

**A Sermon that did not Suit.**

Mrs. H— was a very religious woman, and perhaps came as near worshipping Mr. N—, her favorite minister, as some of our big-bugs do Kossuth, the Hungarian; but he that as it may, she was continually hammering Aaron, a shrewd lad of some sixteen years of age, who, to pester the old lady, and hear her scold, would occasionally speak rather lightly of Mr. N—, her minister.

Happening in at the house of Mrs. H— one day, the old lady began as usual to chastise him, and Aaron thinking that she put it on rather too hard, after hearing her through, said—

"I am as good as Mr. N—, and can preach as well."

"Preach!" said the old lady, "you don't know one single word in the Bible."

"Well, give me a text," said Aaron, "and see if I can't preach."

"You don't know anything about the Bible," said Mrs. H., "if you do you may take any text you please."

"Well," said Aaron, "A virtuous woman is without price,—an't that in your Bible?"

"Yes," said Mrs. H., "and it shows that women are better than men, for the Bible don't say that a virtuous man is without price."

"Well, we will see about that," said Aaron, and after dividing his subject into two or three heads, commenced as follows:

"The scarcity of an article, in all cases governs the price, but when an article cannot be found, it cannot be had at any price, and for that reason is 'without price.' Now, if there were any virtuous women, there would be a price and a high one too, by reason of the scarcity, but as there is none—"

At this stage of the discourse, the old lady seized the broom—

"Aaron," said she, "you are an impudent brat, and if you don't clear out, I will pelt you with the broom-handle."

Aaron made tracks into the road, finishing his sentence, "they are without price," as he went through the door, which the old lady closed after him with considerable force.

Aaron now started for home, saying to himself as he went along, "I guess the old woman will not chastise me again very soon,"—and as it proved, he was not mistaken in his prediction.—*Contacook Transcript.*

**FIGHT BETWEEN AN INDIAN AND A BEAR.**

The *Acadian Recorder* gives the following interesting account of a desperate bear fight:—A few days since Simon Francis, a true Micmac, and his brother, having first sold the skin, set out in search of a bear, and were successful in finding the winter quarters of bruin, in the neighborhood of Brookfield, Colchester. The den was occupied by three of the bear tribe, of which they succeeded in killing one, that weighed upwards of 600lbs., the remaining two escaped.—On the following day the brothers started on the tracks of the fugitives, which led off in different directions. As they had only one gun between them, Simon was left unarmed, and was even without a knife. The hunters had separated some time, when Simon came suddenly upon one of the bears, coiled up under the root of a tree. The bear, as he states, sprang upon him instantly and a struggle ensued, that lasted half an hour. The bear wrapped his fore paws around the Indian's body and began the hug. Simon on his part seized the bear by the throat, and frequently stopped his mouth with his mitten. The contest was, however, unequal, and Simon would have been bear's-meat except for his dog (a small one) which by biting the bear behind, discomfited him in such a manner, that he was compelled to take one paw off from Simon occasionally, to strike his assailant in the rear. During the struggle, Simon occupied himself in twisting the bear's throat, cramming the mitten into his mouth, and shouting for his brother. The brother at last came up, and, in an attempt to retreat, bruin was shot dead. The other bear was also killed by the brother, the same day. The clothes of Simon were much torn, but he received but few scratches. The grip of the bear, however, produced a discharge of blood from his lungs. He was brought to town, as we understand, by Dr. Gesner; the commissioner for Indian affairs, last week, and his wants supplied, and he was marched back to

his wigwam, with a fine long knife slung in a scabbard, for the poor fellow declared that "no man ever wantum one knife so bad as me wantum dat time," and he says, "no man ever buy my dog. When my dog die, he die Simon's own dog."

**BIGOTRY.**—Old Job Dundee was at one time one of the most popular darkies in our city.—He was a kind of patriarch among the colored population, and universally liked by the white folks. About the time that he stood at the head of the New Street Church he was summoned before Squire (now Judge) Wiseman, to testify to the character of a negro who was charged with petty larceny.

"Well, Job," said the Squire, "what do you know of the character of the defendant?"

"Well, I knows considerable 'bout de colored individual, and I never fin's him guilty of only one 'fence," replied Job, with great reverence.

"Well, what is the nature of the offence you allude to?"

"Why, the nigger am bigoted."

"He's what?"

"Bigoted, bigoted—doesn't you know what dat am?"

"Why, no," replied the Squire, who is much of a wag. "Will you define the term Job?"

"Sartainly, sartainly I does. To be bigoted a colored pusson must know too much for one nigger, and not enough for two niggers."

