

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY J. H. CHRISTY & CO., Publishers of the Laws &c. of the United States.

TERMS. This paper is published at Two Dollars a year, in advance—Two Dollars and Fifty Cents in six months—or, Three Dollars at the end of the year. (See prospectus.) Advertisements inserted at One Dollar per square for the first, and Twenty-Five Cents for each continuance. Court Orders will be charged twenty-five per cent. extra.

LAWS OF THE U. STATES. Passed at the second Session of the 27th Congress. OFFICIAL PUBLICATION.

[Public—No. 22.]

AN ACT to amend an act entitled "An act to carry into effect, in the State of Alabama and the State of Mississippi, the existing compact with those States with regard to the five per cent fund and the school reservations."

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That so much of the second section of the act entitled "An act to carry into effect, in the States of Alabama and Mississippi, the existing compact with those States in regard to the five per cent fund and the school reservations," as relates to the land therein designated as reserved to the State of Mississippi for the use of schools, to be selected, under the direction of the Secretary of the Treasury, "out of any public lands remaining unsold that shall have been of five acres or more within either of the land districts of said State of Mississippi, contiguous to said lands, within said State," is hereby amended, so that the said lands may be selected, under the direction of the Governor of said State of Mississippi, out of any public lands remaining unsold within either of the land districts of said State of Mississippi contiguous to the land in said State ceded by the Chickasaw Indians.

WILLIE P. MANGUM, President of the Senate pro tempore. JOHN WHITE, Speaker of the House of Representatives.

Approved, June 13, 1842. JOHN TYLER.

[Public—No. 23.]

AN ACT authorizing the county commissioners of Lake county, Illinois, to enter a quarter section of land for a seat of justice in said county.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That upon proof being made to the Secretary of the Treasury of the payment of the minimum price per acre by the county of Lake, in the State of Illinois, to the United States, for the southeast quarter of section twenty-one, in township forty-five north, of range twelve, east of the third principal meridian, upon which the county seat of said county is located, it shall be lawful for the President of the United States to cause a patent for said land to be issued to said county, in full and full satisfaction of the claim of said county to enter one quarter section of land in virtue of the act of the twenty-sixth of May, one thousand eight hundred and twenty-four, entitled "An act granting to the counties parishes of each State and Territory of the United States in which the public lands are situated, the right of pre-emption to quarter sections of land for seats of justice within the same." Provided, said county shall relinquish, in such form as the Secretary of the Treasury shall prescribe, all claim whatever to the northeast quarter of section twenty-one, township forty-four, range eleven east, lying in said county, and which tract was first located by said county for the use of the county seat for said county in virtue of the provisions of the act aforesaid.

Approved, June 12, 1842.

[Public—No. 24.]

AN ACT for the apportionment of Representatives among the several States according to the sixth census.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That from and after the third day of March, one thousand eight hundred and forty-two, the House of Representatives shall be composed of members elected agreeably to a ratio of one Representative for every seventy thousand six hundred and eighty persons in each State, and of one additional Representative for each State having a fraction greater than one moiety of the said ratio, computed according to the rule prescribed by the Constitution of the United States; that is to say: Within the State of Maine, seven; within the State of New Hampshire, four; within the State of Massachusetts, ten; within the State of Rhode Island, two; within the State of Connecticut, four; within the State of Vermont, four; within the State of New York, thirty-four; within the State of Pennsylvania, twenty-four; within the State of Delaware, one; within the State of Maryland, six; within the State of Virginia, fifteen; within the State of North Carolina, seven; within the State of South Carolina, seven; within the State of Georgia, eight; within the State of Alabama, seven; within the State of Louisiana, four; within the State of Mississippi, four; within the State of Tennessee, eleven; within the State of Kentucky, ten; within the State of Ohio, twenty-one; within the State of Indiana, ten; within the State of Illinois, seven; within the State of Missouri, five; within the State of Arkansas, one; and within the State of Michigan, three.

And be it further enacted, That in every case where a State is entitled to more than one Representative, the number to which each State shall be entitled under this apportionment shall be divided by districts composed of a contiguous territory equal in number of Representatives to which said State may be entitled, no one district electing more than one Representative.

Approved, June 25, 1842.

[Public—No. 21.]

