

THE TRAVELLER'S STORY.

A party of travellers were seated around a blazing fire, in a tavern upon the Allegany mountains. The coach had broken down, and per force we were detained until the next morning. We had finished a substantial Virginia supper, and each one with his feet on the fender and a cigar in his mouth, ruminated upon the storm without and the warm cozy comfort within. Each one in his turn told a story or related an anecdote, and at last the joke came round to a hollow cheeked individual, who, until then had remained silent.

Gentlemen, said he, fixing a piercing gray eye upon one of the company—a Spaniard—who uninvited had drawn his chair up to the fire, some ten years ago, I came near being murdered in this very house.

At this moment the spaniard got up, and was going out of the room, when the narrator arose, and locking the only door in the room, put the key in his pocket, took the Spaniard by the arm and leading him up to an old picture, surmounted by the English coat of arms, in guilt work run his finger along the motto—

"Honi soi qui maly pense," said, displaying at the same time the butt end of a large pistol, "evil to him who evil thinks."

The Spaniard smiled, and said he did not feel well, but the stranger swore that no man should leave the room until he had finished his story. Requesting us not to be amazed at his conduct, he proceeded;

Some years ago, said he, I was travelling over these mountains on horseback, and I stopped at this very house. The landlord was extremely obsequious in attending to my comfort and after supper, he requested me to join him in a bottle of wine.—Nothing loath I consented and before midnight four empty bottles stood on the table end, and he was acquainted with all my business. I very imprudently remarked in the course of conversation, that I had a large sum of money in my valise, and he politely informed me that he would take care of it until morning. Although somewhat intoxicated, I did not approve of leaving it in his charge and I took my valise in my hand, and retired to bed. After I had undressed, I placed my pistols under my pillow, and carefully, as I thought examined the room. I laid myself down, and soon sank into a fitful sleep.

I suppose it must have been two hours after when I awoke, and collecting my scattered senses I endeavored to think what I had been about. Suddenly I detected a noise under my bed. What was my horror when I observed a small piece of carpet stretched along my bedside, move as though something was under it. A cold perspiration started from every pore; but thank God! I had presence of mind enough to prepare for the worst. Grasping a pistol in my right hand, and hiding it under my bed clothes, I feigned to be asleep. In an instant afterwards I saw a trap door, which had been concealed by a carpet, cautiously lifted up, and I beheld my landlord with a dark lantern in his hand, directing his glittering eyes towards me. Still I moved not; but, as he turned his back to put the lantern on the floor, I fired, and—

You killed him, did you, shrieked the Spaniard, almost jumping from his seat.

Silence! till I have finished! said the stranger, and again he touched the butt end of his weapon. The instant that I fired, the villain fell. I started up and merely pulling my overcoat on, snatched up the lantern that he had dropped, crept cautiously down with my valise in my hand, to the stable. It was a bright moonshiny night, and I soon saddled my horse. I galloped ten miles, when I met a party of wagoners and in their company I returned to the house: but despite of our rigid search, not even as much as the villain's body could be found. But if I can once put my hands upon him, if it cost me my life, he shall die the dog's death.

The stranger arose and caught the Spaniard by the throat. Tearing open his shirt collar, he showed the mark of a wound upon his neck. We need say no more. Three weeks after that Joseph Gomez was hanged in the city of Cumberland, upon his own confession of having murdered no less than five travellers in that very room.

PREACHING A PRACTICAL SERMON.

A number of years ago, Parson B—preached in a town in the interior of the State of New York. A sound theologian was Parson B—, as a published volume of his Sermons evinces; but like many clergymen of the past generation, he was too much given to preaching "doctrinal sermons," to the exclusion of "practical" themes:—at least so thought one of his parishioners, Mr. C—.

"Mr. B—," said he, one day, to the clergyman, "we know all about the doctrines by his time. Why don't you sometimes preach us a real practical discourse?"

"Oh, very well. If you wish it, I will do so Next Sunday I will preach a practical sermon."

Sunday came; and an unusually large audience, attracted by the report of the promised novelty, were in attendance.—The preliminary services were performed, and the Parson announced his text. After "opening his subject," he said he should make a practical application to his hearers. He then commenced at the head of the aisle, calling each member of the congregation by name, and pointing out his special faults. One was a little inclined to indulge in creature comforts; another was a terrible man at a bargain, and so on.

While in mid volley, the door of the church opened, and Doctor S—entered.

