

J. I do not *imagine*; — I believe, nay, am certain of it.

R. It remains that we return to the business before us. Come all of you then, and offer incense to the gods with one accord.

J. No right minded man falls from piety to impiety...

R. If you do not obey I shall punish you without mercy.

J. We give thanks to our Lord Jesus Christ that we, through suffering, shall be saved: — for this will be to us salvation, and freedom, before the dread tribunal of our Lord and Saviour." And thus also spoke the other martyrs, saying, "Do what you will with us; we are Christians, and will not offer incense to idols." Hereupon Rusticus, the præfect, pronounced the sentence. "Those who will not offer incense to the gods, nor obey the decree of the emperor, having been scourged, shall be led away and punished capitally, according to the tenor of the law."

TIGHT TIMES.

UNDER this heading the *Albany Register* presents an article at once lively and timely, which we here reprint. The prosopopœia is bold but pardonable, and the last paragraph conveys a hint which it would be well for us all to remember.

TIGHT TIMES.—This chap is around again. He has been in town for a week. He may be seen on 'Change every day. He is over on the Pier, along Quay street, up Broadway, stalks up State street, looks in at the banks, and lounges in the hotels. He bores our merchants, and sets himself cozily in lawyers' offices. He is everywhere.

A great disturber of the public quiet, a pestilent fellow