EASTON GAZETTE.

WHERE THE PRESS IS FREE—"Literature well or ill-conducted, is the Great Engine by which all Popular States must ultimately be supported or overthrown—RELIGION purifies the Heart and teaches us our Duty—Morality refines the Manners—Agriculture makes us Rich, and Politics provides for the enjoyment of all.

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GULLING A BLUE-NOSE.

BY SAMUEL SLICK OF SLICKVILLE.

I allot, said Mr. Slick, that the blue-noses are the most gullible folks on the face of the airth--rigalar soft horns, that's a fact. Politics and such stuff set 'em a gapin, like children in a chimbly corner listening to tales of ghosts, Salem witches, and Nova Scotia snow storms: and while they stand staring and yarpin, all eyes and mouth, they get their pockets picked of every cent that's in 'em. One candidate chap says, 'Feller citizens this country is goin to the dogs hand over hand, look at your rivers, you have no bridges: at your wild lands, you have no roads: at your treasury, you hante got a cent in it: at your markets, things don't fetch nothin: at your fish, the Yankees ketch 'em all. There's nothin behind you but sufferin, around you but poverty, afore you but slavery & death. What's the cause of this unheerd of awful state of things, ay, what's the cause? Why Judges, and Banks, and Lawyers, and great folks, have swallowed all the money. They've got you down, and they'll keep you down to all eternity, you and your posteriors arter you. Rise up, like men, arouse yourselves like freemen, and elect me to the Legislatur, and I'll lead the small but patriotic band, I'll put the big wigs throgh their facins, I'll make 'em shake in their shoes, I'll knock off your chains and make you free.' Well, the goney fall to and elect him, and he desarts right away, with balls, rifle, powder, horn, and all. He promised too much.

Then comes a rael good man, and an everlastin fine preacher, a most a special spiritual man, renounces the world, the flesh, and the devil, preaches and prays day and night, so kind to the poor, and so humble, he has no more pride than a babe, and so short-handed, he's no butter to his bread—all self-denial, mortifyin the flesh. Well, as soon as he can work it, he marries the richest gal in all his flock, and then his bread is buttered on both sides. He promised too much.

Then comes a doctor, and a prime article he is too; I've got, says he, a screw augur emetic and hot drop, and if I can't cure all sorts o'things in natur my name aint quack. Well he turns stomach and pocket both inside out, and leaves poor blue-nose—a dead man. He promised too much.

Then comes a lawyer, an honest lawyer too, a rael wonder under the sun, as straight as a shingle in all his dealins. He's so honest he can't bear to hear tell of other lawyers; he writes agin 'em, raves agin 'em, votes agin 'em, they are all rogues but him. He's jist the man to take a case in hand, cause *he* will see justice done. Well, he wins his case, and fobs all for cost, cause he's sworn to see justice done to—himself. He promised too much.

Then comes a Yankee clockmaker, (and here Mr. Slick looked up and smiled,) with his 'Soft Sawder' and 'Human Natur,' and he sells clocks warranted to run from July to Etarnity, stoppages included, & I must say they do run as long as—as long as wooden clocks commonly do, that's a fact. But I'll show you presently how I put the leak into 'em, for here's a feller a little bit ahead on us, whose flint I've made up my mind to fix this while past. Here we were nearly thrown out of the wagon, by the breaking down of one of those small wooden bridges, which prove so annoying and so dangerous to travellers. Did you hear that are snap, said he: well, as sure as fate, I'll break my clocks over them are etarnal log bridges, if Old Clay clips over them arter that fashion. Them are poles are plaguy threacherous, they are jist like old Marm Patience Dosegood's teeth, that keeps the great United Independence Democratic Hotel at Squaw Neck Creek, in Massachusetts, one half gone, and tother half rotten eends.

I thought you had disposed of your last clock at Colchester, to Deacon Flint, said I. So I did, he replied, the last one I had to sell to *him*, but I have got a few left for other folks yet. Now there is a man on this road, one Zeb Allen, a rael genuine skinflint, a proper close-fisted customer as you'll almost see any where, and one that's not altogether the straight thing in his dealin neither. He dont want no one to live but himself, and he's mighty handsum to me, saying my clocks are all a cheat, and that we ruinate the country, a drainin every drop of money out of it, a callin me a Yankee broom, and what not. But it tante all jist Gospel what he says. Now I'll put a clock on him afore he knows it; I'll go right into him as slick as a wistle, and play him to the eend of my line like a trout. I'll have a hook in his gills, while he's a thinkin he's only smellin at the bait.—There he is now, I'll be darned if he aint standin afore his shop door, lookin as strong as high proof Jamaiky: I guess I'll whip out of the bung while he's a lookin arter the spicket, and praps he'll be none o' the wiser till he finds it out, neither.

