

his family to the quick, broke out and said,—
"May God bless you all my noble fellows; you are equal indeed in the race of doing kind acts,—you have relieved me of a sorrowful burden, and my wife and children, and we all return you our grateful acknowledgments. It will be an insult to offer you the money for our fares again; we are glad to be indebted to you in this way. I must hasten away to my poor boy, but if I could do anything whatever for any of you to show my sense of your generosity, how glad I should be. What can I do?"

"Well," said Jim, "perhaps your honor has interest up aloft; and may be will speak a good word for us, for we don't know how to do it for ourselves, and we should like after a little while to be well moored up there."

"While my life lasts," replied the good clergyman. "God help me, I trust I shall ever remember you in my prayers. But, my poor, kind friends, the harbor and haven that you speak of is open to every believer in the Son of God."

There was an expression of mingled grief and hope in the good clergyman's face; he pressed their hands, and shook them earnestly, as did also his wife and daughters, and, in a few moments, the persons so strangely brought together, parted, to meet no more in this world.

"The Paper don't Say"

Mr. Slocum was not educated in a university, and in his walk in life has been in bye-paths and out of the way places. His mind is characterized by literalness rather than a comprehensive grasp of subjects. Mr. Slocum can, however, master a printed paragraph by dint of spelling the hard words in a deliberate manner, and he manages to get a few glimpses of men and things from his rocky farm, through the medium of a newspaper. It is quite edifying to hear Mr. Slocum reading the village paper aloud to his wife after a hard day's work.

A few evenings since, farmer Slocum was reading an account of a dreadful accident which had occurred at a factory, in the next town, and which the village editor had described in a great many words.

"I declare, wife, that was an awful accident over tew the mills," said Mr. S.

"What was it about, Mr. Slocum?"

"I'll read the 'count, wife, and then you'll know all about it." Mr. Slocum began to read:—

"Horrible and Fatal Accident.—It becomes our painful duty to record the particulars of an accident that occurred at the lower mill, in this city, yesterday afternoon, by which a human being, in the prime of life, was hurried to that bourne from which, as the immortal Shakspeare has said, 'no traveller returns.' ('Do tell,' exclaims Mrs. S.) Mr. David Jones, a workman who has but a few superiors on this side of the great city of New York, was engaged in adjusting a belt upon one of the large drums, ('I wonder if 'twas a bass drum such as has E. Pluribus Unum painted on it,' said Mrs. Slocum,) when he became entangled; his arms drawn around the drum, and finally his whole body was whirled over the shaft at a fearful rate. When his situation was discovered, he had revolved with immense velocity for about fifteen minutes, his head and limbs striking a large beam a distinct blow at each revolution (Poor creature, how it must have hurt him!)—When the machinery had been stopped, it was discovered that Mr. Jones's arms and legs were macerated to a jelly; ('Well, did it kill him?' asked Mrs. S., with increasing interest;) portions of the duranata, cerebrum, and cerebellum in confused masses, were scattered about the floor—in short, the gates of eternity had opened upon him."

Here Mr. Slocum paused to wipe his spectacles, and his wife seized the opportunity to press the question—

"Was the man killed?"

"I don't know, haven't come to that yet—you'll know when I've finished the piece."—And Mr. Slocum continued his reading:—

"It was evident when the shapeless form was taken down, that it was no longer tenanted by an immortal spirit—that the vital spark was extinct." ('Was the man killed? that's what I want to come at,' said Mrs. S.)

"Do have a little patience, old 'oman," said Mr. Slocum, eyeing his better half over his spectacles. "I presume we shall come upon it right away." And he went on reading:—

"This fatal casualty has cast a gloom over our village, and we trust that it will prove a warning to persons who are called upon to regulate the powerful machinery of our mills."

"Now," said Mrs. Slocum, perceiving that the narration was ended, 'now I should like to know whether the man was killed or not.'

Mr. Slocum looked puzzled. He scratched his head, scrutinized the article he had been perusing, and took a graceful survey of the paper.

"I declare, wife," said he, 'its rather cur'us; but raly the paper don't say!'

QUEER AFFAIR.

Some time last summer, the inhabitants of Manchester, Mississippi, gave a barbecue, which was attended by most of the fashion and beauty of the surrounding country. It happened that among the guests was a young lady, Miss M., recently from one of the Eastern cities who was on a visit to her relations in the neighboring town. Miss M., was a gay, and extremely fashionable young lady, and withal possessed an uncommon share of spirit and courage, except in the matter of snakes, and of these she had so great a dread, that she hardly dared to walk anywhere, except in the most frequented places, for fear of encountering them. Every effort was used, but without avail, to rid her of her childish fears. They haunted her continually, until at last it became a settled conviction of her mind, that she was destined to fall a victim to the fangs of the rattlesnake. The sequel will show how soon her terrible presentiment was fulfilled.

