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O'Connell v. the Widow Moriarty.—Sound and Fury.—In Madden's "Revelations of Ireland," we find a whimsical account of a scolding match between the late Daniel O'Connell, then a young man just called to the bar, and one Biddy Moriarty, an ancient widow, who kept a huxter's stall in one of the quays nearly opposite the Four Courts, and whose powers of abuse were notorious then from one end of Dublin to the other. The *lingual duello* was the result of a wager: O'Connell was very confident of success. He had laid an ingenious plan for overcoming her, and, with all the anxiety of an ardent experimentalist, waited to put it into practice. He resolved to open the *attack*. At this time O'Connell's own party, and the loungers about the place, formed an audience quite sufficient to rouse Mrs. Moriarty, on public provocation, to an exhibition of her powers. O'Connell commenced the attack.—

"What's the price of this walking stick Mrs. What's your name?"

"Moriarty, sir, is my nam, and a good one it is; and what have you to say again it? and one-and-sixpence is the price of the stick. Troth, its chape as dirt, so it is."

"One-and sixpence for a walking-stick! What's! Why you are no better than an impostor to ask eighteen-pence for what cost you twopence."

"Twopence, your grandmother," replied Mrs. Biddy; "do you mane to say that it's chating the people I am? Impostor, indeed!"

"Ay, impostor; and it's that I called you to your teeth," rejoined O'Connell.

"Come, cut your stick, you cantankerous jackanapes."

"Keep a civil tongue in your head, you old *diagonal*," cried O'Connell, calmly.

"Stop your jaw, you pugnosed badger, or by this and that," cried Mrs. Moriarty, "I'll make you go quicker nor you came."

"Don't be in a passian, my old *radius*; anger will only wrinkle your beauty."

"By the holly, if you say another word of impodence, I'll tan your dirty hide for you, bastely common scrub, and sorry I'd be to soil my fists upon your carcase."

Whew! boys, what a passion old Biddy's in; I protest as I am a gentleman."

"Jintleman! jintelman! he likes o'you a gentleman! Wisha, that bangs Banagaher. Why, you potato-faced pipin-sneezer, when did a Madagascar monkey like you pick enough of common Christian dacency to hide your Kerry brougue?"

"Easy, now easy," cried O'Connell, with imperturbable good humor, "don't choke yourself wit fine language, you old whisky-drinking *parallelogram*."

"What's that you call me, you murderin' villain?" roared Mrs. Moriarty, stung into fury.

"I call you, answered O'Connell, "a parallelogram; and a Dublin judge and jury will say it's no libble to call you so?"

"Och, tare-anouns! Och, holy Biddy! that an honest woman like me should be called a parrybellygrum to her face! I am none of your parrybellygrums, you rascally gallows-bird, you cowardly, sneaking, platelicking blighard!"

"Och, not you indeed!" retorted O'Connel: "why, I suppose you'll deny that you keep a *hyp themeuse* in your house."

"It's a lie for you, you robber. I never had such a thing in my house, you swindling thafe."

"Why, sure, all the neighbours know very well that you keep not only a *hypothenuse*, but that you have two *diameters* locked up in your garret, and that you go out to walk with them every Sunday, you heartless old *heptagon*."

"Och, hear that ye saints o'glory! Och, sure, there's bad language from a fellow that wants to pass for a jintleman. May the d—l fly away with you, you micher from Munster, and make celery sauce of your rotten limbs, you mealy-mouthed tub of g—s."

"Ah, you can't deny the charge, you miserable *submultiple* of a *duplicate ratio*."

"Go rince your mouth in the Liffey—you nasty nickle pitcher; after all the foul wind you speak, it ought to be thicker than your face, you dirty chicken of Beelzebub."

"Rince your own mouth, you wicked-minded old *polygon*—to the dence I pitch you, you blustering *intersection* of a stinking *superficies*."

"You saucy tinker's apprentice, if you don't cease your jaw, I'll——" but here she gasped for breath, unable to take any more words, for the last volley of O'Connell had nearly knocked the wind out of her.

"While I have a tongue, I'll abuse you, you most inimitable *periphery*. Look at her boys! there she stands; a convicted *perpendicular* in petticoats! There's contamination in her *circumference*, and she trembles with guilt to the extremities of her *corollaries*. Ah! you're found out, you *rectilineal antecedent*, and *equiangular* old bag, 'tis with yourself the divil will fly away you power-swiping *similitude* of the *bisection* of a *vortex*."

Overwhelmed with this torrent of language, Mrs. Moriarty was silenced. Catching up a saucepan, she was aiming at O'Connell's head, when he very prudently made a timely retreat. "You have won the wager, O'Connell, here's your bet," cried the gentleman who proposed the contest. O'Connell knew well the use of sound in intimidation; and, having to deal with an ignorant scold, determined to overwhelm her in volubility by using all the *sesquipedalia verba* which occur in English. With these, and a few significant epithets, and a scoffing, impudent demeanour he for once imposed silence on Biddy Moriarty.—*Liverpool Mail*.

