# 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."

VOL. XXIX. EASTON, (MD.) SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 24, 1846. NO. 43.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY
*Saturday Morning*,
BY
**George C. Graham.**

*TERMS.*

TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS per Annum, payable half yearly in advance.

**Advertisements**

Not exceeding a square inserted Three times for ONE DOLLAR, and TWENTY-FIVE CENTS for every subsequent insertion.


## ORIGINAL ARTICLES.

*For the Easton Gazette.*

### POET'S CORNER.

"And where is our Cave? Hush!—for we must not prate of its whereabouts; were we so do it would dissolve."

"O Phoebus, and ye Muses nine!"—are you attending? Certainly I am—nine and one are ten! Such, gentle reader, is the cruel disregard with which the gems of thought, oftentimes enchased amidst grosser matter in the Poet's Corner, are passed over by the every-day people of this unpoetic world. "Nine and one are ten!" When the young and rapt aspirant has but made his invocation to the long-haired Apollo and the maids of Castalie—to be met in the face with some cold and heartless satire not barely on his own brain-wrought production in particular, but on the art and mystery of poesy in general!—What poet could endure it? It out-Herods Herod!—Pray *you*, most dear and gentle reader of *our* inspired nook—avoid it." What man, or woman either, that ever felt the ennobling passion, felt not the desire at the same time, though mayhap not the ability, to express that passion in something more exalted than pedestrian prose! And where, oh where, could such desire accomplished find means so innocuous of making the world acquainted with its fulfilment as in the Poet's Corner of a newspaper? How many a volume filled with love-sick strains doth this same Poet's Corner save the generous public! and how many a heart doth it gratify to see its out-pourings of passion there recorded in good black print! What though the same things have been said, and better said too, a hundred times before, the same *person* has not said them, who, nobly disdaining to give the world his honored name, affixes his initials or his adopted soubriquet to the cherished offspring of his muse. Oh then, kind reader, if the young, aye or the old, climber of Parnassus has essayed the arduous ascent, albeit unasked, for thy pleasure, pass not by his labors unobserved;—his disinterested toils deserve at least thy courtesy. Cast thine eyes at times upon the left-hand corner of the last page of thy daily or thy weekly sheet;—for there may'st thou not seldom find somewhat to improve thy heart—to chime in with the finer feelings of thy nature.—Shall we advocate the cause of the newspaper poet in the words of old Flaccus and tell thee "How many virtues has this error, or if you call it so, this pardonable frenzy," and shall we fear for our protege the fate of Cinna, as placed on record by the Bard of Avon, "tear him for his bad verses?" We tell thee, man, if such is thy reply, thou art but a novice. Did not the noblest Lyric of our language,—"The burial of Sir John Moore," whose lines have become almost household words—did not it make its first appearance in the Poet's Corner? We maintain not the cause of one individual of the species poet—we plead not for some Iota, or Q., or C. S. B., or X. Y. Z.; it is for the entire species we stand forth, or if for any portion of the species "par excellence," then it is for the denizens of our own caves, to the concealment of whose whereabouts we have in our motto applied the words of the immortal Maga.

Our caves! Boy reach us here a bunch of those ruddy grapes that cluster round thy head as thou sittest there on that moss-covered stone to guard our retirement from intrusion. There.—Lay it down beside us—and now resume thy duty—we will not hold thee long. How refreshing! to sit in this love-sequestered grotto, and quietly to watch the gorgeous sun-set, while its rays dance and sparkle from the surface of the clear cool rivulet that meanders almost at our feet! What a spot wherein to seek the inspiration of the muse! But we are not here alone—look! on yonder rustic bench placed there by his own proper hands, reclines our boon-companion. Is he asleep? No—listen!—It is the murmur of his voice as he cons to himself the last verse of his effusion.—Hark! if he too is not meditating on the "Poet's Corner" and on the records it bore of his youthful love. Shall we steal the stanza for you, Reader?—here it is—pardon, my dear old Coelebs! for the theft!

