THE HEARTHSTONE.

book was a genuine success. It had won the wise, and he had no donot that in time the fool sh would follow. The wise appreciate, and

the foolish pay.

"You slily boy," Ranthorpe said, "you have made a great hit. Don't you see that if you only keep up your reputation it will soon become the right sort of thing' to buy your books? People will buy them because critics say every educated person reads them. Then you are all right. You will have the admiration of the appreciative and the guineas of the rest. It is not given to many men in a century to have the sincere admiration of all. You have done very well, and ought to be delighted. I didn't know that you cared so much about mere money."

Poor Philip thereupon burst out with a full contession. He told of his love, of his hopes, and of the reason why he so wanted money.

Mr. Renthorpe was absolutely bewildered.

This return for his kindness he had never expected. In language of grave anger he rebuked the audacious young man, showed him how it was innessible his daughter could live in pove-erty, and equally impossible that a man of any spirit could consent to live as a ponsioner. He

flatly refused to hear any more on the subject and Hayward left the house like one utterly

Mr Rauthorpe was very sorry for all this. He had grown to like the companionship of Hay-ward, and to take an interest in him. The sin-cere devotion of the young man was grateful to him; and Philip was brimful of ideas and fan-cies which refreshed the elder author, and some-times even came to his aid as he toiled, now perhaps somewhat mechanically and perfunc-torily, over his books. He had had great ideas of employing Philip permanently as a secretary and collaborateur: and now all this was shivere to pieces by the young mun's preposterous foily. The idea of handing over Charlie as a wife to a paor youth, slinply because a lad and a girl chose to fancy that they were fond of each other, seemed to the love romancist simply ab-

He had a sad time, too, with Charlie. For the girl told him in the plainest language that she loved Philip Hayward and never could love any one else. She defended her lover plaintively and pussionately, denied that he had ever beer ungrateful to Ranthorpe, insisted that she had done all the love-making and was to blame for all, and, in a word, much bewildered and tor-mented the kindly heart of her father. Still he thought he saw his duty as a parent, and he would not give way. But he was very unhappy.

Days and weeks went on and made no char rhere were times when, as Rauthorpe kissed its daughter and looked with anxious eye upon her pule check, she thought she could see signs of yielding on his part—symptoms that seemed to show that he would be glad to be even com-pelled to yield. But he said nothing, and she said nothing, and each knew that the other was wretched.

Charife was always accustomed to act as a sort of secretary to her father. None but she was ever allowed to put his papers in order, and when he was out of the house she generally set things to rights in his study. One of his whims was that no servant must touch the smallest scrap of paper belonging to him, and that the shelves must not even be brushed free of dust unless Charlie was present to direct and control the operations. Charlie, of course, remained faithful to her functions even in her unhappinathriti to her functions even in her uninappiness. One of Mr. Ranthorpe's literary peculiarities was to endeavor to take all the incidents of his storios from real life. / When any striking little event attracted his aftention in a newspaper narrative, he often cut out the scrap and pasted it in a memorandum book, ready for possible use, with a note of his own affixed. Now on one of her saddest days after the separation of her lover and herself she entered her futher's study, and almost mechanically went

father's study, and almost mechanically went to work to arrange his papers. An open memorandum book caught her eye. It contained a printed scrap of paper, pasted in, and with a few words written by Ranthorpe. "Not a bad notion," Ranthorpe wrote; "might be used for a little comedy or proverb, or an incident in a novel. Clever, but, I should say, can't be true. A French girl would never do it,"

What was the scrap? It was an account of the manner in which a French girl, daughter of a distinguished statesman, whose name was broadly hinted at, compelled her father to accept the proposal of a brilliant but poor young foreigner whom she loved, for her hand. "V.

shall not tell just yet what the stratagem was.

Churlie dropped the book, and her face reddened, her eyes sparkled; she clapped her hands in wild delight. She sat down and trembled, got up and paced the room with renewed courses and the face with the strategy with the same and the face when the same with the and, in fact, seemed beside herself with agitation and excitement. At last she made up her mind. "I'll do it!" she exclaimed; "I'll do it! Perhaps you are right, my wise papa; perhaps a French girl wouldn't venture. But you shall see that an English girl would!" She ran to her own room and covered her face

with her hands—timid but firmly resolved.

