

Varieties.



With whiskers thuck upon my face  
I went my fair to see,  
She told me she could never love  
A bearfaced chap like me.

I shaved quite clean, then called again,  
As I thought my troubles o'er,  
She laughed outright and said I was  
More barefaced than before.

PRICE CURRENT.

The price current sheet presents some items of interest. We see "the demand for East India hides is active." Should not this properly come under the head of news from the seat of war?—as the English are just now largely engaged in the business of tanning native hides "Though the demand for *indigo* continues good," yet holders look *blue*. We see "there is a firmer feeling for pig iron." We presume that should read "a firm a-feeling for pig iron." "There is rather more inquiry for sole leather." A strange announcement!—though sole leather is largely applied now-a-days, we were not before aware that any body was anxious to receive it. "There has been a fair demand for assorted sizes of nails." Then the number of henpecked husbands must have largely increased. We read that "tars are firm but quiet." Now we have seen several jolly jacks lately quite unsteady and belligerent. "In beef there is no change." Indeed! we saw a piece lately very much changed. 'St. Croix rum remains without change.' Of course, unless the change is forthcoming, it remains on the shelves of the retailers. "The business in pulled wool is moderate." A mistake—a good many voters have had wool pulled over their eyes lately. Really, we must get up a price current of our own.

At a convention of clergymen, not long since, it was proposed by one of the members, after they had dined, that each

man should entertain the company with some interesting remarks. Among the rest, one drew upon his fancy, and related a dream. In his dream he went to heaven, and he described the golden streets, &c. As he concluded, one of the divines, who was somewhat noted for his penurious and money-saving habits stepped up to the narrator, and inquired jokingly:

"Well, did you see anything of me in your dream?"

"Yes, I did."

"Indeed!—what was I doing?"

"You were on your knees."

"Praying, was I?"

"No—scraping up the gold!"

A Frenchman being about to remove his shop, his landlord inquired the reason; stating, at the same time, that it was considered a very good stand for business. The Frenchman replied with a shrug of the shoulder:

"O, yes, he's very good *stand* for de business; by far, me *stand* all day, for nobody come to make me move."

A countryman having purchased a gallon of mountain dew, for want of a more business-like label, wrote his name upon a common playing card, which happened to be the seven of clubs, and tied it to the handle of the bottle. A wag coming by observed:

"That's an awful careless way to leave liquor!"

"Why so?" says Tom.

"Why? because some one might come with the eight of clubs and take it."

Tom seized the bundle and left.

*A Weather Item.*—The court was called. There was a *cloud* upon the brow of the judge. Silence *rained*. William Mulligan was *hailed*, but William was *mist*. The judge *thundered*. The prosecuting attorney *stormed*. The jury's labors *lightened*, but William Mulligan, the brave, the good, had fled from the oppressor into the land of the free and the home of the brave.