

SAM SLICK ON LAWYERS.—Few things resemble each other more in nature than an old cunning lawyer and a spider. He weaves his web into a corner with no light behind to show the thread of his net, but in a shade like, there he waits in his dark office to receive his visitor.

A buzzin', burrin' thoughtless fly, thinkin' of nothin' but his beautiful wings and well-made legs and rather near-sighted withal, comes stumblin' head over heels into the net.

'I beg your pardon,' says the fly, 'I really didn't see this network of yours; the weather is so foggy and the streets so confounded dark, I'm afraid I've done mischief.'

'Not at all,' says the spider, bowin'. 'I guess it's all my fault. I reckon I had ought to have hung a lamp out; but pray don't move, or you may do damage. Allow me to assist you.' And then he ties up one leg, and has him as fast as Gibraltar.

'Now,' says the spider, 'my good friend, (a phrase a feller allers uses when he's agoin' to be tricky,) I'm afraid you've hurt yourself a considerable some; I must bleed you.'

'Bleed me!' says the fly; 'excuse me, I'm obliged to you; I don't require it.'

'Oh! yes you do, my dear friend,' and he gets ready for the operation.

'If you dare to do that,' says the fly, 'I'll knock you down; and I'm a man that what I lay down I stand on.'

'You had better get up first,' says the spider, a laughin'; 'you must be bled—you must pay the damage.' And he bleeds him till he gasps for breath and feels faintin' comin' on.

'Let me go, my good feller,' says the poor fly, 'I will pay you liberally.'

'Pay!' says the spider, 'you miserable uncircumcised wretch, you have nothing left to pay with; take that' and he gives him the last dig, and he's gone coon—bled to death.

A STORY WITH A MORAL.—Many years ago, a merchant, worth near a million of dollars, stood upon a wharf watching the approach of a rich ship just arriving in port, of which he was the owner. He was elevated with his good fortune, and looked lofty and arrogant. A poor seaman, suffering under greivous maladies stood near, and having experienced how changeful is life, he ventured to tell the triumphant merchant that 'riches had wings.'

'Pooh!' said the merchant, 'there! you see that diamond ring I take from my finger? You see me throw it into the river. As well may you expect ever to see that ring again as to see me a poor man!'

Some days afterwards, the merchant gave a great dinner to his friends. Among the luxuries provided for the feast, was a salmon, from the river.

The cook happening to open the stomach of the salmon, found there, to her great surprise, the merchant's diamond ring! She carried it to him.—His countenance fell, for he remembered his boastful language.

The dinner was heartless and tedious to him.—The rich wine only made his thoughts the more poignant. He slept none that night. He became 'an altered man.' His speculations were all unfortunate. Loss succeeded to loss; and in a few years he was a poor man.

Wealth is the gift of God, and given for a good purpose. Not to be squandered—not to make the possessor hard of heart;—but to teach him benevolence, to enable him to benefit his fellow men.

When the British were in Boston, in 1767, my father was in a barber's shop waiting to be shaved. An officer came in and wanted to be shaved provided he could do it without drawing blood, and, saying that if he did he would run his sword through him. The barber was frightened and dared not undertake the task. A little boy sitting there spoke up and said he would do it. He looked at the boy with astonishment, but the boy stripped off his coat, and told him to take a seat. He took off the officer's beard without drawing blood, and was paid a guinea for his trouble. The officer then asked him how he ventured to do it, as he had been to every barber's shop in town and no one dared to do it. The boy replied, "I thought I would see blood as soon as you would, and if I had, I would have cut your throat to the neck bone in one moment." The officer hung down his head and left, amid shouts of applause for the boy.

GOR HIM.—The Mount Gilead Sentinel rather gets the editor of the Messenger. The Sentinel says: The Messenger man says we use an 'inferior quality of dog leg tobacco.' He's a competent witness on that point, as we have kept him in that article ever since he came to town. Having had to buy for two, we couldn't afford to use the best, but if he'll quit begging from us, we'll try to improve the quality of our 'cud.'

