"At your service friend Belzebub," said the Deacon. "But I don't understand you."

"Why Deacon, you must know, that this house and this estate are mine."

Yours?"

"Yes, they fall to me from their ancient owner Hector Morterhead, a famous player of chequers, who being engaged once at play and told he would lose, exclaimed in a passion "The devil fetch me and all that I own if I do not beat." He lost the game, and I have haunted this house ever since,"

"Umph!" ejaculated the Deacon.

"Now, Deacon," continued he, "every man who attempts to occupy this spot must play a game of chequers with me; if he wins the game he may remain in peacable possession; but if he loses, he must quit the premises; I have beat every one so far; it is now your turn to try."

This was the strangest proposal that the Deacon had ever heard of for deciding a litigated point as to the possession of real estate, but as there was no remedy he submitted, and producing his chequer board they sat down to the trial. The Deacon was celebrated for his knowledge of the game and would have puzzled his adversary had he been any other than what he was, but he soon found he must lose.

"It is almost broad day," said he, "I really cannot play on Sunday; let us put off the rest of the game until another time."

"I am willing," replied his opponent, "to grant any reasonable accommodation, especially to gentlemen of your degree. Eevery body will grant me that deacons are long lived. I wait a long while for them. I allow you a delay this once.—Next Saturday night I will call again when the game must be finished." So saying he vanished up the chimney.

I suppose my readers will imagine that the Deacon's sole object in putting off the game was to delay the contemplation of it as long as he could;—no such thing, he only wanted an opportunity of getting ready a trick against his adversary which came into his head just as he was upon [the point of giving up the game. He bethought himself of one of old tricks by which he used to play the game slily of a Sunday. "I will do his business for him," said the Deacon exultinly, "for although fire will not burn his fingers, something else will."

The visiter came according to appointment the next Saturday night, and sat down to play without taking notice that the board was different from that used on the first night. The first move he made, his hand was seized with a trembling; at the next move he lost his king, and at the third, all hopes of achieving his promised victory had vanished; at every step his affairs grew more desperate, and finally at the seventh move the Deacon had won the game.

The man of brimstone sprang from his seat in a passion and overtnrned the chequer board with a single blow of his fist—when lo; it appeared he had been playing upon the covers of the Deacon's great bible! In an instant he went off in a whizz up the chimney, and neither he nor any of his imps have dared to try their trick with the Deacon afterwards.

No less than thirteen of the fifty six Signers of ths Declaration of American Independence, reached the age of eighty years and upwards, viz:

Charles Carroll of Maryland,		95
William Ellery, of Rhode Island.		93
John Adams, of Massachusetts,		91
Samuel Adams,	do	81
Robert Treat Paine,	do	83
Benjamin Franklin,	do	84
William Williams, of Connecticut,		81
William Floyd, of Long Island,		87
Thomas M'Kean, of Pennsylvania,		83
Thomas Jefferson, of Virginia,		83
George Wythe,	do	80
Matthew Thorton, of Ireland,		89
Francis Lewis, of South Wales,		90
Total,		1120

Being an average of 86 years and 7 months each, and the aggregate excess of the "time honored thirteen" over fourscore, is just eighteen years. No deliberate assembly of equal magnitude was ever more remarkable for the virtue, temperance and longevity of its members than the one which declared the American colonies free and independent.

The ship Elizabeth Warwick was to have sailed from New York yesterday morning for Liverpool, with upwards of 300 passengers,—among them the Wandering Piper.

The Wheeling Times says the times are so hard, and payments are so scarce that the girls down east complain, that the young men cannot even PAY their addresses.

To JOSIAH BAYLY, Esq.,—Attorney General of Maryland—The able and accomplished Jurist, Orator and Scholar, this Oration is dedicated by his son,

JOSIAH BAYLY, Jr.

ORATION,

Delivered on the fourth of July last, at the Methodist Episcopal Church, in the town of Cambridge, before a numerous and crowded audience by

JOSIAH BAYLY, Jun'r.

