

HORNETS' NEST AND TRUE SOUTHRON.

L. BADGER, Editor and Proprietor.

A FAMILY PAPER—DEVOTED TO POLITICS, LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, MANUFACTURES, MINING, AND NEWS.

PRICE \$2 PER YEAR—In Advance

"IF WE WOULD PRESERVE OUR GOVERNMENT, WE MUST PREVENT INJUSTICE; TO PREVENT INJUSTICE WE MUST UNITE AT THE SOUTH."

VOL. II.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 4, 1851.

NO. 24

UNCLE TOM'S HONEY-MOON.

By Lawrence Badger.



HAVE often heard Uncle Tom tell of his wife, of her spirit, her indomitable self-possession, never by the way, permitting Uncle Tom to possess much of herself, save a kiss or two during the courtship, and then I have heard him relate in a subdued tone, when his house was absent, the history of their first night's marriage, which I will endeavor to give in the following brief discourse.

Thomas Newby—my beloved and respected uncle—was once like the writer, a crusty bachelor, and thought if he remained so much longer, he would be the epitome of the word *old*, and become *rusty*. So he bought him a long-tailed blue, a bell-crowned hat, a pair of buff pants, pumps with *shiny* buckles, a *stinky*—standing collar were not then the vogue—a spotted muscote vest and a buck-horn headed cane. Being fitted up in these, and thus rendered irresistible and killing, he started out to make his grand attack.

John Wilson had two daughters, Katy and Martha. Martha was one of those impulsive beings, and usually spoke when the spirit moved her, without endeavoring to conceal her real disposition. She was indeed quite amiable, but took so pains to hide her little periods of unamiability. She would to any one "out of the family," have been taken for the worst tempered of the two sisters.

Kate was as mild as the first breath of spring; so one ever saw her in a passion in the parlor; no sailor ever heard a word from her full pouting lips, save such as appeared to have been modulated to soften strains of music; no frown ever shadowed her brow, and smiles played around her dimples like the toying of an evening breeze with the petals of a tulip; and then with such a sweet good nature. She was beautiful charmingly, lovely alarmingly.

This is a brief description of Kate and Martha, and their dispositions more than their personal appearance.

Thomas Newby had always declared he should never marry a shrew; he had thought they might do

"For camp or field for grove
But as for a house of love."

He wanted a mild, gentle, tractable woman that persuasion from the tongue of love would influence more than correction from the hand nervous with passion. In looking around after setting out, his approving eyes rested upon the Misses Wilson.

Newby was a gentleman of some property and of course was an accepted visitor; his name being registered always after he left, upon the satin surface of one of the "reception cards" of the time. Newby was not long in falling in love half-way with the two sisters, and a portion of his meditative hours was devoted to determining from which one the half should be abstracted, and to which other the half added; so as to present hand and heart a unit to the choice. Pre-emptuous man, to think he could get either, but still a *wise* fact, he could. He hadn't gone very often, but he thought Kate the "angel without wings" that should guide his steps through the peaceful glades and sunny groves of life. Kate was ever *prim*; Martha was sometimes *foxy*. The choice was made and Kate agreed to become Mrs. Newby.

Newby had only seen Kate in the parlor and at the table; he had never heard the following conversation, nor seen the little bit of acting attending it, which took place in a private *chambre*, in these select times called chamber.

THE PRIVATE SCENE.

"Amanda, Amanda!" said one in a soft, melodious voice, from the casement of a window in recess—"Amanda!" and a colored girl, thus addressed, glided through a side-door into the neat, small room, occupied by the musical *voiced* lady who had called her.

"Marm!" said Amanda.

"Has Mr. Newby left the parlor, Amanda?" continued the questioner in the same harmonious strain of melian melody—"has the dear creature left yet?"

"Yes, marm; I see him gwine down the lane just now."

"Confound the man," said she, "he's kept me torturing myself for the last half hour, straining my voice down to the smooth, sweet notes of a lute; confound the man, I'm glad he's gone, and I am left to my freedom again. Oh, I am perfectly delighted. Amanda, Amanda, bring me that little pug dog of aster's. I want to pull its little ears, so that I can hear something discordant, and she screamed with delight, as she was thus left by her lover to the unbridled riot, the gaudy, and indulgence of her real nature—her native disposition.

