

"That would be a good joke," said I; "and I should not hear the last of it for six months. But I know how to put a stop to that business at once. So I took and led my horse down to the wharf where my old ship was discharging, and asked the mate to lend me the small boat's grapple, and a piece of rattling stuff, which he did—for Mr. Ramsay was a clever fellow, although he used to bother us a good deal in his watch, in trimming the sails. I fastened the rope around the horse's neck, then, made a snug coil of the rest on the bow of the saddle, and on the top of all I put my anchor, ready to let go, and bring up my craft all standing, if she got too much way on. But I was always fond of going fast, and didn't believe there was much danger.

After getting everything ready, I was helped up to the horse's back, and I never felt so queer in my life. A horse knows a thing or two—the cunning creature lifted up his head and gave me a look over the starboard shoulder, as if he would say, "I'll fix you, my lad, before we get back;" and I would have given fifty dollars to have been at that time standing on the *Flemish* horse at the end of the Montazuma's main-top-sail yard, reefing topsails in a gale of wind. But it was too late to alter my plan, and "neck or nothing" was then my motto—so I determined to heave ahead and save the tide, especially as I had my anchor at the bow, all ready to let go if I found myself in among the breakers.

I'll tell you what, shipmates, this riding on horseback is a serious thing, unless you are used to it—such pitching and rolling I never met with before nor since—not even when sending down top-gallant yards in a gale of wind in the Bay of Biscay. They told me how to steer him—by hauling hard on the starboard rope, when I wished him to go more to starboard—and on the larboard rope when I wished him to go to port—and if I wished to heave to, I must bring an equal strain to bear on both the ropes, and take a strong pull.

We started off, and seemed to understand each other very well for a while. The horse did not seem inclined to go fast, and I managed to keep my perpendicular pretty well—but the boys shouted, and the men grinned as I rode along the street—and having gathered courage, I foolishly resolved to clap on more sail, and get out of town, where I should find plane sailing, and be able to crowd on every stitch of canvas. Accordingly I gave my good friend a touch with my whip, and off he started with a jerk, that came near tumbling me over the starboard quarter—and just then some little powder-monkeys, bad luck to them, set up a hideous yell which frightened him, and away he went with poor Jerry on his back, kicking and sprawling and galloping at the rate of fifteen or twenty knots!

I clung to him like a Guernsey frock to the back of a sailor—and although at first rather tickled than otherwise, at the idea of sailing at such a furious rate, I soon found I could not stand it long, for my ship was mighty uneasy, and plunged as if scudding against a head sea, immediately after the shifting of the wind in a hurricane. Such a jolting and pounding as I got, has seldom fell to the lot of poor Jack Tar. My tarpolin was soon left behind, and I felt as if every timber about me would be shaken out of place. I dropped the whip, grabbed the reins, and pulled with all my might—but it was of no use. I might as well have tried to sway up the main-top-sail by pulling on the main-top-gallant-stay. Indeed, the more I pulled, the faster the ugly creature went.

The town I soon left far astern, and passed by fields, and bushes, and pastures, and trees, and houses, and carts, and men, and women, and children, who all looked on with open mouths and staring eyes, as if they had never seen a horse running away with a sailor before. More than once I was within an ace of being pitched heels over head into the jungle alongside of the road, notwithstanding I had by this time dropped the bridle, and clung to the horse's mane. I grew sea-sick, which you well know shipmates, is a disagreeable feeling—and was in hopes that my cutter would soon shorten sail, and allow a fellow a little time to breathe. But no—on he went, over bridges, hills, and valleys—nothing seemed to stop him, or lessen his speed—and at last I came

to the conclusion that it would be as well to bring the ship to an anchor.

We soon came to a spot where the bottom was ruddy and rocky, which I thought must prove to be good holding ground. I took my rigger's knife from the sheath, although while so doing, I had like to have gone overboard, head first. I cut the stops which fastened my ground tackling to the saddle, and sung out, "stand by the anchor!" "Aye, aye, sir." By hauling taught upon the larboard rein, I brought my ship up into the wind, in true sailor fashion, but with all my seamanship, I could not manage to check the ship's way. "Let go the anchor!" shouted I, at the top of my lungs, and overboard it went, and made such a rattling about the heels of the runaway, that he bounded faster than ever.

Thinks I to myself old boy, your race will be soon run; but I found to my sorrow that the cable had all run out, and the holding ground was good for nothing. The anchor dragged—and for a time did not check the rate of the beast, any more than a kedge and towline would a ship of five hundred tons, when in the roads of Buenos Ayres, during a Pampero. I began to think it was a gone case with poor Jerry Marlinspike, when the anchor caught behind a big rock—and brought her up all standing. I was not prepared for coming to so suddenly—and away I went like a sky-rocket, about fifteen or twenty yards farther—and landed among the rocks!

