

CAPTAIN HALL, OF THE HECLA.—Captain William Henry Hall, the hero of the dashing cutting-out expedition at Eckness is a thorough representative and embodiment of a class of seamen not to be found out of Britain, and by which all our battles were fought and won in the last great war. It is not a little singular that his services began in the Baltic, where his last laurels were won. At an early age he was a midshipman in the Warrior when she was employed in the Belt, against the Danish gun-boats, to protect the convoys of our merchant vessels. In 1816-17 Mr. Hall was sent out to China with Lord Amherst's expedition in the Syria, and was employed in exploring the Gulf of Corea and the Loo Choo Islands. When in the Iphigenia in 1822, he volunteered to conduct the boats of that ship to the attack of an armed slaver. Captain Hall is one of the very few officers who, having chosen that line of promotion which stops at position of master, was made an exception to the rule of the service, and made commander for his distinguished services. He was master of the Parthian at the capture of a piratical schooner in Campeachy Bay in 1824. But his most distinguished services were performed in the Nemesis during a second visit to the Chinese waters in 1840-3. He was present at no fewer than 27 different engagements, several of them very dashing affairs, and was named in eleven gazetted despatches, frequently with high praise. In these engagements he was wounded, and has a slight halt in his walk in consequence. Captain Hall's devotion to, and connection with the navy is cemented by the tenderest of all ties. He married the Honourable Miss Byng, daughter of one of his old commanders, the late Lord Torrington. He is, consequently, brother-in-law of the present viscount. We believe, however, that Captain Hall began life without aristocratic influence and connections, and owes his promotions to hard work, a strong clear head, and thorough devotion to his profession.

On May 18th, the ships of the line Charlemagne (French), Agamemnon (English), and steam-frigate Mogador, (French), Highflyer and Samson (English), bombarded the fortress of Redoul Kale, which they destroyed, with the exception of the quarantine buildings and the custom house, which latter contained a quantity of merchandize for Tiflis. The ships then returned to Chourouksu, where they embarked 800 Circassians, with whom they again returned to Redoul Kale and landed there, together with 300 French and English Marines. The Turkish force thus augmented fell upon the Russians, who were 2,000 strong, and drove them back upon Kutais, which place the Turks finally gained possession of. The Circassians are now masters of all the forts and fortified places which border the coast of their country.

A WAR WANTED.—The flippancy with which a class of small-beer demagogues and heroes talk of war with Spain, would be disgusting if it were not too absurd and contemptible to inspire disgust. These worthies, hanging about pot-houses, ready for a row or robbery, in case their skulls are not to be endangered, fancy that it would require an "indignation meeting" or two in the Park to annex the whole Western hemisphere and whip Europe; and that all that is needed to justify such a result is for neighboring Powers to apply the same rules of government and practice to Americans and American interests—provided the practice offends such American ideas of freedom and right—as are applied to the citizens and interest of other nations. A class of Americans are of the opinion that an American must be allowed to do just about as he pleases, the world over, or else we must go to war. It is very easy to talk about war, but not so easy to fight one out and foot the bill. When an action of this sort comes, somebody more courageous, sensible, and responsible than the tap-room portion of "Young America" has to be consulted, and that peace-loving, industrious, sensible somebody is not going to war without good honest reasons for it. If a war could be got up in which all the demagogues and mock-heroes who bluster so much about "stripes and stars," "national honor," "manifest destiny," &c., would be brought within point blank range of musket or cannon shot, and the rest of mankind were not to be injured, we should say "let it come!"—*N. Y. Mirror.*

ENGLAND'S POWER.—A giant lived, and still lives, a fairy tale, who grew to his gigantic proportions during a long slumber. He was seen on the bank of a river by the affrighted people of the neighborhood, wondering at the reflection of his own image, stretching his huge sinews, admiring his own burly limbs, and dancing a sort of wild war dance in his own honor. Honest John Bull is just in the position of our gigantic friend. A short time since, who slept so soundly as peaceful

John? who so weak, who so defenceless in his own dream, as poor John? He was at the mercy of every friend or foe; and his arsenals existed only by favor of the indifference of his neighbors, and his guards were prepared to march out of London directly, it should be telegraphed that any body of foreign troops had manifested an intention to march in. Suddenly, however, while John is dreaming that he is shorn in the hands of the Philistines, he receives a kick that wakes him up. Why, it is an indignant Titan that wakes him. He rises fleet upon feet, and army upon army, before he has well opened his eyes. He stretches forth one arm and grasps the dominion of the Black Sea, the other and closes up the Baltic; he raises his voice, and thirty thousand little giants go forth to do his behest upon his enemies colossal men-at-arms, before whose might the barbarian hordes of the north are but as stubble before the scythe. All this is done with scarce an effort—at a cost of about five per cent upon his annual income; less than he disburses upon his ordinary amusements of occupying a fresh Indian jungle, or trying a new experiment in finance, or squabbling about capital and wages.—*New Quarterly Review.*

Another New Infernal Machine.

