

son of a high family, had, in very early youth been addicted to wild courses, that he had gone to the colonies under a feigned name to escape debts at home; and whilst at the Isle de Bourbon, had been convicted of premeditated homicide at a gaming-house, and sentenced to perpetual imprisonment with hard labor. Contriving to escape, he had returned to France, and by the aid of a considerable legacy, commenced a prosperous mercantile career; how terminated we have just seen. It was by pure accident, or what passes for such in the world, that Madame Carson had arrived at a knowledge of the terrible secret. When M. de Veron, after spraining his ankle, was carried in a state of insensibility into the room behind her shop, she had immediately busied herself in removing his neck-cloth, unfastening his shirt, then a flannel one which fitted tightly round the neck, and thus obtained a glimpse of the brand-letters "T. F." With her customary quickness of wit, she instantly replaced the shirts, neck-cloth, &c., and carefully concealed the fatal knowledge she had acquired, till an opportunity of using it advantageously should present itself.

The foregoing are, I believe, all the reliable particulars known of a story of which there used to be half-a-hundred different versions flying about Havre. Edouard le Blanc married Madame Carson, and subsequently became a partner of Eugene de Veron. It was not long, however, before the business was removed to another and distant French sea port, where, for aught I know to the contrary, the firm of "De Veron & Le Blanc" flourishes to this day.

A QUIET MAN DISPOSING OF AN INSULT.

Lord Mark Kerr, distinguished himself at the battle of Fontenoy, was a good but eccentric officer, and a terrible duellist. His *debut* was remarkable. He was a lad of slight, effeminate appearance, apparently void of spirit. His father, the Marquis of Lothian, when he brought him up to London to join his regiment—the Coldstream Guards—requested the Colonel, who was his particular friend, to watch over him to see that he submitted to no improper liberties, and to instruct him in the way he should go, in case he had the misfortune to be insulted. Those were the days of hard drinking, "prodigious swearing," according to my Uncle Toby, and much brutality of manners. The pacific young scion of nobility soon became a butt at mess, a stop-peg to hang their practical jokes on, until at last a captain of a year's standing actually threw a glass of wine in his face. He still said nothing, but wiped his face with his handkerchief, and took no further notice of the insult he had received.

The colonel thought it was high time to interfere, and invited him to breakfast, *tete-a-tete*, on the following morning at nine o'clock. Lord Mark arrived punctually, ate his breakfast with perfect composure, and spoke but little.

At length the commanding officer broke ground.

"Lord Mark," said he, "I must speak to you on rather a delicate subject, but as your father's friend, I am compelled to waive ceremony. Captain L. yesterday morning publicly passed an affront on you, which both your own honor and the credit of the regiment require you to notice."

"What do you think, sir, I ought to do?" inquired Lord Mark.

"Call on him for an explanation," rejoined the colonel.

"It is, I fear, too late for that," replied the young ensign. "I shot him at eight this morning, and if you will take the trouble to look out of the front window, you will see him on a shutter!"

LOVE'S LABOR LOST.

A Liverpool paper narrates the following extraordinary incident, among its news items:—"The other day, as a wedding party was ascending the steps which approach one of our Liverpool churches, the intended bride herself, owing to some obstruction, or to an inadvertent step, missed her footing, and fell. The swain, unable, even at that joyful crisis of his existence—to conceal his vexation at this lit-

tle *contretemps*, exclaimed, pettishly, "Dear me, how very clumsy!" The lady said nothing, but she was observed to bite her lip, and a far darker and gloomier look than becomed the Court of Hymen was seen to gather on her brow. She walked deliberately, however, into the church: the ceremony commenced; and everything proceeded in orthodox fashion, until the important question was put—"Wilt thou have this man?" etc. Here, instead of whispering, blushing, a soft affirmative to the communion questions, the fair lady drew herself up, cast a withering glance upon her betrothed, and, muttering the words, "Dear me, how very clumsy!" sailed down the aisle and out of the church, with the port of an offended goddess."

LAWYERS.

