The Colonial Herald.

ELOPEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

(From the Leeds Times.)

Somewhere about nine months ago, a gentleman named Charles Brook, Esq., a wealthy American merchant, retired from the toils of business, and, returning to his native country, took up his residence among his relatives, in the beautiful village of Mirfield. The family consists of himself, his wife, and two daughters, the eldest of whom is the heroine of the present eventful story. Attached to the establishment was a young man named Benjamin Hall; he is nearly twenty years of age, and was employed in the character of boots, occasional groom, &c. Miss Brook is twenty-three years old, and it appears that for a considerable time a latent passion for young Benjamin had been growing within her bosom, which gradually increased with the growth of time, so that whenever he was engaged at his occupation in the yard, she placed herself at one of the windows, and never left it until he had finished and departed from her sight. The artless and unsophisticated youth of course neither knew nor suspected the nature of the cogitations which prompted her to watch him. On the contrary, he had often been heard to complain of her conduct, because, said he, "it seemed as if he could not do his duty without being watched." Finding that the pleasing rustic was wholly insensible to the language of her eyes, our indomitable heroine resolved to seek a private interview, and sound his heart:—

"And if an infant passion struggled there,
To call that passion forth."

This interview, and a series of others, it may be easily conceived, were not long delayed. Benjamin most willingly reciprocated, and at length the wedding was proposed. Here, however, he hesitated, and for a time his courage failed him. He feared, perhaps, it would be taken amiss,—the master might be offended, and then he would lose his place. Such fears, it is needless to say, were speedily removed or mollified, and the *ultimatum* was, that he consented to be hers for better and for worse. She, therefore, furnished him with the means, and on Saturday week he went to Dewsbury and purchased the marriage license. On Sunday evening, the day following, Miss Brook took an airing in the phæton alone, her Adonis being the driver; here the license was duly conned over, and it was finally arranged that the marriage should take place on Tuesday the 2d instant.