The shock was so violent that all my seven senses were completely knocked out of me—and when I came to, I found myself lying on a bed, with my hull and upper works pretty well battered, and a doctor hard at work to repair damages. That was no easy matter, shipmates, you may rely upon it—for three of my ribs and my collar bone were broken, and I received a severe wound on the side of my head, which the doctor said would have finished me, if my skull had not been uncommonly thick. My face was bruised and cut, so that not even my own mother would not have known her darling Jerry if she had been on the spot—and my nose was completely unshipped, and lay keel out on the starboard side of my face!

The doctor had a tough job of it, as well as myself; and it was a long time before I was able to do duty on board ship. My nose, and indeed my whole phiz was put sadly out of joint, as you see—and I have never been in a hurry since!

HOW TO MAKE A FORTUNE.—Take earnestly hold of life, as capacitated for, and destined to, a high and noble purpose. Study closely the mind's bent for labor or a profession. Adopt it early, and pursue it steadily, never looking back to the turning furrow, but forward to the new ground that ever remains to be broken. Means and ways are abundant to every man's success, if will and actions are rightly adapted to them. Our rich men and our great men have carved their paths to fortune, and by this eternal principle—a principle that cannot fail to reward its votary, if it be resolutely pursued. To sigh or repine over the lack of inheritance, is unmanly. Every man should strive to be a creator instead of inheritor. He should bequeath instead of borrow. The human race, in this respect, want dignity and discipline. It prefers to wield the sword of valorous forefathers, to forging its own weapons. This is a mean and ignoble spirit. Let every man be conscious of the power in him, and the providence over him, and fight his own battles with his own good lance. Let him feel that it is better to earn a crust than to inherit coffers of gold. This spirit of self-nobility once learned, and every man will discover within himself, under God, the elements and capacities of wealth. He will be rich, inestimably rich in self-resources, and can lift his face proudly to meet the noblest among men.

PRETTY GOOD.—A gentleman while examining a harness he had ordered of a mechanic, it was discovered that one of the buckles was deficient of a tongue. The master of the shop was apologizing for the oversight, when one of the boys sung out: "If you have lost your tongue I'll lend you mine." His impertinence was soon checked by the gentleman, with this remark: "But I want a tongue that will keep its place!"

NEWSPAPERS.—The first newspaper printed in the North American colonies, was called "the Boston News-Letter," and was issued in 1704, by John Campbell, a Scotchman, who was postmaster and a bookseller in Boston. Sometimes it had one advertisement, and often none. After 14 years, when 300 copies were sold, the publisher announced that his weekly half-sheet being insufficient to keep up with the foreign news, he should issue an extra sheet each fortnight; which expedient he announces, after a year, has enabled the "News-Letter" to retrieve eight months of the thirteen that it was behind in the news from Europe: so that those who would hold on till the next January (five months,) might expect to have all the arrears of intelligence from the old world, "needful for to be known in these parts!" After 16 years, the publisher gives notice that copies of the "News-Letter" would be "printed on a whole sheet of writing paper, one-half of which would be blank, on which letters might be written," etc.

Such was the infancy of newspaper enterprise in this country. Could John Campbell look into the office of the American Messenger, the monthly paper of the American Tract Society, and see its editions of 125,000 rolling from the press, or step into the office of one of the "dailies," with a four cylinder press issuing its 8,000 or 10,000 sheets an hour, what would be his emotions. How would our mercantile community, who can hardly wait for the lightning, that they may get the news, like the promise of installments of European intelligence thirteen months old? Should we not be grateful to God for a free press? And should we not be untiring in our efforts to spread its blessings and the blessings of a free gospel throughout the world?

YANKEE HOMESpun.—When I lived in the State of Maine, said Uncle Ezra, "I helped to break up a new piece of ground; we got the wood off in the winter, and early in the spring we begun ploughing on't. It was so consarned rocky that we had to get forty yoke of oxen to one plough, we did faith, and I held that plough more'n a week; I thought I should die. It e'en a most killed me, I vow. Why one day, I was hold'n and the plough hit a stump which measured just nine feet and a half through it, hard and sound white oak. The plough split it, and I was going straight through the stump when I happened to think it might snap together again, so I through out my feet, and had no sooner done this than it snapped together agin, taking a smart hold of the seat of my pantaloons. Of course I was tight, but I held on to the plough-handles, and, though the teamsters did all they could, that team of eighty oxen could not tear my pantaloons, nor cause me to let go my grip. At last, though, after letting the cattle breathe, they gave another strong pull together, and the old stump came out about the quickest. It had monstrous long roots, too, let me tell you. My wife made the cloth for them pantaloons, and I haven't worn any other kind since." The only reply made to this was, "I should have thought it would have come hard upon your suspenders." "Powerful hard."—*Sam Slick's Traits of American Humour.*

