

pack. The leader sprang directly upon the pile of leaves and in an instant scattering them in every direction. Soon as he saw the deception, his look of fierceness and confidence changed to that of the most abject fear. He shrank back, cowered to the ground, and passively awaited his fate; for the rest, enraged by the supposed cheat, fell upon him, tore him to pieces and devoured him on the spot.

When they had finished their comrade, they wheeled around, plunged into the forest and disappeared; within five minutes from their first appearance not a wolf was in sight. The excited father pressed his child to his bosom, and thanked the kind Providence which led him there to save his dear boy.

The boy, after playing till he was weary, had laid down and fallen asleep, and in that situation the wolf had found him and covered him with leaves, until he could bring his comrades to feast; but himself furnished the repast.—*Biddford Journal.*

Anecdotes of the Battle-Field, &c.

Speaking of the field of Waterloo, a writer says:—"We trod where the interesting Sir William De Lacy had met his death, when rallying, with great spirit and effect, a battalion of Hanoverians who had got into confusion. He nobly refused to occupy the time of the surgeons with his wound, which he had heard them pronounce mortal, when they thought him insensible. Indeed, the instances of heroic deaths were as numerous as they were affecting. Colonel Miller, of the first Guards, requested a last sight of the colors under which he had fought. He kissed them fervently, and begged they might be waved over him till he expired. The lamented Captain Curzon, Lord Scardell's son, met with his fate with almost military glee. In falling from his horse, he called out gaily to Lord March, who was riding with him at a gallop, 'Good bye, dear March.' And by one effort more, when his friend had left him for the urgent duty of animating a foreign corps, in every critical circumstances, he looked up and cried, 'Well done, dear March.'"

"During the forenoon of the 18th," says the same narrator, "whilst lying in square, we were much exposed to the fire of the French artillery. If a cannon shot passed through the ranks, it was sure to kill three or four; but if a shell alighted and exploded, the mischief was considerably greater. A shell from the enemy's guns alighted in the middle of our square, Lieutenant Colonial C—, although a very heavy man, with the greatest nimbleness, sprang towards it, seized it in both hands, and placing his thumb over the burning fusee, so as to stifle it or otherwise prevent its exploding, threw it over the men's heads out of the square. This was done, of course, at the risk of instant death to himself. We were cautioned afterwards, when a shell alighted near us, to lie flat down for a few seconds till the explosion took place, by which means many lives were saved. Whether from the softness of the ground, or the unskilful manufacture of the French shells, I know not, but I observed a number alight which never exploded. In this instance, fortunately, the officer escaped with a slight burn of his thumb, as his servant told me afterwards. This act of courageous devotion probably saved many lives."

DONE WITH ORATORY.—At a meeting in England, where Kossuth was unwillingly called out, he said that he had done with words. The English might, but the Hungarians could not carry any measure with them. For the future, he had but a single speech—"Up, boys, and at them—follow me!" Until he had an opportunity to make that speech, he would have none else. He was done with oratory.

ASTRONOMICAL DISCOVERY.—The new monster telescope of Ray. Mr. Craig, in England, has revealed the fact that what was supposed to be Saturn's rings are not rings at all but in reality arches of the most perfect geometrical formation.

One advantage about India-rubber rifles is this, you can shoot around a corner without exposing your rear to the flank movement of a prick-bat.

"BLACK REVENGE."

A friend tells that, sitting in an inn in Baltimore the other day, he was struck with the appearance of an old Guinea nigger, 'black as the ace of spades,' who was attending to some menial duty in the traveller's room. His face was scared and seamed, his legs were dreadfully awry, and his hands seem almost turned wrong side outward, and in form and color, resembled the paws of a wild animal, or the hands of the orang-outang. Our informant inquired of Pompey what occasioned these deformities.

'Wal, dey is deformities, massa, dat's fac. Wal, I'll tell you how dey came, massa. Good many years ago, I was in lub wid a handsum black gal, and we was same as married; and one day I see nigger comin' out of de house. I knew that man, and if I am a nigger, I hab my feelin's. I was full ob de devil in my heat agin him, 'cos I know'd where he worked—e'yah! e'yah! He worked in a powder-mill, and de next day I went up dar. I went to the door and looked in, and dar I see him; and I took a coal o' fire dat I brought along, and frow'd it on de floor. Gosh, massa, 'fore I could get away myself, dere was de biggest flash ob lightnin' I ebber see, and dat was de last I know'd about dat business for two monts. 'Twould a' been all right, dough, but the man that was dar was not de nigger I thought. He's a dead nigger hisself, dough, long ago; and I was glad ob it when he went, 'cos he always looked at me as if he'd got de best ob it, and he did get de best ob it, massa, dat's fact, for I wasn't de hand'sumest nigger den dar was in Maryland—dat's sertain, sure.—E'yah! e'yah!"

