

The Guardian Snake.

On a journey from Baroque to Dhuboy, a Mr. Forbes stopped at Nurrah, a large inland town, which had been plundered and burnt by the Mah-rattas. The principal house had belonged to an opulent man, who emigrated during the war, and died in a distant country. Mr. Forbes was privately informed that under one of the towers there was a secret cell, formed to contain his treasure; the information could not be doubted, because it came from the mason who constructed the cell.—Accordingly the man conducted him through several spacious courts and apartments, to a dark closet in a tower; the room was about eight feet square, being the whole size of the interior of the tower; and it was some stories above the place where the treasure was said to be deposited. In the floor there was a hole large enough for a slender person to pass through; they enlarged it, and sent down two men by a ladder. After descending several feet, they came to another floor, composed in like manner of bricks and channam; and here also, was a similar aperture. This also was enlarged, torches were procured, and from their light Mr. Forbes perceived from the upper apartment a dungeon of great depth below, as the mason had described. He desired the men to descend and search for the treasure; but they refused, declaring that wherever money was concealed in Hindostan, there was always a demon, in the shape of a serpent, to guard it. He laughed at their superstition, and repeated his order in such a manner as to enforce obedience, though his attendants sympathized with the men, and seemed to expect the event with more of fear and awe than curiosity. The ladder was too short to reach the dungeon; strong ropes were therefore sent for, and more torches. The men reluctantly obeyed, and as they were lowered, the dark sides, and the moist floor of the dungeon, extinguished the light which they carried in their hands. But they had not been many seconds on the ground, before they screamed out that they were enclosed with a large snake. In spite of their screams, Mr. Forbes was incredulous, and declared the ropes should not be let down to them till he had seen the creature; their cries were dreadful; he however was inflexible, and the upper lights were held steadily, to give as distinct a view as possible into the dungeon. There he perceived something like billets of wood, or rather, he says, like a ship's cable seen from the deck, coiled up in a dark hole; but no language can express his sensation of astonishment and terror, when he saw a serpent actually rear its head over an immense length of body, coiled in volumes on the ground, and working itself into exertion by a sort of sluggish motion. 'What I felt,' he continues, 'on seeing two fellow creatures exposed by my orders to this fiend, I must leave to the readers' imagination.' To his inexpressible joy they were drawn up unhurt, but almost lifeless with fear. Hay was then thrown on the lighted torches which they had dropped.—When the flames had expired, a large snake was found scorched and dead, but no money. Mr. Forbes supposed that the owner had carried away the treasure with him, but forgotten to liberate the snake which he had placed there as its keeper.—Whether the snake was venomous or not, he has omitted to mention, or perhaps to observe; if he were not, it would be no defence for the treasure; and if it were, it seems to have become too torpid with inaction, confinement and darkness, to exercise its powers of destruction. Where the popular belief prevails that snakes are the guardians of hidden treasure, and where the art of charming serpents is commonly practised, there is no difficulty in supposing that they who conceal a treasure, (as is frequently done under the oppressive government of the East) would sometimes place it under such protection.

The Schoolmaster Caught.

The *Palmer Journal* says, "a few years ago, when it was the custom for large girls and larger boys to attend district schools, and when flagellations were more common in schools than at the present time, an incident took place in a neighboring town which is worth recording as a reminiscence of schoolboy days. One of the largest plumpest and fairest girls in school happened to violate one of the teacher's rules. The master, a prompt, energetic fellow of twenty-five, at once summoned her into the middle of the floor, as usual in such cases, the business of the whole school ceased, and the attention of every scholar was directed to the girl, who, it was expected, was to receive a severe punishment. After interrogating the girl a few moments, the master took from his desk a huge ruler, such as we seldom see now-a-days, and commanded the damsel to hold out her hand. She hesitated, when the master, in a blaze of passion thundered out,—

"Will you give me your hand?" "Yes, sir, and my heart too," promptly replied the girl, at the same time stretching forth her hand to the master and eyeing him with a cunning look. A deathly silence reigned for a moment in the school-room; a moist spot was seen to glisten in the master's eye; the ruler was laid upon the desk and the blushing girl was requested to take her seat, but to remain after the school was dismissed!

In three weeks after the school finished the school-master and that girl were married.

Killing Time.

Speaking of those who have but little to do, an exchange says "that little is indeed usually a mighty work to them. There is not perhaps, a man of whom it may be more truly said, that he has his hands full, than one of those envied persons who have nothing to do; one who can live without toil, and has not character, or courage, or virtue enough to engage in the serious responsibilities of life. To such a one, the merest trifle is a bugbear of vast dimensions. To him a molehill is a mountain. You often see such an imbecile grumbling at the pettiest obstacles, while another is toiling with vigor, alacrity, and success, over the real Alps that are thrown in the way of life's great journey. In deciding which of these two races of men has the hardest lot in life, we should reverse the common opinion, and consider the men of nothing to do as those who are overburdened with care. To such persons, killing time is often a task of more real horror than the slaying of the Lernean Hydra."