POWER OF IMAGINATION.—A year since, Elijah Barns, of Pennsylvania, killed a rattlesnake in his field, without injury to himself, and immediately after put on his son's waistcoat, both being of one color. He returned to his house, and on attempting to button his waistcoat, he found to his astonishment, that it was much too small. His imagination was now wrought to a high pitch, and he instantly conceived the idea that he had been imperceptibly bitten by the snake, and was thus swollen from its poison. He grew suddenly very ill, and took to his bed. The family, in great alarm and confusion, summoned three physicians, and the usual remedies were proscribed and administered. The patient, however, grew worse every minute, until, at length, the boy came home with his father's waistcoat dangling about him. The mystery was soon unfolded, and the patient, being relieved from his imaginary apprehensions, dismissed his physicians, and was restored to health.

I've got a pig cat, and I've got a pig tog,
I've got a pig calf, and I've got a pig hog,
I've got a pig baby, so pig and so tall,
And I've got a pig wife, that's pigger than all.

A COOL OPERATION.—"Hullo there, Captin!" said a brother Jonathan to a captain of a canal packet on the Erie Canal, "what do you charge for passage?"

"Three cents per mile, and boarded," said the captain.

"Wal, I guess I'll take passage, captin, seeing as how I'm kinder give out walkin' so far." Accordingly he got on board just as the steward was ringing the bell for dinner.

Jonathan sat down and began to demolish the "fixins" to the utter consternation of the captain, until he cleared the table of all that was eatable, when he got up and went on deck, picking his teeth very comfortably.

"How far is it, captin, from here to where I came on board?"

"Nearly one and a half miles," said the captain.

"Let's see," said Jonathan, "that would be just four and a half cents; but never mind, captin, I won't be small; here's five cents, which pays my fare up to here, I guess I'll go ashore now; I'm kinder rested out."

The captain vamoosed for the cabin, and Jonathan went on shore.

A RISING YOUTH.—A newsboy rushed into a retail shirt store in Chatham street, the other day, and thus accosted the proprietor—

"Say mister, do you retail shirts here?"

"Yes, my son; we have them to fit you at five shillings apiece—very nice ones."

"Oh blazes! I don't want a whole one. But I seed o. your sign, Shirts retail and wholesale, and I thought you might retail mine, for it wants it bad; a dog got hold uv it, and wouldn't let go if I'd killed him."

"Why don't your mother mend your clothes?"

"Wal, thar! do you think I've a mother? I ain't got a mother, nor never had that—as I does on—"

"You had best go to the man over the way. We can't retail your old one."

The Boston Times says an acquaintance of the editor a few weeks since, purchased a box of segars warranted "first quality." After smoking half a dozen he became convinced that the filling was composed of some other material than tobacco. Taking a small quantity of rich earth he filled a flower pot, and planted one, and then patiently awaited, for a few days, the result. Half a dozen buds appeared, and, at the end of two weeks, as fine a head of cabbage was grown as ever appeared.

SINCERITY VERSUS MANNERS.—Mr. Fox on his canvass having solicited a tradesman for a vote, the blunt elector replied, "I cannot give you my support; I admire your abilities, but d—n your principles!" Mr. Fox instantly retorted, "My friend, I applaud your sincerity, but d—n your manners."

A sprig of the law, expecting soon the appointment of Judge, was questioned as to his qualifications—as to the penalty he should attach to the crime of arson, replied with profound gravity—"Arson, arson! I would make the fellow pay a hundred dollars and marry the girl!"

IRISH ECONOMY.—An Irish officer having lost a parcel of silk stockings, sent a bellman about to offer a reward for them, which was so small, that a friend observed he could not expect to recover them. "Ah! by Japers," says Paddy, I advertised them as worsted ones."

"Father," said a sporting youth to his revered parent, "they say trout will bite now."

"Well well," was the consoling reply, "mind your work, and then you'll be sure they won't bite you."

A man in front of City Hall, yesterday, in a fit of ungovernable passion, asserted that he "would just as soon live as die." He is related to the individual who, when in a similar state said he "felt like eating three boiled eggs."

A man took off his coat to show a terrible wound he had received some years past. "Oh!" said he, not being able to find it, "I remember now, it was on my brother Bills arm."

If, in a fi of the blues, you take poison, and then are sorry for it, just swallow a teaspoonful of mustard in a tumbler of warm water and it will rout the enemy in a jiffy.