Well, Squire, how do you, said he, how's all at home? Reasonable well, I give you thanks, won't you alight? Can't to day, said Mr. Slick, I'm in a considerable of a hurry to catch the packet; have you an commands for Sow We-? I'm goin to the Island, and across the Bay to Windsor. Any word that way? No, says Mr. Allen, none that I can think on, unless it be to inquire how butter's goin; they tell me chees is down, and *produce* of all kin I particular dull this fall. Well, I'm glad I can tell you that question, said Slick, for I don't calculate to return to these parts; butter is risin a cent or two; I put mine off mind at ten-pence.—Don't return! possible! why, how you talk? Have you done with the clock trade? I guess I have, it tante worth follerin now. Most time, said the other larfin, for by all accounts the clocks warn't worth havin, and most infarnal dear too, folks begin to get their eyes open. It warn't needed in your case, said Mr. Slick, with that peculiarly composed manner that indicates suppressed feeling, for you were always wide awake: if all the folks had cut their eye teeth as airly as you did, they'd be plaguy few clocks sold in these parts, I reckon: but you are right, Squire, you may say that they actually were *not* worth havin, and that's the truth. The fact is, said he, throwing down his reins, and affectin a most confidential tone, I felt almost ashamed of them myself, I tell you. The long and short of the matter is jist this, they don't make no good ones now-a-days, no more, for they calculate 'em for shippin and not for home use. I was all struck up of a heap, when I seed the last lot I got from the States: I was properly hit by them, you may depend; they did'nt pay cost, for I couldn't recommend them with a clear conscience, and I must say I do like a fair deal, for I'm straight up and down, and love to go right ahead, that's a fact. Did you ever see them I fetched when I first came, them I sold over the Bay? No, said Mr. Allen, I can't say I did. Well, continued he, they *were* a prime article I tell you, no mistake there, fit for any market, it's generally allowed there aint the beat of them to be found any where. If you want a clock, and can lay you hands on one of them, I advise you not to let go the chance: you'll know 'em by the Lowell' mark, for they were all made at Judge Beler's factory. Squire Shepody, down to five Islands, asked me to get him one, and a special job I had of it, near about more sarch arter it than it was worth, but I did get him one, and a particular handsum one it is, copald and gilt superior. I guess its worth any half-dozen in these parts, let others be where they may. If I could a got supplied with the like o' them, I could a made a grand spec out of them, for they took at once, and went off quick. Have you got it with you? said Mr. Allen; I should like to see it. Yes, I have it here, all done up in tow, as snug as a bird's egg, to keep it from jarrin, for it hurts 'em consumedly to jolt 'em over them are etarnal wooden bridges. But it's no use to take it out, it aint for sale, it's bespoke, and I wouldn't take the same trouble to get another for twenty dollars. The only one that I know of that there's any chance of gettin, is one that Increase Crane has up to Wilmot, they say he's a sellin off.

After a good deal of persuasion, Mr. Slick unpacked the clock, but protested against his asking for it, as it was not for sale. It was then exhibited, every part explained and praised, as new in invention and perfect in workmanship. Now Mr. Allen had a very exalted idea of Squire Shepody's taste, judgment and saving knowledge: and, as it was the last and only chance of gettin a clock of such superior quality, he offered to take it at the price the Squire was to have it, at seven pounds ten shillings. But Mr. Slick vowed he couldn't part with it at no rate, he did'nt know where he could get the like agin, (for he warn't quite sure about Increase Crane's) and the Squire would be confounded disappointed, he couldn't think of it. In proportion to the difficulties, rose the ardor of Mr. Allen, his offers advanced to £8—to £8 10s.—to £9. I vow, said Mr. Slick, I wish I hadn't let on that I had it at all. I don't like to refuse you, but where am I to get the like? After much discussion of a similar nature, he consented to part with the clock, though with great apparent reluctance, and pocketed the money with a protest that, cost what it would, he should have to procure another, for he couldn't think of putting the Squire's pipe out arter that fashion, for he was a very clever man, and as fair as a bootjack.

