

parents of parents who were poor, but who stifled the voice of nature, probably less at the suggestions of poverty, than of a wretched superstition.

From the Calcutta Star.

CAPTURE OF AN ALLIGATOR.

A very large alligator was hooked and safely landed at the Acra Farm. He was deposited in a strong brick building for the night, his execution being put off to the following day that notice might be sent to the curious to attend. At day light, he was waited upon by several gentlemen from the surrounding country, who paid their respects to the top of the walls that confined him, and appeared very much affected with delight at the prospect before them of a little sport. The alligator was lying on his belly, with his disproportioned legs extended, and might have been conveniently measured in all his proportions, but it was thought as well to put off the exact tenacity of life in the amphibious monster had been ascertained. The hook, which was a single barb and straight shank, about eleven inches long, had entered the back part of the right upper jaw, and passing round the cheek bone, came out above the eye; thus he never could have escaped, but by the hook straightening or the rope giving way. It may be mentioned that the hook above described is far preferable to the small, grapple-shaped affair which has been thought necessary for this game. But the probabilities are, that this fellow would have taken any hook, for he was ravenous, and it was thought necessary even to float the bait, but drawing it a few feet out of the water on the mud, two hands were left to watch and report progress. While all was quiet, he came straight at it, and made no bones about it. The word was passed, and by the time he had rolled himself over and over two or three times, some fifty hands were hanging on to a two and a half inch rope, and "pull devil, pull baker." was the order of the day, till he was safely hauled—a matter of no slight difficulty, as may be supposed, considering that, with his tail, he could command a range of sixteen or seventeen feet.

He appeared to have remained perfectly motionless during the night, being found in the morning just as he was left at night. It may be mentioned that the off hind leg was gone at the first joint—that is, the foot was wanting, or had, for their extremities are much more like hands than feet. There are five fingers, three of which have large and long nails upon them, and the other two are scaled to the very tip. He was maimed, also, in the near fore flapper, and had evidently been in the wars. They were known to fight desperately with each other about their prey, and this one had been maimed for life without a pension; the stump was well rounded off, and the injury done could not have been a recent one. Some fortnight since, a child was taken away, in the neighborhood, by an alligator, while filling some water vessels, and it was thought not impossible it might be the monster now under sentences.

Gentlemen who amuse themselves with firing ball at this kind of large game may save their powder and lead. The trials made with a rifle show how heavy the odds are against doing anything with them. There was some difference of opinion as to whether a rifle ball would pass through him, supposing it not to strike the scales. The first one fired, with a view to this experiment, entered the side below the strong scales of the back, and the brute took not the slightest notice of it; a second, near the same spot, seemed not to trouble him in the least; neither of them passed through; they were fired from a distance of not more than ten feet. He was now stirred up in the rear with a long pole, and he turned upon his adversary with a ferocity that was terrific. People talk of alligators not being able to turn easily; he was round with the rapidity of a fish; the report when he opened his jaws to their full extent and closed them in his rage, was incredibly loud, and gave a tolerable idea of the enormous power of the jaws. A third shot was now fired with the view of finishing him, if possible, and the aim was behind the large raised scales, at the extreme end of the head, so as to break the spine. This would appear to have been done for he turned upon his back, and did not again recover his position. After a fourth ball, and a most careful search for his heart with a bayonet and a spear, a rope was passed over him, and he was dragged out, giving ever and anon, sufficient warning of the propriety of standing aloof; a fifth ball in the spine appeared to settle him.

On passing the tape along his back, he measured to a nicety 18 feet 6 inches; but his tail, too, had been curtailed, 18 inches less than was caught in the same place about three years ago, and of which a very perfect skeleton was made on the farm, taken to England by Mr. Waterhouse, and deposited in a museum in Yorkshire. With a heavy axe he was now divided just about his hind legs. The next process was an interesting one—an examination of the stomach. It contained little: portions of the skull of a child, the thigh bones, some smaller ones, and the bones of one hand; a quantity of straw, a huge ball of hair, about four feet of inch-rope, and six or eight bangles, two or three of which were silver. Having cut off the head and weighed it, it was found to be, to an ounce, two hundred weight. The muscular action in the tail-end, about six or seven feet, was extraordinary; for, on inserting a knife to expose the fat, which here lies in thick layers, the whole mass, saving only the chump, was thrown into violent motion; and after performing several gyrations almost on end, struck the earth with extraordinary violence; this was the effect of every insertion of the knife, and it could not have been less than

an hour after it was severed from the body. The head was 5 feet 8 inches round the jaws, and 3 feet 6 inches long. It is cleaned and preserved. The fat from the body was carefully taken off by native operators, it being highly valued as an external application for themselves, &c.

