"My orchestra is small, but I am sure it is very good, so far as it goes. I give my pianist ten pounds a night and his washing.

"I like music. I can't sing. As a singist, I am not a success. I am saddest when I sing: so are those who hear me: they are sadder even than I am. The other night, some silver-voiced young man came under my window, and sang, 'Come where my love lies dreaming.' I didn't go: I didn't think it would be correct."

Artemas said he had heard of persons being ruined by large fortunes. He thought, if ruin must befall him, he should choose to have it come in this form. He even said plainly, "I want to be ruined by a large fortune."

Artemas said that Brigham Young was the most married man he ever saw in his life. "I saw," said he, "his mother-in-law, while I was there. I can't exactly tell you how many there is of her; but it's a good deal. It strikes me that one mother-in-law is about enough to have in a family, unless you're very fond of excitement. Some of these Mormons have terrific families. I lectured one night, by invitation, in the Mormon village of Provost; but, during the day, I rashly gave a leading Mormon an order admitting himself and family. It was before I knew he was much married; and they filled the room to overflowing. It was a great success: but I didn't get any money.

"I regret to say that efforts were made to make a Mormon of me while I was in Utah. It was leap-year when I was there; and seventeen young widows, the wives of a deceased Mormon, offered me their hearts and hands. I called on them one day; and taking their white, soft hands in mine—which made eighteen hands altogether—I found them in tears. And I said, 'Why is this thus? What is the reason of this thusness?' They hove a sigh—seventeen sighs of different size. They said, 'Doth not like us?' I said, 'I doth, I doth!' I also said, 'I hope your intentions are honorable; as I am a lone child, my parents being far, far away.' They then said, 'Wilt not marry us?'—'Oh, no! it cannot was.' Again they asked me to marry them, and again I declined. Then they cried, 'O cruel man! this is too much—oh! too much!' I told them it was on account of the muchness that I declined.

"Mr. Heber C. Kimball is the first Vice-President of the Mormon Church; and would, consequently, succeed to the full presidency on Brigham Young's death. Brother Kimball is a gay and festive fellow of some seventy summers, or someers there about. He has one thousand head of cattle and a hundred head of wives. He says they are awful eaters.

"Mr. Kimball had a son—a lovely young man—who was married to ten interesting wives. But one day, while he was absent from home, they went out walking with a handsome young man; which so enraged Mr. Kimball's son, which made him so jealous, that he shot himself with a horse-pistol. The doctor who attended him, a very scientific man, informed me that the bullet entered the inner parallelogram of his diaphragmatic thorax, superinducing membraneous hemorrhage in the outer cuticle of his bouliconthomaturgist. It killed him. I should have thought it would.

"The last picture I have to show you represents Mr. Brigham Young in the bosom of his family. His family is large, and the olive-branches around his table are in a very tangled condition. He is more a father than any man I know. When at home, as you see him in the picture, he ought to be very happy, with sixty wives to minister to his comforts, and twice sixty children to soothe his distracted mind. Ah! my friends, what is home without a family?"

MARK TWAIN'S STORY OF THE BAD LITTLE BOY WHO DIDN'T COME TO GRIEF.

Once there was a bad little boy whose name was Jim; though, if you will notice, you will find that bad little boys are nearly always called James, in your Sunday-school

books. It was very strange, but still it was true, that this one was called Jim.

He didn't have any sick mother, either—a sick mother who was pious, and had the consumption, and would be glad to lie down in the grave, and be at rest, but for the strong love she bore her boy, and the anxiety she felt that the world would be harsh and cold towards him when she was gone. Most bad boys in the Sunday-school books are named James, and have sick mothers who teach them to say, "Now I lay me down," etc., and sing them to sleep with sweet, plaintive voices, and then kiss them good-night, and kneel down by the bedside and weep. But it was different with this fellow. He was named Jim; and there wasn't any thing the matter with his mother—no consumption, or any thing of that kind. She was rather stout than otherwise; and she was not pious: moreover, she was not anxious on Jim's account. She said if he were to break his neck, it wouldn't be much loss. She always spanked Jim to sleep; and she never kissed him good-night: on the contrary, she boxed his ears when she was ready to leave him.