AN ACT to provide for the settlement of the claims of the State of Maine for the service of her militia.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the Secretary of War be and he is hereby, authorized and directed to cause to be repaid and paid to the State of Maine, on the order of the Governor of said State, out of any money not otherwise appropriated, such amounts as the Paymaster General of the United States army and accounting officers of the Treasury shall ascertain and certify would have been due from the United States to the militia called into the service of the State in the year eighteen hundred and thirty-nine, for the protection of her northeastern frontier, by the Governor, or said militia had been duly called into the service of the United States, and regularly received and mustered by the officers of the United States army, according to the laws and regulations which have governed in the payment of the salaries and militia of other States.—And this

Paymaster General and accounting officers of the Treasury are hereby authorized and required to include the following claims, presented by said State, viz:

First. The cost of cannon balls and knapsacks purchased by the State, for troops called into service, and for the defence of the frontier aforesaid: Provided, That said balls and knapsacks shall belong to the United States.

Second. The amount paid by the State for transportation of military stores and of her troops in actual service as aforesaid: Provided, That amount should, in the opinion of the Secretary of War, appear to be reasonable.

Third. The pay or compensation allowed by the State to the Paymaster and Commissary General, and other staff officers, while they were respectively employed in making or superintending disbursements for the militia in actual service as aforesaid: Provided, The compensation paid by the State, as aforesaid, shall not exceed that paid by the United States, for similar services.

Fourth. The sum paid by the State for blankets for the use of her militia while in actual service as aforesaid, or so much thereof as shall appear reasonable.

Fifth. The amount of expenditures by said State in necessary repairs of arms used by the militia while in actual service as aforesaid.

Provided, That the accounts of the agent employed by the State of Maine to make said payments be submitted to the Paymaster General and the accounting officers for their inspection.

Approved, June 13, 1842.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The philosophy of Marriage.

LINK THE FIRST.

Marriage, under any circumstances, is a very ticklish affair.

When the contracting parties do not "hit their horses," they frequently hit each other, and then it is a most disagreeable affair.

When they do harmonize, and one is the echo—the veritable reflection of the other's thoughts, smiles, and feelings—anticipating every whim and desire,—it is a very pleasant affair.

When a "happy couple" display their affection by pats and taps, and little pinches before company—it is a very ridiculous affair.

When the husband throws out aggravating insinuations, and the excited spouse, like Xantippe of old, throws a tea pot at her lord and master's head, it is a horrible affair.

When the lady rules the roast and wears the inexpressible look of tyrannical command, and the gentleman tacitly yields to her usurping and unnatural sway—it is a pitiable affair.

When the husband is not content with the sweets of the flower he has culled, but flies abroad, and like the "little busy bee," goes sipping and "gathering honey" from "every opening flower,"—it is a lamentable affair.

Where the lady, forgetful of her vows of constancy and love, "bolts" with a pair of black whiskers, and ditto military boots—it is a very naughty affair.

Taking all these reflections into consideration, it must incontestably appear that marriage is a very serious affair. And, as marriages are said to be made in Heaven, we should advise every candidate not to tie the knot before he obtains a duly authenticated certificate of the original contract!

LINK THE SECOND.

The science of boxing is peculiarly English; and would appear to have an influence even upon the softer sex; for no sooner does a suitor "show fight" than the lady and her relatives simultaneously demand "a ring! a ring!" Mercy on the poor fellow who engages with his fair antagonist!

If, blinded by passion, he rushes heedlessly to the encounter, he may run a risk of getting his head "in chancery," or his "nob" may suffer from the fair one's dexterity in "fibbing" or his "breadbasket" may be punished, and, elegant and accomplished though she be, he will find that even the best bread is not unleavened.

LINK THE THIRD.

A tyrant is detestable; but that yielding piece of clay called a "soft husband," is only ridiculous. He has frequently to boast the honor of having been wooed by the lady before marriage, and invariably ruled by her afterwards. He generally falls to the lot of a shrew—not being naturally shrewd enough to avoid the insidious pitfall cunningly set to entrap him.

The only merit he has is that of the chameleon; taking kindly the color of surrounding objects, and yielding unarmingly to the domineering "dictatrix" who rules his destiny, as a writing master rules a copy-book, in straight lines or slant; and he has to form his letters accordingly, and above all, to mind his p's and q's.

If the "happy, happy, happy pair," are going out to a party, he is literally worried.

"Now, Peter," cries the lady, impatiently, from the parlor door, her sweet voice ascending the stairs to his dressing-room, "what are you dawdling about? Here have I been waiting for you this quarter of an hour."

Poor Peter, flurried, grasps both his white kid gloves in his red right hand, and rushes to her presence.

"Here I am, dear, right as a trivet," says he good humoredly.

