

Sally was the object of his particular hopes, lay across three long miles of hard territory, stumpy as an old woman's mouth, and as irreclaimable as a prodigal son, gone away for the third time.

One all-sufficiently dark night, unheeding wind and weather, as gallant and spruce a lover as ever straddled a stump, Seth, "in best livery and tucker," and dicker, and all that, started upon his accustomed weekly pilgrimage to the shrine of Sally Jones—a sweet girl, by the way, as strawberries and cream are sweet.

Seth knew every land-mark, if he could see it; but the night was very dark, and in a little while became confused in his reckoning; and, taking the light which gleamed from former Jones' cottage in the distance, for a guide, he pushed boldly on, regardless of intermediate difficulties, surging occasionally to the right or left as some obstruction rose in his path, until he ran stem on, as a sailor would say, to a huge stump, and rolled incontinently over the other side.

He gathered himself up as best he could, shook himself to ascertain that no bones were broken, and then re-started on his mission of love, his ardour somewhat damped by feeling the cold night wind playing in fantastic jets around his body, denoting that the concussion had reached his chest-for-shames, and that the seven-and-six-penny cassimeres were no more to be the particular Je-light of his eye in contemplation of their artistic excellence.

He knew not the extent of the damage sustained, but soon gaining the house, his first glance was over his person, to ascertain if decency would be violated by any unwonted display, but seeing nothing, and trusting to the voluminous proportions of his coat for concealment, he felt re-assured, and took his seat in a proffered chair by the fire.

While conversing with the farmer about the weather and with the dame upon the matter of cheeses, he glanced at Sally, and saw, with painful surprise, that she was looking anxiously and somewhat strangely towards a portion of his dress. She averted her eyes as she caught his glance, but again catching her eye upon him, he was induced to turn his in the same direction, and saw, good heavens! was it his shirt? oozing out of a six inch aperture in the inside of one of the legs of his inexpressibles? He instantly changed position, and from that moment was on nettles. Was he making more revelations by the change? He watched his first opportunity to push the garment in a little; could he succeed in hiding it, it would relieve his embarrassment. Again he watched his chance, and again stowed away the linen. It seemed interminable (like the Dr.'s tapeworm,) and the more he worked at it the more there seemed left.

In the meantime his conversation took the hue of his agony, and his answers bore as much relation to the questions asked, as the first line of the songs of Solomon does to the melancholy burthen of

Old Marm Pettengill.

"At last, with one desperate thrust, the whole disappeared, and he cast a triumphant glance toward Sally.—One look sufficed to show him that she had comprehended the whole, and with the greatest effort was struggling to prevent a laugh. Meeting his glance she could contain herself no longer, but screaming with accumulated fun, she fled from the room; and poor Seth unable to endure this last turn of his agony, seized his hat and dashed madly from the house, clearing the stumps like a racer, in the dark, and reaching home he hardly knew when or how.

As soon as he was gone, Mrs. Jones looked everywhere for a clean night-gown that she had laid out for service on the back of the chair on which Seth had sat. She was positive she took it out, but where upon earth it was, she could not conceive.

"Sally!" cried the old lady, from the door, "have you seen my night-gown?"

"Yes'm," echoed her voice, as if in the last stages of suffocation; "yes'm, Seth Hawkins wore it home."

It was unfortunately the case; and poor Seth had stowed it away in the crevasse of his pants. It was returned the next day with an apology, and he subsequently married Sally, but many years afterwards if an article of any description was missing, of apparel or otherwise, the first suggestion was that Seth Hawkins had stowed it away in his trousers.

How the story got about, nobody knew. He never told it, and Sally never told it, nor the old lady, nor the farmer; but everybody knew it and laughed gloriously at it too.

[From Sharp's London Magazine.]

SINGULAR DISEASES.

A very rare disease of bones is what has been termed softening, but it is rather a failure in their formation altogether; the earthy bony matter goes on to be absorbed, but is not again renewed. Medame Supiot, 1747, had a fall which occasioned her to keep her bed for some time. Soon after she began to feel her limbs affected with pains, succeeded by bending and softness of the bones, which went on from bad to worse, until, in 1752, the trunk did not exceed twenty-three inches in length; the chest and the extremities were distorted, and the thigh bones so flexible that the feet could easily be placed on each side of her head. The one side was longer in becoming deformed than the other was, and it was surprising to observe the progressive alterations in the forms of the limbs which daily took place from the increasing change in the bones. After death these were found in a great degree dissolved, the outer covering—for all bones have a kind of outer covering, the membrane formerly mentioned—alone remaining. By the bones being dissolved the narrator of the case would seem to mean that the earthy matter was wanting, and the bones must have been very much like those which have been steeped in muriatic acid. Rickets, a common enough disease of infancy, depends on the deficiency of earthy matter in bones.