Now, said Mr. Slick, as we proceeded on our way, that are feller is properly sarved, he got the most inferior article I had, and I jist doubled the price on him. It's a pity he should be a tellin of lies of the Yankees all the time; this will help him now to a little grain of truth. Then mimicking his voice and manner, he repeated Allen's words with a strong nasal twang: 'Most time for you to give over the clock trade I guess, for by all accounts they aint worth havin, and most infarnal dear too, folks begin to get their eyes open.' Better for you, if you'd a had yourn open, I reckon; a joke is a joke, but I concait you'll find that no joke. The next time you tell stories about Yankee pedlars, put the wooden clock in with the wooden punkin seeds, and hickory hams, will you? The blue-noses, Squire, are all like Zeb Allen, they think they know every thing, but they get gulled from year's eend to year's eend. They expect too much from others, and do too little for themselves. They actily expect the sun to shine and the rain to fall, through their little House of Assembly. What have you done for us? they keep axin their members. Who did you spunk up to last session? jist as if all legislation consisted in attackin some half-dozen puss-proud folks at Halifax, who are jist as big noodles as they be themselves. You hear nothing but politics, politics, politics, one everlastin sound of give, give, give. If I was Governor, I'd give 'em the butt end of my mind on the subject, I'd crack their pates till I let some light in 'em, if it was me, I know. I'd say to the members, don't come down here to Halifax with your lockrums about politics, making a great toass about nothing! but open the country, foster agricultur, encourage trade, incorporate companies, make bridges, facilitate conveyance, and above all things make a rail road from Windsor to Halifax; and mind what I tell you now, write it down for fear you should forget it, for it's a fact; and if you don't believe me, I'll lick you till you do, for there aint a word of a lie in it, by hokey 'One such work as the Windsor Bridge is worth all your laws, votes, speeches, and resolutions, for the last ten years, if tied up and put in a meal bag together. If it tante, I hope I may be shot.'

SAYINGS OF SAM SLICK.

If the folks here want their country to go ahead, they must honor the plough, and Gen. Campbell ought to hammer that into their noddles, full chizel, as hard as he can drive. I could larn him something, I guess, about hammerin he aint up to. It tante every one that knows how to beat a thing into a man's head. How could I have sold so many thousand clocks, if I hadn't had that nack. Why, I would'nt have sold have a dozen you may depend.

Agriculture is not only neglected but disregarded here. What a number of young folks there seems to be in these parts, a riding about titivated out real sam, in their go-to meetin clothes, a doing nothin. It's melancholy to think on it. That's the effect of the last war. The idleness and extravagance of those times took root, and bore fruit abundantly, and now the young folks are above their business. They are too high in the instep, that's a fact.

Old Drivvle, down here to Maccan, said to me one day, For gracious sake, says he, Mr. Slick, do tell me what I shall do with Jonny. His mother sets great store by him, and thinks he's the makin's of a considerable smart man—he's growing up fast now, and I am pretty well to do in the world, and reasonable fore handed, but I don't know what the dogs to put him to. The Lawyers are like spiders, they've eat up all the flies, and I guess they'll have to eat up one another soon, for there's more on 'em than causes now every court. The Doctor's trade is a poor one, they don't barely get cash enough to pay for their medicines; I never seed a country practitioner yet that made any thing worth speakin of. Then as for preachin, why church and dissenters are pretty much tarred with the same stick, they live in the same pastur with their flocks, and between 'em, it's fed down pretty close I tell you. What would you advise me to do with him? Well, says I, I'll tell you if you won't get miffy with me. I guess I'll be very much obliged to you, it tant every day one gets a chance to consult with a person of your experience, I count it quite a privilege to have the opinion of such an understandin man as you be. Well says I, take a stick and give him a real quiltin, jist tantune him like blazes, and set him to work. What does the critter want? you have a good farm, let him go and airn his bread; and when he can raise that, let him get a wife to make butter for it; and when he has more of both than he wants, let him sell 'em and lay up his money, and he will soon have his bread buttered on both sides; put him to eh! why put him to the plough, the most natural, the most happy, the most innocent, and the most healthy employment in the world. But, said the old man, (and he did not look over half pleased,) the markets are so confounded dull, labor so high, and the banks and great folks are swallerin all up so, there don't seem much encouragement for farmers, its hard rubbin, now-a-days, to live by the plough he'll be a hard workin poor man all his days. Oh! says I, if he wants to get rich by farmin he can do that too. Let him sell his wheat, and eat his oatmeal and rye; send his beef, mutton and poultry to market, and eat his pork and potatoes, make his own cloth, weave his own linen; and keep out of shops, he'll soon grow rich—there are more fortins got by savin than by makin, I guess, a plaguy sight—can't eat his cake and have it too that's a fact. No, make a farmer of him, and you will have the satisfaction of seeing him an honest and independent, and a respectable member of society—more honest than traders, more independent than professional men, and more respectable than either.

