

Remarkable instance of absence of mind.—Miss Angelina Spiffenberg, an old lady, who keeps the Fox Indian Tomahawk, a sporting temperance hotel, at Big Bone Lick, near Brandywine Springs, State of Virginia, besides having a cork leg, has one of the most powerful squinting or screw eyes in this or any other country. With this screw eye she can take off her cork leg with a single glance, and screw the cork out of any bottle to which she may take a fancy.

One day, being seized with absence of mind, she mistook a Monongahela whiskey bottle for a stomach cordial, and unscrewed the cork with her eye as usual; but instead of putting the right cork back again, she jammed the toe of her cork leg quite into the bottle, and she did not discover her mistake until the spirit had so intoxicated her that she could not stand.

Negro Shrewdness.—A gentleman sent his negro servant to purchase some fish. He went to a stall and took up a fish. The fishmonger observing it, and thinking the bystanders might catch the scent, exclaimed—

Hillo, you black rascal, what do you smell my fish for?

The negro replied, 'I see no smell.'

What are you doing then, sir?

Why me talk to him, massa; me ask him what news at sea, dats all, massa.

And what does he say to you?

He say he don't know; he no been dere dis tree week!

A loafer said—"I went to bed last night up on a bench, about two o'clock this morning, and slept out in the open air all night, and was so cold I couldn't go to sleep."

AN ARKANSAS GIRL'S LETTER.—The following characteristic epistle was picked up on the road a few days ago. It appears to be from a young lady in Arkansas to her friend in the East.—[Boston Times.

"CATFISH EDDY, JUNE 12, 1842.

DEER SOOS:—I set down to rite you a few lines to let you no how were cumin on. Us has binn livin up hear on Rakesak about a year, and has slithers of fun with the fukes around about these Parts. Our settlment are not very thick, but mind I tell you, there is sum rale chaps in these hear diggins. We had a nice little danse at our hous last sundy nite; there was a raft of boas present. To tell you the rale truth, there is one young hansum feller that tise to cort me mighty hard. He wares u top close, and then he has sich a nice straw culered wesket, all full of them are yaller shiny butens, what we and you used to think was so purty. I dont keer a cus for him; his name is Sam Simmons; but I likes him to cum to our hous with his shinin wesket butens. It makes me feel all over fish, when I look at his butens. Daddys crop is fine. Him and Jim calcelates on makin nine bales of coten this sesin. Mammys got three cows and two caves. I do wish ned jones was here. When you see him tell him to cum, for ime most dien to look at him. I promist to have him. I swore it, and by gravy he stick to it, siak or swim.—Tell him to rite if he cant cum. Kiss his little sister for me. Tell ned there is no danger of Sam Simmons; he cant cum it, even with his purty yaller butens. There is to be another dans over the swomp, next sunday nite, but I aint a goin no how you can ficks it. Tell ned how I loves him. Deer, deer ned, do cum, and let me have a kiss from vure sweat lips agin. Its most pesky hard that I must stay single so long, when there is so many chaps hear that would marry me in a minit, and say thank ye too. Sam is jist cum. Dont forget what I told you. Sams weskit is as purty as eyer. I feal funny jist now, lookin at his butens, but tell ned he needent be afeard, there aint no danger. Mammy and Kit sends their love to you. Tell ned to cum soon, for darnd if I can wate much longer.

Yore affectiont cuzen,

MATILDA ANN B.

N. B. Sam is gone. He set up mity close, he coodent cum it; but theres no noin what may come to pass yit. Tell ned to be ezy about sam and cum soo."

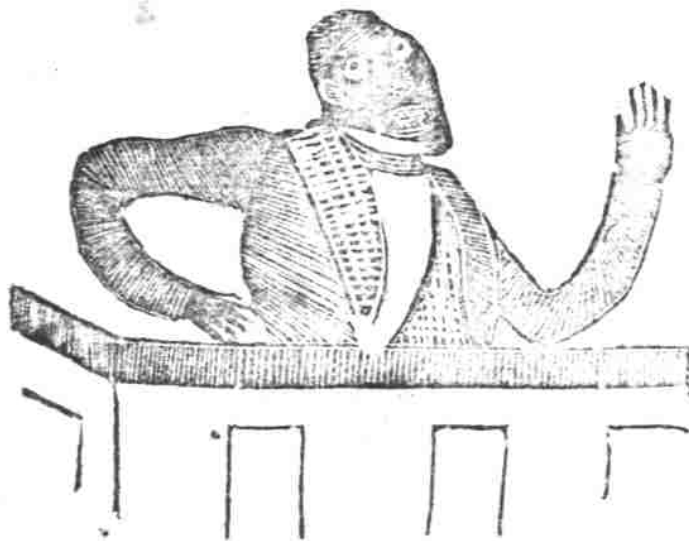
When is a man's leg not a leg? When it is a little bear (bare.) Skip over this, ladies.

