

A SERMON:

Preached on the eve of the Battle of Brandywine, BY REV. JOE TROUT, SEPT. 10, 1777.

From Recollections of the Revolution.

"Not long since," writes Mr. Hamilton Sheffmyer, "searching into the papers of grandfather, Major John Jacob Sheffmyer, who was out in the days of the Revolution, I found the following discourse, delivered in the presence of a large portion of the American soldiery, General Washington, General Wayne, and other officers of the army, on the eve of the Battle of Brandywine."

"They that take the sword shall perish by the sword."—St. Matthew, ch. 27, v. 25. Soldiers and countrymen!—We have met this evening, perhaps for the last time! We have shared the toil of the march, the peril of the fight, and the dismay of the retreat alike; we have endured the cold and the hunger, the contumely of the internal foe, and courage of the foreign oppressor. We have sat, night after night, beside the camp fire; we have heard together the roll of the reveille, which called us to duty, or the beat of the tattoo, which gave the signal for the hardy sleep of the soldier, with the earth for his bed and the knapsack for his pillow.

And now, soldiers and brethren, we have met in the peaceful valley on the eve of battle, while the sunlight is dying away beyond your heights—the sunlight that to-morrow morn will glimmer on scenes of blood! We have met amid the whitening tents of our encampment; in time of terror and of gloom we have gathered together. God grant it may not be for the last time.

It is a solemn moment, brethren. Does not the solemn voice of nature seem to echo the sympathies of the hour? The flag of our country droops heavily from yonder staff; the breeze has died away along the green plain of Chadd's ford, the plain that spreads before us glittering in the sunlight. The heights of the Brandywine arise gloomy and grand beyond the waters of yonder stream. All nature holds a solemn silence on the eve of the uproar, of the bloodshed and strife of to-morrow!

"They that take the sword shall perish by the sword."

And have they not taken the sword? Let the desolate plain, the blood-ecden valley, the burned farm-house blackening in the sun, the sacked village, and the ravaged town, answer! Let the whitening bones of the butchered farmer, strewn along the fields of his homestead, answer! Let the starving mother, with the babe clinging to the withered breast that can afford no sustenance—let her answer, with the death-rattle mingling with the murmuring tones that mark the last struggle of life! Let that dying mother and her babe answer!

It was but a day past, and our land slept in the quiet of peace. War was not here, wrong was not here. Fraud, and wo, and misery, and want, dwelt not among us.—From the eternal solitude of the green woods rose the blue smoke of the settler's cabin, and golden fields of corn looked forth from amid the waste of the wilderness, and the glad music of human voices awoke the silence of the forest.

Now, God of Mercy! behold the change! Under the shadow of a pretext! under the sanctity of the name of God, invoking the Redeemer to their aid, do those foreign hirelings slay our people! They throng our towns, they darken our plains, and now they encompass our posts on the lonely plains of Chadd's Ford.

"They that take the sword shall perish by the sword."

Brethren, think me not unworthy of belief when I tell you the doom of the British is near! Think me not vain when I tell you that beyond the cloud that now enshrouds us I see gathering, thick and fast, the dark r cloud and blacker storm of divine retribution!

They may conquer us to-morrow. Might and wrong may prevail, and we may be driven from this field, but the hour of God's own vengeance will come.

Ay, in the vast solitude of eternal space, if in the heart of the boundless universe, there throbs the being of an awful God, quick to avenge and sure to punish guilt, then will the man George of Brunswick, called King, feel in his brain and his heart the vengeance of the eternal Jehovah! A blight will be upon his life, a withered brain and accursed intellect; a blight will be upon his children, and on his people!—Great God, whom dread the punishment!

A crowded populace, peopling the dense towns the laborer strives; want striding among the people in all its forms of terror; a proud and merciless nobility adding wrong to wrong, and heaping insult upon robbery and fraud; a God-defying priest-hood, royally corrupt to the very heart, and aristocracy rotten to the core; crime and want linked hand in hand, and tempting men to deeds of woe and death; these are a part of the doom and retribution that will come upon the English throne, and the English people!