Ahem! says Marm Drivvle, and she began to clear her throat for action; she slumped down her mittin, and clawed off her spectacles, and looked right straight at me, so as to take good aim. I seed a regular norwester bruin. I knew it would burst somewhere sartin, and make all smoke agin, so I cleared out and left old Drivvle to stand the squall.—I conceit he must have had a tempestical time of it, for she had got her Ebenezar up, and looked like a proper sneeze: Make her Jonney a farmer, eh! I guess that was too much for the like o' her stomach.

Bride, Squire, continued the clockmaker; with such an air of concern, that I verily believe the man feels an interest in the welfare of the Province, (in which he has spent so long a time.) Pride, Squire, and a false pride, too, is the ruin of this country, I hope I may be skinned if it tante.

THOUGHTS ON MODESTY.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE QUESTION.

Mrs. Shandy was sure, (for she had heard her husband say so,) that the world either went round or stood still. She did not exactly remember which—but of one or the other she was certain. I could have put Mrs. Shandy precisely right on that subject. The world *goes round*. This great globe, with its mountains, seas, and palaces, its towns, fleets, and armies, is after all, but a whirling—a button plizzing round on invisible strings—a top *asstep* in space. We should not be surprised that the affairs of a place constructed on such a principle, should be rather, as it were changeable. That there should be ups and downs, and goings round in it. That, in their turns, the rich should be poor—the happy miserable—the wise foolish—the foolish wise; and that, in short, there should be the very deuse to pay. As society advances, this principle of revolution is visible where one would least expect it—and some of the most (apparently) immutable virtues and vices will by and by, change their character; and the qualities which, in one age, make a good fellow, may constitute a great rascal in the next. Certain faults may come in vogue; and virtues now feigned, if not practised, may go entirely out of fashion. I think *modesty* will, one of these days, suffer this last fate. I think *modesty* will go *out of fashion*.

And yet, if there is anything graceful, anything calculated to disarm criticism, to palliate defects, to adorn virtues, it is this. 'Modesty' has been never used but as a term of praise. How carefully it is inculcated upon the school-boy

"Mamma?"

"My love."

"May I have a piece of cake?"

"No, my dear."

"I'm very hungry, mamma."

"Little boys, my dear, should never *ask* for things." Or,

"Henry, what are you about, my love?"

"Getting a piece of the pie, pa."

"Haven't I told you a thousand times that children must never *help themselves*?" Or,

"John, what are you going to do with your orange?"

"Eat it, sir,"

"What—*alone*?"

"Yes, sir"

"Are you not going to divide it with Frederick? Cut it in two, and give Frederick the *largest piece*.'

How graceful these virtues are! How becoming to youth! Yet, may they not be taught too indiscriminately? Are they not things to be afterwards unlearned? As the boy grows into manhood, are they feasible? Is this a world where people must 'never *ask for things*?—Does the lawyer, the soldier, the statesman, or the merchant, succeed in his career by *not helping himself*?—and is society so constructed that individuals can wisely give the *largest share* of their goods and chattles to their neighbours.—I have had some casual dealings with mankind—enough to see how things go—but I have never met, or very rarely, anything of this sort out of the nursery. Some of my friends own houses. Dear old Mr. B. has thirteen—free, unencumbered property. I have visited B. often. We are on terms of the most familliar intimacy. But B. has never presented me with seven of these thirteen houses. He has never given me one. Nay, I occupied one a year, and the amiable old fellow, who came and drank my wine and ate my strawberries-and-milk, would not re-paper the rooms—or mend the cellar—or paint the entry—or cut a door through the bed room into the little adjoining dressing-room. At last, he paid me a visit one day, with a long story of *'the times,'* and raised on me fifty dollars.

