

he becomes unfit to govern, and devout to their God without an inquisition. Were they driven from St. Sophia to-morrow, and the French or Russians enthroned in their stead, it would become a question whether Europe would gain by the exchange. England would certainly be the loser. With regard to that ignorance of which they are so generally, and sometimes justly accused, it may be doubted, always excepting France and England, in what useful points of knowledge they are excelled by other nations. Is it in common arts of life? In their manufactures? Is a Turkish sabre inferior to a Toledo? or is a Turk worse clothed and lodged, or fed and taught, than a Spaniard? Are the pachas worse educated than a grandee; or an Eifend than a Knight of St. Jago? I think not.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.—We met a little apple peddler yesterday who was crying his eyes out because a man had passed a pistareen on him for a quarter. A few years hence he will discover that this is the way of the world. There is our friend Silky lives as if he was in receipt of ten thousand a year. He gives fine suppers, keeps a horse, buys rosewood pianos and indulges in a four story edifice, and half-dozen servant girls. Silky's actual salary is \$1,800 a year. In a few months Silky will burst up for the benefit of his creditors, and take his meals at Sweeney's the whole brought about by Silky attempting to pass off "pistareens for quarters." Again Mrs. Bullion goes to Saratoga comes out with "four horses and a nigger," talks of her family connections the high birth and ancestors—dresses in a brocade silk, and is so stocked with nerves that too see a strawberry bleed to death would throw her into hysterics. Don't be deceived by these things, however. Notwithstanding her pretensions, Mrs. Bullion is a humbug—a pistareen who is trying to pass herself off as a quarter. Her high connections are fish merchants while the only reason she is a millionaire instead of washer woman is found in the fact that her husband, during the mackerel fever, cornered on herring and made a fortune instead of losing one.—*New York Dutchman.*

YOUNG AMERICA.—"Ding—dong—ding—boy lost!—boy lost!—boy lost!" echoed and reechoed through the fog on Thursday last. "Hello, there, old fellow!" cried a shrill voice from some invisible varlet of thousands and one scouting about the city, "who set you to work crying 'boy lost'?" The crier stopped and waited the approach of his saluter, answering that the bereaved parents of the 'boy' had promised him a dollar to cry their loss through all the Wards of the city, and three dollars if he found the boy. "Come on then," said the new boy, "we'll go together and go snacks in the trade if we find the boy, and if we don't why I don't ask a cent." "Agreed," was the word: and after putting the "bell boy" through a ring and a cry of a mile or two by way of exercise the little rascal stopped before his own door, when his mother came out rejoiced to meet him with the three dollars in hand.—"Hold on, mother," said he, "half that money belongs to me, and you'll just be kind enough to pay it over!"—*Detroit Adv.*

LADIES WITH SOLES. An American traveling in England sets it down as one of "the sights of that country, that he actually saw ladies with soles—whole soles! soles such as are soles!" "I saw one," says the astonished traveler, "who had a sole between herself and the ground which was actually half an inch thick! It was a rainy, muddy day, and she in (her good sense) had provided for it." Well, the English are an odd people and perhaps their women do wear shoes with soles half an inch thick; but a traveler who has any regard for his own reputation had better not report such stories to our American ladies. They certainly will not credit the statement that English ladies wear such vulgar things, even when the streets are ankle deep with mud snow, or slosh. Colds, aches, consumption, death itself could not force them to adopt such a ridiculous fashion. The right to wear stout, water-proof boots is indeed a male prerogative, which the boldest champion of woman's rights has not invaded, so far as our information extends.—*N. Y. Farmer.*

In the choice of a wife, take the obedient daughter of a good mother.

RISEING PRICES.

Everything is going up except morals, in this city. Houses are going up. Streets are going up. People are going up—up town. Rents are up. We do not know that they can go higher. Everything eatable is constantly going up; the price is going up, up, up. Flour is so high at the grocer's that it refuses to rise in the kitchen. A good many will be put to it to raise bread, if flour rises any higher. Coal is so high that many people cannot get it down the coal slide to the cellar. It is constantly falling thro' the great, yet it takes a great deal of money, \$7 to raise a ton. Firewood must have grown on tall trees, or it could never stand up at present prices. Butter is so high—two and sixpence per pound—that it will not go down poor folks' throats. The supply comes so far up "country," there is nothing low about it except quality. Potatoes have been getting up ever since they were put into their beds. They took a rise when they were dug, and it has been hard digging to make a raise to reach them ever since. Beef though neither very high fed nor high bred is high priced enough to make up for both. Sixteen cents a pound for a steak warranted as tough as any white oak. Our mutton all comes from mountain sheep. The price is above anything in the low lands. The price of pork is enough to make the buyer do what the pig did when he was seized to be killed. Chickens are all of the Shanghai breed. They are high enough. Turkeys have grown quit out of reach. Even geese, short as their legs are, are able to rise on wings above the vulgar herd. Ducks have got up like a flock out of a frog pond. We cannot raise a duck, without a dollar. Water, that used to run down hill to the level of common people, has now got a way of getting up above their reach.—You have to come down ten dollars to make it come up from the Croton pipes. Dry goods used to be low; "selling off at cost." We never here of such things now. Even brandy, that used to run down so easy is up now. A shilling for a drink. Every thing we eat, drink, and wear is—Heigh ho, how high! *N. Y. Tribune.*