Sad Memory bears me back to youth,
When Hope was bright, and Love and Truth
Was my heart's theme.
Ah—vain is Hope!—I've followed long
That phantom burthen of my song—
My daily—nightly dream!

Nor can I the delusive spell
Cast off—for long and all too well,
I loved—sad grows the theme!
Thou chronicler of thoughts of youth,
When Hope was bright, and Love and Truth
My first—my fondest dream—Adieu!

There now!—is n't that newspaper poetry for an old man? "Blessins on his frosty pow!" Prates he not, as we told thee, of the "Poet's Corner?"—"Thou chronicler of thoughts of youth." Do not memories swell up within his old heart of the times when that repository of "Sweets to the sweet" was aye, in conjunction with his mistress, the subject of his thought by day—his dream by night. Alas! our old friend!

"The days are gone when beauty bright
"Thy heart's chain wove—
"When thy dream of life from morn till night
"Was love—still love."

But hush! He murmurs again—"Oh Celia!"—he bites his nails to the quick!—Come! old fellow! "Thou art not i' the vain"—and look! the sun's broad disk is just about to disappear below the western horizon. Take thy parting draught of our Heliconian spring, and put thy arm in ours, and let us go. Soon we will pay another visit to our vine-covered grotto, and then shalt thou renew thy meditations on the "Poet's Corner" and the spring-time of thy youth. TRISMEGISTUS.

## HUMOROUS ARTICLES.

### KI LUNT'S FIRST VISIT TO NEW ORLEANS.

*A SOUTH WESTERN SKETCH.*

BY WILL WHIPPLE.

Not long ago, a thin, sallow-faced Arkansawyer floated down the Mississippi from the upper waters of the Arkansas river, with a flat boat loaded with timber for the New Orleans market. It was our hero's first visit to the Crescent city, and many and marvellous had been the accounts received by him from his rude neighbors of the wonders of the place—its splendid edifices, and its immense commerce—the description invariably closing with a friendly admonition not to suffer himself to be imposed upon; and, above all to beware of the numerous sharpers, which they averred infested in considerable numbers that particular locality; and he was furthermore strongly impressed to be sure to keep up the acknowledged reputation of the good people of Arkansas for acuteness, and to suffer no advantage to be taken of him without enjoying a corresponding retaliation. Thus fortified by counsel; and resolved to show his friends he was no simpleton, he departed with his timber, and in due time was moored at a landing in the upper part of the city.

It was about ten o'clock in the evening, when he arrived, but so great was his anxiety to explore the intricacies of the strange place, that the boat scarcely touched the wharf than Hezekiah, or Ki Lunt, as he was generally called, jumped ashore and commenced his peregrinations. He sauntered along, open mouthed until he reached the heart of the town. Here he ventured timidly to "take a horn," and shortly afterwards he gained sufficient courage to call for a second, and eventually a third. These potations revived his flagging spirits to such a height that on emerging into the now deserted streets, he commenced a series of whoopings and yellings, which, however characteristic and harmless they might have sounded in the pine forests of Arkansas, by no means comported with the quiet and regularity of a well-ordered city. Of this he was soon made conscious for in the midst of one of his shrillest "skreeches" he felt an iron grasp upon his shoulder, and turning abruptly round found himself a captive to one of the guardians of the night.

"We don't allow these noises here," said the latter.

"You must come with me to the calaboose."

And as he said so he increased his hold.

"Who the thunder are you?" said Ki.

"I'm a gendarme," replied his captor; "and I have taken you prisoner for disorderly conduct."

"Well, Mister John Darn, I'm a free man," said Ki, indignantly; "and I reckon I may howl as much as I please."

"We'll soon see that," replied the other hauling him along "You'll have to pay pretty smart for it in the morning, when I take you before the recorder."

"Corder!" said Ki, his hopes rising.—"Whar is he? Does he deal in wood?"—I'm a lumber marchant myself."

"He's a magistrate," said the gendarme, with a show of contempt at his prisoner's ignorance.

"A magistrate!" echoed Ki, and, as his hopes fell before zero, he became frightened at the predicament in which he found himself.

