

Miscellaneous.

A LITTLE TOO PUNCTUAL.

A STEAMBOAT SKETCH.

The hour was approaching for the departure of the New Haven steamboat from her berth at New York, and the usual crowd of passengers, and friends of passengers, newsboys, fruit vendors, cabmen and dock loafers, were assembled on and about the boat. We were gazing at the motley group, from the foot of the promenade deck stairs, when our attention was attracted by the singular act of a tall brown Yankee, in an immense wool hat, chocolate-coloured coat and pantaloons, and a fancy vest. He stood near the starboard paddle-box, and scrutinized sharply every female who came on board every now and then consulting an enormous silver bull's-eye watch, which he raised from the depths of a capacious fob, by means of a powerful steel chain. After mounting guard in this manner he dashed furiously down the gang plank and up the wharf, reappearing on board almost instantaneously, with a flushed face, expressing the most intense anxiety. This series of operations he performed several times, after which he rushed about the boat, wildly and hopelessly, ejaculating:

"What's the time er day? Wonder if my repeaters fast? Whar's the cap'n? whar's the steward? whar's the mate? whar's the boss that owns this ship?"

"What's the matter, sir?" we ventured to ask him when he stood still for a moment.

"Hain't seen nothin' of a gal in a blue sun-bonnet, with a white Canton crape shawl, (cost \$15,) pink gown and brown boots, eh? come aboard while I was looking for the cap'n at the pint end of the ship—have ye? hey?"

"No such person has come aboard."

"Tormented lightnin'!" she's my wife!" he screamed; married yesterday. All her trunks and mine are aboard, under a pile of baggage as tall as Connecticut steeple. The darned black nigger says he can't hand it out, and I won't leave my baggage any how. My wife only think on't was to come aboard at half-past four, and here it's most five. What's become of her? She can't have eloped. You don't think she's been abducted, do ye mister? Speak! answer! won't ye? Oh! I'm ravin' distracted! What are they ringing that bell for? Is the ship afire?"

"It is the signal for departure, the first bell.—The second will ring in four minutes."

"Thunder! you don't say so." Whar's the cap'n?"

"That gentleman in the blue coat."

The Yankee darted to the captain's side.

"Cap'n, stop the ship for ten minutes, won't ye?"

"I can't do it sir."

"But you must, I tell you. I'll pay you for it. How much ye tax?"

"I could not do it."

"Cap'n, K'll give ye tew dollars," grasped the Yankee.

The Captain shook his head.

"I'll give ye five dollars and a half—and a half!—and a half!—and a half!" he kept repeating, dancing about in his agony like a mad jackass on a hot iron plate.

"The boat starts at five precisely," said the captain shortly, and turned away.

"O! you stunny-heartin' heathin'!" murmured the Yankee, almost bursting into tears. Partin' man and wife and we just one day married."

At this moment the huge paddle-wheels began to paw the water, and the working beam descended heavily, shaking the huge fabric to her centre. All who were not going to New Haven went ashore.—The hands began to haul in the gang plank; the fasts are already cast loose.

"Leggo the plank," roared the Yankee, collaring one of the hands. "Drop it like a hot potatoe or I'll heave ye into the dock."

"Yo yo!" shouted the men in chorus, as they heaved on the gangway.

"Shut up you braying donkeys!" yelled the maddened Yankee, "or there'll be an ugly spot of work."

But the plank was got aboard, and the boat plashed past the pier.

In an instant the Yankee pulled off his coat flung his hat beside it on deck, and rushed wildly to the guard.

"Are you drunk or crazy?" cried a passenger seizing him.

"I'm goin' to fling myself into the dock, and swim ashore," cried the Yankee. "I musn't leave Sally Ann alone in New York, city. You may divide the baggage among ye. Let me go I can swim."

He struggled so furiously that the consequence of his rashness might have been fatal had not a sudden apparition changed his purpose. A very pretty young woman in a blue bonnet, white Canton crape shawl, pink dress and brown boots came towards him.