ASSIDUITY OF A CHEVALIER D'INDUSTRIE.—The Albany Transcript records the doings of a Chevalier D'Industrie who answers to the name of E. Gustavus Perkins. He arrived in that city on the afternoon of Thursday week and within three days thereafter picked a gentleman's pocket—took lodgings at a genteel boarding house—advised for a wife and give audience to fifteen ladies old and young who believed themselves qualified to make him happy accepted six of them and received a gold ring from each as a pledge of her return to complete the nuptial arrangements—broke open his landlady's cupboard and stole all her silver spoons was detected in the act of rumaging a fellow boarder's trunk—got kicked out of doors—was pursued through the streets by a brother of one of the anxious applicants for matrimony who swore to inflict summary vengeance upon him—took refuge from his pursuer in a millinery shop—stole four peices of satin ribbon from his kind protectress, the bonnet maker—was met and recognized by another of the ladies with whom he had contracted a matrimonial alliance—was charged by the young lady with obtaining her heart and ring under false pretences and was soundly thrashed by a big drayman, who volunteered as champion of the injured virgin. Next he obtained a lot of assorted hardware from a merchant by representing himself as the partner of a mercantile firm in Chicago—took passage for Buffalo—was arrested in the cars at Utica, and taken back to Albany, where he underwent an examination and was consigned to the lock up. All he remembered, in three days.

DR. JOHNSON'S OPINION OF LEARNED LADIES.—"Several ladies being in company with Dr. Johnson" writes Boszzy "it was remarked by one of them that a learned woman was by no means a rare character in the present age—when I (writes Boswell) replied I have seen a good many ladies who knew latin but very few who knew English." A lady observed that women surpassed men in epistolary correspondence. Johnson said, "I do not know that." "At least," said the lady "they are most pleasing when they are in conversation." No Madame, returned Johnson, "I think they are most pleasing when they hold their tongues."

The man who spells God with a little j is a member of the Wisconsin bar. He is a man of superior natural abilities and an eloquent speaker, but being very deficient in early education, he occasionally makes the ludicrous blunders which have made him famous. He was accusing his opponent of acting fraudulently. "Yes, gentlemen," said he, "the whole transaction appears to be a fraudulent one.—Upon every event in its whole course I see written the word fraud. Ay, gentlemen, and upon that plaintiff's brazen brow (pointing fiercely at that meek-looking gentleman)—clear as the light of noonday, I see written in characters of blackest die—F-R-O-A-D."

Ella's mamma had allowed her to walk up and down before the door with strict injunctions never to go alone off the walk into the street.—This piece of flagging was her world, and she often looked with longing eyes beyond it. One day Ella's baby sister died and Ella talked with her mamma of the mystery of death. "Where do you think baby is now?" Mrs. C. asked her little girl. "Oh" said Ella "I think her soul has gone right off the sidewalk!"—*Knickerbocker.*

THE MIRACLE.—A priest in extreme poverty resolved to get credit for a miracle. He put the yolks of several eggs into a hollow cane, and stopped the end with butter—then walking into an ale house, he begged to fry a single egg for his dinner. The smallness of the repast excited curiosity and they gave him a morsel of lard. He stirred the lard with his cane, and to the wonder of the surrounding peasants produced a handsome omelet. This miracle established his fame—he made omelets, and grew rich by his ingenuity.

Two young men waited upon the late Peter S. Duponceau, Esq., to ask his professional assistance. One of them commenced—

"Mr. Duponceau, our father died and made a will."

"Is it possible? I never heard of such a thing," answered Mr. Duponceau.

"I thought it happened every day," said the young man.

"It's the first case of the kind," replied Mr. Duponceau.

"Well," said the young man, "if there is to be any difficulty about it, we had better give you a fee to attend to the business."

