E. R. Hooper

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HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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POET'S CORNER.

"To charm the languid hours of solitude,
He oft invites her to the Muse's lore."

RELIGION.

Like snow that falls where waters glide,
Earth's pleasures melt away;
They rest in time's resistless tide,
And cold are, while they stay;
But joys that from religion flow,
Like stars that gild the night,
Amid the darkest gloom of wo;
Shine forth with sweetest light.

Religion's ray no clouds obscure,
But o'er the Christian's soul,
It sheds a radiance calm and pure,
Though tempests round him roll,
His heart may break with sorrow's stroke,
But to its latest thrill,
Like diamonds shining when they're broke,
That ray will light it still!

NOT IN WANT OF A WIFE.

Oh why will you bother me, Kate,
With your smiles and good humor so sly,
With your songs and your innocent prate,
And the eloquent glance of your eye?
I'm weary of being in love—
It has long been the plague of my life,
By all the bright planets above,
I want neither sweetheart nor wife,

I tremble to sit by your side—
I'm fearful at hearing you sing,
I have the experiment tried,
And, by Jove, i'ts a dangerous thing!
Alas! that I ever should more,
Be ensnared by a beauty and belle,
My heart, ever wounded and sore,
Will never find time to get well.

I WONDER WHY!

He press'd my hand, I can't tell why—
I'm sure I wonder why he did it;
And then I heard—O such a sigh!
As quite alarmed me for a minute.
I wonder why he pressed my hand—
I wonder why he sighed so sadly—
I'm sure if I could understand
The cause, I would remove it gladly.

He told me he had lost his heart,
And whispered something about 'hope',
I wonder why it did depart—
Or why hearts ever do elope—
I'm sure if I his heart had been,
I never would have left his side,
But stayed a happy joyous thing,
And loved the place till I had died.

I'LL TELL YOU WHY.

BY ONE WHO KNOWS.

I'll tell you why he press'd your hand,
I'll tell you why he sighed so sadly,
That you the cause may understand,
And, as you say, remove it gladly.
There is within the human breast
That seldom sleeps, a tender passion,
Love is its name, and when express'd,
(Tho' now 'tis somewhat out of fashion,)
But seldom fails to paint the cheek
Of Beauty with a crimson color;
For Love right eloquent will speak,
Do what you will the flame to smother.
That your bright smiles and sparkling eye,
Like Sol, have warm'd this tender feeling,
Is plain from that impassioned sigh,
That blush that flies true love's concealing.

REV. JAMES M'CARTER'S ADDRESS.

We deem it proper to publish the following note which accompanied the address handed us for publication. It supplies the place of any prefatory remarks we may have conceived it necessary to offer. We will remark, however, that the address, though lengthy, cannot fail to interest the reader, and will afford ample compensation for the time consumed in its perusal. [Star.

DR. SOLOMON JENKINS:—

Dear Sir:—In compliance with your solicitation I herewith send you what I can recollect of the address delivered on the occasion of the Christmas Sabbath School Anniversary. I cannot say that the manuscript contains in all its parts the precise language used on the occasion, as parts of it were impromptu, and designed to fit in as the valedictory. With respect I am

Yours truly,
JAMES McCARTER.

CHRISTMAS ADDRESS.

Delivered at Easton on the occasion of the Sabbath School Christmas Anniversary, Dec. 25th, 1845.

BY REV. JAMES M'CARTER.

My Christian Friends: I rise under the humbling conviction that if I am listened to at all on the present occasion, it will be owing entirely to the *respect* shown by an intelligent audience, such as is now before me, towards any one who might have the honor to occupy their attention. This conviction arises in part from the fact of your having been detained some hour and a half already; as also from from (what I trust I shall ever have humility and honesty enough to confess) a consciousness of my inability to measure up to the standard of eloquence, which my friend on my right, and the youthful orators who succeeded him, have raised. And therefore, without entering upon the formality of an address, I have risen but to apply the whole of this day's exercises, as a practical comment on the benefits of that Saviour's advent, whose birth we this day celebrate. From the lips of these children have fallen truths in which we are all deeply interested—truths the most important, whether considered in reference to the present life, or that which is to come. And who in listening to them, has not been led to the inquiry;—From

Easton Star.

DEVOTED TO POLITICS, GENERAL NEWS, ADVERTISING, ETC.

