

Sparkles of Wit & Humor.

jr. Editor.

"A little humor now and then,
Is relished by the wisest man."

The proprietor of a tan-yard adjacent to a certain town in Virginia concluded to build a stand, or sort of store, on one of the main streets, for the purpose of vending leather, buying raw hides and the like, and completing his building, he began to consider what sort of a sign would be best to put up for the purpose of attracting attention to his new establishment; for days and weeks he was sorely puzzled on the subject. Several devices were adopted, and on further consideration, rejected.

At last a happy idea struck him. He bored an auger hole through the door post, and stuck a calf's tail into it, with the bushy end flaunting out. After a while, he noticed a grave looking personage standing near the door, with his spectacles, gazing intently on the sign, until the curiosity of the tanner was greatly excited in turn. He stepped out, and addressed the individual.

"Good Morning," said he.

"Morning," said the other, without moving his eyes from the sign.

"You want to buy leather?" said the tanner.

"No."

"Do you wish to sell hides?"

"No."

"Are you a farmer?"

"No."

"Are you a merchant?"

"No."

"Are you a lawyer?"

"No."

"Are you a doctor?"

"No."

"What are you, then?"

"I'm a philosopher. I have been standing here for an hour, trying to see if I could ascertain how that calf got through that auger-hole."

ELOQUENT PASSAGE.—The light of the lamp was dying away in the socket; the midnight clock struck heavily and its brazen tones sounded loudly on the frozen air. It was the hour when disembodied spirits walk, and when murderers, like the stealthy wolf, prowl for their prey. The lonely watcher shuddered as he heard a slight noise at the door. Big drops stood upon his pale brow, the door gently opened, and—in came a strange cat!

"Why did Adam bite the apple?" asked a country school master of his pupils.

"Because he hadn't got no knife," replied a youngster.

Anderson the wizard, and a very poor wizard he was, met with a Yankee who stole a church on him after the following pattern: Enter Yankee.

"I say! you Professor Anderson?"

"Yes, Sir, your service."

"Wa'al you're a tarnation smart man, and I'm sumthin' a trick too, kinder cuter, ten, know."

"Ah, indeed, and what tricks are you up to, Sir?" asked the Professor, amused at the simple fellow.

"Wa'al I can take a red cent and change it into a ten dollar gold piece."

"Oh, that's a mere slight of hand trick, I can do that too."

"No you can't. I'd like to see you try."

"Well hold out your hand with a cent in it."

"Yankee stretched out his paw with a red lying on it."

"This is your cent, is it, sure?"

"It's nothin' else."

"Hold on to it tight—Presto! change. Now open your hand."

Yankee opened his fist; and there was a gold eagle shining on his palm.

"Wa'al, you did it I declare; much obliged tew ye'rn, and Jonathan turned to go out."

"Stay," said the professor, "you may leave me my ten dollars."

"Your'n! wan't it my cent; and didn't you turn it into this ore yaller thing, eh? Good-bye!" and as he left the room he was head to say, "I guess there ain't anything green about this child."

Read what Captain Job Prest, in his "Wonderful Adventures," says of the vegetable kingdom:

The term vegetable—sometimes pronounced vegetable—is probably derived from the peculiar long and pointed form of this kind of esculent; hence originally called wedgeable, then wedgeable—and now refined to the present form.

Annual flowering plants resemble whales as they come to blow. Flowers are very warlike in their disposition, and ever armed with pistils.

They are migratory in their habits, for wherever they winter they are sure to leave in the spring, most of them are very polite and full of boughs.

Like dandies, the coating of many trees is their most valuable portion. Cork trees and Boot trees for instance. Grain and seeds are not considered dangerous except when about to shoot.

Several trees, like watch-dogs, are valued mostly for their bark.

A little bark will make a rope, but it takes a large pile of wood to make a cord.

Though there are no vegetable beaux, there are a number of spruce trees.

It is considered only right and proper to ax trees before you fell them.

Fruit trees have military proclivities.—

When young they are trained: they have many kernels and their shoots are straight.

Grain must be treated like infants; when the head buds it must be cradled, and threshing is resorted to fit it for use.

Tares are mostly found with smaller grains—which require sowing.

Great indulgence in fruit is dangerous—and too free a use of melons produces a melancholic effect.

Old maids are fond of dates—but cannot endure any reference to dates.

Sailors are attached to bays; oysters to beaches, love sick maidens to pine.

The method of making a sandwich to suit the taste of an Alderman is thus described by Ald. P. of the Second Ward:

Brandy at the bottom—gin at the top, and water between—the latter as thin as it can be spread.

The New York Tribune has had a glorious sketch of the Judges of the Supreme Court, designating the Judges who concurred in the judgment of the Court, in the case of Dred Scott, as political Judges, as small partisans—men of mediocre caliber and bitter sectional prejudices. The only two Judges of the Court who are not political are Curtis and McLean; they are not political, because, they decide in favor of the view of a legal question taken by the party of which the Tribune is an organ. There is no resisting this logic. It is conclusive. The Tribune also says that Judge Taney's confirmation, on the nomination of General Jackson, was due to the weakness of one Henry Clay, once a Senator from Kentucky, who yielded to the solicitation of Reverdy Johnson, the Attorney General under General Taylor, and long regarded the ablest lawyer of the Whig party in the United States. The endorsement of Andrew Jackson, Henry Clay and Reverdy Johnson was worth something some years ago, but now nobody can pass for a patriot or a man of ability unless he has the *imprimatur* of Horace Greeley, Henry Wilson and the Rev. Mr. Cheever. *Cincinnati Enquirer.*

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HOME! SWEET HOME!—What a volume of meaning is contained in these few words? The sad face of the way-farer is brightened and visions of happiness flit across his mind, when he hears those magic, soul stirring words, "home sweet home!" He sees those happy faces smiling as they greet him and bid him welcome, and all the cares of life are forgotten in that blissful imagination. Home, is home be it ever so humble.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1857.

Established August 4, 1821.

THE publishers of this old and firmly established paper take pleasure in calling the attention of the public to their programme for the coming year. Surfeited with politics, the claims of literature will be more than ever appreciated by the reading world. We have therefore already made arrangements with the following brilliant list of writers:

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