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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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The Easton Gazette.

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ADVERTISEMENTS,

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For the Easton Gazette.

A SUNSET THOUGHT.

BY ROSE.

I saw the Sun as his last golden rays
Were sunk 'neath the hills of the west,
I saw them slowly and ling'ringly leave
To go to "The Isles of the blest."

Then I longed for light wings to fly in his train
To bask in those beautiful beams;
To float in those clouds of crimson and gold,
And bathe in the purple hued gleams.

I'd sport with the blithsome air sprites around
And gambol like children at play,
We'd dance in gay circles thro' bright fields of air
With nothing but sunshine and day.

I'd dress in those clouds that so beautiful seem
A garment of purple and red,
A scarf of the deepest cerulean blue,
With rain-drops crowning my head.

I'd rest my light feet on a pavement of air
With curtains like gold waving high,
From thence gaze around on the fathomless space
Or sink in the violet sky.

The sun slowly sunk in his bright western couch
And left not a ray of his light,
The bright colors chased by cold misty clouds
Were clothed in the dark robes of night.

WANTED TO GET MARRIED.

A good story is told of a Methodist preacher—and the story is true to the letter—who lived about forty years ago. He was a bachelor, and we could write his real name, but prefer to call him Smith.—He resisted many persuasions to marry, which his friends were constantly making, until he had reached a tolerably advanced age, and he himself, began to feel the need of, or at least, to have new ideas of the comfort of being nursed with woman's gentle care. Shortly after entering one of his circuits, a maiden lady also of ripe years, was strongly recommended to him, and his friends again urged that he had better get married, representing that the lady named would probably not refuse to accept him, notwithstanding his eccentricities.

"Do you think tho?" responded the domine, for he *very* perceptibly lisped, "then I'll go and thee her."

He was a man of his word. His ring at the door-bell was answered by the serving maid.

"Ith Mith P——within?" briskly but calmly asked the lover.

"Yes sir. Will you walk in?"

"No I thank you. Be kind enough to thay to Mith P——that I with to speak to her a moment."

Miss P——appeared and repeated the invitation to walk in.

"No thank you: I'll thoon explain my bithiness. I'm the new Methodist preacher. I'm unmarried. My friendth think I'd better marry. They recommend you for my wife. Have you any objection?"

"Why, really Mr. Sm——"

"There—don't anther now. I will call thisth day week for your reply. Good-day."

On that day week he reappeared at the door of Miss P——'s residence. It was promptly opened by the lady herself.

"Walk in Mr. Smith."

"Cannot ma'am?"

"Oh, do walk in, Mr. Smith."

"Can't indeed, ma'am. Piethe anther me. Yeth or No."

Well, Mr. Smith, it is a very serious matter. I should not like to get out of the way of providence--"

"I perfectly understand you Mith P——. We will be married this day week. I will call at thith hour. Pleath be ready ma'am."

He called on that day week, at that hour. She was ready, they were married, and lived happily for several years."

A GOOD AMERICAN ANECDOTE.

Dr. Paton, a very eccentric clergyman, was travelling in England, met a fellow of one of the colleges, who was anxious to make an inquiry of the doctor, provided he would give no offence. The doctor told him to "out with it," as he guessed it would not hurt much.

Fellow.—The inquiry is this—do you think your present form of government will stand, or that your people will not soon require a king?

Dr. P.—Well, sir, that is indeed a question that does not fall in with my predilections, for I am a thorough republican.—Still I have no objection to answering your question frankly. It is my opinion, to which I have come after much reflection, that we shall eventually have a king.

Fellow.—I am sure of it—I am sure of it! but I never yet have seen an American who was willing to admit it. Will you favor me with the reasons on which you found your opinions, for I have no doubt they are good ones?

Dr. P.—I think they are good ones, and I will frankly state them to you. They are these: I read in the bible that when Israel was a virtuous people, God governed them generally with judges of their own choosing; but when they became a corrupt and degraded people, God in wrath *gave them a King!* As we are rapidly importing European manners and corrupt customs into the United States, I greatly fear that we shall degenerate until God will treat us as he had the degraded nations of Europe, and give us a king!

The fellow grew red in the face; and would have made fight, but the laugh of his neighbors was so hearty that he had to join it, and soon he managed to say:

"Well, you have taught me one lesson today that I shall never forget."

Dr. P.—And pray what may that be? for it is very rare an Englishman will admit that he learns anything from an American.

Fellow—I have learned to let the Yankess alone, and not to meddle with their peculiar matters.