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what source have they come—to whom do they owe their origin? These questions proposed themselves to me while seated as a spectator; and suffer me to say they found a satisfactory solution in the event which this day was intended to commemorate. Yes, the coming of Christ, to my mind, explained all; and I am borne back to the hour when the Great Teacher came to our world, to instruct mankind in the truths of revealed religion. I look at the condition of the world as portrayed by history, both sacred and profane, at the time of his coming. Greece, the home of philosophy, and the school of science, was profoundly ignorant [illegible] these children to-day. Rome, the place of dominion, and mistress of the world, was debased and enslaved under the burden of ignorance, and the chains of superstition. In fact all Asia was seen bowing under the load of her tutelar deities—the philosopher and the statesman—the moralist and the poet—the priest, and the people—the ruler and the subject—all, all bowed themselves to the servitude of Idols. True the arts were cultivated, and science seemingly had attained the pinnacle of a proud elevation: their knowledge has come down to us upon the tide of time, and the monuments of their glory remain to the present; yet the wisest of their sages were in the dark in reference to many of those truths of natural and revealed religion, at once the most sublime and important. Such as the nature of God—the creation of the world—the immortality of the soul, and the doctrine of Providence: doctrines which have been interwoven with the exercies of this occasion. In the language of scripture "darkness covered the earth, and gross darkness the minds of the people." And this was universally true, if we except the isolated Jews, whose religion, though in its origin divine, and attested in the thunders of Sinai, had sunken for the most part into formality in worship, and pretence in practice. When by his sovereign, one of the philosophers was asked—What is God? he demanded a day to consider it: at the expiration of that time, he demanded a longer; and after days of profound investigation, he returned for answer that he could not tell; for said he, "the longer I think about it the more obscure it becomes." The government of the world was given up to thousands of inferior deities, or surrendered to irresistible fate. A single city, Damascus, is said to have contained no less than three hundred and sixty-five gods—one if you please for each day in the year. Athens, the most enlightened city of the world at that day, had altars erected to all the gods she knew; and then fearing lest the catalogue should be incomplete, erected one "to the unknown God." Socrates, doubtless a paragon of heathen wisdom and virtue, who in life could reason so well of the immortality of man; when compelled to drink the contents of the poisoned chalice, is heard in the moment of death to doubt, and departs from the world unsettled in his convictions of a future state.

Such, my friends, was the condition of the world at the time of Christ's coming. The subjects of which he discoursed, were those which had defied human wisdom, and evaded the grasp of the mightiest minds. Do we now propose the question—What is God? the smallest of these children can answer it. To know it we have but to listen to His teachings, and that not in the Academy of Athens, but at the well of Jacob; not before the sage—but the woman of Samaria—not in a long, labored, and metaphysical dissertation—but in a single sentence—concise as true, and true as sublime—GOD IS A SPIRIT. The birth of Christ, even in this point of view, deserved to become a new era in the world's history. 'Twas then that upon the moral sky rose the star of the world's enlightenment.

In a moral point of view, the world was in much the same condition as it was, ere God from the hand of his might rolled yon Sun to his centre, as the source of light to the worlds of our system. And it is worty of remark, that as it was the fourth day in which the sun first gave light, so according to the Hebrew, in the fourth millinery the moral sun arose; and although two thousand years have passed away between its rising and the present, it is still seen mounting toward the zenith of its glory, to which soon arriving, 'twill pour the effulgence of its beams over all lands; and by the power of Him "who spake as never man spake," the knowledge of the Lord shall be made to cover the earth as the waters do the mighty deep.

There is another point of view in which the advent of Christ may be contemplated, and in which, as in the former, there is much that deserves our most serious consideration: I mean that view in which Christ is regarded as the Great Examplar of mankind. This view will account for the precepts and sentiments of morality which have been interspersed throughout the recitations of my young friends.