I myself practised modesty when I was a young man. I had the most absurd notions of generosity and confidence in other people. I used to tell folks who presented bills, particularly if they had clean shirts on, and were civil spoken—

'Oh, don't trouble yourself to give me a receipt. I can never have any difficulty with *you*.'

If a friend came with a note to be endorsed—

'My dear fellow, certainly—with the greatest pleasure.'

If one asked to borrow anything of me—

'Unquestionably help yourself.'

I have, when a little flush, gone to folks and said—

'Pray, won't you let me lend you some money?'

And when, by any chance, they came to repay it, I used to blush and stammer—

'Nonsense! Don't think of it!'

And this, too, perhaps, when I really wanted the cash, but was *too modest* to take what was my own.

Yes, I have carried modesty with me till I am tired of it. I have fairly worn out. I have analyzed it. It is not what I thought it was. It must be taken with discretion and moderation, like wine and other hurtful beverages. It is an error of youth—the child of ignorance and inexperience. It is an affectation. It evaporates with age. Show me your modest men of fifty, who have lived in the world.

As to the changes of character and fashion likely to be undergone by this and other virtues, I believe, before many hundred years, the world will acknowledge the truth of my system. Such things have been. It was once a disgrace to know how to read and write.—It was once an honour to be a knight-errant, that is, to take the law into your own hands. What would this be now? Burglary!—highway robbery!—petty larceny!—assault and battery! These are the modern names for chivalry. Your knight-errants, now-a-days, are sent to Sing-Sing and Blackwell's Island. Your *Richard Cœur de Lions* are hanged!

I should not much wonder if, one of these days, a similar change were to take place in the estimation in which are held your *modest men*; and, instead of being covered with praise, as at present, they should be spoken of slightly. 'A poor, *modest* fellow—no matter what you do to him!'

I have a friend who is modest. I have endeavoured to cure him of what I believe will one day be regarded as a very unprofitable as well as ill-bred peculiarity. It is, in fact, a sort of selfishness—a want of energy, decision, and courage—a weakness—a disease of the *nerves*. I have treated my friend with rough remedies, and endeavoured to regenerate his mental and moral constitution—but I had rather undertake the cure of the gout or chronic rheumatism. It is in the fellow's blood, I believe. He will never be perfectly free from it.

We were babies and schoolmates together. I am told that, even when an infant, if any one entered the room during a fit of pain and screaming, he would stop his cries in a moment—the tears would stand motionless upon his cheeks, and he would open his great round eyes in perfect silence, abashed that a stranger should witness his tantrums. As a boy, he was modesty in its worst form. He used to refuse to be helped a second time when half-starved, and nearly killed himself once by standing outside the door rather than come by the fire. The boys thought he was a coward, he shunned quarrels so carefully; till, one day, being vexed too far, he forgot, for five minutes, his complaint, and gave an overgrown bully such a dressing, for striking a little boy whom he loved, that he regained his character in that particular. His modesty operated very injuriously upon his education, as he was fairly *ashamed* to compete with boys whom, had he but thought so, he could have distanced.