Dr. P.—Thank you sir! But allow me to say that you are rather slow scholars, for we certainly taught you that lesson at Bunker Hill."

Fellow.—I see that you are incorrigible.

Dr. P.—And that's the way of our people.

Pitt Platt has been appointed postmaster at Plattsburg. This alliteration is equal to Peter Piper, who picked the peck of pickled peppers.

DUEL OF BURR AND HAMILTON.

The following sketch of Aaron Burr is taken from *Life Illustrated:*—

Into the disputed questions relative to Burr and his times we cannot enter, for the simple reason that they could not be adequately treated in the space we have at command. We can only say this, that Mr. Parton has so accumulated and presented the *facts* of the case, that any reader of intelligence, after reading the work, will be in a position to judge for himself. The book is an honest one. It will be read with intense interest by all who are curious in the personalities of history, and we believe that more real knowledge of our early history can be obtained from it than from many works devoted exclusively to that period.

We have room only for an anecdote or two. Here is one, to show the command which Burr had over his features and demeanor. The duel between Burr and Hamilton was fought at seven o'clock in the morning: and, immediately afterward, Burr returned to his own house on Richmond Hill (now corner of Varick and Charlton streets:

"On the morning of the duel it chanced that one of Burr's cousins arrived in town from Connecticut, and made his way, about eight o'clock, to Richmond Hill. Alexis, the factotum of the establishment, obeyed his summons to the door, and showed him into the library, where he foued Colonel Burr, alone, and engaged in his usual avocations. Burr received his young relative cordially, and, in every respect, as usual. Neither in his manner nor in his conversation was there any evidence of excitement or concern, nor anything whatever to attract the notice of his guest. Except the master of the house, not a soul in Richmond Hill yet knew aught of that morning's work; nor, indeed, could it be said, in any sense of the word, that the master himself *knew* what he had done.

"In a few minutes breakfast was announced, and the two gentlemen went to the dining-room and breakfasted together.—The conversation was quite in the ordinary strain, Burr inquiring after friends in the country, and the youth giving the information sought. After breakfast, the guest bade his host good-morning, and strolled off toward the city, which he reached about ten o'clock. As he walked down Broadway, he fancied he observed in passers-by the signs that something extraordinary had occurred or was expected. Near Wall street, an acquaintance rushed up to him, breathless, and said,

"Colonel Burr has killed General Hamilton in a duel this morning."

"Why, no he hasn't," replied the young gentleman, with the utmost positiveness, "I have this moment seen the news on the bulletin."

"The cousin reflected for a moment on the absolute serenity of Burr's manner, and concluding that he would certainly have mentioned so interesting an occurrence if it had taken place, was still utterly incredulous, and denouncing the report as false, went on his way. Before turning into Wall street, he found the whole city astir, and soon had reason to suspect that the bulletin was only too true. So completely could Burr command his features and conceal his feelings."

"To a late period of his life, Burr justified his conduct with regard to this duel.—Once, it appears, and only once, he revisited the ground at Weehawken, where it was fought. The scene was "remarkable" indeed, as Mr. Parton observes:

"There was one remarkable occurrence on which Burr spoke of the duel seriously and eloquently. It was when, for the only time in his life, he revisited the ground where it was fought. He went there to oblige a young friend, who wished to see a spot so famous. Leaving their boat at the foot of the heights of Weehawken, just where Burr had left his boat on that fatal morning a quarter of a century before, they climbed over the same rocks, and soon reached the ground. Except that the rocks were covered with names, and that the ground was more overgrown with trees, the place had not changed in all those years: nor has it yet. It had changed owners, however, and belonged to a son of Rufus King, Burr's colleague in the Senate, and Hamilton's friend and ally. In the boat, Burr had been somewhat thoughtful and silent, but seemed to enjoy the bright day and pleasant shores, as he always enjoyed bright and pleasant things. On reaching the scene, he placed his companion on the spot where Hamilton had stood, and went to the place where he had stood himself, and proceeded to narrate the incidents of the occasion.

"The contrast between the causes of the two men, and the scene, but for a moment, the pent up feelings of twenty-five years burst into speech. His companion, who had known him intimately many years, and had never seen him roused before, was almost awe-struck at this strange outburst of emotion, and the startling force of many of his expressions. He remembers wondering that he should ever have thought Burr small of stature, for, during the scene, the loftiness of his demeanor was such, that his very form seemed to rise and expand. It was long before he regained his usual composure. All the way home he still spoke of the olden time, and seemed to renew his youth, and live over again his former life."

