

the true; she perished from want and starvation, but perhaps the broken heart aided the work.

MISCELLANEOUS EXTRACTS.

ONE MORE FOR THE VERY LAST.

"There is a sheriff in Illinois who was rather 'taken in' in that region on one occasion, and 'done for.' He made it a prominent part of his business to ferret out and punish pedlars for travelling through the State without a license; but one morning he 'met his match,' a 'ging-coine' Yankee pedlar. 'What have you got to sell?'—'anything?' asked the sheriff. 'Yas, sartain; what'd ye like to hev? Got razors, first-rate; that's an article 'square, that you want, tew, I should say, by the looks of your baird. Got good blackin'; 'I'll make them old cow hide boots o' your'n shine so 't you can shave into 'em; Balm o' Klumby, tew; only a dollar a bottle; good for the hair, and 'assistin' poor human natu,' as the poet says." The sheriff bought a bottle of the Balm of Columbia, and in reply to the question whether he wanted "any thing else," that functionary said he did; he wanted to see the Yankee's license for peddling in Illinois, that being his duty, as the high sheriff of the State! The pedlar showed his document "fixed up good, in black and white," which the officer pronounced "all correct;" and handing it back to the pedlar, he added, "I don't know, now that I've bought this stuff, that I care anything about it. I reckon I may as well sell it to you ag'in. What'll you give for it?" "Oh, I don't know as the darn'd stuff's any use to me, but seein' it's *yeou*, sheriff, I'll give *yeou* about thirty-seven and a half cents for it," quietly responded the trader. The sheriff handed over the bottle and received the change, when the pedlar said—"I say, yeon guess I've a question to ask *yeou* now. Hev *yeou* got a pedlar's license about your trowse's?" "No; I haven't any use for the article *myself*," said the Sheriff. "Hain't, eh? Well, I guess we'll see about that poorty darn'd soon. Ef I understand the law, now, it's a clear case that yeou 've been tradin' with me—hawkin' and pedlin' Balm o' Klumby on the highway—and I shall inform on yeon; I'll be darned ef I don't!" Reaching town, the Yankee was as good as his word, and the high sheriff was fined for peddling without a license. He was heard afterwards to say, "You might as well hold a greased eel as a live Yankee."

TORTURE.

It seems astonishing, that the usage of the administration of torture should be said to arise from a tenderness for the lives of men; and yet in the civil law, this is the reason given for its introduction, and its subsequent adoption by the French and other foreign nations; namely, because the laws cannot endure that any man should die upon the evidence of a false, or even a single witness, and therefore contrived this means that innocence should manifest itself by a stout denial of guilt, or by a plain confession; thus estimating a man's virtue by the strength of his constitution; and his guilt, by the sensibility of his nerves. Beccaria, in an exquisite piece of railery, ridicules this doctrine and proposes the following problem, which the advocates of torture should resolve before they again plead in its behalf. "The force of the muscles, and the sensibility of the nerves of an innocent person, being given, it is required to find the degree of pain necessary to make him confess himself guilty of a given crime."

The trial by rack or torture, is utterly unknown to the laws of England; though once when the Dukes of Exeter and Suffolk, with other ministers of Henry the Sixth, had formed a design of changing the law, they erected a rack for torture, which in derision, was called the Duke of Exeter's daughter, and still remains in the Tower of London, where it was occasionally used as an engine of state, not of law, more than once in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

When Felton, upon his examination at the Council Board, declared, as he had always done, that no man living had instigated him to the assassination of the Duke of Buckingham, or knew of his intention, the Bishop of London said to him, "If you will not confess, you must be put to the rack." Felton calmly replied, "If it must be so, I know not whom I may accuse in the extremity of torture, Bishop Laud, or perhaps any lord at this Board." Laud having proposed the rack, the matter was shortly debated in the council, and afterwards referred to the Judges, who unanimously resolved that the rack could not be legally used.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN PRONUNCIATION.

While in England, I was often reminded of the miserable pronunciation of the lower classes. Take the whole population together, I am confident the average standard of correct pronunciation is higher here than there. A London Cockney is the most outlandish in his phrases and accents of any class of people it was ever my fortune to see. So of the great body of the people. The letter *h* is continually thrown away when it stands before a vowel, and when a vowel stands at the head of a word, the letter *h* is invariably sounded before it. The cause of this I never could learn. There are in the English country as many different dialects as there are counties, or nearly so. I found it utterly impossible to understand laborers in their conversation in many parts. Of course there is nothing of this among the refined and literary. There, there is a better standard of pronunciation than in our refined circles. Their models are superior to ours. There is quite a difference in the pronunciation of refined literary men in England and the same class here. There is more richness, fullness, precision, and carefulness in the English than in the American mode. We are slovenly not only in our tone of voice and accentuation but in our expressions and phrases. Correct tastes discover this fact at once, and it is the general remark of cultivated foreigners. The reason for this is that in our first circles the majority are those who achieve position with money, and are essentially as vulgar as the common

people, and far more so. Their pronunciation is incorrect as well as their manners, and they influence others who are naturally more refined than they.—E. W. Bartlett.

