

THE UNINTENTIONAL DIVORCE.

The dangers of log rolling with a Legislature are graphically described in the following sketch.—

One winter there came to Trenton, New Jersey, two men, named Smith and Jones, who had designs upon the Legislature. Jones had a bad wife, and was in love with a pretty woman,—he wished to be divorced from the bad wife, so that he might marry the pretty woman, who by the by, was a widow, with black eyes, and such a bust! Therefore Jones came to Trenton for a divorce. Smith had a good wife, plump as a robin, good as an angel, and the mother of ten children, and Smith did not want to be divorced, but did want to get a charter for a turnpike, or plank road, to extend from Pig's run to Terrapin Hollow. Well, they with these different errands, came to Trenton, and addressed the assembled wisdom with the usual arguments—first suppers, mainly composed of oysters, with a rich back ground of steak and venison; 2d, liquors in great plenty, from 'Jersey lightning,' which is a kind of locomotive at full speed, reduced to liquid shape—to Newark champagne. To speak in plain prose, Jones the divorce man, gave a champagne supper, and Smith, the turnpike man, followed with a champagne breakfast. Under the mellifying influence of which the assembled wisdom passed both the divorce and turnpike bills, and Jones and Smith, a copy of each bill in their pockets, went rejoicing home, over miles of sand, and through the tribulation of many stage coaches. Smith arrived at home in the evening, and as he sat down in his parlor, his pretty wife beside him—how pretty she did look! and five of her children asleep over head, the other five studying their lessons in the corner of the room, Smith was induced to expatiate upon the good result of his mission to Trenton.

"A turnpike, my dear. I am one of the directors and will be president: it will set us up, love; we can send the children to boarding school and live in style, out of the toll. Here is the charter, honey."

"Let me see it," said the pretty wife, who was one of the nicest of women, with plumpness and goodness dimpling all over her face, "let me see it;" and she leaned over Smith's shoulder, pressing her arm upon his own as she looked at the parchment. But all at once Smith's visage grew long. Smith's wife's visage grew black. Smith was not profane, but now he ripped out an awful oath; "blast it, wife, these infernal scoundrels at Trenton have gone and divorced us!" It was too true, the parchment which he held was a bill of divorce, in which the name of Smith and Smith's wife appeared in frightfully legible letters.

Mrs. Smith wiped her eyes with the corner of her apron. "Here's a turnpike!" she said sadly, "and with the whole of our ten children staring me in the face, I aint your wife! Here's a turnpike!"

"Blast the 'pike and the Legislature, and—" Well, the fact is that Smith, reduced to single blessedness, and 'enacted' into a stranger to his own wife, swore awfully. Although the night was dark, and most of the denizens of Smith's village had gone to bed, Smith bid his late wife put on her bonnet, and arm in arm they proceeded to the house of the clergyman of their church.

"Goodness bless me!" exclaimed the mild, good man, as he saw them enter, Smith looking like the very last of June shad, and Smith's wife wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron—"Goodness bless me, what's the matter?"

"The matter is, I want you to marry us two right off!" replied Smith.

"Marry you?" ejaculated the clergyman, with expanded fingers and awful eyes, "are you drunk or crazy?"

"I ain't crazy, and I wish I was drunk," said Smith desperately; "the fact is, brother Goodman, that some scoundrels at Trenton, unbeknown to me, and at dead of night, have gone and divorced me from my own wife; she is the other of—of—nine children!"

"Ten," suggested Mrs. Smith, who was crying. "Here's a turnpike!"

Well the good minister seeing the state of the case, the Trenton parchment was duly produced in the pocket of Smith, married them over a straight way, and would not take a fee; the

fact is, grave as he was, he was dying to be alone, so that he could give vent to a suppressed laugh, which was shaking him all over; and Smith and Smith's wife went joyfully home and kissed every one of their ten children. The little Smith's never knew that their father and mother had been made strangers to each other, by legislative enactment.

Meanwhile and on the self same night, Jones returned to his native town—and sought at once the fine pair of black eyes which he hoped shortly to call his own. The pretty widow sat on the sofa; a white handkerchief tied carelessly about her round, white throat, her black hair laid in silky waves against each rosy cheek.

"Divorce is the word," cried Jones, playfully patting her double chin. "The fact is, Eliza, I'm rid of that cursed woman, and you and I will be married to-night. I know how to manage those scoundrels at Trenton. A champagne supper [or was it a breakfast] did the business for them. Put on your bonnet, and let us go to the preacher's at once dearest."

