

tumor as touching the tyranny of which he was the innocent victim the evening before.

"If that Dame Moss wasn't mated already, Cunningham, I would recommend that Mr. Callan be discharged to make room for her. She wouldn't allow any misdeemeanors, ha, ha! loafers, codgers, pirates and mutineers would find no mercy at her hands—fare sumptuously on law and order, eh! wouldn't they Cunningham?" And the old man laughed boisterously.

The Captain smiled, and again made the best apologies he could think of, for the lady alluded to. Much jocose conversation followed, into which old Mr. Spark entered with such hearty good nature, as would at any other time have amused and delighted the young man; but now he felt a degree of abstraction, and found it impossible to rally his powers to such a pitch as was necessary to converse fluently with him, until the old gentleman introduced the topic of the "gall" that so bravely befriended a dirty and shabby "old codger," about to be thrown overboard. "What's her name, I say?" proceeded he. "A noble-hearted young creature as ever I met with—but I couldn't hear half they said—never felt so confounded sorry for being deaf. What did you say her name was?"

Cunningham mentioned it. "How? Spell it—can't understand." The Captain repeated it as loud as he could conveniently speak. Mr. Spark then turned to a paper which lay on his library table, and wrote in a very large old-fashioned hand the name of Elizabeth Wardwell in a blank space left in the document, seemingly for that purpose, and then signed his own name at the bottom.

"There, Cunningham," said he, handing him the paper, "what have you to object?"

It cannot be said that the young man read it without a thrill of surprise; but it instantly gave way to a smile of the sincerest satisfaction. "Nothing at all, sir, nothing at all," he replied, seizing and shaking his hand heartily; "and I ought not to have been surprised at it, after the long acquaintance I have had with the best and noblest of men," continued he, warmly.

The paper conveyed to Elizabeth Wardwell, her heirs and assigns, all right of property in the barque Mercury, now held by its builder and sole proprietor, Noah Spark; stipulating only that the said barque should continue for the space of two years in the command of Richard Cunningham, its present able and acceptable first officer, unless said Cunningham should voluntarily release himself, from a certain agreement into which himself and the present proprietor had previously entered.

Old Mr. Spark had watched him very narrowly while he read and re-read the document, to mark its effect; which he must have considered satisfactory, for he again burst into a hearty laugh, and slapping him on the shoulder very severely, cried out—

"I see, I see, my boy, what you are up to! you needn't blush and look so sheepish, nor begin to deny it! ha, ha! you couldn't please me better, nor yourself either, if the observation of seventy years has taught me anything!"

Cunningham did blush though, and stammered shockingly, for he thought his old friend and patron was taking a great deal too much for granted; he must explain, little as he had to tell, and little as he wished to tell it, in its present incipency. So he sat down, and having raised his voice to a "dolorous pitch," inasmuch that he had reason to fear that the whole neighbourhood would become privy to the deepest secret of his heart, he told him all; described the events of the last evening and night, and honestly confessed that even so brief and acquaintance with Elizabeth Wardwell had resulted in an impression such as no woman had hitherto made upon his heart; that he awaited only a fitting opportunity to disclose it to herself, and it should meet such a response as he hoped, he had resolved as speedily as might properly be, to invest himself with a right to relieve the circumstances of toil and privation against which the family were evidently struggling. And he concluded by frankly requesting Mr. Spark to defer the formal presentation of his ungracious donation till the matter should be decided, lest she should suspect a mercenary motive had influenced him. Mr. Spark readily assented, but warned him to hasten these preliminaries, for he must and would acknowledge her generosity at no distant date, that was certain! And with a smile that testified to the fact that this was anything but a disagreeable injunction, Cunningham took his leave.

CHAPTER VII.—CONCLUSION.

One year after the date of the fair, there was a bridal at the cottage, which no longer wore the aspect of dilapidation and penury. Under the direction of its new owner, Captain Cunningham—who, for old associations which sanctified the spot, had chosen to make it the future home of his bride and himself—it had put on a holiday dress for this occasion which far excelled in simple elegance and true taste the holiday adornings of the Mercury one year ago. Faithful to her promise to the successful captor of the gallant commander on the above named occasion, Mrs. Moss, whose momentary spleen had long since given place to sincere and cordial friendship for the parties concerned, loaded the widow's board with every luxury which befitted the time and place, in abundance and style entirely characteristic of herself. Since that eventful evening which taught her the most mortifying, but salutary lesson of her life, this lady had been essentially altered for the better; and though she had never, from that day to this, met the "old codger" who had proved the means of opening her eyes to the grand defect in her character, they met this evening rather as old and long tried friends, than enemies, spiteful and resentful; and it was observed by those who had eyes and ears for anything but the sayings, and doings, and decorations of the bridegroom, the bride and the cottage, that Mrs. Moss had gained more than she had ever lost in the estimation of her "old codger." Her loud, clear voice easily made him acquainted with what every body said, which he thought worth knowing; and this, with her own ready wit and merry conversation, and the respectful attentions she lavished upon him for the whole evening, was quite enough to retrieve even a grosser blunder than the one of which she regretted to have been guilty.