Soldiers, I look around upon your familiar faces with strange interest. To-morrow morning we will all go forth to the battle; for, need I tell you, that your unworthy minister will march with you, invoking God's aid in the fight? We will march forth to battle! Need I exhort you to fight the good fight for your homestead, your wives and your children?

My friends, I might urge you to fight by the gallant memories of the British wrongs. Walton, I might tell you of your father, butchered in the silence of night on the plains of Trenton; I might picture his grey hairs dabbled in blood; I might ring his death-shrieks in your ears!

Shelmitie, I might tell you of a butchered mother; the lonely farm-house, the night assault, the roof in flames, the shouts of the troopers as they dispatched their victims, the cries for mercy, the pleadings of innocence for pity. I might paint this all again in the vivid colors of the terrible reality, if I thought your courage needed such wild excitement.

But I know you are strong in the might of the Lord. You will march forth to battle on the morrow with light hearts and determined spirits, though the solemn duty, the duty of avenging the dead, may rest heavy upon your souls.

And in the hour of battle, when all around the darkness is lit by the lurid canon glare, and the piercing musket flash when the wounded strew the ground and the dead litter your path, then remember,

soldiers, that God is with you. The eternal God fights for you! He rides on the battlement; he sweeps onward with the march, or the hurricane charge! God, the great and the infinite, fights for you, and will triumph.

"They that take the sword shall perish by the sword."

You have taken the sword, but not in the spirit of wrong and revenge. You have taken the sword for your homes, for your wives, for your little ones. You have taken the sword for truth, for justice, for right; and to you, the promise is, "Be of good cheer, for your foes have taken the sword in defiance of all that man holds dear, in blasphemy of God." They shall perish by the sword.

And now, brethren and soldiers, I bid you all farewell!

Many of us may fall in the battle to-morrow. God rest the souls of the fallen! Many of us may live to tell the story of the fight to-morrow, and in the memory of all will ever rest and linger the quiet scene of this autumnal night.

Solemn twilight advances over the valley. The woods on the opposite heights fling their long shadows over the green of the meadow. Around us are the tents of the continental host; the suppressed bustle of the camp, the hurried tramp of the soldiers to and fro among the tents, the stillness and awe that marks the eve of battle.

When we meet again, may the shadows of twilight be flung over a peaceful land. God in heaven grant it.

Let us pray. Oh God of mercy, we pray thy blessing on the American arms. Make the man of our hearts strong in thy wisdom; bless, we beseech thee, with renewed life and strength our hope and thy instrument, even George Washington. Shower thy counsels down on the Honorable the Continental Congress. Visit the tents of our hosts; comfort the soldier in his afflictions; nerve him for the fight, prepare him for the hour of death.

And in the hour of defeat, oh, God of Hosts, do be Thou our stay; and in the hour of triumph, be Thou our Guide. Teach us to be merciful. Though the memory of galling wrongs be at our hearts knocking for admittance, that they fill us with the desire of revenge, yet let us, oh Lord, spare the vanquished, though they never spared us in the hour of victory and bloodshed!

And in the hour of death do guide us to the abode prepared for the blessed; so shall we return thanks unto Thee through Christ our Redeemer.

