

HOW HE WON HER.

We hope the moral of the following sketch will be productive of much good. Young men who are ambitious of success in the matrimonial line, should study well the grand secret.—Our friend who furnishes the sketch says he sees no reason why it should not be true.

A young lady of eccentric character, but of rare mental endowments and extraordinary personal attractions, had five suitors, equally assiduous in their attentions. Unable to decide upon which she would bestow her hand, she gave them notice to call upon her at a certain day, and each state his claim in the presence of the others.

Four were confident of success; but the fifth had a downcast look and sighed when he gazed at the object of his devotion.

"Gentlemen," said she, "you have honored me with proposals of marriage. I have as yet neither refused nor accepted any of you; state your claims to my hand, that I may know upon what grounds I may be justified in bestowing it."

A. answered as follows:—

"If you marry me you shall live in a splendid house, have carriages and servants at your command, and enjoy all the luxuries of a fashionable life. I am rich."

B. spoke next:—

"My rival has said very true that he is rich; and that he offers you a strong inducement, but I am of noble descent, my grandfather was a duke, and although not wealthy, I am of a family with whom an alliance would be considered an honor to the wealthiest heiress in the land."

E. states his claims:—

"I am a politician, and have now a reputation that older persons have envied, next year I shall run for Congress, and have no doubt of success. By marrying me your name will be handed down to posterity."

D. twisted his mustache with the air of an exquisite, and said:—

"Anjelic creature! Pon my word, I think you have decided in my favor. Who is the most fashionable dressed in town? Who is the best judge of the Opera? Rumour says so; but 'pon my honor I am too modest to insist upon it."

When it came to E.'s turn to speak there was a pause, all eyes were turned towards him.—Our fellow, he was dreadfully embarrassed.

"Well," said the beauty, "what say you Mr. E."

"Alas!" was the reply, "I yield to these gentlemen. They have the advantage of me in every respect." And he took his hat to leave.

"Stop," said the lady, "make your statement, no matter how humble may be your claims."

"I am poor."

"Go on."

"I am not of a noble family—"

"Go on, Sir."

"I am unknown to the world—"

"No matter; proceed."

"I have neither the taste nor the means to dress fashionably. I work for my livelihood. It is hardly possible that I can make you happy, for I can afford none of the inducements held out by my rivals."

"I am to judge of that, sir; what next?"

"Nothing, only I love you, and take a newspaper."

At this Messrs. A., B., C., and D., burst into a loud laugh, all exclaiming, in one voice—

"So do we! I love you to distraction! I take four newspapers! ha! ha!"

"Silence," said the lady. "In one month you shall have an answer. You may all withdraw."

At the end of the month the five suitors again appeared. Turning to each one in succession, the lady answered—

"Riches are not productive of happiness.—Boasted nobility of blood is the poorest of all recommendations. Fame is fleeting, and he that has only the garb of a gentleman is to be pitied. I have found out the names of the papers to which you all subscribe and have ascertained that none of you who have boasted of wealth, nobility and fame or fashion, have paid for them. Now, gentlemen, this is a dishonest act. It is trifling to be sure in itself; but it is an indication of character. I have

learned that Mr. E. not only subscribes for a good paper, but that he pays for it in advance." "Straws show, &c., my decision is made," said she, "the man."

A REMARKABLE STORY.

One night while Sir Evan Napean was under secretary to the home department, he felt the most unaccountable wakefulness that could be imagined; he was in perfect health, had dined early, and had nothing whatever on his mind to keep him awake. Still he found sleep impossible, and from eleven till two he never closed an eye. At length weary of this struggle, and as the twilight was breaking (it was summer,) he determined to try what would be the effect of a walk in the park. There was nothing but the sleepy sentinels. But this walk, happening to pass the home office several times he thought of letting himself in with his key, though without any particular object. The book of entries of the day before still lay on the table, and through listlessness he opened it. The first things he saw appalled him.

"A reprieve to be sent to York for the coiners ordered for execution." The execution had been appointed for the next day. It struck him that he had received no return to his order to send the reprieve. He searched the "minutes"—he could not find it there. In alarm he went to the house of the chief clerk, who lived in Downing street, knocked him up, (it was past three,) and asked him if he knew anything about the reprieve being sent. In great alarm the chief clerk could not remember. "You are scarcely awake," said Sir Evan; "recollect yourself, it must have been sent. The chief clerk said that he now recollected he had sent it to the clerk of the Crown, whose business it was to forward it to York." "Good?" said Sir Evan, but have you his receipt and certificate that it is gone?" "No." "Then come with me to his house; we must find him, it is so early."

