

### A Praying Commander.

On that Sabbath morning on which the battle of Lake Champlain was fought, when Commodore Downie of the British squadron was sailing down upon the Americans as they lay in the bay of Plattsburg, he sent a man to the mast-head to see what they were doing on Commodore McDonough's ship, the flag-ship, of the little American squadron.

"Ho! aloft," said Downie, "what are they doing on the ship?"

"Sir," answered the look-out, "they are gathered about the mainmast, and they seem to be at prayer."

"Ah," said Commodore Downie, "that looks well for them, but bad for us."

It was bad for the British Commodore. For the very first shot from the American ship was a chain-shot, which cut poor Downie in two and killed him in a moment. McDonough was a simple, humble Christian, and a man of prayer, but brave as a lion in the hour of battle. He died as he lived, a simple-hearted, earnest Christian.

There is no true bravery without a trust in God. True religion begets in every heart a spirit of resignation and spiritual insight which opens up the future, and enables the possessor to foresee what is before him in the distance, by which he may know how to act and to steer his course wisely.

No man ever made a fortune, or rose to greatness in any department without being "careful of small things." As the beach is composed of grains of sand, as the ocean is made up of drops of water, so is the aggregation of the profits of single ventures, often inconsiderable in amount. Every eminent merchant from Girard to Astor down, has been noted for his attention to details. Few distinguished lawyers have ever practiced in the courts, who have not been remarkable for a similar characteristic. It was one of the most striking peculiarities of the first Napoleon's mind. Before such great examples, and in the very highest walks of intellect, how contemptible the conduct of small minds who despise small things.—*Hospital Register.*

Just over the river from Kentuck, Indiana, a correspondent writer to the Drawer:

"We had in our employ, as maid of general housework, an intelligent contraband, who hailed from 'Way down thar on Blue River.' Now this same contraband was a shouting Methodist, and was very zealous in the cause, as regards singing; and as her lungs were not the weakest, she would make considerable noise. One day, when she was singing at her loudest, I mildly recommended to her not to pitch her voice so high, as it might disturb the neighbors. This quieted her, but after a while she again commenced singing, but in a milder tone, the following verse:

Let those refuse to sing  
Who never knew the Lord;  
But servants of the Heavenly King  
Should sound their joys abroad."

*Harper's Magazine.*

"I SHANGE MY MIND."—A part of Gen. S——'s corps, writes a Southern correspondent, is here, waiting transportation eastward. One of the brigades encamped near us is temporarily commanded by a Gearman colonel, one who claims to have seen service abroad.

On the day referred to his brigade was out for review and inspection. He approached, and taking his position, called out—

"Attention, my br-rigade! Shoulder-r a-r-rms."

But how we were startled, as the movement was being executed, to hear—

"Hold on! I shange my mind! R-r-ight shoulder shift a-r-rms!"

The manoeuvre was executed with many smiles, especially in the rear of the commanding officer.

EARLY USE OF QUILLS IN WRITING.—All anecdotes relate that Theodoric, King of the Ostrogoths being so illiterate that he could not write even the initials of his name, was provided with a plate of gold through which letters were cut, and this being placed on the paper, when his signature was required, he traced the letters with a quill.

### A Good Joke.

Old Gov. L——, of Vermont, was one of the most inveterate jokers of the early times, in which he figured. An anecdote is told of him, which has never been related in print, and never can be, perhaps, with much effect; but we will try it:

One fall, he was returning from the Legislature, on horseback, and as usual at that day, he was hailed from a house by a garrulous old maid, who had often annoyed him with questions respecting public affairs.

"Well, governor," said she coming out towards the road, "what new laws have you passed at Montpelier, this time?"

"Well, one rather singular one among the rest," he replied.

"Dew tell! Now what is it, governor?" asked the excited querist.

"Why, that the woman in each town who has the smallest mouth, shall be warranted a husband."

"Whoy, whot!" said she, drawing up her mouth to the smallest compass, "whot a queer, curios lor that is?"

"Yes, but we have passed another that beats that; the woman that has the largest mouth is to have two husbands."

"Why, whart!" exclaimed the old maid, instantly relaxing her mouth, and stretching it wider at every syllable, "whart a remarkable law that is; when does it come in force, governor?"

At this, the governor put spurs to his horse, and vanished.

