

## Serving a Rum Customer.

"Have you got any good West India Rum, sir?" asked a woman, a day or two since, of one of our disciples of Esculapius, as she slowly unfolded her shawl, and placed on the counter a goodly sized bottle, for the accommodation of of the 'critter."

"For what do you want it marm?" inquired he, as he scanned her countenance.

"Oh, simply for bathing, sir; I never use the vile stuff for any other purpose."

"Well," said he, "I have a little left, but it is not of the best quality. I have heard much complaint of my last barrel; but it is excellent for bathing in sickness, as it is just weak enough, without the usual dilution of water."

"Well, I'll have a bottle filled and try," said she. And having received it, left, wondering why she should be questioned so closely about a little rum.

"Our rum is all out C—," said he to his clerk the next morning. "I will try to procure a better article than the last has proved to be."

"All out sir!" replied the astonished clerk; "why I sold a quart just before you came, and it did not run dry then, for I left it running by accident, and lost nearly a gallon—there must be near ten gallons left yet, for I have sold very little of it lately."

"Why you must be mistaken! I had to tip the barrel yesterday to fill the measure. Do show me where you drew it."

"What barrel did you take it from?" asked the clerk, a little frightened, fearing he must have been dispensing alcohol.

"Why this one of course!" replied he, (pointing to the one nearest the door.) "I have sold for a fortnight from it."

The clerk could not contain himself any longer.

"Why," said he, as soon as he could smother his laughter, "that is a barrel of rain water that I brought to use for my plants, and I filled it at the bung to save the head."

"Well, C—, keep this entirely to yourself—I have been selling rum from it, for ten days at least! and have wondered that people complained of it, as I always try to keep the best kind. Keep mum, keep mum!"—*N. Y. Spirit of the Times.*

## Why People Drink.

Mr. A. drinks because his doctor has recommended him to take a little.

Mr. B. because his doctor ordered him not, and he hates quackery.

Mr. C. takes a drop because he's wet.

Mr. D. because he's dry.

Mr. E. because he feels something rising in his stomach.

Mr. F. because he feels a kind of sinking in his stomach.

Mr. G. because he's going to see a friend off to Oregon.

Mr. H. because he's got a friend come home from California.

Mr. I. because he's so hot.

Mr. K. because he's so cold.

Mr. L. because he's got a pain in his head.

Mr. M. because he's got a pain in his side.

Mr. N. because he's got a pain in his back.

Mr. O. because he's got a pain in his chest.

Mr. P. because he's got a pain all over him.

Mr. Q. because he feels light and happy.

Mr. R. because he feels heavy and miserable.

Mr. S. because he's married.

Mr. T. because he isn't.

Mr. V. because he likes to see his friends around him.

Mr. W. because he's got no friends, and enjoys a glass by himself.

Mr. X. because his uncle left him a legacy.

Mr. Y. because his aunt cut him off with a shilling.

Mr. Z. (we should be happy to inform our readers what Mr. Z.'s reasons are for drinking, but on questioning him he was found too drunk to answer.)

A FINE EAR FOR MUSIC.—Two Irishmen in crossing a field, came in contact with a jackass, who was making "daylight hideous" with his unearthly braying. Jimmy stood a moment in astonishment, but turning to Pat, who seemed as much enraptured with the song as himself, remarked:—

"It's a fine large ear that bird has for music, Pat, but sure he's got a wonderful cowl'd!"

Here is a paragraph of plain talk to girls which is worth a library of Young Lady's Books, or Young Lady's Friends, or whatever may be the title of the wishy-washy compends that are sold for the benefit of this interesting portion of the population:—

"Men who are worth having want women for wives. A bundle of gewgaws, bound with a string of flats and quavers, sprinkled with cologne, and set in a carmine saucer—this is no help for a man who expects to raise a family of boys on veritable bread and meat. The piano and the lace frame are good enough in their places; and so are ribbons, frills, and tinsels, but you cannot make a dinner of the former, nor a bed-blanket of the latter. And awful as the idea may seem to you, both dinner and bed-blanket are necessary to domestic happiness.—Life has its realities as well as its fancies; but you make it all a matter of decoration—remembering the tassels and curtains, but forgetting the bedstead. Suppose a young man of good sense, and of course good prospects, to be looking for a wife—what chance have you to be chosen? You may cap him, or trap him, or catch him; but how much better to make it an object for him to catch you. Render yourselves worth catching, and you will need no shrewd mothers, or managing brothers to find you a market."

TELLING FAULTS.—Did anybody ever hear the story of the two bachelor brothers, down in Tennessee, who had lived a cat-and-dog sort of life, to their own and their neighbor's discomfort, for a good many years, but who having been at a camp meeting, were slightly "converted," and concluded to reform.

"Brother Tom," says one, when they had arrived at their home, "let us sit down now, and I'll tell you what we'll do. You tell me of all my faults, and I'll you of yours, and so we'll know how to go about mendin' of 'em."

"Good!" says brother Tom.

"Well, you begin."

"No, you begin, brother Joe."