It was now four, and the Clerk of the Crown lived in Chancery-lane. There was no hackney coach to be seen, and they almost ran.—They were just in time. The Clerk of the Crown had a country house, and meaning to have a long holiday, he was at that moment stepping into his gig to go to his villa. Astounded at the visit of the Under Secretary of State at such an hour, he was still more so at his business.

"Heavens!" cried he, "the reprieve is locked up in my desk!" It was brought. Sir Evan sent to the Post-office for the truest and fleetest express. The reprieve reached York the next morning, just at the moment when the unhappy men were ascending the cart.

SENSIBLE HOGS.—Some years ago I made a visit to the bay of Fundy, and finding a cozy place there, quite to my mind, I spent a week or more in that vicinity. While there I had occasion to notice the movements of certain hogs who came down to the beach at low tide, to feed upon the clams which abound in the sand. You are aware that the tide rises thirty or forty feet in that part of the country. The consequence is that it must come and recede very rapidly; so swift indeed does it rise, that cattle unacquainted with this state of things, not unfrequently get overtaken by the water and drowned. The old hogs in those parts, however, get accustomed to the tide. They find out not only that it "waits for no man," but that it waits for no hog. One day while I was on the beach, I saw a regiment of hogs as busy as they could be, rooting for clams and feasting on them. Watching them very carefully, I could not help noticing that several of their number ever and anon placed one ear in the attitude of listening. They would remain in that position a moment or two, and then go on digging clams. Finally, one cunning old fellow, after listening an instant, uttered that well known note of alarm, and off he and the whole regiment ran at the top of their speed, out of the reach of the tide. When I placed my ear as near the ground as did the hogs, I immediately discovered what they discovered and what I did not know before—the roar of the incoming tide: and I found it necessary to retreat about as speedily as they had done. What do you think of that, reader?

'STRIKING' INQUIRY IN HUMBLE LIFE.—What's the use of their taking the duty off soap, if a feller mayn't fether his wife as he pleases?

The Dardanelles.

The old gates of Janus were opened when Rome was at war; and their modern prototypes the Dardanelles straits, are open only when a state of war makes treaty stipulations void, and the Porte deems it to be necessary to admit his allies through them to protect his capital. The accounts we have are that they are now open for the passage of the British and French fleets.

The Dardanelles, from which the strait or Hellespont, derives its name, are four strong castles built opposite to each on the European and Asiatic coasts; and are the keys of Constantinople. Two of these castles, the old castles, were raised by Mahommed II. soon after the conquest of Constantinople 1453; the other two, the new castles, were built in the middle of the 17th century, to protect the Turks against the Venetians. The latter command the entrance to the Hellespont, and the distance from each is about two miles and a quarter; in four hours' sail up the strait are the old castles which are about three quarters of a mile apart. These are well mounted with formidable batteries.

All along the European shore to the Marmora the aspect of nature in its ruggedness corresponds with the frown of the guns; but the scenery on the Asiatic shore is beautiful. The region abounds, too, in places famous in classic story. Here it was Leander paid his nightly visit to Hero; here the ill-fated hosts Yexes crossed on a bridge of boats; here Solymen crossed on a bare raft; and in modern times, here Byron swam from Sestos to Alydos.

THE CLARET JUG AND THE ELDERS.—There is a story very well known among the Scotch anecdotemongers, respecting the celebrated Dr. Pitcairn. It seems that the worthy doctor seldom darkened the doors of the kirk, but every Sabbath morning his jug of claret was to be seen on its way from the tavern just as the more staid portion of the population were going to the morning service. The kirk elders were at length scandalized, and under the plea of preventing Sabbath-trading, used frequently to seize the doctor's jug and confiscate his claret. Suspecting that the seizure was not altogether disinterested, the doctor one Sabbath morning sent a strong dose of tartar-emetie at the bottom of his pewter. On that day to the surprise of all men, Dr. Pitcairn was seen in church. His eyes were turned towards the elders' pew. The service was not advanced far ere one of the zealous opponents of the Sabbath-trading slunk out of the church looking very pale. Soon another followed and presently the elder's pew was empty, to the bewilderment of all but the contriver of the mischief. The latter slipped out of church quietly and with exultation beheld his persecutors writhing in all the agonies of a painful emetic. The Doctor wasn't troubled after that.