Performances of the Great Eastern. The great event of the week has been the departure of the Great Eastern for sea. The vessel proceeded down the Thames as far as Purfleet on the 7th, and anchored there for the tide of the following morning. Her departure from her moorings, accompanied by four powerful tugs, two at her bows and two at her stern, gave rise to a scene of the greatest enthusiasm on the Thames, which was continued at all prominent points. Capt. Harrison and a most experienced Thames pilot directed the ship's motion. Mr. Scott Russell was on the bridge, directing the action of the engines, both of which, screw and paddle, were under steam. Captain Comstock, late of the Collins steamer Baltic, stood aft to transmit directions to the men at the wheel, the new steering apparatus not being completely fitted. The very first turn in the river demonstrated that the ship was as completely under command as a river steamer, and that the only difficulties to overcome were sharp curves in the stream. She steered as easily as a water boat, and her engines were found capable of starting her or arresting her motion, literally, almost by a single motion of the hand. The only difficulty experienced was at Blackwell Point, where the river forms an acute angle, and in the centre of the channel at this point a barque and a schooner had unfortunately anchored.—There was an anxious and perilous delay of fifteen minutes, but the danger was passed, and there was no other serious cause for uneasiness. There was not a single regular seaman on board during the river trip, the crew not having joined her. There were perfect ovations at Greenwich, Blackwell, Woolwich and other points, where immense crowds had assembled. At Purfleet the ship swung round to her single anchor in beautiful style, and the anchor, Trotman's patent, never yielded an inch from the spot where it dropped.

On the 8th, the Great Eastern got up steam and weighed anchor at 4.40 A. M., when she started from Purfleet for the Nore. As on the preceding day, she was accompanied by tugs; and the enthusiasm along the river, particularly at Gravesend, was very great. On arriving at Chatham Head, at the top of Seareach, the tugs cast off, and the great vessel was left to herself. Increased speed was then got on her, simply to give her good steerage way and move her engines readily, but with no view to a test of her power. In ten minutes, however, says the correspondent of the Times, she set at rest forever all doubt as to her being the fastest vessel, beyond comparison, in the world. Employing less than two-thirds of her power, in the worst trim, being six inches down by the head, and too high out of water to permit her paddles or screw blades to work properly, and with a strong tide against her, she ran a distance of fifteen statute miles in 58 minutes. The engines worked with astonishing ease, and there was scarcely any vibration perceptible.—Before anchoring, the vessel was put about, and went completely round in less than three-quarters of a mile. At 12.30 the vessel anchored at the Nore. She was to leave the Nore on the morning of the 9th, and steam away easily for Portland, Dorsetshire, which harbor she was expected to reach early on the morning of the 10th.

Much regret was felt that serious illness prevented Mr. Brunel from being on board to share in the triumph. The Great Eastern left the Nore at fifteen minutes past nine o'clock on the Morning of Friday, and was off Dover at 3 P. M., with strong westerly winds and thick rain.—English Paper.

Here is a story told by the Providence Post. A clergyman from a town near Providence and one of his elderly parishioners were walking home from church one icy day last winter, when the old gentleman slipped and fell flat on his back. The minister, looking at him a moment, and being assured he was not much hurt, said to him: "Friend, sinners stand on slippery places." The old gentleman looked up, as if to assure himself of the fact, and said: "I see they do, but I can't."

Jefferson's Wedding.

The following scene is from the Early Days of Jefferson, in the New York Century:—"Belinda" (Jefferson's first love) had been married many years, and her old admirer was approaching thirty, when he met with a young lady of twenty-two, who produced a strong impression upon him.—She was a little above the medium height, slender, but elegantly formed. A fair complexion, with a delicate tint of the rose; large hazel eyes, full of life and feeling, and luxuriant hair of a rich, soft auburn, formed a combination of attractions which were eminently calculated to move the heart of a youthful bachelor. In addition to all this, the lady was admirably graceful; she rode, danced and moved with elegant ease, and sang and played on the harpsichord very sweetly.

