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THE CODICIL.

A TALE OF THE EARLY SETTLEMENT OF NEW ENGLAND.

BY. M. P. WILLIAMS.

CHAPTER I.—*The old Cottage.*

"The wild windssweep across the old damp floors,
And make a weary and a waiting moan:
All night you hear the clap of broken doors,
That on their rusty hinges great and groan."

The early days of New England! What a flood of romance is connected with their history! The opening incidents of our present narrative, are laid at a period just anterior to the stirring events which led to the American Revolution. The colonies were comparatively tranquil, but the great cauldron of public sentiment had already began to simmer at the bottom, although no human dreamed of the great and startling upheavings which soon after followed.

At the time of which we write, there stood a crazy old cottage, some leagues from any other dwelling, just off from the highway leading from the metropolis of the colonies to the settlement of Salem. It was then a full day's journey between the settlements, and the traveler, whether nobleman or peasant, deemed it almost indispensible to halt at the old cottage for rest and refreshment. Little thought they who then passed over the dreary road—those staid old nobles and sturdy yeomen—that their grand-children would perform the same journey in a few moments; that they would seat themselves in a magnificent car, possessing all the ease and luxuriance of one's private apartment, and with scarcely time to glance at the beautiful villages, and the tasty farm houses, nestling away among the fertile hills which they passed in quick succession, find themselves set down at their journey's end, almost before they could recollect where they were. But so it is. In the language of Tennyson—

"We doubt not that thro' the Ages one Increasing purpose comes,
And the thoughts of men are widened by the process of the suns."

But to the little cot. Its sole occupant was an eccentric female, familiarly known as "Old Meg," whose singular manners and kind hospitality had become proverbial among the colonists. Probably less than forty years had rolled over her head, but within that time she had passed through many severe trials, and her wrinkled brow and bent form, her thin gray locks and hollow cheeks, gave her the appearance of a veteran on life's journey.

Her strange history, to those who were familiar with it, was one of the deepest interest; but as it has no connection with our narrative, we pass it over, merely remarking that she was known to be mistress of a rare education, and to possess a score of valuable books both of which she dispensed with becoming liberality.

Her humble abode was indeed a shattered old hulk, composed of logs far gone to decay, and the storm caused it to quiver like a toy. But through the protective care of old Meg, the cracks and crevices had been carefully filled with moss and straw, so that it now afforded a comfortable shelter in heat and cold.

Old Meg possessed a heart overflowing with goodness, and the weary travelers upon the highway were not the only recipients of her hospitality. The cottage was situated near the niche of a little cove, and in rough weather many a storm-beaten mariner found shelter under its humble roof. The place was also much frequented by the fishermen, who cruised along the coast, here they put in for water, and it was a favorita pastime with old Meg, during their leisure hours to teach them to read and write. Her door was ever open to strangers, and she never seemed so happy as when administering to the comfort of some poor unfortunate.

CHAPTER I I.—*The Step-Father.*

"Parents have flinty hearts! No tears can move them."—OTWAY.

Where now stands the little village of Weymouth, at the time of our narrative only a few rude cots were scattered here and there along the margin of the deep, dark forest. One of the number never failed to attract the attention of passers. And it could not have been the building itself which drew this unusual notice; for it was only a mean rough cot at best. But its rude front was covered with thrifty woodbine, and the neat yard teemed with a variety of delicate flowers and tasteful shrubbery, which presented such a strange contrast with the grim forest in whose bosom it seemed to nestle, that even the sturdy farmer, in returning from his work in the gray of the evening, weary though he was with the day, unconsciously stopped at the wicket gate to admire the scene. And the bare-footed cow-boy, as he drove the lowing herd before him, always turned up at the flower garden to peer over the rude fence, and often, while gazing, became unmindful of his charge. And the school-children, when sporting merrily home from school upon arriving at the enclosure forgot their frolic, and paused to clap their little hands with childish glee at the blooming flowers.

Such were the attractions around Mr. Grey's cottage; but if we peer very closely through the clustering foliage, we shall discern a diligent attendant whose beauty may well vie with that of the beauteous plants she so dearly cherishes. She flits around among the vines, humming some plaintive air, or heaving deep sighs which plainly tell that she is the companion of grief. And why should grief agitate that fair frame? Surely those mild blue eyes and golden ringlets were never intended for a child of sorrow. But sorrowful she is! Once her beauty might have been compared with the blooming freshness of the rose—now it partakes of the calm, meek serenity of the lily.

