

From Sterritt, over there—his name is on them." Good heavens! how could it happen!" I know very well, Polly—I was very drunk when I came home, wasn't I?" Why, Judge, you know your old habit when you are among those lawyers—"But I was very drunk!" Yes, you was." Was I remarkably so when I got home, Mrs. Wain?" Yes, Judge, drunk as a fool, and forty times as bad."

"I thought so," said the Judge, dropping into a chair in extreme despondency—"I knew it would come to this at last. I have always thought that something would happen to me—that I should do something very wrong—kill somebody in a moment of passion, perhaps—but I never imagined that I should be mean enough to be guilty of deliberate larceny."

"But there may be some mistake, Judge!" "No mistake, Polly. I know very well how it came out. That fellow Sterritt, keeps the meanest sort of gin, and always did, liquor mean enough to make a man do any sort of a mean thing. I have always said was mean enough to make a man steal, and now have practical illustration of the fact. And the old man first into tears."

"Don't be a child," said his wife, wiping away the tears, "go like a man, over to Sterritt, tell him it was a case of a frolic—pass it off as a joke—and open your heart, and nobody will ever think of it again."

"A little of the soothing system operating upon the Judge, as such things usually do, his extreme mortification was finally subdued, and over to Sterritt's he went, with a tolerable face. Of course he had but little difficulty in settling with him; for, aside from the fact that the Judge's integrity was unquestionable, he had an excellent knowledge of the law that had been played."

"Judge Brown proceeded to Court and took his seat; it spoons and bad liquor—bad liquor and spoons—poor spoons, drunk, larceny, and Judge Brown, was mixed up in his "worship's" bewildered head, that felt awful pale, if he did not look so. In fact, the Judge felt cut down, and his usual self possessed manner of disposing of business, his diction and decision were not what Judge Brown had been noted for."

"Several days had passed away, and the business of the court was drawing towards a close, when one morning a rough looking sort of a customer was arraigned on charge of stealing. After the clerk had read the usual indictment to him, he put the usual question:

"Guilty or not guilty?" "Guilty, but drunk," answered the prisoner.

"What's that plea?" exclaimed the Judge, who was half dozing upon the bench.

"He pleads guilty, but says he was drunk," replied the clerk.

"What's the charge against the man?"

"He is indicted for grand larceny."

"What's the case?"

"May it please your honor," said the prosecuting attorney, "the man is regularly indicted for stealing a large sum from the Columbus Hotel."

"He is, eh?" and he pleads—

"He pleads guilty, but drunk."

"The Judge was now fully aroused.

"Guilty, but drunk! That is a most extraordinary plea. Young man, are you certain you were drunk?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where did you get your liquor?"

"At Sterritt's."

"Did you get none nowhere else?"

"Not a drop, sir."

"You got drunk on his liquor, and afterwards stole the money?"

"Yes, sir."

"Mr. Prosecutor," said the Judge, "do me the favor to enter a nolle prosequi in that man's case. The liquor Sterritt's is mean enough to make a man do anything. I got drunk on it the other day myself, and stole all Sterritt's spoons—release the prisoner, Mr. Sheriff. I adjourn the Court."

A CURIOSITY.

Last week the workmen at Powers' Summit, on the Ohio and Pennsylvania Railroad, found a petrified snake, the size of which would seem to indicate that this region, that species of reptile has greatly degen-

erated—His snakeship was found imbedded in the solid limestone rock, some sixty feet below the earth's surface. Its size is enormous—sixteen feet in length, and in the middle at least four inches in diameter. Although its substance is completely assimilated to the rock in which it was imbedded, it looks surprisingly natural—indeed almost as perfect in "form and feature" as when alive.

TRIFLES.

A cloud may intercept the sun,
A web, by insect workers spun,
Preserve the life within the frame,
Or vapors take away the same.
A grain of sand upon the sight
May rob a giant of his might;
Or needle-point let out his breath,
And make a banquet-meal for Death.

How often, at a single word,
The heart with agony is stirred,
And ties, that years could not have riven,
Are scattered to the winds of heaven.
A glance, that looks what lips would speak,
Will speed the pulse and blanch the cheek,
And thoughts, nor looked, nor yet express'd,
Create a chaos in the breast.

A smile of hope from those we love
May be an angel from above;
A whispered welcome in our ears
Be as the music of the spheres:
The pressure of a gentle hand
Worth all that glitters in the land;
Oh! trifles are not what they are,
But fortune's ruling voice and star.

GERMAN MARRIAGE LAWS.

Marriage in Germany is preceded by the following forms and ceremonies, and it is by no means an easy affair after all: 1st, proposal; 2d, betrothal; 3d, a public family dinner or supper of announcement; 4th, the testimonials required by government; being 1, a certificate of vaccination; 2, a week day school ticket, in proof of regular attendance on a religious teacher; 4, a certificate of confirmation; 5, a conduct certificate; 6, a service book; 7, a wander book (this refers to the compulsory travels of the handicraft men); 8, an apprentice ticket; 9, a statement as to propriety, which, if not considered to be satisfactory, destroys the whole; 10, a permission from the parents; 11, a residence permission ticket; 12, a certificate as to the due performance of militia duties; 13, an examination ticket; 14, a ticket of business, or occupation at the time. The higher classes have even more difficulties than these.—Thus, a Bavarian officer cannot marry until he has deposited £40 per annum, for the maintenance of his future family.