Add still to these accomplishments the possession of excellent good sense, very considerable cultivation, a warm, loving heart, and last, though not least, notable talents for housekeeping, and it will not be difficult to understand how the youthful Mr. Jefferson came to visit very frequently at the lady's residence, in the county of Charles City. It was called "The Forest," and the name of the lady was Mrs. Martha Skelton. She was a daughter of John Wayles, an eminent lawyer, and had married in her seventeenth year, Mr. Bathurst Skelton, who, dying in 1768, left his young wife a widow at nineteen. As the three years of mourning began to expire, the beautiful young lady found herself besieged at "The Forest" by numerous visitors. Of these three were favorites with the fair Mrs. Skelton, of whom Mr. Thomas Jefferson was one. The tradition runs that the pretensions of the rivals were decided either by the musical accomplishments of the young counsellor, or by the fears of his opponents. The tale is differently related. One version is, that the two unfortunate gentlemen encountered each other on Mrs. Skelton's door-step, but hearing Mr. Jefferson's violin and voice accompanying the lady in a pathetic song, gave up the contest thenceforth and retired without entering, convinced that the affair was beyond their control.

The other story is, that all three met at the door, and agreed that they would take their turns. Mr. Jefferson entered first, and the tones of the lady in singing with her companion deprived the listeners of all hope. However this may be, it is certain that the beautiful widow consented to become Mrs. Jefferson; and on the first of January, 1772, there was a great festival at "The Forest." Friends and kindred assembled from far and near—there was frolicking and dancing after the abundant old fashion—and we find from the bridegroom's note-book that the servants and fiddlers received fees from his special pocket.

It snowed without, but within all was mirth and enjoyment, in the light and warmth of the great log fires, roaring in honor of the occasion. Soon after the performance of the ceremony, the bridegroom and his bride set out in their carriage for "Monticello," where Mr. Jefferson had commenced building in 1769, just before the destruction by fire of his paternal house of "Shadwell." The journey was not to end without adventures. As they advanced toward the mountains, the snow increased in depth, and finally they were compelled to leave the carriage and proceed upon their way on horseback.

Stopping to rest at "Blenheim," the seat of Col. Carter, where they found, however, no one but an overseer, they left at sunset, resolutely bent upon reaching Monticello before night. It was eight miles distant, and the road, which was rather a mountain path, was an honest highway, was encumbered with snow three feet deep. We may fancy the sensations of the newly-wedded bride at the chill appearance of the desolate landscape, as she passed along the snow; but she was a woman of courage and good sense, and did not care for inconvenience. It was late when they arrived, and a cheerless reception awaited them—or rather there was no reception at all. The fires were all out, the servants had gone to bed, and the place was as dark and silent as the grave. Conducting his wife to the little pavilion, which was the only part of the house habitable at the time, Mr. Jefferson proceeded to do the honors. On a shelf, behind some books, part of a bottle of wine was discovered, and this formed the supper of the bridegroom and the bride. Far from being annoyed or disappointed by the reception, however, it only served for a topic of jest and laughter. The young lady was merry and light-hearted as a bird, and sent her clear voice ringing through the dreary little pavilion as gaily as she had ever done in the cheerful drawing-room of "The Forest." Thus the long hours of the winter night fled away winged with laughter, merriment and song. The vigil was a mirthful incident rather than a trial of their equanimity. They were young, and they had just been married. When hands are clasped, and hearts beat close together, there is very little gloom in darkness, and winter nights are not cold. This little moral sentiment will not, I hope, be criticised as too romantic for the "dignity of history." It doubtless explains how a young lady and gentleman, both used to every comfort and luxury, found the gloomy little pavilion in the midst of three feet of snow neither dark nor cold, in that January night, long ago.

Success of the Great Eastern.

We find, in the details of the run of the Great Eastern down the stormy channel, the following: In the Downs the wind freshened considerably, coming dead ahead, and for the first time a fair comparison of the Great Eastern with other ships could be made at sea. A heavy swell was running, and large vessels were lying to under close-reefed topsails, pitching deeply to the sea, and sending the spray in clouds from their bows. At this time the Great Eastern was as motionless as a rock. Now and then heavy rollers passed her, but their size and action could only be known by observing their effect on other ships. A number of passengers went forward to the extreme end of the bows, and remained watching the stern of the vessel by comparing it with the line of the horizon to detect a movement. Only by such a rigid test as this could it be discerned that the Great Eastern was moving generally now and then, scarcely more than a foot along her entire length, as the waves rushed under her.