Mr Grey was not always the proprietor of the cottage. This, in a measure, accounts for the grief of Flora. She had been fatherless scarcely a twelve-month, ere Mr. Grey was installed as her step-father. At first she tried to love him as a parent; but then he was so unlike her real father that all her efforts failed. When she approached him with a merry air, in anticipation of a parental caress, his cold, formal manner sternly rebuked her, and she turned away only to weep. There are men whose solemn dignity will freeze the warmest blood that ever coursed through youthful veins. Their very presence will dampen the ardor of the most buoyant spirit, and send a thrilling dread to the very heart. Of such a nature was Mr. Grey. Perhaps he was not conscious of any repulsiveness, but his very manner was cold and forbidding in the extreme.

At length Flora returned his stern looks with coldness, and he now began to regard her as a stubborn child, void of both affection and

He manner frequently alluded, in a peevish er, tospect, her wilfulness, and treated her with the more severity, as if sternness could win affection from an innocent and guileless heart.

Flora, though she could appear unmoved in the presence of her step-father, was sinking rapidly under her load of grief. She felt that there was nothing in the world for her to love now but her flowers, and these she cherished more than her own life. She would sit for long hours in the stillness of evening, gazing upon her tiny companions; and then her memory would wander back to the blissful days of her early childhood, when her dear, good father, that was, led her by the hand through the narrow walks, pointing out the different flowers, and taught her to rear and love them.

* * * * *

The evening was far advanced, and the lights one by one disappeared from the neighboring cottages; but the moon shone out undimmed; and by its clear, pale light might have been discovered Flora Grey seated within a delightful little arbor, made by her own hands, far away in one corner of the garden. As she sat in a thoughtful mood, a tall female figure approached her.

"Flora," said she, "are you here, child? Why, I have searched the house throughout for you."

"Yes, mamma," said Flora, in a sweet voice. "I was thinking, and forgot it was growing late."

"Thinking!" said Mrs. Grey with astonishment.

"Yes, mamma, and if you will sit down here by my side, I will tell you all I was thinking about."

Mrs. Grey obeyed, and Flora continued—

"I was thinking, mamma, that I should go to town, and try to earn a living for myself."

"*You* go to town! what! and leave all your beautiful flowers?"

"Yes, mamma, I am prepared to sacrifice everything. Father grows more stern every day. He does not love me, I know, and I can not think of remaining here a burden to him I am now eighteen, and certainly I can do something."

"I have sometimes thought, myself, that such a course would be the best, but have never dared to mention it to you," said Mrs. Grey, gravely. "I think that when you are absent your father will miss your company and relent."

"It may be so," said Flora, and her voice trembled with emotion. "You surely will take good care of my flowers, will you not?"

Mrs. Grey replied that she would.

"And send me a fresh bouquet whenever you can, won't you?" continued Flora, pleadingly. "And do try and make papa love them, too, as father used to."

Here her voice failed, and she could proceed no further. The chilling wind reminded Mrs. Grey that it would be imprudent longer to remain in the open air, and she led Flora to the house.

CHAPTER III.—*The Strange Guest.*

"Whatever we shall hap to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue."

It was the latter part of November. The day had been cold and dismal and when darkness set in, heavy, ugly looking clouds omened a severe night. The ancient clock which occupied one corner of Meg's humble apartment, had struck nine, and the good dame, adding another armful of faggots to the already glowing fire, took down her bible from the antique case, and carefully adjusting her spectacles, read a chapter from the holy book, preparatory to retiring, as had been her custom for years. As she finished reading and closed the book in thoughtful mood, the rain began to fall spitefully against the little oiled paper window, which served to admit light to the humble tenement. Old Meg started from the pious reverie, and throwing her glasses back upon the ample fruit of her cap looked out upon the darkness.

"An me!" she sighed to herself; "another terrible storm is approaching; and I fear the morning will unfold sad tales of shipwreck and disaster. There should be a fire lighted under the awning on the bluff, to guide the poor souls and warn them of danger; but I am so weary, and the night is so wild, I must have a good fire here, for it is not unlikely that I may have visitors before morning," and she added another armful of faggots.

"Although my food may be mean, and my bedding scanty," she continued, "no wanderer shall ever enter old Meg's hovel without being welcomed by a cheerful fire."

