

"How dost thou do?" kindly inquired the Quaker. "Perhaps thou dost not know me?"

"I believe I have not had the pleasure of your acquaintance," politely answered our hero.

"Dost thou not remember purchasing a suit of clothes several years ago of a poor tailor, and forgetting to pay for them?" asked the Quaker.

"Oh, no," said the gentleman, blushing slightly; "you must be mistaken in the person. It cannot be me that you wished to find."

"Ah, John! I know thee very well. Thou art the very man I wished to see. Thou hast on at this moment the very waistcoat that I made for thee. Thou must acknowledge it was good stuff and well made, or it could not have lasted thee so long."

"Oh, yes!" said the gentleman, apparently recollecting himself; "I do now remember the circumstances to which you allude; yes, yes, I had intended to call and settle that little bill before leaving Putney place, and you may depend on my doing so. I have come to take possession of a large amount of property which has fallen to me by will. See! here is the advertisement which apprised me of my good fortune!"

Here he handed the Quaker a New York paper containing a copy of the advertisement whose history we have given above. The Quaker looked at him with imperturbable gravity, and continued:

"Yes, I see thou art in luck, but as my demand is a small one, I think I must insist on payment before thou comest into thy large estate."

The proper signal here brought the constable into the presence of the parties. The swindler was particularly astonished at the appearance of this functionary, who immediately began to exercise his part of the drama.

"What!" exclaimed the rogue in an angry tone; "you surely have not sued me?"

"Yes, I have, and thou should be thankful that nothing worse has happened to thee," returned the Quaker.

"Come in, then," said the debtor, finding himself fairly caught; "come in, and I will pay you, if I must."

The three went into the house together, and the slippery gentleman having ascertained the amount of the bill, paid it in full.

The tailor having signed the receipt, placed it in the hands of his late creditor, with feelings such as may be readily imagined. The swindler took it, and for the first time glanced at the items of which it was composed. He did nothing till he came to the last charge, which was for advertising; then he broke forth—

"Halloo! what's this? For Advertising." That's an odd charge in a tailor's bill. You're cheating me!"

"Oh, no," coolly replied the Quaker; "that's all right; it is for publishing the advertisements that thou hast just showed me."

"Do you mean to say that you caused the publication of that advertisement?"

"Truly I did," replied the Quaker, with most provoking coolness.

"You told me a — lie in it," quickly retorted the rogue.

"Convince me of that and thou wilt find me ready to confess the fault," replied the Quaker.

"You said I should bear something to my advantage, if I came here."

"Thou art mistaken," immediately responded the Quaker, "I only promised that thou shouldst hear of something to advantage; and is it not to the advantage of a poor tailor to collect an old debt?"

"If I can catch you in the street," said the swindler with an oath, and in the deepest rage, "I will give you such a cowhiding as will not leave the breath in your body."

"Nonsense, now," said the Quaker; "if thou really intends to do anything of that sort, we had better step out into the back yard and finish the business at once."

The rogue was completely 'non plussed' at the coolness of the Quaker, and stood speechless and almost petrified.

"Now," said the tailor good-naturedly, let me give thee a piece of advice. When next thou hast occasion to get a suit of clothes, thou had better not attempt to cheat the poor tailor, but pay him honestly, for then will thy sleep be sweet and refreshing. Farewell!"

There is no doubt of the literal truth of this story, as we received it some time since from the lips of the Quaker himself.

A STRIKING ILLUSTRATION.

A company of individuals united themselves together in a mutual benefit society. The blacksmith comes and says—

"Gentlemen, I wish to become a member of your association."

"Well, what can you do?"

"Oh! I can shoe your horses, iron your carriages, and make all kinds of implements."

"Very well, come in, Mr. Blacksmith."

The mason applies for admission into the society.

"And what can you do, sir?"

"Oh, I can build your barns and houses, stables and bridges."

"Very well, come in—we can't do without you."

Along comes the shoemaker, and says,

"I wish to become a member of your society."

"Well, what can you do?"

"I can make boots and shoes for you."

"Come in, Mr. Shoemaker,—we must have you."

So, in turn, apply all the different trades and professions, till

lastly an individual comes, and wants to become a member.

"And what are you?"

"I am a Rumseller."

"A Rumseller! and what can you do?"

"I can build jails, and prisons, and poor-houses."

"And is that all?"