Amanda returned with the poodle dog, which her young mistress teased to her heart's content, and until the poor animal, if it could have told its

thoughts, wished there never were a musical *voiced* woman in the world. For but a half hour previous, she had, in the presence of Mr. Newby in the parlor, caressed the little *pet* as it lay upon an ottoman, in those dulcet notes only warbled by the delicate throat of a mermaid.

She at last threw the dog out of the window, and it fortunately fell upon a bed of roses, which she had just used to *scold* the dog, and she at once resumed her *active* voice of a woman that could in so short a time run through three octaves, from G flat of the lowest scale up to D sharp in quite a *Soprano*.

"Amanda, Amanda," shrieked the heroine of our honey-moon—"our uncle's honey-moon—"Amanda, come here. You pichy imp of darkness run here. Ah, ha! here you are. Turn all of those quilt scraps out of that lower drawer upon the floor. Tear that vase of artificial flowers up and scatter among them. There lie the Christian Monitor, the Ladies Scrap Book, Burton's Magazine, the Globe, and a dozen other papers sister has been reading, fling them into the jumble; fling my hand-box, powder-box, curls, hair-brushes—every trifle you can lay your hands upon, in the pile. Quick, quick! do it! for I have almost died of ennui, while schooling myself into a quiet, pensive mood, in the presence of my dear Newby. Always a calm after a storm, and ever a storm after a calm. Oh, how much relieved I am!"

Amanda did as ordered, and quilt-scrap, magazines, newspapers, powder boxes, et cetera, were piled into a pyramid of confusion, which only could have amused one who had calmed, cribbed, confined herself into doing the sentimentally agreeable before her lover in the parlor.

"There now, that will do; but just look, that mischievous little pug has mashed my violets to the ground. Go girl and straighten them up, and if they won't stay up, pull them up, root and branch. Put these things in order again; bring me a glass of water; call sister; ring the bell; order the barouche; bring my over-shoes—no, its too warm, don't bring them; sweep the room; arrange these chairs, and be here quick to put up my hair." And thus winding up her tirade of commands, she whirled an old book at Amanda's head, as she left to execute so much of her mistress' orders as per fortune she might be lucky enough to remember.

The fair interlocutor who diverted herself thus, and who confused the maid with such a medley of behests, was, as the reader already imagineth, Kate Wilson, who ere long was to be led to the altar by her worthy uncle, Thomas Newby, as the quietest, calmest, sweetest, most delightful bride in ten realms.

THE MARRIAGE AND DENOUEMENT.

The two sisters were engaged in arraying each other for the bridal ceremony. Martha with auburn hair, fair skin and large blue eyes, the daughter type of sincerity. Kate, a brunette, with hair as dark as ebony-wood, eyes black as charcoal and bright as the diamond concentrated from that article, skin clear, with a sunset tinge in the cheek, lips voluptuously pouting and a figure like Niobe's.

As Martha fastened a long ribbon around the well rounded waist of her sister with a paste brush she remarked:

"Sister don't you think Mr Newby is mistaken in you. I think he takes you to be one of those gentle beings, who rise their lips with nectar, that nothing but liquid, pearly notes may escape them. He imagines you learned to harmonize your voice to the lispings of Zephyrs, or the breathing loves of the flowers."

"Ah yes, my dear and charming blonde of a sister; but you see, I have caught him. And its too late now, to ask whether the fish knew what kind of bait he was entangled with!"

"But Kate, do you expect to be happy with such a difference in your dispositions; especially as he must find himself disappointed in you?"

"How silly you are my inquisitive Sis. Why let me give you a new adage, 'like wilelike husband'—and he will soon become the fondest creature of the upper keys, the notes in the higher lodgers, you have ever seen. Leave all that to me!"

And thus the sisters ran on for some considerable time, until their toilettes completed, and awaiting in breathless anxiety they were summoned to meet bride-groom and parson in the hall.

We pass over the happy wedding party, and find our bridesfolk in a neat chamber in another part of the house.

'Tis the first morning after the marriage! A high post bedstead, with its heavy curtains conceals from the view of the intruder, a happy couple. Within the secrecy of those curtains are pillowed two heads, dreaming doubtless of the bliss to which they will awake. Their slumbers are as calm as the sighing reveries of fairies. So pure, so innocent, so unaffectedly *naive* are the pleasure and joys of the married world, that they are not even jolted into uneasy restlessness by the severe trotting of a night-mare. There they rest, good, easy, quiet, happy souls.

