

"Yes, yes, much better, much better. I am glad to hear you say so. That was my wife's bell. She is anxious, no doubt to see me."

He left the apartment; was gone perhaps ten minutes; and when he returned, was a thought less nervous than before. I rose to go. "Give my respects," he said, "to the good old rector; and as an especial favor," he added, with strong emphasis, "let me ask of you not to mention to a living soul that you saw me so unmanned as I was just now; that I swallowed brandy. It would appear so strange, so weak, so ridiculous."

I promised not to do so, and almost immediately left the house, very painfully affected.—His son was, I concluded, either dead or dying, and he was thus bewilderedly casting about for means of keeping the terrible, perhaps fatal tidings from his wife. I afterwards heard that he left Elm Park in a postchaise, about two hours after I came away, unattended by a single servant! [To be concluded.]

THRILLING NARRATIVE.

The following thrilling account is said to have been taken from the Log Book of a vessel some time since arrived in port:

In the course of the voyage that dreadful disease "ship fever" broke out among the crew. One of the sailors among the first victims, was accompanied by his son, a lad of 14 years, who was strongly attached to his father, and remained with him day and night, and could not be persuaded to leave him for a moment. A large shark was seen every day following the vessel, evidently for the purpose of devouring any one who should die and be committed to the deep. As it was the custom at sea he was sewed up in a sheet, and for the purpose of sinking him, an old grindstone, and a carpenter's axe were put in with him. The solemn and impressive service of the Episcopal Church was then read, (doubly solemn at sea,) and the body committed to the deep. The poor boy who watched the proceedings closely, instantly plunged in after the father, when the enormous shark swallowed them both. The second day after this dreadful scene, as the shark still continued to follow the vessel, (for there were others sick on board,) one of the sailors proposed as they had a shark hook on board, to make an effort to take him. They fastened the hook to a large rope, baiting it with a piece of pork, and threw it into the sea, when the shark instantly swallowed it. Having thus hooked him, by means of the windlass they succeeded in hoisting him on board.

After he was dead they prepared to open him, when one of the sailors on stooping down for that purpose, suddenly paused: and after listening a few moments, declared most solemnly that he heard a low guttural sound which appeared to proceed from the shark. The sailors, after enjoying a hearty laugh at his expense, proceeded to listen for themselves—when they were compelled to admit they heard a similar sound. Then they proceeded to open the shark when the mystery was explained. It appeared that the sailor was not dead, but in a trance, and his son on making this discovery, had by means of his knife ripped open the sheet, and having thus liberated his father, they both went to work and righted up the old grindstone—the boy was turning, the father was holding on the old ship-carpenter's axe, for the purpose of cutting their way out of their Jonah like prison, which occasioned the noise heard by the sailors. As it was the hottest season of the year, and little air stirring where they were at work, the father and son both sweat tremendously.—Vernon Transcript.

A TRAP FOR A TROUBLESOME TONGUE.

Sheridan was one day much annoyed by a fellow member of the House of Commons, who kept crying out every few minutes "Hear, hear!" During the debate he took occasion to describe a political contemporary that wished to play rogue, but who had only sense enough to act fool. "Where," exclaimed he with great emphasis, "where shall we find a more foolish knave or a more knavish fool than he?" "Hear, hear!" was shouted by the troublesome member. Sheridan turned round, and thanking him for the prompt information, sat down amid a general roar of laughter throughout the entire House.

PEACE AT HOME.

It is just as possible to keep a calm house as a clean house, a cheerful house, an orderly house, as a furnished house, if the heads set themselves to do so. Where is the difficulty of consulting each other's weaknesses, as well as each other's wants; each other's tempers as well as each other's characters? Oh! it is by leaving the peace at home to chance, instead of pursuing it by system, that so many houses are unhappy. It deserves notice, also, that almost any one can be courteous, forbearing and patient, in a neighbor's house. If any thing go wrong, or be out of time, or disagreeable there, it is made the best of, not the worst; even efforts are made to excuse it, and to show that it is not felt, or if felt it is attributable to accident not to design; and this is not only easy, but natural in the house of a friend. I will not, therefore, believe that what is so natural in the house of another is impossible at home, but maintain without fear, that all the courtesies of social life may be upheld in domestic societies. A husband who is as willing to be pleased at home, and as anxious to please as in a neighbor's house, and a wife as intent on making things comfortable every day to her family, as on set days to her guests, could not fail to make their own home happy. Let us not evade the point of these remarks by recurring to the maxim about allowances for temper. It is folly to refer to our temper unless we could prove we had ever gained any thing good by giving way to it. Fits of ill humor punish us quite as much as, if not more than, those they are vented upon, and it actually requires more effort, and inflicts more pain to give them up, than would be requisite to avoid them.