Towards the close of the day, while scores of merry feet were keeping time in the dance to the merry music, and the whole company were in the full tide of enjoyment, a scream was heard from Miss M., followed by the most agonizing cries for help. The crowd gathered around her instantly, and beheld her standing the perfect image of despair, with her hands grasping a portion of her dress with the tenacity of a vice. It was some time before she could be rendered sufficiently calm to tell the cause of her alarm, and then they gathered from her broken exclamations that she was grasping the head of a snake among the folds of her dress, and dreaded to let go her hold for fear of receiving the fatal blow.

This intelligence caused many to shrink from her, but the most of the ladies, to their honor be it told, remained with her, determined not to leave her in that direful extremity. They besought her not to relax her hold, as her safety depended on it, until some one could be found who had courage to seize and remove the terrible animal. There was none of the ladies, however, who had the courage to perform the act, and the condition of Miss M. was becoming more and more critical every moment.

It was evident that her strength was failing very fast, and that she could not maintain her hold many minutes longer.

A hasty consultation among the calmest of the ladies was held, when it was determined that Dr. Tinson, who was present, should be called to their assistance. He was quickly on the spot, and being a man of uncommon courage, he was not many moments within the circle of weeping and half-fainting females, until he had caught the tail of the snake, and winding it firmly around his hand, told Miss M. that she must let go the moment he jerked it away; and to make the act as instantaneous as possible, he told her that he would pronounce the words one, two, three, and at the moment he pronounced the last word, she must let go her hold, and that he doubted not he could withdraw the snake before it could have time to strike. All stood in breathless horror, awaiting the act of life or death, and at the moment the word three was pronounced, the doctor jerked out the largest and most diabolical looking bumble that ever was seen in Mississippi. The whole affair was at once explained. The fastening of the machine had become loose during the dancing, and it had shifted its position in such a way that it dangled about, and induced the belief that it was a snake with an enormous head.

The doctor fell right down in his tracks, and he did!

WASN'T SHE SPUNKY?

A couple who had lived together for some years in seeming contentment, one day went a fishing, and tied their boat by a rope to a post in the water. All of a sudden the boat went floating down the stream, and a contest of words immediately arose as to the real cause of the parting of the rope. The wife said it must have been cut with the scissors, but the husband, an unfeeling old foggy, stoutly maintained that it was a knife that did the business. Scissors! said the wife. Knife! said the husband. Scissors, Knife, Scissors, Knife, said both, but at last the husband losing his temper, cried out,

"If you say scissors again, I'll duck you."

"Scissors!" said the wife, determined to hold out to the last.

Away went the old woman into the water, and as she came up the first time, she bellowed "Scissors," at the top of her voice. The old man pushed her down again.

"Scissors!" sputtered she, in fainter tones, as she rose again, but the old fellow had her by the head, and plump she went down for the third time. Now she rose more slowly, and as her waterlogged form neared the surface, having lost the power of articulation yet determined never to give in, she thrust her hand out of the water, and imitated with the first and second fingers the opening and shutting of a scissors.

The old man was then convinced that it was useless to try to fetter a woman's speech.

ELIHU BURRITT, THE LEARNED BLACKSMITH.—A letter written by Elihu Burritt the learned blacksmith, contains more interesting incidents of his career.

Mr. Burritt mentions that being one of a large family, and his parents poor, he apprenticed himself when very young, to a blacksmith, but that he had always had such a taste for reading that he carried it with him to his trade. He commenced the study of Latin when his indentures were not half expired, and completed reading Virgil in the evenings of one winter.—He next studied the Greek and carried the Greek Grammar about in his hat, studying it for a few moments while heating some iron at the forge. In the evenings he sat down to Homer's Iliad, and read twenty books of it during the second winter. He next turned to the modern tongues and went to New Haven where he recited it to native teachers in French, Spanish, German, and Italian and at the end of two years he returned to his forge, taking with him such books as he could procure. He next commenced Hebrew, and soon mastered it, reading two chapters in the Bible before breakfast; this, with an hour at noon being all the time he could spare from work. Being unable to procure the books he desired, he determined to hire himself to some ship bound to Europe, thinking he could procure them at the different ports he touched at. He travelled more than a hundred miles on foot to Boston with this view but was not able to find what he sought; and at that period he heard of the American Antiquarian Society at Worcester. Thither he bent his steps, and arrived in the city in the most utter indigence. Here he found a collection of ancient modern, and Oriental books, such as he never imagined to be collected in one place. He was kindly allowed to read what books he liked and has reaped great benefit from this permission.