Next day poor Philip Hayward, drudging sadly in his lonely den, received a letter, the very sight of which made him start and trem-ble. It was in the handwriting of Charlle. Since her father had rejected his prayers, the two young lovers had been loyal, and had not triven to meet or even interchange letters. This little scrawl, which made him wild with joy, contained only a few hasty lines. It told him that on the following night her father and she were to be at the opera with two elderly lady friends of great dignity and high social position, whom Mr. Ranthorpe greatly rever-enced; and it begged Philip, if he truly loved her to come to their box at nine o'clock, to tan at the door, and when admitted to express no surprise at any thing that might occur, but adapt himself at once to whatever should hapgen. "If you love, love, love me, do this, and don't fall your devoted Charlie."

Think of the day and night our lover spenthis wonder, his hope, his feverish longing and dread, his torturing anxiety to know what it all could mean! It seemed humiliating to go, for any purpose, to Mr. Ranthorpe's box: but if Charlie had bidden him to walk into Buckingham Palace or into the Thames, he would have without remonstrance.

Mr. Ranthorpe and his party are in their box at the opera. Miss Charlie is palpitating and distrait; her father cannot but see it; he pities the child and is tender to her, and almost wishes he hadn't seen his paternal duty quite so clearly. She draws back from the front of the box, and says she prefers to sit a little behind; and Ranthorpe looks anxiously at her, fearing that tears thorpe tooks anxiously at her, rearing that tears are in her eyes. She can hardly speak, so he endeavors to do all the talking for his guests. Nine o'clock comes, and Charlie's bosom heaves "like a little billow." "Will he come?" she thinks; "and shall I ever have the courage? If he comes and I fail, we are lost!"

If no comes and I fall, we are lost!"

A light, hositating tap is heard at the box door. Oh, he comes! She half rises from her seat, and looks all crimson toward the door. Ranthorpe calls, "Come in," and glances round. The door opens, and Mr. Philip Hayward, pale and embarrassed-looking, stands in the box.

And before Ranthorpe can say a word his insulter springs from her seat, takes both lands of the astonished Philip in her own, eaches up to him, kissee his lips, and exclaims, My dearest Philip!"

n her lover's arms.

Here was a pretty scene for Ranthorpe's party and for the theatre! The novelist saw the whole thing at a glance. He remembered hav-

ing left his memorandum-book open with the fatal scrap of paper; he saw by the bewildered looks of Philip that the young man was as much amazed and innocent of complicity as himself: ie was conquered by the girl's devotion and by he humor of the whole scene. He was equal to the situation.

" Let us bring her into the corridor, Philip." he said. "Don't be alarmed, pray," (to his guests). "Let me introduce my intended son-in-law, Mr. Philip Hayward. This foolish child has been wild all the night lest he should not come. What people these young lovers are, Lady Harriet!"

In a very few moments Miss Charlie revived, and she saw instantly how things had gone. She crept tenderly to her father and touched his He answered with an affectionate preshand.

hand. He answered with an affectionate pres-sure; and she knew that all was well.

"Now, my love," said Rauthorpo, " since you are well again, sit with Philip and explain to him why you fainted, and let us elders enjoy our music."

"You see, papa," she said, in the faintest whisper, "I wanted to show you how much

whisper, "I wanted to show you now made more courage an English girl has than you would allow to a French girl."

Ranthorpe only said, "Comme Vesprit vient aux filter" and shrugged his shoulders good-humoredly. The coup de baiser was a relief for him too, and put him out of pain.

The young pair was an areal and Mr. Phillip.

The young pair were married; and Mr. Philip, know, is already making a name and a decent income in literature.

IRISH CHARACTER.