"Well, in the first place, you know, brother Tom, you will lie."

Crack! goes brother Tom's "paw" between brother's Joe's "blinkers," and considerable of a "scrimmage" ensues, until, in the course of ten minutes, neither are able to "come up to time," and the reformation is postponed *sine die*.—*N. Y. Spirit of the Times.*

One of the best things to resist fatigue is music. Girls who "could not walk a mile to save their lives," will dance in company with a knock-kneed clarinet and superannuated fiddle, from tea-time till sunrise; while a soldier, grown weary with quietness, will no sooner hear a bugle give a flourish, than he will cut one himself. Whether men can march twenty or forty miles a day, depends altogether on who blows the bass drum.

A LESSON IN ARITHMETIC.—Teacher—Suppose I were to shoot at a tree with five birds on it, and kill three, how many would be left?

John—Three sir

Teacher—No, two would be left, you ignoramus.

John—No there wouldn't; the three shot would be left, and the other two would be *fired away*.

"You will lose nothing in the long run," said an eminent divine, from the pulpit, "by being kind, affectionate, and cheerful." Before night, the eminent divine flogged six of his children within an inch of their lives, and gave his wife a tremendous "blowing up," because she had forgotten to sew a string on his night-cap.

The Dublin Journal announced one day that "her Grace the Duke of Dorset," had given birth to a son. Next day the mistake was thus corrected:—"For her Grace the Duke of Dorset, read his Grace the Duchess of Dorset."

Take a company of boys chasing butterflies, and put long-tailed coats on the boys and turn the butterflies into dollars, and you will have a beautiful panorama of the world.

Somebody being asked to define nonsense, replied: "It is nonsense to bolt a door with a boiled carrot."

"I am thy father's spirit," as the bottle said to the boy, when he found it hidden in the wood-pile.

## Summary of News.

## Naval Powers of England and France.

The British Navy at the present time consists, altogether, (exclusive of old ships for harbor service) of 545 vessels, great and small, including steamships. Of these, 87 are ships of the line; 66 are sailing frigates; 21 corvettes, or sloops-of-war, and 124 are smaller vessels, capable of carrying 20 guns and under. Five of the ships of the line, including the Royal Albert of 120 guns, and the St. Jean d'Acre of 100 guns, are fitted with powerful engines as screw steamers. Of the steam ships-of-war there are 16 screw frigates, 12 screw steam sloops, 12 screw steam ships, and 116 steam frigates with paddle wheels.

A number of the above vessels are still on the stocks, but almost all of them so near completion that they might be launched and put into commission in a few weeks. That portion of the British naval force on foreign stations, is, with the exception of the Mediterranean and Tagus fleets, comparatively insignificant, and all the ships of war in the ports of England, if efficiently manned and armed, are formidable both in magnitude and numbers; and in case of need it is supposed there would be, in addition to the present number of seamen and marines, a full force from the merchant service, fishermen and coast guard sufficient to defeat any possible armament from France. In case of war the mercantile fleet of England could afford ships and seamen on a scale of unprecedented magnitude. Belonging to the port of London alone the number of powerful steamships, from 300 to 2,000 tons, would amount to a strong naval force; while those of London, Bristol, Glasgow, the Royal Mail contract packets, the Peninsular and Oriental, and the General Steam Navigation Company, whose large steamers ply between London and Scotland, could also be made available, while the large East India merchantmen belonging to London, Newcastle, and other ports, could readily be armed as frigates.

The French Navy, at the present time, consists—old and new, great and small, and on the stocks—of 328 vessels, including steamers. Of this fleet, 40 are ranked as ships of the line. There are 50 frigates; 4 corvettes; 50 brigs, 30 vessels officiating as gun brigs, schooners and tenders, and 16 transport ships. Besides these, there are 102 steamers (including 50 packets) afloat and building in the slips. There are 10 steam frigates, 20 sloops or corvettes, and 2 floating batteries, one of 400 and the other of 500-horse power.

A large number of the French line of battle ships, and the frigates are magnificent vessels their sailing lines of admirable draught, and models beautiful. Several of their screw steamers are strongly and firmly constructed, and efficiently fitted out; but generally their machinery is far inferior to that of England, and their speed slower than that of English steamships. None of them are equal either in power or speed to the fleet of the Cunard line, or to several of the ships of the West India and Peninsular lines. The French mercantile fleet is comparatively insignificant. According to the last account of the Minister of Marine, the number of seamen, including marines, the greater part of whom had never been to sea, is about 27,000.

By the above statements, our readers can see at a glance the superiority of England as a naval power. But still the navy of France is by no means to be despised. Its chief deficiency will be found in the scarcity of able and skilful seamen to man the ships in case of war.—*Boston Journal.*

The following remarks addressed to the New York Commercial Advertiser will be read with interest:—

To the Editors of the Commercial Advertiser.

SIR JOHN PAKINGTON.—In several of the public journals of this city, Sir John Pakington, the new Minister for the British colonies, is described as a person having little or no knowledge of the vast colonies and territories over which he is called to preside. One paper, indeed, assures its readers that the worthy baronet is only known in England as a Quarter Sessions magistrate.