A few years after, however, when he lay sick with paralysis, and near death, he said, after reading in Sterne's "Tristam Shandy," "If I had read Sterne more and Voltaire less, I should have known that the world was wide enough for Hamilton and me."

Burr was one of the most generous of men, and extremely fond of educating young people. Here is a curious story in illustration:

"He was riding along in a curricle and pair, one day, during his senatorial term, when one of his horses lost a shoe; and he stopped at the next blacksmith's to have it replaced. It was a lonely country place, not far from Kingston, in Ulcer County, New York. He strolled about while the blacksmith was at work, and, returning, saw upon the side of a stable near by a charcoal drawing of his own curricle and horses. The picture, which must have been executed in a very few minutes, was wonderfully accurate and spirited, and he stood admiring it for some time. Turning round, he noticed a boy a little way off, dressed in coarse homespun.

"Who did that?" inquired Burr, pointing to the picture.

"I did it," said the boy.

"The astonished traveller entered into conversation with the lad, found him intelligent, though ignorant, learned that he was born in the neighborhood, had had no instruction in drawing, and was engaged to work for the blacksmith six months. Burr wrote a few words on a piece of paper, and said as he wrote:

"My boy, you are too smart a fellow to stay here all your life. If ever you should want to change your employment and see the world, just put a clean shirt into your pocket, go to New York, and go straight to that address," handing the boy the paper.

"He then mounted his curricle and was out of sight in a moment. Several months passed away, and the circumstance had nearly faded from the busy senator's recollection. As he was sitting at breakfast one morning, at Richmond Hill, a servant put into his hand a small paper parcel, saying that it was brought by a boy who was waiting outside.

"Burr opened the parcel and found a coarse country-made cotton shirt. Supposing it to be a mistake, he ordered the boy to be shown in. Who should enter but the Genius of the Roadside, who placed in Burr's hand the identical piece of paper he had given him. The lad was warmly welcomed. Burr took him into his family, educated him, and procured him instruction in the art which nature had indicated should be the occupation of his life time. Afterwards, Burr assisted him to Europe, where he spent five years in the study of painting, and became an artist worthy of the name.

"While Burr himself was wandering in Europe, Vanderlyn was exhibiting pictures in the Louvre, at Paris, and receiving from Napoleon a golden medal, besides compliments and felicitations from the Emperor's own lips. Vanderlyn did all he could for his benefactor in Paris: but unhappily he had the successful artist's usual fortune—poverty embittered by glory. He afterwards had commissions from Congress, and painted the well-known "Landing of Columbus" for a panel in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington. He also painted the portraits of Colonel Burr and Theodosia, from which the engravings were taken by which their lineaments are now known to the public. Vanderlyn died only five years ago at Kingston, near the spot where he drew the charcoal sketch which decided his career.

"FASHIONABLE CONGREGATION"—The newspaper reporters pay a very equivocal compliment to this or that preacher, when they tell us he was listened to by a "fashionable" congregation. Fashion is all right at the theatre or the opera, or other public assemblages of a secular character but the jade ought not to have anything to do in the Temple of the Most High. Think of Paul preaching to a "fashionable" congregation on Mars' Hill, or a greater than Paul delivering a sermon on the Mount to a "numerous and fashionable audience." True, we have fashionable preachers, but it is a question whether their preaching would not be followed with better effects if the "fashion" were taken out of it. Fashion is a heartless thing at best, and heartlessness in religion is hypocrisy.—*N. Y. Express.*

GIVING THE WHIP TO A PRINCESS.—An English paper has the following: Among the presents made to the Princess Royal of England, on her late wedding day, was a riding whip, the butt of which is formed from a piece of the hoof of a favorite horse, set in gold. It is said the shoe of this golden hoof is formed of diamonds, the nails being represented by fourteen beautiful rubies; the whole of the bottom of the foot is a mass of small diamonds; the handle of the whip is formed from one of the horse's bones, most highly polished, round which is twined a serpent in brilliants.

NOT SO BAD.—Miss Drummond, the famous preacher among the Quakers, being asked by a gentleman if the spirit had never inspired her with the thoughts of marriage? "No, friend!" said she, "but the flesh hath often done so"

ORIGIN OF THE NAMES OF STATES.

Maine was so called as early as 1623, from Maine in France, of which Henrietta Maria, Queen of England was at that time proprietor.