Many innocent and unsophisticated people, who have never watched the operations of lawyers very narrowly, or had the bitter experience of "seeing the elephant," are puzzled to conceive how the dense throng of attorneys and counsellors that fill our court-rooms can all find employment. GOLDSMITH, we think, clears up the mystery pretty effectually in his *Citizen of the World*:

"Bless me," cried a stranger on entering a court room, "how many lawyers have you? how is it possible that half this number, can find employment?" "Nothing so easily conceived," said a bystander, "they live by watching each other." "I conceive," said the stranger, "how the case stands. The catch-pole watches the culprit, the attorney the catch-pole, the counsellor the attorney, and the solicitor the counsellor." "You put me in mind," says the bystander, "of a fable I read when I was at school, which was this:

"A grasshopper, wet with dew, was merrily singing under a leaf, a wangam that eats grasshoppers, was just stretching forth to devour it; a snake that eats wangams lay coiled up ready to fasten upon the wangam; the hawk that eats snakes had just stooped from above to seize the snake; all quietly intent upon their prey and unmindful of danger. Just at the same moment, the wangam eat the grasshopper, the snake eat the wangam, the hawk eat the snake, when soaring from on high, a vulture gobbled up the hawk, snake, wangam, grasshopper and all."

AN APT REPLY.—A circle of would-be wits resolved one day to have some fun at the expense of a young student who was expected among them; and when he appeared, one of the conspirators gravely called him aside.

"We have to propose to you," he said, "a very difficult question, which I have no doubt but your learning will enable you to answer."

The student listened with serious attention. The other went on.

"One of us contends that *folks* consist of men, women and other people; we wish to know if he is right?"

"I should have thought," rejoined the student, "you would be the last persons to forget that jackasses are included."

HOW SMITH LOST HIS BRIDE.—The way the younger Mr. Smith lost his bride, who would have been, was rather singular. They went one day, Mr. Smith and Margaret Sophia—to dine at a fashionable hotel on the seashore, and Mr. Smith, who wished to appear smart, made a great flourish at the table, and gave something—a quarter, as he supposed—to the waiter. The latter looked at it, bowed stiffly, and laid the coin on the table, between Mr. Smith and Margaret Sophia. Imagine her indignation—imagine his mortification, on discovering that it was a cent! That night Mr. Smith was dismissed by Margaret Sophia.

"ROTTED OFF."—A man out West, having lived on the interest of what he owed for some time, and lived by running in debt some time longer, at last found himself obliged to remove still further West, where he was not known. A son of his meeting a neighbor on the day of the removal, and being asked if his father had finally been compelled to "pull up stakes," replied—

"No, sir; he didn't pull 'em up, they rotted off!"

THE ELECTRIC EEL.

The gymnotus, or electric eel, is a tremendous assailant, both of the inhabitants of its own elegant and even of large quadrupeds, and of man himself if he puts himself in its way.—Its force is said to be ten times greater than that of the torpedo. This animal is a native of South America. In the immense plains of the Llanos, in the province of Caraccas, is a city called Calabozo, in the vicinity of which these eels abound in small streams, insomuch that a road, formerly much frequented, was abandoned on account of them, it being necessary to cross a rivulet, in which many mules were annually lost in consequence of their attacks. They are, also, extremely common in every pond, from the equator to the ninth degree of north latitude.

Humboldt gives a very spirited account of the manner of taking this animal, which is done by compelling twenty or thirty wild horses and mules to take the water. The Indians surround the basin into which they are driven, armed with long canes or harpoons; some mount the trees whose branches hang over the water, all endeavoring, by their cries and instruments, to keep the horses from escaping.—For a long time the victory seems doubtful, or to incline to the fishes. The mules disappear under the water; and some horses, in spite of the active vigilance of the Indians, gain the banks, and, overcome by fatigue and benumbed by the shocks they have encountered, stretch themselves at their length on the ground.

There could not, says Humboldt, be a finer subject for a painter: groups of Indians surrounding the basin; the horses, with their hair on end, endeavoring to escape the tempest that has overtaken them; the eels yellowish and livid, looking like great aquatic serpents, swimming on the surface of the water, in pursuit of their enemy.

In a few minutes two horses were already drowned: the eel, more than five feet long, gliding under the belly of the horse or mule, made a discharge of its electric battery on the whole extent, attacking at the same instant the heart and the viscera. The animals, stupified by these repeated shocks, fall into a profound lethargy, and deprived of all sense, sink under the water when, the other horses and mules passing over their bodies, they are soon drowned. The gymnoti, having thus discharged their accumulation of the electric fluid, now become harmless, and are no longer dreaded.—Swimming half out of the water, they flee from the horses instead of attacking them; and if they enter it the day after the battle, they are not molested, for these fishes require repose and plenty of food to enable them to accumulate a sufficient supply of their galvanic electricity.