The thread of her soliloquy was here broken short by the outer door creaking upon its rusty hinges, and Jack Brewster a weather-beaten fisherman entered, wet and shivering.

"Bless you, aunt Meg," he exclaimed, as he approached the fire, "ten thousand blessings on your head for this comfortable fire. The poor fishermen will owe you an everlasting debt of gratitude for your kindness."

"It is truly a wild night, Jack, and the Great Spirit protect all wanderers abroad whether by land or sea."

"Yes," replied Jack, seating himself "we shall have it pretty rough before morning but it has been for some days coming on, and most of the fleet on the coast have been prepared against it. We run into the cove early this morning for water, and, seeing as it looked like bad weather out side, we thought best to lay by till it was over."

"Would that all skippers were as cautious as you, neighbor Brewster," said old Meg, feelingly. "Then, would many a precious life be spared, and the ocean lose all its terror."

"I believe you Meg," said Jack, in a considerate tone. "I believe you; I have sailed the ocean now for near five and thirty years in all kinds of craft, and in all weathers, never an accident have I met with, and it may be, the occasional use of a spar, or some little thing of that sort."

Jack lit his pipe, and was about to commence one of his favorite tirades upon seafaring life; when a low knock at the door interrupted him. The good dame started to her feet, and, listening a moment, shouted her customary salutation:

"Come in."

The knocking was repeated louder than before, and she hastened to the door. As she opened it, a gust of wind baffled her sight; but a gruff female voice drew her attention in another direction, and, peering through the rain and darkness, she discerned a stooping figure before her, closely muffled in a cloak. The stranger spoke nothing audible, but immediately set a large basket in the entry at Meg's feet, and then, placing a small package in her hand, she turned and hurriedly left, before old Meg could sufficiently collect her senses to propound a question. The kind hostess struck dumb with wonder, stood motionless at the door, unable to move.

Jack Brewster, hearing the storm beating into the entry, and becoming alarmed at the silence of the dame, hastened to the door, where he found her in a state of bewilderment. He took the basket in by the fire, then shutting the door, led old Meg to a chair, where the warmth soon revived her.

The first business now was to discover the contents of the basket. It was placed upon the table, and while Meg held the light, Jack Brewster proceeded to open the mysterious package. He first took off an oil cloth covering, then several thicknesses of flannel, and finally, after some moments of diligent work and great anxiety, a sleeping infant, snugly embedded in a material of the richest and most delicate texture, was revealed to their astonished gaze! Each looked at the other in mute bewilderment for a moment, neither having the power to speak. At last old Meg raised her little guest from its novel cradle, and burst forth into exclamations of admiration.

"A beautiful child—a perfect picture! What wretch could have been so cruel as to send it out on such a night as this?"

"It is a pretty child," ventured Jack in a timid tone; "but what can it all mean?"

"Heaven protect us; it is more than I can tell," said Meg, in an equally timid voice; "but see what rich clothing it has; and here, the basket contains everything to make the little dear warm and comfortable."

Thus they went on, striving to solve the mystery, but only becoming more deeply involved in its intricate meshes; and to what pitch of desperation their anxiety would have led them, it is difficult to imagine, had not old Meg bethought herself of the little package that the stranger had put into her hand, and which, during the excitement of the moment, she had entirely forgotten. She picked it up from the floor, and upon unrolling it, found it contained a small purse and a letter. Her curiosity led her first to open the letter. It was written in a delicate female hand, and ran thus:

GOOD DAME:—Your piety and kind-hearted benevolence are not unknown to your neighbors. Although we live far apart, and are strangers to each other, I have so often heard of your good deeds, that I fell confident of your sympathy. You are the only being on earth to whom I can now look for consolation. God grant that you may not turn a deaf ear to my humble supplications. It is my earnest prayer that you will take charge of the infant which accompanies this. Adopt this as your own, and furnish her with all the comforts which are necessary. In the purse you will find ten guineas, which will, for the present, pay you for your trouble, and furnish such necessaries as the child may immediately need. Before that sum is exhausted, you shall have more. Let her suffer for nothing, and you shall be amply rewarded, not only in money, but in the grateful remembrance and earnest prayers of a crushed and broken heart. Oh, do not refuse, nor seek to know further of its history. It shall be unfolded to you in due time.