New Hampshire was the name given to the territory conveyed by the Plymouth Company to Captain John Mason, by patent, November 7th, 1629, with reference to the patentee, who was Governor of Portsmouth, in New Hampshire, England.

Vermont was so called by the inhabitants in their Declaration of independence January 16th, 1777, from the French *vera mont*, the green mountains

Massachusetts was so called from Massachusetts Bay; and that from the Massachusetts tribe of Indians, in the neighborhood of Boston. The tribe is thought to have derived its name from the Blue Hills of Milton. "I had learnt," says Roger Williams, "that the Massachusetts was so called from the Blue Hills."

Rhode Island was so called in 1654, in reference to the Island of Rhodes in the Mediterranean.

Connecticut was so called from the Indian name of its principal river. Connecticut is a Mocheakannew word, signifying long river.

New York was so called in 1664, in reference to the Duke of York and Albany, to whom this territory was granted by the King of England.

New Jersey was so called in 1664, from the Island of Jersey, on the coast of France, the residence of the family of Sir George Carteret, to whom the territory was exhausted.

Pennsylvania was so called in 1681, after Wm Penn.

Delaware was so called in 1709, from Delaware Bay, on which it lies, and which received its name from Lord de la War, who died on this bay.

Maryland was so called in honor of Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I, in his patent to Lord Baltimore, June 30, 1692.

Virginia was so called in 1581, after Elizabeth the Virgin Queen of England.

Carolina was so called by the French in 1561, in honor of King Charles IX., of France.

Georgia was so called in 1732, in honor of King George II.

Alabama was so called in 1814, from its principal river.

Mississippi was so called in 1800, from its western boundary. Mississippi is said to denote the whole river, i. e., the river formed by the union of many.

Louisiana was so called in honor of Louis XIV., of France.

Tennessee was so called in 1706, from its principal river. The word Tennessee is said to signify a curved spoon.

Kentucky was so called in 1702, from its principal river.

Indiana was so called in 1800, from the American Indians.

Ohio was so called in 1802, from its southern boundary.

Missouri was so called in 1821, from its principal river.

Michigan was so called in 1821, from the lake on its borders.

Arkansas was so called in 1812, from its principal river.

Florida was so called by Juan Pones de Leon in 1572, because it was discovered on Easter Sunday, in Spanish, *Paseua Florida.*

Columbia was so called in reference to Columbus.

Wisconsin was so called from its principal river.

Iowa was so called from its principal river.

Oregon was so called from its principal river.

REMARKABLE CASE OF FRIGHT.—About 8 o'clock at night, a short time since, two young men were riding from Corinth to East Corinth (Vt.) in a light sleigh, to which was attached a young mare. The mare becoming frightened, ran, and getting loose from the sleigh, diverged from the road, and broke into the house of Mr. N. D. Blake, and passed through three doors before stopping. She jumped over one bed, in which was Mr. Baker and a child, breaking it down: then over the other bed, in which was Mrs. B. and two children, upsetting in her course the light-stand, and extinguishing the light. She then broke down a crib in the other corner. Mr. Blake drew his wife and one child from their bedstead, which had been demolished, carried them into the room, and struck a light It was not until his return that the cause of the accident was ascertained.

CONGREGATIONAL SINGING.—We are glad to see, says the Churchman, that among the different christian "denominations," as well as in the church, greater attention is beginning to be paid to this matter. One of our religious journals, we observe, justly commends an eminent Presbyterian minister in this city for having, on two occasions lately, "started the tune and led the singing, the *audience* of nearly two thousand each cordially uniting." Well may our contemporary add that "nothing could be more impressive, nothing in its way more sublime." But independently of this consideration, which is yet an important one, what a contrast of reality does it not present to that great sham which so generally prevails in our places of worship, of the congregation's praises of God being performed by a *quartette* (so called) "choir" in the organ loft!

DUTCH KISSING.—One William Smith, in Milwaukie, was fined $3 for kissing Mrs. Louisia Blasbalt, a Dutch woman weighing 250 pounds. The deed was done on the sidewalk, in the presence of her husband, who said: "I was so mad I could not speak." The affair occasioned the preparation of some Dutch poetry, of which the following stanza is a specimen:

"Mister! spare mine vrow!
Touch not her purty cheek;
Ver if you kiss her now,
I hit you mit dis stick!"

[Correspondence of the Easton Gazette.]

INCIDENTS BY THE WAY.