**PRESENCE OF MIND.**—A correspondent in North Uist writes:—The herdsman of a farm in North Uist had occasion one day lately to send his daughter for the cattle under his charge.—There were about eighty of them, and among them two bulls, one of which was occasionally in the habit of assaulting people. On the day in question the damsel unwarily approached the bull too closely, when he immediately gave chase. On a level field, without dykes, bogs, or any other place to resort to, what would the reader have done—for to run a distance of three quarters of a mile was out of the question?—The girl with great presence of mind, ran over to the other bull—a good natured animal, and much stronger than her assailant. Standing close by his side, and tapping him kindly on the back, drove him towards her father's house, followed by her enraged enemy, who kept roaring and fuming all the way, but when he came too close her protector turned round, and with a shake and toss of his head, kept the assailant at bay. In this manner the fugitive arrived safely at home.—*Inverness Courier.*

**HIT 'EM AGAIN.**—Some independent plebeian gets off the following very fair hit at the codfish aristocracy:

The man who never eats peas with his knife is at Cape May; he puts up at the Columbia House, and uses his own silver fork. His father was a hod-carrier, and his mother a washerwoman. His uncle, the grog-shop keeper, left him his wealth when he left off selling three cent smellers, and died. His heir does not know how bricks are conveyed to the top of a four story building, and would not recognize a wash-board if he was to break his shins on it. Such vulgar things are unknown to him. He was brought up in a refined manner, and expects to die in a genteel fashion, and be buried in a ruffled shirt.

**A PUZZLED IRISHMAN.**—Mr. O'Flaherty undertook to tell how many there were at the party:

"The two Crogans was one, meself was two, Mike Flinn was three, and—ard—and—who the devil was four? Let me see, (counting his fingers)—the two Crogans was one, Mike Flinn was two, meself was three—and—bedad! there was four of us; but St. Patrick couldn't tell the name of the other. Now, it's meself that has it: Mike Flinn was one, the two Crogans was two, meself was three—and—and—by my sowl, I think there was but three of us after all!"

**PROPHETIC.**—An ordinary man in Surry, asked his curate if he did not think the war would go hard with the French. "Nay I am sure it will," added the fellow: "for I was reading in the Bible, but this morning, and found somewhere in Isaiah, these words: 'Mount Seir shall be brought low.' Now, sir, you see that the prophet must have meant that *mountseer* shall be brought low."

"That poor Hardy Lee is called again!" said Mrs. Partington, on a trip to Boston. The wind was ahead, and the vessel had to beat up; and the order to put the helm, "hard a lee" had been heard through the night, "Hardy Lee, again! I declare, I should think the poor creature would be completely exasperated with fatigue, and I'm certain he hasn't eat a blessed mouthful of anything all the while. Captain, do call the poor creature down, or human nature can't stand it." There was a tremor in her face as indignant humanity found utterance.

**A HEAD TOO LONG.**—The partizans of Louis Napoleon say, with a chuckle, since his last act of treason, that he has shewn the world "he is not the fool some folks took him for"—and declare that he is in fact "a long headed fellow." No doubt of it, his head is too long—it should be cut off.

The Dutchman who refused to take a one dollar bill because it might be changed from a ten prefers stage travelling to railroads. The former, he says, rides him eight hours for a dollar, while the latter only rides him one. Dee beeples can't cheat him.

**MODERN HUMANITY.**—"Jane, put the baby to sleep with laudanum, and then bring me my parasol and revolver. I am going to attend a meeting for the amelioration of the condition of the human race."

Smithers says that when the law says that a man can't marry his grandmother, or his aunt, or wife's mother, the law makes an ass of itself, for when a man marries now-a-days, he marries the whole family.

At Peoria, Illinois, on the 12th ult., the Rev. Mr. Pierce, married Mr. Henry W. Seine to Miss Maria Ellen Hurd. The bride was but fifteen. This is fulfilling the juvenile adjunct, that children should be seen and not heard.

**TIME AND TIDE.**—Once these agents waited for nobody, now nobody waits for them,—the telegraph outstrips the one, while the iron horse enables us to dispense with the other.

Vermonters live to a great age, as is well known. There are two men up there so old, that they have forgotten who they are, and there are no neighbors living who can remember.

Thomas Carlyle was weaned on a pine burr dipped in pepper sauce, had his head teased instead of combed, and learned to read on sand-paper.

The highest proof of moral courage is, to buy and eat sausages the next day after your dog has been stolen.

**DRAWING IT MILD.**—An Irishman in speaking of a relative who was hung, says he died during a tight rope performance.

**Summary of News.**

**NOVEL AND STARTLING PROPOSAL.**—A metropolitan correspondent of the *Albion* describes a somewhat Quixotic scheme, which, he says, is being concocted by the Ministry; no less, in fact, than the enclosure of the Irish Sea, by breakwaters thrown across from Anglesea to the Wicklow mountains, and from Donaghadee to Portpatrick. Thus, it is argued, Dublin, Belfast, Liverpool, Whitehaven, and other exposed towns, will be placed beyond reach of any hostile fleet, while by the shutting out of the tidal waters, many thousands of acres of land, formerly no doubt, cornfields, will be reclaimed, sufficient to yield the fifteen per cent. of corn now imported from foreign countries. The whole estuary of the Dee, large tracks of land on the Solway, the entirety of Morecombe Bay, across which the railway will be forthwith completed, so as to bring the mineral districts of Cumberland into immediate contact with the coal fields of Lancashire.

