

He was finally made to understand the true state of the case, (yet without being yet aware of the true character of the vessel he was in,) for Boncour had on his naval uniform, and the alternative was offered him, either to give his consent to their immediate union by the priest present, or be taken prisoner to Havana. He embraced the former, and my friend and the lovely, blushing maiden, were made one within less than half an hour after the ship had been overhauled.

General — now had it proposed to him by M. Boncour to return to Havana in the brig, or continue his way in the ship. With his idea that the brig was an armed vessel, and his imagination alarmed for fear, when he reached Havana, he might be imprisoned, upon he knew not what charges, he said he chose to go on board the ship and proceed to New Orleans.

The two vessels separated after the General had been taken back to the ship, confounded by the mystery of the whole proceeding, of which this sketch, if it ever meets his eye, may afford him a gratifying elucidation.

The next morning our triumphant party once more hailed the towers of Havana, and within eighteen hours after leaving the port, we had returned to it conquerors over that destiny which weaves the perverse web of lovers' fates.

A KNOTTY YARN.—The Minerva, a capital little paper published in English and French, in Shibodeaux, La., tells the following tough story about a down-east cow.—The editor disclaims—prudently enough—all responsibility for the truth of the story, declaring that it was related to him by a cute Northerner, who, though not actually a witness of the facts, says they were told to him by an uncle in Maine, who bears a tip-top character for strict veracity. But to the story. Uncle Seth, who resided away down in the State of Maine, had a most splendid milch cow. She was the pride of the farm, and the admiration of the neighbourhood; she was more gentle, better disposed, gave more milk, and richer milk than any other cow ever known; in fact, her equal could not be produced by any one. The chagrin of the owner may be imagined, when one day it was discovered that this paragon of a cow had got her foot terribly mangled by some unlucky mischance. As there was no hope of saving the foot, it was thought advisable to have it amputated, and its place supplied with an artificial one, which was ingeniously carved out of a large pine knot. This succeeded to admiration, and in a few weeks the favorite cow was enjoying excellent health, and to all appearance, none the worse for her mishap. "She gave just as much milk," said uncle. "It was just as rich as before, but, would you believe it, the darn'd stuff won't fit for any thing." How was that, uncle Seth? "Why, ever after the foot was put on, the milk tasted so all-fired strong of pine that we couldn't use it."

HARD OF HEARING.—"I have a small bill against you," said a pertinacious looking collector, as he entered the store of one who had acquired the character of a hard customer. "Yes, sir, a very fine day indeed," was the reply. "I am not speaking of the weather, but your bill," replied Peter, in a louder key. "It would be better if we had a little rain." "D—n the rain," continued the collector, and raising his voice he bawled—"Have you any money on your bill?" "Beg your pardon, sir; I'm a little hard of hearing. I have made it a rule not to loan my funds to strangers, and I really don't recognize you." "I'm collector for the Philadelphia Daily Extinguisher, sir, and have a bill against you," persisted the collector, at the top of his voice, producing the bill, and thrusting it into the face of the debtor. "I've determined to endorse for no one. You may put your note back in your pocket book; I really cannot endorse it." "Confound your endorsement—will you pay it?" "You'll pay it! No doubt, sir; but there is always some risk about these matters, you know; and I must decline it, sir."

NO BUSINESS TO BE A BACHELOR.—In the vast flowery field of human affection, the old bachelor is the very scarecrow of happiness, who drives away the little birds of love that come to steal the hemlock seeds of loneliness and despair. Where is there a more pitiable object in the world than a man who has not an amiable being interested in his welfare? How dismal does his desolate room appear when he comes home at night, wet and hungry, and finds a cold hearth or a barren table—and a lonely pillow, that looks like the white urn of every earthly enjoyment. See the sick old bachelor in the dark afternoon of life, when his heart is sinking to its sun down! Not a solitary star of memory gleams over the dusk of his opening grave—no weeping wife to bend like a blessing over his dying bed—no fond daughter to draw his chilly hand into the soft pressure of hers, and warm his icily blood with the reviving fires of unfeeling affection—no maply boy to link his breaking name with the golden chain of honorable society, and bind his history in the vast volume of the world he is leaving forever. He has eat and drunk, and died and the earth is glad she has got rid of him; for he has done little else but cramp his soul in the circumference of a sixpence, and no human being but his washerwoman will breathe a sigh at his funeral.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

FASHION.—We know women now who are dying, dying, by their own hand, and piously saying their prayers every day, and for their death the magazine publishers are accountable at the bar of the Eternal. They are murdering them as truly as ever David slew Uriah by the sword of the Amalekites. No human agency can teach these poor victims of fashion plate mongers that the long whale bones sticking down into their sides, the tight strings tied around the small of the back, and weight of skirts dragging on them, are crushing their lives out, dragging them to their graves. They will not believe they are entailing misery and disease and death upon their children. But yes, many of them do know it, and with all their vaunted love for their offspring would rather see their little ones suffer ten thousand deaths than they

themselves should fail to look "like Prometheus in my picture here"—a long-sided funnel set on a jug.