We are assembled my fellow citizens, within this hallowed edifice, to commemorate the noble daring of our illustrious ancestors, who with a heroism unparalleled in the annals of history, in the face of the canon, and in view of the scafiold, threw off the galling yoke of British bondage, and established for their descendants, as an inheritance from them, a government of civil and religious freedom. Whilst we are here, animated with the liveliest emotions of exultation, of gratitude and of joy, millions of our fellow citizens, throughout this vast republic are simultaneously engaged in celebrating the events of this great and glorious day, This day, the birth-day of American Independence, ought never to be forgotten by American freemen. Its recurrence should be hailed forever by freemen, with acclamation, and songs of joy; for on this day the sceptre of the despot fell powerless from his hand, and the sun of Liberty which had so long been obscured in darkness, burst forth with splendor upon our land. To celebrate this day, then, with appropriate ceremonies, nay with bon-fires, with illuminations, and with shouts of joy, is the sacred duty of the American people. When the remembrance of the fourth of July, seventeen hundred and seventy-six, shall fade from our minds, when we shall cease to remember the gratitude due to our revolutionary sires, when apathy shall take the place of patriotism in our breasts, we may then know that the vestal fire of liberty is extinguished in our land forever.

The pages of history inform us that it has been customary with all free natious, both ancient and modern, to celebrate great national festivals, those great days on which illustrious events have happened, and which resulted in their glory and happiness. The splendid feast of the Passover was instituted by the Jews to perpetuate the remembrance of their wonderful delivery from the iron bondage of Egypt.—And if we look to Rome, whilst breathing the atmosphere of freedom, we shall there find that she too had her festivals, commemorative of her victories, and the valor of her citizens. The birthdays also of distinguished individuals, who by their patriotism and noble deeds, have rendered great and signal services to mankind, have alike been deemed no less worthy of grateful remembrance.

These demonstrations of gratitude and respect on such occasions, are honorable to a nation. They are seen only in a land of freedom. Under a despotism the people dare not show them. The sentiments which occasion them are the guardian spirits of Republicks. They are the beautiful Corinthian pillars, which support and adorn the Temple of Liberty. And as long as these sentiments endure among us, so long our government will last, firm as the rock of ages.

Among the many chronicled events of the world, worthy to be commemorated, where can you find one to be compared in grandeur and sublimity to the era of American Independence. Examine the annals of mankind from the earliest ages. Search the records of every nation that ever existed on the earth, and where can you show me any such event as this, on the long line of history to which you look. We read of blood-stained battles fought in the holy cause of Liberty. We read of popular insurrections against imperial oppression, bursting forth like volcanic eruptions with terrific fury, of the outbreakings of whole nations in defence of their first born rights, of kings deposed, of thrones broken, of crowns and sceptres trodden in the dust, of cities destroyed, and their streets deluged in blood, and we admire the proud and lofty spirit of those who nobly died beneath freedom's banner, 'fighting in freedom's holy name.

But where are the results of these great and mighty achievements? Let the downfall of nations speak. Where is now the grandeur of Athens, the renowned city, the seat of Science, of Art, and of Elegance, the cradle of Philosophers, of Statesmen, and of Orators? Let her speak. She will say, my glory has departed. Go to proud Rome, the Queen of the Earth. Ask her to show you her many trophies, her boasted freedom, and her mighty power. She will tell you, they have vanished like the baseless fabric of a vision and are gone forever. Where too is beauful Venice, once the pride of her citizens, and the admiration of the world? The light of her glory, too, has gone out in darkness. Barbarian triumph has demolished the grandeur of these illustrious abodes of liberty, and now stands grim upon their broken-down battlements, waving over their mighty ruins the imperial sceptre of relentless despotism. Look to France, who but a short time since, poured out legions of her citizens in the streets of Paris and in her other cities, shouting in the name of Liberty, defending themselves against the usurpations of their king and displaying on that occasion a valour even more than Roman.—Her king was hurled from his throne, and his crown torn from his head. The people cried out in triumph for the victory they had achieved. But behold her now, Instead of liberty and equal rights for which she fought and bled, France yet groans beneath the weight of despotism. Instead of a Republick, a monarchs crown yet governs her. And why did she not frame a government of civil and religious freedom when an opportunity so favorable was before her, When the God of battles had stretched forth his arm to aid her, why did she ignobly cease from the great work she had so gallantly begun. Her supineness has degraded her in the eyes of freemen. Her grovelling submission has thrown eternal spots upon her name.

You may search the records of history in vain. You may look to every age, and every clime, You may call up the mighty dead, who have slept for centuries in their graves, and they can tell you of no event since the first organization of a government upon the earth, equal in splendor and magnificence to the American Revolution. You may read of the valor and self-devotion of the Spartan Leonidas, who, with a band of but three hundred men, fought the powerful army of Xerxes, at the pass of Thermopyloe. And you may read of the courage displayed by Miltiades and his Greek soldiers, on the far-famed plains of Marathon. But where can you show me an instanec of the noble zeal and self devotion, of the incorruptible integrity, and enthusiastic love of liberty, displayed by the patriots of the American Revolution. Illustrious men! Their glory is immortal. The laurels which they gathered, will bloom with never-fading freshness. Their fame will be transmitted to the latest posterity with a lustre imperishable. Generations yet unborn will reverence their hallowed names. And their praises will be chanted to the remotest times.