A tradesman in Elgin has in compliance with a summons from the Board of Ordinance, proceeded to Woolwich for the purpose of submitting to the military authorities there the principles of a destructive engine designed and constructed by him. The instrument is denominated a "Longitudinal Projectile," it is about four feet in length, may be fired from a cannon, and will "hit to a hair" any object at a distance of five miles. On being shot from a cannon it expands like an umbrella, explodes the moment it alights, and causes instant annihilation to every material for many yards around. It will, it is said, cause the immediate destruction of the largest ship in the world; and one or two charges would, in a few seconds, extirpate the finest army that ever marched to music. No substance beyond "inflammable matter" is used.—*Ex.*

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

There's a good story, and a true, withal, relative to Mr. Gill, long a reporter for the Boston Post, and well known as a 'fellow of infinite jest.' He was reporting a dinner given on the 75th anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill. The dinner was a splendid affair, and everybody was very patriotic. Gill, when the excitement was at boiling point, whispered to a friend, one of those gentlemen who are always 'happy' in speech-making that his father was engaged in the battle of Bunker Hill.—The orator rose, made a brilliant speech—alluded to Gill's father and Gill, in the highest terms, and proposed Gill's health, which was drank with the usual honors, and one or two more. There were loud shouts of 'Gill,' 'Gill,' and he made a speech returned thanks in the usual manner, and said:—"But my learned friend omitted one fact, one very important fact, of which he might have been unaware. My father was in the battle of Bunker Hill, but he unfortunately fought on the British side!!"

There was not quite so much excitement after that, and Gill has not indulged in speeches since.—*American paper.*

MURDER OF SIX CHILDREN BY THEIR MOTHER.

—Mary Ann Brough, aged 47 years, first nurse to the Prince of Wales, murdered six of her children and cut her own throat on the 18th instant, at a cottage at West-end, Esher, on the borders of the royal domains of Claremont. The oldest of the murdered children was Georgiana, aged 11, and the youngest was 21 months old. The husband is guardian of the fish ponds at Claremont, and is much respected. He left his wife a few days before the deed was committed and refused to live with her, because he believed she was faithless to him. The family was above want. The wretched woman is recovering from her wounds, and to a female neighbor who visited her she said—"I cut the throats of the five oldest easily as they slept, baby was awake and he gave me most trouble."

A MADE MAN.—A French paper tells of an old soldier who has a false leg and a false arm, both movable by means of springs: a glass eye, a complete set of false teeth, a nose of silver, covered with a substance perfectly resembling flesh, and a silver plate replacing part of the skull. He wears on his breast the cross of the Legion of Honor, won in the campaigns of Egypt, Italy and Russia; he was also at Friedland, Jana, Austerlitz, Wagram and Waterloo! What recollections of the past must there not crowd on the old man's memory as he sits in his chair by the fireside and "fights his battles o'er again."

Patent Leather Boots.

While standing in the office of one of our first class hotels the other day, we noticed a gentleman who came in with his baggage, enter his name on the book and secure a room. As soon as he had written his name the clerk looked at it with astonishment. He called all the other clerks to look, and then he called one of the proprietors, who, on seeing it, appeared amazed.

We thought from the fuss that was being made over the name, that the man must be some celebrated person. The idea struck us that it might be Prince Albert, or some of England's noblemen, but as his features were truly American, we concluded that it must be some great man, whom we did not know, belonging to our own country.—While thus contemplating the man and his position, the head clerk leaned forward and called:—

"Mr. Johnson, one moment, if you please."

The gentleman stepped up to the desk.

"Will you," continued the clerk, "explain one thing? We have all tried to decipher, but cannot make it out."

"What is it?" asked the gentleman, with a quiet smile on his face.

"Why, sir, at the end of your name, on the book, you have placed three letters, P. L. B., and we are anxious to know the meaning of them, having never before met them in that position."

"P. L. B.," said the gentleman, "simply means Patent Leather Boots. The last time I was here, I wore none other, but I was charged in my bill, at leaving, two dollars for blacking boots, and as I had no time to dispute then, I concluded this time to make you understand that I wore such boots as needed no blacking."

MRS. BELCHER'S FOURTH CURTAIN LECTURE.

[Mr. Belcher had forgotten to stop at the shoemaker's and buy a pair of shoes for his wife.]

"O, you forgot it, Mr. Belcher. A likely story that, upon my word, when I tied a string around your finger this morning to make sure that you wouldn't forget it. Where is that string, Mr. Belcher?"

"It hurt me, so I took it off."

"Hurt you! It wouldn't have hurt an infant, and you know it wouldn't, Belcher, but you thought it would be a good excuse. Perhaps you think I can't see through your artful plan; but you're mistaken, Belcher, mightily mistaken."

"Don't think anything of the sort."

"O no, of course not. I supposed you would say that. But you didn't mean to get those shoes, though you knew I hadn't got a pair fit to wear.—You didn't want me to go out. Perhaps you thought I shouldn't do enough work—or perhaps you were ashamed to have me walking with you. Yes, Belcher, ashamed of your wedded wife! O, that it should ever come to that!"

"Don't snivel!"