AWFUL TIME.

A poor fellow up town was awakened from his slumbers, by an unusual movement of the bedstead he was sleeping on, and by a terrible scratching on the floor. In great affright he jumped up; and lighting the candle, looked towards the noise to see what the matter could be. What was his astonishment when he beheld four great bed-bugs, harnessed to one of the bed-post by cart-ropes, and tearing across the room with the whole concern, as if it had been an express mail stage on a turnpike, with the news of "another veto!"

Uncle Sam asks, "Who will enjoy the most serene slumbers—the man who has overlooked an insult, or he that has called out the offender and left him on the field with a bullet in his heart?"

DEACON SNOWBALL'S



TWENTY-EIGHTH SERMON.

Belubbed Bruddren: Upon dis 'easion I hope you 'squeze my coat and shirt-sleeve, for de wedd-r bein' berry hot, I strip to him, and work in de vineyard wid my coat off. So I work all de better. Guess we take for our tex dese words:

Molly Jenks and I fell out,
And whet do you think it was about?
She loves money, and I loves rum,
And that's the way the quarrel begun.

De poet confess him sin in dis place. I 'spose him am a reformed drunkard, and his lady am named Molly Jenks. I am 'tickler 'quested to say dat Miss Molly Jenks am no relation to de editor ob de Nantucket 'quirer.

She fall out wid her husband, and de poet tell you dat it was a love quarrell—all about love ob money and love ob rum. Money is de root ob all evil, and so money is de root ob rum: bekase you can get rum wid money, and if you hab no money, you get no rum. Dat show berry plain dat when dis gemman's wife lub money she was wuss dan her old man, bekase de money buy de rum. Dis am berry plain to de meanest compacity. Dis Molly Jenks lub money, and so it follow ob konsequeunce dat her husband lub rum. I tink he get his rum in Sam's sullar, and I recollect de time when a woman cum dar for her husband and make great noise, and Sam push 'em boff out, and dey tumble in de treet togedder. Dat is time dat dey fell out. In de fust place dey fell in togedder, and den in de next place dey fell out togedder.

When de lub ob money get hold ob you, den de lub ob rum is de next ting, bekase when you get money you spend him de sullar, instead ob givin' him to your spected preacher who lay him up for you. De lub ob rum am berry structive to de morals ob de risin' generation, and keep you way from dis sacred place, and dat take de bread out ob de mouth ob your spected preacher. If you dont come here I cant save your sins. Dat is de third division ob our subject.

De lass time I hab de honor ob to dress dis congregashun, I loose a leather breast pin out ob my bosom and hope dat dem dat has picked it up will hab de goodness to hand him in at de close ob dis discours. It hab been gested to me dat Maria Wing hab got de breast pin. I dat case, I hope she hand him in, or I shall sponse her to all dis congregashun. Peter Johnson wish me to tate to dis congregashun dat he hab open his new shop to black boot and shoe, corner ob Cat Alley, and will be happy to make de polish shine for ladies and gemmen. De prayer ob dis congregashun is quested for Caesar Widgeon in de sullar dat he hab more custom and get good price for he goods.

Now I shall prove upon de hole, haff at a time. Dis is de science ob phrenology. Hab

you had your head 'zamine lass night by a gemman dat lekerz on bobbolition and preno-logy, and he sez de two sciences is werry much alike, and he larned um boif togedder. He zamine your spected preacher's head, and he tell me dat I hab de bump ob almostiveness berry big, and dat is de mark ob grate larning and taloons and all dat. He gib me de bump ob flatnoseitiveness, and bump ob bobbolition, and de bump ob preachitiveness, and he tell me if I was not a colored gemman I should be a second gineril Jeffursun. I wise you all to hab your head zamine if you want to become a great man. I knowed a white gemman dat was almost a fool fore he go dare, and dey make him out a wonderful feller since. Dis is de seventeenth diwision ob de subject includin de principes ob fernology.

I wish to call de tention ob dis congregashun to de fack dat de pulpit will be painted wid black paint to correspond wid de complexion of your spected pastor. Dis will quire great expense, and de hat will be handed round fust, and arter dat we will hand round a boot to put money in for de black paint. Amen.

ABSENCE OF MIND.—A man, says Uncle Sam, up in Little Compton, was disposed to shave himself on Sunday morning, strapped his razor on his wife's cheek, lathered himself with a whitewash brush and fell to shaving the hairs off the cat. He did not discover his mistake until he went to church and the minister preached about whitened sepulchres.

There's many a female who will eat
Pencils and chalk in doses,
To make her skin genteel and white;
O tempora! O, Moses!

A female wears upon her head
What moderns call a bonnet;
More like an ancient convent bell,
With plumes and roses on it.

ADVICE FOR THE TIMES.—Live temperately—go to church—attend to your own affairs—love all the pretty girls—marry one of them—live like a man, and die like a Christian.