I feel that I have already written as much as my feeble and trembling frame will permit. I am indeed miserable—my heart sinks within me. May kind heaven bless you and the child. Adieu, FLORA."

No sooner had Meg glanced through the contents of the letter, than her keen perception comprehended its full meaning. While she had been reading it, Jack had been examining the contents of the purse with evident satisfaction.

The sight of the bright gold coin had so electrified him, that he entirely forgot the letter which Meg was perusing; and it was with no little gratification that she noticed this fact, for she would gladly escape making him acquainted with its contents.

"Ten guineas!" he said, musingly, as he drew the purse strings and passed the treasure to Meg, "ten guineas! what are you to do with all that?"

"That," replied the dame, "is to purchase the necessary articles for the child, which it will soon need. That sum will go but a very little way towards its support."

"And don't you know who sent it?" continued Jack, whose curiosity was aroused.

"Not precisely," said Meg, affecting a careless tone. "But I know that it was sent by the child's parents, who are unfortunate people, and wish me to keep the dear little babe, and rear it with great care."

"And you won't refuse, I know," said Jack, tenderly, whose kind sympathies had become interested in the little stranger's behalf.

"Bless it, no! Meg never yet turned her back upon an innocent wanderer," and she clasped the child warmly in her arms.

The night was now far advanced, and Jack, feeling the necessity of looking after his craft, arose and departed, first being strongly admonished by Meg not to lisp a breath of what had transpired.

CHAPTER IV.—*A touching Scene.*

"Oh! ask me not to speak her fate,
Oh! tempt me not to tell
The sin that made her desolate—
Passion she could quell,
Alas! the grave only be
The refuge of her misery."

It was midnight in the metropolis—a close, cold midnight in February. The stars shone dimly in the heavens, and the wan moon looked down upon the few stragglers, who barked the slippery and almost deserted [illegible]. In a small wooden house in a remote part of the town, lay Flora Grey at the point of death. Her apartment, though humble, had been taken to make the invalid comfortable in her humble abode. Although disease and anxiety had long preyed upon her delicate cheek, some traces of its former beauty still linger there, like a guardian angel to accompany her to the tomb. The physician, a clergyman, and a female nurse, were her only attendants. Raising her emaciated hand, and brushing a tear from her silken lashes, which shielded her eyes that still shot forth a heavenly lustre, she faintly murmured—

"Has he not yet come?"

"No, my child," whispered the minister, "he has not yet arrived; but do not be impatient; he certainly will not fail to be here."

"I fear he will be too late," she sighed; "but why should I hope? I do not deserve his pardon; he will spurn me if I ask it," and she buried her face in the pillow, and sobbed in agonizing grief.

The kind-hearted divine was endeavoring to soothe her troubled mind, when the door softly opened, and a man of nearly forty years, with stalwart form and rigid brow entered the room. It was done with so little noise that the invalid did not perceive it, but the physician instantly arose, and motioning the stranger to retire, followed him into the entry.

A few moments elapsed, and the physician returned to the bedside; taking the hand of his patient in his, and bending over her, he whispered—

"Flora, your father has come."

As the words reached her ear, a tremour ran through her frame, as if struck by an electric shock, and for a moment a sweet smile played around her marble lips, and then an awful gravity followed.

With downcast face the stranger approached the dying girl. The meeting was most affecting. For four years the daughter had been estranged from her parents. During that period no intelligence had been received from her; and her mother, crushed down by grief and painful apprehension, had passed to the world of spirits. Now her father, her only surviving relative, stood before her. For a moment he seemed to forget his natural resentment; the cold, rigid features of his face were for once subdued to mildness, and a tear trickled down the furrows of his rough cheeks, as he enfolded the erring daughter in his arms.

"It has been my ardent prayer that you might reach me before I died," said the invalid, in a low and broken whisper. "I feel that I do not deserve your pardon, but I know that you will not reproach me now. I have a secret to unfold to you, and a last, a dying request to make, which, as a father and a friend—the only friend on earth to whom I may look for consolation in this, my last hour—I pray you will grant."

She then fell back upon her pillow, and drawing the ear of her father close to her lips, whispered a few words, while the tears coursed rapidly down her pallid cheeks.

