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"I don't know how, I'm sure," returned the old lady, "but it sounds just like our old horse; and if it isn't he, it must be his amputation, that's all!"

The good woman means apparition. But while the worthy couple were yet talking, the same noise was heard again, and in the most piteous tones of a suffering horse. The Colonel was no believer in ghosts, but the neighing was too much like that of his old favourite to be any longer disregarded. He got up and went to the door, and there—what a sight for sore eyes!—he saw indeed the very identical old horse, shivering in the night air, and looking most reproachfully into his master's face. The heart of the old Revolutionary smote him—for it was now apparent that the poor beast had never been dead—but only dead—drunk—and that he had acted with the greatest precipitancy in divesting him of his skin.

What was to be done? The horse begged most piteously, in such language as he could use, and asked, as plainly as a dumb beast could, to have his skin put on again. The old lady was consulted, and being very handy with her needle, she readily sowed the hide on again, which being still moist, soon grew as fast as ever to the flesh of the animal, which lived seven years afterwards—and never again was guilty of eating rum cherries.—*N. Y. Constellation.*

Springapam.—When the Panorama of this celebrated city was exhibiting in London, a country bumpkin reading the inscription in front of the building, asked a person near him "what wurr' price to zee th' sight?" The other, being something of a punster, replied, "Don't you see you are invited in gratis; does it not say 'Sir, in, gape ad'm.'—*[Liverpool Mercury.]*

THE RIOTS.—We stated in our last, that we doubted not but that the alarming accounts from London were greatly exaggerated. The whole turns out to be one of the most ridiculous farces that ever was enacted; and which only would have excited merriment and been suitably punished by caricature, had not the country been degraded abroad, and the property of many innocent persons sacrificed at home. That there was not the slightest ground for political alarm; nor the least evidence of conspiracy and combined seditious movement, is now clear. The whole has passed off, and the London papers tell us that the streets had become as quiet as usual; and that even the angry excitement produced in the city by disappointment, the absolute annihilation of the high-day of Cockney glory, produced nothing, even on the night of Lord Mayor's Day, but a few collections of noisy rabble, without arms, without a plan of operation, or any thing indicative of political disaffection, and that the whole ended with a few trifling skirmishes with the police, and a few, and but a few, broken windows. From the report of a meeting of the London Common Council, we also perceive that Alderman Venables stated, "that of the sixteen or seventeen persons brought before him as sitting magistrates at Guildhall charged with having been concerned in the riots of Tuesday night, not one person could be proved, after the most careful enquiry, to have joined in the riots from a political motive." These are curious facts, and we are interested in them, because we and all other country people have a right to ask, why we were thrown into a state of alarm so serious and yet so utterly groundless? In our view, the chief blame of the whole rests with Ministers, and the whole proves against them either a contemptible dereliction of duty, or the greatest imbecility.—*Liverpool Courier.*

We learn from Copenhagen, that an expedition which sailed from that port in May last, succeeded in reaching the eastern coast of Greenland, where some Norwegian colonists settled eight centuries ago, and to which all access had been prevented by the ice. The expedition found there the descendants of the primitive colonists, who still profess Christianity, which was carried thither by their forefathers; their language is that of the Norwegians of the tenth century.

and was perfectly horrified by the assertion of the admiral, that, if he had ever come athwart the noble Conrad in a cruise, he would have strung him up at the yard-arm, without judge or jury. She was of a somewhat romantic temperament, and in these days of peace, more or less, once in their lives, and twice if they remain single, namely, at fifteen and five-and-forty.

At the conclusion of the war, Sir Benjamin was of course laid up in ordinary; so he betook himself to the country, purchased a snug estate, and commenced farmer. To most other occupations men deem it requisite to serve some sort of apprenticeship; but agriculture, it would seem, is the simplest thing in life, as it is only to put the seed into the ground, and wait patiently until it comes up.

The admiral was very successful in the character of a farmer, and never lost, upon the average, more than five hundred a-year, besides the interest of the capital invested; in return for which, however, he had the pleasure of eating bread from his own corn, for it was never marketable, and killing his own mutton, which he usually contrived to do by allowing his sheep to feed upon rape until they were blown and died of the vertigo.

It happened, one day, that Europa had prevailed upon Sir Benjamin, and his lady to accompany her in a botanical expedition, and, as the plant she was in quest of was not to be found in their own fields, they ventured into the paddock of their neighbour, where they were so fortunate as to meet with the object of their search. The young lady was in the act of descending on the peculiarities of the plant, and astonishing her papa, who had, all his life, been accustomed to call a cabbage a cabbage, by her scientific phraseology, when they were started by a sound as of distant thunder, and looking up, perceived, within a few yards of them, a bull, with a neck as thick as a windlass, lowering its head, and scraping to them in the politest manner possible.

"Without waiting to learn the purport of his embassy, the ladies took to their heels and the admiral to his crutches, and started off, in the true *saute piquet* fashion, Europa, in particular, in spite of her romantic propensities, having no ambition to fulfil the destinies of her classical namesake. The bull, indignant, perhaps, at the unceremonious manner in which his advances were treated, pursued the fugitives at the top of his speed. At this juncture, Europa, Ropy's dog, with a courage bordering rather on rashness than on size, made a furious attack upon the common enemy, and effected a momentary diversion in their favour; though, poor dog! diversion it was none to him, for the bull caught him on his horns, and tossed him up to the sky, where, I presume, he was made a constellation, in reward of his fidelity, for my informant does not state that he ever came down again.

"The object to which the trio directed their speed was a stile, at one end of the field, over which Lady Boreas, contrived to scramble, and got a soft tumble in a muddy lane on the opposite side. Her daughter, however, was not blessed with her mother's luck, for, in her eagerness to get to her father's crutch, the good ship Europa capsized, and came down upon her beam-ends, having previously carried away her head-gear. Meanwhile the admiral, although he, at last, reached the stile, was unable to get over it, and stood, with his wooden leg stuck out at a right angle with his body, in an agony of wrath and fear, and devoutly wishing buty at Butany Bay. The bull, having provided for Caesar's apotheosis, was rapidly bearing down upon them, when, at that critical moment, Hope hove in sight, in the person of a dairy-maid; and not more welcome was the goddess, who, in the days of Troy, descended upon the battle plain to snatch her offspring from his victorious foe, than was Deborah to the admiral. The cream of milk-maid saw his danger from some distance, and, fearing that, by the aid of two legs, she might not arrive on the field of action in time for the rescue, despatched a messenger on three, in the shape of her milking-stool, which being addressed, if not to the bull's reason, to the seat of it, struck him directly between the horns, and caused such a confusion in his ideas, that, before he could arrange them, the knight and his daughter effected their passage over the stile; and thus an admiral of the Blue, and a Knight Grand Cross, who had distinguished himself in thirteen engagements, was indebted for his ignominious safety to a milk-maid.

"Indeed, so little desirous was Sir Benjamin that this anecdote should be appended to the catalogue of his exploits, that who else slipped a couple of guineas into Deborah's hand, by way of salvage, he took occasion to insinuate that the merit of a good deed, is considerably enhanced by the secrecy of the performer; a hint which, to the honour of her gratitude and discretion be it recorded, was not thrown away upon the damsel, who imparted the occurrence to only three persons, of whom I had the distinguished good fortune to be one."

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