We have been obliging favored by the author, Mr. Pike, (one of the Harmoneons,) with the words of his favorite song "I hab left Alabama,"—which we publish here for the benefit of those who were desirous to obtain them. We are happy to learn that the Harmoneons are reaping golden harvests, in their progress "Westward."

I HAB LEFF ALABAMA.

I hab left Alabama a long way behind-me,
I hab left my ole massa and wooly-head Ben;
And dey bout's gone crazy becase dey can't find me,
So I's gwine to go back to Alabama agen,
Chorus.—Alabama agen, Alabama agen,
And ober I hab till de sun rise tomorow,
I's a gwine to go back to Alabama agen.

Oh! Ben was my true lub, but de galls all would kiss him
And so I got jealous and left him soon den;
But ober since dat my affections did miss him,
So I must go back to Alabama agen.

Deb I'll tell Ben I lub him and he will be libe me
Case he knows dat I tink he's de gemblam ob men:
And Massa will smile and be glad to receibe me
When I's home, safe back to Alabama agen.

"Fanny."

SELF-MADE MEN.

'If you are to be an exception,' said Mr. Crabbe to his young friend, 'you will be the first in all my observation and experience. You may take the [illegible] of Maryland, and select from [illegible] who are most distinguished for [illegible] position of public [illegible] answer for it, they are all ev[illegible] men who began the wo[illegible] Look into the public con[illegible] and who are they that [illegible] They are men who made [illegible] self-made men, wise [illegible] The rule is universal. It pervades our Courts, State and Federal, from the highest to the lowest. It is true of all the professions. It is so now; it has been so at any time since I have known the public men of this State or the nation; and it will be so while our present institutions continue. You must throw a man upon his own resources to bring him out. The struggle which is to result in eminence is too arduous, and must be continued too long, to be encountered and maintained voluntarily, or unless as a matter of life and death. He who has fortune to fall back upon will soon slaken from his efforts, and finally retire from the competition. With me it is a question whether it is desirable that a parent should leave his son any property at all. You will have a large fortune, and I am sorry for it as it will be the spoiling of a good lawyer. These are my deliberate sentiments, and I shall be rejoiced to find, in your instance, I shall be mistaken.'

Appearances.—I became poor, and my apparel soon evinced it—I was universally avoided—I passed through the streets as through a desert. I had three old hats—I gave them all for one new one, put it on, and went out—I was immediately accosted by dozens. My wife contrived to get up one tolerable coat out of two old ones—I put it on also, and went out—every one now recognised me, and I was shaken hands with at every corner.

Those that have unfortunately more brains than bank notes, can apply the moral.

Clean Hands.—Dr. Wall, once, at a dinner table, very unwisely persisted in playing with a cork in such a manner as displayed a hand long divorced from the lavatory. One guest happened to express his surprise to another and in too loud a whisper, exclaimed, Heavens, what a dirty hand! The doctor overheard, and turning sharply round, said, Sir, I'll bet you a guinea there is a dirtier hand in the company!, 'Done,' replied the first, sure of winning,—the guineas were stake—and the doctor showed his other hand. He was judged to have won without a dissenting voice.

The Female Eye.—A modern writer gives the following enumeration of the various expressions of the female eye.—'The glare, the stare, the sneer, the invitation, the defiance, the denial, the consent, the glance of love, the flash of rage, the sparkling of hope, the languishment of softness, the squint of suspicion, the fire of jealously; and the lustre of pleasure.'

Whitewashing Extraordinary—The Rev Mr Williams, in one of his narratives, gives a laughable account of the effect produced on the natives of one of the South Sea Islands, by a successful attempt which he made to convert the coral of their shores into lime. After having laughed at the process of burning, which they believed to be cook the coral for food, what was their astonishment when, in the morning, they found the missionary's cottage glittering in the rising sun, white as snow! They danced, they sang, they shouted, they screamed for joy. The whole Island was soon in commotion, given up to wonder and curiosity. The *bon ton* immediately voted the white wash cosmetic and a Kalydor, and superlatively happy did many a swarthy coquette consider herself could she but enhance her charms by a daub of the whiting brush. And now party spirit ran high, as it will do in more civilised countries, as to who was or who was not entitled to preference. One party urged their superior rank and riches; a second had the brush, and were determined at all events to keep it; and a third tried to overturn the whole, that they might obtain some of the sweepings. They even did not scruple to rob each other of the little share that some had been so happy as to procure. But soon new lime was inspired, and in a week not a hut, a domestic utensil, a war club, or a garment, but was white as snow; not an inhabitant but what had his skin painted with the most grotesque figures; not a pig but what was similarly whitened; and even mothers might be seen in every direction capering with extravagant gestures, and yelling with delight at the superior beauty of their white washed infants.

How like more civilised nations quarrelling about uniforms?

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