A LOAFER'S SOLILOQUY.—"I wish I knew where to get a cent, I do. Blest if I don't emigrate to Kamschatka, to dig gold. Money's scarcer than wit; can't live by neither—at least I can't. Sold the last, old shirt, pawned my boots for three cents, and went home rich as a lord.

Told my landlady I had a hundred thousand dollars, and wanted the best room in the house. Insulted me by saying the attic was too good for me.

I'm an injured individual. Society persecutes me. I don't do society no harm as I know on. I don't rob widows' houses. I don't know widows. I don't put the bottle to my neighbor's lips. I ain't got no neighbor's; and the fact is I don't own any bottles. Couldn't fill 'em if I did. I'm an innocent man. Nobody can look me in the face and say I ever hurt 'em—nobody; and yet I haven't got a roof to lay my head into. My old landlady rated me—why? I couldn't pay, and I left. Cause why? ain't it better to dwell in a corner of an house-top, than with a bawling woman in a wide house? But I ain't got a house-top, and if I had, a corner wouldn't be safe, would it?

I'm a des'p't man. I'd go to work if it wasn't for my excessive benevolence. I'm afraid of taking the bread out of somebody's mouth.—Besides, wisdom's the principal thing, don't the good book say so? What's money to wisdom? Ain't I studying character? If a man kicks me because I can't pay for my lick, ain't I getting understanding? ain't it a lesson in human nature? I'm told the world owes me a living. When is it going to pay, I wonder? I'm tired waiting.—Washington Star.

A SITUATION.—Two young officers were travelling in the far West, when they stopped to take supper at a small road-side tavern, kept by a rough Yankee woman. The landlady, in a calico sun-bonnet, and bare feet, stood at the head of the table to pour out. She inquired of her guests "if they chose long sweetening, or short sweetening in their coffee." The first officer, supposing that "long sweetening" meant a large portion of that article, chose it accordingly. What was his dismay when he saw their hostess dip her finger deep down in an earthen jar of honey that stood near her, and then stir it (the finger) around in the coffee.—His companion, seeing this, preferred "short sweetening." Upon which the woman picked up a large lump of maple sugar that lay in a brown paper on the floor beside her, and biting off a piece, put it into his cup. Both the gentlemen dispensed with coffee that evening.

SO MUCH FOR PERSEVERING.—The following account of the pursuit of a partner, under difficulties, is related by Southey as being literally true. It pointedly illustrates the advantages of persevering:—"A gentleman being in want of a wife advertised for one, and at the time and place appointed was met by a lady. Their stations in life entitled them to be so called, and the gentleman as well as the lady was in earnest. He, however, unluckily, seemed to be of the same opinion as King Pedro was with regard to his wife, Queen Mary of Arragon, that she was not as handsome as she might be good, and the meeting ended in their mutual disappointment. He advertised a second time, appointing a different square for the place of meeting, and varying the words of the advertisement. He met the same lady—they recognized each other—could not choose but smile at the recognition, and perhaps neither of them could choose but sigh. You will anticipate the event. The persevering bachelor tried his lot a third time in the newspapers, and at the third place of appointment met the equally persevering spinster. At this meeting neither could help laughing. They began to converse in good humor, and the conversation became so agreeable on both sides, and the circumstances appeared so remarkable, that this third interview led to the marriage, and the marriage proved a happy one."

DOING SOMETHING.—The more a man accomplishes the more he may. An active tool never grows rusty. You always find those men who are the most forward to do good or to improve the times and manners, always busy.—Who starts our rail-roads, or steamboats, machine shops, and other factories? Men of industry and enterprise. As long as they live they keep at work doing something to benefit themselves and others. It is just so with a man who is benevolent—the more he gives, the more he feels like giving. We go for activity—in body, in mind, in everything. Let the old grow not dim, nor the thoughts become stale. Keep all things in motion. When death comes, he should find us scaling a mountain, rather than sinking in a mire—breasting a whirl-pool than sneaking from a cloud.

IMPORTANT QUESTIONS.—If a minister receives a salary of \$500 a year, with the profits of a donation party and other presents amounting to \$200 more, how much should a mechanic or laborer have a day?