So fat as morals and example are concerned, we aver that the coming of Christ supplied an universally acknowledged want of mankind. We grant that sages could moralize upon the beauty of virtue, and the deformity of vice; they had traditionary knowledge of many subjects of a moral character; they had also the volume of nature, in which is found traces of the eternal distinctions of vice and virtue; sequences amounting to penalties, connected with the violation of nature's laws; those sequences furnishing a striking analogy to the effects which must result from the violation of moral and social obligation. Yet it is a well authenticated truth, that many of their most wise men—men who knew best what was virtuous, and what vicious in human conduct, were in their lives vicious, and neglected the practice of virtue. There was no perfect example—none who uniformly practised upon even the imperfect theory they so much commended.—That their theory was imperfect, may be readily learned from their written sentiments, as also from the infamous character of many of their deities. We are well aware of Christian charity and forgiveness [illegible] tural Society's systems; in fact their [illegible] ill hold their next meeting [illegible] ex- [illegible] ance of M. T. Goldsborough, [illegible] ay next, the 29th [illegible] p for punctual attendance [illegible] quested. Re- renowned heroes, (he- [illegible] M. ed by the historian, the poet Jan. 27 sculptor,) but men who violated and outraged the feelings of common humanity, not to speak of their violations of moral and social obligations?

Take if you please the hero of the Iliad; where do you wish to find a stronger drawn portrait of inhumanity, or a better personification of revenge. Alexander the Great (man butcher) took Achilles as his example, and but followed it when he bound the humble monarch to his chariot wheels, and inhumanly dragged the royal captive around the walls of Gaza. We repeat it, that the want of example was the acknowledged want of the world; and hence we hear one of their most distinguished philosophers say—"nothing can be done for the recovery of mankind from vice unless the Gods undertake the work and give us an example of virtue."

Now we contend that the advent of Christ supplied this vacuum. His teachings exhibit a perfect code of morals: one single sentence is worth the archieves of the heathen world. "As ye would that men should do unto you do ye even so to them." The "desire of nations" came—his life was blameless; wherever he goes he rebukes the sinfulness of man by his purity. This is, however, but a partial view of his character: not only did he "shun the very appearance of evil," but illustrated every virtue in positive practice; He fulfilled every law in every part, that could claim him as its subject; and this too while circumstances and associations were around him to influence him to act otherwies. Upon this point all are agreed; authors profane as well as sacred have unanimously accorded to him the praise of a perfect example. Even the venial judge who gave him up to the violence of a lawless mob, averred that he "found no fault in him." We challenge the world for a perfect example apart from his. Atheists and Infidels alike join in praise of the putity of his blameless life; while from the reluctant lips of a champion of Deism of the last century, was wrung, from its overpowering truthfulness, the expression—"Socrates died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ like a God.

The views in which we have presented the Saviour's coming are such as the moral philosopher, and even the honest Deist must regard it. There is another, and infinitely more sublime view, in which as a christian, I must look upon this subject: I mean a religious: one which contemplates Christ as the author of salvation to mankind. Need we make a single remark in reference to the world's need of a Saviour. Man had sinned; his sin was deep—'twas dark—'twas damning. God was dishonored,—his law violated,—a world was in rebellion, and Justice demanded the infliction of the penalty. Hope fled from earth,—swept by angels,—and hope for man only found an asylum in the bosom of Infinite mercy.

Man was lost—his happiness gone—his doom despair, and himself shipwrecked. Cut off by transgression from God, the anchorage of the world's steadfastness—the gulf stream of a mortal existence bore him on to the rapids of death—the vortex of ruin—and the burnings of hell.

Already had faded the last star from the sky above him: its ling'ring light was quenched in the gathering darkness—the thunders of the rising storm began to be heard, while the lightnings of a justly incensed God, gleamed fearfully along the dark embankment of tempest-burdened clouds, and on their angry front seemed to record his approaching doom. Then Justice unsheathed that sword which had slept from the hour of 'the war in heaven,' and placed it again in the hand of Omnipotence; his red right arm was reared on high, and lightnings leaped from the point of that blade as when its single stroke bore down to hell, from highest heaven, the angels "which kept not their first estate." At that momentous crisis—ere that blow descended was heard the cry of Mercy "stay thy hand for I have found a ransom;" and see beneath that cloud, amidst that storm the Son of God appears;—with daring hand he rolls back its thunders to their source, and describes upon the retiring tempest the rainbow of promise, and the truce of redemption.