Why is a young lady like a bill of exchange? Because she ought to be 'settled' when she arrives at maturity.

Fifty.

Somebody sends the Louisville Journal the following homely simile:

The joint snake may be ranked a wonder—For when provoked, it flies a sander; But stranger still, its anger's o'er, The fragments re-unite once more.

So, when Democracy is severed By foreign blows, or self-delivered, The strong, cohesive power of spoil Again unites in anky oil.

A Sister in a Tight Place.

The following is said to be from the North-western Christian Advocate, and will doubtless "go the rounds." The true percentage of the story, however, is somewhat doubtful. The story runs as follows:—"At 1—, one Saturday evening, fatigued by his long journey, a wagoner, with his son John, drove his team into the place, and determined to pass the Sabbath enjoying a season of worship with the good people of the village.

When the time for worship arrived, John was sent to watch the team, and the wagoner went to church with the crowd. The preacher announced his text and commenced his discourse, but had not proceeded far before the old man was fast asleep. He sat in close proximity with a large and fleshy woman, who seemed to be deeply interested in the sermon. She struggled hard with her feelings, until unable to control them longer, she burst out at the top of her voice, rousing the arm around her waist, and cried very soothingly:

"Wo Nance! Wo Nance! Wo! Here John, cut the belly-band and loose the britching, quick or she'll tear everything all to b—l!" It was all the work of a moment; but the sister forgot her shouting, the preacher lost the thread of his discourse, and the meeting came prematurely to an end; while, deeply mortified, the poor old man skulked away, determined not to go to meeting again until he could keep his senses by remaining awake."

A Hermit Dog.

Report speaks of a Newfoundland dog who has been seen and heard lately at the foot of a precipice on the Niagara River, just below the Suspension Bridge on the Canadian side. The precipice is some two hundred feet high, and the ledge at the foot, upon which the animal is said to be, is inaccessible except by mechanical assistance. He is supposed to pick up his precarious living from the fish and small animals on his "beat," which is only half a mile in length. His howling lamentations from his rocky retreat are often heard at midnight, and a daring attempt to approach and save him was rendered fruitless by his ferocity. An additional romance has been thrown around his fate by the story that he becomes the loss of his master—lost by the same catastrophe which placed him in his present position.

EXTINGUISHED HIS INTEREST.—A moneyed southerner, who, in the spring of 1857, was wending his way northward, to work off some of his surplus capital, accidentally made the acquaintance of an Illinoisian in a certain flourishing village in the Sucker State. Our Illinoisian had just been north, and had made some splendid purchases of real estate from his own observation, part of which he would sell. A bargain was made, and after planking down some nine hundred dollars in regular spelter, the southern man received a clear title to some twenty acres of land in the very heart of a village (to be) in the Chippewa Valley. A few days since he came up the Chippewa to inspect his possessions, and he found them lying out of town some three miles, and constituting the apex of the tallest bluff in the vicinity. Without permitting himself to be annoyed at finding his property so high, he nevertheless expressed a desire to extinguish his interest, and said that he would trade for anything. Mr. — offered to trade him his dog for the land. —'s terms were accepted, and he received the title of the "bluff," and the southerner took the dog out and shot him—thus extinguishing his right.—Eau Claire (Wis.) Press.

PRIMITIVE HABITS IN OREGON.—The Oregonians must certainly be a people very simple in their style of living. The following incident of the discussion which recently took place in the Legislature of that State, with regard to the Senatorial election, will give us an insight into the manners of those distant settlers:—"Mr. Cochran said, I do not propose to dictate to me as to what they should do, but I do propose to take this question up as we do other questions, and I desire to see it acted upon with as much judgment as though there was no commotion in the Democratic party, or in the country, on any subject whatever. I do hope that gentlemen will keep their clothes on, at least while discussing the questions that relate to the Senatorial election. (Laughter.)