The Czar of Russia.

We have already printed much on the subject of Sinope, but perhaps not the following anecdote:—"The officer that Prince Menschikoff sent from Odessa to St. Petersburg with the despatches announcing the victory at Sinope, spared no exertion to accomplish his journey with unusual speed, and on arriving at the capital, was according to Russian custom, immediately ushered into the presence of the Emperor, to whom he delivered his despatches, saying, 'I bring your Majesty intelligence of the successful issue of a considerable action.'—On which the Emperor, much gratified, took him with him into his cabinet, and seated himself to peruse their contents. When he had finished, and addressed himself to the welcome courier to express his delight at the tidings, he found that the officer, worn out with fatigue had fallen asleep, nor was he to be aroused by any ordinary means. With that quick appreciation of human nature peculiar to the Czar, he called out roughly, 'So and so, your horses are ready,' and the zealous courier at once started up to his supposed duty. The Emperor then inquired of him what rank he had.—'Kapitan.' 'Well, then, (to an adjutant in attendance), bring me a pair of epaulettes; I promote you on the spot to be Podpolkownik (Lieutenant Colonel.) Embrace me,' and when the astonished officer had availed himself of the rare honor, the Czar kissed him on his cheek. Since then no ruthless razor has been allowed to profane the cheek hallowed by the Emperor's lips.—*London Chronicle.*

BAPTIST STATISTICS.—We learn from the *American Baptist Almanac* recently published, that there are 481 regular Baptist Associations in North America connected with which are 9659 churches, 6259 ordained ministers; 1171 licentiates, and 776, 370 communicants; adding the irregular Baptist, such as the Anti-Mission, Free Will Seventh Day, &c., the total number of Associations is 797, of churches 16,273, of ordained ministers 11,079, of licentiates 1358, and of communicants 1,208,765. Connected with the denomination are 28 Colleges and 10 Theological Seminaries,—towards the endowment of which, more than \$1,500,000 have been subscribed within the last six years, and the greater part collected and invested. The whole number of instructors connected with them is 154—pupils over 2500. They have graduated over 4000 students; and their libraries contain more than 120,000 volumes. In addition to the above institutions there are a large number of academies and seminaries chartered and endowed by Baptist Associations and communities. There are 41 Baptist periodicals in the United States, 25 of which are issued weekly.

A TERRIBLE COURTSHIP.—"My grandsire, the Governor, was exposed to some danger about this time. A detachment, (on its way, I think, to the siege of Charlestown) landed in the island (Bermuda?) and a young officer belonging to it, taking it into his head to fall in love with the person, or perhaps, the reputed fortune, of a young lady of St. George's, and the beauty (or perchance her father) not encouraging his addresses, he became desperate, cut off the small joint of his little finger, enclosed it to her in a letter, and protested that he would go on to sever and transmit to her joint after joint until she should accept his suit.—For this prank he was placed under arrest, and grandfather passing near the window of his barracks, the young ruffian or madman, discharged a pistol at him, which nearly took effect. Why he was not shot for the outrage, I do not know; but he escaped, and many years afterwards he was met by one of my brothers, on service, in the command of a battalion of the Rajah of Travancore."—*Life of Tucker.*

BLUCHER.—When old Blucher was in England he was invited to Oxford to have a doctor's degree conferred upon him. The fierce dragoon was as much amazed as delighted at the idea of the honor, and introducing another Prussian General, who had been his right-hand man in all his campaigns, observed, in broken English, to the vice chancellor. "Sir, if I am a doctor, this is my apothecary." But the veteran made a better hit than that, before the day was over. At an evening party given on the occasion, amongst other persons was a lady, of whom it was sometimes whispered that she did not belong to a temperance society. We dare say this was all malice, but on this evening it did unfortunately happen that she was in very high spirits. "Who is that lady?" said Blucher, fixing his eye on her. "That is Miss Sparkle, the daughter of one of our canons," was the answer; at which the shocking old Field-Marshal thundered forth, with a roaring laugh, "a cannon's daughter! By Jove, I thought so, she looks so very well charged." The charge was probably grape.