A WISE DOG.—A friend of mine had a poodle-dog, possessed of more than ordinary sagacity, but he was, however under little command. In order to keep him in better order, my friend purchased a small whip with which he corrected the dog once or twice during a walk. On his return the whip was put in the hall, and the next morning it was missing. It was soon afterwards found concealed in an out-building, and again made use of in correcting the dog. It was however again lost but found hidden in another place. On watching the dog, who was suspected of being the culprit, he was seen to take the whip from the hall-table and run away with it, in order again to hide it.

GOING THAT WAY.—An old woman observing a sailor going by her door, and supposing it to be her Billy, cried out to him. "Billy where is my cow gone?" The sailor replied in a contemptuous manner, "Gone to Satan for what I know." "Well, as you are going that way," said the old lady, "I wish you would just let down the bars."

RATHER FOXY.—Dad, if I was to see a duck on the wing, and was to shoot it, would you lick me? "Oh, no! my son; it shows you are a good marksman, and I would feel proud of you." "Well, then, dad, I plumped our old drake as he was a flyin' over the fence, to-day, and it would have done you good to see him drop."

JOY COMING IN THE MORNING.—Forty years ago there was a tailor of the name of Joy in Oxford. On one occasion he had a row with a gownsman who owed him some money, as gownsmen will do sometimes. They parted company in a gale of wind. The tailor however, not liking to offend one who was, on the whole, a good customer, tapped at the door of his opponent at an early hour the next day, and, bowing himself in with a meek smile, observed, with a faint attempt at facetiousness, "Sir, you know, as the Psalmist has it, 'heaviness may endure for a night, but Joy cometh in the morning.' 'Oh! you infernal fellow! oared the gownsman, 'be off with you! that's just like your tricks—cabbaging even from Scripture itself.'—*Liverpool Albion.*

Earn your own pork, and see how sweet it will be. Work and see how well you will be. Work, and see how religious you will be. For before you know where you are, instead of repining at Providence, you will find yourself offering up thanks for all the numerous blessings you enjoy.

The editor of the New Orleans Picayune speaking of a "model subscriber" to that paper says:—"we have on our subscription list the name of one gentleman, who has taken the weekly Picayune ever since 1839, and he has not once during that whole period, that we remember, found fault with the appearance or contents of the paper, or complained of being irregularly served by the mails. He paid his first year's subscription in advance and has not paid any thing since."

What is the difference between an attempted homicide, and the butchering of swine? Hold your breath for the answer! One is assault with intent to kill, and the other is a kill with intent to salt.

Mrs. Harris says she can't understand why she don't hear from her boy Jim. She wrote a full grown letter, put it in a brown antelope, since which time she has never heard from nobody. This is certainly very curious. If that "antelope" should happen to jump into the dead letter office, we hope Mr. Campbell will forward it to the old lady without loss of time.

Paddy's description of a fiddle cannot be beat. "It was as big as a turkey, and muckle as a goose—he turned it over on its back, took a crooked stick and drew across its belly, and oh, St. Patrick how it did squall."

It is said that many of the private soldiers on board the San Francisco, talked of the matter with professional recklessness, saying they might as well be drowned as shot, and catching pigs by the legs, as a sea swept them overboard, exclaiming, at the last, there was no use in going to sea without provisions.

A lady passing along the street one morning last week, noticed a little boy scattering salt upon the side-walk, for the purpose of clearing off the ice. "Well, I'm sure," said the lady, "this is real benevolence." "No it aint, ma'am," replied the boy, "it's salt."

FULL VALUE.—An Irishman, who had jumped into the water to save a man from drowning, on receiving 6d. from the person as a reward for his services, looked first at the 6d. and then at him, and then exclaimed, "By St. Patrick, I'm overpaid for the job."

In a very old copy of a work on necromancy is the following quaint passage:

"Q. How to raise a devil?"

"A. Contradict your wife."

"Pay me that six and eight pence that you owe me, Mr. Mulloney," said a village attorney. "For what?" "For the opinion you had of me." "Faith, I never had any opinion of you in my life."

A slanderer of the softer sex undertakes to prove that Satan was a woman, whose name was Lucy Fir. Can't believe it, anyhow.

THE ARMY IN IRELAND.—It has now been finally determined to reduce the leviathan standing army at present held in Ireland, and the infantry regiments now under orders for foreign service will only be relieved in most instances by depots, or at most a troop of cavalry.

A sour minded bachelor is like the small-pox he will pick holes in the prettiest faces.