"See here Hoss," said he, fumbling in his pocket and producing at length a five dollar Arkansas note on a broken bank; "See here, Hoss, I'm a stranger this a way, and don't like to be fixed any how. Here's a five dollar bill *as good as the Bank.*—Come, now, you'll let me off this time, won't you?"

"Well," said the man, crumbling up the note and putting it securely away; "I always like to be kind to people of your sort. So you may go now, but if I ever catch you again I shall be obliged to do my duty."

Ki did not wait to hear any more; but as soon as the grasp of the gendarme relaxed, he darted away, and after numerous turnings and windings he at length reached his flat boat in safety.

Ki threw himself upon his planks and tried to sleep off his chagrin, but it was to no purpose. The thought would come that he had been treated with indignity, and the honor of young Arkansas had been tarnished in his hands. So he tossed and he tumbled, revolving in his mind what was best to be done under the circumstances. At length a bright thought struck him, and he sprang up with a yell. He quickly tore off one of the thin clap-boards that bent over his resting place, and went rapidly to work to fashion an instrument, which, when completed, bore a strong resemblance to a wooden sword.

Buttoning up his long dark coat, he attached his sword to his side, and once more leaping ashore made the best of his way into the city. After wandering about for some time, he at length espied a gentleman walking along one of the narrow and dimly lighted streets, beguiling the way by carelessly humming the tune of a fashionable song. This was enough for Ki. So he crept carefully along, and drawing his wooden sword, brought it with a whack across the shoulders of the unconscious pedestrian.

"See here, Mister!" said he, "It ain't allowed to kick up sich a hell-a-balloo in these streets, it ain't; and you must come with me to the calaboose."

The startled gentleman turned round and looked at Ki, who had now seized his arm, and stammered out:

"What—what do you mean, sir, by this outrage?"

"I'm John Darn!" said Ki—"and it means you'll have to come with me! I reckon the 'Corder 'll make you pay pretty smart for all this noise, when I take you before him in the morning."

"Let me go, or I'll call for assistance!" exclaimed the gentleman.

"Look here!" said Ki, resolutely—"I'm gwine to take you to the calaboose, and if you make any more sich a noise, I'm bound to knock you down—I am!"

"My friend!" replied the gentleman, softening his tone and not altogether liking the appearance of his captor—"My friend! I am a stranger here, and know nothing of the ways of the place, and if—if this"—placing a gold eagle in his hand—"if this will procure my release"——

Ki clutched the money and, thrusting it deeply into his pocket, replied sternly—

"It's agin orders—but as I allers likes to be kind to people of your sort, you may go now; but if I ever ketches you again, I shall be obliged to do my duty—I shall, by thunder!"

So saying, Ki slackened his hold, and slipping away, made off for his lumber with all the celerity he was master of.—Arrived safely on his own deck, Ki exhibited his delight by first leaping in the air and cracking his heels together some half a dozen times, and then shouting out at the top of his voice—

"Hooray for Arkansaw!—Arkansaw hard to beat! *Jest arrive and twice't ashore, and made ten Dollars by the operation!*"

### BLACK SAM.

*Who could not, for the life of him, black the Volunteer's boots, but was death on conundrums.*

As Sam the Negro boot black, was passing up St. Charles street yesterday, with the implements of his profession as he himself says—brushes, blacking, and a piece of stick with a bevelled edge on it, in a basket, he was hailed by an Indiana volunteer, whose boots were outside of his trousers, up to his knees, and the mud on which was an inch thick, more or less; he was literally up to his knees in mud.

I say old Lignumvitae! said the volunteer are not you a boot black?

Wal, I isn't nothin' else, said Sam. I has polished dis ere square—dat are de people whot lives in it for de las' fifteen years.—You see de purfession it has extended to me in the regular material line; my fader was a boot-black.

"All right, Ebony," said the volunteer raising his foot and resting the heel of his boot against the lamp post.

Now the volunteer's boots be it known besides being partially wet and particularly dirty ever since they came off the last, nor perhaps even then had brushed acquaintance with Day and Martin, or any substitute for that unrivalled blacking.