"Mr. Tichenor—I would ask the gentleman one question—who is without their clothes? (Laughter.)

"Mr. Cochran.—The gentleman from Coose and Curry (Tichenor.)

"Mr. Tichenor.—Well, I have a right to do so, but I am not without any clothes—I have a shirt on, sir. (Laughter.)

How TO TEST THE QUALITY OF WOOL.—The Texas State Gazette says:—"Take a lock of wool from the sheep's back and place it upon an inch rule. If you can count from 30 to 33 of the spirals or folds in the space of an inch, it equals in quality the finest quality of Saxony wool grown. Of course, when the number of spirals to the inch diminishes, the quality of the wool becomes relatively inferior. Many tests have been tried, but this is considered the simplest and best. Cotswold wool and some other inferior wools do not measure nine spirals to the inch. With this test, every farmer has in possession a knowledge which will enable him to form a correct judgement of the quality of all kinds of wool. There are some coarse wools, which experienced wool-growers do not rank as wool, but as hair, on account of the hardness or straightness of the fiber."

A trial has just terminated at the Middlesex sessions, resulting in establishing a law relative to kissing. A gentleman undertook to kiss a lady because she said he couldn't—a tussle ensued—both fell to the floor, and in the melee she bit the man's nose off—but did not get kissed. He sued for damages, and the Court ruled that a man had no right to run such risk with his nasal organ unless he was willing to stand what damages might come from such a trial of strength.

About the Aurora.

Recently, E. Merriam, of Brooklyn Heights, the "clerk of the weather," wrote as follows to the N. Y. Times, about the Aurora Borealis:—"The auroral light is sometimes composed of threads like the silken warp of a web; these sometimes become broken and fall to the earth, and possess exquisite softness and silvery lustre, and I denominate these as the products of the silken of the skies. I once obtained a small piece which I preserved."

The above statement of the renowned "E. M." drew out the following response from a scientific wag in a letter to the N. Y. Evening Post. It is quite to the "pint":—"LABORATORY HIGHLANDS, NEW YORK, Sept. 1, 1859. I have received the specimens of Aurora Borealis which you have sent by Moonray's Express, and found them to correspond precisely with others which were collected in this vicinity. Having subjected them to chemical analysis, I append the result, which you will not hesitate to publish for the advancement of science: 1st analysis gave boreal spears of crystallized sublimates of pale yellow color intensely cold to the touch, and strong magnetic smell. 2d analysis gave very minute spicula, orange color, appearing under microscope as splinters of rainbow. Last analysis—Hairs of dog's tail. This is conclusive. Mr. Moonray's dog died a year since, and ascended to the third sphere, beyond the great cycle. Coming in contact with Canis Major, a terrible conflict ensued, which made the fur fly. In its fall it was converted into silk, and coming in contact with the rainbows and sulphur of lightning, hence its various colors. Respectfully, "P. A. ACID."

How TO MAKE TOMATO FROGS.

Pour boiling water over the tomatoes in order to remove the skin; then weigh them and place them in a stone jar, with as much sugar as you have tomatoes, and let them stand two days; then pour off the syrup, and boil and skim it until no skum rises. Then pour it over the tomatoes, and let them stand two days, as before, then boil and skim again.—After the third time they are fit to dry, if the weather is good; if not let them stand in the syrup until drying weather. Then place on large earthen plates or dishes, and put them in the sun to dry, which will take about a week, after which pack them down in small wooden boxes, with fine white sugar between every layer. Tomatoes prepared in this manner will keep for years.

ON THE FREE LIST.—Sunday, in a Western village, when the plate was being passed in church, a gentleman said to the collector—"Go on: I'm a dead-head—I've got a pass!"—N. Y. Clipper.