"I beg, sir, you will not use such vulgar kitchen phrases in my presence," exclaims his "dear," who has been practising propriety, and endeavoring to put on her best manners with her best clothes; "but it's of no use talking; there's no making a silk purse out of a sow's ear. Come, let me look at you."

Peter instantly stands before her in his bran new blue coat, with gilt buttons, extending his arms with all the graces of a clothes-horse, his head bolt upright.

She regards him from top to toe with the glance of a drill-sergeant. In the name of goodness! what have you crumpled up your gloves in that fashion for?

"I hadn't time, dear, to put my fist in 'em, you were in such a dov—such a hurry, that really—"

"Don't talk to me!" interrupted the lady snappishly. "But—well, I do think you are enough to make a clergyman excrete!" and, darting forward her hand, she seizes hold of the tie or rosette of his white cravat, and nearly throttles him in the endeavor to snatch it from his neck.

"Was ever woman so plagued and pestered!—Peter you are a fool! Why, I declare you have fumbled and tumbled your cravat about till it's dirty, and tied it so clumsily that it looks like an old towel about your neck. Don't speak—don't answer me; but take the keys and fetch a clean one out of the top-drawer, and mind, don't root the things about like a pig in a turnip-field. Well! I suppose we shall be ready to go by the time the company are coming away. You dolt, you, you've put me quite in a fever with your stupidity; and really, (turning to the mirror) if I aint as red as a rooster-cock.

Peter scuttles away upon his errand, with a flea in his ear, without daring to utter a word, and quickly returns with the cravat.

"Sit down on the sofa, do!" says the amiable creature (a dumpy woman!) and then proceeds to tie it on to her liking—although not at all to his,—for she almost strangles him in attempting to execute her task with smartness and dexterity.

"Peter, Peter, you are a helpless animal—a perfect disgrace to me. Now, don't utter a syllable, but put these shoes in your pocket, and this cup in the other, and take my music under your arm, and—here, carry my cloak, and take care you don't drag it on the ground. Well, now I suppose we shall be off at last. Come: come along."

And away she walks with the obsequious henpecked Peter, at her heels.

LINK THE FOURTH.

Similarity of disposition does not always constitute a happy marriage. As in a duet, they may accord beautifully although they sing different notes. But here the simile ends, or is at fault; for the husband should invariably take the lady's part!

Disparity of age is not a necessary bar to domestic felicity. A man of forty may make a wife of twenty extremely happy. When Plutus presides at the nuptials instead of Cupid, the "match" frequently proves a "lucifer," and the least friction sometimes produces an explosion that is anything but harmonious or agreeable.

Old women who set themselves up for judges quaintly observe,

Happy's the wooing That's not long a doing.

We are of a different opinion. Love may sometimes cool a little in a protracted courtship, and gradually assume the milder symptoms of a confirmed friendship; but as in the decoction of roots, a slow simmer is more likely to draw out the virtues than a rapid boil.

In the purchase of a watch, a trial is allowed; and surely in the choice of a wife some time and consideration ought to be permitted; for, after all, breach of promise of marriage is a better alternative than a divorce. The one is only probable; the other difficult, and frequently impracticable.

LINK THE FIFTH.

Marriage is like a silk purse—most agreeable to bear when there is plenty of money in it.

Marriage is like a mouse trap:—once get into it, and you are caught without the least prospect of recovering your liberty.

Marriage is like a "rose tree in the full bearing." How attractive are its flowers! But the bright leaves fall after a season, and the thorns alone remain.

Marriage among fools, is like a boiled calf's head without the accompaniment of brains.

Marriage is like a roast leg of mutton on Sunday—served up cold on Monday—ditto, with pickles, on Tuesday—and hashed up on Wednesday.

Marriage is the sunshine of life; beneath its genial influence spring up the best affections and the noblest virtues of man, which in the sterility of selfish selfishness would have lain dormant and useless. It is the source of virtuous pleasure in youth; the balm and solace of old age.

A good wife is, in fine, a priceless jewel; for, as Solomon truly says, "She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness: she looketh well to the way of her husband, and eateth not the bread of idleness; her children rise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her."

Marriage—By jingo! here comes my adorable wife!—mum!—Alien!

WHIG MEETING AT ST. LOUIS.—The Whigs of St. Louis (Mo.) held a meeting on the evening of the 9th inst. There was a great turn out. Of the spirit which prevailed the Missouri Republican says: "The zeal and enthusiasm evinced forcibly reminded us of the spirit which pervaded the community generally prior to the election of Gen. Harrison. Every one appeared fired with the determination to enter the contest with earnestness, and fight out the battle without flinching." Mr. CLAY was nominated for the Presidency.—Nat. Int.