MR. EDITOR: Perhaps a few lines from a friend, by the way of an epistle, will not be amiss, upon this occasion—or, at least, I hope not. Early in the morning of the 27th ult., we bid adieu to your pleasant and prosperous little town, having embarked on board one of the "Eastern Shore" steamers, for the far renowned city of our native State. When leaving the wharf, we gave our last and lingering look upon the surrounding objects which met our vision.—And while gazing at the multifarious scenes presented to our view, we could not help thinking to ourself of the many changes that might take place, ere we should again be permitted to look upon the beautiful shores of our native State. The pestilence and the ravages of war may penetrate your ranks before we shall again step upon the fair shores of Maryland.

But with a sane mind and heart stricken anxiety for the welfare of our country, we will hope for the best, and leave all else to the good will of Providence.

The morning of our departure we shall never forget. It was, indeed, as fair a morn as ever broke forth from the eastern horizon. Now and then a cloud would obstruct the brilliant apperance of heaven's fair queen, but not altogether debating her countenance from our views. The sky-tinted waves of the great Choptank, rippled by the two-forty speed of the great ocean war horse, was a scene of exquisite pleasure to the writer.

The weather-beaten shores of our native county seemed to grow more dismal and dreary to the eye, as the well known steamer proceeded onward, heeding not the resisting waters of the noble Chesapeake.—The smoky and dismal scene of surrounding nature, would seem to indicate serenity and solemnity, were it not for the refreshing breeze which sweeps o'er this body of waters.

As we proceeded onward, we cast our eye ahead and discovered something in the distance, floating or rather apparently standing still upon the surface of the water; but as we drew nearer and nearer we discovered it to be the sail of commerce, unfurled and wavering to the relentless breeze. Her proud and upright form may be seen in the distance, traversing the briny current, ladened with the produce of our mother soil, nurtured and reared by the honest and indefatigable hushandman.

But we have not time to discourse upon things and objects so near at home. We must further our description to a greater distance.

We arrived at Baltimore at five o'clock, and took a universal look around us, to ascertain whether the small-pox was prevalent among the many friends who came to greet us, with their smiles, hoping to obtain a sixpence for a short ride. But on finding ourselves agreeably disappointed, we started in a coach for the Calvert station, but the cars not being ready to peregrinate in consequence of an absent train which was on the same line, we had then to repair to a hotel, where we remained a sufficient length of time to rest our wearied bodies. After being somewhat relived from the effects caused by our day's journey, we took the opportunity of sauntering around for a short period. Took a slight peep into Barnum's, not much business going on, as we judged from appearances inside. It is true there were a number of green-eyed squirts, and yankee doodle dandies, with patent-leather boots, and three-levy shawls, but we generally surmise them to be two and six-penny quacks, or petitioggers, or may be petty dry-goods clerks, who receive just salary enough to buy them a shawl a piece, in consort with dandy kid-gloves and one cent cigars.

Its rooms were not thronged with visitors from the rural regions, as it admits of upon other occasions. But I have not time to dwell long upon the atmosphere and appearance of the city of our native State, but will launch out amidst the scenes which we have not hitherto been a witness.

We left Calvert station, Baltimore, that night, in the ten o'clock train, for York and Harrisburg, arriving at the latter named place, between one and two o'clock, having a run of about three or four hours.

As it was night during our travel hither, we cannot as a matter of course, minutely describe the aspect of the country through which we passed, i. e. from Baltimore to Harrisburg. We can only make mention of the terrific rocks which seemed to hang suspended by the way-side as we passed.

They evidently evinced a thought of danger; one moment they may be coherent to their mother granite, and the next be hurled aside from its foundation to lodge perhaps on the heads of passers by. Though the reader may not be so well pleased with our description concerning this section of country, owing to the inconveniences which attended us, we anticipate that he will be more gratified after hearing one small incident which is related to our travels.

After alighting from the cars at Harrisburg, we immediately repared to the nearest hotel, which is within forty strides of the railroad depot. Not the handsomest structure that we have ever seen in our lives; but which will serve to supply the necessary wants of northern travellers. It was, it is true, a hotel, no one can pretend to doubt it, indeed one of the moddern pattern, but which nevertheless, bore some indications of ancientry. Indeed the proprietor himself, reminded me very much of some of the ancient portraits which I have noticed hitherto. We were alighted to our room by a rather non officious waiter, whom we noticed did not evince that spirit of courtesy and politeness, which is a marked feature in our southern States.