A cruise along the Atlantic seaboard succeeded the cottage bridal. Old Mr. Spark, Mrs. and Mr. Moss, with a few other village friends, formed a very cheerful and agreeable party to relieve the inevitable monotony of a voyage, even on board so delightful a sea-bout as the Mercury proved herself, under the joint command of her modest owner and her able and acceptable first officer.

MORGAN JONES AND THE DEVIL.—"Why yes," answered Morgan, "there's some truth in that, sure enough; I used to meet with him now and then, but we fell out, and I have not seen him these two months." "Aye!" exclaimed each of the party, "how's that Morgan?" "Why, then, be quiet, and I'll tell ye it all." And thereupon Morgan emptied his pipe, and had it filled again, and took a puff of his pipe, and began his story. "Well, then," says he, "you must know that I have not seen his honor for a long time, and it was about two months ago from this that I went one evening along the brook, shooting wild fowl, and as I was going whistling along, who should I spy teeming but the devil himself! But you must know he was dressed mighty fine, like any grand gentleman, though I knew the old one well by the bit of his tail which hung out at the bottom of his trousers. Well, he came up, and says he, 'Morgan, how are ye?' and says I, 'touching my hat, pretty well, your honor, I thank ye.' And then says he, 'Morgan, what are ye looking after, and what's that long thing ye're carrying with ye?' And says I, 'I'm only walking out by the brook this fine evening, and carrying my backy-pipe with me to smoke.' Well, you all know the old fellow is mighty fond of the backy; so says he, 'Morgan, let's have a smoke, and I'll thank ye.' And says I, 'You're mighty welcome.' So I gave him the gun, and he put the muzzle in his mouth to smoke, and thinks I, 'I have you now, o'd boy, 'cause you see I wanted to quarrel with him; so I pulled the trigger, and off went the gun bang in his mouth.' 'Puff,' says he, when he pulled it out of his mouth, and he stopped a minute to think about it, and says he, 'd—d strong backy, Morgan!' Then he gave me the gun, and looked huffed, and walked off, and sure enough I've never seen him since. And that's the way I got shut of the old gentleman, my boys!"

HOW TO MAKE LIFE EMINENTLY DISAGREEABLE.

(By a Strong-minded Married Woman)

Always provide for everything beforehand. As things are sure to turn out differently from what you have arranged, this will familiarize you with disappointment.

Always go back upon a mistake or a misfortune, and so take the opportunity of proving how much better things would have been if something had been done that hasn't.

Never give way in trifles, as there is no saying how soon you may be called upon to give way in matters of more importance.

A mistress may talk at her servants, but should never lower herself so far as to talk to them.

Never dress for your husband, which will teach him to value you for your gifts of mind, not your attractions of person.

Never give expression to your affections, as there is no saying how soon they may alter, and you may thus be guilty of great inconsistency.

Never consult the taste of your husband, or he will in time come to look on his house as a club, where all is comfort and self-indulgence.—Punch's Almanack.

SAM SLICK'S OPINION OF A TEETOTALER.—I once traveled through all the State of Maine with one of them, a chap. He was as thin as a whippin' post. His skin looked like a blown bladder after some of the air had leaked out, kinder wrinkled and rumpled like; and his eyes dim as a lamp that's divin' on a short allowance of oil. He put me in mind of a pair of kitchen tongs; all legs, shaft, and head, without any belly; a real gander-gutted lookin' fellow as hollow as a bamboo walking cane, and twice as yaller. He actually looked as if he had been picked off a rack at sea, and dragged through a gimlet hole. He was a lawyer. "Thinks I, Lor' a massy on your clients, you 'ungry, half-starved lookin' critter, you; you'll eat 'em all up sure as I'm born. You are just the chap to strain at a knot and swallow a carnel, lunk, shank, and flank; all at a gulp!"

THE DEAD.—Who can estimate the number of the dead since the creation of man. The mighty army would exceed all human belief. Large as the surface of the earth is, enough persons have died since the world began to cover it entirely with their graves.—Extract from a Sermon.

The reader is expected to take this assertion as he does what is pronounced good sound orthodox doctrine, without questioning or examination, but submitted to a mathematical test its absurdity is monstrous. The surface of the earth, supposing its diameter to be 7,921 miles which is very nearly correct, contains 797,111,024 square miles, or 9,851,139,937,921,600 square feet. Allowing then every grave to be the usual size, six feet by two, and this surface is capable of burying side by side, 820,928,327,337,800 individuals. There is no date by which the population of the world, since the commencement of creation, can be estimated; but admitting that this was always what it now is, which is more than can be claimed, and that each person averaged a life of thirty years, then there would have been a population of 180,000,000,000, a number infinitely less than the surface of the earth is capable of accommodating with space. The State of Pennsylvania contains 47,000 square miles, or 1,308,166,601,000 square feet. Two States the size of Pennsylvania would be sufficient for the graves of 218,017,800,000 persons, or 38,017,800,000 more than all the population of the world which has existed, so that no person in the present generation need be in a hurry to secure his lot for fear that he would have to lie double.—Philadelphia Ledger.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—"That's what I call capital punishment," as the boy said, when his mother shut him up in the closet among the preserves.