We pass over the time that elapsed, between the giving of the promise and the actual appearing of Christ. Four thousand years have sped away—"The fulness of time" arrives, literally when time's flood had reached the high tide water mark.—Look to Heaven! He who occupies that throne of glory—before whom cherub and seraph, angel and archangel bow and pay their heaven-instructed worship. He is seen to rise,—and laying upon that vacated throne the crown of infinite rule, and the sceptre of universal dominion,—He strips himself of the robes of his royalty, and empties himself of his divine glory. Justice from earth, the theatre of his future sufferings, is heard demanding the appearance of our substitute;—He plunges downward at the call,—leaving behind him to astonished angels the ling'ring echo of his response, "Lo I come, in the volume of the book it is written of me." Look to earth! already the star of Messiah is shining, and the magi of the east commence their pilgrimage to the village of Bethlehem, and to the feet of their new-born King. And while shepherds watch their flocks upon Judea's plains, and silence rules the hour succeeding that of midnight—the [illegible] glory bursts around them, announcing a courier from the skies;—in fear the blood rushes back to fortify their hearts—but their fears give place to rapture, as the herald angel announces the long-expected Messiah's advent. "Fear not, for behold I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to you and to all; for to you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." Scarce does that messenger angel's voice die away, ere a multitude of the heavenly host fill the air with their down-rushing wings, and the breezes of earliest morn, as they sweep over the hills and vales of Palestine, are burdened with the song of "glory to God in the highest! peace on earth, and good will to men."

In heaven the rapturous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire,
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung, and tuned the lyre;

Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo roll'd;
The theme, the song, the joy was new—
'Twas more than Heaven could hold:

Down through the portals of the sky,
The impetuous torrent ran;
And angels flew with eager joy,
To bear the news to man.

With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
"Glory to God on high!
Good will and peace are now complete;—
Jesus was born to die."

To die as our substitute—"He was rich, yet for our sakes he became poor, that we through his poverty might be made rich." For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten son; that whosever believeth on him, should not perish; but have everlasting life. "For God sent not his Son in the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved." Salvation through *him*, is the theme which to day animates the entire christain world. This is the light in which I would impress the advent of Christ upon your minds. This the point of view in which apostles loved to dwell upon it; "It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation; that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." This too was the light in which Old Simeon regarded it, when "having waited long for the consolation of Israel, it was revealed unto him, that he should not die till he saw the Lord's Christ;" and coming suddenly into the temple, he takes up the Infant Saviour, and in pious resignation exclaims, "now Lord lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation; a light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel." This view gives music to the wilderness voice as it heralds its advent, and interest to the fact of the closed temple of Janus; as through God, the ruler of nations, from high heaven—would call the combatants of a thousand battle fields, to gaze upon the Great Deliver, and herald with quiet the Prince of Peace.

This was the light in which prophets regarded it, when the Spirit of the Omniscient One descended upon them—when the roll of centures was overleaped, and they were transported forward to the associations of future ages—when the dark unfathomed future gave up the mightest, and most sublime secret of her unexplored bosom,—and the voice of the advent song, smote on prophetic ears like the sound of many waters. This became the theme of their anticipations;—this the unparralleled event which rose in the majesty of its greatness high above all others!—*this* the one all absorbing object of interest, among the thousands marshalled by the hand of the Almighty, on the wide spread panorama of the future.—To this they strung the high harp of inspiration—on this they poured the unequal sublimity of their song. But I must cease on this topic least I weary you. Permit me in conclusion to make some remarks in reference to the day itself. I need scarcely remark that it is commemorative: one of the uses to which a portion of time is appropriated, by the common consent of our race; is that of commemoration: this is seen in the uses of nations, communities and individuals. It has its foundation in an obvious disposition of our natures, and seems but the expression of the tendency of our minds. The church in setting apart one day in the year, for the purpose of celebrating the birth of Christ, has but taken advantage of this disposition of our minds; as also the common sentiment of mankind, that great events deserve to be kept from oblivion. If then this sentiment be correct, most certainly the ascent of Christ, (than which no greater event has ever taken place) deserves the tribute of remembrance. We readily acknowledge, that we have no scriptural authority for its observance—we have nevertheless melancholy proof, that such a day was observed by the early christians. It is stated as a fact of authentic history, that during the reign of the cruel Domitian, while christians were assembled long before day to welcome with songs the day of Christ; the doors were closed upon them and the houses set on fire, and their spirits forsook the hissing flesh of their burning bodies for the martyr's home on [illegible]—far above the malice of foes, and [illegible] ary of persecutors. Kingdoms [illegible] en, flourished and fallen, since [illegible] now ervance, and yet 'tis remem[illegible]RX in his

Nations have had [illegible] decline, and doo[illegible] [illegible] with, [illegible] a quant[illegible] Persons [illegible] to give [illegible] A DOLLAR and [illegible] exchange [illegible] the week [illegible] to-day. And w[illegible] here, thousands upon the [illegible] ents of the earth, and Isles of the [illegible] equity shave collected to dwell upon the benefits arising from the gift of God's dear son. In the north where everlasting winter holds its reign, and bounds the ice-girt pole—the fur-clad inhabitant of the frozen zone, sends up from as warm a heart, as any here to day, the song of praise for the love of the Almighty, and the gift of Jesus.