"If there is any body under the canister of heaven that I have in utter exorcism," said Mrs. Partridge, "it is a tale-bearer and slanderer, going about like a vile boia constructor, circulating his canomile about honest folks. I always know one by his phismahogany. It seems as if Belzaboh had stamped him with his private signal, and every thing he looks at appears to turn yellor." And having uttered this somewhat elaborate speech, she was seized with a fit of coughing, and called for some demulcent drops.

IMPUDENT QUESTIONS.—"To ask an unmarried lady how old she is. To ask a lawyer if he ever told a lie. To ask a doctor how many persons he has killed. To ask a minister whether he ever did any thing wrong. To ask a merchant whether he ever cheated a customer. To ask an editor the name of any of his correspondents. To ask a young lady whether she would like a beau. To ask a subscriber if he has paid the printer!"

HUMAN NATURE.—Jean Jaques says that when his wife died, every farmer in the neighborhood offered to console him with one of their daughters; but that a few weeks afterwards, his cow having shared the same fate, no one ever thought of replacing his loss by the offer of another; hereby proving the different value people set upon their cows and children.

An Irishman recommending a cow, said she would give good milk, year after year, without having calves, because it runs in the breed, as she came from a cow that never had a calf.

An editor must possess the constitution of a horse, obstinacy of a mule, independence of a wood-sawyer, pertinacity of a dun, endurance of a beggar, and entire resignation to the most confounded of all earthly tread mills.

"Jemima! marm, what do you think Sal told Ned Bobbles, last night, when he was sparkin' her?" "Shut up! child; what are you talking about?" "No, but I hear her, I did. She told Ned Bobbles she kinder felt—" "Hush, you little rascal! Hush, or I'll take your skin off!" and poor Sally looked red as a boiled lobster. "Oh, git out, Sal, I will tell!" She told Ned Bobbles she felt kinder scared to death and tickled too!"

An Irish cook, hearing the lady of the house, at dinner, ask her husband to bring 'Dombey and Son' with him when he came to tea, laid two extra plates on the supper-table for the supposed visitors.

MAKING A MARK.—A captain of a sloop hired a Yankee, "a green hand," to assist in loading his sloop with corn. Just as the vessel was about to set sail, the Yankee, who was jingling the price of his day's work in his pantaloons, cried out from the wharf—

"Say, yeou captin! I lost your shovel overboard, but I cut a big notch on the rail fence around the starn, right over the spot where it went down, so you'll find yeour shovel when yeou come back!"

"Look here, Pete," said a knowing darkey, "don't stand dar on de railroad!"

"Why Joe?"

"Kase if de cars see dat mout ob yours dey tink it am de depo, and run rite in!"

A gentleman sgnt a lad with a letter to the post office, and money to pay the postage. Having returned the money, he said—"Guess I've done the thing slick; I've seen a good many folks puttin' letters in the post office through a hole, and so I watched my chance and got mine in for nothing."

PRIZE CONUNDRUMS.

Why was Adam the swiftest runner who ever lived?

Because he was first in the human race.

Why is a fellow running the gauntlet like a honey-bee?

Because he gets *wacks* (wax) as he goes.

Why is a field of rye like a baby?

Because it must be cradled before it is *bre(a)d*.

What kind of wax should bees use for the tops of their hives?

Sealing (ceiling) wax.

Why is the first chicken of the brood like the foremast of a vessel?

Because it is forward of the *main hatch*.

Why is the instruction of the Deaf and Dumb like the vicissitudes of life?

Because it proves there is a deal of *muteability* (mutability) in the world.

Why is Saratoga like a certain campaign of the Greeks?

Because it is the Retreat of the (upper) Ten Thousand.

What kind of publications are the driest?

Those that are least *pored* (poured) over.

DEFERRED ARTICLES.

CANADA.—Foreign vessels are not allowed to proceed farther than Quebec, except as a special indulgence, and therefore Masters who refuse to comply with the regulations at that port, will not be permitted to land cargo at Montreal.

It is understood that a considerable portion of the troops serving in Canada are to be withdrawn, and that if the Canadians want troops for their protection, it is expected they will defray the necessary expenses.

The entertainment at Toronto, in honor of the visit of the citizens of Buffalo, was a splendid affair. Tickets to admit one gentleman and all the members of his family, were issued at \$10, a limited number of single tickets were also issued at \$5.

The *Examiner* says:—The country is beginning to move against the action taken by the House with respect to the press, and through it the public. Very strong and decided resolutions have been passed at a public meeting at Woodstock, condemnatory of Mr. Christie and the House. The resolutions at the same time fully approve

the course taken by the press, in the matter. We regret that want of space prevents our copying them in this number. We doubt not the example set by the people of Oxford will be extensively followed. Col. Gage has given notice of some sort of a gagging bill against the press. The House will find that it is playing a desperate and a losing game.