"There," went on the Parson, "there is Doctor S—, coming in, in the middle of the service, just as usual, and disturbing the whole congregation. He does it just to make people believe that he has so large a practise that he can't get time to come to church in season, but it isn't so—he hasnt been called to visit a patient on Sunday morning for three months."

Thus went on the worthy clergyman. At last he came to Mr. C—, who had requested a practical sermon.

"And now," said he, "there's Mr. C—: he's a merchant,—and what does he do?—Why he stays at home on Sunday afternoon, and writes business letters. If he gets a lot of goods up from New York on Saturday night he goes to his store, and marks them on Sunday, so as to have them all ready for sale on Monday morning. That's how he keeps the Sabbath; and he isn't satisfied with doctrinal sermons; he wants practical ones."

At the conclusion of the service, the Parson walked up to Mr. C—, and asked him how he liked the "practical sermon."

"Mr. B—," was the reply, "preach just what you please after this. I'll never attempt to direct you again."

MAKING THE BEST OF IT.—A Yankee out walking, in Virginia, at Wheeling, while to himself a talking, experienced—a feeling, —strange! painful and alarming! from his caput to his knees, as he suddenly discovered, he was covered o'er with 'bees!' They rested on his eye-lids, and perched upon his nose; they colonized his peaked face, and swarmed upon his clothes. They explored his swelling nostrils, dove deep into his ears; they crawled up his 'trousers,' and filled his eyes with tears!—Did he yell like a hyena? Did he holler like a loon? Was he scar't, and did he 'cut and run?' or did the critter—swoon? Ne'er a one! He wasn't scar't a mite; he never swoons—or hollers; but he lived, *em*, in a nail-keg tight! and sold 'em for two dollars!—Clinton Courant.

DOW JR, ON FOLLY. We strip pleasure to the skin—take her cloak, frock, bonnet, bustle and all—rob her of every charm—and then say there is no such thing as pleasure in the world! We extinguish the torch that hope holds in her hand, follow lightning-bugs into a mud puddle. By superlative folly you frighten Happiness from your firesides, and then say he has "left your bed and board without provocation."—Thus man makes hills to tire himself with climbing—produces darkness to grumble about creates corns to swear at—and puts difficulties in his path in order that he may struggle with them! Well, my friends, if you can't move without first setting fire to your shirts, all I have to say is blaze away—anything to give a start.

A NEW EDGE.—A correspondent, in speaking of the ladies at Saratoga, says they "wear their shoulders bare to the lower edge of decorum."

THE BAFLED LAWYER.—At a recent sitting of the Cork assizes, a case was brought before the court, in which the principal witness for the defence was a tanner, well known in the surrounding country by the soubriquet of "Crazy Pat."

Upon Crazy Pat being called on for evidence the attorney for the prosecution exerted to the utmost extent of his knowledge of legal chicanery, in the endeavor to force the witness into some inconsistency, upon which to build a "point," but he was excessively annoyed to find that crazy Pat's evidence was consistent throughout.

Perceiving that acute questioning failed to answer his purpose, the disciple of Coke and Blackstone betook himself to that oftentimes successful resource of lawyers—ridicule.

"What did you say your name was?" he inquired flippantly.

"Folks call me 'Crazy Pat,' but—"

"Crazy Pat, eh? A very euphonious title; quite romantic, eh?"

"Romantic or not, sur, it wuld'nt be a bad idea if the Parliament would give it to yourself an' lave me to choose another."

This caused a slight laugh in the court-room, and the presiding judge peeped over his spectacles at the attorney as much as to say, "You have your match now."

"And what did you say your trade was?" continued the disconcerted barrister, with an angry look at the witness.

"I'm a tanner sur."

"A tanner, eh? And how long do you think it would take you to tan the hide of an ox?"

"Well, sur, since it seems to be very important for ye to know, its myself that 'ill jist tell ye; it's intirely owin' to circumstances, intirely."

"Did you ever tan the hide of an ass?"

"An ass? No, sur; but if you'll jist step down the lane after the court, be jabbers! I'll give you a physical demonstration that I could tan the hide of an ass in the shortest end of three minutes."

This unexpected reply of the witness brought forth roars of laughter, in which the bench heartily joined; whilst the baffled attorney, blushing to the eyes, hastily informed Crazy Pat that he was no longer required.

QUAKER TOAST.—"This from me and mine to thee and thine. I wish when thou and thine come to see me and mine, that me and mine will treat thee and thine as kindly as thou and thine have treated me and mine." This is a new version of the old compliment, which runs somewhat after this wise: "I wish thee and thy folks loved me and my folks, as well as me and my folks love thee and thy folks. For sure there never was folks, since folks was folks that ever loved folks half so well as me and my folks love thee and thy folks."