There are no solid rocks in the Arctic regions, owing to the severe frosts.

The Furlough.—An Irish anecdote.

In the autumn of 1835, some private affairs called me into the sister kingdom; and I did not travel, like Polyphemus, with my eyes out, I gathered a few samples of Irish character, among which was the following incident:

I was standing one morning at the window of "mise lan," when my attention was attracted by a scene that took place beneath. The Belfast coach was standing at the door, and on the roof, in the front, was an outside passenger, a fine young fellow in uniform of the Connaught Rangers. Below, by the front wheel, stood an old woman seemingly his mother, a young man and a younger woman, sister or sweetheart; and they were earnestly entreating the young soldier to descend from his seat on the coach.

"Come down wid ye, Thady"—the speaker was the old woman—"come down now to your ould mother; sure its flog ye they will, and strip the flesh off the bones I give ye. Come down, Thady darlin'!"

"It's honor, mother," was the short reply of the soldier; and with clenched hands and set teeth he took a stiffer posture on the coach.

"Thady come down—come down ye fool of the world—come along down wid ye!" The tone of the present appeal was more impatient and peremptory than the last; and the answer was more promptly and sternly pronounced: "It's honor brother!" and the body of the speaker rose more rigidly erect than ever on the roof.

"O Thady, come down! sure its me, your only Kathleen, that bids ye! Come down, or ye'll break the heart of me.—Thady, jewel; come down then! The poor girl wrung her hands as she said it, and cast a look upward that had a visible effect on the muscles of the soldier's countenance. There was more tenderness in his tone, but it conveyed the same resolution as before.

"It's honor, honor bright Kathleen! and as if to defend himself from another glance, he fixed his look steadily in front, while the renewed entreaties burst from all three in chorus, with the same answer.

"Come down, Thady, honey!—Thady, ye fool, come down!—O Thady, come down to me!"

"It's honor, mother!—It's honor brother! Honor bright, my own Kathleen!"

Although the poor fellow was a private, this appeal was so public that I did not hesitate to go down and inquire into the particulars of the distress. It appeared that he had been home on furlough, to visit his family,—and having exceeded, as he thought, the term of his leave, he was going to rejoin his regiment, and to undergo the penalty of his neglect. I asked him when the furlough expired?

"The first of March, your honor—bad luck to it of all the black days in the world—and here it is, come suddenly on me, like a shot!"

"The first of March!—why my good fellow, you have a day to spare then—the first of March will not be here till to-morrow. It is Leap Year, and February has twenty-nine days."

The soldier was thunder-struck—Twenty-nine days is it?—you're sarin of that name?—Oh, my mother, mother!—the devil fly away wid yere ould almanack—a base creature of a book to be deceaven one, after living so long in the family of us!"

His first impulse was to cut a caper on the roof of the coach and throw up his cap with a loud hurrah! His second was to throw himself into the arms of his Kathleen; and the third was to write my hand off in acknowledgment.

"It's a happy man I am, your honor for my word's saved, and alby your honor's manes. Long life to your honor for the same! May ye live a long hundred—and lape years every one of them."

PITHY LOGIC.—If there be any man who opposes the cause of temperance from conscientious motives, I will ask him, and I will endeavor to convince him of his error; I will bring him to a garret in a lousesome lane, and I will show him a corner where I and my wife and family used to lie on a ward of straw, almost naked, without food or fire for days; and then I will lead him in a respectable street, and on arriving at the drawing room, I will show him a well dressed female and two children, fat and healthy, surrounded by all that can produce human happiness, and I will tell him that these were the people who lived in the garret I showed him; tectotalism took them by the hand and brought them here; and would you advise them to go back again!

The New Orleans Picayune contains a list of thirty-five of those who perished in the Santa Fe expedition which is as complete a list as could be gathered, and is believed to be very nearly correct. Of this number 16 were shot by the Indians on the route; 6 were shot by order of Mexican officers; 1 had his brains knocked out by order; 2 were shot accidentally; 1 died of fatigue, and 10 died of disease—principally of small pox.

The venerable Noah Webster delivered a discourse at Amherst on July 4th, upon the history of political parties since the commencement of the Government.

Hon. Philander Stephens, formerly a member of Congress, died at Springfield, Susquehanna county, Pennsylvania, on the 8th, aged 54 years.—Nat. Int.