Early in the morning of that memorable day, they accordingly arose; Benjamin with his fair one's assistance, prepared a horse and gig from his master's stables, into which they sprang like lightning, and drove off about four o'clock by a circuitous route to the ancient village of Bristal, unperceived by any of the family or servants. They arrived at the Black Bull Inn a little before seven o'clock, where they remained till eight; they then proceeded to the church, and the marriage was duly solemnised by the Reverend W. Heald, the vicar. After the ceremony was over, they again returned to the Black Bull Inn. In the meantime, the family at Mirfield arose as usual, and seated themselves at the breakfast table, but the young lady's place was empty; a maid was therefore dispatched to her lodging-room to fetch her, but instead of bringing Miss Brook, she brought the following note from her dressing-table:—"Dear Mamma—Pray don't be alarmed, I am only gone to get married!" This, of course, put the whole house in a ferment, and Messrs. George Mitchell of the Yew Tree, —— Fearnsides, and Fairburn, and other neighbours, were called in and sent in quest of the fugitives. Bristal, being about three miles distant, was thought to be the destination of the lovers. Mr. Mitchell arrived first, on horseback, and, proceeding to the Black Bull Inn, found them in the travellers' room. The bridegroom bid him "Good morning," and observed, "Had you been here half an hour ago, you would have been just in time for the wedding." "What!" said he in a rage, "is it over?" and darting out of the room went to the vicar to ascertain the fact. Mr. Heald assured him that it was true, remarking, "I have only just returned from the church;" and "cannot you undo what you have done?" "No, sir," observed Mr. Heald, smiling, "if I could do so I should have plenty of work!" Mr. M. then returned to the inn, where he found the other gentlemen, who had arrived in a phaeton. An attempt was then made to part those whom "God had joined together," by giving the bridegroom into custody on the charge of stealing the horse and gig!—This was too much for the young lady's equanimity. She then stood forth, and said in a tone of great anger: "No, Gentlemen; Benjamin is *now* my husband; he was then my father's servant, and in taking the horse and gig he only obeyed my commands!" Then, turning to her husband, and presenting him with her gold watch and purse, said, "Here, take those, they might as well charge you with stealing them." The charge then of course fell to the ground, and all parties for several hours sat in sullen and rigid silence, save the sighs and sobbings of the afflicted lady. At length Benjamin, whom we shall call Mr Hall, rose and said to his wife and his brother (a minor, who had been engaged to give the lady in marriage), "Come, let us now go home." Upon which Mr. Fearnsides exclaimed, in a frantic manner, "If you attempt to move, I will shoot you!"—and "If you attempt to do that," said Mr. Hall's brother, "I will knock you down," accommodating his fist to the expression; and again all became seated and silent. While things remained in this state, the young lady's father (who had only just returned from Liverpool) arrived at the inn. Upon his entering the room, Mrs. Hall immediately rose, and, curtseying, seized him by the hand; and after complaining bitterly of the conduct of the individuals present, stated her warm attachment to her Benjamin. After Mrs. Hall had done speaking, all again became silent for a considerable time. At length some refreshments were ordered, and a more conciliatory policy adopted. It was ultimately and mutually agreed that they should all return to Mirfield, and see if they could not accommodate matters. Accordingly, at night, the horses, phæton and gig were brought out, and the party started off for Mirfield, Mr. Hall being between two of the gentlemen in the phæton, and Mrs. Hall being between the other two in the gig. They arrived at Mirfield at ten o'clock, and the phæton turned up the road leading to Mr. Brook's residence; at this moment Mr. Hall turned his head, and perceived that the gig, containing his lady, was proceeding at a rapid rate on the road towards Huddersfield; upon which he sprung from between his companions and crossed the field to overtake the gig, and as he approached he called out "Whoa, whoa," and the horse, knowing the voice of its former indulgent keeper, immediately stood still, and obstinately refused to budge. The young lady's keepers, hearing Mr. Hall approach, took her from the gig into an adjoining house (Mr. Shaw's), her indignant husband following, and fighting his way through the door and passage of the house. They, however, managed to cause him to be obstructed and detained while they got her through the window, screaming piteously, and placed her again in the gig, and drove off. In half-an-hour Mr. Hall was turned out of the house, and knowing that his wife had recently been on a visit to Mr. Kilner's, at the Carr House, Huddersfield, he therefore proceeded on foot, and arrived at the Carr House a little after midnight. He repeatedly paced the front of the house, and was perceived. Soon after two o'clock on Wednesday morning, a gig, containing two men and a female, drove from the yard, and Mr. Hall ran and seized the horse by the reins; two of the Huddersfield watchmen were called and feed to take him off, and hold him while the gig got away. They did so, but two other individuals coming up, and being informed of the cause of his being detained, they attacked the watchmen, a scuffle ensued, and ultimately Mr. Hall was released, when he immediately set off in the direction the gig had taken. He, however, never overtook them, nor was he able to trace them through any of the toll gates, and it has since been ascertained that the female in the gig was not his wife, but only one of Mr. Kilner's servants, who was placed there in order to decoy him from the premises. It was also discovered that a chaise conveyed Mrs. Hall from Huddersfield to Manchester, at midnight, on Thursday week, when it was observed that the individuals who had charge of her had hard work to pacify her. This circumstance reached the ears of Mr. Hall, and he started at ten o'clock on Friday night from Mirfield, by omnibus, to Huddersfield, and from thence, in company with two friends, by gig, to Manchester. They then proceeded by the first train on Saturday morning to Liverpool; owing, however, to his inexperience and mismanagement, he returned home on Wednesday last, without having accomplished the object of his mission. An eminent solicitor, however, has now taken his case in hand, and, if the young lady is not produced in a few days, it is more than probable that legal proceedings will be commenced against the parties implicated in her abduction. We understand that the young lady possesses from fifteen thousand pounds to twenty thousand pounds, bequeathed to her by a deceased uncle in America, and independently of her father. It is supposed, by those most competent to form an opinion, that she is either in the Isle of Man, or has been shipped off to America. Her relations, however, refuse to give any information, consequently it remains an absolute mystery.

THE NIGHT-CAB.

[From Bentley's Miscellany.]