"Don't snivel! You brute! that's the language you use, is it, to one who has been a faithful wife to you for seventeen years. O, if my dear mother should hear you speaking to me in this way, it would break her heart, poor woman."

"Easily broken, easily mended."

"Mr. Belcher, you are enough to provoke the patience of a cherubim."

"What do they look like?"

"None of your business. A man who will insult his wife, is unfit to live. But you, not content with insulting me, vent your fury upon my poor, defenceless mother, who never speaks of you but with kindness. Her age at least, ought to protect her from malignity."

"Hav'n't said anything about her."

"If I was in the habit of violating the truth as you are, Belcher, I should expect to suffer some terrible punishment. I suppose I might as well resign myself to do without shoes from now till Christmas. But I'll come up with you. I'll go barefooted, I will. How will you like to see your wedded wife going bare-footed, Belcher?"

Mr. Belcher made his peace by promising that he would purchase the shoes the first thing the next morning, and succeeded in getting to sleep after a while.

The model lady puts her children out to nurse and tends lapdogs;—lies in bed till noon—wears paper-soled shoes—pinches her waist—gives the piano fits—forgets to pay her milliner—cuts her poor relations—goes to church when she has a new bonnet—turns the cold shoulder to her husband, and flirts with his 'friend';—never saw a thimble—don't know a darning-needle from a crow-bar—wonders where puddings grow, eats ham and eggs in private, and dines on a pigeon's leg in public—runs mad after the last new fashion—dotes on Byron—adores any man who grins behind the mustache—and when asked the age of her youngest child, replies: 'Don't know, indeed—ask Betty!'

A WISE LANDLORD.—One night, a judge, military officer, and a priest all applied for lodging at an inn where there was but one spare bed, and the landlord was called to decide which had the better claims of the three.

'I have lain fifteen years in the garrison at B,' said the officer.

'I have sat as judge twenty years at R,' said the judge.

'With your leave, gentleman, I have stood in the ministry twenty-five years at N,' said the priest.

'That settles the dispute,' said the landlord.—'You Mr. Captain have lain fifteen years; you, Mr. Judge, have sat twenty years; but the aged pastor has stood five and twenty years, so he certainly has the best right to the bed!'

A strictly orthodox old gentleman in Massachusetts, returned home on Sunday afternoon from church, and began to extol to his son the merits of the sermon.

'I have heard, Frank,' said he, 'one of the most delightful sermons ever delivered before a Christian Society. It carried me to the gates of Heaven.'

'Well, I think,' said Frank, 'you had better have dodged in for you never will have an other such a chance?'

OUR UNCLE JOSHUA.—We have often heard of men who could hold but one idea in their heads at one time. It is not so with our uncle Joshua. As he sat down to dinner the other day, he asked a blessing in these words:—"For what we are about to receive, may the Lord make us duly thankful!" and added in the same breath, "Sally, that steak is burnt to a crisp!"

"I say, Sambo, does ye know what makes de corn grow so fast when you put de manure on it?"

"No, I don't hardly, 'cept it makes de groun' stronger for de corn."

"Now, I jist tell ye. When de corn begins to smell de manure, it don't like de 'fumery, so it hurries out ob de groun', and gits up as high as possible, so as not to breathe de bad air."

'I would not marry an Eastern man, if I had to live an old maid all my life,' exclaimed a country lass. 'Why not?' demanded her astonished companion. 'Because every paper you pick up contains an account of the failure of the eastern mails.'

Wm. Sime, a sapper, stationed at Halifax, shot his comrade, Richard Wilson, without provocation, last week, with his carbine.—The Coroner's Jury returned a verdict of wilful murder against Sime, who has been committed to prison to await his trial.

A mother in San Francisco cured her little boy of swearing by washing out his mouth with soap-suds every time he had profane words in it.

An experienced brother Editor says, in a recent letter,—"At present I am in the country, recovering from fourteen years editorial life—bad eyes, crooked back, and broken nerves, with little else to show for it."

A German emigrant recently presented himself at a passenger office at Dunkirk with a through ticket for 124 persons, and "all in the family at that."

Sam Slick says, "Book-larned men seldom know anything but books, and there is one, that never was printed yet, worth all they have got on their shelves, but which they never read, nor even so much as cut the leaves of, for they don't understand the handwriting, and that book is human nature."

Speaking of railroad facilities a writer in the Independent says:—"It makes little matter now where a man lives. He is close by everywhere."

The lady who "took a stitch in her side," has arrived at the conclusion that a stitch in the hole of her stocking would be infinitely more serviceable.

Now Don't.—An editor who never thinks twice before he speaks, says that the first dress worn by our primitive ancestors in the Garden of Eden, was bare (bear) skins.

Many persons are now anxiously examining the maps to find the "seat of war." Stubbs says he found it last summer without a map. The discovery was made by sitting down upon a yellow wasp's nest in a hay-field.

It won't do to conclude that man is always happy when he is "smiling," or that he is a house-builder, because you always find him with a brick in his hat.

'Jim, when are overshoes not overshoes?'

'When they are over boots, of course.'