As the journals of this city have extensive circulation in the adjacent colonies, and as the reports of Earl Derby's cabinet are chiefly derived from free trade papers in Great Britain, it is desirable that these statements be corrected.

Sir J. Pakington is a gentleman of wealth and great respectability in Worcestershire, and has for a long time represented the town of Droitwich in Parliament. He was raised to the dignity of baronet a few years ago, and no gentleman in England was more worthy of such an honor from his Sovereign.

Sir John visited the United States in 1833 accompanied by his lady (who is since dead) and his son, and soon after proceeded to Canada, in company with the celebrated Dr. Dunlop, so well remembered in that part of the Queen's dominions. As Sir John's visit was not one of mere pleasure or idle curiosity, he could not be in better company than that of the lamented gentleman just named, who, from his extensive knowledge of the colonies was fully competent

to impart the information Sir John was seeking. His observations were extensive, and his reflections on the vast and noble country before him were such as became a well educated and patriotic Englishman.

On his return to Great Britain he devoted himself to the study of Colonial affairs, receiving journals from this country, corresponding with those whose acquaintance he had made during his sojourn, and frequently speaking on Colonial questions from his seat in Parliament. A protectionist he certainly is, to which the colonies will have no objection; and as a conservative he is one who, while he upholds the just prerogatives of the Sovereign, has a deep and innate sense of the value of public liberty. In stature he is somewhat below the medium size; exceedingly mild, affable and gentlemanly in his manners; an optimist, not a croaker, in British affairs, and a firm friend of the colonies.

I am, gentlemen, your obt. svt.

B.

The following is an extract from a letter sent to a Lady in this place, from a friend at a distance:—

A Tradesman came here to work a few weeks ago from Miramichi. He had a wife and one child. He worked steadily enough until pay day came round, when forgetting wife, child, duty and affection, he squandered all his weeks earnings in the Tavern. Meantime his poor wife lay sick in a corner of a room destitute of furniture, without a fire, on the cold floor, (for bed she had none,) unless we call the scanty handful of straw on which she stretched her stiffened limbs a bed,—without food, exposed to all the miseries of famine, neglect, and disease. Imagination cannot conceive the extent of wretchedness which this cheerless room presented to the view. There lay a once respectable woman—the wife whom he had promised to cherish—without one kind hand to do the needful offices of humanity, without sufficient covering, and without a fire, until her limbs were stiff and rigid. Without a drink to cool the parching fever that raged within, until her tongue was black and swollen, and this continued for as much as ten or twelve days. When at last she was discovered some kind-hearted females went to lend her some assistance, but the monster (her husband) would scarcely allow them, and said he was not come so low as to receive charity. By the exertions of these good Samaritans she was made more comfortable: a doctor was sent for, who pronounced her disease Typhus Fever, but the poor woman said that it was ill treatment and neglect. That same evening the husband came home drunk—and had the cruelty to beat his dying wife. The doctor had him sent to jail, and the woman removed to the Alms House, where death soon put an end to her sufferings,—while he who was the author of her sufferings gave himself up entirely to intoxication. It is said that after sleeping two nights on the street, he set off for Miramichi but was found with his limbs so badly frozen that it was thought he would not recover.

EARTHQUAKE IN FRANCE.—A French paper of the 26th January, states that a shock of an earthquake was felt at Bordeaux, at a quarter past two, on the morning of that day. It lasted from seven to eight seconds. Persons who were in bed fancied that some heavily-laden wagons were going along the streets, or that a heavy piece of furniture was being pulled about above their heads. The shock was preceded by a kind of detonation; two distinct oscillations were felt at about three seconds' interval; the direction appeared to be from the south to the north. The degree of violence of the shock varied in the different quarters of the city; it was more felt in the high houses. On the side of the Quinconces it was felt very severely; the pictures hanging on the walls were agitated; light articles of furniture were thrown down, and windows were broken. In some of the churches the painted glass windows flew into pieces, the church of St. Pierre and the cathedral suffered most severely in this way. Persons who happened to be in the streets at the time were seized with the greatest alarm; they suddenly felt the ground tremble under their feet. The sky at the time was of a dark reddish color, as if from the effect of a tremendous fire at a distance. In the country the cattle in the fields partook of the general alarm, and uttered moans and cries. From accounts received at Bordeaux, from other parts of the Gironde, it appears that the shock was general throughout the whole department. At Libourne the people were awakened by a violent shock; at La Suave the shock was very severe, and several houses were damaged; at Gragnan the same phenomenon was felt; everything appeared to be dancing about in the houses.

During the last forty-eight years there have been five constitutions in France, reckoning that promulgated recently: and it is precisely forty-eight years, day for day, since the civil code was promulgated by Napoleon, then Consul for life.

Mr. Charles Mare, the eminent ship-builder of Blackwall, has challenged the Americans to run a vessel against any one that they can produce for a thousand guineas. The tonnage of the ship to be from 50 to 380 tons.—*London Times.*