Once this bad little boy stole the key of the pantry, and slipped in there, and helped himself to some jam, and filled up the vessel with tar, so that his mother would never know the difference; but all at once a terrible feeling didn't come over him, and something didn't seem to whisper to him, "Is it right to disobey my mother? Isn't it sinful to do this? Where do bad little boys go who gobble up their good, kind mother's jam?" and then he didn't kneel down all alone and promise never to be wicked any more, and rise up with a light, happy heart, and go and tell his mother all about it, and beg her forgiveness, and be blessed by her with tears of pride and thankfulness in her eyes. No; that is the way with all other bad boys in the books; but it happened otherwise with this Jim, strangely enough. He ate that jam, and said it was bully, in his sinful, vulgar way; and he put in the tar, and said that was bully also, and laughed, and observed that

"the old woman would get up and snort" when she found it out; and when she did find it out, he denied knowing anything about it; and she whipped him severely; and he did the crying himself. Everything about this boy was curious: everything turned out differently with him from the way it does to the bad Jameses in the books.

Once he climbed up in Farmer Acorn's apple-tree to steal apples; and the limb didn't break; and he didn't fall and break his arm, and get torn by the farmer's great dog, and then languish on a sick-bed for weeks, and repent and become good. Oh, no! he stole as many apples as he wanted, and came down all right; and he was all ready for the dog, too, and knocked him endways with a rock when he came to tear him. It was very strange: nothing like it ever happened in those mild little books with marbled backs, and with pictures in them of men with swallow-tailed coats, and bell-crowned hats, and pantaloons that are short in the legs; and women with the waists of their dresses under their arms, and no hoops on—nothing like it in any of the Sunday-school books.

Once he stole the teacher's penknife: and when he was afraid it would be found out, and he would get whipped, he slipped it into George Wilson's cap—poor widow Wilson's son, the moral boy, the good little boy of the village, who always obeyed his mother, and never told an untruth, and was fond of his lessons and infatuated with Sunday-school. And when the knife dropped from the cap, and poor George hung his head and blushed as if in conscious guilt, and the grieved teacher charged the theft upon him, and was just in the very act of bringing the switch down upon his trembling shoulders, a white-haired improbable justice of the peace did not suddenly appear in their midst, and strike an attitude, and say, "Spare this noble boy: there stands the cowering culprit. I was passing the school-door at recess, and, unseen myself, I saw the theft committed." And then Jim didn't get whaled; and the venerable justice didn't read the

tearful school a homily, and take George by the hand, and say such a boy deserved to be exalted, and then tell him to come and make his home with him, and sweep out the office, and make fires, and run errands, and chop wood, and study law, and help his wife to do household labors, and have all the balance of the time to play, and get forty cents a month, and be happy. No: it would have happened that way in the books; but it didn't happen that way to Jim. No meddling old clam of a justice dropped in to make trouble, and so the model boy George got thrashed; and Jim was glad of it, because, you know, Jim hated moral boys. Jim said he was "down on them milksops." Such was the coarse language of this bad, neglected boy.

But the strangest things that ever happened to Jim was the time he went boating on Sunday and didn't get drowned, and that other time that he got caught out in the storm when he was fishing on Sunday, and didn't get struck by lightning. Why, you might look and look and look through the Sunday-school books from now till next Christmas, and you would never come across anything like this. Oh, no! you would find that all the bad boys who go boating on Sunday invariably get drowned; and all the bad boys who get caught out in storms when they are fishing on Sunday infallibly get struck by lightning. Boats with bad boys in them always upset on Sunday; and it always storms when bad boys go fishing on the Sabbath. How this Jim ever escaped is a mystery to me.

This Jim bore a charmed life: that must have been the way of it. Nothing could hurt him. He even gave the elephant in the menagerie a plug of tobacco; and the elephant didn't knock the top of his head off with his trunk. He browsed around the cupboard after essence of peppermint, and didn't make a mistake and drink aqua-fortis. He stole his father's gun, and went hunting on the Sabbath, and didn't shoot three or four of his fingers off. He struck his little sister on the temple with his fist when he was angry;

and she didn't linger in pain through long summer days, and die with sweet words of forgiveness upon her lips that redoubled the anguish of his breaking heart. No: she got over it. He ran off and went to sea at last, and didn't come back and find himself sad and alone in the world, his loved ones sleeping in the quiet churchyard, and the vine-embowered home of his boyhood tumbled down and gone to decay. Ah, no! he came home drunk as a piper, and got into the station-house the first thing.

And he grew up, and married, and raised a large family, and brained them all with an axe one night, and got wealthy by all manner of cheating and rascality; and now he is the infernalest wickedest scoundrel in his native village, and is universally respected, and belongs to the legislature.

So you see there never was a bad James in the Sunday-school books that had such a streak of luck as this sinful Jim with the charmed life.

THE QUEER AND INSTRUCTIVE SAYINGS OF MRS. PARTINGTON.