A SHANGHAI HEN.—The Woonsocket Patriot editor make merry over the mistake of an old Shanghai hen of his, that has been "setting" for five weeks upon—two round stones and a piece of brick! "Her anxiety," quoth he "is no greater than ours to know what she will hatch if it proves a brick-yard—that hen is not for sale!"

"By the powers," said Pat, "I care not a devil o' bit what a man believes, if he's only honest! Sure he will come out right at last."—"But, Pat, suppose a man starts off on a directly opposite course from that which you think is the truth?"—"An' sure isn't the world round, and shouldn't we mate again all in good time?"

There is said to be an old lady on Long Island so very fat that the neighbors use her shadow for griddle greasing. To keep her from slipping out of bed, her husband rolls her in the ashes. Long Island is a great place.

Goldsmith knew a thing or two. He always considered the person whose clothes were extremely fine as not being possessed of any superiority of fortune, but resembling those Indians who are found to wear all the gold they possess in the world in a bob at the nose.

A FACT.—An untrammelled press is the terror of tyrants.

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

Without deep, earnest sincerity, nothing great can be achieved.

All sorrow that has not in it the sting of remorse is to be borne patiently, and may be cured perhaps at last.

If all the babies in the world were seated together, and spanked at the same time, how many sugar plums would it take to quiet them?

If a pig wanted to make a sty for himself, how would he proceed? By tying a knot in his tail, and that would be a pig's tie.

Down East a fellow was put in jail for swindling. The audacious scamp, dried snow and sold it for salt.

Some one very shrewdly defines money to be an article admirably adapted for taking stains out of character.

Be cheerful—happiness is older than misery. Adam dwelt in Paradise and clover almost a week before the devil came along.

The young lady who was accused of breaking a young man's heart, has been bound over in the bonds of matrimony to keep the pieces.

To sit listening to the complaints of people who are wretched they know not why or wherefore, and without any earthly reason to make them so, is a task at which the understanding revolts, and for which the heart has no feeling.

RELIGION.—Religion is the final centre of repose; the goal to which all things tend; apart from which man is a shadow, his very existence a riddle, and the stupendous scene of nature which surround him as unmeaning as the leaves which the sybil scattered in the wind.—Hall.

Philosophy and evenness of temper are pearls which we purchase at the price of those vexations and crosses in life that occur to us almost every day. Nothing in this world is to be had for nothing. Every difficulty we surmount is the purchase of some advantage.

The joys of dissipation are like gaudy colors, which for a moment attract, but soon oppress; while the satisfaction of home resemble the green robe of nature, on which the eye always loves to rest.

Some mighty mean men make a great figure in the world. They carry their heads high, while their deeds are very low. But after all we do not envy them their greatness, for a wicked man is a poor little wretch in the midst of all his grandeur!

How romantic young people are when they court! Till girls get married, all they think necessary to happiness are moonlight evenings, a few hollyhocks, and a bird-cage surrounded by honeysuckles and grape-vines.

In lieu of attaching the pig-tail quirk "Esq's" to men's names now, the words "S. P." are substituted, which signify "Some Pumpkins." We consider this an improvement, as well as a new fashion.

A lady who had refused to give after hearing a charity sermon, had her pocket picked as she was leaving the church. On making the discovery, she said—"God could not find the way into my pocket, but it seems the devil did."

A bachelor friend of ours says that he never attempted to make but one speech to a woman, and then he did not succeed. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and he caught her hand and dropped on his knees. He only saw a streak of calico as she went over the bars. He did not see her again for a fortnight, and then a fellow was feeding her with molasses candy and ginger-cake at a circus.

QUEER REASONS FOR KISSING.—A gentleman on parting with a lady, gave and received—as he supposed—a kiss of friendship. After the door had closed, he overheard the following:—"Why, Lucy, ain't you ashamed to kiss a man all alone with him?"—"No, ma, I am not," answered Lucy, "for I only kissed him to smell his breath, to see if he hadn't been drinking."

A Scotch gentleman, lately returned from the Island of Saints, describes a Ribbonman as "a man wi' nae crown til his hat, and nae seat til his breeks, wi' a cutty pipe sticking out at an end o' him, and the tail o' his sark at the tishes."

A preacher who had once been a printer, observed in one of his sermons, that "youth might be compared to a comma, manhood to a semi-colon, old age to a colon, to which death puts a period."