

laughed at and declared a visionary, moon-struck fool. But the more Gray contemplated his little railway for coals, the more firmly did he believe the practicability and immense usefulness of his scheme. He saw in it all that is now realized, and he resolved in spite of the ridicule, the sneers and rebuffs that were heaped upon him, to prosecute his great undertaking. He petitioned the British Parliament, and sought interviews with all the great men of the Kingdom; but all this had no effect, except to bring down upon him, wherever he went, the loud sneers and ridicule of all classes. Still he persevered, and at length he engaged the attention of men of intelligence and influence, who finally embraced his views, urged his plans, and the grand results are now before the world. Thomas Gray, the inventor of railroads, who not long ago than 1820, was laughed at for even mentioning the idea of them, still lives in Exeter, England in the full realization of all his grand and noble railroad schemes, for which he was declared insane. How much has the world been benefitted by his insanity?

But the world is still that same ungrateful, soulless thing it always was. What has it done for Thomas Gray? An English writer thus speaks of him: "Up to 1846 he had been neglected. While thousands had been enriched upon the consummation of his brilliant schemes, he remained forgotten—forced by poverty to sell glass on commission for a living." Howitt, a few years ago, gave a somewhat lengthy sketch of his career, thus bringing him into public notice. We have seen nothing in print in relation to him lately. Elliott wrote a great truth in these words:—

"How many who have lived to bless mankind. Have died unthanked."

How many of the railway projectors, agitators, stockholders, &c., have ever heard of the subject of this sketch?

Mrs. PIMPINGTON'S FENCE.—Mrs. Pimpington had "laid it to heart" for years that her door-yard fence should be whitewashed, and she fairly tormented the flesh from Mr. Pimpington, clattering about "the door-yard fence."

"The old man said 'it had got so that he could dream of nothing else but door-yard fences and whitewash!'"

"Mrs. Pimpington at last found a receipt for whitewash, which she cut from the 'Federal Rock-et. and Political Torpedo,' made up of lime, salt, and sugar—'more permanent and lustrous,' according to the paper, than white lead itself."

"This added fuel to her fire," and she followed Mr. Pimpington with that receipt until he was obliged in self-defence to prepare a dose of it, and baptise about twenty rods of his fence.

"Well, it did look beautiful, in the setting sun, on the evening of its completion; and the old man really began to think that old Mrs. Pimpington was something of a woman after all!"

"Mr. and Mrs. Pimpington retired that night happy."

"La, me!" exclaimed Mrs. Pimpington, as she was putting the finished touches to the bow-knots of her night cap-strings—"La, me! Mr. Pimpington, it didn't cost much, n'other; and the old fence looks just as good as new, and shines a good deal brighter than Squire Holm's with all his paint and ile. Don't say a woman don't do nothing again, Mr. Pimpington. Women do know something. Not a dollar out, and our fence will last us for ten years."

"During the night Mrs. Pimpington was aroused by strange noises. She shook Mr. Pimpington from his slumbers. It did seem as if the very heavens had 'broke loose,' as Mrs. Pimpington said. The herds of a thousand hills were evidently upon them."

"Mr. Pimpington arose and threw open the window. And there, gathered in the moonlight, marching and countermarching, and bellowing forth unearthly sounds, and goring each other, really were (so Mr. Pimpington thought) the herds of a thousand hills storming around his newly white-washed fence."

"Great Josia!" he exclaimed, as he stood in his undress, staring through the window; "why Mrs. Pimpington, as true as you are a live woman, the very cattle have come down to dance around my fence!"

"Then out of bed bounded Mrs. Pimpington; and there they were, sure enough, 'a ragin' around, their tails flying, their horns a flarin,' as he declared, and they had the first really jolly laugh together that they had had for years."

"But the morning told the story. The herd had mostly dispersed. Two or three persevering animals still lingered, however, and were still standing 'reared up upon their hind legs, licking off the salt, sugar and lime upon the top of the posts—the last touches of their last night's work?"

"The fence," said Mrs. Pimpington, in relating

the circumstance, "was licked as clean as my wash-board!" MORAL: Don't wash your fences with the cheap paint of "salt, sugar and lime."

LADIES BEWARE!—The Paris correspondent of the New York Express tells of the following disaster which befell a party of ladies who attended a chemical lecture in Berlin.

It was lately remarked that an exceedingly brilliant auditory, amongst which were many very elegantly dressed ladies, attended, at Berlin, a lecture on chemistry, delivered by one of the most celebrated chemists of the age. After witnessing a number of beautiful experiments and hearing of the marvels of science, a young lady grew fatigued, and requested her husband to lead her from the hall.

"My love," said the gentleman, on reaching the landing place outside, "wipe your cheek, there is a large blue spot upon it."