A NUT FOR THE GEOLOGIST.

Hiram DeVitt, of this town, who has recently returned from California, brought with him a piece of the aniferous quartz rock, of about the size of a man's fist. On Thanksgiving day, it was brought out for exhibition to a friend, when it accidentally dropped upon the floor, and split open. Near the centre of the mass was discovered firmly imbedded in the quartz and slightly corroded, a cut iron nail, of the size of a six-penny nail. It was entirely straight, and had a perfect head. By whom was that nail made? At what period was it planted in the yet uncrystallized quartz? How came it to California? If the head of that nail could talk, we should know something more of American History than we are likely ever to know.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

ANOTHER CALIFORNIA WONDER.

There is said to be an extraordinary cave in Calaveras County, about six miles from San Antonio, which has been entered and partially explored to a distance of over 1400 feet. It is described by those who have seen it as being divided into countless chambers and apartments all of easy access, and adorned with curiously shaped figures of stone, making them resemble well-

furnished rooms; and from the ceilings, hanging pendant in huge masses, bright crystals, flashing in the light of torches, giving the appearance of gorgeous chandeliers suspended from a richly-furnished dome, to shed their lustre upon the magnificence that lies scattered around; while in some of the apartments, floor, walls, and ceilings reflect back such a flood of light from innumerable stalactites, as to be almost blinding. There is a gentle and regular descent to the cave of about 35 degrees.

ANCIENT GLASGOW KEY.

Among other objects of curiosity which have been discovered during the demolition of the old bridge of Glasgow, not the least interesting is a key, found in the foundation of one of the centre buttresses. It is about a foot long; the wards are nine in number, and remarkably well cut; the ring at the opposite end is in excellent preservation and very little corroded. The section of the bridge under which this key lay was the most ancient portion of the structure, so that this venerable memorial of the builders of Glasgow's first bridge cannot be less than 500 years old.

MORTALITY IN THE STATES.—The census of 1850 shows the following proportion deaths to the whole population in the following States: Vermont 1 in 100; Iowa 1 in 94; Georgia 1 in 91; Michigan 1 in 87; Tennessee 1 in 86; North Carolina and Alabama 1 in 85; South Carolina 1 in 83; Maine 1 in 77; New Jersey 1 in 75; Virginia 1 in 74; Illinois and Delaware 1 in 73; Arkansas 1 in 70; Texas 1 in 69; Rhode Island 1 in 66; Kentucky and Connecticut 1 in 64; Maryland 1 in 60; Massachusetts 1 in 51.

"CHRISTOPHER NORTH" (Professor Wilson) has been compelled by ill health to make arrangements for dispensing with the delivery of his lectures on moral philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, at the ensuing season. The great poet, philosopher, critic, sportsman, and humorist, is in the sixty-third year of his age.

Holdridge's Statistical Almanac for the year 1852, estimates the number of newspapers published in the United States, annually, at 412,880,000, being equal to sixteen and a half copies per year for every man, woman, and child. While in the British Empire only one is published for 2,000 of the inhabitants; in Belgium, one to every 25,000; in Prussia, one to every 20,166; in Russia, only three copies to every 1,000,000.

Brett mentioned the remarkable fact, that in 1666 one Gilbert published a book, in which he said that the day was not far distant when men would be able to communicate from one end of the world to the other by electricity. This prediction may now be said to be in course of realization, if not actually realized; and Mr. Brett believes that "not only Paris and Vienna, but Constantinople, Calcutta, Peking, and America, will in a few years be our next-door neighbours."

Russia in 1852 will celebrate throughout the vast extent of her empire, the completion of her thousandth year of national existence, which will be kept with all the solemnity due to the important event. The Russian Empire was founded in 852, in which year the Russians, probably of the Scandinavian origin, made their appearance on the shores of the Bosphorus as Warangens.

THE LORD'S PRAYER will ever continue to remain a model of heavenly aspiration. It is lisped by the tender child upon its mother's lap, and it brings with it a calm of happiness. It is uttered by the full grown man; whom the busy cares of the world have rendered less sensible to spiritual yearnings, and he feels himself drawn nearer to heaven. It is whispered by the venerable sire, when "the weight of a grasshopper has become a burden," and his soul is fed as with manna from on high. In prosperity and adversity, in health and sickness, in wealth and poverty, it is still the same soul-refreshing fountain, whence issues the stream "that flows fast by the oracles of God," and from which, if a man drink, he shall never thirst again.

An Ipswich grave-digger, who recently undertook to bury the body of an unbaptised child at night, came for the coffin in a state of intoxication, and was told that he would find it in a room, in a green bag. An hour or two afterwards, the mother's grown-up son returned home, and asked her "where the fiddle was!" It then transpired that the toper had buried, not the child, but the Cremona!—Gateshead Observer.