Sam nothing daunted however went to work. He scraped off the dirt and brushed in the blacking; but although he rubbed and rubbed, and continued to rub, the boot remained as dull and dark as Erebus.

Go ahead, said the volunteer.

I calls it goin' *a foot*, massa said Sam. But why is dis boot massa, [he still keeps rubbing for the bare life,] why is dis boot, I says like Gumbo among the galls when I is dar?

I don't know, said the volunteer, nor curse your curly head I don't care.

Den, says Sam, you gibs it up. Dis boot is like Pete Gumbo under dem dar pecooler circumstances, cause it *can't shine!* Yaw! yaw! yaw!

Brush on said the volunteer, and bring out the polish, or you shan't get the first red cent for the job.

Sam brushed on and away but still could bring forth no polish. Finding all further efforts unnecessary, he looked up in the volunteer's face, the perspiration covering his phiz, like globular bubbles in a pond of a rainy day, and uncovering his ivories with a broad good natured grin he asked. Massa why is I like Kosciusko? You just tells me dat, and I gibs in; but I reckons I'll hab to gib in any way I can fix it.—I sees you gibs it up, said Sam; Den I is like massa Kosciusko 'cause I endeavored to affect a *Polish Rebolution*, and failed!

The honest volunteer gave a loud guffaw, and gave Sam half a dollar, not for polishing his boots for that he did not do but for his aptitude at making a conundrum.—*N. O. Delta.*

### GIVING THE QUANTITY.

The Slobb family keep boarders—and their house we are pleased to say, is arranged upon the most orderly and regular system, and moreover is exceedingly genteel. Sam, the head waiter, is a bustling, active important body, rather troublesome by his officiousness, but a general favorite because of his disposition to oblige all.—The ceremony of the house suits his taste to a nicety, and he practises the whole with rigid accuracy—to the great annoyance especially of the cook and chambermaid.—The rule for breakfast is a first bell to be rung four minutes at 7 o'clock—and a second bell to be rung for two minutes as soon as the breakfast is on the table. The first is to wake the boarders up the second to bring them down.

One morning, the bread man failed to be at the house at a quarter before seven his usual hour, and Sam almost went into fits. Twenty times he ran to the door looking up and down the street, and came back grumbling at dat lazy, cuss'd fella'—but it was no use, no bread man came. Prompt to his own duty, however, the moment the clock had finished tolling the hour of seven Sam started the lusty peals of his first bell.

He had proceeded just two minutes, when the laggard bread man appeared at the door. Sam put down his bell and hastened to take the man's bread and give him a cussin, which occupied ten minutes, between the crimminations that ensued. Sam then took his bell and rang it zealously again for two minutes. Immediately there was a great bustle and various humming voices, up stairs, among the boarders, who had been thus suddenly and unexpectedly called, a half hour earlier than usual to the morning fast. Drawers creaked hurriedly, doors slammed, bare feet moved rapidly to and fro, on the floors, and very soon after the boarders began to hurry down most of them rather in *deshabille*, and even the Miss Slobbs forgot how red their eyes looked in their hunger. But the breakfast room was in confusion—so was Sam—so were the boarders. Not an eatable was on the table, and the breakfast which they had so hurried to get wasn't there.

Wa—wa—wa wat's de matter, gem'n anxiously inquired the startled Sam.

"Matter—to be sure!" answered Mr. S.

Matter! well now that's a good one," exclaimed Mrs. Slobb.

"Matter!—*humph!*" muttered twenty voices.

Sam was utterly bewildered—so was Mrs. Slobb—so were the twenty boarders.

Where's breakfast! inquired Mrs. Slobb, at last warming up.

"De breakfast, ma'am, not ready for de table."

"What did you ring the second bell for then?"

De second bell ma'am—heah! heah! chuckled Sam. Dat warn't de second bell, ma'm—kase you see de time de second bell aint come yet.

But you did ring the second bell, interposed Slobb, with emphasis.

Yes you *did*, responded twenty voices.