Look back to the past. Contemplate the awful times when the great founders of our Republic proclaimed to the nations of the earth, that the Great God of Nature had created all men free, and that they would die, rather than live as slaves. Follow them through all their perils, their sufferings, their troubles, and their cares, and I ask you are you not overwhelmed with the loftiest emotions at so grand and magnificent a spectacle.

When our pilgrim fathers came over to this country, it was a vast and almost impenetrable wilderness, inhabited only by savages, and wild beasts as ferocious as the savages themselves. Driven by oppression from their native shores, they crossed the wide-spread seas to seek an asylum here. And lo! the desert smiled with joy at their approach. They brought with them the tree of Liberty, and planted it here amidst thorns and briars. And lo! it has lived, and flourished, and blossomed as the rose. Its summit has already pierced the lofty skies, and its mighty branches are seen in bold relief by all mankind.

They came, and across the ocean the spirit of chivalry followed them. On their arrival they looked abroad upon the wide-spread scene which lay before them. They beheld the dreary mountains, rearing up their rugged summits to the clouds, covered with the awful mould of innumeable ages. They saw the mighty forests, towering up before them. They heard the shrill hissing of the serpent, and the savage scream of the wild bird echoing among the trees. They looked upon the waters, and naught was seen but the wild man's canoe, sporting upon the waves. Clouds and darkness rested over them. But their proud spirits were not to be subdued. They had left their homes in search of Liberty. They had landed here to raise up freedom's banner on freedom's holy soil. And that they had resolved to do, live or die, survive or perish, for to them a grave even on the mountain's top, would have been sweet repose to the bondage they had endured from British tyranny, which with an iron-cruelty equal to the despotism of the Egyptian Pharoah, had trampled in the dust their heaven-born rights.

In a little time after the arrival of the pilgrims here, towns sprung up, churches were built and consecrated to the Most High God. Legislative bodies were formed, Courts of Justice were organized, commerce was established, and the colonies grew up into distinct and regular Governments. Their population increased with wonderful rapidity, and science triumphed over the downfall of the desert. At length however, jealousy, that green eyed monster, that arch-fiend of darkness, whispered in the ear of the mother country the immense and rapid growth of the colonies. Fired with anger and burning with resentment, she resolved to destroy in the bud their growing influence. She claimed dominion over them, and displayed towards them the bitterest feelings of hostility. Her attempt to impose taxation on the colonies kindled the flame of the Revolution. It was then our gallant fathers showed their dauntless valour. Their brilliant hopes were to be extinguished in disappointment. The hant of the destroyer was stretched forth to tear their hard earned laurels from their brows. The kingly sceptre was hanging over their heads. The lightnings were flashing in their eyes, and the thunders were roaring in the skies. It was a season to try men's souls. But the patriot band were not to be detered. That holy love of liberty, that lofty spirit of Independence, which had animated them, and which spurned resistance, was not to be subdued. The God of battles had promised them his aid, and they relied on him, for they knew that He rode on the whirlwind and could direct them in the storm. They knew that their cause was a righteous one, for it was the cause of freedom and of the rights of man.

The children of Israel saw their promised land from the summit of Mount Pisgah, and the patriots of the Revolution saw the grandeur of our Republic from the heights of Bunker's Hill. Great was the latter spectacle!—Sublime were the thoughts which it inspired! They saw it, and their souls were filled with joy. They saw it, and their hearts throbbed with exultation at the sight.

I cannot, my fellow-citizens, without trespassing improperly on your patience, recite the many incidents of those times which gave birth to our Republic. The short time allowed for an address like the present, necessarily forbids me. And moreover, I am confident they are as familiar to this audience as the well-known every-day scenes of life.—Some of them however, must not be passed by in silence on this occasion.

On the memorable fourth of July, seventeen hundred and seventy six, the immortal Declaration of Independence was sent forth from the Halls of Congress by the representatives of the American People. It was signed by Jefferson, by Hancock, by Adams, and a host of other worthies. It proclaimed that these States were, and of right ought to be free and independent; that all men were created equal; that they were endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these, were life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, that to secure these rights, governments were instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government became destructive of these ends, it was the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form as would seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. And for the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of divine providence, they mutually pledged to each other, their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor.

