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"In the year 1800, a labourer dwelling near the town of Athy, county Kildare, (where some of my family still resided:) was walking with his comrade up the banks of the Barrow, to the farm of a Mr Richardson, on whose meadows they were employed to mow: each in the usual Irish way, having his scythe loosely wagging over his shoulder, and lazily lounging close to the bank of the river, they espied a salmon partly hid under the bank. It is the nature of this fish that when his HEAD is concealed, he fancies no one can see his TAIL; (there are many wiseacres of the same way of thinking.) On the present occasion the body of the fish was visible.

'Oh Ned dear!' said one of the mowers, 'look at that big fellow there; is'nt it a pity we han't no spear!'

'May be,' said Ned, 'we could be afther piking the lad with the scythe handle.'

'True for you!' said Dennis; 'the spike of your handle is much longer nor mine; give the fellow a dig with it at any rate.'

'Ay, will I, returned the other; I'll give the lad a pred he'll never forget any how.'

'The spike and their sport was all they thought of; but the BLADE of the scythe which hung over Ned's shoulders, never came into the contemplation of either of them. Ned cautiously looked over the bank; the unconscious salmon lay snug, little imagining the conspiracy that had been formed against his tail.

'Now hit the lad smart!' said Dennis; 'there now—there! rise your fist: now you have the boy! now Ned—success!'

'Ned struck at the salmon with all his might and main, and that was not trifling. But whether the 'boy' was spiked or not never appeared; for poor Ned, bending his neck as he struck at the salmon, placed the vertebræ in a most convenient position for unfurnishing his shoulders; and his head came tumbling into the Barrow, to the utter astonishment of his comrade, who could not conceive how it could DROP OFF so suddenly. But the next minute he had the consolation of seeing the head attended by ONE OF HIS OWN EARS, which had been most dexterously sliced off by the same blow which beheaded his comrade.

'The head and ear rolled down the river in company, and were picked up with extreme horror at the mill-dam near Mr Richardson's by one of the miller's men.

'Who the devil does this head belong to? exclaimed the miller.

'Whoever owned it,' said the man, 'had three ears at any rate.'

'A search being now made, Ned's headless body was discovered lying half in the bank, and Dennis in a swoon. The fright and loss of blood, was found incumbent by its side. Dennis, when brought to himself (which process was assisted by whiskey,) recited the whole adventure.—They tied up his head; the body was attended by a numerous assemblage of Ned's countrymen to the grave; and the habit of carrying scythes carelessly very much declined.

This story leads to a humourous remark by the AUTHOR of it. "In truth," says he, "the only three kinds of deaths the Irish peasants think NATURAL, are, dying quietly in their own cabins; being hanged about the assize time; or starving when the potatoe crop is deficient.

THE INTERIOR OF A PRINTING OFFICE.

Of all the shops, into which variety creeps, a printing Office beats the Old Nick.—In pops one with a pickled peppered phiz, saying, "stop my paper if you can't leave it more regular at my house." Well the question then follows, "Where is your house?" "No. 963, Ague-fit-Lane, up five pair of stairs, in the S. E. corner The answer ensues, "It shall be attended to," and out he goes to be succeeded by those who come to subscribe, to pay or to dun. In the midst of all this, walks round the Printer's Devil, as big as a Sexton at a funeral, crying, "copy Sir?" Then the compositor respectfully asking, "whether certain hieroglyphics in manuscript, spell c-l-a-m-s, or a-l-a-r-m-s"—then the click, click, click, of the type, as they clap them into the composing stick, and the rat-a-tat, rat-a-tat of planing down, as it is called of the type,—the entrance of Foreign or distant newspapers, the half suppressed whistle of the workmen as they set up their task, perhaps of your favourite waltz—amid all this to write poetry, prose, sentiment, religion and common sense, requires a little beyond ordinary genius of abstraction What is there better when a press waits for its editor's pen, in the swarm of evils, than to have a good natured friend pop in upon you, and hold you by the button for a two hour's social chat, upon what ought done by you, as to your editorial course! It is enough to make one laugh or scold to be thus crazed, with such an odd concatenation of bothering circumstances.—And yet if one line of the above written description should prove to be unprofitable, or ungramatical, we should find a dozen critics like bull dogs fastened at our throat, barking and growling, and pulling, as if they had a legitimate right to murder it. We wonder what these daily men do, to find time for their avocations. We think a toad under a harrow, comparatively speaking, was far more at his ease.

CHINESE GEOGRAPHY.

Till very lately, the Chinese, in their maps of the earth, set down the Celestial Empire in the middle of a large square, and dotted round it the other kingdoms of the world, supposed to be 72 in number, assigning to the latter ridiculous or contemptuous names. One of these, for example, was Siaogin-que, or the Kingdom of Dwarfs, whose inhabitants they imagined to be so small as to be under the necessity of tying themselves together in bunches, to prevent their being carried away by the kites. In 1668, the Viceroy of Canton, in a memorial to the Emperor, on the subject of the Portuguese embassy, says, "We find very plainly that Europe is only two little islands in the middle of the sea." With such ideas of other nations, it is not wonderful, that they should consider the embassies and presents sent to them, as marks of submission and hasten to write down the donors in their maps, as tributaries to the Chinese Empire.