"Now, sir, if *you please*! cab, sir, cab!" exclaimed the driver of No. 370 *odd*, in a voice that seemed the peculiar compound of gin and bad weather. I answered the man's appeal by a nod, and No. 370 odd was presently drawn up to a close parallel with the curb-stones. A fellow with a waddling run came bustling up, his body and arms shuffling about with an activity that seemed impatient to anticipate his legs, which were none the fleeter for a pair of wooden-soled shoes. He was the waterman of the stand, and immediately put in his oar. 'Come, old un, you take and mind the hoss, and *I'll* let *the job* in." "The job," in so far as it consisted of the two ladies who were with me, (my wife and sister,) was forthwith let in; while I mounted the box of the cab, adjusted a woollen comforter round my neck, closed up the breast-work of my great-coat, and put a friend into my mouth, in the shape of a cigar, which soon afterwards burned to do me service, and finally (by the way) exhausted itself in my behalf. During these preliminaries, my previous doubts would not be wholly silent. From the stand to the farther end of the Mile-end-road, which was the place of our destination, seemed rather a long pull under existing circumstances. "Can I depend upon you to take us safely?" inquired I of the driver, as he settled himself at my side, and took the stunted whip and flabby reins into his gloveless hands. "D'ye think I am too old, then?" answered the man, in a tone of some little asperity. "Nay," said I, "we'll say nothing about that. But the animal and the carriage—*they* certainly do appear to be considerably the worse for wear." "Pretty well for a night-cab, sir," replied he, with an emphasis as distinctive as his foggy utterance could manage. "There's plenty of go in it yet, master, though it ain't jest the dandy thing," observed the waterman, shutting one eye, and with the other appearing to consider curiously our turn-out, while his hands rested upon his hips, and his mouth took its own private diversion by performing the office of a squirt. We moved off at a very tardy rate, though I soon discovered that any pace at which we could go, with such a vehicle, must be a rattling one. The poor horse—a piece of half-animated frame-work, an article in osteology with a skin cover—was a moving object in the sense of passion still more than of action. The whip could not accelerate his course; it served only to galvanise his body,—for one of his legs was so lame, that it acted as a drag upon the other three, and kept down to a very low mark the maximum of his speed. In his efforts to get forward, his long ridgy back heaved painfully up and down, an epitome of the mountain in labour. His irregular deviations from right to left showed that he was what is called groggy—drunk with excess of toil. It was evident that the poor creature had long since gone through the whole duty of a horse; but life and labour are inseparable ideas in relation to horses; these noble animals, like the followers of Wallace, must "do or die." At length my fears with respect to the quadruped were somewhat abated, and I turned a closer attention to the charioteer. He was a man who must have seen more than sixty winters. His spare figure was inclined to stoop; and his face, forlorn and haggard, was seamed with strong lines, all pulling downwards, the way of the grave. His coarse great-coat hung closely upon him, the worst of misfits, and was mended up in sundry places with patches a shade or two darker than itself, as if to distinguish how much it had been out of repair. The man and the animal seemed altogether so much "of a piece," that they might have been made up into a very good centaur on his last legs. "This is a hard life for you to lead," said I, as I renewed my glance at the poor man by the fitful glare of the gas lights, as we drove by them. "Ay, indeed, it is, sir," replied he. "But I expect nothing better in such a world as this. 'Tis a world for the young, and not for the old." "The world does indeed appear to have treated you, at least, rather shabbily," I observed. "The world! —the world!—I am sick of this blood-sucking world!" exclaimed he, with a bitterness to which the peculiar huskiness of his voice gave a strange effect; "but it will all be over soon. I shall drop into my hole of earth, and then it will be all—" "One!" said the solemn tone of St. Paul's clock, filling up the pause with singular and startling aptitude. We graduated onwards through Cheapside, the small but close rain drifting against us continually with an insinuation not to be evaded. Our situation was uncomfortable enough; but I felt by this time my curiosity and sympathy strongly aroused towards the blighted being who sat by my side,—a specimen of the human structure in ruins. The declamatory burst which had suddenly come forth from the depths of his dejection showed him to be too sensitive in feelings for an ordinary cabman, to whom, in general, the habit of life supplies a pretty tough defence against the shocks of the