It was with strong emotion of wonder that Mrs. Partington read in the papers that a new wing was to be added to the Cambridge Observatory. "What upon airth can that be for, I wonder? I dare say they are putting the new wing on to take more flights arter comics and such things; or to look at the new ring of the planet Satan—another link added to his chain, perhaps; and, gracious knows, he seems to go farther than he ever did before." She stopped to listen as the sounds of revelry and drunkenness arose upon the night-air; and she glanced from her chamber, over the way, where a red illuminated lantern denoted "Clam-Chowder." Why should she look there just at that moment of her allusion to Satan? What connection could there be, in her mind, between Satan and clam-chowder? Nobody was present but Ike, and Isaac slumbered.

Mrs. Partington was in the country one August; and, for a whole month, not one drop of rain had fallen. One day she was slowly walking along the road, with her umbrella over her head, when an old man, who was mending up a little gap of wall, accosted her, at the same time depositing a large stone upon the top of the pile. "Mrs. Partington, what do *you* think can help this 'ere drought?"

The old lady looked at him through her spectacles, at the same time smelling a fern-leaf. "I think," said she in a tone of oracular wisdom—"I think a little rain would help it as much as anything." It was a great thought. The old gentleman took off his straw hat, and wiped his head with his cotton handkerchief, at the same time saying that he thought so too.

"Diseases is various," said Mrs. Partington as she returned from a street-door conversation with Dr. Bolus. "The doctor tells me that Mrs. Haze has got two buckles on her lungs. It is dreadful to think of, I declare! The disease is *so* various! One way, we hear of people's dying of hermitage of the lungs; another way, of the brown creatures: here they tell us of the elementary canal being out of order, and there about tonsors of the throat; here we hear of neurology in the head, there of an embargo; one side of us we hear of men being killed by getting a pound of tough beef in the cacrofagus, and there another kills himself by discovering the jocular vein. Things change so, that I declare I don't know how to subscribe for my diseases now-a-days. New names and new nostrils takes the place of the old, and I might as well throw my old herb-bag away." Fifteen minutes afterwards, Isaac had that herb-bag for a target, and broke three squares of glass in the cellar-window in trying to hit it, before the old lady knew what he was about. She didn't mean exactly what she said.

"Does Isaac manifest any taste for poetry, Mrs. Partington?" asked the schoolmaster's wife while conversing on the merits of the youthful Partington. The old lady was basting

a chicken which her friends had sent her from the country. "Oh, yes!" said the old lady, smiling: "he is very partially fond of poultry, and it always seems as if he can't get enough of it." The old spit turned by the fire-place in response to her answer, while the basting was going on. "I mean," said the lady, "does he show any of the divine afflatus?" The old lady thought a moment. "As for the divine flatness, I don't know about it. He's had all the complaints of children; and, when he was a baby, he fell, and broke the cartridge of his nose: but I hardly think he's had this that you speak of." The roasting chicken hissed and sputtered, and Mrs. Partington basted it again.

"People may say what they will about country air being so good for 'em," said Mrs. Partington, "and how they fat upon it: for my part, I shall always think it is owin' to the vittles. Air may do for cammamiler and other reptiles that live on it; but I know that men must have something substantialer." The old lady was resolute in this opinion, conflict as it might with general notions. She is set in her opinions, very; and, in their expression, nowise backward. "It may be as Solomon says," said she; "but I lived at the pasturage in a country town all one summer, and I never heerd a turtle singing in the branches. I say I never *heerd* it: but it may be so too; for I have seen 'em in brooks under the tree, where they, perhaps, dropped off. I wish some of our great naturalists would look into it." With this wish for light, the old lady lighted her candle, and went to bed.

"I think," said Mrs. Partington, getting up from the breakfast-table, "I will take a tower, or go upon a discursion. The bill says, if I collect rightly, that a party is to go to a very plural spot, and to mistake of a cold collection. I hope it won't be so cold as ours was for the poor last Sunday: why, there wasn't efficient to buy a feet of wood for a restitute widder." And the old lady put on her calash.

CAUDLE'S WEDDING-DAY.

Caudle, love, do you know what next Sunday is? *No?* You don't! Well, was there ever such a strange man! Can't you guess, darling? Next Sunday, dear? Think, love, a minute—just think. What! and you don't know now? Ha! If I hadn't a better memory than you I don't know how we should ever get on. Well then, pet—shall I tell you, dear, what next Sunday is? Why, then, it's our wedding-day. What are you groaning at, Mr. Caudle? I don't see anything to groan at. If anybody should groan, I'm sure it isn't you. No; I rather think it's I who ought to groan!