As an instance of the opposite, let us take the remarkable history of M. Sinorre. This person, a captain in the

French army, was reduced to a dreadful state by ossification taking place in his joints, so that every joint in his body had become completely motionless. The disease appeared to have its beginning in rheumatism, and he is described as being before his death, which took place in 1802, in the following state; He had while suffering illness remained constantly in an arm chair, and this attitude determined that which his body assumed, and ever after retained. His back was bent, his right elbow placed a little below the middle of the body; the legs formed an acute angle with the trunk; and the fingers being by this means pointed inwards, exercised a continual pressure upon the body. The jaws became locked and motionless, as if frozen, so that in order to support his life, the front teeth were taken out, and soft food introduced by the opening; and in the same way his drink was given him by means of a tube. When it was necessary to lift him, in order to make his bed, he was raised at once, in one piece, not the slightest heeding taking place. This unfortunate man, such is the force of mind over circumstances, however adverse, bore his fate with great cheerfulness, and amused himself with singing ballads, which he himself composed, and sold to assist him in his poverty.

A few years ago, we saw in Warwickshire a gentleman in a state very nearly the same as that of the French captain. Nearly all his joints were fixed and motionless; and he was lifted daily, in helplessness, from his bed to an arm-chair by the fireside. He had some motion of one arm, and his jaws were free. The disease had been going on for several years, and no medical treatment had availed in checking it. He was not suffering much pain.

WILD REVENGE.—The Celtic legends, like the Celtic language, though deficient in terms of art and refinement are peculiarly rich in the expression of the passions. Joy, grief, fear, love, hatred, and revenge, glow through many an impassioned strain which still lingers by its original wild locality. On the shores of Mull, a crag is pointed out, overhanging the sea, concerning which there is the following tradition, which we have often thought would form no bad subject for the painter, or even the poet:—Some centuries since, the chief of the district, Maclean of Lochbui, had a grand hunting excursion. To grace the festivity, his lady attended with her only child, an infant then in the nurse's arms. The deer, driven by the hounds, and hemmed in by surrounding rocks, flew to a narrow pass, the only outlet they could find. Here the chief had placed one of his men to guard the deer from passing; but the animals rushed with such impetuosity, that the poor forester could not withstand them. In the rage of the moment, Maclean threatened the man with instant death, but this punishment was commuted to a whipping or scourging in the face of his clan, which in these feudal times was considered a degrading punishment fit only for the lowest of menials and the worst of crimes. The clansman burned with anger and fierce revenge. He rushed forward, plucked the tender infant, the heir of Lochbui, from the hands of the nurse, and bounding to the rocks, in a moment stood on an almost inaccessible cliff projecting over the water. The screams of the agonised mother and chief at the awful jeopardy in which their only child was placed, may be easily conceived. Maclean implored the man to give him back his son, and expressed his deep contrition for the degradation he had in a moment of excitement inflicted upon his clansman. The other replied, that the only conditions on which he would consent to the restitution were, that Maclean himself should bare his back to the cord, and be publicly scourged as he had been! In despair the chief consented, saying he would submit to any thing if his child were but restored. To the grief and astonishment of the clan, Maclean bore this insult, and when it was completed begged that the clansman might return from his perilous situation with the young chief. The man regarded him with a smile of demeriac revenge, and lifting high the child in the air, plunged with him into the abyss below. The sea closed over them, and neither, it is said, ever emerged from the tempestuous whirlpools and basaltic caverns that yawned around them, and still threaten the inexperienced navigator on the shores of Mull.

LOSS OF LIFE BY WAR.—Only a small part of the victims in war perish by the cannon and the sword. In France, the mortality among soldiers generally in youth or middle life, was found to be even in peace nearly twice as great as among galley slaves. In a time of war they live on an average about three years; and even in peace their life is probably shortened fifteen or twenty years. Their exposures, hardships, and diseases often sweep them away like dew before the sun.—in some cases one half, in another still nearly nine-tenths!

Look at the havoc of single battles—at Austerlitz 20,000; at Dresden 30,000; at Waterloo 40,000; at Eylau 50,000; at Borodino 80,000. Still worse in ancient times, Issus 110,000; at Arbela 300,000; in one battle of Cesar 363,000, and in another 400,000 of the enemy alone; in the siege of Jerusalem more than a million, and in that of ancient Troy not less than two millions! In the Russian campaign there perished in six months, more than half a million, and during twelve years of the recent wars in Europe no less than 5,800,000! The army of Xerxes, probably more than 5,000,000, was reduced in less than two years, to a few thousand. Jenghiz-khan butchered in the district of Herat, 1,600,000; and in two cities with their dependencies, 1,760,000; and the Chinese historians assure us that during the last twenty-seven years of his reign, he massacred an average of half a million every year, and in the first fourteen years no less than eighteen millions; 31,500,000 in forty-one years by a single hand!! Grecian wars sacrificed 13,000,000, those of the twelve Cæsars, 30,000,000; those of the Crusades, 40,000,000; those of the Saracens and the Turks, 60,000,000 each; those of the Tartars, 80,000,000. Dr. Dick records the sum total of its victims, at no less than fourteen thousand millions, eighteen times as many as all the population now on the globe; and Burke conjectures the number to have been thirty-five thousand millions.