The contradictory couple.

"I do believe," he said, taking the spoon out of his glass and tossing it on the table, "that of all the obstinate, positive, wrong-headed creatures that ever was born, you are the most so, Charlotte."

Certainly, certainly, have it your own way, pray. You see how much I contradict you, rejoined the lady.

"Of course, you did at contradict me at dinner-time: ah, no! not you! says the gentleman. 'Yes, I did,' says the lady.

"Oh you did! cries the gentleman; 'you admit that?'"

"If you call that contradiction, I do," the lady answers; "and I say again, Edward, that when you are wrong I will contradict you; I am not your slave."

"Not my slave!" repeats the gentleman bitterly; and you still mean to say that in Blackborn's new house there are not more than fourteen doors, including the door of the wine cellar!"

"I mean to say," retorts the lady beating the time with her hair-brush on the palm of her hand, "that in that house there are fourteen doors, and no more."

"Well, then," cries the gentleman, rising in despair, and pacing the room with rapid strides, "this is enough to destroy a man's intellect and drive him mad!"

By-and-by the gentleman comes too a little, and passing his hand across his forehead, finally re-seats himself in his former chair. There is a long silence, and this time the lady begins.

"I appeal to Mr. Jenkins, who sat next to me on the sofa, in the drawing-room during tea."

"Morgan, you mean," interrupts the gentleman.

"I do not mean any thing of the kind," answers the lady.

"Now, by all that is aggravating and impossible to bear!" cries the gentleman, clenching his hands and looking upwards in agony—"she is going to insist upon it that Morgan is Jenkins!" "Do you take me to be a perfect fool!" exclaims the lady; do you suppose I don't know one from the other? Do you suppose that I don't know that the man with the blue coat was Mr. Jenkins?"

"Jenkins in a blue coat!" cries the gentleman with a groan; "Jenkins in a blue coat! a man who would suffer death rather than wear any thing but brown!"

"Do you dare to charge me with telling an untruth?" demands the lady, bursting into tears.

"I charge you, ma'am," retorts the gentleman starting up, "with being a contradictor, a monster of aggravation, a-a-a-Jenkins in a blue coat! What have I done that I should be doomed to bear such perpetual tortments."

Sketches of Young Couples.

L. A. W. LAW.—Tom strikes Dick with a corn stalk, on which Dick brings an action against Tom, whose offence is set forth in the following law language: "And that, whereas the said Thomas at said town, on the year and day last aforesaid, in, and upon the body of the said Richard, against the peace of this State, and there being, did make a most violent assault, and inflicted a great many and divers blows, kicks, cuffs, thumps, contusions, gashes, wounds, hurts, cuts, damages and injuries, in and upon the head, neck, breast, stomach, thighs, knees, shins, and heels of the said Richard, with divers sticks, staves, poles, canes, clubs, logs of wood, stones, guns, dirks, swords, bowie knives, daggers, pistols, cutlasses, bludgeons, blunderbusses, and boarding pikes, and then there held in the hands, paws, fists, claws, teeth, and clutches, of him, the said Thomas."

American Mechanic.

SOWING SEED.—"Why neighbor Simple," said Mr. Farsight on a bright July morning, when Mr. Simple was mowing in a lot, where the grass stood so thickly that the spires looked lonesome—"why neighbor Simple, you had a fine lot here, with a strong soil, but your blades of grass are so far apart, that they might grow into hoop-poles and not crowd each other."

"Yes," said Mr. Simple, "I've been thinking I was almost a fool, for I ought to have sowed a bushel of hay-seed upon this piece; but the truth is, I bought only a peck, and so I scattered it about so much the thinner, and now I see I've lost a ton or two of hay by it."

"Well," said Mr. Farsight, "don't you think you was about as near being a fool, when you voted, last town meeting, against granting any more school money for sowing the seeds of knowledge in the minds of the children; as you was when you scattered a peck of hay-seed, when you ought to have sowed a bushel? Now, remember, neighbor Simple, what I tell you;—next year, whenever there is not grass in this lot, there'll be weeds."

THE TOLL COLLECTOR OUTWITTED.—A body of Irishmen, who were some time since employed at work on one side of the Thames, and lodged on the other, on their return from labour one evening, asked the toll-gatherer at the bridge they crossed, how much a man was allowed to carry over, and was told in reply to carry as much and what they chose. Taking him at his word, each man mounted a comrade upon his shoulders, and paying a single toll, marched over, much to the chagrin of the collector, whose exposition of the law proved so unprofitable. The story is told in the London papers as an actual occurrence.