THE RICHMOND HOAX.—One of the most practical jokes in Theodore Hook's clever Gilbert Gurney is Daly's hoax upon the lady who had never been at Richmond before, or, at least, knew none of the peculiarities of the place. Daly desired the waiter, after dinner, to bring some 'maids of honor'—those cheese-cakes for which the place has, time out of mind, been celebrated. The lady stared, then laughed, and asked, "What do you mean by 'maids of honor?'" "Dear me!" said Daly, "don't you know that this is so courtly a place, and so completely under the influence of state etiquette, that everything in Richmond is called after the functionaries of the palace? What are called cheese-cakes elsewhere, are here called maids of honor; a capon is called a lord chamberlain; a goose is a lord steward; a roast pig is the master of horse; a pair of ducks, grooms of the bed-chamber; a gooseberry tart, a gentleman usher of the black rod, and so on." The unsophisticated lady was taken in, when she actually saw the maids of honor make their appearance in the shape of cheese-cakes; she convulsed the whole party by turning to the waiter and desiring in a sweet, but decided tone, to bring her a gentleman usher of the black rod, if they had one in the house quite cold!

A FIRST RATE PUFF.—At the Supreme Court of Vermont, Mrs. Sarah A. Mott, was divorced from her husband, Mr. Darwin Mott. The Rutland Herald gives the following biography of this worthy which for pith is rarely equalled:

"We know that man—Darwin Mott. He came to St. Albans with a long face, a silver headed cane, and 'Rev.' prefixed to his name. He preached and went hunting the same day. He preached on temperance, (and the people were astonished at his stolen and feigned honesty,) and got drunk. He lectured to the young ladies, and played the adulterer. He kept a bad school—edited a reckless paper—stole money, and charged the theft upon the servant girl—got the office of Deputy Inspector, got drunk upon smuggled liquor—took one shirt, another man's wife and a bundle of manuscript sermons, and ran away from his own wife, his paper, and a crowd of creditors."

A COMPROMISE.—The following, which we find under the head of 'A compromise,' (says some one to whom the anecdote is new,) appears to us to illustrate pretty well the relative position of the South and North:

One cold night Quashee woke from his sleep and addressed his shivering bed-fellow:—
'Hallo, Sambo! I want half de cubbering?'
'He! Quashee! You got more nor half already.'

Hump! Den tink dis nigger fool to ax for what he got already, eh? I want t'udder half, too!
'Jimbo! den I quit; for I no see what business I got in dis bed!'

'No, you don't quit neider, my brudder; you sarb-berry well for to keep my back warm; so jist keep quiet and lay were you is, if you know what's good for you, you nigger!'

JUVENILE AMERICA.—In President Allen's lecture before the Mercantile Library Association, he alluded to Young America in the following style:

"Our children show extraordinary precocity.—The Miss drops the bib in the evening and dons the bodice in the morning; and the belle makes but a single jump from the cradle to the cotillon, from pap to polka. The boy—but we have no boys now—young gentlemen is the word—feels insulted if he is met in the street, and not called 'Mister.' He goes from the baby cap to the beaver, and in a twinkling from pea-nuts to politics.—He finishes his education at 14, goes into business at 18, marries at 20, and is a bankrupt at 21."

Elder Knapp occasionally gets off a good thing notwithstanding his bad ones. He was one evening speaking of the prevailing tendencies of some religionists to long prayers, and remarked that we would find no example for those in the scriptures. The prayers of our Saviour were short and to the point. The prayer of the penitent publican was a happy specimen. When he was endeavoring to walk upon the waters to meet his master, and was about sinking, had his supplication been as long as the introduction to one of our modern prayers, before he got half through he would have been fifty feet under water!

