

THE SPOILED JOKE.—Perhaps there never were two persons better adapted to the enjoyment of each other's society, than old Squire Swipes and Joe Barker. Indeed, had they only been of opposite sex, they would have formed a matrimonial alliance which for peace and happiness would have been heralded to the world as an example of wedded life.

The Squire was one of those good-natured souls always to be found loitering about the village hotel, drinking gin-toddies and listening to all the village gossip afloat; his chief delight, however, was to hear the "mirth-moving" jests of his friend Joe, who was something of a wag, and the author of all the practical jokes that were perpetrated in our village, and it was equally pleasant to Joe to relate them; hence the intimacy that existed between the two friends. But notwithstanding the high esteem in which Joe held his venerable friend, it did not prevent his "selling" him occasionally; but this, you must understand, was only when he could get no other subject, in which case the Squire always joined in the laugh at his own expense, declaring a joke to be as pleasant on him, self as upon another.

Upon the night to which my story relates, some six or eight of us were comfortably seated around the bar-room stove, enjoying our "half-common" cigars, when Joe made his entrance, after a protracted absence to a neighbouring town of two days. We will pass over the numerous kind greetings and hearty welcomes he received, when amidst a torrent of questions and answers, the Squire made himself heard with—"Any fun whilst you was gone, Joe?"

"Ye-e-s," was Joe's hesitating reply: "I came very near having a 'good one' on Chris Blurt—but—didn't work right—got spoiled."

"Spoiled! What?—how?" eagerly demanded the Squire.

"Well, I'll tell you," and Joe, having provided himself with one of the afore-mentioned cigars, (in Western Ohio I think they call them "Mundy's best,") adjusted his chair against the wall, and proceeded with his story:

"You see I went down to Scrippingsport, on purpose to see Chris—got there about dark, and found that he had gone out to uncle Bill Blake's. You all know Chris is after one of the girls. Well, knowing he wouldn't be back till long in the short hours, when the landlord wanted to shut up, I walked up into Chris's room, and got into his bed. I knew the ways of the house—back door always left open for the benefit of late boarders. So, making my calculations for some rare sport, I concluded I would be a Dutchman in Chris's bed by mistake—a biped which you know Chris abhors. Oh! Squire I had it all planned beautifully! About two o'clock I would be awake, and hear him open the back door and come creeping up stairs in the dark. I lay perfectly quiet, only snoring as loud as a juvenile thunder," until he gets into the room, when I raises up just as though the noise of the door waked me, and sings out, as much like Hans Deitrich, the Dutch stage-driver, as I could:

"Vos wit tu!"

"Eh?" says Chris.

"Const tu teitch?"

"Constance who?"

"Vols you wants in mine room, eh?"

"Your room!—It's my room."

"Na, tish ish mine room; vot you wants here? I tinks you come for steal mine gelt—I tinks you are teufel robber."

"Why, you darned Dutch fool, this is my room," roars Chris with rage.

"Vos soes tu—ich seine und ich bin tarn teitch fool," and suiting the action to the word, I spring up, and catching hold of a big cane which stood at the head of the bed, I makes at him. At the first lick I misses Chris, but knocks a looking-glass that hung against the wall into fifty thousand pieces. At this Chris takes to door but in his hurry overturns the wash-stand, and smash go the pitcher and basin on the floor, whilst Chris takes a run and jump down stairs. Just as I get to the room door, two ladies, all dressed up in white, rush out of the next room, screaming 'murder!' at the top of their voices, having been awakened by the smashing of the crockery. In fact, the whole house is in an uproar, and all the lodgers rush into the passage, with shout of 'what's the matter?' 'fire!' 'thieves!' 'robbers!' 'murder!' whilst to help the matter, I sings out, in a supplicating tone of voice—'for Heaven's sake don't shoot!'