If a part of the worship due to the Supreme can be performed by one fiddle which has neither sense nor life, how many fiddles would it take to perform the whole worship?

If a tassel on a pulpit is worth fifty cents what is a loaf of bread worth to a hungry widow and her little orphans?

If it takes a minister seven years to learn to preach, and six days to prepare two sermons, how many hills of corn should a farmer plant in a day?

The "State of Matrimony," has at last been bounded and described by some out West student, who says:—

It is one of the United States. It is bounded by hugging and kissing on one side, and cradles and babies on the other. Its chief productions are population, broomsticks, and staying out late o' nights. It was discovered by Adam and Eve, while trying to find a north-west passage out of Paradise. The climate is sultry till you pass the tropics of house-keeping, when squally weather sets in with such power as to keep all hands as cool as cucumbers.—For the principal roads leading to this interesting State, consult the first pair of blue eyes you run against.

John Neal predicts that the time will come when a man's perspiration will be turned to account as steam, and drive him up hill like a locomotive. The poet must have had that time in his eye when he said:—

"That post-boys, with mails, would mount upwards like rockets,
By the force of steam engines, at work in their pockets;
And on their return, by a downward momentum,
Would come driving back as if the d—l had sent 'em!"

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

As George III, was walking the quarter deck of one of his men-of-war with his hat on, a sailor asked his mess mate "who that fellow was who did not douse his peak to the admiral?" "Why, it's the king." "Well, king or no king," retorted the other, "he's an unmannerly dog." "Lord, where should he learn manners?" replied Jack, "he was never outside of land in his life."

"Ma, has your tongue got legs?" "Got what, child?" "Got legs, ma?" "Certainly not; but why do you ask that silly question?" "Oh, nothing; only I heard pa say your tongue was running from morning till night."

Bad thoughts are worse enemies than lions or tigers, for we can keep out of the way of wild beasts, but bad thoughts win their way every where. The cup that is full will hold no more; keep your heads full of good thoughts, that bad thoughts may find no room to enter.

A pretty woman is like a great truth or a great happiness, and has no more right to bundle herself up under a green veil, or any other similar abomination, than the sun has to put on spectacles.

PERHAPS SO.—If a man don't hoe his corn, and don't get a crop, he says 'tis all owing to the bank; and if he runs into debt and gets sued, why he says the lawyers are a curse to the country.

"I was terribly 'put out' about it," as the fellow said, who was kicked down stairs for making a row.

No monster in nature ought to be more carefully shunned, than he that returns reproach and calumny for kindness and civility.

The following is "fearful," besides being slightly original.—If a dog's tale is kut awf intirely, would it interfere with his low cow motion? Answer Not egzactly—it mite not effect his carriage, but 'twould intirely stop his waggin.

The first time the King of Siam put his arm round an English girl, he remarked, "this is embracing christianity."

"Women's Rights"—to have husbands and children. Women's wrongs—to be compelled by the force of public opinion to obey the former and take care of the latter. Hard, but honest. What says Mrs. What's-her-name, who, having survived her bloom, takes to "bloomers," and talks about enlarging her "spear?"

One half the unhappiness we have in this life exists because of too much sensitiveness and a morbid disposition which allows trifles to weigh heavily on our minds. A trifling loss or inconvenience often causes more annoyance than a much greater sorrow.

A man who marries now-a-days, marries a great deal. He not only weds himself to a woman, but a laboratory of prepared chalk, a quintal of whale-bone, eight coffee bags, four baskets of novels, one poodle dog, and a lot of weak nerves that will keep four servant girls and three doctors around the house the whole time. Whether the fun pays for the powder, is a matter of debate.

MAKING LIGHT OF HABIT.—An attorney about to furnish a bill of costs, was requested by his client, a baker, "to make it as light as he could." "Ah!" replied the attorney, "that's what you may say to your foreman, but it's not the way I make my bread."

The sound of your hammer, says Franklin, at five in the morning, or nine at night, heard by your creditor, makes him easy six months longer; but if he sees you at the gaming-table or hear your voice at the tavern, when you should be at work, he sends for his money next day.

The man who is one thing to day, and another to-morrow—who drives an idea pell mell this week while it drives him the next—is always in trouble, and does just nothing from one year's end to the other.

They are getting up a new style of hogs out west. The inventor thinks by feeding them pewter with their corn, he can raise pig lead from them. Time must determine.

Scolding is the pepper of matrimony; the ladies are the pepper boxes.