The big brown Yankee uttered one stentorian spite of her struggling, and kissed her heartily, right before all the passengers.

"Where did you come from?" he inquired.

"From the ladies' cabin," answered the bride.

"You told me at half-past four, but I thought I'd make sure and come at four."

"A little too punctual!" said the Yankee.—

"But it's all right now. Hallo, cap'n you can go ahead now. I don't care about stopping. Come nigh losing the passage money and the baggage—

come nigh gettin' drowned Sally, all along of you—but it's right now. Go ahead steamboat! Rosin up there, firemen! Darn the expense."

When the sun set the loving couple were seen seated on the upper deck, the big brown Yankee's arm encircling the slender waist of the young woman in the blue bonnet and pink dress. We believe they reached their destination safe and sound.

GREAT CITIES IN THE WORLD.—London is the greatest city on the globe. Including the cities and towns which it has swallowed up and made a part of itself, it covers an area of thirty-two square miles, thickly planted with houses, most of which are four and five stories high. It has about two millions and a half of inhabitants. New York, reckoning among its inhabitants all who habitually do business within sight of Trinity steeple, is in population, the second city of the world embracing at least a million people. Within its chartered limits it has now probably about eighteen hundred thousand inhabitants. In this view it is the fourth city, Paris and Constantinople being more populous.

The estimated population of the cities of Asia have been most exaggerated. It is confidently stated that there is not one of them that has a population exceeding a million. The largest city in India, Benares, has not over six hundred thousand inhabitants; while the great cities of China—Pekin, Nankin and Canton—instead of their three, two, and one millions, are neither of them estimated to contain a population of over six or eight hundred thousand.

Philadelphia has about half a million inhabitants; Vienna and Berlin nearly as many; Naples, three hundred and fifty thousand; Brooklyn, more than two hundred thousand; and the city of Mexico about the same. Baltimore has now probably a population of nearly or quite one hundred and ninety thousand; Cincinnati, one hundred and seventy-five thousand; New Orleans and Boston, about one hundred and fifty thousand each; Venice, one hundred and ten thousand; St. Louis, one hundred thousand.—*Life Illustrated.*

JEM JENKINS.—A few days since a man-of-war's man, a regular "British tar, stepped into the post-office at Cork, and addressing one clerks, said:

"Do you know Jem Jenkins, A. B., of the *Bull-dog*?"

"Not I," replied the clerk, surprised; "why do you ask?"

The sailor replied;—

"Because I want you to give a letter to him," saying which he produced an epistle.

"Very well," replied the clerk, "the letter will be sent to him; but you must put a stamp on it."

How the—can you send a letter to Jem Jenkins unless you know him?" inquired the tar.

"Oh! that does not matter," answered the clerk. "I can send you a letter, but it will cost you a penny for a stamp."

"A stamp!" cried the sailor show me one."

A stamp was accordingly shewn to him, when he exclaimed:—

"No! shiver me if I put Jem Jenkins off with a penny, for he often spent a crown on me. Haven't you got anything handsemer than this?"

The clerk replied in the affirmative, and showed him a twopenny stamp.

"Well," cried the other, "this looks decenter; but havn't you got anything better?"

The clerk showed him a shilling stamp, which Jack inspected with an expression of approval, saying:—

"All right! put five of them on the letter;—my limbs, I will never send Jem Jenkins less than five shillings worth!"

Saying this, he threw down five shillings on the counter, took up five shillings stamps, and stuck them on the letter, which he then threw into the letter box with expressions of satisfaction at having spent a crown's worth on Jem Jenkins.—*Cork (Ireland) Constitution.*

Lose your coat rather than your honor.

SEIGES—ANCIENT AND MODERN.—The subjoined capital article from the *Boston Daily Chronicle*, of 5th inst., is condensed to suit our confined columns.