I ask you, was there ever an assembly of men so great and august, whose objects were so grand, whose motives were so disinterested and pure, and whose moral courage so exalted? The grand truths they published were novel and astonishing, for they had previously been considered but as crude and undigested problems in political science. Although they had engaged the pens of Sidney, of Locke, and of Moore, yet even they in their most splendid visions never once dreamt to see them demonstrated by fact, or the practical example of an independent and sovereign people. The maxim that man was incapable of self-government, had long been an established political dogma, which tyrants had proclaimed from the mouth of the canon, and which the people had sanctioned with their submission and obedience.

But the patriots of the Revolution burst these bonds asunder. They taught that Nature's God created all men free, and they resolved to build a government, whose corner stone should be this sentiment. They broke asunder the iron chains which bound the human mind and set the captive prisoner free—rejoicing in its liberty. For this brave Warren fell. For this De Kalb bled and died.—For this great Washington bared his bosom to the storm. For this the canon's roar was heard at Monmouth and at Trenton, at Eutaw and at Camden, at Germantown and at Brandywine.

The war of the Revolution terminated at York-Town, where the invader was captured. There the bloody drama was ended, seven years after the sword was first drawn at Lexington. Covered with laurels, our gallant warriors returned to their homes, exulting in the glory their valour had achieved.

Among the distinguished individuals who battled in our revolution, there was a mighty chieftain, whose name I must not pass in silence. It was Lafayette—That son of valour—That heir of glory—That gallant warrior, who stood by Washington. He came from the ends of the earth, and joined us in the height of the storm. He heard from across the ocean the war trumpet sounding on our shores, and his soul was on fire at the sound. The splendour of a court could not restrain him, nor the pleasures of wealth, nor even the loveliness of a wife. He left them all, and crossed the ocean to battle for the rights of man in freedom's noble phalanx. His arrival here was at the gloomiest period of the Revolution, when the conquering army of Burgoyne was making advances into the heart of our country, when General Howe with an army far superior in number and discipline to that of Washington, was in possession of New York, was overrunning New Jersey, and was about seizing on Philadelphia, and when even the American army itself was revolting. He came, and his arrival was hailed with shouts of welcome. He landed in South Carolina, and immediately joined the army as a volunteer. During the war he was in some of the bloodiest battles that were fought, and was wounded at the memorable engagement on the banks of the Brandywine. When the war was concluded, he returned to his home, covered with glory. But he soon revisited our country, to participate in the triumph of American Independence. And it was then he uttered this never to be forgotten prayer, "May the immense temple which we have just raised to Liberty, ever offer a lesson to oppressors, an example to the oppressed, and an asylum to the rights of mankind." On his return to Europe, he encountered innumerable hardships, and indescribable suffering, for his great spirit of independence had drawn down upon him the implacable wrath of Kings. But his love of Liberty in all his calamities, never abandoned him. Even when the dungeon was his parlour, and when handcuffs and chains were his only company, he was still a philanthropist, and was ready to battle against oppression.

How magnificent was the spectacle before him, how grand were his emotions, when a few years ago he paid his farewell visit to the American people. How great was the elevation of his noble mind when he beheld the immense temple which he had assisted to raise to Liberty, offering a lesson to oppressors, an example to the oppressed, and an asylum to the rights of mankind,—when he beheld the great field of his toils, his valour, and his glory. The nation rung with shouts of welcome on his approach. Hozannas burst forth from every mouth. The streets were lined with carpets for him, the learned decked their halls to greet him, the lovely went forth to meet him, the rulers of the land rose up to pay him homage. The old blessed him, the young shed tears to see him, and his name was echoed throughout the land. How his proud soul swelled to see the nation's gratitude! But his stay was short among us, and now the god-like friend of man is gone forever.

Illustrious chief! the world's sincerest friend,
We'll mourn thy loss till time itself shall end.

The war of the Revolution gave us Independence, but it was the last war with Great Britain that crowned that Independence with never fading laurels of national glory. It was then, the British Lion trembled when he saw the American Eagle soaring over him. It was then, our Republic took her station among the great nations of the earth. Whether upon the waters, or on the land, American valour rode triumphant in the battle. Look to the ocean. You behold the Guerrierre striking her colours to the Constitution, the Frolick yielding to the Wasp, the United States conquering the Macedonian, the Hornet sinking the Peacock, the Enterprize overcoming the Boxer, the gallant fleet under Perry capturing the British fleet on Lake Erie, and the victory of McDonough on Lake Champlain, either of them in skill and valor equalling even the great and far famed battle of Trafalgar. And if you look to the land, the victories of Chippewa, of the Thames, of North Point and New Orleans are before you, giving more eclat to the victors, and far greater in their results than even the splendid battles of Marengo or Austerlitz, of Lodi or of Waterloo.