The lady, much surprised, turned to look at her reflection in the mirror window of a shop they were passing, and was almost petrified to observe that the rogue on her cheeks had become blue, in consequence of the chemical decomposition occasioned by the gas the professor had used in making his experiment. She quickly wiped her face, and stifled her vexation in the thought that she should find herself amply revenged upon the other ladies in the hall. In reality, the lecture closed at this moment, the audience began to disperse, and the gentleman and his wife almost burst with laughter at the sights of cheeks of yellow, blue, black, violet and other colors, which now made their appearance in the street. Some of the ladies, who had manufactured for themselves ivory complexions, rosy cheeks, coral lips, and ebony eye brows, were so transformed that they would have excited the envy of a peacock. It is whispered that a lecture from the professor would produce similar effects in other cities besides Berlin.

EXAMINATION OF ATTORNEYS.—The following examination of a certain candidate for admission to the bar, taken from the Western Law Journal is decidedly a good one. The examiner commenced with the following:

"Do you smoke?"

"I do, Sir."

"Have you a spare cigar?"

"Yes, Sir." [Extending a short six.]

"Now, Sir, what is the first duty of a lawyer?"

"To collect fees."

"What is the second?"

"To increase the number of his clients."

"When does your position towards your client change?"

"When making a bill of costs."

"Explain."

"When they occupy the antagonistic position I assume the character of plaintiff and the defendant."

"A suit decided, how do you stand with the lawyer conducting the other side?"

"Check by jowl."

"Enough, Sir—your promise to become an ornament to your profession, and I wish you success. Now, are you aware of the duty you owe me?"

"I am, Sir. It is to invite you to drink."

"But suppose I decline?"

[Candidate scratches his head.]

"There is no instance of this kind in the record in the books! I can't answer the question."

"You are right, and the confidence with which you made the assertion shows that you have read law attentively. Let us have a drink and I will sign your certificate."

A CURRYING ANECDOTE.—The sermon in our February number has recalled to an Alton (Ill.) correspondent, one which was preached in Tennessee by a Baptist minister. When drawing near the close, he said: "Brethering, I am an hostler, and I must curry those horses before I leave. Here is this high-blooded Episcopal horse; see what a high head he carries, and how black his coat is, and soft as silk; but he'll kick you if you touch him on his Litany or Prayers; whoa, sir, whoa!—Here is an old Methodist horse: Whoa, old fellow! Just slip away his love feasts and class meetings, and he'll kick till he falls: Whoa, you old shouter! whoa! Ah! here is the horse that is ready to kick at all times; don't you go near his Confessional or Penance: Whoa! Mr. Pope, how beautiful his trappings are!—his surplice and mitre! Whoa, sir, whoa!" and so he went on through the various denominations. When he was nearly through, an old Methodist gentleman, well known in the place, offered his services to conclude, which were readily accepted. He said: "Friends I have learned this morning how to dress down horses, and as the brother has passed two of them I will take it upon myself to finish the work:—Here is an animal that is neither one thing nor the

other. He is treacherous and uncertain: you cannot trust him; he'll kick his best friend for a controversy. Whoa, mule, whoa! See brethren how he kicks: Whoa, you old Campbellite, whoa!—Here friends, is an animal that is so stubborn, he will not let me in his stall to eat from his trough; he is so stubborn that he would not go where a prophet wished him; he is so hard mouthed, that Sampson used his jaw as a weapon of war against the Philistines. Whoa, you Close Communion Baptist. Whoa!" "Do you call me an ass?" exclaimed the minister, jumping. "Whoa!" continued his tormentor: "see him kick! whoa! Hold him, friends!—whoa!" and thus the old gentleman went on; the minister ranting meantime until he got out of the church. The congregation unanimously agreed that they had never seen an ass so completely "curried" before.—Knickerbocker Magazine.

INCORRIGIBLE.—A tutor of a college, lecturing a young man on his irregular habits, added, with great pathos, "Your conduct will bring your father's gray hairs with sorrow to the grave!"—"That is impossible," replied the youth, "my father wears a cauliflower wig!"

EXCELLENT ADVICE.—A nautical friend has given the directions for domestic foul weather:—"If you see a squall arising in the latitude of your wife, what course should be pursued to avoid its consequences? Double her cape with your right arm, and let your lips drop anchor on the cruising ground of 'smacks.'"

"My son," said Mr. N., "how could you marry an Irish girl?"

"Why, father," said the son, "I'm not able to keep two women—and if I'd married a Yankee girl, I'd had to have hired an Irish girl to take care of her."

A GOOD HINT.—A school boy, lately, who thought his pocket-money came rather seldom, thus addressed his father—"Please, papa? tell me if the words *E pluribus unum* are still on our quarter dollars?"

"Of course they are, you stupid boy," said papa; "but why do you ask that?"

"Because," replied young hopeful, "it is now such a long time since I had one, that I almost forgot."

DAMAGES FROM THE TELEGRAPH.—The Detroit Tribune states that a commission merchant of Hamilton recovered in court, last Friday, \$3000 of the Montreal Telegraph Company, for a failure to deliver a telegraph, which he sent to his correspondent in New York, within a reasonable time, whereby he lost the amount of damages returned him.—The despatch was three days on the way.