From the New York Whig Almanac.

SCRAPS

A Blunt Epitaph.—In Leton churchyard, Bedfordshire, an uncourty voice from the dead to the living speaks as follows:—

Reader! I have left a world in which I had much to do, Sweating and fretting to get rich: Just such a fool as you.

A Man without Money, and a heart full of philanthropy, whose coat is a little thread bare, is shunned like a thief; a man with a pocket full of money and heart full of villany, is courted for his virtues!

When is a lady like a trout? When she takes a Fly that brings her to the bank.

There are two important eras in the life of a woman—one when she wonders who she will have, the other when she wonders who will have her.

Plutarch used to say, that men of small capacities put into great places, were like statues set upon great pillars, are made to appear the less by their advancement.

A country boy being asked the other day what was meant by Universal Suffrage, instantly replied: "Why it means that every man should suffer alike."

How to Choose a Wife.—Lay a broomstick in her way—if she steps over it, don't take her, if she picks it up and puts it carefully away, or sets to work with it, take her if you can get her.

Advice Gratis.—Shut your eyes to the faults of others, and open them very wide to your own. Stop your ears while gossips and slanderers are speaking of others; take away your forefingers to listen to the voice of friendly admonition.

Literary.—A young man came into our office last week and inquired if we printed Bibles here.—We told him we could print Bibles if he chose. "Wall," said he, "I thort so, coz I saw sumthin' about 'Job' on the sign."

Red Hair.—I admire red hair—not your "golden locks" which poets sing of, though I question if ever they beheld them—but your bright red hair, as red as Maelzel's conflagration. There is something brilliant in such a head—depend upon it, its wearer is a genius, fortune favors him, for, as the poet has it, "eternal sunshine settles on his head." Red hair has a martial air about it, particularly if it be set off by red whiskers. Mars had a red shock I am convinced.

What wig is it a barber cannot make? A car-whig.

You may be sure that a man is your enemy when he tries to place you in a position where you must unavoidably make yourself ridiculous.

Marriage is a feast where the "grace" is sometimes better than the "dinner."

Wants for the Year 1844.—More industry, and less idleness; more economy, and less extravagance; more honest men than rogues; more money than credit; more shirts than ruffles; more morality than grogshops; more mechanics than dandies; more stocking yarn than street yarn; more stability than excitability; more education than ignorance; more laborers than loungers.

"I say, Jack, how do dem taters turn out dis year?" "Well," Cuff, de am berry much like do long hair gemma, all top, no bottom."

Francis I. being desirous to raise one of the most learned men of the age to the highest dignities of the church, asked him if he was of noble descent. "Your majesty," answered the abbot, "there were three brothers in Noah's ark, and I cannot tell positively from which I am descended."

Satire is a sort of glass, wherein a beholder generally discovers every body's face but his own; which is the chief reason for that kind of reception it meets in the world, and that so very few of its victims are offended with its point.

From the London Punch.

PUNCH ON THE MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE.

There are certain "Miseries of Human Life" which are no joke to any body, as Gout, Rheumatism, Tic Dououreux, Plague, Pestilence, Famine, Law Rates, and Texas.

Human life has other miseries, the acuteness of which is enhanced by the amusement which they afford to everybody but the sufferer.

We quite agree, with Wordsworth, that it is wrong to derive pleasure from the "sorrow of the meanest thing that breathes." To the benevolent mind, the common informer, being pumped upon, must appear an object of pity. Alas! there are few such minds.

The nipping blast of March has bitten the nose of Loveliness. Its alabaster is changed to beet root. Uttering Levity titters at the sight, but Tenderness is agonised with the pretty victim.

How sorry would any of us feel, on going to an evening party with a violent catarrh, to find that his pocket had been picked of his handkerchief. But whither could he turn for sympathy and pity? A general roar ensues,

which his blushes and confusion only aggravate.

Why isn't a boy like a pretty bonnet? Because one becomes a woman, the other don't.

"Father," enquired an intelligent lad, "what does the Printer live on," "why, my son" "Because you take the paper every week, and you say you have not paid him for years."

New Works.

