

crab files the oyster's nose off, so as to run in his stinger.

Second comes the drum-fish, who weighs about thirty or forty pounds, and is about two feet long; he is large about the stomach, and tapers off towards both ends. He is by no means a modest fish, for just as soon as his eye rests on an oyster, he starts toward him, for the purpose of making his acquaintance, and grabbing him in his mouth smashes him into chowder "in the twinkling of a cat's tail," and immediately looks about for his nearest relatives, —being opposed to having families separated, he is anxious to have them all rest in his stomach at once. It is often the case that two or three pounds of oyster shells are found in a drum-fish's stomach.

Third, comes the sea-star—everybody knows what a sea-star is, for they look just like a star. These stars have five points, but no legs; and, as they do not keep horses and waggons they find it very inconvenient to go a-foot—not having any feet—so when they wish to travel, they lock themselves fast to each other until they form a large ball, sometimes ten feet in circumference, and permit themselves to be driven about by the waves of the sea, and roll away, they know not nor care not whither; but if they happen to roll over an oyster-bed, they all immediately let loose of each other, and hug an oyster and wrap their five points about him, and hug him closely, hug him dearly, until the oyster desires him to stop, and just opens his mouth to say, "hold, enough," when the rascally star runs a little "nipper" down oyster's nose, and he is a "goner."

Fourth, comes man with dredging irons, with scoops, shovels and tongs, pulling him, hauling him, and making him into oyster soup, pie, fry, roast, and so on and so forth, eating him whole, eating him in creases, body and soul, without saving the pieces. Thus it is with poor oyster, troubles beset him on every side, and though thousands desire to have him, yet none wish to be him.

THE TWO FRENCH MISERS.—We are told of Osterwald, a wealthy banker of Paris, who died in 1790, of want, yet having an estate of \$600,000! When he began life, he bought a bottle of beer for his dinner, and took away the cork in his pocket. He practised this for a long period, and had at last collected such a quantity that they sold for a hundred dollars! A few months before his death he refused to buy meat for soup. "I should like the soup well enough," said he, "but I do not want the meat. What then, is to become of that?" The fear of losing the meat led him to starve himself; yet, that very moment he had eight hundred assignats, of two hundred dollars each, in a silken bag around his neck.

Another Frenchman, by the name of Fortescue, affords a curious history. He was a farmer general of the taxes, and amassed an immense fortune by grinding the poor. The government at length called upon him for a considerable sum, but he pleaded poverty. Fearing that some of his neighbors should testify to his wealth, he determined to conceal it. He therefore dug a vault beneath his wine cellar, where he deposited his gold. He went down to it by a ladder, and fastened the door by a spring lock. One day, while he was in the vault, the door closed, and the lock fastened him in! In vain were his cries for help! There he remained, till worn out by horror of mind and starvation of body; and he perished in the very midst of his heaps of gold! His miserable fate was not known until years after, when his house being sold, his bones were discovered in the vault with his treasures.

COMFORTABLE.—"Mr. Sailor," said an old lady to a weather-beaten tar, who had called at her house for a luncheon, "you must see a great many curiosities at sea?"

"Oh, yes," said Jack, and immediately commenced telling of the great leviathans of the deep.

"But how do those great fish live?" queried the old lady.

"Oh," said Jack, "much as the large fish live on land—by devouring the small ones."

"But they don't eat them raw, do they?"

"Oh, no," was the reply, "every fifth fish carries a kettle on his tail for cooking!"

MACALLISTER'S MAGIC BOTTLE.—A Rich Scene.—A few evenings since, while the accomplished Wizard was performing his great "bottle feat," and nearly the entire audience had, in common parlance "taken a drink," a devoted Son of Temperance at length cried out:

"Mr. Magician, that bottle of yours is one of 'em sure, but it's all on one side. You have given out all kinds of liquors and cordials to those who drink them; now, here are a few who don't drink—let's see your magic milk!"

A loud laugh followed his request, and Macallister quietly asked—

"Is it named on the programme?"

"No," said the individual, "but if you can produce one thing, why not another?"

"Very well," said the wizard, "give me a glass."

A glass was produced, and lo! from the bottle flowed a stream of milk pure and sweet.

"This," said the wizard, "is for the ladies: and now, sir, I will give you a temperance drink."

A tumbler was handed the gentleman, and Macallister immediately filled it with soda, as it appeared. "Drink, quick," said he, "while it foams; I assure you it is good for you."