He shambled away, and our friends saw him no more.—*Mt. Sentinel.*

KEEP YOUR HENS OUT OF MY GARDEN.

Col. R. and Gen. M. were formerly neighbors, and had gardens adjoining each other.

One pleasant morning in spring, about the time of planting, Col. R. met his friend the general in the street, boiling over with rage, who addressed him after this wise—

"Confound your darn'd old hens, colonel, they've been in my garden scratching the beds every which way; I shall have to make them all over again; can't you shut them up this summer?"

"Keep cool, General," said the colonel, "I prefer my hens should have plenty of sun, air, exercise and food, and I don't believe that your garden seeds will hurt them a might. However if they trouble you much, shoot 'em—shoot 'em."

"I will, by thunder, colonel," said the still more excited General, "I'll do it, blamed if I don't," and turning around on his heel, marched away, mad as a wild-cat.

The next morning as the Colonel was sipping his coffee, the family was startled by the "bang, bang" of fire arms, the cause of which was soon ascertained. The colonel, on going to the division fence, looked over and saw Gen. M. in the heat of bloody murder: Six fine specimens of the "dung hill" fowl were flouncing about on the ground unwilling just yet to yield up their gizzards to the gourmand.

"Aha, General! you are executing you, threat, are you?"

"To be sure, I told you I'd do it, and I'll be darned if I don't shoot all the rest, if you don't shut 'em up. But here, take the thievish critters, I don't want 'em: they are too highly seasoned with shot for my family."

"Thank you, thank you, General M., just wait a day or two before you kill any more, until we eat these up, and then I've no objection to having the rest shot."

Now, Colonel R. was rather jealous of his rights, and moreover, as fiery as Mars in his disposition, and it was a great mystery to the general how he could keep so cool about this matter. The sequel will show.

In two or three days after, three more fine fat chickens were thrown into the colonel's garden and were duly taken care of by the cook.

At last the General "smelt a rat." His own chickens were missing, and the egg-basket

hung on the peg quite empty, to the astonishment of his good wife, who had never known a similar occurrence before.

"Col. R.," said the general, as they met one day in the street, "Have I killed all your hens yet?"

"Killed all my hens, General!" slowly repeated the colonel, "why I have not owned a living hen these three years!"

The General sipped. He had shot and given to R. nine of his best layers.—*Carpal Bag.*

"IT ISN'T ANYTHING ELSE."—Sundry researches have been made for the purpose of discovering the origin of the phrases as "I won't do anything else" and "It isn't anything else," &c., which used to be so fashionable among the b'hoys, and it is said to have been found in the following story:—

A French field marshal, who had attained that rank by court favor—not by valor—going one evening to the opera, forcibly took possession of the box of a respectable Abbe, who for this outrage brought a suit in the court of honor established for such cases under the old government. The Abbe thus addressed the Court—

"I came not here to complain of Admiral Suffrein, who took so many ships in the East Indies; I came not to complain of Count de Grassie, who fought so nobly in the West; I came not to complain of the Duke of Crebillion, who took Minorca! but I came here to complain of the Marshal B—, who took my box at the opera, and never took anything else."

The court paid him the high compliment of refusing his suit, declaring that he himself inflicted sufficient punishment.

RATHER AWKWARD FOR A SPIRIT.—An exchange has the following incident, illustrative of the mistakes which will unavoidably happen in the spirit land:

A gentleman was a few weeks ago interrogating the invisible author of raps, as to the disease of which he (the rapper) died. With considerable natural difficulty and delay, the reply was spelled out "consumption." The questioner looked a little dissatisfied; and a physician in the company, who was zealous in the faith, hastened immediately to explain that there were a variety of forms of disease, either of which may well enough come under the general name of consumption. "That's all very well," said the questioner, "but it hardly applies in this case, for the man he professes to be, was blown up in a steamboat!" The rapper was too indignant to make any further relations to that medium.