The fee was given, and then Mr. Duponceau observed—

"Oh! I think I know now what you mean. You mean that your father made a will, and died. Yes, yes! that must be it! that must be it!"

A NEW MEDICINE.—The following certificate, says the *Dutchman*, has been received by the author of "Granicular Syrup."—

POTTSVILLE, July 29, 1853.

DEAR DOCTOR.—I will be 175 years old next October. For ninety-four years I have been an invalid, unable to move, except when stired with a lever; but, a year ago last Thursday, I heard of the Granicular Syrup. I bought a bottle, smelt of the cork, and found myself a new man. I can now run twelve and a half miles an hour, and throw nineteen double sunsets without stopping.

P. S.—A little of your Alicumstoutum Salve applied to a wooden leg, reduced a compound fracture in nineteen minutes, and is covering the limb with a fresh cocle of white gum pine bark.

NO MORE WOOD OR COAL FOR FUEL.—We verily believe that a way has been discovered of warming houses by burning gas, that will speedily do away with the use of wood and coal for all heating and culinary purposes. This will astonish old foggydom; but we have confidence in the success of this great discovery, and have made arrangements to have the Mirror office warmed by the same process. The flame from a single gas burner, such as we now use, can be diffused so as to produce any degree of heat—at a cost for gas, and that too, at present city rates, of only about fifteen cents a day. We regard this discovery as one of the latest wonders and most useful achievements of the age. *N. Y. Mirror*

A COMMON THING.—A man came into a printing office to beg a paper, "because," said he, "we like to read the newspapers very much, but our neighbors don't take none."

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

Why are bugs like railway carriages?—Because they run upon sleepers.

It is very curious that the sea which brings the color to our cheeks, generally takes it from our ribbons.

A late writer has remarked that the present fashion of bonnets is more adapted for showing off brass than beauty.

Why is a man ascending Mount Etna, like a gentleman endeavoring to kiss a lady?—Because he wants to get at the crater's mouth.

One of the greatest crimes of the Clergy is said to consist in neglecting to denounce in the most pointed terms the sin of cheating printers.

A lady sent to the Philadelphia Sun to borrow a newspaper containing something pretty and interesting. The editor wrapped himself up in a newspaper, and toddled off to see her.

The following dialogue was actually heard a few days since in one of our state offices.—Clerk.—Well, Dickens has completed his Bleak House at last. Visitor.—Has he, where was he building it?—*Mad. Argus.*

"Won't you sing me a song, sir?" said a lady to her lover, as they were alone one evening. The lover soon commenced the popular air, "I won't go home 'till morning," and sure enough he didn't.

It was the editor of the Elmira Gazette made the following severe but sublimely truthful announcement; "When you see a man in business who will not advertise or take a newspaper, look out for a mean, penurious skinflint, too tight to enjoy good health, who holds a penny so near his eye that he can't see a dollar."

A biography of Robespierre, which appeared in an Irish paper, concluded in this manner—"This extraordinary man left no children behind him, except his brother, who was killed at the same time."

A captain—one of the old school—being at a ball, had been accepted by a beautiful partner a lady of rank, who, in the most delicate manner possible, hinted to him the propriety of putting on a pair of gloves. "Oh!" was the elegant reply, "never mind me, I shall wash my hands when I'm done dancing."

Boarder.—"What large chickens these are." Landlady.—"Yes, chickens are larger now-a-days than they used to be; ten years ago we couldn't get them so large as these."

Boarder innocently.—"No, I suppose not; they must have grown some in that time."

(Landlady looks as though she thought she had been misunderstood.)

Two men, in dispute, reflecting upon each other's veracity—one of them replied, "That he was never whipped but once by his father, and that was for telling the truth."

"I believe, then," retorted the other, "the truth was whipped out of you, for you have never spoken it since."

ANECDOTE OF TOM MARSHALL.—When Pilcher was haranguing about "his father having been a poor man," "his father was a cooper," and more of that sort of thing, Marshall said he would admit the gentleman's father was a poor man—perhaps he had been a cooper, but if he was (pointing to Pilcher) he had put a mighty poor head to one of his whiskey barrels.—*Knickerbocker.*

REVIVING.—A raftsmen who had drunk a little too freely, fell from the raft and was drowning, when his brother seized him by the hair; but the current was strong, and the brother's strength being nearly exhausted, he was about relinquishing his hold, when despairing, the drowning one raised his head above the water and said,

"Hang on Sam, hang on—I'll treat—I swear I will."

His words were stimulating, and the other at length saved him.