A soft and rosy cheek rested on a well rounded arm; lips like a cleft in a luscious nectarine, slightly parted and disclosed a row of pearls, rivaling the white of a bosom that nestling beneath the embroidered quilt, heaved like young love asleep; the hair fell in heavy curls over alabaster neck and shoulders that Hebe might well have envied; and such was the picture before Newby.

He laid his hand gently on one arm of the beautiful creature, and apostrophized thus:

"Light of the morning, beautiful blush of day, lovely personation of all the graces, dearest Kate, the flush on those cheeks, the delicate rose tints which adorn your face, the morning's fair brow. Sweet creature arise, and hark to the tale love would early pour into thy listening ear!"

Kate gave a shrug, drew the cover over her shoulders and got up a slight snore. 'This was rather unpoetical it is true, but yet Kate was lovely for all that.

"Oh! I say my dear Catharine," continued Newby, again venturing to lay his hand upon an arm, and imprinting a kiss upon her ripe, rich cheek—"Catharine, arise from thy slumber while admiration and love both warm thy heart, and list to a tale I must tell thee but once:

Catharine snored on, and while she is thus interestingly engaged, we will tell the reader a short tale. [Newby knew he never could marry any but a sensitively delicate and gentle woman; one that would frighten to talk in a tone above the ordinary pitch of endearment and affection. He believed that he had married such a one, that she was now before him, reposing in all the pride of beauty, in the exultation of loveliness. But let him marry whom he should, he had determined upon one little innocent expedient which should be practised the first morning after the marriage. It was to request his bride to—no or forever after to bend to his mild sway.

He had no idea that she would—none in the world. That innocent expedient now develops its curious history.]

"Catharine, oh dearest Kate, awake to the beauties of the morning, rivalled alone by thine own peerless charms."

And Catharine did slowly and yawningly awake, but not to sufficient consciousness to know she had been translated from the ennu and thralldom of single wretchedness, to that double state of happiness—conjugal blessedness and feeling of a hand upon her cheek.

"You Amanda," cries she in a shrill voice—"go off, you ill-starred daughter of Africa, go off, and let me go to sleep again." And she threw herself beyond his soothing hand.

Newby was some little astonished, but continued—"Tisn't Amanda, my dear. It's Thomas, it's your own dear Thomas. Awake, I want to tell you something."

"There you are again!"—screamed Kate—who felt the hand once more upon her arm. "There you are again, getting me out of a sweet dream, where I thought I had been talking so sugarly and softly to Thomas. And I was just coming to the part where he had left, and I was bawling with unexpressed glee at my liberty. Eh! I wonder what the poor fellow will think when he finds it all out; and—and—ah—ah—," and Kate again sighed off to sleep.

Newby once more essayed to awake Kate and put her in full possession of the facts. To do which he affectionately caught hold of her hand, which she was no sooner sensible of, than she withdrew it, and dashed his away and hit him a back-handed feeler between the eyes which gave him the second or double sight in a remarkable degree; enabling him to see at least twenty Kates, with stars flying around their heads, all dancing before him at once. She is a fish, saying, "take that Miss, and go to the kitchen."

Newby was perfectly astonished. But there was the reflection in Kate's behalf, that she had, as she thought been dealing with Amanda, her maid. Apologizing for her within himself, he proceeded more cautiously to get her aroused. After several industrious attempts he succeeded, and proceeded upon his "first morning's" mission, which was to unfold to her his little expedient.

"Kate, my charmer"—says he—"get up and put on those pantaloons, hanging there upon the chair, or forever hereafter yield to my mild sway."

Kate gave him a real cat-look, showed her beautiful teeth maliciously, raised herself, gave a bound over the amazed bridegroom, and parting the curtains, lit in the middle of the floor. The curtains closed and left Newby alone to the solitude of his wondering and wandering reflections. Never sight or wonder of Barnum's opened the eyes of a man, as this manœuvre did those of my illustrious uncle.

He rubbed his eyes, to see if he had been *surely* awake. He parted the curtains of a window which opened on one side of the bed and looked out, and beheld the sun just peering above the eastern hills. He surely must be both alive and awake. He turned to his side and looked; and there in the soft bed, was the distinct impression of a beautiful figure. There had lain the well turned arm, there was the indentation made by the resting of a lovely cheek, there again had pressed the beautiful rounded shoulder; here swelled the full bosom, and away by his side was the perfect outline of a graceful form, which had

been expanded by nature's plastic hand into elegant fullness and symmetry. Yes there where Kate had recently snuggly reposed, was the certain indication of its having been pressed by some lovely creature of earth or air, just such traces as Diana newly arisen, would have left upon a bed of lilies. It would have formed the half of a *world* for the cast of a goddess.

