The municipal council of a certain town having purchased a fire engine, proceeded to draw up a code of regulations for the men. One of these ran: "To insure the engine shall be in perfect readiness on occasion of a fire, it shall always be tried and tried the day before."

A serious gambler, who has ruined his constitution by high living and hard drinking, said to his physician the other day, "Doctor, I suffer the pains of the damned." "You may think so now," grimly replied the physician, "but you just hold on a little while and you'll find out the difference."

"My dear friend," said a gentleman to a bankrupt, the other day, "I'm sorry to hear of your misfortune. Your family has my warmest sympathies." "Oh, don't trouble yourself about my family. I looked out for them, you bet. Just save your sympathy for the families of my creditors."

An executioner said to a criminal on the way to the scaffold, "I feel a little nervous, for to tell you the truth I never hung anybody before." "And to be equally frank with you," said the culprit, "I was never hung before; but let us both do our best, and I dare say we shall manage well enough."

A youthful orator, declaiming against ambition, took occasion to illustrate his remarks by the example of Napoleon. "Observe," he said, "his splendid career, and then read the warning against presumptious pride and insatiate ambition which speaks to us in thunder tones from his disastrous fall! Ah, if he had been less ambitious—if he had been content to remain a simple lieutenant of artillery he might be at this moment seated on the imperial throne."

Theodore Hook was relating to his friend, Charles Mathews, how, on one occasion, when supping in the company of Peaker, the latter surreptitiously removed from his plate several slices of tongue; and, affecting to be very much annoyed by such practical joking, Hook concluded with the question, "Tell me, Charles, what would you do to anybody who treated you in such a manner?" "Do?" exclaimed Mathews, "if any man meddled with my tongue, I'd *lick* him."

At a theatrical fund dinner, Mr. Buckstone once gave an account of a remarkably appreciative audience he had once had at Dumfries. Especially was he delighted by the occupants of the dress circle, who were more uproariously hilarious than even the galleries, taking every point instantly, and greeting it with shrieks of laughter and obstreperous applause. At the close of the play, the comedian could not refrain from congratulating the manager on having such an excellent audience, especially in the boxes. "Yes," said the manager, "they *did* enjoy themselves amazingly. They are all mad folks. It is the system of the asylum doctor here to amuse his patients, and he took pretty nearly all the seats in the dress circle to-night."

A countryman went to a lawyer, and placing a purse of money on the table, asked his opinion about a matter on which he thought of going to law. The matter stated, the lawyer at once said, "You have no case whatever." Upon this the countryman pocketed his purse, and was about walking off, when the lawyer stopped him, "Repeat to me such and such parts of your statement." The man did so, when the lawyer, with many technicalities, explained to him that his case was a perfectly good one, and that he was sure of a verdict. Much gratified, the man handed his counsel a handsome fee, and was leaving, when the other called him back. "My friend," he remarked, "I have given you an opinion for which you have not paid me, and one for which you have paid. I will now give you a piece of advice for nothing: if you wish to consult your own interest, you will be guided by the first opinion—it is the sound one."

JUVENILE COLUMN.

The Archangel Raphael and the Young Tobias.

Raphael, one of the seven angels who are always surrounding the throne of God, prepared to execute his commands, took the form and name of Azarias, and presented himself under the appearance and equipage of a traveller before the young Tobias. Tobias, little thinking that under such a disguise was concealed the angel whom God had appointed for his guidance and protection, asked him who he was and from whence, and whether he knew the way into the country of the Medes? The angel replied that he was one of Israel, and well acquainted with the roads of the country. The young Tobias was overjoyed at his good fortune in meeting with a stranger so qualified and willing to attend him; he introduced him to his father, who was equally pleased with the candor and friendly promises of the comely youth, that he would conduct his son to Gabelus, at Rages, and bring him home again. Under the form and name of a travelling Israelite, Raphael began to direct the steps of young Tobias with peculiar care, which has been always looked upon as a specimen of that care which our guardian angels have over us. They travelled together till they arrived at Rages. When they came within sight of the town, his guardian informed Tobias that they must lodge with one Raguel, and that he should demand his only daughter in marriage. Tobias was alarmed at the proposal, for he knew that she had been already given to seven different husbands, one after another, who, through the malice of the devil, had been all killed the very first night after their marriage. Azarias reasoned away his fears, by telling him that those who married with good intention need not fear the devil's power. The young Tobias, according to the angel's direction, went to Raguel's house, where he met with a friendly welcome. When dinner was ready, Tobias made his proposals to Raguel, and declared that he would neither eat nor drink in his house unless he would first promise to grant his daughter Sarah in marriage. Raguel, knowing what had happened to her former husbands, knew not what answer to give. As he stood thus in suspense the angel assured him that by a special Providence his daughter had been reserved for Tobias, and, therefore, no one hitherto could have her. Raguel had no further doubt. The matrimonial contract was then taken down in writing; they made merry and blessed God. At night, Raguel expecting nothing less than the death of Tobias, ordered his grave to be prepared, but, surprised in the morning to find him safe and sound, he filled up the grave, and gave free scope to the transports of his joy. The good parents of Tobias were all this while in great anxiety about their son, whose absence began to seem very long. His mother went every day to the top of the hill, to see if she could descry him coming; she at last perceived him, and ran with great haste to impart the joyful tidings to her husband. The old father, who was blind, rose up, and giving a servant his hand, ran stumbling on to meet his son. They eagerly embraced each other; they poured out the tears of gladness into one another's bosoms, and when they had adored and given thanks to God, they sat down together. As the angel told him, he produced the gall of the fish that darted from the Tigris to devour him, rubbed his father's eyes with it, and immediately restored him to sight. As a reward to the faithful guide, to whose service they attributed their good fortune, the family of Tobias offered half of their property.