SCRAPIANA.

BY PETER POSTLEWAITE.

Peter still adheres to his former proposition, wherein he declared, that a man's character could not be judged by his name; and, as a proof of his assertion, introduces a few of his neighbours;

Mr. Cross is as good-natured as an angel, and Mr. Gay is as sour and melancholy as a Benedict; Mr. Small is six feet four in his stockings, and Mr. Strong is so weak and feeble that he always rides; Mr. Young was eighty-six years old this spring, and Mr. Harper has no ear for music at all, Mr. Spelman can't write a sentence of English correctly, and Mr. Swift is always behind in all his engagements; Mr. Joy is as crabbed and unsociable as a monk, and Mr. Walker, he hobbles round on two crutches; Mr. Drinkwater always drinks brandy, and Mr. Sharp is emphatically dull and stupid; Mr. Briton is decidedly opposed to the English nation, and Mr. Noble is the meanest man you can scare up; Mr. Savage is the kindest-hearted creature in the world, and as for Mr. Harriman his head is as bald as the back of your hand; Mr. Rich has not got a dollar in the world, while Mr. Phor is worth his thousands; Mr. Dunn never asks a man to pay what he owes, and as for Doolittle, he rises at five o'clock and works until sunset, all the year round.

"Honesty is the best policy." No, sir—'t is aint, by considerable. Suppose you got burnt out, what is your policy good for?

PRINTER'S LANGUAGE.—Every Professional trade has its technical terms, and of course the Printers have a "small smattering" which is intelligible only to the craft. The following is a specimen, it don't mean, however, as much as it would seem to the uninitiated:—"Jim, put General Washington on the galley, and then finish the murder of that young girl you commenced yesterday. Set up the ruins of Herculaneum; distribute the small-pox; you needn't finish that runaway match; have the high water in the paper this week; let the pie alone till after dinner, put the barbecues to press, and then go to the devil, and he will tell you about the work for the morning." Not much wonder that Dr. Faustus was burned for inventing such a diabolical art.

A YANKEE.—The best definition of the yankee, we have ever seen, is the one attributed to "an Eastern lecturer," who said that it would not be a very violent stretch of the imagination to believe that a thoughtful Massachusetts or Connecticut baby, six months old, sits in its mother's lap, eyeing his own cradle, to see if he could not invent a better, or at least suggest some improvement.

We would extend the definition to the whole universal Yankee nation, which we understand is somewhat extensive now in this considerable patch of the world, now known as Uncle Sam's corn field.—Scientific American.

A WIFE'S PREROGATIVE.—An Irish soldier once waited on his Commanding Officer with what he termed a serious complaint. "Another man," he said, "had upbraided him that he was not married to his own wife, whom he accused of being no better than she should be, and called her many bad names besides, he should be ashamed to mention to his honor." Colonel—"Well, my good fellow, have you any proof that you are legally married?" Soldier—"Faith, your honor, I have the best proof in the world." Here he took off his hat, or rather cap, and exhibited a cut skull, saying, "Does your honour think I'd be after taking that same abuse from any body but a wife?"

CURIOSITIES.

A moral feature in the "Fugitive Slave Bill"—Not visible to the naked eye.

Some choice flowers gathered in the "glorious summer" we are enjoying after the "Winter of our Discontent."

The lock of hair that South Carolina is going to leave when she "steps out"—rather curly.

A big shark from the "Sea (sea) of Rome."

A dinner made of a "pretty kettle of fish."

A SONG FOR THE TIMES.

TURKEYS who for us have bled;
Turkeys who on corn have fed;
Welcome to us, now you're dead,
And in the frost have hung.
Now's the day, and now's the hour
Through the market now we scour,
Seeking turkeys to devour;
Turkeys old and young,
Who would be a turkey hen?
Fed and fattened in a pen!
Killed and ate by hungry men!
Can you tell, I pray?
Lay the proud old turkeys low;
Let the young ones fat and grow;
To market they are not fit to go,
Till next Christmas day.

"Cudjoe, how did you dare to didn't be at home when I cum to saw you?" "Cause I did 'it was there, and when I seed you went, I tried for to go, but I couldn't cum."

"Very well den, cum here till I fetch you dis-letter by de mail."

"Dennis, dachut, och, Dennis, what is it you're doing?"

"Whist, Biddy, I se trying an experiment!"

"Murder! what is it?"

"What is it, did you say? Ahhy, it's giving hot wather to the chickens I am, so they will be after laying boiled eggs!"

An Irishman, who was very high sighted, about to fight a duel, insisted that he should stand six paces nearer his antagonist than the other did to him, and that they were both to fire at the same time.

That must be a very foolish, rash woman who puts tubs out doors to catch soft water, when it is raining hard.