The proportion of individuals receiving the benefits of education in the principal countries of Europe, is calculated to be as follows:—In Switzerland and Wirtemburg, one out of six inhabitants; in Bavaria and the Duchy of Baden, one in seven; in Prussia and Scotland, one in ten; in Bohemia, one in eleven; in Holland, one in twelve; in Austria, one in thirteen; in Moravia, one in fourteen; in England, one in sixteen; in France, one in seventeen; in the other Austrian States, one in eighteen; in the Venetian Provinces, one in thirty; in Denmark, one in thirty-three; in Italy, one in forty-four; in Poland, one in eighty; in Gallicia, one in eighty-three; in Portugal, one in eighty-four; in Spain, one in three hundred and forty-six; and in Russia, one in 954.

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH'S OPINIONS OF NOVELS.—My position was, that fictitious narrative, in all its forms—epic poem, tale, tragedy, romance, novel, was one of the grand instruments employed in the moral education of mankind; because it is only delightful when it interests; and to interest, is to excite sympathy for the heroes of the fiction; that is, in other words, to teach men the habit of feeling for others. The objectors had I thought, looked only to the imperfections and faults of this mode of discipline, which, however, all modes of modern discipline have. It is more imperfect than real life, because sympathy in real life, is followed by active benevolence, and it is always mixed with the vices of the age, the country and the writer.

RELIGION AND MORALITY.—Morality is usually said to depend upon religion; but this is said to be in that low sense in which outward conduct is considered as morality. In that higher sense in which morality denotes sentiment, it is more exactly true to say, that religion depends on morality, and springs from it. Virtue is not the conformity of outward actions to a rule: nor is religion the fear of punishment, or the hope of reward. Virtue is the state of a just, prudent, benevolent, firm, and temperate mind. Religion is the whole of these sentiments which such a mind feels towards an infinitely perfect Being.—*Sir James Mackintosh.*

REFLECTIONS ON THE EVILS OF WAR.—Reader, if you have never witnessed a sack, pray to God that you may never witness one! May you never witness all that is sacred profaned, all that is honorable and respectable outraged and insulted. May you never hear the agonizing and soul rending shrieks, nor behold the burning tears of beauty and innocence, imploring, supplicating for mercy—but imploring and supplicating in vain. Alas! consider of what our armies are composed. and you will no longer wonder that it is so. That band of heroes of whom, from certain quarters we hear so much—of what is it composed? Of the refuse of society—of the offscourings of every city and every county in the Empire—of the idlest—the most dissolute, and most unprincipled of our citizens—of the men of, at all times, under all circumstances, the strongest passions and appetites, and the weakest reason. For what man, that can earn his bread by any honest labour, skilled or unskilled, would be a soldier? Great God! only think of the consequences of war—if one of its inevitable consequences be, that our wives, our sisters, and our daughters are to be exposed to the horrible excesses of all the worst passions of all the basest and most licentious of mankind. Some sentimental young ladies write of war as if it were a holiday pastime. Good God! if they knew of it what I do, they would change their tone.

A PROFITABLE PAPER.—The author of Constantinople and its Environs, published by the Harpers, says, in reference to a newspaper lately established in that place—'That it is published in French, Turkish, Armenian and Greek, and that the Sultan expects, that apart from the personal advantage to be derived from it he will receive a net revenue for it, of one hundred and sixty-six thousand dollars.'

An English penny, placed out at compound interest, at the birth of Jesus Christ, would, in the year 1786, have produced the enormous sum of £290,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 sterling, which would make about 1,100 millions of Globes the size of our earth in solid gold. At single interest, it would have produced only 7s. 6d.

At the beginning of the present century (1800) there were not more than forty catholic chapels throughout England.—There are now, more than *five hundred!* some of them built on a large scale—quite cathedrals—and it is also true that these edefices are multiplying every month.

GIROND COLLEGE.—Some idea may be formed of the Girord College, now erecting at Philidelphia, from the fact—that the sum of *one thousand three hundred dollars*, has been contracted to be paid for the mechanic's labour upon *each* of the marble caps placed upon the thirty four Corinthian columns, intended to adorn the outside of the building. It is estimated, that to compiete each of the caps will require the continued daily labour of two mechanics for upwards of one year. Ths aggregate cost of the thirty four columns, embracing materials, labour of finishing, and cost of erecting, may be conjectured, when the cost of labor alone, amounts to fifty-four thousand two hundred dollars.

DEATH BED CONFESSION.

APPALLING DISCOVERY.—In the year 1812, Mrs. Alston, daughter of Colonel Burr, and wife of the late Governor Alston, of South Carolina, embarked from Charleston on a visit to her father at New York, on board a private built vessel, and was never heard of afterwards. A man lately deceased at Mobile, confessed before death—that he had been a pirate and had helped to destroy the vessel in which Mrs Alston was, together with all the crew and passengers. He declared there was an unwillingness on the part of every pirate to take the life of Mrs Alston—and they therefore drew lots to decide who should perform the deed.—The lot fell upon this pirate—who declared that he effected his object by laying a plank along the edge of the ship, half on it and half off or over the edge, and made the unfortunate lady walk on that plank till it tilted over into the water with her!! Her father, Colonel Burr, late Vice President of the United States, is still living—a very old man in the city of New York.

It is said that 10,000 dollar's worth of segars are daily consumed in Havana.