Now that Sebastopol has fallen, those disappointed gentlemen who had predicted that the place could not and would not be taken, talk in extravagant terms of the length and the valor and the skill of the defence. According to these, there never before was such heroism displayed. The courage of the besieged is without a parallel, and throws into the shade every thing before done by men standing on their defence. Such talk is mere moonshine. That the Russians behaved well, is what no man ought to deny; that they have done more than has been accomplished by other peoples, is what no one will affirm who has any acquaintance with the history of war. Many a place has made as good a defence as Sebastopol, and seen its enemies retire with disgrace from before its walls. Others have fallen, after doing all that it was possible to do, and it is in this latter class that Sebastopol must be classed. The historian who should deny to the Russian great merit for their defence would be guilty of great injustice; but still more unjust would he be if he should place the defenders of Sebastopol above those of all other places that ever stood a siege, as is the custom of those who write in the Russian interest.

Ancient sieges were conducted so differently from those of modern times, that it seems hardly fair to make any comparison between those of antiquity and such as have happened since the science of attack and defence has come to be well understood.—Yet Tyre stood a siege of eight months against the whole power of the Macedonian Alexander; Rhodes held out, with success, for more than a year, against all the exertions of Demosthenes, son of Antigonus, whose surname of Polioretetes was given to him for his skill in besieging places; Syracuse was besieged for three years by the Romans before it fell, and the second Scipio had to take Carthage house by house, as Cortez took Mexico seventeen centuries afterwards. The capture of Jerusalem required the exertions of a vast Roman army for many months, during which time all the resources of ancient warfare were made use of. Jerusalem, by the way, is said to have fallen on the 8th of September, the very date of the fall of Sebastopol. At least fifty more sieges of ancient times might be mentioned, any one of which was as remarkable as that of the Russian city of the Crimea. Athens, Byzantium, Syracuse, Capua, Numantia, and many other ancient places held out against powerful besieging forces.

In modern times, long sieges have been by no means uncommon, though during the last two centuries science has been especially employed in making attacks on fortified places matters of absolute certainty, so far as resistance by their garrisons has been concerned. Rhodes was thrice besieged by the Turks when the latter were at the height of their power—once in the reign of Mahomet I., the conqueror of Constantinople, and then in the reign of Solyman the Magnificent, the greatest of the Sultans whose general captured it, after a siege of five months.—Malta was besieged by the Turks, in the same reign, but almost half a century later, for four months; but they were compelled to leave the Island without accomplishing their purpose. Centuries afterwards, the French held Malta against the English for a long time, and were only starved into a surrender after all. The famous siege of Gibraltar, by the French and Spaniards during the war of the American Revolution, was a far more formidable affair than that of Sebastopol, if we consider that Gibraltar was in the country of one of the besieging powers, and that everything the place received had to come by water, the besiegers being at least the equals of England on the ocean. Sebastopol stands at the extremity of Russia, but the communication between the place and most of the empire was never for one moment interrupted. Gibraltar stands at the extremity of Spain, but that only made the matter worse for the besieged. In proportion to their means the besiegers expended as much effort against Gibraltar as the Allies have directed against Sebastopol. The sieges of Dantzic were among the most memorable that occurred in the wars of Napoleon. The first was carried on by the French, in 1806-7, and lasted about six months. In 1813 it was besieged by the allies, and the French held it for months, though their condition was terrible. Marshal Devoust held Hamburg, in 1813-14 for about six months after Napoleon had been driven from Germany. He did not, indeed, give up the place until after the allied armies had entered Paris and the war was at an end. The pertinacity with which the Austrians held out Mantua, in the first Italian wars of Napoleon, must be well remembered by all readers. The French appeared before the place in June, 1796, but it did not pass into their possession until February, 1797, nearly eight months afterwards. Ismail was besieged by Potemkin for seven months, when he sent orders to Suvaroff to

storm the place in three days. That gentleman set about the work with such earnestness that his master was obeyed to the very letter; and with such fury was the contest waged that the slaughter at Sebastopol on the 8th September, was a mere *bagatelle* in comparison with the butchery at Ismail. The Turks alone lost 48,816 men. As the poet says:—

"Of forty thousand who had manned the walls,
Some hundreds breathed,—the rest were silent all.