"This produces a change in the performances. Impressed with the idea that fire-arms were about to be used, and not knowing in the dark which way they were pointed, and fearing for their personal security, some throw themselves on the floor, whilst others betake themselves to their rooms again. At this stage of affairs, the landlord appears with a light, closely followed by Chris, who is giving him 'Hail, Columbia,' for putting that big Dutchman in his bed. With the light came a more general understanding of how things stood. Some gentlemen who, to escape from the expected discharge of pistols, had got into the wrong rooms, were conducted to their own. I denied all participation in the matter, affirming that it all occurred in the room adjoining, but appearances were very much against me, for, upon inspection, the broken glass, wash-bowl and pitcher are found in my room, whilst the room adjoining is occupied by the aforesaid ladies, who were actually mad at the part they had been made to act in the play.

"And now," said Joe, after the laugh of the Squire had partly subsided, "wasn't it too bad, to have so good a trick spoiled?"

"Spoiled—how spoiled?" eagerly inquired the Squire.

"Why, as I was telling you, I got it all arranged when I went to bed, just as I was telling you, but Chris, the confounded fool, set up with the girl all night! and didn't get home till next morning after breakfast, which of course knocked the whole thing into pi. Wasn't it too bad?"

For a moment, the Squire, who had been all attention before, looked at Joe as if not exactly comprehending the whole matter, and then, with his usual presence of mind, turned to the bar-keeper, and with becoming gravity, quietly observed—"Toddlies for the crowd, Sam."—*American Courier.*

PRINCE GALITZIN'S WEDDING.—If we are frequently shocked by the tyrannical and brutal cruelty of the Russian Sovereigns, we are also repeatedly disgusted with the servility and patient meanness of those who suffered from it. We behold Muscovite nobles of high rank and descent cringing under the wanton torments inflicted on them by their oppressor, and submitting to degradation to which death, one would imagine, were, to any free-spirited man,

fifty times preferable. As an example, we will cite the conduct of one Prince Galitzin, who, after a long exile in Germany, where he had become a convert to the Roman Church, solicited and obtained permission to return to his country. This was in 1740, under the reign of the dissolute and cruel Czarina Anne. The paramours and flatterers who composed the court of that licentious princess urged her to inflict on the Prince the same punishment that had been suffered by a noble Vonitzin, who had turned Jew, and had been burned alive, or rather roasted at a slow fire. Anne refused but promised the courtiers that they should not be deprived of their sport.

The same day Galitzin, although upwards of forty years old, was ordered to take his place amongst the pages; a few days later he received a notification that the Empress, contented with his services, had been pleased to raise him to the dignity of third buffoon. "The custom of buffoons," says an historian, "was then in full force in Russia; the Empress had six, three of whom were of high birth, and when they did not lend themselves with a good grace to the tom-fooleries required of them by her or her favorites, she had them punished with the *battoques*." The Empress appeared well satisfied with the manner in which the Prince fulfilled his new duties; and as he was a widower, she declared she would find him a wife, that so valuable a subject might not die without posterity. They selected for the poor wretch's bride the most hideous and disgusting creature that could be found in the lowest ranks of the populace. Anne herself arranged the ceremonial of the wedding. It was in the depth of one of the severest winters of the century; and, at a great expense, the Empress had a palace built of ice; not only was the building entirely constructed of that material, but all the furniture, including the nuptial bed, was also of ice. In front of the palace were ice cannons, mounted on ice carriages.

Anne and all her court conducted the newly married pair to this palace, their destined habitation. The guests were in sledges drawn by dogs and reindeer: the husband and wife, enclosed in a cage, were carried on an elephant. When the procession arrived near the palace, the ice cannons were fired, and not one of them burst, so intense was the cold. Several of them were even loaded with bullets, which pierced thick planks at a considerable distance. When every body had entered this singular edifice, the ball began. It probably did not last long. On its conclusion, Anne insisted on the bride and bridegroom being put to bed in her presence; they were undressed with the exception of their under garments, and were compelled to lie down on the bed of ice without covering of any kind. Then the company went away, and sentinels were placed at the door of the nuptial chamber, to prevent the couple from leaving it before the next day! But when the next day came, they had to be carried out; the poor creatures were in a deplorable state, and survived their torture but a few days.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