Newby knew he must be a married man, and that only Kate could have left such an impression upon the yielding couch. He had an indistinct remembrance of something like an angel passing from that place over him, and vanishing behind the curtains.

There in the palpable reality of flesh and blood was Kate, with a mind and determination fully combined to obey the first important injunction of her liege lord. Already had the wedding pants of Newby been drawn on and laced around her exquisitely moulded waist. And as Newby began to realize "the fact" demonstrating itself before him, she had one foot raised and half way into a boot—down it went, and the leg of the pantaloons fell to the instep over it; the same movement with the other foot and the bride was booted.

She now struts to the mirror, dandy fashion, and looking complacently in, picks up a cravat and adjusts it *à la Byron*. She turns and Newby whose eyes had grown as large as owl's; jerks his head in behind the curtains, alarmed lest his spouse in her new character should perceive he had been watching her. She next goes to a vest and puts it carefully on, fits it over her swelling bust, and calls Amanda to lace it.

"Lace a mercy—cries Amanda, jumping into the room—of Miss Kate aint dressed so cute. I never knowed married ladies had to fix up that are way afore! Well I know I wouldnt git married!"

"Hush, you impudent wench—said Mrs. Newby—and lace my boddice."

"Who ever seed a boddise like this afore," continued the maid, determined to express her astonishment.

During this episode, Newby was in bed, rolling perfect agony as quietly as agony could, from the impression of his newly acquired, calm, quiet, peaceable companion, and got the covering in a wist almost as untwistable as the matrimonial tie. He was shivering with trepidation, sweating with disappointment, and nearly had the *delirium tremens* from the perfect intoxication induced by all the queer ideas which were rapidly chasing each other through his perplexed cranium.

Our clever uncle however, with all the perplexity and anxiety of the moment, mustered courage enough to stand up in bed, and clinging to a post, ventured to look over all down upon what had become to him quite a tragic performance. That respectable lady, his wife, had drawn on his coat and was at the mirror laughing at the novel figure she cut in her first bridal morning apparel, and grimacing and gesticulating for fashion, as she tossed her head from side to side, with her flowing locks, surmounted with a hat jauntily placed on one side.

Newby trembled, and his teeth clattered like his *jaw-bone* were playing a Norwegian air. As she again turned from the glass, her eyes and those of Newby peeping over the bed, for a quarter of a second met, and he was so overpowered that in endeavoring to dodge scientifically and unperceived, he lost his balance and fell into a huddle. Drawing the clothes around him he remained breathless.

Kate approached the place turned aside the curtains, and in endearing accents—those self-same mellifluous intonations that had won the heart of Newby—addressed him:

"Arise my dear Thomas. Awake from thy happy slumbers, and put on that dress you see upon the table yonder, or forever hereafter kneel to my mild sway!"

Newby began to believe there would be no use in persisting to the contrary; so he slowly unwound himself from the knot into which he was gathered, and extricating himself from the labyrinth of counterpanes, et cetera which enveloped him, he arose. With every attempt to rig himself properly in his wife's apparel, with various directions from herself, he at length appeared before the laughter-ringing Kate—a pretty fair picture of a man, *unman'd*.

Kate would have him appear with her at the breakfast table thus; and such gazing and such tittering, such awful holding sides, absurd and laughable attempts, at endeavoring to keep with, in the strict lines of propriety, as were exhibited by the friends present when they made their appearance in the breakfast room, were never before or since witnessed in any place where have been spent the "two small hours" of a honeymoon.

CARRIER'S ADDRESS OF THE "Hornets' Nest and True Southron."

CHRISTMAS.
Down, along the misty vale of years,
Where hope's illusions, and its briny tears,
Have written a sad history of the past,
Of smiles and joys far too bright to last.
How many a hoary and an ancient elime,
Launched a name, will float o'er a sea of time.
How many a name writ by the hand of God
Marks yet the land where his own people trod.
How many a mighty deed stands boldly out,
Which made a Grecian tremble or a Roman shout.