At the disclosure thus made, the father started to his feet. The expression of tenderness which had for the last few moments pervaded his face, instantly vanished; and dropping the hand he held, as a thing of loathing, he seemed to forget the sad occasion, and gave expression to his anguish:

"My God! that I should have lived to see my darkest fears verified! Were it not enough that you should poison the life of a too doating mother, and cause her an untimely death, but that you must now pierce the heart of a father who would have loved you, had you proved yourself worthy of his affection? Could you not have died with the secret of your disgrace locked up in your own heart? Then I might have forgotten you, and escaped the shame and disgrace which must now follow me to the grave. No! I'll not grant your request! Although I now forgive you in the hour of death, and pray that God in his infinite mercy may forgive you, I will never see the child! Farewell. May a brighter future await you!" and the distracted man left the house.

But the invalid did not hear him through; the first sentence was more than her weakness could withstand, and she swooned in the arms of her physician.

When morning dawned, the watchful attendants still bent over the bedside, but no mind was there! The frame remained—the rigid flesh—the cramped sinews—but the spirit of reason which gave them animation, had been dethroned!

CHAPTER V.—*Despondency.*

"And wouldst thou, mortal, solve the mystery?
Beyond the portals of infinity
The revolution dwells."
DE VERE.

We will now return to the cottage. Three years have elapsed since we left old Meg in possession of her little protege. She had entered upon her charge with all the interest of an own mother, and now it had become an inseparable part of her being. As it grew in years, and its little mind began to develope itself, she became more deeply interested in its future progress.

One thing, however, weighed heavily upon her mind, and added another mysterious thread to the already intricate meshes which were deeply woven around the history of the child. For the first two years, an unknown messenger had regularly supplied the means of its support. With unerring punctuality an unseen hand had furnished money to defray its expenses. But for twelve months it had been withdrawn,—the veiled messenger had suddenly disappeared,—thus presenting a new feature to the mystery, which even old Meg could not understand.

A severe winter was approaching; the means which she possessed were nearly exhausted, and she began to have dark forebodings of the future. Thus far, the child's every want had been supplied. Although its abode was but a chattered log cot, hemmed in on every side by the grim ventures of the wild forest, and its nurse and tutor none other than old Meg, yet, had it been the inmate of a palace, it could not have been more solicitously cared for, or more liberally provided with every necessary comfort. Not one cent of money received had Meg appropriated to her own use, it had all been expended for the benefit of the child. And now, when the supply was cut off, and she could discover nothing in the future but darkness and distress, her anguish was keen almost beyond endurance.

It was at the time of her darkest despondency that Jack Brewster entered the cottage just at twilight. Meg was buried in such a deep and solemn reverie, that she did not even raise her head when he entered. After casting about the room a moment, and stroking the golden ringlets of little Flora with his [illegible] wards him, he approached old Meg, and tapping her gently upon the shoulder, said:

"What is the matter, Meg? Why do you look so downcast? Of yore you would meet us with a smile and a cheerful word, but of late you have seemed buried in melancholy.—What does it mean?"

Meg raised her head, but instead of answering the anxious inquiry, she instinctively looked at Flora, and heaved a deep-drawn sigh.

The quick eye of Jack instantly interpreted its meaning, and taking little Flora in his arms, and pressing her delicate cheek to his rough lips, he said:

"What! is it anything connected with this dear child, that casts such a gloom before you? One would think that such a lovely being would make your days all sunshine. You can certainly confide your sorrow to me," and he looked imploringly into her face.

(*To be continued.*)

CHEMISTRY AND PERFUMERY—Much aid has been given by chemistry to the art of perfumery. It is true that soap and perfumery are rather rivals, the increase of the formerly employed as a mask to want of cleanliness, are less required now, that soap has become a type of civilization. Perfumers, if they do not occupy whole streets with all their shops, as they did in ancient Capua, show more science in attaining their perfumes than those of former times.

The jury in the World's Fair, or rather two distinguished chemists of that jury, Dr. Hoffman and Mr. De la Rue, ascertained that some of the most delicate perfumes were made by chemical artifice, and not, as of old, by distilling them from flowers. The perfumery of flowers often consists of oils and ethers, which the chemist can compound artificially in his laboratory. Commercial enterprise has availed itself of this fact, and sent to the exhibition, in the form of essences, perfumes, thus prepared. Singularly enough, they are generally derived from substances of intensely disgusting odor. A peculiarly fetid one, termed fusel oil, is formed in making brandy and whisky. This fusel oil, distilled with sulphuric acid acetate of potash, gives the oil of pears. The oil of apples is made from the same fusel oil, by distillation with sulphuric acid and bicromate of potash. The oil of pine-apples is obtained from the same product of the action of putrid cheese on sugar; or by making a soap with butter, and distilling it with alcohol and sulphuric acid, and is now largely employed in England, in the preparation of pine-apple ale.