THE McDONAGH ESTATE.—A communication has been laid before the Baltimore City Council from the agents of the McDonagh estate, which shows that the litigation and deteriorations have decreased the value of the property one half of what was its value at the death of the testator. At that time the estate was valued at \$5,000,000, and now only at \$2,270,000. One of the agents, on the part of New Orleans, at a meeting of the Board, stated that over \$250,000 had been spent in litigation; over \$100,000 had been reported in charges and commissions; and over \$500,000 had been lost in pillage and decay. Notwithstanding all this, not one dollar of charity had ever been received from the estate; not one negro had been sent to Liberia, nor the tears and sorrows of one poor orphan boy ever been assuaged. At every point and in every way the last will and testament of John McDonagh has been frustrated and thwarted.

The London Shipping Gazette regards the treaty of Paris as not only a treaty of peace (which appears to secure, as far as human foresight and gratitude can, the objects for which the war was undertaken,) but as in fact a treaty of commerce—for the extension of the import and export trade of all contracting parties, and the opening and free navigation of the eastern seas and channels to the merchant ships of all nations.

THE PACIFIC.—The New York Herald publishes a letter, dated London, April 22, 1856, written to a person in this country, in which it is stated that a Capt. Tucker, of the English ship Swallow, recently arrived from China, saw the Pacific drifting before a terrific gale—he thought disabled in her machinery. No date, latitude or longitude are given. This statement is said to have been made to the English ministry, before they dispatched steamers in search of the Pacific. Capt. Tucker thinks the missing steamer was drifted upon the coast of Greenland, and does not give her up, although the English searching vessels returned from an examination of the coast without finding her.

A RUSSIAN BRAVE.—At the capture of Kinburn the flag bearer of the Russian regiment of Tobolsk, was killed, and the flag falling amongst the blood-stained and smoking ruins would have become the property of the French, but that it happened to be seen by a Russian soldier, who took it from its staff and placed it in his breast. He was after made prisoner and taken to Constantinople, but contrived to conceal the flag between his dress and its lining. Transferred to Lyons with all his regiment, he revealed this secret to no one, not even to the Russian ecclesiastics. At last an exchange took place, and on reaching Odessa the man told the captain of the Port that he had saved the flag of his regiment, but that he would give it up only to the commander-in-chief, General Suchozanett.—When he had left quarantine the flag was given, up to the new general, and the latter with his own hands nailed it to a new staff. On the 5th instant the soldier was carried in triumph through the streets of Odessa, and he has since been promoted to the rank of officer, and has received a good pension, together with the cross of St. George.

DEATH OF THE OLDEST INHABITANT.—Louisville, has lost by death her oldest inhabitant. Yesterday died "Old Ben Duke," as he has been styled from time immemorial, at the age of one hundred and ten years, eight months, and three days! The deceased was a man of color, and a native of Maryland, from which state he emigrated when Kentucky was a complete wilderness, and our city a mere outpost on the frontier. All of those who then were residing in this section of the state have long since passed away, with the forest, the aborigines, and the savage grandeur of untamed nature. Old Ben, however, survived more than two generations, and witnessed the progress of Louisville from the felling of the first tree in Bear Grass Valley to the attainment of her present position among the cities of the nation.—Louisville Courier.

A RELIC OF THE CRIMEAN BATTLE FIELDS.—We have, says the *State of Maine*, just been shown an ivory drinking cup, taken from the dead body of a Russian officer, who fell in one of the battles of the Crimea. It is about the size of a common glass tumbler, slightly curved in form, with a cork bottom and cover, and silver handle and chain for holding the cover. The cup is covered with carvings of different figures, evidently representing saints, and has I.H.S. carved prominently upon it. The following motto is also on it, running entirely around it: SS. SACRAMENTO; S. PASQUALE; SS. COSMOEDA; S. NICOLLO. One side of the cup is stained with blood from the death-wound of the officer from whose body it was taken. It is one of the most curious and interesting relics we have ever seen. It was brought from Constantinople by Captain Hermon, of this city.

An English paper says that an order has just been received at Woolwich arsenal, requiring 37,000,000 rounds of ball cartridge for Canada.

The Yankee has been styled "a well-developed interrogation point."

Why is a good sermon like a kiss? Because it only requires two heads and an application.

A Yankee lady pictures a good man as one who is keeful of his clothing, don't drink spirits, kin read the bible, 'thout spellin' the words, and kin eat a cold dinner on wash-day to save the wimmin folks from cookin'.

Hope, deceitful as it is, carries us agreeably through life.

The truly honest man is he who valueth not himself or any thing.

The best certificate of a man's character is, "He keeps his promises."

It is understood that the president will to-morrow communicate to Congress the documents, and probably a message, upon the entire subject of Central American affairs.—Boston Adv., 14th.

Sir George Mackenzie once stated that an old woman in the island of St. Kilde, claimed relationship with him on the ground that her mother's aunt had reared a sister of Sir George's grandmother.

A good wife is like a printers roller—the latter being composed of molasses and glue. She is as sweet as the former article, and sticks to her husband like the latter.

A bookseller of Southampton, England, was lately fined five shillings for selling a newspaper on the Sabbath. The magistrate, in pronouncing sentence remarked, that by the terms of the English law (Stat. Charles II. and William III.) nothing could be sold on the Sabbath but milk and mackerel.