SCENE.—A Library.—A gentleman deeply engaged in study—and a lady, pretending to knit, is perplexing him with her questions.

Lady.—(In the daubing affectionate style)—Ma deah! correctly speaking, what is a dentist?

Gent.—(Short, sharp and rather cross)—Dentist is derived from *dent*; French, the teeth.—Dentist is a man who pulls teeth out.

Lady.—(After knitting once round in order to give the gent time to become immersed in his book again)—Ma deah! you said this morning that Professor Musty was a great linguist. Is not linguist derived from the Latin *lingua*, a tongue?

Gent.—(tartly)—Yes.

Lady.—Well, then, is a linguist a man who pulls tongues out?

Gent.—(Very decidedly)—No, ma'am, but I wish to heaven he did. (Exit lady in a huff.)

SEVEN FOOLS.—The angry man—who sets his own house on fire in order that he may burn that of his neighbor. The envious man—who cannot enjoy life because others do. The robber—who for the consideration of a few dollars, gives the world liberty to hang him. The hypochondriac—whose highest happiness consists in rendering himself miserable. The jealous man—who poisons his own banquet and then eats of it. The miser—who starves himself to death in order that his heir may feast. The slanderer, who tells tales for the sake of giving his enemy an opportunity of proving him a liar.

The steamer Mississippi left Norfolk, on the 24th ult., for Japan.

MASCULINE AND FEMININE.—Punch slanderously says:—The sun is called masculine, from his supporting and sustaining the moon, and finding her wherewithal to shine away as she does of a night; and from being obliged to keep such a family of stars besides. The moon is feminine, because she is constantly changing, just as a ship is blown about by every wind. The church is feminine because she is married to the state, and Time is masculine because he is trifled with by the ladies.

Dr. Johnson, when in indigent circumstances, was offered a rectory if he would enter into orders. But this great man, sensible as is supposed of the asperity of his temper, declined it saying—

"I have not the requisites for the office, and I cannot in my conscience sheer the flock which I am unable to feed."

Well would it have been for the Church of Christ had all who had entered her ministry been equally conscientious!

THE PROFANE COCKNEY.—Speaking of the English cockney, on the Erie Railroad, mentioned in this department of a late number, who complained that the conductor didn't blow an 'orn so that one could 'ere it,' a town friend writes: 'What is the mark of the case in front of you?' said a forwarding clerk to a cockney lad just 'arrove' from 'merry England.' 'O Hell, sir!' he replied. We laughed consumedly at his profane announcement of the initials 'O. L.'

A fellow in town has a nose so long that an eminent surgeon has recommended him to have a hinge made for it, so that he can shut his proboscis up like a jack-knife, on going to bed. As it now is, its length prevents him from respiring freely through the organ, and his troubled and partial rest has had the effect of detracting from the completeness of his health.

Mrs. HARRIS says the first time she was on board a frigate, the captain offered to send her ashore in "his gig." As she knew, however, that there were no horses within a mile, she treated his impertinence with all the contempt it deserved. The officer that gets ahead Mrs. Harris has to start with a jump.

An irregular apprentice frequently keeps late hours, his master at length took occasion to apply some weighty arguments, to convince him of the 'error of his ways.' During the chastisement, he continually exclaimed—

'How long will you serve the devil?'—The boy replied whimpering—

'You know best, sir—I believe my indenture will be out in three months.'

A CHAP out west, who had been severely afflicted with palpitation of the heart, says he found instant relief by the application of another palpitating heart. Another triumph of homopathy. "Like cures like."

"Oh, mother," said a little fellow, "I've got such a bad headache and sore throat, that I don't believe I can go to school to-day."

"Have you, my dear?" asked the mother, "well, you shall stay at home and take some medicine."

"It's no matter," retorted the shreayd urchin, "I guess I can go to school; I've got 'em—they don't hurt me!"

GALLANT.—One of our acquaintances had a perfect passion for the rainy weather. Do you know why? Because he can spend the day in riding in omnibusses, and holding good looking girls in his lap.

"Mr. Jones, you said the defendant was a gentleman, what do you mean by that?"

"I mean a man that pays his debts the first time they are presented to him."

Perfumery.—an article that indolent young ladies make use of to supply the place of clean water and soap.

A genius out in Iowa, has just invented a wooden horse that will jump thirty miles per hour. The motive power is a bag of head parties. Is not this an age of progress?