"The widow [who was among widows as peaches are among apples,] put on her bonnet and took Jones' arm, and—

"Just look how handsome it is put on parchment!" cried Jones, pulling out the document before her. "Here's the law which says that Jacob Jones and Anna Caroline Jones are two! Look at it?" Putting her plump gloved hand on his shoulder, she did look at it.

"Oh dear!" she said, with her rose-bud lips, and sank back, half fainting on the sofa.

"Oh blazes!" cried Jones, and sank beside her, rustling the fatal parchment in his hand. "Here's lots of happiness and champagne gone to ruin."

It was a hard case. Instead of being divorced and at liberty to marry the widow, Jacob Jones was simply by the Legislature, with others in New Jersey, incorporated into a turnpike company, and what made it worse, authorized (with his brother directors,) to construct a turnpike from Burlington to Bristol. When you reflect that Burlington and Bristol are located just a mile apart, on opposite sides of the Delaware river, you will perceive the extreme hopelessness of Jones's case.

"It's all the fault of that turnpike man, who gave 'em the champagne supper, or was it a breakfast!" cried Jones, in agony. "If they'd chartered me to be a turnpike from Pig's Run to Terrapin Hollow, I might have borne it, but the very idea of building a turnpike from Burlington to Bristol bears an absurdity on the face of it." So it did.

"And you ain't divorced?" said Eliza, a tear rolling down each cheek.

"No!" thundered Jones, crushing his hat between his knees, "and what is worse, the Legislature is adjourned, and gone home drunk and won't be back to Trenton till next year!" It was a hard case.

The mistake [?] had occurred on the last day of the session, when legislators and transcribing clerks were laboring under the effects of a champagne supper, followed by a champagne breakfast, Smith's name had been put where Jones's ought to have been and "wisely versey," as the Latin poet has it.

SMALL DISCOUNT FOR READY BELIEF.—In the evening, the river was literally bridged by a continuous flight of pigeons: so numerous were they, that they darkened the air like a cloud. Myriads on myriads kept pouring on without cessation, and taking the breadth of the river, the length of time crossing, and their probable speed, I estimated the column to be 10 miles long. Wilson, the ornithologist, says that he once saw a pigeon-flight on Kentucky, 240 miles by 1 broad, containing 223,272,000 pigeons, which would consume 1,742,400 bushels of mast per day. This reminds me of an anecdote current in New Jersey, which is too good to be lost.

A number of gentlemen were sitting around the bar-room of a hotel, the subject of discourse being the size of a pigeon-flight that had passed over the village that day, when one of the number, a great admirer of Captain Crockett, started a new point by saying—

"Well, gentlemen, you need not make so much difficulty about the length of that pi-

geon-streak, as I once saw myself a flight of crows a mile wide, 25 miles long, and they were so thick you couldn't see the sun."

"How long did you say that flight of rooks was?" asked a tall Vermonter, who had been listening all the while.

"Five and twenty miles, Sir!" said the narrator, as he turned round, and indignantly confronted his interrogator, whose question seemed to imply a doubt.

"Don't beleive it, captain," said the Vermonter emphatically.

"Well, now, look here," said the crow-man, as he deliberately took in the huge proportion of the sceptic, "you're a stranger here, I calculate, and I don't want to quarrel, so rather than fight, if you are satisfied, I'll take off half a mile from the thinnest part"

PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE.

Young man, you must paddle your own canoe! It is on the whole better that you should. See that young man who gets into a canoe, bought, with the money of his parents or his friends. When the vessel is launched, he must have it paddled by hired hands, while he lolls back, and sees nothing but an unsubstantial shadow of himself in the smooth waters. By and by the canoe, through carelessness and presumptuous steering, is dashed among the rapids, and he goes down. Should he come up again, he finds that he is abandoned by all, and that he has made a wreck where he might have made a fortune.

Young man or woman! paddle your own canoe! Even if you are favored with parents or friends who can give you one, be sure you earn it by the worthiness of your lives. In high purposes, in noble resolves, in generous deeds, in purity and virtuous endurance, and blameless conversation, let your endeavours to paddle your own canoe be seen by all. Pull away! If the paddle breaks while striving against the rapids, have another ready. If you have but one, pull with the stump of the old. Don't relax one effort. One stroke lost, and it may be the fatal one. Pull away!—Your canoe, if you have built it, like your friend, of the right material in your character, will hold as long as yourself will. Pull away and before long you may find yourselves in as fair haven as the man that "paddles his own canoe."

ANOTHER DOG STORY.