Some of the Canadian papers assert, that in consequence of P. E. Island not having taken the necessary steps to secure the transfer of the Post Office from Imperial to Colonial authority, the present system will have to be continued another year!

Toronto, August 10, 1850.

The Steamer Chief Justice Robinson arrived at 6 o'clock, P. M. yesterday, having on board the Mayor and Citizens of Buffalo. About five o'clock the Niagara, from Oswego, was mistaken for the Chief Justice; when the bells rang, and notwithstanding the rain, the streets were rapidly filled. When the mistake was discovered it caused much merriment. On the arrival of the Chief Justice, the Mayor of Toronto welcomed the visitors. The steamer was greeted on her approach by a salute of cannon, and the cheers of the spectators, who were assembled in great numbers. Carriages were awaiting, and the guests were conveyed to the North American Hotel. The company began to assemble at St. Lawrence Hall about nine o'clock. About ten, Lady Elgin and His Excellency entered the Hall. Dancing commenced soon after. The Hall, which was but partially finished, was fitted up expressly for the occasion. The ceilings were covered with white and blue chintz, the walls in compartments of white and pink, with scarlet hangings around the entire cornice. On the east wall were the words "God save the Queen," and the initials V. R. tastefully executed in evergreens, &c., and extending the whole length of the Hall. On the opposite side were "Hail Columbia," and the initials of the President of the United States, surmounted by the American Eagle: the Union Jack, and the Stars and Stripes blended harmoniously together. It was lit by the Gas Chandeliers of the House of Assembly, and a great number of smaller jets round the room. The walls were ornamented with handsomely framed portraits; amongst them were most conspicuous the Queen, General Washington, &c., &c.

FORTUNATE ESCAPE.—The lives of two car-loads of passengers on the Central Road, Vt. escaped most imminent danger during the freshet. The train ran safely over a bridge between Bethel and Randolph, when one of the abutments had settled, leaving one end of the bridge sustained only by the superstructure of the track! Ere the last car had passed, the bridge had settled about four feet; but the cars were strong—the connection bars held—and the engine literally snatched the train from the jaws of death.

THE ROYAL YACHT.—The *Victoria and Albert* has, in a recent trip to Lisbon and Gibraltar, proved herself one of the fastest ocean steamships afloat. She positively ran from the Plymouth Breakwater to old Belem, in the Tagus, in 65 hours. On that occasion, Lord Palmerston's celebrated speech on the Foreign policy of the Government, was put in the hands of the British Minister to Portugal in a few hours beyond that time. Her passage to the "Old Rock" was equally rapid. And on her return trip, she ran from Cherbourg to Portsmouth in 5 1-2 hours.

BED VERMIN.—A lady has found the following remedy for the prevention of bed-bugs:—After cleaning the bedstead thoroughly, rub it over with hog's lard. The lard should be rubbed on with a wollen cloth. Bugs will not infest such a bedstead for a whole season. The addition of a little oil renders it less drying. The reason for this is the antipathy of insects for grease of any kind.—*Novus Scotian.*

FRIGHTFUL EARTHQUAKE.—The Dutch government has received intelligence from Amboina, one of the Molucca Islands of a series of frightful earthquakes having occurred during nine days, and committed great ravages. They were followed by a violent epidemic, which carried off a great many of the natives and most of the Europeans. A young man, who had recently arrived in the island from Holland, as an *employe* of the third class, suddenly found himself, by the death of all his superiors, the first official, and, as such, he had to undertake the duties of governor.

The New Orleans Picayune has a letter from Havana, of the 4th, announcing alarming rumours from Porto Principe, to the effect that a collision had occurred between the Cubans and the Spaniards, and the troops being called out fired on the people, killing and wounding 30 or 40.

POPULATION OF CALIFORNIA.—The present population of California is estimated at 121,000, of which number 35,000 are foreigners and 71,000 Americans. The whole number who have returned by the mail steamers from April 1, 1849, to June 1, 1850, is 3,173.

ACCIDENT AT RICHIBUCTO.—We learn from the *Miramichi Gleaner* that one day last week, a boat belonging to the Stentor, an outward bound vessel, was proceeding to her with a quantity of supplies, and a heavy chain cable, she was struck with a squall of wind which caused her to sink. The Captain and five seamen were in the boat at the time. The former and three of the men were saved, but two sunk with the boat. The bodies were afterwards recovered and interred.—*New Brun.*

SINGULAR SUICIDE.—A man named Lyons, committed suicide in Litchfield, N. H., last week; he bought his coffin, grave clothes, arsenic and laudanum, dug his grave, enclosed \$1 to the sexton, ordered him to bury his body, dressed himself in his grave clothes, took his poison, and laid down in his coffin, where he remained all night; but in the morning finding himself in the land of the living, he hung himself to a tree, where he was found dead by the sexton.