A POSSIBLE SEA FIGHT IN THE BRISTOL CHANNEL.—A note in the Shipping Gazette, dated Bristol Pill, February 26, states. "One of our pilots reports that there is a Turkish bark and a Russian bark in Penarthroads, ready loaded, and each bound to their respective countries; that the captain of the latter fears to proceed to sea, as his antagonist has nine guns ready to play upon his enemy as soon as he can catch him clear of the roadstead."

A POWERFUL MICROSCOPE.—A German in cinnati, has invented a powerful Microscope which has such an immense magnifying power that it the dust which, by contact with the wings butterfly, adheres to the finger, is shown to number of feathers, in which longitudinal transverse lines may be discovered. On a minute particle of dust, from the wing of a measuring only one five-hundredth of an inch length, and one-thousandth of an inch in breadth the number of scales is found to be 84,000 which give the enormous sum of forty-two thousand millions to one square inch.

VERY UNPLEASANT.—*Old Lady.* 'Good gracious boy! this looks very dangerous!' *Boy.* 'Are, marm! T'other day the donkey fell down and the lady that wor a ridin' on 'im was chucked over and killed!' *Old Lady.* 'Mercy on me, and was the donkey killed, too?' *Boy.* 'Marm; that are the werry hidetical donkey you on now, marm.'

If anything makes us laugh, it is to see a ferret set about being economical. To find 'that penny calico,' which Mrs. Gadder spoke of, Bullion tramped on Monday over half the city. The next day she bought a hundred dollar brellas. The ten cents she saved on that calico will excuse all the follies that she will commit between now and April.

This is a dangerous period of the year for cats—people should be careful. Mrs. Partington she has got a romantic affection in her shoulder the new geranium in her head, and the embolism in the region of her jugular vein all from the opening of the window to throw a bottle at a couple of bellerent cats on the shed.

The celebrated Whitson, dining with I. Jekyll, she asked why woman was made out of rib?

"Indeed my lady," replied he, "I don't know except it was because the rib is the crookedest of his body."

MISTRESS.—My goodness alive, Bridget, what are you doing, here's my fine new tea kettle the bottom melted out.' 'Didn't yees tell me put it on the fire for tea, an' I did and I thought was strange that yees said nothing about puttin' water in it?'

A 'stuck-up, sort of a genius entered a shop in Philadelphia, and turning up his nose at some apples in the window, exclaimed: 'Are those apples fit for a hog to eat?' 'I don't know try them see,' was the instant reply of the shopkeeper.

A man having hurt his forehead, was advised to rub it with brandy. Some days after he asked if he had done so, he answered, "I I tried several times, but can never get the gash higher than my mouth!"

'Do you believe in this table talking, Mat that there's so much fuss about?' 'Oh, dear, why, the other evening a table was asked how I was, and it rapped out forty! Ridiculous: what I'm not three-and-twenty till next March.—*Puff.*

'Aunt,' inquired a medical prodigy of fifty fresh from a lecture on surgery, 'what do you think the most difficult operation in surgery?' 'Don't know, Charley—what?' 'Taking the jaw of a woman,' answered the hopeful youth.

A rough looking customer was making considerable fuss one day, about a neighbor swindling. 'How did he swindle you?' asked one of the crew. 'How? Why, d—n it, sir, he ran away with my wife!'

'Mother, what is a hush?' 'A hush, child, do not know—what makes you ask?' 'Cause the other day I asked Jane what made her back so out so, and she said hush.'

A writer in an Irish newspaper, after mentioning the wreck of a vessel near Skerries rejoiced that all the crew were saved except two hogsh of molasses.

A Quaker said to a gunner, "Friend, I could no bloodshed; but if it be thy design to hit little man in the blue jacket, point thine engine three inches lower."

A friend of ours kept his hands warm all winter from 'mittens' he got from the ladies. Cheap for a supply of comfortables.

The man who 'brought down the house,' gone back after the cellar.

CONUNDRUM.—Why would a sick Israelite likely to be valued by the ladies? Because he is a Jew ill (jewel).