OF GREAT VALUE TO THE READER.
How many a field where Britain's prowess tried,
Proved how a Celt has conquered, or a Saxon died.
How many a song of that fair happy Isle
Mingles Erin's bitter tears with the oppressor's smile.
Low, sad, the wail which moaned o'er sunny France
Where "Reign of Terror" held its maniac dance,
Till he rose up, who wrote with sword and blood
"Thrones in ruins where proud Empires stood!"
The plaintive tales of Italy and Greece,
Those lands of strife for Liberty and peace,
Where one was gained and one ignobly lost,
To Greece's ruin, fair Italia's cost!
Then of another day when on this shore
We vowed the Briton should rule it no more,
And drove the Norman Lion from the land
Where freedom's lance shall yet immortal stand—
Of these great themes we sing not; other day
Is the deep inspiration of our lay.

Here we better our plaintive strain,
To welcome joyous Christmas in again.
A day beyond all days that should be blest,
The world's grand holiday, the printer's rest.
We bid those cheer who've seen so many pass,
As they drank deeply friendship's social glass.
May many more such days be theirs of joy
And naught their hours o' Christmas bliss annoy.
We look kind reader on the year just gone;
Ask how with you its merry days have flown.
If married, whether a sweet rosy wife
Is not the charm the talisman of life?
We ask if single, if you've been in love
With some sweet creature you have called your dove?

If she of whom you were so warm in quest,
Called you her darling—said she loved you best;
Or turning up her nose, and her bright eyes
Said "La! you boy—you take me by surprise,"
And while you vowed you loved till you were sick
Gave you an awful, everlasting "Kick."
And all ye others, what so e'er your aim,
To live and love—or love not—all the same,
Sad Lives of love in this world of sin,
Bat merry Christmas, it has come at last,
So merry be, ere it be fled and past;
The old year's pleasures, sweet with all their rest,
But with its cares the new one not be best.
Kind readers all, the "honest words" of Goon Bryn!
We bid thee with the printer's farewell sigh.

THE NEW YEAR.
Once more the swift and tireless wheel of time
Has brought a New Year from the future's clime,
And borne an old one to the misty past.
Where every age and year must sleep at last.
In festive mirth and joyous roundelay
The gladsome hours pass merrily away.
And the New Year, with joyous smiling face
Blots out its parent's melancholy trace.
The carrier-boy on his accustomed round,
With news from all the world o'er more is bound
To swell the pleasure of the liberal times
By adding to your knowledge and his dime.

News from the eastern world grown gray and old
And news from the Antipodes the rain of teas
And our own State of corn distilleries.
From Sir John Franklin in the wastes of snow
To the winds o'er spicy islands blow,
From the wild Arab 'mid his desert sands,
To the lone Indian mourning for his lands,
Through rain, through snow, through sunshine and
through shade,
The carrier-boy before your eyes has laid.

The crimes of faction and of party rage
Have glowed along our paper's burning page,
The news from Congress and the sage debates
Of Senators upon the rights of States.
And the sad errors touching woman's rights
So firmly held, by a few female rights,
With pain and sorrow have been put in print
To show, those women are on mischief bent.
Flowers from the gardens of sweet poetry
Along our lines in beauty flowing free,
Have soothed the aching heart, with their perfume
The tearful eye have dried with their fair bloom.
Many a rich and intellectual treat
We've given to you through our instructive sheet,
And hidden secrets, drawn by science skill
From the unknown, a boundless region still.
Rich anecdotes, and laughter moving jokes
And many a tale of sorrow such as chokes
The hearts from out young maidens, who for love
Their parents counsel, oft aside will shove
And give their chances for a place above.

New, standing by the dead year's unwep't bier
We greet you with a new, a happy year,
A rosy infant whose one kiss is warm
Yet, on its aged father's mould'ring form.
And as it springs to manhood may its smiles
Shed over you the radiance which beguiles,
Pain of its gloom, time of its swift decay
Grief of the clouds, it throws above our way.

Amid the scenes of joyousness and mirth
Around the festive board, and social hearth,
When o'er your hearts, the tide of gladness flows
And each pleased face, with beams of pleasure glows,
Remember him who long and oft has stood
For you preparing intellectual food,
Through the long watches of the dreary night
By the dim candle's pale and flick'ring light.
Remember he who welcome visit pays
Through winter's snows, and summer's scorching
Bearing to you, the paper which unfolded
Displays the actions of a busy world.

DISSEMINATING CASUALTY.—The Passenger Car on the Charlotte Rail Road, was thrown from the track yesterday morning directly over Elkin's Mill Pond, 10 miles from Columbia, by which means several lives have been lost, and many of the passengers more or less injured.

It appears from what we have learned that one of the breaks attached to the passenger Car broke and fell upon the track, which threw the Car off and in its fall struck so that the bottom of the Car was uppermost in the water, which caused serious difficulty in the way of escape for the passengers.