A GRACELESS GRACE.—A scamp, who used to raise particular pity about Middlebury College, had "taken a shine" to the daughter of a staid old deacon, who used frequently to invite him to dinner. The deacon called upon him one day to ask the customary blessing, and not wishing to have it understood that there was any one thing that he could not do, he made the offer. Hastily recollecting all he could of the usual form, he began, and made an excellent start of it, but for his life he could not tell how to close it off. It was easier to go than to stop. Finally, making a desperate dash after a period, he closed off thus; "In conclusion, my dear sir, I remain very respectfully and truly your obedient servant!" He has not dined with that deacon since.—Knicker.

A SIMPLE ENQUIRER.—A devout but simple Episcopalian noticed during the season of Lent, that the church-bell was rung every day, and not understanding it, he turned one day to a brother in the church, and asked him, what their bell was rung for so often.

"Why," said his friend: "it is Lent."

With charming simplicity he replied, "Lent!—who has borrowed it?"—*Id.*

"WHAT IS YOUR NAME?"—Three wild mudlarks, were recently captured by a young divine and brought into Sunday School in New York.

"What is your name, my boy?"

"Dan," replied the untaught one, who was first interrogated.

"Oh, no, your name is Daniel, say it now."

"Daniel."

"Yes: well, Daniel take that seat."

"And what is your name?" was interrogated of number two.

"Sam," ejaculated the urchin.

"Oh dear, no, it is Samuel; sit down, Samuel, and now let us hear what your name is, my bright little fellow?" said he, turning to the third.

With a grin of self satisfaction, and a shake of the head that would have done honor to Lord Burleigh, the young catechumen, boldly replied; "Jim-un, be Jabers!"—*N. Y. Spirit of the Times.*

SCENE IN A DISTRICT SCHOOL.—"First class in philosophy—step out—close your books—John Jones—how many kingdoms are there in nature?"

"Four."

"Name them."

"England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales."

"Pass to next—Smith."

"Four—the animal, vegetable, mineral and kingdom come."

"Good, go up head."

"Hobbs—What is meant by the animal kingdom?"

"Lions, Tigers, elephants, rhinoceroses, hippopotamus, alligators, monkeys, jackasses, hack-drivers, and school-masters."

"Very well—but you'll take a licking for that last remark."

"Giles—What is the mineral kingdom?"

"The hull of Californy."

"Walk straight up head."

"Johnson—what is the vegetable kingdom?"

"Garden sarse, potatoes, carrots, ingyons, and all kinds of greens that's good for cooking."

"And what are pines, and hemlocks, and elms,—ain't they vegetables?"

"No sir-ree—you can't cook 'em—them's saw logs, and framing timber."

"Boys, give me a piece of apple, and you can have an hour's intermission—except Hobbs."—*Id.*

THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.

Around her waist I put my arm—

I felt as soft's a cake;

"Oh dear!" said she, "what liberty

You printer-men do take!"

"Why yes, my Sal, my charming gal;

(I squeezed her some I guess.)

Can you say O, my chick, against

'The Freedom of the Press!'"

I kissed her some—I did, by gum—

She colored like a beet;

Upon my living soul, she looked

Almost too good to eat!

I gave another buss, and then,

Says she, "I do confess,

I rather kinder sorter like

'The Freedom of the Press.'"

OVERPRAYED HIMSELF.—During the prevalence of the epidemic in Virginia, last summer, the negroes on the different plantations became dreadfully alarmed, and thought they would certainly die with it. Among others in one of the upper counties, was a negro boy, who, having heard his father say that the cholera would soon be along their way, left his work one day and betook himself to the woods. Here he was found by his overseer, fast asleep. Being taken to task by him for leaving his work, he excused himself on the ground that, not being "prepared in mind to die," he had gone to the woods to "meditate."

"But," said the overseer, "how was it that you went to sleep?"

"Well, I don't know, 'zactly," responded the negro, "but I speck I must have overprayed myself!"—*Richmond Whig.*

A LIBEL.—Jean Paul, the wicked satirist of woman kind, thus closes a paragraph:—"Even in church, the women sing an octave higher than the men, in order not to agree with them in anything."