Oil of grapes and of cognac used to impart the flavor of French cognac to British brandy, are little less than fusel oil. The artificial oil of bitter almonds, now so largely employed in perfuming soaps, and for flavoring confectionary, is prepared by the action of nitric acid on the fetid piles of gas-tar.

Many a fair forehead is damped with *eau de millefleurs*, without knowing that its essential ingredients derived from the drainage of cow houses. The wintergreen oil imported from New Jersey, as being produced from a plant indigenous, there, is artificially made from willows, and a body procured by the distillation of wood. All these are direct modern appliances of science to an industrial purpose, and imply an acquaintance with the highest investigations of organic chemistry. Let us recollect, that the oil of lemons, turpentine, oil of juniper, oil of roses, oil of copaiva, oil of rosemary, and many other oils are identical in composition, and it is not difficult to conceive that perfumery may derive farther aid from chemistry.—*Silliman's Journal.*

NAPOLEON'S HEART.—When Bonaparte died at St. Helena, it is well known that his heart was extracted, with the design of being preserved. The British physician who had charge of that wondrous organ, had deposited it in a silver basin, among water, and retired to rest, leaving two tapers burning beside it in his chamber. He often confesses to his friends, while narrating the particulars, he felt nervously anxious as to the custody of such a deposit, and although he reclined, he did not sleep. While laying awake, he heard during the silence of the night, first a rustling noise, then a plunge among the water of the basin, and then the sound of an object falling with a rebound upon the floor—all occurring with the quickness of thought. Dr. A. sprang from his bed, and the cause of the intrusion on his repose was soon explained.—It was an enormous rat, dragging the heart of Bonaparte to his hole. A few moments more, and that which before had been too vast in its ambition to be satisfied with the sovereignty of continental Europe, would have been found even in a more degrading position than the dust of Cæsar stopping a beer-barrel—it would have been as the supper of a rat.

It would seem by the following paragraphs, which we extract from the New England Cultivator, that the fowl fever has by no means abated:

"At the late Boston fowl exhibition, in September, three Cochin Chinas were sold at $100. A pair of Grey Chittagongs at $50.—Two Canton Chinese fowls, at $80. The Grey Shanghae at $75. Three White Shanghaes at $64. Six White Shanghae chickens $40 to $45 &c., and these prices, for similar samples, could now be obtained, again and again.

Within three months, extra samples of two year old fowls, of the large Chinese varieties, have been sold for $100 the pair. Several pairs within our own knowledge have commanded $50 a pair within the past six months. Last week we saw a trio of White Shanghaes sold in Boston for $45. And the best specimens of Shanghaes and Cochin China fowls, now bring $20 to $25 a pair, readily to purchasers at the South and West.

"These prices do not equal, however, the sums which have been recently obtained in England for fancy fowls. The Cottage Gardener says:

"Within the last few weeks, a gentleman near London has sold a pair of Cochin China fowls for 30 guineas, ($150) and another pair for 32 guineas, ($160.) He has been offered $20 for a single hen; has sold numerous eggs at 1 guinea ($5) each, and now been paid down for chickens just hatched, 12 guineas ($60) the half dozen, to be delivered a month old. One amateur alone has paid upwards of $190 for stock birds."

OLD MR. JONES, who used to live in Sweden, Maine, had a very stupid son, whose name was Solomon. Solomon did not in the least, as regards wisdom, resemble the knowing old [illegible] blunders, many of which used to cause his affectionate dad no little trouble. One day he was sent over to neighbor Stone's to purchase a fine calf which Stone had to sell. Upon starting, Solomon received orders to this effect: he was to offer Stone five dollars at first; but if Stone refused to dispose of the "critter," for this sum, he was to offer six dollars. Off Solomon posted determined to do the thing right for once in his life. "Mr. Stone," said Solomon on his arrival at that gentleman's house, *I'll give you six dollars for that 'ar calf o' yours, will you take five?*" Mr. Stone, after thinking the matter over, consented to take *six*.