"No, I can fill them; I can fill your jails with criminals, your prisons with convicts, and your poor-houses with paupers."

"And what else can you do?"

"I can bring the gray hairs of the aged to the grave with sorrow; I can break the heart of the wife, and blast the prospects of the friends of talent, and fill your land with more than the plagues of Egypt."

"Is that all you can do?"

"Good heavens!" cries the Rumseller, "is not that enough?"

Humorous.

A little nonsense now and then,
Is relished by the wisest men.

Our friend Pathrick, who is decidedly not "a Son," is responsible for the following:—

JUG OF POTTEEN.

Sure this is an age of as wondrous inventions
As one altogether distressed might dream,
The lightning by wire makes known its intentions,
And waggons all over are driven by steam,
While boats with big wheels plough the wide-spreading ocean,
And spirits give a rap altogether unseen,
To the stime of all science I give my devotion,
When it gracefully curls from a jug of pottien.

I love a brown jug wid a tumbler beside it,
But then a brown jug all alone is a sin;
Sure what is a body widout spirit to guide it;
And what is a jug if there's no punch widin'.
There's grace in the curl av the mist rising from it,
The outlines of beauty—the sowl av a dhream;
And few better times has this ould world upon it,
Than when we're discoursing a jug of pottien!

PROSPECTS OF A HAPPY PAIR OF EMPERORS.

A DUET.

Nicholas—Francis.

Both. Europe's little fam we'll keep,
And our little girls and boys,
Like little pigs or sheep,
Seize, dare they make a noise!

Nich. The trials I'll conduct;
Franc. The gails I'll construct.

Nich. In curbing hard and sage
My lash will prove efficient;
Franc. My halber, I'll engage.

Nich. Will quell the ill-conditioned.
Franc. Now, slave, for back the knout!

Both. And that's the way no doubt,
To keep mankind in check

Nich. K with an N, N with an O, O with a U, U with a T;
Franc. And a R and an O and P and a E;

Nich. K. N. O. U. T.;
Franc. R. O. P. and E;

Both. When we're trampled down the free,
Oh what jolly, glorious fun 't will be!
(Da Capo ad lib)

—Punch.

IRISH HUMOR.

Darby Kelly went to confession, and having detailed his several sins of omission and commission, to which various small penalties were attached, at last came to the awful fact, that he had stolen his neighbor Kitty Mud-plasher's pig, a crime so heinous in the sight of Father Tobin, that his reverence by no manner of means could give him his absolution for the same. Darby begged prayed and promised, but to no effect, nothing in short but restitution, that is to say, to give Kitty back her pig again; but a difficulty arose, Darby and his children had eaten the pig, upon which the priest waxed wroth and threatened the rogue with evil here, and a terrible destiny hereafter. "Now, hear me, ye vagabond cheat," said he, "when ye go to stand yer trial and find yerself among the goats, (for sheep ye are not) there will be 2 witnesses against ye, there'll be Kitty, that ye robbed and the pig that ye ate, an' what'll ye do then, ye vagabond?" "Och, please yer reverence, is it true what ye say that Kitty Mud-plasher herself will be there?" "She will." "And the pig I ate; will the pig be to the fore?" "He will." "Och, thin, please yer reverence, if the pig and Kitty Mud-plasher will be there, what'll hinder me from saying, Kitty, had luck to yer sowl, there's your pig, sure won't that be restitution."

What is the reason that ladies of Celtic origin will persist in hanging everything out of the windows? We passed a house in orange street the other day, out of the second story openings of which were displayed one straw bed, three pair of corduroy breeches, two badly patched petticoats, one sloop-pail, and twenty-seven assorted rags of all patterns. Again we ask, why this tendency to expose things? Why have a house and keep your wardrobe in the street?

Don't you remember the story of the Frenchman, who for twenty years loved a lady, and never missed passing his evenings at her house. She became a widow. "I wish you joy," cried his friend, "you may now marry the woman you have so long adored." "Alas, said the poor Frenchman profoundly rejected; "and if so, where shall I spend my evening?"

If a Gentleman speaking of Cincinnati, says its most appropriate name would be the Hamburg of America, "Yes," replied another, "I think it will be the Meatropolis of the United States."

Some wag of an editor, after a grand spree, penned the following advice to his readers:—"Rise early, bathe daily, eat sparingly, drink pure water, exercise freely in the open air, keep a cheerful mind, and shun wine, the blues, doctors and drugs."