Remarkable dog stories crowd upon us.—We make room for "one more," taken from a celebrated French work, because it shows that the dog can be as good a Christian in the way of returning evil for evil, as most humans:—

"Mustapha, a strong and active greyhound, belonged to an artillerist of Dublin. Raised from its birth in the midst of battle, in the hottest engagements it remained near the cannon, and carried the match in its mouth. At the memorable battle of Fontenoi, when we broke the square battalions of the Hanoverians, the master of Mustapha received a mortal wound. At the moment when about to fire upon the enemy, he and several of his corps were struck to the earth by a discharge of artillery. Seeing his master extended lifeless and bleeding, the dog became desperate, and howled piteously.—Just at this time, a body of French soldiers was advancing rapidly to gain possession of the piece, which was aimed at them from the top of a small rising ground. Who would believe it, if the truth were not attested by several witnesses worthy of credit! Doubtless with a view to revenge his master's death, Mustapha seized the lighted match with his paws, and set fire to the cannon loaded with case shot; seventy men fell on the spot, and the remainder took to flight.

After this bold stroke the dog laid down sadly near the dead body of its master, licked his wounds, and remained there twenty-two hours without sustenance. He was at length with difficulty taken away by the comrades of the deceased. The courageous greyhound was carried to London, and presented to George H., who had him taken care of as a brave servant.

Monkey skins have formed an article of commerce for several years, and we dare say that many a fair lady has strutted her brief hour in all the glory of a monkey-skin muff and rat-skin gloves, without suspecting the quality of her finery.

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

A NEW MOTTO FOR RUSSIA.—Bear and overbear.

SWEETS TO THE SWEETS.—Woman is a beautiful flower that can be told, in the dark even, by its (s)talk.

How we printers do lie," as our devil said the other morning when he got up late for breakfast.

A Frenchman got exceedingly angry with a waiter at a hotel "You rascals," exclaimed he, "I will blow your nose for you!"

"Is your watch a lever?" "Lever, yes. I have to leave her once a week at the watch-maker's for repairs."

A gentleman having presented his church with "the ten commandments," it was wittily said that he gave them away because he could not keep them.

The latest report of Paris fashions, says:—"Bonnets are very small, and are more worn about the neck than on the head." We suppose shoes will be tied around the ankles before long.

"My German friend, how long have you been married?" "Vell, dis is a thing that I seldom don't like to talk about, but ven I does, it seems so long that it never was."

DEATHS POSTPONED.—In a country paper, a day or two ago, after a long list of births, and marriages and deaths, appears the following strange notice:—"Several deaths unavoidably deferred.

In one of the courts recently, an individual attired in a Quakerish-looking garb, was called to the witness stand. The judge, taking him for a member of the Society of Friends, thus addressed him: "Will you swear or affirm?" "Just as thee d——n please sir," was the reply.

A clergyman, lecturing one afternoon to his female parishioners, said, "Be not proud that our Lord paid your sex the distinguished honor of appearing first to a female after the resurrection, for it was only done that the glad news might spread the sooner."

A POINT OF ORDER.—In the New York Legislature, a member paused in the midst of a remarkably windy speech, to take a drink of water. Another member, named Bloss, rose to a point of order. Everybody stared, wondering what the point of order was. "What is it?" asked the Speaker.—"I think, Sir," continued Bloss, "it is out of order for a wind mill to go by water."

FOR POLITICIANS.—There was once a poor preacher who supplied an equally poor congregation, up somewhere in the woods, under a contract to have so much rye for his year's preaching, if they saw fit to retain him for a year. He was very fearful that he should get the sack prematurely, and did all he knew to fend off that appalling calamity; among other precautions, going round to the leading members of his congregation to learn how his preaching suited them. "Brethern," said he anxiously, "just tell me frankly how you like my doctrine, and, if you don't like it, let me know what doctrine I shall preach to please you—for I must have that rye."

CURE FOR BONE FELON.—A correspondent of the Baltimore Clipper says, that a thimble full of soft soap and quicksilver, mixed and bound tightly over the felon, will draw it to a head in the course of ten or twelve hours.—The curative can then be removed, and by the usual application of the usual poultices, the sore will be soon healed. The remedy is said to be a severe one, but altogether preferable to the disease. Bone felons, of late years, are quite common, and the remedy, if effectual will prove a real blessing to the sufferers.

The Paris Debats states that there are thirty thousand political prisoners in the Papal dominions. The principal fortresses in the provinces are continually receiving contributions of political prisoners from the neighboring towns. Ancona has several in the Lazaretto, entirely under charge of the Austrians, but as there is no publicity it is not known who they are or any thing about them.