

parlor, quite intoxicated and fast asleep. Whilst in this situation, he was taken and placed full length inside a coffin, which had been procured for the job.— Having slept in this receptacle for the dead for some three or four hours, he awoke and upon raising himself up he gazed about him, first on one side of the coffin and then on the other, mattering to himself as he viewed the melancholy piece of turniture, 'Where am I? Where have I gotten to?' While saying this, a tall ghostly-looking figure, shrouded in a white sheet, walked from a large cupboard, and marching up to the box, faintly whispered, 'You are dead.' Said the disciple of Bacchus, fixing his eyes steadfastly upon the object before him, 'Ay, and hoo lang hae I been dead?' 'A week' answered the ghost. 'An' are you dead too?' 'Yes,' replied the spectre. 'Hech, sirs, an' hoo lang hae ye been dead, I say!' 'A fortnight' said the ghost. 'Here, then lad,' responding the interrogator, putting his hand into his pocket, 'ye ken this place better than I, bring us twa bottles o' good liquor.

This was too good for the ghost, and before he could well get out of the room, he burst into an immoderate fit of laughter.

THE WAY SHE FIXED HIM.

If there really is a difficult point to be managed, and cateness is required to effect it, commend us to womens wit for the purpose.

There was a certain pedlar of tin ware who traversed the city to dispose of notions to such as were willing to bargain. He was a persevering trader, and never suffered himself to be bluffed off with a short answer. One house, in particular, he continued to visit, in spite of continued rebuffs, and assurances that nothing was wanted—they never bought goods in that way. Nevertheless, he made his calls steadily, with each regular round, until he became a regular pest—and in reply to the information that it was useless to call, he made known his purpose to do so, just as often as he pleased.

One bitter cold day the house bell rang, and the good lady made all haste to get her hands from the dough in which they were busy, to answer the call. When she went, there stood the everlasting pedlar.

'Any tin ware wanting to-day ma'm?'

'Have you any tin kitchen's?'

'Yes ma'm'—and away he went to bring samples chuckling at the idea that his zeal was to be successful at last. 'There's nothin' muttered he, 'like hanging on anyhow.' The tin kitchens were brought, and tin pans were next inquired for. The pans were brought, and other articles enumerated to the number of seven different kinds, until a goodly portion of the pedlar's load had been transferred to the good lady's house.

'Is there anything more that I can do for you to-day ma'm..'

'O no—I don't want any of these. I only asked you if you had them—I did'n't say I wanted them.'

The pedlar was fairly 'sold,' and for a moment he felt like getting angry—but the idea rather tickled him and he commenced returning his wares to his cart, without uttering a word. He then mounted and rode off satisfied that for once a tin pedlar had met his match. He has never called at that house since—*Boston Star.*

EXTRAVAGANT CHURCHES.

The authorities of the Trinity Church, New York, have decided to erect another Church in that city at the cost of \$1,000,000.

Upon this statement the *Ortland Transcript* thus comments: Eighteen and a half centuries ago, a wanderer was seen in the East, who required no particular form of worship—no particular edifices built of the sweat and blood of the poor—to be "dedicated" to him or by him. He was odd—very odd—he did not follow the fashions of his times—did not cringe at the foot of power, but made himself obnoxious to kings and princes because he preached unpopular doctrines. He was poor and lowly, and was not deemed worthy to enter the temples of the rich and fabled. The poor and lowly are now denied the privilege of entering

Trinity Church; and were he to appear in his humble garb, unknown and without an admission card, he would be ejected from the present and prospective haunts of the merchant princes of Gotham. Men, women and children have starved to death, within the reach of the shadows of Trinity steeple. Thousands are now toiling and dying by inches, in part for these same temple builders, who pretend to be worshippers of him who said of himself "the foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests, but the son of man hath not where to lay his head."

The princes and the judges of old, bowed to the multitude and gave up this troublesome person to be killed according to the customs of his times. They thought his seditious doctrines would die. One of his greatest heresies was that of preaching glad tidings to the poor, a heresy by the way, which there is no danger of the preachers of Trinity Church or their congregation being hung for, unless they very materially change their course. The doctrines of the peasant of Nazareth—the carpenter's son, have, at this distant day, made some progress in the world, but we rather think that were he to look in upon a congregation worshipping in a church whose cost is a million of dollars, and on the preacher whose salary is six thousand a-year, he would point to the poor ignorant, starving creatures around the church, and say, "In the persons of these poor and needy children, 'I was an hungered and ye gave me no meat, I was thirsty and ye gave me no drink, I was sick and in prison, ye visited me not, and inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me.'"

BOILING A WATERMELON.

Some time since, a lady of Philadelphia, having received some company, ordered the cook to serve up a large watermelon, which she had purchased at the market, at a specified time in the evening. Time rolled on and the period came, and passed, in which the aforesaid melon was to have been served; and the mistress looked anxiously towards the door, every minute expecting Betty with the melon. Finally, as her anxiety could no longer be kept within bounds of silence, she rang the bell; and presently a round-faced, rosy-cheeked, dumpling shaped sort of a Paddy, whose appearance betokened a green 'un from the Emerald Isle, thrust her open countenance in at a narrow aperture between the door and the door jam, and gave notice of her appearance by asking her mistress

"What would ye be after havin'?"