Few people have suffered more than the Irish from the hands both of friends and foes, in the attempts made to discuss and delineate frish character. The pictures we have on this side and on that are so different that we have often some trouble in recognizing them as intended for the same individual, and least of all as intended for ourselves. English writers have not hesitated sometimes to depict the Irishman as a dangerous and unruly animal, whom no law could restrain within the ordinary bounds of civil behaviour, and whose chief delight was in the vil behaviour, and whose chief delight was in the creation of disturbance and in the use of the blackthorn. When he was not described as a savage he was sure to be described as a buffoon, so that we have a large class of people who can think of an Irishman only as a creature who speaks in puns, and whose only seriousness is when he fails in making a joke. In the articles which occasionally appear on this subject in the London papers, we have often this view put forward in the most innocent and patronizing manuer imaginable by those who wish to com-pliment or befriend us. Iroland is described as a pleasant country where Englishmen may nmuse themselves much more cheaply than on the Continent or at home, and where the appe-tite may be stimulated at dinner by the wit of the attendant without the expense or trouble of reading Joe Miller. Every person born in Ire-land is supposed to have come into the world with a nose extravagantly retrousse, and an ir-resistible inclination to grin. Nothing is sup-posed to take such hold of him as to seriously engage his thoughts, or to make him regard the future if, he thinks of it at all, with anything but the most agreeable or the most careless yeelings. By such people the Irishman is looked upon as rather a pleasant fellow, that one may upon as rather a pleasant fellow, that one may find useful when out of sorts, or when he wishes to spend a jolly evening in an easy, undignified kind of way. They believe, notwithstanding the many hard things occasionally said about him, that he is really, after all, entitled to a place in creation. — He has got a mission, and make himself very useful at times. may make himself very useful at times. Englishmen, they say, have got a deal of gloom-

iness and indigestion mixed up with the immense solidity of their character, and want to be amused. With such critics the Irishman is regarded as always an exhibition. When they meet him, they think that he should immediately brighten up his wit and begin the perform-ance of amusing them like any other showman If they are pleased to laugh, they think he is sufficiently pleased. If he does not succeed in making himself ridiculous, they think he is greatly below the mark, and has offered them

a slight, which may be worse for himself and his country hereafter. Irishmen there may be who answer to this description, but we have never met them in real life. The Irishman of the stage is an English creation. The swagger, the bluster, the airs of exaggeration, the perpetual grin with which he is made to regard and to speak of everything, however, serious or insignificant, are the caricature of those who know nothing of the real depths of the Irish character. However gifted with vivacity and humour, the Irishman has really a nature in which the shadows of life have really a nature in which the shadows of life may fall darkest and deepest. He is far from being the perpetual jester he is represented. His mational history, which always more or less affects nature of which the colours were always suffi-ciently intense. Above all, it has made more marked the manifestations of light and hade. The saying that the deeper the sorrow the more exuberant the mirth is often illustrated in him. Often unhappy, and living in a land where misfortune has become naturalized, the Irishman has had to exercise his humour for the comfort of others as well as his own. mirth in which he sought to forget the misery of existence, and which the fertility of his intel-lect supplied abundantly, had its corresponding eaction, and was a delusive compensation for the cheerfulness which can only bolong to those whose history, raised above the worst cylls of fortune, has enabled them to make happiness a

Instead of being either a buffoon or a savage, the human nature of Irishmon is, in the man, like the human nature of most other people. He loves a jest, we allow, but he is far from being either the laughter-stricken Joe he is ropro sented by some, or the possive individual "to musing prone," that he is not represented, but sometimes is. He is the creature of a history of misgovernment, of lawlessness, and of law that seemed designed to dehase his nature, and to degrade the dignity of law, but he is not say age, and the wickedness of legislation has not destroyed his inborn respect for justice. More than two hundred years ago, Sir: John Davies, the Attorney, General of James Ligave his testimony in favour of the Irish character in words that stamped it neither as lawless nor as deficient in the best capilities of the citizenship for cient in the best qualities of the citizenship for which we are so often declared unworthy. In spite of the oracular utterances of the English ress in condemnation of the people of Ireland. the experience of history has never belied that opinion. A French traveller in Ireland, more than eighty years ago, expressed his surprise at finding so much of the real civility of civilization among a people who, he has been taught to believe in England, were almost in a state of barbaricia, and added, very innocently, that his English friends had surely made a mistake in their representations.—Northern Star and Uniter

Observer.

The other day, in looking over some old, old family papers, I came across a letter written in 1842, which had been sealed from the gaze of the disinterested by means of scaling wa ancient paper, so curiously folded, wi address written on the square cunningly left neant, almost seemed as If it belonged to the antedfluvian age.
In opening the document, an important sen-

tence had been torn into ribbons by the wax whering too strongly, and thus a point of great consequence was left to be conjectured. "Ah!" thought I. " what a convenience envelopes are. would the world in this fast age get on without them!"