THE LAST POPISH MIRACLE.

Miracles are now among the resources to which Pius the Ninth trusts for the maintenance of his authority.—Cannon balls and cold steel were the orthodox weapons, through whose instrumentality he was restored to the Vatican, but they were ill-adapted to restore the affections of his people, or to increase his popularity, and, as French artillery and French bayonets are likely to be withdrawn ere long from Rome, he finds it necessary to cast about for some other expedient to ensure his safety after their removal. In this extremity he appeals to the superstitious feelings of his subjects—he strives to rekindle that fervor which caused countless hosts to abandon their homes and families to fight with the Saracens in Palestine, six centuries ago; and, while he has gorgeous ceremonies, in which everything that can delight the eye and ear is employed, to fascinate the educated and more refined of the laity, and canonizations of Jesuits and others to increase the zeal of the devotees of the Church, he has pretended miracles to impose upon the illiterate and the vulgar. By these means he hopes that all classes and orders of the community may bow with submission, if not with filial reverence, before the occupant of the Papal chair.

The latest of Rome's "lying wonders" is described elsewhere in our columns, and the comments of two or three of our contemporaries accompany the description. It appears that there is a statue or painting (for the accounts seem to vary on the point) of the Virgin Mary, at the town of Rimini, in the States of the Church. This image has, it is said, been observed by multitudes of spectators, to raise and lower its eye-lids, and, as the Tablet, a thoroughly Roman Catholic journal, formerly published in London, but lately transplanted to this country, we believe, by the Romish Hierarchy and Priesthood—states, to give forth "manifestly miraculous expressions." The excitement which the prodigy occasioned was immense, and the Bishop of Casena, who, like the Pope himself, is represented to entertain a very tender piety towards "the Queen of the Heavens"—a title borrowed apparently from that which the Pagan ancestors of the Italians applied to Juno—"Divum regina,"—the Queen of the Gods—the Bishop of Casena despatched a canon of his cathedral to Rimini, for the purpose of ascertaining whether there were in reality any miraculous appearances or not. The good canon had not sufficient faith to swallow the figment, and, as the Madonna vouchsafed no "ocular demonstration" to him, he returned more sceptical than he was before, although he reported to his superior that he had conversed with thousands who declared that they had witnessed the miracle. The Bishop was determined to believe, and, therefore, he sent another missionary, of greater faith or less veracity than the former, and his report was all that could be wished; whereupon the Bishop of Casena himself undertook a pilgrimage to the wonder-working shrine, and he not only beheld the marvel, but in the ecstatic vision afforded him he saw, as he says, "the seven wonders of Paradise," whatever they are.

But how forcibly does the artifice impress one with the idea of the unchangeable and anti-Christian character of Romanism. There are many liberal Protestants who say that Popery is reformed in its spirit and character; but the recent discoveries in the vaults of the Inquisition, and the miracle of Rimini, supply proofs incontestable that the Church of Rome is at the present day as intolerant and corrupt as it was in the dark ages. The miracles recorded in Holy Scripture are as different from those of the Popish Church as light from darkness.—From the inspired volume we perceive that miracles were of rare occurrence, and that they were wrought either for the purpose of manifesting the Divine mercy and glory, or of vindicating the justice, displaying the power, and making the truth of God known among mankind. But those which Romanism lays claim to were, many of them, the most senseless and unmeaning in their nature, and they were performed on occasions of no importance, and with little or no object. They consist of winking images, flying houses, and absurdities of the same kind; or we read of a saint who, after having been decapitated, took up his head and walked three hundred yards with it under his arm; or of another whose body was found and identified three hundred years after burial, and the tongue, "by a strange prodigy suddenly swelled up, and changed its darkness into a purple." Such are some of the miracles of which Popery boasts—miracles which, instead of possessing the characteristics that appertain to the miracles wrought by Divine agency, unequivocally attest that they emanate from that wicked one, so strikingly portrayed in the inspired volume, "whose coming is after the working of Satan with all power and signs of lying wonders, and with all deceivableness of unrighteousness in them that perish; because they received not the love of the truth, that they might be saved." We recommend the entire of this passage (2 Thessalonians ii 3-12) to the thoughtful perusal of Roman Catholics, and then to ask themselves whether this pretended miracle at Rimini does not make the Apostle's description applicable to their Church; and whether they ought not immediately to abandon the apostate system with which they are at present connected, if they would escape the awful doom denounced against those who cast in their lot with "the son of perdition."—Londonderry Sentinel.

A MISTAKE.—A zealous clergyman had taken for his text these words,—"And Satan came also among them." At the moment of reading the text, an old, decrepid negro entered the sanctuary, supposed himself pointed at, and with a degree of resentment, looked the priest full in the face, and said, "You grand to see your fader?"

A PROPHET STUMBED.—A would-be prophet down East said, lately, in one of his sermons, that he was "sent to redeem the world and all things therein." Whereupon a native pulled out two five-dollar bills on a broken bank, and asked him to fork over the specie.

"What is that dog barking at?" asked a fox whose heels were more polished than his ideas. "Why," replied a bystander, "because he sees another puppy in your boots."