Ladies and Gem'n answered Sam—you see I was ringing de fuss bell, when de cussed bread man kum to the door jus as I got two minutes of de ringing done and in course I had to stop till I got de bread and blowed de scamp up—and den you see, ladees and gem'n I tak hold and *finish de two minutes of de time* for de fus bell. De second bell will be runged jes fifteen from dis time.

Saying this, Sam retired to the kitchen and the disappointed boarders retired to their rooms to make their morning dress complete—but many a good laugh they have over Sam's notion of a first bell.

### SPIRIT OF PUNCH.

Among the odds and ends, are the following:

*Lost or Stolen—the Prussian Constitution.*—It was done up in a small parcel, and was dropped about the 3d of last month It was last seen at the Sans Souci, Potsdam, where it has been lying on the shelf for years. It is marked "Anno Domini, 1816," and has a royal seal to it, with the motto of "*Sie ellen es nich haben.*" As the contents are of no value to any but the owner, a small reward will be given for its restoration to "Frederick, Royal Palace, or Greek Theatre, Berlin." For fear of accidents, it had better be labelled 'Fragile."

*Definition of a "Marine."*—A sort of hybrid animal, half soldier, half, sailor, but usually looked upon as neither the one thing or the other by the members of both of the United Services. The marines are supposed to be so credulous, that they will believe everything that is said to them, and the sailors generally test the strength of human gullibility of telling all their incredu ities to the marines.

*Wedding Executed on the Shortest Notice.*—The Spanish ministers have sent over an order to Coburg House for a nice young man to marry the queen.

*Different Style of Legislation.*—The Chamber of Deputies was opened last month for the sake of doing nothing, for it no sooner assembled than it was prorogued again. They manage these things much better in France, for the English parliament meets with precisely the same object, only it is always six months about it.

The following is a hard hit. It is called "The Military March of Intellect."

As it seems now determined that the army shall henceforth be governed moral force instead of main force, it has become necessary that the officer—if he is to command the soldier—should be provided for the future with some other headpiece than the mere helmet or chapo. Officers, in short, require to be intellectualised, very much so, if the results of our inquiries into their mental circumstances may be depended upon. Of the fruit of these researches we subjoin a few specimens.

The Hon. Captain Fitzdawdle examined—Has the honor of holding a commission in the Life Guards. Once went to school. The nature of his studies had been dry. Really could not say what had been the curriculum, unless it was cirricle; but Doctor Switchard didn't keep a cirricle. Found Latin to hard and Greek out of the question. Spelling was quite troublesome enough. Believed that the old doctor used to vote him a sad dunce. Must confess that he was not partial to intellectual pursuits. Was not particularly ashamed to say so.

Lieutenant Spankey. Belongs to the dragoons. Has no objection to state his acquirments. Is a crack shot. Will venture to say that he can ride a steeple chase or donkey race either. Has actually been the winner in one. Is not aware that he ever passed the *nons assinorum*. Flatters himself he can waltz tolerably. Can do a good many other things if he could only recollect what. His memory was always rather treatcherous. Cannot recollect who founded Rome. Is not certain that it was Julius Cæsar. Has a faint impression that magnacharta was the bill of rights.—Is a man of some reading. Has read a good deal of the United Service Journal. Has some acquaintance with polite letters. Has no idea of any kind of correspondence.

Lieutenant Colonel Dunesford commands a cavalry regiment. Is astonished at being asked what he knows of ethics.—Tactics are something more in his way.—Does not see what a British officer can possibly have to do with moral philosophy; except, perhaps, the regimental doctor, who might be expected to understand all that sort of things.—*Bost. Post.*

### GEORGE WILSON.

The New England Puritan publishes the following story without any question as to its authenticity. If it be true it will bear frequent repetition:

A few years since, as the Rev. Mr. Gallaudet was walking in the streets of Hartford, there came running to him a poor boy, of very ordinary first-sight appearance, but whose intelligent eye fixed the gentleman's attention, as the boy inquired, "Sir, can you tell me of a man who would like a boy to work for him and learn to read?" "Whose boy are you, and where do you live?" "I have no parents," was the reply, "and have just run away from the workhouse because they will not teach me to read." The reverend gentleman made arrangements with the authorities of the town and took the boy into his own family.—There he learned to read.