world. I put a few questions to him, and the interest expressed in them presently drew from him an outline of his chequered career. "Sir," said he, "ten years ago I was a commercial man of the most respectable standing—one of the principal sugar-brokers in Mincing-lane. I was enabled to live at a handsome rate, kept my house on Clapham-rise, and hospitably entertained my friends—*friends*! that word seems to blister my tongue while I speak it. I speculated largely for a rise in the market, and was induced to venture everything upon what seemed the strongest of probabilities. Sugars fell—and I was undone. My dinner companions—I had taken them at their own valuation, and thought them bound to me for ever—deserted me as hastily as if I had been struck with the plague. I was then past fifty years of age, and had to begin life again, as it were, at that unseasonable time. Those who had advised me to my ruin, shunned me the most: I could get no assistance from friends, so I tried slighter connexions and common acquaintance, persons who had never borrowed my money, nor planted their legs under my table. These did what they could for me in the way of recommendation to employment, for I was fain to turn clerk, and drudge for a maintenance; but the pressure of misfortune tried me heavily. I was found fault with by my principals for being slow, very slow, and I was sometimes flatly informed that I was too old. After shifting about for several years from pillar to post, from one counting-house to another, at a salary decreasing as my age advanced, I came to a stand-still in that line, and got into another employ as warehouse-man in a silk-house in the city. I couldn't long keep that, however, for I was parted with in favour of a younger and more active man. At last I was obliged to take up with a ticket-porter's situation; but I found little to carry in the way of burthen, except myself, for people generally selected the stouter and younger sort before me. The next thing I fell into was the place of conducter to an omnibus; but I was not able to make much of such a rough-and tumble sort of life as that. Well, sir, I was unable to keep along with the bus; the time-keeper thought I was too old, and the proprietor agreed with him; and so I was taken off the step. What was I to do? I wandered up and down, sometimes half-famished, and seeking everywhere to obtain work. I tried to get put upon a cab; none of the cab-masters would set me upon their work. I was not eligible for day-driving. At last, after hard entreaty, I got leave to work with a night-cab. The worst of carriages, and the worst of cattle, are thought good enough for a night-cab; and a broken-down broker is, of course, good enough for the driver of one; yet I do confess, sir, that it adds one pang more to the list of my sufferings to find myself obliged to wring out the dregs of life, drop by drop, as it were, from such an animal as this. It seems like retaliating my own treatment upon a dumb creature. There is one remembrance that sometimes comforts me a bit, when I look back upon the past. Sir, I had a wife,—she has not lived to see my decline, and to share its privations and its bitterness." A strange history, thought I, and yet, in its nature, not an isolated one. Amid the trading-concerns of this huge mart of the world, this leviathan London, not a few are the instances in which "vaulting ambition doth o'erleap itself," and comes down, utterly broken by the fall. Little account is taken of those who are thus prostrated,—for the eye of society is fixed eagerly on the successful; but, could the career of these rash unfortunates be duly traced out in its sequel, how many of them should we discover to be slaving in our streets, or pining in our workhouses! I could not but feel much commiseration for the case before me. From the topping commercialist to the depressed cabman, what a descent in the ladder of life! I made an observation or two with a view to cheer the spirits of the narrator; but to little purpose. "Sir," said he, "I'll tell you what it is; there is a law wanted—a law, sir, for the sake of humanity; and they shouldn't long wait for it, either, if I had my way." "Nay, observed I, "we have too many laws already; but what should be the purport of the one you propose?" "Why, just this, sir. Every man that comes to the dark side of fifty years, with indifferent health, and no money to fence off beggary with, and make him independent of the world, should be hanged, sir, out of the way—I say hanged!" (Here he made a stamp so impressive upon the footboard, that I verily feared we should lose the support of that uncertain piece of plank.) I attempted to laugh him out of such an idea as this *à priori* method of suppressing misery by strangulation; but I found that on this point the poor man was possessed with a touch of monomania—was riding a grim hobby,—and so I gave up the endeavour. We reached my house at length, and I settled with our desolate driver, slipping into his hand a couple of half-crowns beyond his fare.