"Why don't you bring up the melon as I ordered you?" asked the mistress.

"An' faith an' it's gone."

"Gone! gone where?"

"An' troth, an' I put it in yez pot to bile, an' faith, an' I b'lave the witches have taken it up the charnney; fer the crathers all gone!"

As Brooklyn, N. Y., is designated the City of Churches, the following classifications may prove interesting:—

Episcopal.....	11
Roman Catholics.....	6
Baptist.....	6
Dutch Reformed.....	6
Congregational.....	5
Presbyterian.....	7
Methodist Episcopal.....	12
African Methodist Episcopal.....	2
Miscellaneous.....	10
Whole number.....	65

DISTANCE ACROSS THE OCEAN.—The nearest geometrical distance between Liverpool and the North American ports is traced on the great curve which sweeps by Cape Clear, in Ireland, and Cape Race, in Newfoundland, and thence to the various ports alluded to. The distance to Cape Race, which is a common one to all the ports, measured carefully on a globe is, in round numbers 33 degrees, or 1980 marine miles. From Cape Race to the different ports—of the several harbors—the distances are as follows:—

To Halifax, 890 marine miles; to Boston 840 miles; to New York, 960; to Philadelphia, 1050; to Norfolk 1190. Hence the total distances from Livetpool are:

To Halifax, 2370; to Philadelphia, 3030; to Bk, 3150. Boston is 45 miles further than Halifax; New York, 600 miles further; Philadelphia, 660; Bk, 780.

THE WORKINGMAN IN ENGLAND.—Macaulay's History of England, gives some contrasts, which that within two centuries, English society made great advances in the comforts of the lower classes, and the diminution of pauperism. A recent treatise sets this matter in a strong light. He shows the entire amount of incomes assessed to the property tax in 1812 was £21,225,000, that assessed in 1843 was nearly £57,000,000; being an increase, during 36 years, of nearly £35,775,000 or 168 per cent. And by tables, in which the incomes of the higher and lower classes are presented, he shows the lowest classes to have increased fifty per cent. more than the highest. Then as to deposits in Savings' Banks in England, Wales and Scotland, these amounted in 1831 to 12s. 8d. per head upon the entire population; in 1848 they were £1. 0s. 11d. for each individual.— Again the friendly Societies in Great Britain are in number about 14,000, and consist of one million six hundred thousand members, with a gross annual income of £2,800,000, and accumulated capital of six million four hundred thousand pounds. Then there are the enrolled Benefit Societies of Great Britain, with a capital nine million pounds, to 2,500,000 members. Thus while the income Tax Returns prove that the number of the lower middle class has rapidly increased, since it possesses an increased income of £13,700,000 per annum, the condition of the Savings' Banks and Friendly Aid Benefit Societies speaks, in a voice which cannot be misunderstood, in favour of the improved habits and bettered condition of the humbler working classes; since those classes have accumulated in those institutions, intended entirely for their use and advantage, no less a capital than £42,000,000 sterling as a resource against sickness, accident and old age. Truly the moral improvement indicated by such a state of things is a most delightful contemplation. Then as to pauperism, it appears that in the year 1813, with a population of 10,000,000 in England and Wales the amount raised by poor rates was £7,500,000. In 1849, with a population in England and Wales of 15,000,000, the amount raised was £5,762, 970; had the population remained stationary, this latter amount would have been only about £3,870,000, or £4,630,000 less than 1813, of about forty per cent. in thirty-six years. No very great proof of the "rickety and precarious state of England." One more instance of improvement:—In 1815, every individual, man, woman and child, in Great Britain, was subjected to an annual tax for the support of Government, and payment of interest on the National Debt, of £5 4s. 6d.; this taxation is now lightened upon each individual head to £2 10s. 10d., or less than one half.

A MOST REMARKABLE CASE.—The Journal of American Medical Science contains an account of an injury to the brain and recovery of the man, which draws considerably upon one's faith to credit. The story in brief is that the person injured was engaged in blasting and was tamping in the charge, when it exploded, and the tamping iron, three feet seven in length and an inch and a quarter in diameter, weighing thirteen and a quarter pounds, passed through the left cheek, just behind and below the mouth, ascended into the brain behind the left eye, passed from the skull, which it shattered and raised up, "like an inverted funnel," for a distance of about two inches in every direction around the wound, flew threw the air, and was picked up by the workmen, "covered with blood and brains," several rods behind where he stood. The man was placed in a cart and carried three quarters of a mile. He got out of the cart himself, walked up stairs, and in ten weeks was nearly well, and though he lost a considerable portion of his brains he exhibited no difference in mental perceptions and power than before the accident. The case occurred in Vermont upon the line of the Rutland and Burlington Railroad, in September 1843 in the practice of Dr. J. M. Harlow, of Cavendish, Vt. The physician, on commenting on the case, says that it is unparalleled in the annals of surgery, and that its leading feature is the improbability of it.

HOW TO BE ECONOMICAL.—Buy four cigars for a shilling, and borrow your neighbor's paper.