Yet century after century our plodding anestors contented themselves with watering and cestors contented themselves with watering and waxing their correspondence, never dreaming that there was a better and swifter way. The unat mere was a octor and swifter way. The use of envelopes dates in England from 1846, and in the United States from 1845. Up to be-cember, 1839, the wise legislators of Great Britain imposed double postage rates for the enfolding of one place of paper within another. Then postage by weight was instituted, and January 10th, 1810, penny postage was put on Irial. Then for the first time envelopes were introduced, and soon recommended themselves to the intelligent public, for in less than two cars half the letters passing through the postoffices of the United Kingdom were thus inclosupon the postuge reform is remarkable. In 1839 only seventy-six millions of letters were mailed in Grent Britain; in 1840, one hundred and six-ty-nine millions; in 1850, three hundred and forty-seven millions; while in 1800, one hundred forty-seven millions; while in 1800, one hundred and thirty-seven millions were delivered in the London district alone. The change for the bet-ter in the United States postage laws did not come until 1845, and not until then were envel-opes employed by our writing population. Now nearly a million and a half of enveloped letters pass through the post-offices of the land daily, and a vast proportion of the envelopes used are

of American make. of American make.

In the outset, envelopes were all folded by hand with a shurp-edged bone folding-stick, a quick hand folding 3,000 a day. But it is a rule in meghanics, that whatever mere mechanical work is performed by human hands, can be effected with greater precision and far greater rapidity by automatic machinery. Accordingly the vast and increasing demand for envelopes, finally led to the invention of ingenious machines, which fold and gum envelopes with marvelous precision. A single machine folds from 20,000 to 35,000 in a day of ten hours, thus doing the work of ten hands. The operation is very curious. The attendant places a blank in position, and it is at once carried down into a rectangular box and creased, the four flanstanding upwards. The plunger then rises so as to leave room for the two short levers to fold down the wide flaps, one a little in advance of the other. The gum apparatus next descends and applies gum to these two flaps, and then a third lever presses the lower flap upon the cement. Finally the top flap is folded down, and the envelope drops to make place for another. Some machines employed are self-feeding, and only require to have a pile of blanks, or loveling at the care technical tendent. or lozenges as they are technically called, placed in position, when the lifter of the machine lifts the acceptage one, and carries them down. On machines must be fed with single blanks, and these require two attendants, one to feed and another to take out the envelopes when fusished, count and pack them in bunches of fusished, count and pack them in bunches of fusished, count and pack them in bunches of twenty-five each. There are machines which have a counting attachment, the box holding the envelopes turning around when the number

though very rarely, the stamping is defective, requiring rejection.

Machines called "self-gummers" gum the upper as well as the lower flap, these are more complicated than the others. In some of these machines the envelopes first descend and then ascend slowly, that the gum may dry perfectly before the packs are made up. Government envelopes are all required to be gummed on the eal-flap by hand, and many of the largest private manufacturers employ hand-gummers, especially for their best work. An intelligent girl can learn to run the folding machine in a few weeks, but to be an expert hand-gummer requires much longer practice. The gummers stand in front of wide smooth boards that slide in and on grooves, and taking a pile of blanks they slide them rapidly apart with a flat piece of ivory or bone, so that the edges are exposed from a quarter to half an inch, according to order. A brush dipped in a solution of gum Arabic is then applied with such dexterity that a hundred envelopes are gummed at one sweet of the brush. The quickest workers gum from 60,000 to 70,000 envelopes in a day of ten hours,

twenty-five is reached, so that the packs stand at right angles on one another. Some ingenious machines employed at the Government factory,

not only turn out the envelopes complete and count them, but stamp them with the Government envelopes are, however, re-counted by hand, as sometimes,

but ordinary hands turn off 40,000 on an ave age, making fair wages. In some factories the gummers are paid by the thousand, while in others they receive fixed sum for each machine kept going. In o inctory that I visited the gammers receive \$4 a week per machine, and each gummer keen from three to four machines supplied, carning from \$12 to \$16 a week. In another factory 41 cents a thousand is paid for gramming small and medium-sized envelopes, and 8 cents for large ones. Some of the young women employed earn \$18 a week. The girls that run the foldingmachines are paid from 6} to 10 cents thousand, or from \$6 to \$12 a week, accoro their skill and the generosity of their employers.