MARCH OF MIND.—A very popular preacher in South Carolina, and a secessions withal, harangued his hearers on the importance of perseverence and fortitude. He said;—

"You that *is* church members must not look back upon Babylon (Sodom) like Paul's wife (Lot's) done! You must be a *heap* better than the word's people! Religion is like a battle, and Satan *are* strong! He hates good men, and wants to kill them at *sound!* In short my dearly beloved hearers, you must do *like* Gen. Washington *done* at the battle of Waterloo! In the heat of the *skirmage* his horse was killed by a British cannon ball. Did Washington give up his sword to the enemy? Not he! He sung at the top of his voice: "A horse! a horse! my *kingdom* for a horse!!!" A horse was brought him by *Frank Marion*, and he *drove* the bloody British from the field, and thus secured the liberty of South Carolina!"—*Fact.*

JUDICIAL DIGNITY.—The following conversation is said to have occurred between a venerable old lady and a certain 'quondam' presiding judge of this country. The learned disciple of Blackstone was supported on his right and left by his worthy associates, when Mrs. P., was called up to give evidence:

"Take off your bonnet, madam!"

"I had rather not sir."

"But, madam, I insist upon it; take off your bonnet, I say!"

"In public assembes, sir, women generally cover their heads. Such is the custom elsewhere, and I'll not take off my bonnet!"

"Do you hear that, gentleman? She pretends to know more about the matter than the judge himself! Had you not, madam, better come and take a seat upon the bench?"

"No, sir, I thank you, for I really think there are old women enough there already."

GROTESQUE TROWSERS.—The legs of our *Jeunesse doree* are becoming as flashy and vulgar as their dialect. Fancy waistcoats and slang phrases keep exact pace; and the multifarious stripes and blotches in which the 'fast' portion of our population encase their nether extremities are almost as repulsive as their habits and morals. A pair of ultra fashionable trowsers look as if the tailor must have been out skinning toads and snakes for his patterns. We should really dislike to put ourselves into them—we are certain they must make one feel like hopping or crawling.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

☞ Dr. Lucas, the celebrated Irish poet, having, after a very sharp contest, carried the election as representative in Parliament for the city of Dublin, was met a few days after by a lady whose family was very warm in the interest of the unsuccessful candidate.

"Well, doctor," said she, "I find you have gained the election."

"Yes, madam."

"No wonder, sir, all the blackguards voted for you."

"No, madam, your two sons did not," replied the doctor.

☞ An Irish lawyer, in a neighboring county, recently addressed the court as "gentlemen," instead of "your honors." After he had concluded, a brother of the bar reminded him of his error. He immediately arose to apologize thus:

"May it please the court—in the heat of the debate I called yer honors *gentlemen*. I made a mistake, yer honors."

The gentleman sat down, and we hope the court was satisfied.

☞ A lawyer, somewhat disgusted at seeing a couple of Irishmen looking at a six sided building which he had constructed, lifted up the window, put his head out, and addressed them:

"What do you stand there for, like a pack of blockheads, gazing at my office—do you take it for a church?"

"Fair," answered one of them, "I was thinkin' so, till I saw the divil poking his head out of the windy."

☞ A green 'un who had never before seen a steamboat, fell through the hatchway down in the hold of the Winfield Scott, and being unhurt, loudly expressed his surprise:

"Well, if the darned thing ain't holler."

☞ The following epitaph may be found upon a tombstone in Staffordshire, England:

"Beneath this stone, a lump of clay,
Lies Arabella Young;
Who, on the 29th of May,
Began to hold her tongue."

TESTIMONY OF A LAWYER.—"I have been a lawyer for eighteen years, and if there is anything on God's earth that I hate, it is law!" said Joel Eastman Esq., of Conway, the other evening at a meeting of the New Hampshire State Agricultural Society.

AN EXPERIMENT.—"Dennis, darlint, och Dennis, what is it your doing?"

"Whist, Biddy, I'm trying an experiment!"

"Murder! what is it?"

"What is it did you say? Why its giving hot water to the chickens I am, so they'll be afther laying boiled eggs!"

You wouldn't believe it, said an amateur upon the violin to a friend, to whom he explained the difficulty of performing upon his instrument; you wouldn't believe it, but horrible it sounds if you only put your finger half an inch too high or too low upon the string!

FOR SALE.—A cook-stove, four years old and well broke. Will draw anything from green oak to a landscape.