He used to spend three hours daily in the hall and he made such use of these privileges, as to be able to read upwards of fifty languages with greater or less facility.

A STRONG MAN.—The Boston Post in noticing the death of an eccentric Dutchman at Albany, N. Y., states his accumulations to have amounted to the round sum of \$37,000, principally in dubloons, which he always carried about his person in a private pocket. Now as \$37,000 in gold would way upwards of 290 pounds, who will dare to deny that the individual in question must have been in his day and generation a second Thomas Topham, in physical strength. His pocket, too; my eye what a pocket!

Shame—a feeling that overtakes people, not because they have done wrong, but because they have been found out.

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

The only crowd a printer can endure with anything like patience, is a crowd of delinquents calling to foot up their bills.

COPY OF A SIGN.—"Freeman & Huggs, School Teachers; Freeman teaches the boys, and Huggs the girls."

Mrs. Harris says, foreigners resemble each other so much that she cant more than half the time tell an orang outang from a Frenchman. The lady is getting not only impatient but personal.

The Yankees are accused of having introduced thunder and lightning into California.—It is said that neither was ever heard of there until after the strong tide of emigration from Yankeedom began to flow in.

It is not a little singular, that the letters that spell debt, are the initials of the sentence, "Dun Every Body Twice;" and the letters which spell credit, are the initials of the sentence, "Call Regularly Every Day—I'll Trust."

One of the 700 Turkish cannon which guard the Dardanelles is charged with 230 lbs. of powder, and throws a stone shot of 1000 lbs. weight. Of course such immense guns are more formidable in appearance than in reality, and the firing is not unattended with danger to their own artillerymen.

HORRIBLE AFFAIR.—The Telegraph informs us that an old man residing in the neighborhood of Tuckahoe, upwards of eighty years of age, recently had a quarrel with his wife, when in a fit of desperation he went out and—chopped some wood.

A man, who went to Virginia to get his growth, has become so tall that hot soup freezes before it gets down into his stomach.—When he eats meat he is obliged to get that which is just killed, or it will spoil before it reaches his gizzard.

A DEAD SUBSCRIBER.

A subscriber for years being sad in arrears, still neglecting his bill for to pay, To the editor said—"Unless I am dead, I shall pay you on Christmas day." The time flew by, and the creditor was shy, But the editor thought what he said: In his paper next week the truth he did speak, And announced his subscriber as dead!

The other day an Irish reaper applied at the York Railway Station, asked the fare to Darlington, how far it was off, and what time the train would leave, when he received answers to each question. In the space of a few minutes he returned, and repeated the same questions, and was told that he had only just been answered. "Faith," he said, "it is not myself that wants to know this time, but my mate outside."

Mrs. Partington, speaking of the provisions of the Constitution, said, "For my part I should be glad to see 'em. Heaven and all of us knows provision is scarce enough and dear enough, and if they can turn the constitution to so good a use, I'm glad of it. Anything that will have a tenderness to cheapen the necessities of life." Ike came running in at the moment, and asked her if he shouldn't give her a "tig whicket."

Among the innumerable anecdotes of John Randolph, the following is not the worst:—A young aspirant for Congressional fame saw fit, in his maiden speech, to give proof of his boldness and eloquence by a long and abusive attack upon the eccentric member from Virginia.

At the conclusion of the young orator's voluminous address, the hero of Roanoke arose, and stretching out his long nervous arm toward the seat of the complacent youth, with a half-inquiring, half-contemptuous look, thus replied:—

"Mr. Speaker, who's that?"

A POSER.—At Plymouth there is, or was, a small green opposite the Government House, over which no one was permitted to pass. Not a creature was allowed to approach, save the General's cow; and the sentries had particular orders to turn away any one who ventured to cross the forbidden turf. One day old Lady D——, having called at the General's, in order to make a short cut, bent her steps across the lawn, when she was arrested by the sentry calling out, and desiring her to return and go the other road. She remonstrated; the man said he could not disobey his orders, which were to prevent any one crossing that piece of ground. "But," said Lady D——, with a stately air, "do you know who I am?" "I don't know who you be ma'am," replied the immovable sentry, "but I know who you baint—you baint the General's cow." So the Lady D——, wisely gave up the argument, and went the other way.