Men are invariably employed to do the cut ting and women to attend the machines and do

he gumming in all the factories. The paper used is first cut from the roll into large quadrangular sheets, in a form to insure as little waste as possible. These large sheets are then cut into the various styles and sizes required, by knives singed like blank envelopes, placed under a powerful press, worked by steam. A skillful workman cuts from 200,000 to 300,000

day, two hundred and fifty to five hundred at time. Cutters receive from \$15 to \$20 a week. time. Cutters receive from \$15 to \$20 a week. Now York is the grand center of this branch of industry in our country. New York manufacturers not only meet the home demand very largely, but export envelopes in very considerable quantities to South America and even to Europe. At one factory alone there are one hundred and fifty employes and sixty self-gumming machines in operation. As a rule, the work-rooms are airy and cheerful, and most of the operators are quite as intelligent as those in

any other factories. The envelopes folded by these wonderful automatic machines are invariably turned out perfect unless there is a defect in the paper. There is a precision in these singers of steel that human hands can not attain; but the soul of man is in the senseless iron. As a great thinker has said: "By machinery, man proceeds with his dominion over nature. He assimilates it to

Then she looks round, turns pale, and faints ENVELOPES AND HOW THEY ARE MADE. himself; it becomes, so to speak, a part of himself same.

Here was a pretty scene for Ranthorpe's party and for the theatre! The novelist saw the phole thing at a glance. He remembered have

THEATRICAL ANECDOTE.

One evening, when Plzarro was announced as the play, there was a considerable delay in com the play, there was a considerable delay in com-mencing, in consequence of one of the perform-ers being absent; the audience became impa-tient, when John Kemble ("Rolla") came for-ward, and delivered himself to this effect; "Ladles and gentlemen, at the request of the principal performers in the play of this evening, I am to inform you that the person absent is Mr. Emeru."

Mr. Emery,"
The house received this explanation without

any disapprobation or otherwise. (Emery at this period, although a very pathetic actor, had not arrived at the summit of excellence, and on this evening the part of the sentinel was given this eventug the part of the sentinel was given to him). Scarcely had Mr. Kembie quitted the stage, when, dressed in a great-cast, di ty boots, and a face red with baste, and wet with perspi-ration—on rushed the culprit. Emery stayed some moments before the audience, apparently much agitated, and at length delivered himself to this effect:

"Ladies and gentlemen, this is the first time I have ever had to appear before you as an ap-ologist. As I have been the sole cause of the delay in your entertainment, allow me shortly to offer my excuse, when, I am sure, I shall obtain an acquittal, especially from the fair part of this brilliant audience. Ladies—for you I must particularly address—my wife i—and I —(thunders of applause interrupted the apology); and I ran for the doctor-You've said enough !" exclaimed a thousand

tongues. "I could not leave her, ladies, until I knew

that she was safe-" "Bravo, Emery, you've said enough?" was

re-echoed from all parts of the house.

Emery was completely overpowered; and, after making another ineffectual attempt to proseed, retired, having first placed his hand on his neart, and bowed gratefully to all parts of the

The play proceeded without interruption; but It appeared Emery had not forgotten his obli-gation to Kemble; for in that scene, before the prison-scene, in which Rolla tries to corrupt the scutinel by money, the following strange inter-

ruption occurred in the dialogue:
Rolla. Have you a wife?

Sentinel. I have. Rolla, Children?

Sentinel. I had two this morning; I have three

Loud applause followed this retaliation, and it continued so long that the entire effect of this scene was lost; and Mr. Kemble, after waiting some time in awkward confusion terminated it abruptly rushing into the prison.

WHAT IT IS TO BE A WIDOW.

A writer in the Home Journal thus fittingly rebukes the filppancy and thoughtlessness of some young women:—"I think it must be a some young women:—"I think it must be a joily thing to be a young widow!" I heard this remark the other day in a group of laughing girls. I think I remember saying such a thing myself in my girlish times. Do you know, girls, what it is to be a widow? It is to be ten times more open to comment and criticism than any demoiselle could possibly be. It is to have men gaze as you pass, first at your black dress and then at your widow's cap, until your sensitive nerves quiver under the infliction. It is to have one ill-natured person say, "I wonder how long she will wait before she marries again?" and another answer, "Until she gets a good chance, I suppose." It is now and then to meet the glance of real sympathy, generally from the poorest and humblest woman that you meet, and feel your eyes fill at the token, so rare that t is, alast unlooked for. It is to have your dent it is, this innoted to the to have your dear fushionable friends console you after the follow-ing fashion:—"Oh! well, it is a dreadful loss, We know you'd foel it, dear." And, in the next breath, "You will be sure to marry again, and your widow's cap is very becoming to you."