Oh, dear! That's fourteen years ago. You were a very different man then, Mr. Caudle. What do you say?—*And I was a very different woman?* Not at all—just the same. Oh, you needn't roll your head about on the pillow in that way: I say, just the same. Well, then, if I'm altered, whose fault is it? Not mine, I'm sure—certainly not. Don't tell me that I couldn't talk at all then—I could talk just as well then as I can now; only then I hadn't the same cause. It's you have made me talk. What do you say? *You're very sorry for it?* Caudle you do nothing but insult me.

Ha! You were a good-tempered, nice creature fourteen years ago, and would have done anything for me. Yes, yes, if a woman would be always cared for she should never marry. There's quite an end of the charm when she goes to church! We're all angels while you're courting us; but once married, how soon you pull our wings off! No, Mr. Caudle, I'm not talking nonsense; but the truth is, you like to hear nobody talk but yourself. Nobody ever tells me that I talk nonsense but you. Now, it's no use your turning and turning about in that way; it's not a bit of— What do you say? *You'll get up?* No, you won't Caudle; you'll not serve me that trick again, for I've locked the door and hid the key. There's no getting hold of you in day-time—but here, you can't leave me. You needn't groan, Mr. Caudle.

Now, Caudle, dear, do let us talk comfortably. After all,

love, there's a good many folks who, I dare say, don't get on half so well as we've done. We've both our little tempers, perhaps, but you are aggravating, you must own that, Caudle. Well, never mind; we won't talk of it; I won't scold you now. We'll talk of next Sunday, love. We never have kept our wedding-day, and I think it would be a nice day to have our friends. What do you say? *They'd think it hypocrisy?* No hypocrisy at all. I'm sure I try to be comfortable; and if ever a man was happy, you ought to be. No, Caudle, no; it isn't nonsense to keep wedding-days; it isn't a deception on the world; and if it is, how many people do it? I'm sure it's only a proper compliment that a man owes to his wife. Look at the Winkles—don't they give a dinner every year? Well, I know, and if they do fight a little in the course of the twelvemonth, that's nothing to do with it. They keep their wedding-day, and their acquaintance have nothing to do with anything else.

As I say Caudle, it's only a proper compliment a man owes to his wife to keep his wedding-day. It is as much as to say to the whole world, "There, if I had to marry again, my blessed wife's the only woman I'd choose!" Well, I see nothing to groan at, Mr. Caudle—no, nor to sigh at either; but I know what you mean; I'm sure, what would have become of you if you hadn't married as you have done—why, you'd have been a lost creature! I know it; I know your habits, Caudle; and—I don't like to say it—but you'd have been little better than a ragamuffin. Nice scrapes you'd have got into, I know, if you hadn't had me for a wife. The trouble I've had to keep you respectable—and what's my thanks? Ha! I only wish you'd had some women!

But we won't quarrel, Caudle. No; you don't mean any thing, I know. We'll have this little dinner, eh? Just a few friends? Now don't say you don't care—that isn't the way to speak to a wife; and especially the wife I've been to you, Caudle. Well, you agree to the dinner, eh? Now don't grunt, Mr. Caudle, but speak out. You'll keep your wedding

day? What? *If I'll let you go to sleep?* Ha, that's unmanly, Caudle; can't you say, "Yes," without any thing else? I say—can't you say "Yes?" There bless you! I knew you would.

And now, Caudle, what shall we have for dinner? No—we won't talk of it to-morrow; we'll talk of it now, and then it will be off my mind. I should like something particular—something out of the way—just to show that we thought the day something. I should like—Mr. Caudle, you're not asleep? *What do I want?* Why, you know I want to settle about the dinner. *Have what I like?* No, as it is your fancy to keep the day, it's only right that I should try to please you. We never had one, Caudle; so what do you think of a haunch of venison? What do you say? *Mutton will do?* Ha! that shows what you think of your wife: I dare say if it was with any of your club friends—any of your pot-house companions—you'd have no objection to venison? I say if— What do you mutter? *Let it be venison?* Very well. And now about the fish? What do you think of a nice turbot? No, Mr. Caudle, *brill* won't do—it shall be turbot, or there shan't be any fish at all. Oh! what a mean man you are, Caudle! Shall it be turbot? *It shall?* And now about—the soup—now Caudle, don't swear at the soup in that manner; you know there must be soup. Well, once in a way, and just to show our friends how happy we've been, we'll have some real turtle. *No you won't; you'll have nothing but mock?* Then, Mr. Caudle, you may sit at the table by yourself. Mock-turtle on a wedding-day! Was there ever such an insult? What do you say? *Let it be real then, for once?* Ha, Caudle! as I say, you were a very different person fourteen years ago.