And now, my fellow citizens, behold the grandeur of your Government. All men here, are free and equal. No imperial tyrant waves his blood-stained sceptre over you.—But equal rights and priviledges belong to all. Liberty of speech is yours. You can choose your rulers, and you can remove them too No church despotism chains the freedom of your thoughts, for conscience here is free. All the nations of the earth respect you.—Your ports are filled with foreign sail. Your cities are expanding hourly. The oppressed of every clime are daily flocking to your shores. Your commerce whitens every sea. Your navy thunders in the ear of every foreign port. Your rivers are filled with steam boats, and your country covered with rail roads for the comfort of the people. Your colleges and schools are flourishing. Your fields are rich with crops, and the shuttle and the loom are busy in the hands of Industry. Labour and art are adorning, and science is exalting the land which religion sanctified and liberty redeemed. When did a Government ever show such greatness?

May this immense Temple of Liberty never cease to offer a lesson to oppressors, an example to the oppressed, and an asylum to the rights of mankind, until a voice shall proclaim, beyond the skies, that time shall be no more, until the arch angel upon the battlements of Heaven shall sound his trumpet to wake the sleeping dead, and until the nations of the earth shall all behold their God in grandeur and their world on fire.

A REMEDY.

Among the remedies proposed for the hard times, is one that meets our cordial approbation namely that every decent young man should marry a good girl.

The Grand Gulf (Miss,) Advertiser states that carpenters are receiving $4 a day in that place.

CHRONICLE.

CAMBRIDGE, MD.

SATURDAY MORNING, August 19, 1837.

☞The Orphans court of this county, will sit on Monday 21st inst.

There appeared in the last Aurora, an article signed "Justice," remarkable alike for its bad grammar, bad arrangement, misstatement of facts, illogical reasoning, low expression, and stupid calculations. If we can form any idea of the soundness of a man's mind, from his composition, we would recommend that author to have his head shaved, (if hair can grow on so barren a soil) and a blister plaster immediately applied. And above all things he should beware of perplexing his mind in its present state, about things of an intricate nature, and all persons visiting him should carefully abstain from mentioning any thing concerning shin plasters, and gold currency, for the bare mention of these, will be sure to bring on violent gesticulations. contortions of the face, foaming at the mouth, and all other symptoms of hydraphobia. If kept still for a time, the whole paroxism will pass off with the foam. This scribbler states that he was much amused, at the cunning and deception practiced by the Editor of the Chronicle, in an editorial which appeared on the 5th inst., As far as we can comprehend, there was nothing like either cunning or deception in that article. We intended it as a plain and candid exposition of the effects of the last and present administration upon the prosperity of the United States. Why did not "Justice" attempt an argument upon the subject, why did he not endeavor to prove that there was no distress in the country, or that the administration was not the cause of the distress? Why did he not produce some kind of reasoning to show, that the present high price of crops in this country, was caused by the measures and schemes of General Jackson and his servile successor? Why did he not attempt to prove that the Whigs were the cause of shin-plasters being necessary? Now I have no doubt, but that the good people of the United States would have been highly gratified, if this great financier had favored them with reasons upon these points. But I suspect, that reason and argument are not congenial to his intellect—bold assertions without proof, and full-mouthed ranting, without sense or reason, suit him better. Where could the gentlemen have derived all his wonderful knowledge of banking? Did it come by intuition; or has he been dealing in the small way of shin-plasters? If from the first source, no wonder that we sublunary mortals, who derive our knowledge from the slow and vulgar process of reasoning, cannot coincide with him; if from the latter, we want nothing to do with any such knowledge, we want a good sound currency, such as we had, before General Jackson came into power—promises to pay, and those promises redeemed in specie, but not such a currency as we now have,—"promises to pay in goods or Bank paper at our counting house." But now let us see, which party has brought this evil upon the country. When General Jackson was elected President, the currency was well regulated and sound, the notes of the United States Bank were at par, or nearly so, in every portion of our vast Republick. The State Banks from the healthful influence exerted over them, by the United States Bank, were preserved in a sound and solvent condition, and redeemed their notes in specie. But General Jackson thought that the State Banks, themselves, would be a better fiscal agency, to assist the government in its operations, than the United States Bank, and that they could furnish as good, if not a better currency. This was the experiment to be tried.—Carrying out this idea, the deposits were removed, and all the control which the General Government had over the currency of the country, was transferred to the State Banks. The President refused to re-charter the United States Bank, although a great majority of both houses voted for the bill. In fact every thing was done, lawful or unlawful, constitutional or unconstitutional, which had a tendency to crush the monster, He did crush it, and with it, crushed the prosperity of the country, he did trample it under his feet, but in doing so, he prostrated the trade and credit of the country—The dominant party, were warned of the evils that would necessarily follow.—They were told that like causes would produce like effects. That the destruction of the Old Bank, caused bankruptcy, a prostration of credit, suspension of specie payments, and that the destruction of the new one would do the same. But he must go on, sacrificing the prosperity of individuals, and of the Nation, to gratify his will and those office holders who wish to create distress in the community that they may speculate upon that distress.