The Temperance man drank it quickly off, and then began to spit and splutter, while his face expressed great disgust. At length, after choking and coughing awhile, he exclaimed, in quite a passion—

"What the devil was that, sir?"

"That? Why, it was good, I am sure," said Macallister.

"Good? You don't know what you've given me yourself, sir: I am sure it is poison!"

"Oh no!" said the wizard, laughing, "it is the best quality of Epsom salts."

The roars of laughter which followed this explanation may be more easily imagined than described.

A BOLD LADY.—A letter from a lady says:

"I heard from one of the guides, that a young English lady had a narrow escape on Friday morning. Perfectly enchanted with the scene and anxious to obtain some memento of her visit, she, assisted by the guide, stepped off the ridge on Goat's Island, familiarly known as 'The Hog's Back,' from rock to rock, until she reached the large slab which divides the American sheet of water, and in the crevices of which grew a small tree. From this, gathering a branch, she proceeded on her perilous return journey—the boiling rapids at her feet, within two yards of taking their mad leap, and the spray flying around her. At the second step, the rock being wet and slippery, she fell, but fortunately the water here was shallow, and formed an eddy. The guide stood firm, and she retained her grasp of his hand, and thus escaped with an awful fright, and a thorough baptism in Niagara's stream, obtained, perhaps, nearer the extreme edge of the falls than was ever previously managed without the loss of life. She neither screamed nor fainted when she reached terra firma, but, like a sensible woman, felt thankful for her deliverance, and proud of her trophy, which she had retained all the time."

COLD.—The coldest berth a man can find is to act as brakeman on a railroad car, when the locomotive is making thirty miles an hour against a wind sharp enough to cut your throat.

May be so, says Snobs; but perhaps you never stood at the corner, during a regular Northeaster, and through the back windows saw your wife kissing another woman's husband—she's thinking all the while you were well on your way toward New York. Perhaps you never undertook to eat ice-creams when seated on an iceberg, with your feet in a tub of freezing mixtures, and the atmosphere so cold that the mercury had gone down out of sight. Perhaps you never stood four hours under the window of your lady-love only to see her bid adieu to your rival with most affecting tenderness. Don't tell about cold berths, said Snobs, wiping his eyes, till you have enjoyed some of these luxuries.

TO REMOVE FOUL AIR FROM A WELL.—Fire a gun down the well and it will consume all the foul air, so that any one may go down with safety.

A GOOD EXCUSE.—There is a society in existence in this city, which, like most other associations of the same kind, has a standing rule, that all members who came late or absent themselves, shall be fined a certain sum, unless they are able to give a sufficient excuse for their tardiness for absence. On one occasion a member came in after hours, and the chairman asked him his excuse for being late.

"Really, sir," said he, "I was not able to get here before—domestic troubles—perplexity of mind—I cannot say which will die first, my wife or my daughter."

"Ah," said the chairman, expressing much commiseration for the father and the husband, "I was not aware of that. Remit the fine, Mr. Secretary, the excuse is a good one."

The member consequently took his seat.—The next morning, another member met him; and with much feeling asked him how his wife and daughter were?

"In excellent health," replied he.

"How? I thought you said last night that you did not know which would die first?"

"I did—and am still in a quandary. Time, however, will decide the question."

ANOTHER CONVENTION OF MEDIUMS.—The "rappers" have had another convention this time at Boston. Judging from the accounts in the Boston papers, the whole matter is fast running into extravagance, lunacy and madness.

And yet that there is some truth at the bottom of this alleged spiritual intercourse, it is difficult to deny. It is stated that Chief Justice Wells, of Massachusetts, has been convinced of the reality of the manifestations—that they are not the fruits of deception and collusion.

We rather incline to the belief of the Boston Pilot—a Roman Catholic paper—that the subjects of his Satanic Majesty have more to do with this intercourse than any other class of spirits. But be it so or not, the fruit is now fast ripening, and from its good or evil qualities will the world be able to judge of the tree.

THE FIRST BLOW.—George III. was very punctual, and expected punctuality from every one. Lord Kate was the most punctual person who attended upon his Majesty—he was never a second behind time. One day he had an appointment with the king at twelve o'clock, but as he passed through the hall the clock struck twelve, on which his lordship, in a passion, raised his stick, and broke the glass of the clock. The king reminded him that he was a little behind his time, which he excused the best way he could. At the next audience the king exclaimed as he entered, "Why Kate, Kate, how came you to strike the clock?"