South! beneath the sun of a tropical sky, are found many who, simultaneously with our own, pour forth their praises to the author of Salvation.

East, where the moan of Gambria's silver wave, and the sighing breeze as it sweeps the heights of Mesurado—condole with widowed Africa, robbed of her children: the sable faces of her sons glitter with tears of joy, as they welcome the day of the world's deliverer, and that sorrowing mother, for the moment seems to forget her griefs, and is seen to stretch forth her withered hands, in thanksgiving to God. West, where Ocean thunders its billows on the shore of Oregon; there mingles with the roar of the pacific, voices of gladness; and the red and pale faces join in the song, which to day employs millions of voices, and gives vigour to the beatings of the pulse, of our common christianity.

And suffer me to say this day shall not be forgotten—we who are here may pass away: soon we shall sleep in coldness, and in death:—you who hear me, and the humble individual, who has the honor to address you, may be remembered no more: the voices I have heard to day shall be hushed in stillness and in the grave. Yet I repeat it, the day shall not be forgotten.

"Ages may roll their course, and time grow gray;
The earth may gather to her womb again,
And yet again; thousands of her uncounted,
Unremembered tribes———;
The solid continets may leave their banks;—
The eternal hills may stoop with age,
And man's imperial works—the toil, pride,
Strength of kingdoms, which have flung their haughty
Honors in the face of heaven, as if immortal,
All shall pass away: shattering, and mouldering;
Ruined, and forgot."

And let it be so; this day shall outlive the whole.

Let old time riot on the spoils of conquered kingdoms—and wrestle down the piled-up monuments of God's immutability in the natural world.—In his march let him crush, beneath his heavy footfall, the now surviving nations;—under his tread let the symbols of grandeur expire, and he as victor, place his iron heel upon the grave of empires.

Let him doom to oblivion, the worlds that nightly revel in their ten thousand orbits—over planets, suns and systems, let him cast the dark funeral pall of non-existence—and throw their records to darkness and forgetfulness:—This day shall defy his power, and become his competitor in the race for the goal of eternity.

As the last acts of his wild tragedy; let him blot from the heavens yon sun—let him give to the moon, the sanguinary hue of the last day; and like a suicidal tyrant fire this earth, and these heavens, and die upon their embers; making [illegible] nes his winding sheet, and the re[illegible] 'irge.—Yet even then when ti[illegible] nd days are no more—the gen[illegible] y, like the fabled phœnix, s[illegible] its own ashes; and ladened w[illegible] s of enduring remembrances, Wm. B. Wthrough burning ether to the he[illegible] laven, to inspire the music of the [illegible] blood-washed millions, as there they shall stand, the throne encircling. And the arches of the upper temple shall re-echo the event commemorated to day, as its myriad worshippers shall sing "To him who was rich, yet for our sakes became poor, that we through his poverty might be made rich." To him who hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his blood: to him be glory forever, and ever."

And who in this assembly does not say in the language of one of our Christmas hymns, as though vieing with that coming concert—

"Hail! prince of life! forever hail!
Redeemer, brother, friend;
Tho' earth, and time, and life should fail,
Thy praise shall never end."

Even in this world it is destined to survive, "till the heavens be no more," when to those who look for him, he shall appear the second time without sin unto Salvation.

Even so come Lord Jesus. Amen.

THE TEMPTATION.—Wilson, in the Planters' Banner, says, that when Martin's painting of the Temptation of Adam and Eve was being exhibited in New Orleans, which represented our maternal ancestor—one of the most beautiful of created things—in the act of presenting the forbidden fruit to Adam, with the serpent looking intently with glaring eyes from among the branches of the Tree of Knowledge, each night the exhibition room was crowded with spectators, and the utmost silence prevailed in the absorbing contemplation of this masterly creation of art. On one of these occasions, two Kentuckians, who occupied seats in the rear of the audience, were overheard to hold the following soliloquy.—

"I say, John, it was a darnation unfortunate thing for us that the old fellow eat that 'ere apple."