As a man, he remained backward, silent—inclined to take nothing from the good things of the world; nay, to give up to whoever demanded, all he had for himself. I have known him, on board an Albany steamboat, resign his seat at Breakfast-table to a stranger. I have known him lend a person his umbrella, and get wet himself. If you spoke to him, a painful blush suffused his cheeks, forehead, and ears; and, if you trod on his toe, *he* begged *your* pardon. Unluckily for him, he had a fortune, and was not driven into the struggle of the world—that would have cured him. He did not think he had sufficient abilities for any profession. He applied himself seriously to nothing. He thought nature had denied him a memory, and that he could not retain what he had. He *sneaked* through life—hiding himself from all eyes, as if he had been an outcast: and, in company, when compelled to go there, you would find him (if you found him at all) generally in a corner, or behind a door, lurking and skulking about, as if watching an opportunity to pick somebody's pocket. At a dinner party he passed for a fool. He sipped the dishes near him, whether he like them or not—drank whenever he was asked, because he was afraid to refuse—took every one for a great man who swaggered and talked large—and made enemies of people by keeping away from them as if he meant to slight them. The idea of being *introduced* to any one put him in a fever; and, being called on once as a witness in a court of justice, he stammered, contradicted himself, and made such a piece of work of it, that his friend lost his cause, because the jury did not believe he told the truth. Some think him proud—others affected—others aristocratic in the choice of his acquaintances—others that he is fickle, and takes offence easily—others that he is *sly*—others that he is a fool—and all because he is afflicted with the unmeaning disease called *modesty*—which he has heard praised till he thinks it a virtue, and which prevents the man from showing himself *as he is*. The truth is, his nature is, in some degree weak; and he has also fallen into a metaphysical error. In a very proper dislike to impudence, he has fallen into the opposite failing of *modesty*. One is certainly forever loaded—the other condemned. But I contend that one is about as undesirable as the other. The world, taken as an individual, is cunning. It praises *modesty*. Why? So that it can have its will—so that it can choose the best of everything. So that we poor devils, who allow ourselves to be taken in by its interested eulogies, may stand out of its way—may offer it our tribute—may bring it our tithe pigs—may let it play the prince, and sleep while we work. The world is an old fox! Out upon it! I am its equal. I am as good as it, any day. I go by the law. I have a right to my dinner. I come here upon the earth to eat and drink, and sleep, and enjoy myself as well as other people I lend nobody my umbrella. I give no steamboatman my place at the breakfast table! I do not blush beneath the gaze of any one. Who are other people—the very best of them? Pooh! for other people! Have they money—rank—family—so have I! Or, if I have not, it's no fault of mine! Who are your great authors and orators—your statesmen and rich merchants—your generals and great personages? Who are they, after all? Were they not born of Adam? Does nature care for them? Don't the sea spit in their worships' faces? Don't the cholera carry them off? Does the toothache beg their pardon and call next door at the shoemaker's? What is the world? Beshrew it! A fiddlestick for it! I snap my finger under its nose. Let it strut—who cares? Who'll strut a hundred years hence? Shall I be confounded—shall I be put out of countenance—shall I bow, and blush, and stammer, and lose my self-respect—and forget my identity—and strike my colors, and surrender my fortress, at the sight of a handful of dirt and ashes—kneaded up ever so cunningly tucked out in gold leaf and bright stones, with a feather stuck in his hat? Is it a millionaire? Is it a politician? *Is it a prince? Is it a soldier? Or is* it a great or even a *good* man who expects me to get out of his way?—*to give him my seat in the steamboat?*—to lend my umbrella? By our common father, Adam, he must not think of it. He *does* not know me. I am *a man*—an *honest man*. Sdeath! What is there better anywhere? I know what life is. I know what it is worth at its highest valuation.—I know where the *good of it lies*. I know where it is hallow; where it is fleeting; where it is all show; all smoke. I know *where* to bend and do reverence. I know when to be *modest*. I am modest when alone—modest before *myself*—modest at night under the silent heavens—modest on the summit of a mountain, with plains, rivers, fields, and towns spread far beneath my feet. I am modest when I see the eagles cleaving through heaven, disappearing from the earth, and leaving it in scorn behind. I am modest when I look on the bee at his patient toil—on the ant working in the sand. I pause and tread aside. I respect those unpretending and honest little creatures. Never have I injured one willingly. I am modest before an elephant, whose sagacious silence seems to say, 'Man, you should be caged as I am, if you had your due.' I am modest when I find the sweet violet, half hidden in the wood, breathing its little perfume upon the air—or when I walk through the deep woods, or over the broad hills, lying century after century in the sunshine. I am modest when a calm and unprejudiced preacher utters truth from the holy desk. I am modest over the graves of the young and the good.

But, before my co-mates here on earth—before the set of scrambling fortune hunters and mere pleasure seekers, running up and down our streets, traversing backward and forward on rivers, crowding to our places of amusement—no—I avow it—I am not what is called modest before these. I turn out for them on the walk. I give the female among them the wall. I pay my bills if I can. I am very careful not to infringe upon their rights; and when I tread on their feet, I beg their pardon. They shall have nothing to complain of. Nay I will, when not at unreasonable sacrifice, go out of my path to do them a favor. I would pull any of them out of a ditch, or tell them when they have dropped their much-loved purses. But as for bowing down before them—as for stammering and turning red—as for feeling that the best of them are anything more than my fellow men—no; b'r Lady. Why should I?

T. S F.

[From Alexander's Weekly Messenger.]

THE DEAF MAN.—A young Parisian, who went with a numerous party to Lyons to enjoy the pleasure of seeing the second city of the kingdom, thus relates an adventure which he had:—

We were lodged at the best inn, and