Boy-Men.

It is really "stunning" to see how old the boys have grown—boys! bah, there are no boys now-a-days: they are young gentlemen, with downy moustaches, and sleek, frizzled hair. They sport a cane, and huge gold chains hang dangling from their padded jackets. Hear them talk—quote French and German—and discuss the politics of the nation. If they keep on for ten years more at the rate they have been going it, the babies will kick at the nursery arrangements, and refuse to take their food in the natural way,—because neither of those things are dignified.

We would treat the boys with respect and consideration; but when they ape full-grown men; put on airs, strut, smoke and squint through an eye-glass, we feel a little disposed to exclaim.—"Save us from a race of puppies!—and such little puppies, too!"

New Lamps for Old Ones.

Odesa, according to the author of a new book on Russia, labors under the disadvantage of being badly lighted. It is satisfactory to know that an English Company—a ship's company, in fact has undertaken, at the shortest notice, to light up the town in question so brilliantly, as actually to cause reflection at St. Petersburg, and enable the Czar to read French and English hand writing very distinctly, even at that distance. The iron tubes are ready laid, and the parties are only waiting for a few posts.

Too Good to be Lost.—The funniest stories now in vogue are the original sayings of the little folks, whose impressions of things are sometimes remarkable for their quaintness and humor. Thus lately—as we had it from the lips of the lady herself—her little son, a roguish chap, knee-high to a grasshopper, heard her complaining at table of the quality of butter in market. Evening came and he nelt, and in repeating the "Lord's Prayer," paused, after asking for his "daily bread," and added, in a whisper:

"Mother, hadn't I better ask for a little good butter, too?"

There was recently a violent thunder storm in South Western Georgia, during which, an original small boy expressed great fear of the house being struck by lightning, and all it contained killed instantly. His mother reproved him, saying that he would go to heaven. He looked up in her face most earnestly, and replied, "But, mama, God won't have me, if I'm all smashed up!"

Warn't Stingy.—A green-horn, from somewhere, standing carelessly upon the end of the East river piers, watching a Brooklyn ferry-boat accidentally lost his equilibrium, and found himself suddenly in the "damp." He however, soon clambered up again, and while blowing off the superfluous brine, he was asked by a by-stander how he relished old Neptune's soup, to which he replied—"Wal, I hain't got much agin it; but all have to say is, that whoever put the salt in, warn't a bit stingy!"

Insanity among men is sometimes unconquerable but all herrings taken in-seine can be cured.

CHINESE HELL.—Among the Chinese the anticipations of death are distressing. Their imagination has invented no fewer than ten hells. One consists of a hell stuck full of knives; another of an iron boiler, filled with boiling water; a third is a hell of ice; in another, the punishment is pulling out the tongue of those who tell lies; another is a hell of poisonous serpents; in another, the victim is drawn into pieces; another is a hell of blackness and darkness; and you may hear them praying in one. "May I not fall into the hell of swords?" and another into this or that place of torment.

CANNON OF OLIVER CROMWELL.—An anecdote is recorded of Oliver Cromwell, which by a single incident illustrates the fanaticism of those times and the character of the man who was able to turn it to so good an account. It being usual to place inscriptions on large artillery, the following words were inserted upon some of the cannon belonging to the army of the Commonwealth, at the period when the Puritan superstition was at its height:—"O Lord open thou our lips and our mouths shall show forth thy praise."

"IT IS ALL LUCK."

"It is all luck," said an old man, as in poverty and misery, he found old age upon him, and the night of death at hand. "It is all luck, some are born to be rich, and others poor." Instantly our mind reverted to the old man's past life; we saw his wasted youth, his neglected opportunities, his sloth, improvidence, and want of forethought, and then looking upon his desolate state, we asked ourselves, "Is it luck?" Never believe it, young man! Pluck, not luck, is the ruler of our destinies. The strong hand and the willing heart set luck at defiance, or rather make it serve them. He is lucky who is industrious and cheerful, who neglects no opportunity, wastes no time in idleness, and in the present provides for the future. All other luck is a delusion and a snare.

A HARD HIT.—Some years ago, Roger M. Sherman, and Perry Smith, of Connecticut, were opposed to each other as advocates in an important case before a court of Justice. Smith opened the case with a violent and foolish tirade against Mr. Sherman's political character. Sherman rose in a composed manner and remarked:

"I shall not discuss politics before this court, but I am perfectly willing to argue questions of law to chop logic, or even to split hairs with him."

"Split that, then," said Smith, at the same time pulling out a short, rough looking hair from his head, and handing it over to Sherman.

"May it please the honorable court," retorted Sherman, "I didn't say bristles!"