QUAKER PUNISHMENT.—A Long Island Quaker, who had a very unruly negro boy living with him, whose disposition he had tried for a long time to bring under the control of the peaceful influence of Quakerism in vain, tried a new species of punishment, that is related thus:

Tired of moral suasion, the old Quaker was about giving up in despair, when a thought struck him. "I will punish the lad," said Amindab to himself. "I will not strike him, for he is one of God's creatures on which men should not lay their unworthy hands. Josiah," said he addressing the boy, "come here." Josh, whose keen eye discerned in the look and manner of the old Quaker signs of some mysterious movement, came doggedly up to his master, and hung his head in token of humble submission. "Josiah," continued the old man "there has been a bad boy, a very bad boy, and thy master has lost all patience with thee. Dost thou not know, Josiah, where the wicked and unruly lads like thee go to?" "Nā," whined the negro. "No! boy had thee never heard of the bad place?" "Yes," was the reply, "I have heard dat bad boys go to—down, down, down id dat dungeon where dey get de brimstone from."

"That is the place boy," continued the Quaker in a solemn tone, "and there I must take thee Josiah."

"Ma, masa, me, oh Lora eh Lora I—I—I Oh Lora masa."

"Get thy hat, Josiah, get thy hat and come with me, I can hear no more words from thee." The boy got his hat and followed the Quaker to the railroad depot where they took the cars for Brooklyn. The negro sat in sullen silence, half fearing and half doubting the old man's intentions. On flew the cars at a rate that the boy never saw; the engine snorting and puffing not unlike what his imagination pictured the chief of the infernal regions. Trees, houses and fences seemed to fly as if on wings, and before the cars reached Brooklyn the poor lad's head was fairly bewildered, and he scarcely knew whether he was going up or "down, down, down." Furious as the wind came the cars down Atlantic street; horses snorted and dashed away from the track in flight, the boys hooted and screamed, and poor Josh looked as if he was on his way to the world of spirits. Presently the engineer gave one of those terrible whistles that echoed throughout the whole city, and the engine plunged into the tunnel. "Good bye, Josiah," said Amindab, and he suddenly stepped from his seat to the platform outside the cars. A screech—a groan—and then a stifled moan was heard where the negro sat, and then all was dark and still, save the puffing and whistling of the engine and the rattling of the cars, as they whistled on through the narrow passage. Once or twice a noise like a struggle or catching for breath was faintly heard coming from the negro's seat, but nothing was known of the horrors of that "middle passage" until the train emerged from the tunnel on the west side. The passengers were then horrified at a sight which they supposed was a case of cholera in their midst. A "dead nigger," shre, was right among them. The old Quaker had poor Josh by the collar, shaking and scolding and trying to make him stand on his feet. But Josh was a "gone nigger" to all appearances, and it was an hour before the passengers and "Josiah" could understand that he had passed through the infernal regions. For a few minutes the old Quaker was as frightened as any body, and thought his punishment had terminated in manslaughter. Josh finally came "out right," and it is hoped that he will hereafter be a better boy, and long remember his visit to the bad place.

"I say, Jim, are there any bears in your country in the winter?" Yes, the ice-bears."

"What shall we eat," is the heading to an editorial article in a country exchange.—Man alive, why eat what's set before you.

A young lawyer being in the midst of a violent jury harangue, a wag rushed out of court, exclaiming that such a swell made him sea-sick!

A SINGULAR RACE OF PEOPLE.—The *Christian Observer* of Calcutta gives notice of a singular race of people, called the Cathies, who inhabit a part of Guzerat. They are worshippers of the sun, as are the adoring Parsees:

"These people are supposed by some to be the ancient Cathies who, in the time of Alexander's invasion, occupied a portion of the Punjab, near the confluence of the five rivers. Among the Cathies there is no distinction of caste. Besides priests they have an official number of persons called bards, who possess authority almost equal to that of the Druids. They become security for the payment of debts, the conduct of individuals who have misbehaved, and the appearance of persons in pending actions, either civil or criminal. On the same terms they conduct travellers and caravans through districts infested with robbers, or in a state of war.