**THE MAINE LAW.**—The Massachusetts Senate, by a vote of 30 to 9, passed the Liquor Bill, with several amendments, one of which provides that the law shall first be submitted to the people for their approval before it can become operative.

The Ohio State Temperance Convention has voted out the Maine Law, as not calculated to promote temperance; and resolve in effect that a true reformation must depend upon moral suasion.

A large petition for the repeal of the "Maine Liquor Law," has been presented to the Maine Legislature, from the town of South Berwick. It was the first reactive movement in relation to the subject that has taken place in the State.

Two other towns in Maine have declared against the Liquor Law and abolished the agencies. They are the towns of Hermon and Union.

**A FREAK OF THE WEATHER.**—The *Abingdon Virginian* states the night of Tuesday, the 24th ult., "was a curiosity in its way" at that place. "For a time the moon shone out brightly, then veiled her face behind a cloud—then big drops of rain began to fall—next snow fell—then a little hail—then heavy thunder rolled across the sky, and brilliant flashes of lightning illumined the dark masses of cloud that floated towards every point of the compass, followed by a heavy fall of rain and accompanied by heavy wind—then again the dreary potents all faded away, and the moon as before rode out in her majesty, as blandly and as softly as if the war of elements had not raged between her silvery disc and old mother earth. And all this within the space of four hours."

**GOOD COURAGE.**—At Rochester, N. Y., recently, a fellow entered the house of Mr. H. Seymour, by breaking through a window. On being discovered by Mrs. S., who was alone excepting her babe, he drew from under his coat a large dirk-knife and said to her, "Tell me where Seymour's money is. If you make the least noise, or stir, I'll drive this knife through you." She told him to wait till she could rock her babe, which the noise had awakened. The cradle stood beside a lounge, and as she got to the lounge she drew a pistol, and told him to leave or she would shoot him. He cried out, "Don't shoot," and jumped out of the window. Mrs. Seymour, on his departure, went into the next house, where her courage failed and she fainted. The beauty of the thing is, that the pistol was not loaded.

**THE PLAGUE.**—It is very certain, from accounts received both here and in England, that the true plague has been introduced into Maderia, and the work of death has been appalling. The question has been agitated, will that dreadful disease ever reach this continent? There is reason to believe it will; the wonder is, why it has not been here already. Our commercial intercourse is extensive with various parts of Africa and the Asiatic shore of the Mediterranean, where this great scourge is never dead or dying, but simply reposing from one period to another.—*Philadelphia Post.*

**LONDON STEAMBOATS PICKING UP.**—Eight new steamboats are now being built by a new company to run upon the river Thames and carry passengers. They are not to draw over 18 inches of water; they are to be long and of far greater room than the kind now in use on the Thames. They are to be richly fitted up like our American river boats, and are to be light, swift, beautiful and airy. One peculiarity about them is, no smoke pipe is to be used on deck. The smoke is to be drawn by a blower and discharged at the side of the boat under the paddle wheels.—*Scientific American.*

**TO STOP BLEEDING FROM THE CAVITY OF AN EXTRACTED TOOTH.**—Noticing the case of Mrs. Locke, who bled to death in consequence of the extraction of a tooth, Dr. Addington, of Richmond, Va., says he never fails to stop the bleeding by packing the alveolus from which the blood continues to trickle, fully and firmly with cotton moistened in a strong solution of alum and water. He cured a brother physician in this way, whose jaw had bled for two weeks. This is truly a very simple remedy, and from the nature of alum—its astringent quality, we should judge it to be a very effectual one.

**SPIRITUAL RIPPINGS.**—The Bath Times says there is much excitement in Woolwich in consequence of alleged *self rippings* of various articles of clothing in the house of Mr. John Hanson of that town. The clothes of a niece of Mr. H. are said to be torn into shreds by spirits or some invisible power. (Probably some of the departed desirous of resuming the earthly patch work.) Books, cards, &c. also are said to be torn and other articles misplaced, turned upside down, &c., &c., all which is respectfully submitted to the credulity of the public.

**FURTHER TRACES OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.**—The Prince Albert, one of the Exploring Squadron, had spoken her consort, and reported having discovered the wreck of one of Sir John Franklin's ships in the ice; with the wreck were found seal skin jackets, having brass buttons, &c., leaving little doubt as to the identity of the wreck. From Natives met with, it was learned that six white men, (seamen) had been traversing the ice in that neighbourhood during the previous year.—*N. Y. Day Book.*

**ALL FOR CHARITY.**—One of the counsel, in the late trial of Willis vs. Forrest, for assault and battery, informed the jury that the amount of the verdict rendered in favor of Willis, after paying his four lawyers, would be devoted to charity. We understand that Forrest has bought up "judgments" against Willis at ten cents on the dollar, so that he discharges the verdict at a cost of only about two hundred and fifty dollars. This is what would be termed in Wall Street a shrewd business transaction.—*N. York Mirror.*

The Slave Trade is carried on at a fearful rate in Cuba. Two vessels recently brought upwards of 1,400 slaves to different points of the island.