What will you have?

After a day's work of calculation and copying, I was under the mortifying necessity of writing an hour in the bar-room of a low tavern, to secure the service of a mill-guard, who was to carry a parcel for my employers. Amidst the smoke, the spitting, and the clatter of a crowd of loafers, I could not but find some subject for reflection. The presiding genius of the bar was a bloated, carbuncled, whiskered young man, whom I had long known as the abandoned son of a deceased friend. I sighed and was silent. Ever and anon, as one after another, or squads of two, three or more, approached this shrine to receive and empty their glasses, and deposit their sixpences. I heard the short, peremptory formula of the Bacchanal minister—"What will you have?—brandy? gin? punch? What will you have?" And the victims severally made their bids, for a smaller, a cocktail, a sling, or a julep, as the case might be. The constant repetition of the "form in that case made and provided," set me upon a drowsy meditation on the pregnant question—What will you have?

Methodically I can answer the question, said I to myself, as I cast a glance around the murky apartment; and first to the young shoemaker, who, with a pair of newly finished boots, is asking for "grog." What will you have? Young man, you will soon have an empty pocket!

There is a trembling, ragged man, with livid spots under two eyes. He is a machine-maker, and has lodgings in the house. What will you have? Ah! the bar-keeper knows without an answer. Poor man! I also know what you will have. Already you have been twice at death's door; and the gin will not drive off that chill. You will have typhus fever!

There comes my neighbour, the book-binder. His hand shakes as he raises his full glass. Ah! Shannon—I dread to say it, but you will have the palsy!

The glasses are washed out, not cleansed, in the slop-tub under the bar-shelf. Now a fresh bevy comes up, cigar in hand.—Gentlemen, what will you have? I choose to supply the answer myself, thus:—the baker will have an apoplexy, or a sudden fall in his shop. The tailor in green glasses will have or rather has already a consumption; and I fear the three idlers in their train, will have the next epidemic that shall sweep off our refuse drunkards. But what will that man have, who leans over the table, seeming to pore over the last Herald? He is scarcely resolved what he shall drink, or whether he will drink at all. I understand the language of his motions, he is a renegade from the temperance ranks. He has borrowed money this week. John you will have lodgings in jail! Sorry, indeed, I am to see in this den, Mr. Scantling, the cooper. Not to speak of himself, I have reason to believe that both his grown sons are beginning to drink. He looks about him suspiciously. How he has plucked up courage. He takes whiskey. You will have a pair of drunken sons!

That young fellow in the green frock-coat and colored neck-cloth, is a musician, a man of reading, and the husband of a lovely English woman. He takes his glass with the air of a Greek drinking hemlock. You will have a heart broken wife!

What! Is that lad of fifteen going to the air? He is! and tosses off his cogniac with an air. You will have an early death!

The old man that totters out of the door has doubtless come hither to drown his grief. His last son has died from the effects of a brawl in the theatre. His father has looked unutterable anguish every sober moment for two years. Wretched old man! you will have the halter of a suicide!

I must take the rest en masse, for it is Saturday night, and the throng increases. The bar-keeper has an assistant, in the person of a pale, sorrowful girl. Two voices now reiterate the challenge—"What will you have?—What will you have? Misguided friends I am greatly afraid you will have a death-bed without hope!"

My man has arrived; I must go; glad to escape to purer air; and still the parrot-note resounds in my ears—What will you have? You will have—to sum up all—you will have a terrible judgment, and an eternity of such retribution as befits your life.

As I walked home across the common, I thought thus: and what will he have who dyes after day and month after month, and year after year, doles out the devil's bounty to his recruits, and receives his sixpence as it were over the coffin of his victims? You to say the least, hardened tempter, if memory live hereafter, will have the recollection of your triumphs, and the vision of their eternal results.—Sentinel of Freedom.

GAMES OF CALCULATION.—To TELL ANY NUMBER THOUGHT OF.—Desire the person to add 1 to the triple of the number thought of, and to multiply the sum by 3; then bid him add to this the product of the number thought of, and the result will be a sum, from which if 3 be subtracted, the remainder will be ten times the number required; and if the cipher on the right hand be cut off from the remainder, the other figure will be the number thought of.

Example: Let the number thought of be 6, the triple of which is 18; and if 1 be added, it makes 19; the triple of this last number is 57, and if 3 be added it makes 60, from which if 3 be subtracted, the remainder will be 57; now, if the cipher on the right be cut off, the remaining figure will be the one thought of.