Some wag seeing a drunken man in the gutter, called attention to him as a common spirit level.—*Ex.*
Then, of course, the grog-shop keeper is a common spirit leveler.

NIAGARA, ITS IMPROVEMENTS.—This town is destined to improve some. Already we notice the erection of four large wooden buildings near the dock, for the purpose of holding the engines, cars, and freight of the railroad in process of building, to connect this port and town with the Great Western. The trip to Niagara from Toronto and so to the Falls, via this railroad next year, will be exceedingly pleasant. 30,000 strangers visited the Falls this year, a number far exceeding any former year.



Ladies' Department.

(ORIGINAL.)
WOMAN AND FRIENDSHIP.

I've sought in vain to find a friend
Upon our selfish earth;
A seeming friend fate oft will send,
An' oue we think of worth.

But when the wheel of fortune turns
Her gloomy side with ire,
A fav'rite shuns, and rudely spurns,
The soul she taught to aspire:

This sunshine friend whom fortune makes,
Like winter's chilling blast,
His former friend alas, forsakes,
Is coldly—unknown,—past.

'Tis hard to find a friend below,
Sweet woman ONLY is;
Doubly she's a friend, in deepest woe,
As well as in our bliss.

Naught can daunt her faithful heart,
No ills can turn her love;
When fortune acts a tyrant's part,
And blackly scowls above;

A friend we find in woman still,
When all the world forgets;
Bright blooms her love, affections fill
Her soul, though ills beset.

Written in 1835 at Hamilton.

C. H. B.

MISS BIFFIN—THE LIMBLESS LADY.

This most accomplished person having been born with neither arms nor legs, contrived to paint miniatures and cut watch paper with her nose.

Miss Biffin, before her marriage, was taken to Covent Garden Theater, early in the evening, before the performance began, by the gentleman to whom she was afterwards united. He, having some other engagement, deposited his fair charge in the corner of the back seat of one of the upper front boxes, where, aided by a long drapery, such as children in arms wear and a large shawl, she sat as unmoved as immovable, enjoying the play and faring not, perhaps, applauding in the ordinary style of clapping, or expressing her impatience at any needless delay by stamping on the floor.

The engagement, however, of the beau proved longer than the performance of the theatre. The audience retired, and lights were extinguished, and still Miss Biffin remained. The box-keeper ventured to assert that as all the company were out, and most of the lights were out too, it was necessary she should retire. Unwilling to discover her misfortune, and not at all knowing how far she might trust the box-keeper, she expressed great uneasiness that her friend had not arrived as he had promised.

We can't wait here for your friend, Miss. You really must go, was the only reply she obtained from the obdurate janitor.

At length Mr. Brandon, then box-keeper and house-keeper, bearing the discussion, came to the spot, and insinuated the absolute necessity of Miss Biffin's departure, hinting something extremely ungalant about a constable.

Sir, said Miss Biffin, I would give the world to go, but I can not go without my friend.

You cannot have any friend here to-night, ma'am, said Mr. Brandon, for the doors are shut.

If you will give me your arm, ma'am, said Brandon, I'll set you down to the stage door, when you can send for a coach.

Arm, sir! said the lady; I wish I could, sir, but I have no arms.

Dear me, ma'am, said the box-keeper, how very odd! However, ma'am, if you get upon your legs, I will take every care of you.

I have not got any legs, sir, said Miss Biffin.

This entirely puzzled Mr. Brandon, who professed himself much astonished at the intelligence; and had not Miss Biffin's faithful friend arrived just this moment via the coach door, it is impossible to imagine what would have happened.

Her intended who was perfectly alive to all the peculiarities of his beloved, ended the affair in a moment, by bundling her up, lifting her from her seat, as Cæsar did, "with decency," and carrying her off upon his shoulders as a butcher's boy would transport a fillet of veal in his tray.

"GRACE GREENWOOD" was married, last Monday evening, at the residence of her father, in New Brighton, Pa., to Mr. Lander K. Lippincott, of Philadelphia. The happy pair will reside in Philadelphia, where Mrs. Lippincott (what a fall from Grace!) will edit the *Little Pilgrim*, a sheet for juveniles. We wish her success in the issue of little pilgrims. It is said that young Lippincott, who married Grace Greenwood, was under her training for a proper husband for three years. She passed him a clerkship in Washington, and kept him under her special supervision.—*American Ex.*