Every measure which General Jackson proposed, was carried into effect, every measure which was obnoxious to him was put downr One would think that if his measures had been wise, benefits would have resulted from that wisdom to the community. Yet we see that we have been compelled to surrender safe systems for ruinous schemes and well regulated currency for irredeemable Bank notes and shinplasters of country merchants and a splendid foreign and internal trade, for ruin and bankruptcy. The great object of the experiment was to increase the circulation of gold and silver, to put more and better money in the poor man's pocket, to make eagles shine, through the interstices of every purse, and jingle in every lady's reticule. But has this great object been accomplished? Has not the effect, been to drive all specie out of circulation, and increase in a three fold degree, the issue of paper either not redeemable at all or redeemable in goods. While all these things were going on, the voice of patriots and statesmen were raised in defence of the constitution and laws of the country, and the welfare of the people. But when did ignorance, obstinacy, and corruption, listen to reason or to law.

But yet the Van Buren men have the audacious hardihood, after having the whole government in their own hands, and after having put down an institution which had afforded a sound currency to the nation, to call the whigs, the shin plaster party.

But they are in the habit of using names without any regard to applicability.

Some men now call themselves democrats who thought, once, that the only way to become respectable, was to join the federal ranks. Others who went heart and hand with General Jackson in his proclamation, the most federal doctrines that ever issued from the pen of any man. Others, who shouted, during the last war, at every success of the enemy. These are some of the men, who, now accuse the Whigs, with bringing the country in its present desolate condition. We know them, let them call themselves or the whigs, by what names they choose as the party, who have supported general Jackson in trapling under his feet, the laws and constitution, and bringing down this country from its high state of prosperity, to the verge of ruin and bankruptcy.

PURITY OF ELECTIONS.

I was reading Governor Van Buren's message, to my uncle Toby, and when I had got through that part where he speaks of the evil effects of employing money at our elections, the old gentleman smiled and related the following anecdote: 'It puts me in mind,' said he 'of a young clergyman I one knew many years since, who preached an eloquent sermon in the course of which he took occasion to remark on the impropriety of spending the evenings of the Sabbath in social visits—a custom as he said, very common among young men. You remember the sermon, Trim?' 'O yes, your honor, perfectly well.' Said the corporal, 'and the clergyman too; he was a sedate looding man, and wore spectacles.' 'Well as I was saying, (contined my uncle) he had been preaching against the evil of going to see the girls on Sunday evening—when after service he took me by the arm—'Come,' says he, 'let us go to the Deacon's and spend the evening with his daughters'—'How,' cried I with much surprise, 'is it possible you can make such a proposal to me, after the sermon you have just concluded?' 'Pshaw!' says he, 'I only made those remarks in order that we might have the better chance ourselves.' When my uncle Toby had concluded, Corporal Trim and myself indulged in a hearty laugh.—*Nat. Advocate.*

☞It is a remarkable circumstance in the political annals of this country, that the very errors if not despotic acts of the administraion, ruinous and deplorable as they are admitted to be, are seized upon by the men in power, and made in a measure to operate to their advantage—that is to say, by a perverson of the truth, and a skilful adaption of popular feelings and opinions, they hope to impute to others, the faults which are alone their own. This is one of the dangerous features of the present rulers of this country, for rather than admit error, or retrace their steps, or surrender their power, they draw and defend themselves to the last, like the smugglers of Europe, who would rather die than allow their contraband articles to be taken possesion of by the revenue officers.

Take one case for example: we mean the Banks. The stoppage of specie pay-