"The clock struck first," coolly replied his lordship. The king laughed heartily at the gravity with which Lord Kate excused himself, which added zest to the *bon mot*.

WELLERISMS.—"I shall leave soon," as the oak said to the pine in the spring.

"You'll be green if you do," was the reply.

"Getting my name up," as the man said when raising his sign.

"Mineral medicine made palatable by sweet," as the grocer said when he sanded the sugar.

"Provision is rising," as the sea-sick landsman said while leaning over the vessel's side.

"Stocks are firm," as the thief said when he had his feet in them.

"Conquering a peace," (piece,) as the boy said when he stole half a pie.

"I'll draw you a sample of oil," as the swordfish said to the whale, when he pierced him.—*Saturday Rambler*.

BABIES.—An editor who has been married about a year, speaking of the babies, says:—

"The delight of the days—the torment of the nights—elegant in full dress but horrible in dishabille—beautiful on the smile, but maddening on the yell—exquisitely in place in the nursery, but awfully *de trop* in the parlor, stage, or railroad car—the fountains of all joy, and something else—the well-springs of delight, and the recipients of unlimited spankings—the glory of 'pa'—the happiness of 'ma'—who wouldn't have 'em?"

A late writer, speaking of sour krout, says:

"It is the connecting link between damaged cabbage and pickled manure."

THE WORD "YANKEE."—In the year 1713, one Jonathan Hastings, a farmer of Cambridge, New England, used the word Yankee as a cant phrase to express excellent; a Yankee (good) horse; Yankee cider, &c. The students at the college, having frequent intercourse with Jonathan, and hearing him employ the word on all occasions, when he intended to express his approbation, applied it sarcastically, and called him "Yankee" Jonathan. It soon became a cant phrase among the collegians to designate a simple, weak, awkward person; from college it spread all over the country, till, from its currency in New England, it was at length taken up to the New Englanders as a term of reproach. It was in consequence of this that the song of "Yankee Doodle" was composed.

NO SOONER SAID THAN DONE.—A gentleman taking an Irishman who was lounging near a hack, to be the Jehu of the box, he thus accosted him—

"Pat!"

"Yer honor!"

"Drive me to Howard street."

"Wid the greatest pleasure in life, yer honor," returned Pat, snatching the whip, which was lying across the horses, and cracking lustily about him.

The gentleman made his escape.

The *Louisville Journal* says there is a man of family in that city has a dog that will not permit him to enter the house if the least intoxicated. It is hinted that the animal foresees "a time" between his master and mistress, and out of consideration for the latter, prevents his entrance. We know of several ladies who would like to purchase such dogs.

A Justice in Arkansas, lately married a young couple, addressing the bridegroom as follows:

"You, T—P—, take this young woman, whom you hold by the right hand, to be your lawful wife, and you now promise to cleave unto her, and unto all other women, so help me God!"

PITHY.—A negro who was called on as a witness in one of the courts of North Carolina, on being examined as to the nature of an oath, was asked if he knew what would be the consequence here and hereafter if he swore to a lie. "Yes," said he; "ears off, and no share in the kingdom."

Vegetation is so scarce in the vicinity of Cape Cod, that a cent's worth of pennyroyal and a thistle are looked upon as a garden. A gentleman who owns a pear tree that don't bear, takes on such airs that his neighbors talk of running him for Mayor.

We find the following piece of wisdom in *Palmer's New Yorker*:

If you want to buy anything,
If you want to sell anything,
If you want to hear anything,
If you want to tell anything,
If you want to do anything,
If you want anything done,

ADVERTISE!

A poet once was walking with M. de Talleyrand in the street, and at the same time reciting some of his own verses, Talleyrand, perceiving, at a short distance, a man yawning, pointed him out to his friend, saying: "Not so loud he hears you!"

An elderly maiden lady writes to a friend: "A widower, with ten children, has proposed, and I have accepted him. This is about the number I should have been entitled to, if I had been married at the proper time, instead of being cheated into a nonentity."

On a person being asked if he believed in appearance of spirits, he replied, "No, but I believe in their disappearance, for I have missed a bottle of gin since last night."

"Well Joe, what do you think of the chances of Pierce?" asked one democrat of another. "Faint," was the laconic reply.—*Louis Jour.*

THE PRESS.—It ex-presses truth, re-presses error, im-presses knowledge, and op-presses none. We thought this too good to be suppressed, and therefore publish it.

"I'll try you!" as the sun said to the fat man.

under such conditions."