The Statistics of Parliament.—The session is at length over, and we are happy to be enabled to give the following statistical information regarding the events by which the first session of conservative rule has been distinguished. The house has sat upwards of 100 days, and has soiled in the same period nearly 600 white waistcoats. Out of more than a thousand speeches, about one-half have sent their hearers to sleep; and of 200 orators, two have been pulled down by their friends to prevent their continuing to make fools of themselves. There have been nearly 30,000 "cheers," and the word "hear" has been repeated so often, that statistical vigilance has been unable to keep pace with it. Of miscellaneous noises there have been six, the two principal of which are crowing like a cock, and braying like an ass; the latter having been the more natural. Of the reports of committees the number has been large, and the result in wastepaper very considerable. Of legislative improvements, two have been partially effected, and 26 have been talked about. There have been, on an average, a thousand white neckcloths, four hundred satin scarfs, sixteen stocks at four-and-six, and one (Mr. Hume's) at two-and-three, in mohair. The majority of the members have worn Wellington Boots; but six have been detected in Clarences, and one in Oxonians.—*Punch.*

In order to enjoy the present, it is necessary to be intent on the present. To be doing one thing, and thinking of another is a very unsatisfactory mode of spending life. Some people are always wishing themselves somewhere but where they are, or thinking of something else than what they are doing, or of some body else than to whom they are speaking. This is the way to enjoy nothing, to do nothing well, and to please nobody. It is better to be interested with inferior persons and inferior things than to be indifferent with the best. A principal cause of this indifference is the adoption of other people's tastes instead of the cultivation of our own; the pursuit after that for which we are not fitted, and to which consequently we are not in reality inclined. This folly pervades, more or less, all classes, arises from the error of building our enjoyment on the false foundation of the world's opinion, instead of being, with due regard to others, each our own world. The hunters after the world's opinion lose themselves in diffusion of society and pursuits, and do not care for what they are doing, but for what will be thought of what they are doing; whereas compactness and independence are absolute essentials to happiness, and compactness and independence are precisely the two things which the generality of mankind most of all neglect, or even frequently study to destroy.

Indian Army.—The warfare of the Indian army at present is no joke. This century has presented before us foes as determined and as brave as any European army that ever took the field. The Rajepoots, the Burmese and the Arabs are about as ugly customers in the way of fighting as the most death-loving soldier could desire. With these the case is one of life or death. No capturing, no quarter is given. If you fall into the hands of the foe, it is not to be shut up in a prison. Your life is instantly taken, and your body left for the benefit of the jackalls, and other beasts of prey. Your memory is soon obliterated—your gallant deeds unsung. No pompous grave-stone tells how you fought and fell. The name of the action in which you met your doom is scarcely demanded even by your nearest relatives; they are content to know that you were "killed somewhere in India." No Peninsula honours, no Waterloo-like medal rewards the hero who is lucky enough to escape from the Eastern wars. The achiever of the most valiant exploits in Asia gains no renown, no fame, for all his bravery, westward of the Cape of Good Hope; and yet, as I said before, he may have gone through scenes of danger which even our boldest troops might well shrink from.—*Bentley's Miscellany.*

Early Rising.—In the will of the late Mr. James Sarjeant, of Leicester, is the following singular clause:—

"As my nephews are fond of indulging themselves in bed in a morning, and as I wish them to prove to the satisfaction of my executors that they have got out of bed in the morning, and either employed themselves in business or taken exercise in the open air, from 5 till 8 o'clock every morning, from the 5th of April to the 10th of October, being three hours each day; and from 7 till 9 o'clock in the morning from the 10th of October to the 5th of April, being two hours every morning; this to be done for some years, during the first seven years to the satisfaction of my executors, who may excuse them in case of illness, but the task must be made up when they are well; and if they will not do this, they shall not receive any share of my property. Temperance makes the faculties clear, and exercise makes them vigorous. It is temperance and exercise united that can alone insure the fittest state for mental or bodily exertion."