This reminds us of a similar affair that came off in this city. Three "sporting men" entered a meeting house and remained until the plate was handed around, when one of the party placed a dollar in it. "I'll see that, and go a dollar better," said the second, at the same time handing his contribution, a two dollar bill. "I pass," exclaimed the third.—Cincinnati Commercial.

A BLESSED COUNTRY.—The Lansing (Mich.) Republican, of the 13th, has the following delightful picture of the state of health at Lansing:

"Everybody in Lansing has chills and fever, and 'the rest of mankind,' and woman kind, have fever without chills, or chills without fever. The doctors have become so infatuated as to take their own medicine, and of course they are flat on their backs also. Quinine has given out, after having sustained itself bravely, against an unprecedented run of thirty days.—Watchers are hard to get, and help harder to come by. Literally, there is no help for us."

SALT FOR HORSES FEET.—Salt absorbs moisture from the atmosphere, hence it has been, in some instances, applied with great success for keeping the hard-bound hoofs of horses moist. The hoof of horses become dry and oftentimes crack, thereby rendering them lame, if the animals are driven on hard roads. Bathe the hoof and fetlock joint with a salt brine three times a day, and lameness from the above cause will be avoided. It is a common practice with some blacksmiths to rasp cracked hoofs in order to render them more tough, but salt brine is far superior to rasping for effecting this object.

A LOW VOICE IN WOMEN.—Yes, we agree with that old poet who said that a low soft voice was an excellent thing in woman. Indeed, we feel inclined to go much further than he has on the subject, and call it one of her crowning charms. How often the spell of beauty is rudely broken by coarse, loud talking. How often you are irresistibly drawn to a plain, unassuming woman, whose soft, silvery tones render her positively attractive! In the social circle, how pleasant it is to hear a woman talk in that low key which always characterizes the true lady! In the sanctuary of home, how such a voice soothes the fretful child, and cheers the weary husband!

CHANGING SEED.—A writer in the New England Farmer says his potato crop has increased from fifty to one hundred per cent. by procuring seed potatoes which grew on an entirely different soil, fifteen or twenty miles apart from his. This plan of changing seed every year is a good one, either for potatoes or any other seed, such as grain and garden seeds; and even if the change is made only between cultivators in the same vicinity, it is still beneficial.

A darkey arose to announce his text as follows:—"In de fust 'pistol of Clover, second chapter, and two hundred and ninety-fust verse!" "Hold up, Doctor," cried one of his hearers, "you've got into de wrong book; you mean de 'pistol of Timothy I 'spose?" The preacher hesitating a moment, with a profound look, said:—"Well, I must cave in dis time; though I know'd dat de text was somewhere among de grasses!"

The following certificate was duly granted to the parties therein named, and signed by an embryo Justice of the Peace in Peoria county, Illinois:—"To all the world greeting, know ye that John Smith and Peggy Myers is hereby certified to go together and do as folks does, anywhere in corporas precinct, and when my commission comes I am to marry 'em good, and date 'em back to kiver accidents."

A SINGULAR SORT OF APPETITE.—The Superintendent of the West Philadelphia Railroad exhibited to us, the other day, a horse whose hoofs the rats had gnawed until their teeth reached the quick. When lying down the rats had also gnawed the warts upon the inside of the horses legs.—The rats are so savage in those parts that every morning some of the horses are taken out with feet bleeding from wounds inflicted by the nocturnal prowlers.—Philadelphia North American.

Hall's Journal of Health gives a remedy for the croup. It says:—"When a child is taken with the croup, instantly apply cold water—ice water, if possible—suddenly and freely to the neck and chest, with a sponge. The breathing will almost instantly be relieved. Soon as possible, let the sufferer drink as much as it can; then wipe it dry, cover it warm, and soon a quiet slumber will relieve all anxiety."

An Irish servant having entered the drawing-room, with the mistress's favorite poodle wringing-wet, "How is this, Bridget; how came Fido to get so very wet?" inquired the lady. "An' faith, mem, an' it was Tommy that had the tiny baste lashed to the end of a powl, and was washing the winders wid him."