I must make mention however of another feature which marked so strong a characteristic in the deportment within this modern structure. What a bed, oh! but I must expose him; never, never, in my life before have I experienced the effects of such an adamantine-like couch. But oh, reader, just imagine the heartfelt consolation that awaited the dawn of day. How eagerly did we spring from the corn-cap mattrass, when the iron horse gave her first signal for starting. But to carry this part of the subject farther is unnecessary, as doubtless many of Maryland's sons have experienced the self-same situation. Reader, if you have an opportunity granted you, travel through this part of the country and we predict your vision will be clogged with the nauceous appearance of these northern fanatics.

But to the point. The country from Harrisburg to Carlisle admits of considerable variation and irregularity. It is however more so, from the former, to a little village called Mechanicsburg, than it is from the latter to Carlisle. Indeed the country from Mechanicsburg to Carlisle is a fine, level and fertile section as I should suppose, from the fact that the wheat fields present a most charming aspect, clothed in the real verdure of nature. It is evidently a fine country for wheat growers, as I should judge from the appearance of the soil, it being a fine clay bottom land, superior indeed to any soil in Maryland, i. e. for the produce of wheat, but not for corn. And as I after heard one of the most respectable and reliable citizens of Carlise say that the lands from here to Harrisburg could not be purchased for less than one hundred dollars per acre, and which produces as an average crop of wheat, from forty to fifty bushels to the acre.

If the enterprising wheat growers of Maryland, could have this land near their habitations, why the market would at once become inundated with grain.

And by proper and judicious culture, and management of their soil, they may become the rivals of their brother wheat growers, of their sister State. But I will close my epistle for the present, and leave you to judge for yourselves, until you hear from me again.

STUDENT.

MILTON.—When Milton was going to St Paul's school in London at one of the public examinations the subject for poetical composition happened to be our Saviour's first miracle, the turning of water into wine at the marriage feast. Folios were written and handed in on the subject: when it came to Milton's turn to hand in his poem, from which not much was expected, he merely wrote on a slate one line:

"The conscious water saw its God, and blushed."

The judges looked at each other in astonishment—the laconic beauty of the line, and simple sublimity of the idea were so striking. After bestowing eoniums upon the more elaborate productions according to the merits, they awarded the prise to the future bard of "Paradise Lost."

TELEGRAPHIC FREAKS.—A Newark paper says:—We published an item on Monday stating the sudden death of Mr. John H. Davis, one of the proprietors of the Girard House, New York. The gentleman is still alive, and the mistake was owing to the telegraph, which rendered a despatch which was sent to his family, stating "Father is no *worse*," "Father is no *more*." The same family were alarmed a few years since by a similar blunder created by the telegraph operator, who sent a despatch, which should have read "Father has taken *possession* of the Girard House," so that it read, "Father has taken *poison* at the Girard House."

IMAGINATION.—Thomas Fuller relates a curious incident, which is truly characteristic, and shows how fancy will put life into young limbs. "A gentleman," he says, "having led a company of children beyond their usual journey, they began to be weary, and jointly cried to be carried; which, because of their multitude, he could not do, but he told them he would provide them horses to ride on. Then cutting little wands out of the hedges as nags for them, and a large one for himself, they mounted, and those who could scarce stand before, now full of mirth, bounded cheerfully home."

☞Some time ago a Maltese sailor went to California, and whilst there, had his ears cut off for committing an assault. The ears were returned to him by his punishers. He has lately been going about Lyons as a mendicant, and exhibiting to the compassion of the public, his own pair of ears, in a box, which he held up to the gaze of the bystanders, plaintively appealing to their charity and patriotism, as a poor soldier who had been made prisoner by the Russians, and thus cruelly mutilated.

REMEDY FOR SLEEPING IN CHURCH.—"My dear Colonel, I perceived you slept during sermon last Sunday; it is a very bad habit," said a worthy divine to one of his parishioners.

"And, doctor, I could not possibly keep awake I was so drowsy."

"Would it not be well, Colonel, to take a little *snuff*, to keep you awake?"

"Doctor," was the reply, "would it not be well to put a little *snuff in the sermon!*"

☞At an association dinner a debate arose as to the benefit of whipping in bringing up children. Old Mr. Morse took the affirmative. His opponent, a young minister, whose reputation for veracity was not very high, affirmed that parents often did harm to their children by punishment, from not knowing the facts of the case. "Why," said he, "the only time my father whipped me was for telling the truth." "Well," retorted the doctor, "it cured you, didn't it?"

"My hair is eighteen years older than my whiskers," said a lawyer, "and I cannot understand why my whiskers should turn gray first." "Because you have worked so much more with your jaws than with your brains."