Scotch Pride.—A day or two before the Queen's arrival in Edinburgh, a poor old woman, who makes her livelihood by selling fruit in the streets from a basket, was complaining sadly to a lady—"An', mem, d'ye ken that we're not to be allowed to carry our baskets a' the time the Queen's here." The lady explained to her that perhaps the reason for this cruel prohibition might be, that the magistrates wished to hide every symptom of our Scotch poverty from the prying eyes of our rich English visitors. "Eh, mem," said the old Scotchwoman—her eye lighting briskly up, her sharp thin primped Scotch features pursing up with Scotch pride, and her whole tone and manner changed in the moment—"D'ye think that's it? Aweel, if I thocht it was for that, I would rather live on bread and cauld water for a week to come than put a han' to my basket."—*Aberdeen Banner.*

The following sentence from a new medical work is as valuable as it is beautiful:—"Let not the physician, whilst exercising his godlike art, mislead the human spirit: rather let him resemble and become what *Greatheart* was to the pilgrims in the desert, defending them from dangers, vanquishing their fears, elevating their hopes; and finally, when parting with them at the river, directing their view, not to the deceptive light of a sceptical philosophy, but to the angels of hope and mercy, descending to aid them as they buffeted with the billows and stemmed the torrent which rolled betwixt them and the land of glory.—*Rowland East.*

Chinese Barbarity.—An unfortunate seaman of the Cornwallis recently wandered into the hands of a party of Chinese villagers, who immediately cut off his knee-pans, made an incision round each wrist, and stripped the skin off the muscles, up to the elbows, and down off each hand to the finger ends, leaving it dangling. In this condition the poor fellow was abandoned. On his being found, the village was destroyed by the boats of the ship. The man is alive and slowly recovering.—*Hampshire Paper.*

Women's Love of Flowers.—In all countries women love flowers; in all countries they form nosegays of them; but it is only in the bosom of plenty that they conceive the idea of embellishing their dwellings with them. The cultivation of flowers among the peasantry indicates a revolution in all the feelings. It is a delicate pleasure which makes its way through coarse organs; it is a creature whose eyes are opened; it is the sense of the beautiful, a faculty of the soul which is awakened. Man then understands that there is in the gifts of nature a something more than is necessary for existence; colours, forms, odours, are perceived for the first time, and these charming objects have at least spectators. Those who have travelled in the country can testify, that a rose-tree under the window, a honey-suckle around the door of a cottage, are always a good omen to the tired traveller. The hand which cultivates flowers is not closed against the supplications of the poor, or wants of the stranger.

The Most Attractive Magnet of All.—Mr. John Hockings, better known as "the Birmingham Blacksmith," teetotaller lecturer, in the course of a recent address, earnestly besought the women to support the cause, observing that, if they did, the men were sure to follow. He was one day, he said, at a scientific lecture, when the lecturer was dilating upon the attractive powers of the magnet, defying any one to show or name any thing surpassing its powers; he (Mr. H.) accepted the challenge, much to the lecturer's surprise, but he, nevertheless invited Mr. H. on to the platform, when he told the lecturer that Woman was the Magnet of Magnets; for if that loadstone could attract a piece of iron a foot or two, there was a young woman who, when he was a young man, used to *attract him thirteen miles every Sunday, to have a chat with her!*

A Hint to Majesty.—When the Queen was inspecting Austin's cage of curiosities—his harmonious family of cats and rats, owls and mice, hawks and sparrows—Her Majesty anxiously inquired how he preserved the peace among his motley subjects. Austin, having no unpatriotic desire to conceal his secrets from the royal mind, at once replied, "Why, please your Majesty, I treats them kindly; and, above all, *I always keeps their crops full.*" The Queen looked significantly at Sir Robert Peel, and the Premier glanced with equal significance at the author of "Corn and Currency." "You'd better repeal the Corn Laws!" said her Majesty. "I've been thinking so myself," replied Sir Robert.

Relics of Feudalism.—Formerly in 'Merry England' it was not uncommon to treat servants like dogs, by putting collars on their necks, bearing the names of their owners. This practice has long fallen into desuetude:—it has been substituted by distinctive liveries—by green coats, red breeches, heraldic buttons, and other badges of servitude. Party-colours are also fastened on the persons of dependants. Thus, the other day, a rustic carter went into a shop in this country, wearing a red rosette. 'What is the meaning of this?' inquired a shopkeeper, taking hold of the badge. 'Nay, aw din't knaw,' replied the simple serf, 'except it's to let folks see who aw belang te!'—*Gateshead Observer.*

Bachelors.—The mortality of bachelors, from the ages of 30 to 45, is 27 per cent. Of married men of the same ages, 18 per cent. For 41 bachelors who attain the age of 40, there are 78 married men. The difference is more striking as age advances. At the age of 60, there are but 22 bachelors alive for 48 married men; at 70 years, 11 bachelors for 27 married men; and at 80 years, for 3 bachelors there are 9 married men.—*Dr. Caspar, of Berlin.*

Extraordinary Present.—The *New York Herald* of the 15th ult., contains the following extraordinary advertisement:—"Child—To be given away, an interesting and healthy child, aged 14 months; American parents. Any person wishing to adopt a child as their own, will find this a rare opportunity, by addressing a line to A. B., New York, giving address, and when to be called upon."