"What wise compensation Providence does afford," exclaimed a pretty belle during the gale of Wednesday; "the same wind that musses our crinoline blows the dust in the eyes of the wicked young men who would take advantage of our admirable confusion." Philosophical young woman that.

Wm. L. Morgan, of Pottsville, Ind., says that seed from the butt end of an ear of corn will ripen its product all at the same time, and some three weeks earlier than seed from the little end of the same ear. He recommends farmers always to break their seed corn ears in two in the middle, and use the butt ends only for seed.

"For my part, Mrs. Cavendish, when I go out, I don't want, above all things, to be bothered with a man." Well, I'm pretty much of the same mind, Mrs. Rattle, but, after all, in getting into a small store, an omnibus, or a pew, I must say it is quite handy to have a man behind to push in the hoops!

Joe and Bill Benton went to New Orleans with a flat boat laden with corn. Joe wrote to his father thus:—"Nu Orleans, Gune, the 5. Dear Dad markits is dull corn am mighty lo and Bill's ded. "Your affeshunat sun, jo benton."

B. Hallett's (of Mass.) easy-going definition of popular sovereignty, as something by which one man "means what he has a mind to," and another "means what he pleases," is enjoying a wide circulation.—The Albany Journal says it is much better than the definitions of either Mr. Douglas or Mr. Black.

TO MEND GLASS OR CHINA.—With a small camel's-hair brush, rub the broken edges of glass or china with a little carriage oil varnish; and if neatly put together the fracture will hardly be perceptible; and when thoroughly dry will stand both fire and water.

The Mariposa (Cal.) Star thus describes the personal appearance of Horace Greeley:

He does not look like a vegetarian—wears specs—declines to drink—never smokes—seldom swears, and, among other peculiarities, seems to be in a devil of a hurry to get back to New York!

They have no old maids in Japan; when the girls don't get married voluntarily, the authorities hunt up a husband, and make them marry, willing or not willing. The Japanese know a thing or two, if they have been walled in for centuries.

Horace Greeley, writing from the South Pass, says, "that the natural obstacles to constructing a Railroad through this region are not comparable to those overcome in the construction of the Camden and Amboy."

The auroral phenomena which illuminated the skies in this latitude a few weeks since, seems to have extended over a very wide area. They were seen from Montreal to New Orleans, and from St. Louis to Cuba and Bermuda.

A couple of "Hoosiers" eloped the other day, and being questioned by an acquaintance in regard to their destination, the fair girl immediately replied:—"To Cincinnati. The editor there make such pretty stories out of elopements."

"I can't bear children," said Miss Prim, disdainfully. Mrs. Partington looked over her spectacles mildly, and says:—"Perhaps if you could, you would like them better."

A good man, who has seen much of the world and is not tired of it, says:—"The grand essentials to happiness in this life are, something to do, something to love, and something to hope for."

A printer at a dinner table being asked if he would take some pudding, replied:—"Owing to a crowd of other matter I am unable to make room for it." His "inside" was already full.

A New York preacher has invited Mrs. Suckles to stay at his house while her husband is at Washington. Don't let her do it, Dan.—Louisville Journal.

Two young Cincinnatians ran away with a couple of vessels from that city last week. The vessels were of that kind that St. Paul calls the weaker vessels.

A cobweb marriage is thus noticed by one of our exchanges:—"Married last week, John Cobb to Miss Kate Webb." The house will undoubtedly be full of Cobwebs.

Conversation should be pleasant without acurrility, witty without affection, free without indecency, learned without coarstedness, novel without falsehood.

ALL A MATTER OF TASTE.—A woman will tolerate tobacco smoke in a man she likes, and yet, curiously enough, how she dislikes it in a man she dislikes.—Punch.

Why do hens have no hereafter? Because they have their necks twisted (next world) in thir.