

AFFECTING INCIDENT.

In the year 1780, a young London merchant having won the affections of a lovely girl, also obtained the consent of her father to whom she was an only child. The old gentleman had a singular fancy that they should be married at the same village church where his own happy union took place: and being a sufferer from the gout, he placed the young lady under the charge of the aunt; and the happy lover taking his own valet, set out on his journey to Westmoreland.

Soon after their arrival at that place, a letter full of transport, was despatched to the father: the wedding had first taken place, the bride had been pronounced by the old vicar to be nearly as handsome as her mother; and altho' the bridegroom wore no "shoulderknots, open sleeves, or pantaloons," he might still compete with the bridegroom of earlier times in appearance. After the ceremony, the happy couple took a walk in the vicar's garden; and the valet, aware they would soon leave the place for their future destination, went into the refreshment room at the inn; and knowing that his master had drawn the charge from his pistols the night before, and that the state of the roads required every precaution, took this opportunity of re-loading them.

Upon their return from the strole, the young couple went into this room, and the gentleman seeing his pistols laying where he had left them the night before, and being sure he had unloaded them, took up one of them and presented it at his fair bride, saying, with the most winning flattery—

"Now, maiden repent of all those cruelties you have been guilty of towards me—my sleepless nights, my days of anxious hope. I will revenge myself! Fair tyrant, you shall die with all your instruments of torture about you—that enchanting smile, those killing ringlets."

"Pray, do not suffer me to linger," said the confiding girl, laughing merrily at his agreeable nonsense. "Fire!"

He did so, and shot her dead! Who can paint his horror? After a pause he rung the bell, and his servant entered. Locking the door he said in a singularly marked voice

"William, did you load those pistols?"

The unfortunate wretch, horrified at what he saw, mechanically answered—

"Yes."

His master instantly shot him dead with the undischarged pistol. After this in a state of insanity, we must hope, he wrote an exact account of the occurrence to the bereaved father, and concluded by telling him that two hours ago he was made the happiest man alive, but that now, as the object of his love lay dead at his feet, he should finish his wedding day and his life by falling on his sword, if his heart did not break before he could complete his intention. This sad epistle being finished, he put an end to his life. The body of poor William, whose fatal carelessness had caused so sad a catastrophe, was interred in the village churchyard, and the corps of the lovers, attended by the half-bewildered aunt, were brought to London and privately laid in one grave, in the parish where the now wretched father had once lived a happy and a prosperous man.

SINGULAR GEOLOGICAL FACT.

At Modena, in Italy within a circle of four miles around the city, whenever the earth is dug, and the workmen arrive at a distance of sixty-three feet, they come to a bed of chalk, which they bore with an auger, five feet deep. They then withdraw from the pit before the auger is removed, and upon its refraction the water bursts up with great violence, and quickly fills the well thus made, the supply of water being neither affected by rains or droughts.—At the depth of fourteen feet are found the ruins of an ancient city,—houses paved streets, and masonic work. Below this again is a layer of earth; and twenty six feet walnut trees are found entire, with leaves and walnuts upon them. At twenty eight feet soft chalk is found and below this vegetables and trees.

What is the occasion of that bell ringing Tom?" asked a peevish old gentleman.

"Well I presume it is occasioned by somebody, at the other end of the rope," replied the witty Tom.

A STRANGE STORY.

The Paris correspondent of the Daily Register of Philadelphia, tells some of the strangest stores of doings in that strange city, which we see any where. He has very extensive means of procuring information, or a very extensive imagination we know not yet which. The following, it will be seen, is stated as a fact:—

"A singular fact deserving of attention, has just been reported to the Medical Academy of Paris, and many of the Faculty were engaged in experiments which may result in discoveries of priceless value to the human family

