

THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

TERMS: TWO DOLLARS IN ADVANCE

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A GOOD JOKE

An incident occurred in the city the other day worthy of being recorded. Mr. —, a member of the new order of politicians in conversation with a friend, said that in their nominations they had resolved to discard all those who had given their minds particularly to politics. His friend said in reply, that he should think that those who had

given their minds to matters of law and affairs of State, would be the very men best qualified to fill political offices. "No," said Mr. — "I had rather take a man who knows nothing about politics—if he is a man of sense, he will soon learn all that is necessary. I find rather trust my fortunes in the hands of such an one, than in the hands of a man who knows nothing."

Here the conversation on this subject was dropped. And as they were about parting, Mr. — said to his friend, "I wish you would send a man to tune my *piano*, as my daughter complains that it is sadly out of tune. Send the best man you can find." "I will," said his friend; "I will be sure and get a good man." In passing down S. street, the thought passed into his head, that he would play a trick upon Mr. — by returning out his *son*, and not a *man* of tune.

into a blacksmith's shop, and told the man sitting at the anvil that he was requested to send him to the house of Mr. —, No. 20 in — street, as

that gentleman had a small job for him to do. In vain did the knight of the avill plead his engagements. The gentleman assured him that Mr. — was a liberal man, and would willingly pay him twice or three times as much as he could make to his forge.—The smith, after inquiring what tools it would be necessary for him to take, washed the dust from his brow and from his brawny hands and arms, and started for the place designated to him.

agreed, to be there at precisely 4 o'clock, despatched to the order left him. The gentleman who had negotiated this arrangement, sent word to Mr. ——— that the tuner would be at his house precisely at 4 o'clock, but would be unwilling to commence his labor, unless he was present. Mr. ——— thought this was a little singular, but was determined to be present, and assure the man that he wished to have the instrument put in the best possible order.

At the time appointed the domestic entered the parlor, and informed Mr. ——— that there was a gentleman at the back door who said he had come to fix his instrument. "Oh," said Mr. ———, "it is the tuner, show him up into the parlor." Turning to his lady, he said, "he might have come to the front door. However it shows that he has been well brought up." In a moment the sturdy son of Vulcan, with a pair of common

"Pianos and large coarse file, made his appearance at the parlor door. "I have come to fix that instrument, or whatever you call it," said he in a strong rough voice. Mr. — was thunder-struck at his appearance and manner. "You must have mistaken the place, sir," said Mr. — to him. "I am the famous Smith," said Mr. —, "4, No. 20, P. —." "Yes," was the reply. "But do you tune pianos?" "Pianos! No, I am a blacksmith, I shoe horses, and do such work as

“Innocence is my line.” — “Do you mean to insult me?” said Mr. —, walking towards the station-master. “Insult you? no, sir; a gentleman called at my shop and told me that you wanted I should come and do a job for you; he said that you had an instrument or something that wanted fixing, and that it would only be necessary for me to bring these tools,” showing his pincers and his large coarse file. “The man said I must be here at twelve, and you would

Mr. — with mixed emotion of anger and astonishment, told the smith that he had nothing for him to do, and the knight of the assail left the house the best way he could. On the morrow, as Mr. — was standing at his desk in his counting room, his waggish friend made his appearance. "I hope," said he to Mr. —, "that the gentleman I sent you, *ramped* your piano into

ture. He is one of your common sense men, and would soon learn if he did not understand it at first." Mr. — who now fully understood the joke, attempted to laugh, but his anger got the better of his judgment and without reflection he desired his friend to leave his counting-room. "I will," said his friend, "but I thought this was only carrying out your Know Nothing doctrine, that men who were unacquainted with any business should first attend to their brains."

business were the safest to trust.—I hope you paid the smith well for his services." So saying he left the store, to the amusement of all present, save the vexed Mr. —, who it is said prates less about professional statesmen than he did heretofore—thinking no doubt that it requires as much experience and knowledge to govern a state or nation as to tune a piano.

“During the day the Russians fired on the British about one gun every five minutes. The English look out. A man cries, Tower, Rodan, or Garden battery, and the shot is returned; but the fire on the French is much more lively, and is kept up with some effect on their earth-work and parapet. Every night, about nine o'clock, the Phalanx, Quarantine, and Wall batteries open a furious cannonade which for

from twenty to forty-five minutes, is as hard as the men can load, right into the French lines, and then follows instantly a rally, the result of which is invariably the same. The Russians push a strong column out of the place, rush toward the first line, drive pickets and riflemen, get up to the parallel—sometimes into it, occasionally beyond it, and close to the second parallel—when they are received, as they advance, by

the French covering parties with a deadly fire; they halt and fire in return, are charged by the French, who rout and pursue them into the town, but who are obliged to retire by the flank fire of the batteries and street guns. In this way the French lose forty or fifty men; but the loss of the Russians in these *skirmishes* must be considerable. Frequently, about day-break, the Russians repeat the performance."

We like to see a woman treading the high and holy path of duty unblinded by sunshine and unscathed by storm. There are hundreds who do so from the cradle to the grave, heroines of endurance, of whom the world has never heard, but whose names will be bright hereafter, even beside the brightest angels.

A GOOD DEAL LOW.—It is reported that the *Czar* is "disposed to treat." We are glad to hear it. Wonder what the *Ally* will "take." Possibly Sebastopol. Affairs present a more amiable appearance. If the *Czar* does "treat"—or, of course the *Ally* will co-treat, and so the quarrel will be adjusted. —*Hindenburg News*.