From Sylvester Sound, the Somaambulist.

THE FATOMER.

The pagans had a little swell whom they called the god of laughter. His name was Comus, and he was fat, as a perfectly natural matter of course. He didn't do much—but, notwithstanding, in his day, he was popular among the pagans. Very good. Now, there are, of course, various species of laughter. There's the natural laugh, the hysterical laugh, the hypocritical laugh, and the laugh of the idiot; but the natural laugh is the only laugh which springs absolutely from pleasure. Comus had a natural laugh, and he was, therefore, fat. Why, what an immense field does this open for the philanthropist to contemplate! Caesar—who wasn't a fool—didn't like Cassius because he was lean. If this and that be put together, to what will they amount! Momus—not Comus, but Momus—ensured Vulcan for making a man without a window in his breast, that his ill designs and treacheries might be seen, which was all very well; but what necessity, even in that poetic age, would there have been for this window, had a social and political Fatometer obtained? And how infinitely more valuable would it be now—how society would be simplified by virtue of its introduction! Fat is the natural fruit of laughter: natural laughter springs from pleasure; pleasure is derived from happiness: happiness from goodness, and goodness comprehends all the virtues. That is one side of the question: now look at the other. Who ever saw a really laughter-loving man thin? No one. And why? Because laughter opens the shoulders—expands the chest—strengthens and increases the size of the lungs, and thus generates fat. Leanness, then, denotes the absence of laughter; the absence of laughter, the absence of pleasure; the absence of pleasure, the absence of happiness; the absence of happiness, the absence of goodness; and the absence of goodness, the absence of all the virtues. Who—had they been contemporaries—who would not have trusted Daniel Lambert—a man of one—doesn't know—how—many—stone—in preference to Monsieur—what was his name—the Living Skeleton? Let a Fatometer be established, that the amiable fat ones may be crested, and the treacherous lean ones avoided! Let a standard of fat be fixed: and, as the craft and designing can never hope to reach it, society will be all the purer.

PATIENCE.

What an admirable attribute is patience. How sweet are its influences—how softening its effects. In the hour of affliction, how beautiful, how calm, how serene, how sublime is patience! Behold the afflicted, racked with pain, from which Death alone can relieve them. By what are they sustained but by that sweet patience which springs from faith and hope! Patience, ever lovely, shows loveliest then. But who ever met with passive patience co-existing with active suspense? We may endure affliction the most poignant with patience—but we cannot with patience endure suspense. The knowledge of the worst that can befall us, may be borne with patience—but patience will hold no communion with our ignorance of that which we are ardently anxious to know. Aunt Eleanor, for example, had she known that the smalls had been put into the pickle-tub by the cook, and that Judkins had upset the things in the parlour—nay, had she even known that Mr Pokey and his companions, or any other gentleman and his companions, had entered the cottage—she would have endured that knowledge with patience; but as she was utterly ignorant of everything connected with the origin of these mysterious proceedings—as she neither knew what had induced them, nor had the power even to guess the cause to which alone they could have been fairly ascribed—patience was altogether out of the question. Hers was essentially a state of suspense with which patience had nothing whatever to do. Still it was, notwithstanding this, all very well for her reverend friend to recommend it: it was his province to do so; for having studied deeply the Book of Job, he held patience to be one of the sublimest virtues. It is true—quite true—that he hadn't much himself. But then look at his position. He had to read two sermons every week of his life; and his sermons cost him a guinea per dozen! Such a man could not rationally be expected to have patience. Nor, indeed, have men in general, much. The women are the great cards for patience. Hence it is that they are so frequently termed ducks; seeing that, as ducks, when they are hatching, sit upon their eggs a whole month, they are the legitimate emblems of patience. But men are not ducks.

A PICTURE OF LIFE.