THE MESAGERIE.—"Mr. Showman, what is that?"

"That, my dear, is the Rhinostercow. He is cousin German or Dutch relative to the Unicorn. He was born in the desert Sary Ann, and feeds on bamboo and missionaries. He is very courageous, never leaves his home unless he moves, in which case he goes somewhere else, unless he is overtaken by the dark. He was brought to this country, much against his will, which accounts for his low spirit, when he's melancholly or dejected. He is now somewhat aged, although he has seen the day when he was the youngest specimen of animated nature in the world. Pass on, my little dear, and allow the ladies to survey the wisdom of Providence as displayed in the ring-tailed monkey, a haminal that can stand hanging like a feller, critter, only it's reversed."

A credulous clown went to the clergyman of his parish, and told him, with symptoms of great consternation, that he had seen a ghost.

"Where did you see it?"

"Why," said Diggory, "as I war going, an please yer reverence, by the church, right up against the wall I sees a ghost."

"In what shape did it appear?"

"For all the world like a great ass."

"Go home and hold your tongue," replied the clergyman, "you are a timid creature and have been frightened at your own shadow."

THE GREATEST WONDER YET.

The *Gateshead Observer* says: "There is at this moment, in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, an orphan family of in infant pigs, the property of Mr. Haslam, the builder. On the loss of the old sow, he gave up her children for dead. But a humane Irishman, skilled in porking pursuits, offered to take the place of the lost mother to the little ones, and was accepted as wet nurse. Converting his fingers into teats, he dipped them into milk, and set the seven piglings sucking. This practice he pursued until his fingers became sore, and then he devised other means. The result is, that he can now boast of a family of fat grunTERS, reared by a mother who is certainly "sow" generis."—What can Romulus and Remus now say for themselves?—They, in the words of a withering orator, must "hide their diminished heads." For a wolf to suckle two Roman brats, is a fact not to be mentioned on the same day with the suckling of seven pigs by one Irishman!

MARCH OF MIND.—A very popular preacher in South Carolina harangued his hearers on the importance of perseverance, forbearance, and fortitude. He said: "You that is church members must not look back upon Babylon (Sodom) like Paul's wife (Lot's) done! You must be a heap better than the world's people! Religion is like a battle, and Satan are strong! He hates good men, and wants to kill them at worst! In short, my dearly beloved hearers, you must do like Gen. Washington done at the battle of Waterloo?—In the *skimage* his horse was killed by a British cannon ball. Did Washington give up his sword to the enemy? Not he! He sung out at the top of his voice, 'A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!' A horse was brought by Frank Marion, and he drove the bloody British from the field, and thus secured the liberty of South Carolina!"

SNORING.—My uncle P— was an awful snorer. He could be heard further than a blacksmith's forge; but my aunt became so accustomed to it, it soothed her to repose. They were a very domestic couple—never slept apart for many years. At length my uncle was compelled to attend court at some distance. The first night after his departure, my aunt never slept a wink; she missed the snoring. The second night passed away in the same way without sleep. She was getting in a bad way, and probably would have died, had it not been for the ingenuity of a servant girl—she took the coffee mill into my aunt's chamber, and ground her to sleep at once.

THE IRON AGE.—When we are drawn by iron horses on iron roads, construct iron houses, build iron ships, sleep on iron beds, sit in iron chairs, drink from iron fountains, and those of us who have any money keep it locked up in iron safes, and those who have not are locked up in iron jails, may we not with propriety call this the 'age of iron'?

A country girl coming in from the fields, was told by her cousin that she looked as fresh as a daisy kissed with dew. "Well, it wasn't any fellow of that name, but Bill Jones, that kissed me; and confound his picture, I told him every body would find him out."

A Philadelphia Judge and punster, having observed to another judge on the bench that one of the witnesses had a vegetable head,

"How so?" was the inquiry.

"He has carrotty hair, reddish cheeks, a turn-up nose, and a sage look."

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.—Excuse me, madam, but I would like to ask, why you look at me so very savagely?"

"Oh! beg pardon, sir! I took you for my husband!"

John's wife and John were *tete-a-tete*! She witty was, industrious he. Says John, "I've earned the bread we've ate. "And I," says she, "have ur'd the tea!"

Shakspeare asks, "What's in a name?"—This only shows that Shakspeare never kept a family grocery? If he had, he would know that white beans, under the name of "Old Government Java," sells for 16 cents a pound.