"But it is more than this to be a widow. It is to miss the strongarm you have leared when

is to miss the strongarm you have leaned upon, the true faith that you knew could never fail you, though all the world might forsake you. It is to miss the dear voice that uttered your name with a tenderness that none other could give it. It is to hear no more the well-known footsteps that you flew so gladly once to meet. To see no more the face that, to your adering eyes seemed as the angels of God. To feel no more the twining arms that folded you so lovingly, the dear eyes that, looking into your own, said plainly, whatever it might seem to others, yours was the fairest face earth held for him. It is to light with a mighty sorrow as a man lights with the waves that overwhelm him, and to hold it at arm's length for awhile only to have—in the hours of loneliness and weakness the torrent roll over you, while-poor storm driven dove—you see no haven."

THE POPULARITY OF REMINISCENCES.

In a review of Mr. Field's "Yesterdays with Authors," Chamber's Journal justly says of ooks of reminiscences:

When a great man is dead, and one who has known him proceeds to give the public an account of his private life, with extracts from his correspondence, there is sure to be a clamor among the critics about the "desceration of the sanctity of homo." This would be more respectable if it were ganuine; but as matters stand, it only reminds one of the necropolis advertise-ments—"the feelings of relatives consulted and gravelly soil"—which are but the prelude to business, since there is no literature so popular as the reminiscences of great A or big B, even

with the critics thomselves. It gives them or opportunity of stating that they too were hon-ored with the acquaintance of A or B, or, fail-ing that, of giving a sly kick to a dead lion. Thus Mr. James Fields' "Yesterdays with Au-thors' has been much abused—"the man scarcely waits till his dead friends are cold," says one (not with reference to Pope, who is one of the authors treated of In the volume, surely !)—

"Proclaim the faults he would not show ! Break lock and seal; betray the trust! Keep nothing sacred,"

quotes another, sarcasticulty; but the book is very engerly rend by everybody, nevertheless. In our humble judgment it deserves to be so. There is little revealed in it, that we can see detract from the merits of those of whom it treats. The fastidious delicacy that caused Charles Dickens to burn a mountain of corres-pondence at Gad's Hill, lest after his death, its privacy should not be respected, is rare, and upon the whole, it is fortunate that it should be so. It Boswell had been similarly conscientious, posterity would have been robbed, for the most delightful blography in the language would

ANOTHER NILLSON ROMANCE.

LOVE VERSUS BUSINESS.

One of the Southern Chivalry some weeks ago bought for fifty dollars the mattress upon which Nilson the Swedish nightingale built her nest while in Charleston, South Carolina. At once the religious and the secular press banned the unfortunate speculator, each after its peculiar fashion. The one first consured and then confashion. The one first consured and then con-domned him to life-long diet of thisties grown on humanity's wayside as an ass, while the other strove to hunt him from Christian society the now restraining the vagaries of Nilson, be-cause, by his audacious purchase, he had be-come not the mere sham, but the absolute proprietor of the fair Sweden had

But the romantic who are not in general virtuous to the verge of eccentricity," pleaded for him that he loved the songstress—that every "virtuous to the verge of eccentricity," pleaded for him that he loved the songstress—that overy object she touched even with her gloved hand became a relic, which, however, Jews might not kiss nor infidels adore in his presence at least. What abrasion, they ask, does the thin skin of virtue suffer by the fact that "the stubbed by the point of absence, and plerced to the heart" should selze upon the couch whereon were impressed the soft protuberances of the various obtuse angles of his love, about which lingered odors of the balm that glistened in her hyacinthine hair and soft remembrances of her hyncinthine hair and soft remembrances of her gentle snores? He carried it away tenderly in his arms to some hermitical retreat, that with its aid to pained and softened memory, he might "like some insane rose burn his heart out in sweets" and let its outer leaves, his fleshy casement, full withered upon the bed from which had sprung fair Nillson—(in the mornings.) While society was dividing itself into factions,

one maintaining about the new owner of the mattress the ass theory, another that America had been disgraced by his birth, and that he was a monster of diabolism and another that he was the gentlest courtliest lover since Abelard or Don Quixote, an end was put to speculation and argument with remarkable suddenness by the appearance of the following advertisement in a Charleston paper:

FOR SALE. Chignons. Chignons, made of the beautiful Curled Hair

The Celebrated Madame Nillson.

A LSO A few False Moustaches

Same Material. Seth Smith,

Romance was shocked. Christianity was appoased. American sagacity was vindicated. The new fumous mutters purchaser was not an ass, not a villain of adulterous tendencies, not a lorn lover, but an enterprising and not over honest hair-dresser.