The following is a statement of the killed and wounded as far as we could ascertain.
N. Gibson, Agent of the Co., killed.
A child of Mr. H. Rowan, killed.
D. Newby, of Owens, said to be seriously injured, and compelled to return to Columbia, of the Company, severely injured.
Gen. Owens' son, seriously injured.
J. R. Shurley, seriously injured.
J. Leiner, seriously injured.

Several lady passengers were more or less scratched and bruised, but not seriously.
Great praise is due Mr. P. P. Chambers, of Columbia, and Mr. J. E. Dunlap, of York District, passengers, who at the risk of their lives, with the assistance of others, aided in rescuing from a watery grave a veral of the passengers, who would otherwise have perished.
Winnboro Herald.

GOV. MEANS.—The Charleston Mercury, referring to the Inaugural Address of His Excellency Gov. Means, says: "No man since 1832 has assumed with the Office so weighty a responsibility. We are sure he will not shrink from it. His Address breathes devotion to the State in every line, and a determination that her honor shall never be soiled in his keeping." [Ibid.]

CHARLOTTE RAIL ROAD.—With pleasure we record the fact that the work on this Road was completed to the Depot on Thursday morning last, when the cars ran up to the line of the Corporation.

The work is carried on with signal ability by M. Aiken, who is now cutting his way through the town and pushing for the end of his contract. We understand that preparations are about being made to have a grand blow out some day next week, when we hope our friends of Columbia, Chester, York and all others who may be able to attend, will be present.
Cannot Columbia furnish a band of music for her occasion?—[Ibid.]

MR. WEBSTER'S WINES.—On Saturday week there was a sale in Boston of about 2,000 bottles of Wine, that were generally imported by the Hon. Daniel Webster and recently owned by Dr. New York. Mr. W. is selling out to remove "short."

The sale and its incidents form one of the richest humbugs of the day. The Boston Times says: "They were costly and went off at high prices. A small lot (12 bottles) of 'Essex Juno' went as high as \$7 per bottle, (common wine bottles.) When the 'Constitutions' was put up, (an article imported by Hon. Daniel Webster himself in August, 1833,) the bidding became quite brisk." [Wilmington Commercial.]

STEAM ON PLANK ROADS.—It is said that Capt. Ericson is engaged in producing a steam carriage for use upon plank roads, by which immense loads may be transported at a good speed, with small cost. Fifteen years ago many attempts were made in England to produce a steam carriage suitable to use upon common roads, but no experiment resulted profitably. Either the expense of the powder or the softness of the roads, prevented the practical introduction of the machines, though many successful steam journeys were performed. There seems to be no good reason why steam power cannot be successfully used on our plank roads, and we have no doubt it soon will be.

CURIOUS REVENGE.—Or How a Woman Lost a Beautiful Leg.—The London Lancet, of July, tells the following extraordinary story:—

Late one evening, a person came into our office and asked to see the editor of the Lancet. On being introduced to our sanctum, he placed a bundle upon the table, from which he proceeded to extract a very fair and symmetrical lower extremity, which might have matched "Atlanta's better part," and which had evidently belonged to a woman.

"There," said he, "is there anything the matter with that leg? Did you ever see a handsome cut? What ought the man to be done with who cut that off?"

On hearing the meaning of these interrogatories put before us, we found it was the leg of the wife of our evening visitor. He had been accustomed to admire the leg and foot of the lady, of the perfection of which he was, it appears, conscious. A few days before he had excited her anger, and they had quarrelled violently, upon which she left the house, declaring that she would be revenged on him, and that he should never again see the object of his admiration. The worst thing she heard was, that she was a patient in the hospital of— and had her leg amputated. She had declared to the surgeon that she suffered intolerable pain in her knee, and begged to have the limb removed—a petition the surgeon complied with, and it became the instrument of her own absurd revenge upon her husband.

Printers are often imposed on by knaves, who send them notices of the death of persons who have not paid the debt of nature. A case of this kind happened in Dublin. Whereupon an Irish attorney, after severely censuring the publisher for his carelessness, suggested that in order to avoid such unhappy mistakes, "no printer should publish a death, unless informed of the fact by the deceased."

There is a man in Boston that tells such stuff that every time he succeeds, he gets much out of his boots.
A bachelor observes that he would marry if certain of a wife being good. A by-stander begged him to be a bit more explicit, as he had been made.