Which of the Two is Mad.—Were a man every day to throw a purse of money, or even a single guinea, into the sea, he would be looked upon as a madman, and his friends would soon confine him as such. But a *man who throws* away that which is of more value than gold,—*than mines,*—than the whole world,—even his health, *his peace, his* time, and his soul; such an one is admired, esteemed, and applauded by the greater part of mankind.

Liberality.—On Monday last, a lady dropped a gold watch in Castlegate. A little girl who resides at Clifton, near this city, seeing the watch lie, and having observed the lady, ran and picked it up, and followed her to the corner of Lotw Ousegate, where she overtook her, and returned the watch, when she liberally gave her—"Thank thee—it's much fractured!!"—*Yorkshire Gazette.*

Religion in China.—No sabbath is observed by the Chinese, nor is it intimated in their divisions of time. It will, however, be interesting to the Christian world to learn that by some of the Chinese our Saviour is ranked among the number of the gods; while all the better informed classes consider him as a just and perfect man.

A thief was discovered the other day hidden under a bed in a grocer's house, Calton, Glasgow, by means of a cat. Puss was observed to arch her back and thicken her tail into a brush, in anger and alarm at something concealed from view, and upon inquiry a woman was found underneath, a notorious thief, who had been imprisoned five times for robbery.

Mr. Alderman Banister, of Windsor, purveyor of meat to her Majesty, has upon his premises a very extensive well, upwards of 140 feet in depth, which is used for the only purpose of depositing and preserving meat during the heat of summer, which is let down in large buckets or pickling tubs.

A correspondent of the *London Times* suggests that the fire police and water-engines would disperse a mob as effectually as bayonets and bullets, and much less fatally. The plan has been tried once or twice in the streets of Liverpool, with admirable success.

March of Refinement.—A servant maid in a small town in Herefordshire, last week left her situation in consequence of her being incapable of 'reconciling her feelings to the very bad grammar spoken by her mistress.'

"Do you love buttered toast?" asked a gentleman of a lady. "Yes, I do," was the lady's reply. "Buttered on both sides?" "Oh, dear, yes!" "Well, then, we will be married!" "How very nice! yes." Half of what are called love affairs have no higher ground of sympathy than this poor mutual liking for buttered toast.—*Ethel Churchill.*

A boy who is distinguished at school for intense stupidity, either turns out a very clever man, or a confirmed ass: there is no medium. Thomson the poet, Dean Swift, Sam Johnson, Walter Scott, Adam Clarke, &c., when schoolboys, were reckoned the dullest of the dull, and had the reputation of being incorrigible blockheads.

Never praise or talk of your children to other people, for, depend upon it, no person except yourself cares a single farthing about them.

Young women who wish to get married, should set off without delay to Van Dieman's Land or Texas, where, at the present moment, there is a sad deficiency of the fair sex.

Never lend your horse to anybody, though he be your dearest friend. This, however, need not prevent you from borrowing his, if you can get it.

When a man is offended with being called a blockhead, it is a proof that he is so in reality. Clever men only laugh at being so denominated.

Mystery is useful for the purpose of concealing ignorance. If you are consulted on a point of which you are profoundly ignorant, you may often gain the reputation of being perfectly conversant in all its details, by a few mysterious looks, words, and gestures.

The greatest masters in the science of mystery, are lawyers and medical practitioners.

A dashing foreman to certain tailors in Glasgow, dining in a mixed company, wished to impress those present with the immense importance of his services to his employers. "Though I say it, that should not say it," quoth Snip, "if it was not for me, our people could not carry on their business." "I can very well believe you," said one of the party: "I never yet heard of a tailor who could carry on his business without his goose."

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