Upon those who live in the midst of excitement, who not only see the world's buffets themselves, but see the world buffeting around them—whose lives are one perpetual struggle—whose career is a series of ups and downs—who are constantly compelled to be on the qui vive—who, from morning till night, and from year to year, are engaged in overcoming these barriers by which their progress in life is impeded—who, either to amass wealth, or to gain a mere subsistence, have their minds continually on the stretch—who are surrounded by difficulties springing, not only from honorable competition, but from trickery, malignity, and envy—who are thwarted at every step—who are opposed at every point, and have to dodge through the world, which is to them one huge labyrinth, out of which they scarcely know how to get with honor—troubles of an unimportant caste make but little impression, for they really have not time to think much about them; but they, whose lives are passed in an almost perpetual calm—who live but to live—who have a competence which secures to them comfort—who have nothing but tranquillity around them—nothing to prepare for in this world but the next—whose course is clear, whose career is smooth—who experience neither ups nor downs—who live on and on, in the spirit of peace, hoping for peace hereafter—who know but little of life or its vicissitudes—who have nothing to oppose their progress—no difficulties to surmount, no barriers to break down, no competition to encounter, no struggling, no straining, no manoeuvring—they magnify every cause of vexation by dwelling upon it, brooding over it, and making it the germ of a thousand conceptions, as if anxious to ascertain what monstrous fruit can thus be imagined to bear.

REFLECTIONS.

Oh, how easily are we elevated—how easily are we depressed—and when analysed, what puppets we appear, not always the puppets of others, but frequently our own—acting by virtue of the very strings which we pull—the creatures of the very circumstances of which we are the creators—but at all times puppets. It is strange that the human mind—which is often so powerful in its resistance to oppression, so strict in its adherence to principle, so firm in its pursuit of all that is noble, just, virtuous, and true, should be swayed by mere trifles; yet, while possessing all the elements of strength, so it is. A single word may cause our spirits either to raise or to sink; a mere thought of our own may either plunge us into despair, or place us upon the very apex of hope. A cork at sea is more constant than we are; the under currents may swell and roll, but it still retains its position on the surface; whereas, we are the sport of every wave—the slightest ripple may upset us. No matter how strong the mind may be wrought upon by trifles. Men scale a mountain and stumble over a brick. We are not, it is true, all equally sanguine; but when we are depressed, how soon may we be elated, and how frequently are we, by virtue of viewing the veriest bubbles which Hope can blow. At such a time that which is nothing per se, may be made to amount to a great deal per saltum.

From a Christmas Carol, in Prose. By Charles Dickens.

CHRISTMAS MORNING.

They stood in the city streets on Christmas morning, where [for the weather was severe] the people made a rough, but brisk and not unpleasant music, in scraping the snow from the pavement in front of their dwellings, and from the tops of their houses, whence it was mad delight to the boys to see it come jumping down into the road below; and splitting into artificial little snow storms.

The house fronts looked black enough, and the windows blacker, contrasting with the smooth, white sheet of snow upon the roofs and with the dirtied snow upon the ground; which last deposit had been ploughed up into deep furrows, by the heavy wheels of carts and waggons; furrows that crossed and recrossed each other hundreds of times where the great streets branched off, and made intricate channels, hard to trace, in the thick yellow mud and icy water.

The sky was gloomy, and the shortest streets were choked up with a dense mist, half thawed, half frozen, whose heavier particles descended in a shower of sooty atoms, as if all the chimneys in Great Britain had, by one consent, caught fire, and were blazing away to their dear hearts content. There was nothing very cheerful in the climate or the town, and yet there was an air of cheerfulness abroad that the clearest summer air, and the brightest summer sun might have endeavored to diffuse in vain.

For the people who were shovelling away on the housetops were jovial and full of glee, calling out to one another from the parapets; and now and then exchanging a facetious snow-ball—better natured missile far than many a worthy jest—laughing heartily if it went right, and not less heartily if it went wrong. The poulterers' shops were still half open, and the fruiterers' were radiant in their glory. There were great, round, pot-bellied baskets of chestnuts, shaped like the waistcoats of jolly old gentlemen, lolling at the doors, and tumbling out into the street, in their apoplectic opulence. There were ruddy, brown-faced, broad-girthed Spanish onions, shining in the fatness of their growth like Spanish friars; and winking from their shelves in wanton slyness at the girls as they went by, and glanced demurely at the hung-up mistletoe. There were pears and apples, clustered high in blooming pyramids; there were bunches of grapes, made in the shopkeepers' benevolence, to dangle from conspicuous hooks, that people's mouths might water gratis as they passed; there were piles of filberts, mazy and brown, recalling, in their fragrance, ancient walks among the woods, and pleasant shuffling, ankle deep, through withered leaves,—there were Norfolk biffins, squab and swarthy, setting off the yellow of the oranges and lemons, and, in the compactness of their juicy persons, urgently entreating and beseeching to be carried home, in paper bags, and eaten after dinner. The very gold and silver fish, set forth among these choice fruits in a bowl, the members of a dull and stagnant blooded race,