"A poor bird-fancier, living in one of the faubourgs, and earning a modest income by raising birds for the market, has a child of three years and a half old, afflicted since its birth with a pulmonary complaint. Six months ago the doctors told the father that the child's lungs were almost entirely destroyed, and that it could not live long. About three months since, the little creature seeming to be perishing rapidly and becoming each day more and more fretful, the mother placed its cradle in the large room where the birds were kept thinking that the child might be amused, and forget its suffering somewhat, in the noisy society of its feathered companions. The child in fact, seemed to take an interest at once, in watching the birds, and after a few days, the mother noticed that it would lie still for hours, apparently entirely free from pain, a thing which had not been known since its birth. The doctor, who still dropped in occasionally, soon remarked a notable change for the better in the young invalid, and continuing his visits more frequently, astonished the parents at the end of six weeks, by declaring he believed the lungs healing. At any rate, the child could now sit up and play, and began to have an appetite. But in the meanwhile a strange malady had attacked the birds: they no longer flew about the room, but remained silent and drooping on their perches, eating very little and gradually dying off one at a time. The owner seeing this, but little suspecting the cause had the whole tribe removed to the house of a friend, also a bird-fancier, in the country, where he thought the pure air might revive them. They had not been twenty-four hours in their new abode before they began to get better, and in a few days they had resumed all their life and health. But also, the poor child left in Paris became visibly worse. The physician, wishing to try an experiment, had two birds, a parrot and a linnet, brought back to the room. In a week they were both dead, and being opened, the doctor noticed all the signs of rapid consumption. The fact was immediately reported to several members of the medical faculty, and birds of every description were sent to the child's room. Every one of them died, seeming to give its little mite of life to aid the suffering child to live; the child is not yet dead, and has been taken to the country, while the doctors are busy studying the phenomenon which chance has thus brought before them."

SUCKER LAW.—A letter from Will county, Ill, gives some reminiscences of the early courts in Illinois. "I was cited," said the writer, "to appear before a Justice of the Peace at 1 o'clock A. M." Taking witness, I appeared at the specified time, but finding no one returned home. At one o'clock, P. M., I went to the place designated. The case was called, but I made no answer. "Why don't you answer," said the Justice. I replied that I appeared at the designated time but no one appeared against me, and showed him my summons. "Ah, it's all," right, said the dispenser of justice it's all right. A stands for after, and M for morning." During the progress of a criminal trial the State Attorney absented himself. Upon being inquired after by the Judge, it was reported that he was "across the way, taking a game of Eucre." "Mr. Sheriff," said the Judge, "wont you take his hand while he attends to this?" These are a few of the many ludicrous reminiscences of the Sucker Law.

A good man's heaven commences here. The same may be said of a wicked man's hell.—To taste of paradise, all that's necessary is to taste of virtue. There's more sunshine in one good act than in all the solar systems ever invented.

How came that Chicken in my Hat?

We've seen a few "cool" people in our extensive travels in various parts of the world, but we recollect none that more nearly approximated zero than little Joe W., who is now (poor fellow!) in his last resting place—he having gone to Mexico during the last war, and had the misfortune to be numbered among the dead at the close of the bloody battle of Buena Vista.

To use the old phrase, Joe could never be found with both eyes asleep, nor with his thumbs in his mouth. However bad a scrape he might be caught in, he would either lie himself out of it, or remain perfectly silent, and look as indignantly injured as a pet goat.

When about fourteen years old, he was afflicted with a protracted headache, and hearing that a sure remedy had been discovered by perforating the crown of the hat, and thereby ventilating the head, he was not long in making daylight visible through an inch and a quarter hole in the top of his old black tile, which in its palmiest days had been worn by his great grandfather on the occasion of Washington's Farewell to his troops in New York.

With his hat upon his head, he paid a visit one afternoon to the farm-yard of Mr. B., about three quarters of a mile, to discover, if possible, a few stray eggs, which he hoped by chance might have escaped the sharp, searching eyes of Mrs. B.

Not being able to find any eggs, the wicked thought suddenly entered Joe's mind to take the next best thing to them, and the resolution was no sooner formed, that he grasped a young white-headed pullet, thrust it into his hat, and immediately started for home, balancing his precious load upon his head, and counting the eggs he should be able to call his own, and dispose of or eat as he might in his own judgment be inclined.

But Joe was not destined to enjoy those pleasing reflections for any length of time, for farmer B., happening to meet him, discovered protruding through the top of the youngster's hat, the white head of what he had good reason to suppose was one of his favorite bantams, and accosted Joe with

"Where are you going, Joe?"

"Going home, sir."

"Where have you been?"

"Down to your house," says Joe, without the least hesitation.

"Did you go down for anything particular?" inquired B., casting his eyes up to the white head and neck of his pullet, which was moving to and fro, like an ostrich's feather in an officer's cap.

"Nothing particular," replied Joe, "I wanted a little walk, so I strolled along down to your house."

"What have you got in your hat?"