The angel then thought it was time to let them know who he was; he told them that his name was Raphael, one of the seven spirits that constantly attended before the throne of God; that he had been commanded by Almighty God to accompany the son in that visible manner, and that "when old Tobias prayed with tears, and did bury the dead, and did leave his dinner, and did hide the dead by day in his house, and bury them at night," he offered up all these prayers and fastings and alms-deeds to the Lord, and that they were acceptable in His eyes. Then the angel gave them his blessing, and vanished out of sight.—*Young Crusader.*

A BRAVE BOY.—The city of Lyons witnessed in 1825 a striking instance of bravery and humanity in a boy of fourteen. There was a soldier on the bridge across the Rhone, who appeared to be in state of great agitation. Suddenly he stopped and remained motionless for some time, looking over the parapet of the bridge into the water, and presently threw himself into the river.

A lad named Vigoreux, who saw the affair, said to his younger brother who was with him, "Come, let us save him," and immediately they plunged into the river and succeeded in dragging the unhappy soldier to the bank, but not without much risk and difficulty.

"There," said Vigoreux to his brother in high glee, "I knew we could save him if we tried."

A crowd of people gathered around them, and collected a good sum of money to reward the boys for their bravery, who received the recompense with much indifference; but the interest of the scene was greatly increased when the boys were seen to give the money they had received to the soldier, and a shout of applause saluted their ears.

It was ascertained that the soldier sought death in a fit of despair because he had lost in gambling the money he had received to pay his expenses to a distant place, besides other money intrusted to him by a comrade.

STRAY NOTES ON IRELAND.—Distant about seven miles from Westport, and rising over the southern margin of Clew Bay, stands Croagh Patrick, the notable conical hill before referred to. Its height is 2520 feet, and from its top a view of rare beauty is obtainable. But what gives it chief interest are the old traditions of St. Patrick which hang about it. In the life of that saint, by Jocelin of Furness, we find recorded an act of the saint, having for its scene the same mountain-top. "Even from the time," says Jocelin, "of its original inhabitants, did Hibernia labor under a three-fold plague; a swarm of poisonous creatures, whereof the number could not be counted; a great concourse of demons visibly appearing; and a multitude of evil-doers and magicians. * * * And the most holy Patrick applied all his diligence unto the extirpation of the three-fold plague. And at length, by his salutary doctrine and fervent prayer, he relieved Hibernia of the increasing mischief. Therefore he, the most excellent pastor, bore on his shoulder the staff of Jesus, and, by the angelic aid, he gathered together from all parts of the island all the poisonous creatures into one place. Then compelled he them all unto a very high promontory, which then was called Cruachan-Ailge, but now Cruachan-Phadruig, and by the power of his word he drove the whole pestilent swarm from the precipice of the mountain headlong into the ocean." At certain seasons we may often meet solitary peasants, who pass from station to station on the mountain, pausing in earnest prayer at each, in practice of a time-honored pilgrimage, dating back for origin to long ere Dane or Norman cursed this land. Very beautiful, indeed, is the view which breaks upon the delighted eye of him who has mounted to Craig-Patrick's top. We suppose a clear day, and the time chosen towards sunset. Let us try and picture the scene. Beneath his feet, half a mile almost sheer down, the mighty swell of the great Atlantic is rolling in upon the shore those waters which have boomed along no other land since last they ebbed from off the New World's strand. Clew Bay, with its hundred isles, many of these clad in Nature's loveliest vesture, covered with green trees, spreads its wide waters far in upon the land. Hill-tops and mountain ranges are scattered on all sides round, and all this glorious scene of water, tree and hill bathed in the golden light of a departing sun. The watcher on the height will gladly linger until the shades of evening have put an end to all the lovely changes on the face of nature that witching hour brings out.—*Irish Times.*

What are we to think of the following just reported at Chicago? Mrs. Mills, widow and keeper of a genteel boarding-house, "went for" Mr. Knapp, a Methodist minister, because he had asked another lady to go with him to hear Nilsson. She assulted him in bed with snuff and a rawhide, and being sued for the assault was fined fifty dollars. Now why should Mrs. Mills enjoy such luxuries at a lower rate than Miss Thompson? It is true that Mr. Knapp had been a suitor for the affections of the outraged widow—had indeed pursued her with importunity for more than a year, and conquered her heart by dint of persevering entreaty—and the original offense of inviting the other lady to hear Nilsson may have been set off against the regular price of a Chicago horsewhipping; but then it is also true that Mr. Knapp has a wife already, and was only "conditionally engaged" to Mrs. Mills, the condition being not wholly unconnected with a prospective divorce from his present spouse; and not even a Chicago court can pretend that a widow has an exclusive claim to the attentions of a married minister—a claim, that is, of a nature to be enforced with raw-hides. We can only conclude that editors in Chicago are rare and extremely precious articles, and that Methodist ministers are very little thought of indeed.