### Not so Bad.

An army correspondent of a prominent Philadelphia paper, slightly astonished the proprietor of a first class Washington hotel a few days ago. Having occasion "to use the waiter," he pulled at the bell-cord of his room, until his patience was thoroughly exhausted, but no notice was taken of his ringing. As a last resort, he went down stairs to his office, and told the clerk he wished to see the proprietor. Mine host soon appeared.

"Is there anything I can do for you, sir?" inquired the polite landlord, scanning the plain and modest gentleman before him.

"I only wanted to inquire," replied the man of news, "what that cord and tassel is hung up in my room for?"

"Ah!" said the courteous landlord smiling blandly, and winking at the gentlemen lounging about the office—"You probably mean the bell—first take hold of the tassel and pull, when you wish to ring."

"Suppose I ring the bell? What then?"

"A servant will go to your room immediately—that's what the bell's for," returned boniface.

"Well sir," replied the modest gentleman "that is precisely what I imagined it was placéd there for, so I took hold of it and pulled about an hour, and as I attracted no attention I concluded I had made a mistake and pulled the wrong string!"

Of course an explosion of laughter followed, during which the landlord good humoredly said to the crowd: "Gentlemen, let's all go to the bar!"

THE GOODNESS OF LOVE.—It is the peculiarity of true love to cherish hopeful and generous thoughts of human good. And it looks through futurity and discerns the living spirit of the universe, working on for the happiness of the human race. True love is generous and self-sacrificing. But such love is rarely found. Imitation ornaments are more plentiful than pure gold, and transient and selfish love is oftener met with than the real.

"HANG IT!" exclaimed a famous painter, who was engaged on a picture of King Lear, "I cannot impart the wild expression of insanity to the face."

"Why don't you touch it up with a little madder?" asked a facetious friend at his elbow.

Some young fellows once found fault with the butter on their boarding table. "What is the matter with it?" asked the mistress. "Just you ask it," said one: "it is old enough to speak for itself."

### ITEMS—MISCELLANEOUS.

The coon that wears a silken coat.—The co-coon.

Every bird pleases us with its lay, especially the hen.

Sin has a great many tools; but a lie is a handle which fits them all.

The door between us and heaven cannot be opened if that between us and our fellow-man is shut.

Josh Bilings says that it iz 5 dollars fine, in Cincinnati, to strike a dog, in anger.

He who gets angry in a discussion while his opponent keeps cool, holds the hot end of the poker.

ONE of our cotemporaries says he got a horse given to him. He forgot to add the word "whipping."

A reservoir of water for the supply of a city is like a Dutchman—it never works without a pipe in its mouth.

A PRINTER'S TOAST.—Woman—the fairest work of creation. The edition being extensive, let no man be without a copy.

STEADY ABOUT.—When a ship goes into port she usually steadies; but when port gets into a man he usually reels.

The Rome (Ga.) Sentinel thinks that "theré isn't ten pounds of pepper in the rebel Confederacy." Never mind, rebs, we'll pepper you.

A Jerseyman was lately arrested for flogging a woman, and excused the act by saying he was near-sighted, and thought it was his wife!

"Gently the *deus* are o'er me stealing," as the man said when he had five bills presented to him at one time.

The experience of my life: "What a fool I have been!" The experience of many a wife: "What a fool I have got!"

What is a quartermaster? A man that gives the poor soldier one-quarter of their rations, and keeps the rest for himself.

"Father, is a parrot that talks a dumb animal?" "My dear, children should not talk while they are eating."

A drunkard, supporting himself against a church railing, replied, in answer to a question, that he didn't exactly belong to the church, but he had a leaning that way.

An editor heads his list of births, marriages, and deaths thus—"hatched, matched and dispatched." The rascal's face deserves to be scratched.

"SAY, Pomp, where you get that new hat?"

"Why, at the shop ob course."

"What is de price ob such an article as dat?"

"I don't know, nigger; *de shop keeper wasn't dar.*"

A WAG upon visiting a medical musuem was shown some dwarfs and other specimens of mortality, all preserved in alcohol.

"Well," said he, "I never thought the dead could be in such spirits."

"WHAT do you propose to take for your cold?" said a lady to a sneezing gentleman.

"O, I'll sell it very cheap! I wont higgie about the price at all."

A judge said to a toper, on trial for drunkenness:

"Prisoner, you have heard the prosecution for habitual drunkenness; what have you to say in your defence?"

"Nothing, your honor, but habitual thirst."

### Lost!

In Annapolis, about one week ago, a purse, containing EIGHTY DOLLARS. The finder will be suitably rewarded by leaving the same at the Church Office.