And, Caudle, you look after the venison! There's a place I know, somewhere in the city, where you'll get it beautiful. You'll look at it? *You will?* Very well.

And now who shall we invite? *Who I like?* Now you know, Caudle, that's nonsense; because I only like whom

you like. I suppose the Prettymans must come. But understand, Caudle, I don't have *Miss* Prettyman: I am not going to have my peace of mind destroyed under my own roof: if she comes, I don't appear at the table. What do you say? *Very well?* Very well be it, then.

And now Caudle, you'll not forget the venison? In the city, my dear! You'll not forget the venison? A haunch, you know: a nice haunch. And you'll not forget the venison? (*A loud snore.*) Bless me, if he ain't asleep! Oh, the unfeeling men!

IRISH WIT AND HUMOR.

An Irish Debt.

The late Sir Walter Scott, meeting an Irish beggar in the street, who importuned for sixpence, the then Great Unknown not having one, gave him a shilling, adding with a laugh, "Now, remember, you owe me sixpence."

"Och, sure enough," said the beggar, "and God grant you may live till I pay you."

Mike's Opinion of the Army Physician.

"Arrah, Mister Charles! don't mind the docther: he's a poor craythur entirely; little does he know."

"Why, what do you mean, Mike? He's physician to the forces."

"Dear me! and so he may be," said Mike with a toss of his head: "those army docthers isn't worth their salt. It's thruth I'm telling you. Sure, didn't he come to see me when I was sick in the hould? 'How do you feel?' says he. 'Terribly dhry in the mouth,' says I. 'But your bones,' says he: 'how's them?'—'As if cripples was kicking me,' says I. Well, with that he went away, and brought back two powders. 'Take them,' says he, 'and ye'll be cured in no time.'—'What's them?' says I. 'They are emetics,' says

he. 'Blood and ages!' says I, 'are they?'—'It's thrue what I tell ye,' says he: 'take them immediately.' I tuk them; and would you believe me, Mister Charles—it's thruth I'm telling ye—not one o' them would stay on my stomach. So you see what a docther he is. Sure he isn't worth his salt."

The following colloquy at cross purposes once took place between an agent and an Irish voter on the eve of an election:

"You are a Roman Catholic?"

"Am I?" said the fellow.

"Are you not?" demanded the agent.

"You say I am," was the answer.

"Come sir, answer—what's your religion?"

"The true religion."

"What religion is that?"

"My religion."

"And what's *your* religion?"

"My mother's religion."

"And what was your mother's religion?"

"She tuk whisky in her tay."

"Come, I'll have you now, as cunning as you are," said the agent, piqued into an encounter of wit with this fellow, whose baffling of every question pleased the crowd. "You bless yourself, don't you?"

"When I'm done with you I think I ought."

"What place of worship do you go to?"

"The most convanyant."

"But of what persuasion are you?"

"My persuasion is that you won't find it out."

"What is your belief?"

"My belief is that you're puzzled."

"Do you confess?"

"Not to you."

"Come, now I have you. Who would you send for if you were likely to die?"

"Dr. G———."

"Not for the priest?"

"I must first get a messenger."

"Confound your quibbling!—tell me, then, what your opinions are—your conscientious opinions, I mean?"

"They are the same as my landlord's."

"And what are your landlord's opinions?"

"Faix, his opinion is, that I won't pay him the last year's rint; and I am of the same opinion myself."

A roar of laughter followed this answer; but the angry agent at last declared that he must have a direct reply.

"I insist, sir, on your answering at once; are you a Roman Catholic?"

"I am," said the fellow.

"And could you not say so at once?"

"You never axed me," returned the other.

"I did," said the agent.

"Indeed, you didn't. You said I was a great many things, but you never axed me—you were drivin' cras words and cruked questions at me, and I gev answers to match them; for sure I thowt it was manners to cut out my behavor on your own patthern."

"My dear Murphy," said an Irishman to his friend, "why did you betray the secret I told you?"

"Is it betraying, you call it? Sure, when I found I wasn't able to keep it myself, didn't I do well to tell it to somebody in whose ability I had more confidence than in my own?"

An Irishman, reduced by sickness, occasionally stopped breathing for a short time. When awake, his attendant asked him, "An' how'll we know, Jemmy, when you're dead? You're afther wakin' up ivery time."

"Bring me a glass of grog, an' say to me, 'Here's till ye, Jemmy!' an', if I don't rise up and dhrink, then bury me."