"Unfortunate! Well, may be so; but how in the —— could he help it? Darn my buttons if I wouldn't a' swallowed the bloody *snake* and made no bones on't, if that 'ere gal had asked me."

From Nile's Register.

ORIGIN OF THE NAME "BLUE HEN'S CHICKEN."

In the revolutionary war, Delaware was among the most densely populated portions of our country, and it is said to have furnished 5.000 fighting men to the revolutionary army. The regiment of "DELAWARE BLUES," was so called from their blue uniforms when they marched from Wilmington in 1770. Eight hundred men with such perfect discipline in their march that when advancing in line, it was said a bullet might have passed from one end of the regiment to the other, between the ancles of every soldier without touching a man, exhibited a spectacle such as has not been exceeded since their day. They were exposed in every action from Long Island to Charleston, and as fast as they fell in battle their ranks were recruited from Delaware alone. Jaquette, who was one of their officers, used to say that he could march all day with them, from sunrise to sun-set, and on Green's retreat, when every body else was tired and asleep, his Sussex soldiers alone would get a fiddle and dance around their watch fires. They were engaged in thirty-two pitched battles and were always the last to retreat. It was natural that they should have been then the pride and boast of the State in which scarcely a man was left who had not a relation or friend in the regiment.

Capt. Caldwell had a company recruited from Kent and Sussex called by the rest "Caldwell's Game Cocks," and the regiment after a time, in Carolina, was nicknamed from this, "the Blue Hen's Chicken," as the fun and fancy of their comrades preferred this phrase.

But after they had been distinguished in the South the name of the "BLUE HEN," was applied to to the State, whenever after a battle the recruiting officers were sent home to get more chickens of her raising, and those who came from Kent were chiefly taken from the forests of white oak.—The poor fellows, for the most part died in the battle of the revolution, and but very few of those who returned ever received any reward for their services, being paid off in Continental money. But the whigs of the revolution never ceased to boast of the BLUE HEN and her Chickens, and to this day they descendants will often boast in Kent that they are the Cocks of that brood, and were taken from the stooping white oak.

A NAME.—A Frenchman yesterday appeared at the police office to complain of a man, who said, had committed larcency by which he the complainant, was the loser.

"What is the name of the person whom you suspect of having committed the larcency?" said the magistrate.

Frenchman—"Eh!' is nom," replied the injured Frenchman.

Magistrate—"You must ascertain the name of the individual of whom you wish to enter a complaint."

F.—'Yes, sar. Val, sar I go see vat is de nom.'

And away he went, to learn by what name the man whom he wished to complain of, went. He had been gone but a short time, when he exultingly exclaimed, as he entered the office.

"Now I av got im; is nom is Prasarved Tongees."

Mag.—"What?"

Fr.—"Prasarved Tongees; I av it hare on a papier

He here presented to the magistrate a paper, on which was written the words Preserved Tongues. It appears that the person of whom he complained was a dealer in salted meats, and among others salted tongues, and to inform the public of the fact that he sold that article, he had a sign-board with the words "Preserved Tongues" painted thereon and placed over the door of his place of business. This the Frenchman supposed was the name of his man, and accordingly wrote it down, and soon returned to the police office, satisfied that he was fully prepared to answer the question of the magistrate.

[New York Express.

'Did you say I was'nt fit to carry swill to swine, Mr. Brown?'

'I did, sir.'

'Well, sir, I require you here, in the presence of these gentlemen, to recall that insult, or you will have to take the consequences.'

'I am ready willingly, to repair the injury I have done you, sir.'

'Well, see that you do it quickly, sir.'

Brown turned around to the gentlemen and said:

'Gentlemen, I have done my friend, Mr. Smith, here, the injustice to say, that he was not fit to carry swill to swine, at which he is very indignant. Now, Gentlemen, I desire to recall that remark, and do here take great pleasure in saying that Mr. Smith *is, eminently,* qualified for the important office of carrying swill to swine! I hope this apology will be satisfactory to Mr. Smith, and that his excellent qualification will be duly appreciated.

Mr. Smith disappeared.

A nameless correspondent, who has been reading the debates in Congress, seems to have been inspired to poetic efforts, as the following will show:—

"If we engage with England in the toil,
No Briton will be left upon our soil."
Thus Cobb of Georgia:—as jest he broke it,
Or surely was a *corn'd* Cobb when he spoke it

☞ Earth has no sweeter music than a tender word spoken to a sorrowing heart.

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