A HIGHLANDMAN'S LETTER.

Dr. D. G. F. Macdonald, son of the late Rev. Dr. Macdonald, of Ferintosh, in a recent agri-cultural work, gives the following characteristic reply to his advertisement for a sheep dog:-

To SHEPHERDS .- Wanted, a pure-bred Sheepdog. State colour and price, free on board a London steamer, to Mr. D. G. F. Macdonald,

And this was one of the replies he got-

Gairloch, Ross-shire, Scotland.
Honurable Sir,—I seed in Friday last Inver-ness Courier a advertisement for pure bree sheeps Dog, I vitte your honur to telt you, that I have exselent one Bred of Pure Blod, 7 monthus of exsolent one Bred of Pure Blod, 7 monthus of agoe; Him have bone and rib, more stronger than any i ever yet did seed; and He as wise as womans or a man. By hef a words of command he will go of 1000 yants, and take any number of shops to my heil; and him understood anythings I say to him by sins, like Dumy. Him toler Black on the Backe to near end of talle, Him then whit; Him hind legs at pint with, one of four fets whit, other Black; Him whit under Bely and sume of the same under nuzles; Bit of him's nose whit like half Moon. muzice: Bit of him's nose whit like half Moon Him coreus color, Buts god Dog never have bad color; him ears Black, stand up when hear sound, like ears of Fox. One of ears have whit sound, like ears of Fox. One of ears have white spotce near head size of pony; Him eyes white Brnun, will see as far as Hake or Eagle; and him skin as fine as Backe of Lady hands. Him was breed myself, and I did keep him from Mothers womb, and him got plenty of Mothers milk when whelpe. Hims name bo sprat, cally after the young Horizon goars, him he had ed after the young Heringes, cause him be so madd in love of them to eates we smashed Tatoes; him not sheatle will eat onything; Prince Halbort, as him as pure Breed as most Gracious our Queen at Halmoral; Him price, free an board steamer for London, in England, free an board steamer for London, in England, is 37 shilling, to be paid through Hank of Caledonia at Dingwall, Rossshire, Scotland, north Brutton; or through Mr. William Mackenzle, Gairloch, Ross-shire, Scotland, North Brutton. Him will larne onything, he is so wise, and from what i knowed of your Honur, and of your fronds. I would rether you have it is your work. freends, I would rether you have it in your pos-session than any other Shentleman alive; as i as fond of him as of my Childers or Wife; Dog will be time before he get over the Galick, his Mother and Father tonge, and larne the Eng-lishers lanage; but as him act Dumy, I tell you the sins, ans you yourself can put lanage to them. He son be secolled then, and perfect for work mong sheps—expect answer from your Honur, adresed to as above, when you have the time. As hims teathes sharp, string will be to wake to put him of we, so must provide chains and colar of lether, so that come to 2 shilling more. Total of hole 39 shilling—with 1 shilling luck-penny for god wish to Dog—so Total 38 shilling. I am. your servant,

MATTHEW MACKENZIR.

D. G. F. Macdonald, Esq., Sydenham, Eng-

ARABIAN MODE OF PERPUNING.—How the Arab ladies perfume themselves is thus described by Sir Samuel linker in his work on the Nile: "In the floor of the hut or tent, as it may chance to be, a small hole is excavated, sufficiently large to contain a champagne bottle. A fire of charcoal or simply glowing embers is made within the hole, into which the woman about to be scented throws a handful of drugs. She then takes off the clothes, or robe which forms her dress, and croundes over the fumes, while she arranges her robe to fall as a mantle from her neck to the ground like a tent. She now begins to perspire freely in the hot air bath, and the porce of the skin being open and moist, the volcalle oil from the sunce of the burning perfumes is immediately absorbed. By the time the fire has expired, the scenting process is completed, and both her person and her rube is redelent with incense, with which they are so thoroughly impreguated that I have frequently smelt a party of women strongly at a full hundred yards distance, when the wind has been blowing from their direction. The seent, which is supposed to be very attractive to gentlemen, is composed of ginger, cloves, cinnamen, frankincense, and myrth, a species of seaweed brought from the Red Sea, and healthy the horny disc which covers the aperture when the shell fish withdraws itself within the shell. The proportions of these ingredients in this mixture are second in the state.