ENGLISH PURITAN SURNAMES.—The following names are given in "Lower's English Surnames" as specimens of the names of the old Puritans in England about the year 1658. The names are taken from a jury list in Sussex County. They will cause a smile in our day:

Faint-not Hewett.	Kill-sin Pimple.
Accepted Trevor.	Return Spelman.
Redeemed Compton.	Be faithful Joiner.
Make-peace Heaton.	Fly-debate Roberts.
God-reward Smart.	Fight-the-good-fight-of-faith White.
Stand-fast-on-high Stringer.	More-fruit Fowler.
Earth Adams.	Hope for Bending.
Called Lower.	Graceful Harding.
Meek Brewer.	Weep-not Billing.
Be-courteous Cole.	Seek-wisdom Wood.
Repentance Avis.	Elected Mutchell.
Search the scriptures Moreton.	The-peace-of-God Knight.

PAINFUL BUT LAUGHABLE.—In "Notes of an Army Surgeon," we find the following:

I remember one day in making my hospital rounds, a patient just arrived, presented an amputated fore-arm, and in doing so, he could hardly restrain a broad laugh; the titter was constantly on his face.

"What is the matter? This does not strike me as a matter of laughter!"

"It is not, doctor; but excuse me; I lost my arm in so funny a way, that I still laugh when I look at it."

"What way?"

"Our first sergeant wanted shaving, and got me to attend to it, as I am corporal. We went together in front of his tent. I had lathered him, held his nose and was just about applying the razor, when a cannon ball came, and that was the last I saw of his head and my arm. Excuse me for laughing so, doctor, but I never saw such a thing before."

This scene occurred during the siege of Fort Erie.

IRELAND.—The Dublin Nation remarks: Irish nation is fast dissolving, as the Jew nation dissolved before the curse of God—Carthaginian nation dissolved before the sword of Rome—as the red Indian race silently disappeared before the face of the white man. Ireland ceasing to be a Roman Catholic nation." Fitzerald in a recent speech, admits, "Our nation and our Church are perishing." An old Romanism asks: "Shall the soupers and distributors accomplish the work which the force of England, for three hundred years, has been unable to effect?"

Mrs. Partington is anxious to know who Nebraska Bill, that the papers are quarreling; and how it happens, if Senator Douglas is her father, that he isn't called Bill Douglas ins Nebraska Bill? The old lady thinks that Nebraska is a nickname, as old Nick seems to have nothing to do with the bantling's getting up.

A couple of young men in Cincinnati, sent for objects to gratify their curiosity, strolled to the Museum. Having viewed the specimens, ranged in the different rooms, they seated themselves, and entered into conversation. Suddenly the bell rang, and the manager called out—

"Please walk up stairs to the infernal region."

"Ah! that's a new idea," said one of the fellows.

"I always thought the infernal regions were below."

"The reason of it," said the other, "is plain; the devil has the ascendancy in this infernal region."

The present high prices bear hard upon the Two Main papers, the Biddeford Journal and the Signal—the latter for the second time—has been compelled to suspend publication, and fear others will have a close struggle for existence. Subscribers should remember the poor printer pay his dues promptly.

The editor of the Warren Star announces, owing to the high price of flour, original not any marriages will be charged twenty-five cents.

"Once on a time," an Irishman and a woman were fighting, and while grappling with each other the Irishman exclaimed, "You black devil, enough!" "I'll fight till I die!" "So, I'll fight out the negro; 'I always does.'"

Fanny Fern is in the market. She says, ready to jump at the first offer of marriage; adds, among her qualifications, that she is "as good as an eagle, and untamable as chain lightning." That's enough! No wonder she is a divorced man.

When John Mitchel made his escape from the British authorities offered 50 cents reward for his re-arrest. They value the man and he is worth.

HAMLET'S ADVICE TO LADIES.—"Put of a bonnet to its right use; 'tis for the head, and for the neck."

Policeman, to a well dressed and good looking young lady waving his hand to stop the bus offering his arm—"Allow me, ma'am, to assist across."

The same to an old lady not well dressed—"any ma'am, now is your time, hurry up your cake to the table."

THE IRISHMAN AND HIS PIG.—MacKenzie, in his notes to Sheil's Sketches, tells a good story of an Irish peasant, who being asked why he permitted his pig to take up its quarters with his father, made an answer abounding with satirical remarks. "Why not? Doesn't the place afford every convenience that a pig can require?"

We are informed that a gentleman in "fast in regular standing" in the congregation in one of our city churches, entered Tolman's music was a day or two since, and stated his wish it was wise:

"Have you Solomon's song? I want to buy a copy."

"No," said the salesman, not being able to collect at the moment any lithographed sheet of that title, "No, I'm afraid not."

"Ah," said the amateur, drawing on his hat, "perhaps it isn't out yet. Our pastor spoke, last Sunday as a production of genius and bethel, and I want my daughter to learn it."

Always keep on the right side of the ladies, but is no more use to hope for happiness and prevent ity otherwise, than to think of growing fat with mutton chops, a good conscience, ale, metaphors and tomato sauce. Just keep on the sunny side of dimity and the cook, and you are good for the happy old age, and plenty of fat to oil the wheels of your corporation.