"Nothing!" replied Joe, looking much astonished.

"Nothing?" said B.

"Yes, nothing!" reiterated Joe.

B. here coolly took off Joe's hat with one hand, while he held on the pullet's head with the other, and with a voice of spiritual indignation he exclaimed—

"Joseph, do you call that nothing?"

Joe straightened himself up as erect as a bean-pole, put on a look of unheeded surprise, and in a sonorous voice exclaimed—

"How came that chicken in my hat?"

Among the remarkable things noticed by Evelyn, in his "Journal of his Tour in the Netherlands," is the case of a woman who had been married five-and-twenty times, and was then prohibited from marrying again; "yet it could not be proved that she had ever made any of her husbands away though the suspicion had brought her divers times into trouble."—Unfortunate woman—not to be allowed to marry a 26th husband.

PREGOCITY.—Mother, here's Zeke fretting the baby. Make him cry again, Zeke, then mother will give him some sugar, and I'll take it away from him, then he'll squall, and mother will give him some more, and you can take that, we'll both have some."

The most useful sign-painters in the world are publishers of newspapers—advertise your business in the papers, if you would draw custom.

COMETS.—The tails of comets in some cases extend only a few hundred thousand miles from the nucleus, while in others they are projected to the astonishing distance of one hundred or one hundred and fifty millions of miles, or even more. The train of the first comet of 1847 was 5,000,000 miles in length; of the beautiful comet of 1844, 19,000,000; of the comet of 1769, about 49,000,000. The third of 1618 had a tail more than 50,000,000 miles in length, when it crossed the plane of the earth's orbit about the 25th of Nov., and it was subsequently of greater extent. The great comets of 1680 and 1811 had trains considerable more than 100,000,000 miles long and the second of the latter year was accompanied by a tail 130,000,000 miles in length. Even these comets, however, were surpassed by the grand one which attracted so much attention in 1844, and which exhibited a brilliant train that on different dates was found to attain the enormous distances of 150,189, and 900 millions of miles from the head! If such a comet had been in the plane of the ecliptic, and close to the sun, the train would have extended far beyond the orbits of the Earth and Mars, terminating amongst those of the minor planets. Yet this wonderful appendage was formed in less than three weeks.—*Hid on Comets.*

A Crown about a tavern door was busy discussing what animal of all others was most contrary; some contended that a mule was, some a hog, some a yoke of oxen. A Dutchman, who had very gravely listened to the conversation, gave in his experience: Te mule, te hog, and te ox, is all very stubborn; but te hen is te stubbornest animal in te worlt. I had von vot wanted to hatch some eggs. I make von fine leetle nest, and puts him in it, and she gets up and runs away. I den makes another little nest, and puts her on it and her runs away again I makes one nice little box, and puts it all over te hen, and for all te trouble mit I have, ven I peeped under te leetle pox, te tam hen was setten standin!

A NEGRO'S PRAYER.—An negro returning one night from a dancing frolic, when crossing the river lost both his oars, and came near being swamped. Determined to do what he had never done before, he dropped on his knees and exclaimed, "Oh, Massa, Lord! if eber gwine to help old Ira, now is de time!"

If poverty circumscribes the action of our virtues, it often places a limit to our vices.—Many a man has died and gone to heaven, who only needed the smiles of fortune to have become a hero and gone to hell by the road laid out by Alexander.

A genius in Iowa has invented an engine that he supposes will supercede steam. The motive power is a gallon of fever and ague boiled down to a pint.

"I guess you mean to bring up that are young one to be pretty sharp at a bargain," said a fellow to a woman who was rocking and singing with all her might to a "little responsibility."

"Why?" said she.

"'Cause you keep bawling 'by low baby, by low baby,' into his ears all the time."

WEIGHTY.—Husband, I hope you have no objection to my being weighed?

"Certainly not, my dear, but why do you ask that question?"

"Only to see love, if you would let me have my own weigh once."

A VERDICT.—The substance of the verdict of a recent coroner's jury, on a man who died in a state of inebriation, was—"Death by hanging—round a rum-shop."

There's a deal more truth than poetry in the following verse:—

Young ladies, rising with the dawn,
Steal roses from the morn;
But when young ladies sleep till ten,
Aurora steals them back again.

Never take a paper more than ten years without paying the printer or at least sending him a lock of your hair to let him know that you are about.