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

THE INFLUENCE OF WOMAN.

In what christian country can we deny the influence which a mother extends over the whole life of her children? The roughest and hardest wanderer, while tossed on the ocean, or while he scorches his feet on the desert sands, recurs in his loneliness and suffering to the cares which maternal affection shed over his infancy; the reckless sinner even in his hardened career, occasionally hears the whisperings of those holy precepts instilled by a virtuous mother, and although they may, in the fullness of guilt be neglected, there are many instances of their having so stung the conscience, that they have led to a deep and lasting repentance; the erring child of either sex, will then, if a mother yet exists, turn to her for that consolation, which the laws of society may deny, and in the lasting purity of a mother's love, will find the way to Heaven. How joyfully does a hard-working child labor for the comfort of a poverty stricken mother!—how alive a son to her honor and high standing in the world!—and should that mother be deserted by her helpmate—be left in a "worse than widowhood"—does not her son stand forth her comforter and protector? In short, the more deeply we reflect upon the subject, the more entirely are we convinced that no influence is so lasting or of such wide extent, and more intensely do we feel the necessity of guiding this sacred affection, and perfecting that being from whom it emanates.

"The future character of a child," said Napoleon, "is always the work of its mother;" and he delighted in recollecting that to his parents did he owe much of the greatness of a mind, which probably grasped at too much, but which afterwards enabled him to bear years of privation and exile with fortitude and dignity.

A late writer thus concludes a work upon the influence of women:

"Oh women! If you could only see one of the miracles promised to maternal influence, with what noble pride would you enter upon that career which has so generously opened future ages to your endeavours! That which is not in the power of any monarch or any nation to accomplish is given to your will to execute. You alone can unite the scattered flock, and give it one common impulse. That which I have not been able to trace on this cold paper, you can engrave on the hearts of a whole people. I offer you a feeble image of the truth and you can bequeath the truth itself to the whole world. When, in our public walks and gardens, I see on all sides the noisy crowds of children, diverting themselves with sports suitable to their age, my heart trembles with joy at the thought, that they belong to you. Let each devote herself to the happiness of her children, for in each individual's happiness, God has placed the promise of general happiness. Young girls, young wives, tender mothers, it lies in you, much more than it lies in the laws of a legislature, to confirm the future destinies of mankind."

WOMAN.

The prevailing manners of an age depend more upon the conduct of woman than we are aware of, or are willing to allow; this is one of the principal things upon which the great machine of society turns. Those who allow the influence which female graces have in contributing to polish the manners of man, would do well to reflect how great an influence the female morals must also have on their conduct. How much, then, is it to be regretted, that women should ever sit down contented to polish, when they are able to reform—to entertain, when they might instruct. Nothing delights men more than their strength of understanding, when true gentleness is its associate; united, they become irresistible orators, blessed with the power of persuasion, fraught with the sweetness of instruction, making woman the highest ornament of human nature.

A DAUGHTER'S LOVE.

There is no one so slow to note the follies or sins of a father as a daughter. The wife of his bosom may fly in horror from his embrace, but his fair-haired child cleaves to him in boundless charity. Quickened by the visitation of pain to the paternal dwelling, her prayers are more brief, but more earnest—her efforts doubled and untiring—and if she can but win a transient smile from that sullen and gloomy face, she is paid—oh, how richly paid!—for all her sleepless cares and unceasing labor. The father may sink from deep to deep—from a lower, to a yet lower depth—Satan's kinsman and Satan's prey. Those who, in a happier hour, received largely of his benefactions, may start when they behold his shadow, and accelerate their pace to get beyond it—all, all may forsake him—God and the world—all but Satan—and his daughter. Poor child! if thou canst not save, thy feeble torch, made bright as thy power canst make it, throws, at least, a flickering light upon the path, till the object of thy unquenchable love has forever left thee, and is shrouded in the thick darkness; and when undone—when gone from thee, and gone forever—though thou mayest wed thy early love, and know in him all that thy young heart pictured, yet, again and again, in the midst of thy placid joy, even with thy smiling infant on thy knee, the lost one will not be all forgotten. Seeing the past, as it were only yesterday, forgetful of thy little darling, thou wilt exclaim, from the depths of thy evernindful and affectionate spirit, "My father! Oh! my father!"

WIVES.—Women should be aware that no beauty has any charms but the inward one of the mind; and that a gracefulness in their manners is much more engaging than that of their person; that modesty and meekness are the true and lasting ornaments; for she that has these is qualified as she ought to be for the management of a family, for the education of children, for an affection of her husband, and submitting to a prudent way of living. These only are the charms that render wives amiable, and give them the best title to our respect.