The Russians admitted a loss of fifteen thousand men, and probably the number was much larger.—Had the Allies pursued the same course towards Sebastopol, they would have had it months ago.

Did the limits of a newspaper article permit, we could give an hundred instances of modern sieges that were as conspicuous for the stubbornness of the defenders as was that of Sebastopol. It is no new thing in war for a garrison to act heroically, and we are to recollect that Sebastopol has been, not so much a fortress as a great camp, well supplied with everything, and fed by great armies of disciplined soldiers, and much favoured by the nature of the country that has been the seat of war.

BARGAINING ON SUNDAY.—A Scotch paper has the following account of the mode by which business may be transacted on Sunday, and no harm done:

"Long before there was any word of disruption, and when the Church of Scotland was deemed by those who have since seceded from her communion as the glory of the whole earth, the following conversation ensued between his reverence, now in the free Church, and one of the hearers in a rural parish, on a Sunday forenoon immediately after divine service:

"Well, John, there's a fine day."

"It is that, sir," was the reply.

"That's a fine poney you have got, John?"

"No cannier or better behaved creature in the parish, savin' yerself," replied Hodge.

"If it had not been Sunday," said the man of Scripture, "I would have been inquiring the price of it."

"Deed, sir, replied the owner of the beast. 'If it hadna been Sunday, as ye say, I would hae said aught pounds.'

"Indeed," replied Mr. John, "we will see about that to-morrow."

"Very weel, sir. That's a bonny stack of hay ye hae in the yard—I wouldna be na waur o' a punchle o' it; and it hadna been the day it is, I would hae speered the price of it, too."

"I think the more of you for that, John, as it is just the way with myself, for had it not been this hallowed day, I would hae said 9d. per stone. I might likewise have asked a number of questions—such as how the market went yesterday in Arbroath, and what are you asking for your Ayrshire bull calf, and so on."

"Deed, ay, sir: but we canna be tellin' that wheat rise a shillin', and aits fifteen pence the quarter, on sic a day as this, an' it would be just as ill sayin' that the bit caule's wirth thirty shilling, till any body."

"Good-day, John."

"Gude day, sir," was then passed, and thus ended the above equivocal reverence for the Sabbath, although the conversation ended to the mutual worldly satisfaction of both parties."

A clergyman of a country village desired his clerk to give notice that there would be no service in the afternoon, as he was going to "officiate for another clergyman." The clerk, as soon as the sermon was ended rose up, with all due solemnity and said,

"I am desired to give notice that there will be no service this afternoon, as Mr. L—— is going fishing with another clergyman." Mr. —— of course corrected that awkward, yet amusing blunder.

A young man who has recently taken a wife, says he did not find it half so hard to get married as he did to get the furniture.

The genius who files newspapers, lately broke his instrument while operating on a "hard shall" organ.

On a child being told the other day that he must be broken of a bad habit, he actually replied,—

"Pa, hadn't I better be mended?"

NOBILITY OF WOMAN.—The woman, poor, ill clad as she may be who balances her income and expenditures—toils and sweats in quiet, unrepining mood among her children, and presents them morning and evening, as purity—is the proudest dame, and the bliss of a happy home shall dwell with her forever. If one prospect be dearer than another to bend the proud and inspire the broken-hearted—it is for a smiling wife to meet her husband at the door with his host of happy children. How it stirs up the tired blood of an exhausted man when he hears the rush of children upon the staircase—when the crowd and carol of their young voices mix in glad confusion and the smallest mounts and sinks into his arms amidst right mirthful shouts.