If Nebuchadnezzar ate grass like the oxen for seven years, how did he manage in winter? Eat hay? the editor of the Albany Microscope says he fed on possum, on the ground that "all flesh is grass."

Catching fleas in a fish net, is considered absurd

'A horse—a horse—my kingdom for a horse! as the man said when they were riding him on a rail.

A wag passing by a house which had been almost destroyed by fire, enquired whose it was; on being told it was a hatter's, 'Ah,' said he, 'then the loss will be felt.'

'Nip'd in the flower of youth,' as the boy said when, for the first time in his life, he drank a gin cocktail.

'Touch me not,' as the decanter of rum said to the teetotaler.

'Oh! how feel the whigs who used to sing
The lays of old Tippecanoe?
Tip's gone—he's dead; and so, to the whigs,
Is there once loved 'Tyler too.'

'No wonder he died, poor fellow!' said a tender hearted lady on hearing of the death of a young man who was courting her sister.

'Why, what was the matter?' inquired a gentleman.

'Oh, he had an affection of the heart.'

'No—Miss-take!' as Van Buren thought of the pretty Miss out west, when she refused to take the kiss he was about to give her.

Singular Costume.—A French naval officer of distinction, says an exchange paper, lately returned from a cruise in the Pacific, and brought with him, as a present to his sister, the complete costume of an Indian princess on one of the Society Island. It consisted of a neck-lace.

"Wide is the gate and broad is the way which leadeth to destruction," as the oyster soliloquised, when he glided down the loafers throat.

John Smith lately ran away with a girl in Kentucky, and then married her.—Ex. pa.

You are mistaken sir—John Smith is a near neighbor of ours, and is yet a single man. He has desired us to contradict this report.

(Lou. Sun.)

Not so fast, Mr. Sun, John Smith lives here and has neither run away with a young lady, nor is he a bachelor, but an honest old Dutch pioneer with a numerous family. He desires us to request the newspapers to let him alone, as he is disposed to 'fight his battles o'er again in his own way.—(Eliz. Register.

Hold your hoss, Mr. Register, you are under a mistake yourself. John Smith lives not far from this place, and says he never ran away in his life, nor was he ever a bachelor, but a widower; and what is more, he was married a few weeks since to a very pretty girl in Gar-rad county.—(Danville Ky. Mercury.

We should like to know, where John Smith was not, and what he has not done, and was not doing, who he has not married, and who he is not courting. We know him to be a confounded rogue and still an honest man.—He has courted our Sall, married our Sall, and still our Sall is single.—(Ox. Mercury.

Come, Mr. Mercury, don't slander your poor relations. John Smith lives in this City, and is a mulatto, and frequently employed as friend Loring's pressman. Don't slander your kin, we beseech you.—[Rasp.

SINGULAR WAGER.—A young woman had laid a wager that she would descend into a vault in the middle of the night, and bring from thence a skull. The person who took the wager had previously hid himself in the vault, and as the girl seized a skull, cried in a hollow voice, 'Leave me my head!' 'There it is,' said the girl, throwing it down, and catching up another. 'Leave me my head!' said the same voice. 'Nay, nay,' said the heroic lass, 'you cannot have two heads;' so brought the skull, and won the wager.

ACCIDENT.—A boy in the Boston Bee office had his foot shockingly mangled, on Friday, by getting it entangled in the machinery of the press, which was in operation. By instantly stopping it, his leg was saved, and he will soon recover.

pudding is an excellent thing for an unquiet conscience, as when it is taken into the stomach, the heart can quietly rest upon it, like one lying upon a feather bed, and thus it remains perfectly quiet and at ease.—Uncle Sam.

Of all the birds of the air, there are none so merry as the sparrow. When a man is care-worn or low spirited, they are continually calling out to him to 'cheer up, cheer up.'

'Boy, what is your name?' 'Robert, sir.—'Yes; that is your Christian name, but what is your other name?' 'Bob, sir.'

A little fellow who was in the habit of stealing his mother's pies from the closet, was excused on the ground that the act evinced a precous turn of mind.—(Penny Post.

A graceless scamp, says the Boston Bee, was recently heard singing the following:

'When I can shoot my rifle clear,
To pigeons in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to pork and beans,
And live on good pot pies.'

He was all alone by himself at the time, and returning from an unsuccessful hunt after peeps and sand snipe—at least we presume so.

I AM ON OATH.

A lawyer not over young nor handsome, in examining a young lady, a witness in court, made many attempts to confuse her, and thus to render her testimony contradictory and unavailable. She however seemed to be calm and proof against all frivolous questions put to her; at last the lawyer, determined to perplex her, said: "Upon my word, you are very pretty!" The young lady very promptly replied, "I would return the compliment, dear sir, if I were not on oath." As may be supposed, the lawyer questioned her no farther.—Crescent City.