"If a troop of predatory horse appear, the bard commands them to retire, and brandishing his dagger takes a solemn oath, that if they plunder the persons under his protection, he will stab himself to the heart, and bring upon their heads the guilt of shedding his blood. Such is the veneration in which he is held as a person of celestial origin, and such is the horror at being the cause of his death, that the threat in almost every instance deters them from making the meditated attack, and the party is allowed to pass on unmolested. The religion of these people consists in little else than an adoration of the sun. They invoke this object of their worship before commencing any great undertaking, and if a plundering expedition be successful, a portion of the money stolen is consecrated to the service of religion. The only functions of the priests are to celebrate marriages and funeral solemnities. They have but one sacred building—a temple—situated near Thaum, dedicated to the sun—and containing an image of that luminary. The size of the Cathies is above the average, often exceeding six feet. The women are tall, and often handsome; generally speaking, modest and faithful to their lords. The Cathies have no restrictions of any sort regarding food or drink."

ANTIQUITY.—A lawyer and a doctor were discussing the antiquity of their respective professions, and each cited authority to prove his to be the most ancient.

"Mine," said the disciple of Esculapian, "commenced almost with the world's era. Cain slew his brother Able and that was a criminal case in common law!"

"True," rejoined Esculapian, "but my profession is coeval with the Creation itself. Old Mother Eve was made out of a rib taken from Adam's body, and that was a Surgical Operation."

The lawyer dropped his green bag.

CONGRESSIONAL STATIONARY.—"You aint got no knife, Na han," said a little boy to his companion.

"Well, I'm going to have one when Father gets home from Washington—so is Tom and Bill and Jack, and Pete. Papa is going to bring us all Congressional knives."

"Poh! your father can't get knives."

"Yes he can! He promised mother lots o' writing paper, and pens, and brand-new writing desks for all our girls."

"Don't he pay for 'em?"

"No! he gets 'em for mileage. I don't know what that means, but Father says so!"

WHERE IT WAS.—We were standing a day or two since at the depot, Norwalk, Conn., when a very rosy cheeked lady, fresh from the Emerald Isle, came up to the conductor, and said, "Mister, how long before the Railroad will be here?" When he quaintly replied, "Madam there is one end of it here now."

GRIEF.—Deeply were we affected on reading the other day of a young lady, who being told that her lover was suddenly killed, exclaimed—"Oh! that splendid gold watch of his—give me that—give me something to remember him by!"

Men who have extravagant wives are observed to have sharp noses. The cause is supposed to be that their noses are kept to the grindstone continually.

A poor Editor out somewhere, falling into the hands of the Philistines, breaks forth into the following gizzard moving appeal:

Sheriff, spare that press!
Touch not a single type:
Don't put me in distress,
To stick to me through life!
'Tis all in all to me—
If lost, what shall I do?
Then, why not let it be!
O, Sheriff!—boo!—boo!—boo!

HEALTH MAXIMS.—Gluttony has killed more than ruin, pestilence, or the sword. It has been said, a drunkard may live to be old, but a glutton never can.

The general tendency of heat is to weaken the system.

Meals should never be made in a hurry, and the food should be masticated and insalivated thoroughly.

If one cannot make the meal at the regular hour, it is by far better to wait until the next regular meal time.—After this rest, the stomach will be found to act more vigorously.

If a person has not much active exercise, in the open air, two meals only in the twenty-four hours is by far better than taking three.

Pure cold water is the best drink that God ever gave to man, and foolish are they who do not avail themselves of the blessing.

Indolence, of either body or mind, often causes indigestion. We were made to lead active lives, and he who does not engage in the pursuits of industry, is sure of suffering from indigestion.

Too great activity, as well as too little, may cause indigestion.

Society is composed mainly of drones and over-workers.

There is nothing like contentment for health.