Nor was this all. He soon acquired the confidence of his new associates by his faithfulness and honesty. He was allowed the use of his friend's library and made rapid progress in the acquisition of knowledge. It became necessary after a while that George should leave Mr. Gallaudet, and he became apprenticed to a cabinet-maker in the neighborhood. There the same integrity won for him the favor of his new associates. To gratify his inclination for study, his master had a little room finished for him in the upper part of the shop, where he devoted his leisure time to his favorite pursuits. Here he made large attainments in the mathematics, in the French language, and other branches.

After being in this situation a few years, as he sat at tea with the family, he all at once remarked that he wanted to go to France. "Go to France," said his master, (surprised that the apparently contented and happy youth had thus suddenly become dissatisfied with his situation,) "for what?" "Ask Mr. Gallaudet to tea tomorrow evening," continued George, "and I will explain?" His reverend friend was invited accordingly, and at tea time the apprentice presented himself with his manuscripts in English and French, and explained his singular intention to go to France.

"In the time of Napoleon," he said, "a prize was offered by the French Government for the simplest rule of measuring plain surfaces of whatever outline. The prize has never been awarded, and that method I have discovered." He then demonstated his problem to the surprise and gratification of his friends, who immediately furnished him with the means of defraying his expenses, and with letters of introduction to the Hon. Lewis Cass, then our Minister at the court of France.

He was introduced to Louis Philippe, and in the presence of the King, nobles, and plenapotentiaries, the American youth demonstrated his problem and received the plaudits of the court. He received the prize, which he had clearly won, besides valuable presents from the King.

He then took letters of introduction, and proceeded to the court of St. James, where he took up a similar prize offered by the Royal Society, and returned to the United States. Here he was preparing to secure the benefit of his discovery, by patent, when he received a letter from the Emperor Nicholas himself, one of whose ministers had attended his demonstrations at St. James, inviting him to make his residence at the Russian court, and furnishing him with ample means for his outfit.

He complied with the invitation, repaired to St. Petersburgh, and is now Professor of Mathematics in the Royal College, under the special protection of the Autocrat of all the Russias.

### INTEMPERENCE OF GREAT MEN.

The biographies of some of the most distinguished literary characters of this and other countries, present lamentable examples of the direful effects of alcoholic liquors on the intellect. The national injury thus sustained may be considered in a two-fold point of view: that is, in the first place, from the partial incapacity for mental labors which is thereby produced; and secondly, the premature mortality of men whose mental exertions might otherwise have greatly benefitted their country. Byron and Burns form prominent examples. Prior, according to his biography, was not free from the charge of intemperance. Dr. King states that Pope hastened his end by drinking spirits. Pope remarks that Parnell "was a great follower of drams, and strangely open and scandalous in his debaucheries," all are agreed, that "he became a sot, and finished his existence."—Dryden, in his youthful days, was conspicuous for sobriety: "but for the last ten years of his life," observers Dennis, "he was much acquainted with Addison, and drank with him even more than he ever used to do, probably so far as to hasten his end." "Cowley's death," remarks Pope, "was occasioned by a mean accident; while his great friend, Dean Pratt, was on a visit with him at Chertsey. They had been together to see a neighbor of Cowley's who, according to the fashion of the times, made them too welcome. They did not set out on their walk home, till it was too late, and had drank so deep, they lay out in the fields all night. This gave Cowley the fever and carried him off."—The immortal Shakspeare also fell a victim to the same direful habit.*

*Shakspeare, Drayton, and Ben Jonson, had a merry meeting, and it seems drank too hard, for Shakspeare died of a fever there contracted.—[*Diary of the Rev. John Ward, M. A., Vicar of Stratford upon Avon.*

INTERESTING IN RELATION TO THE JEWS.—The London Jewish Chronicle of June 12th, publishes the contents of an interesting letter from Jerusalem.—The brethern of the *ten tribes* it seems are to be hunted out, and for this purpose the Jews in England intend to exert a hearty co-operation with those settled in other lands. On the 16th of May a letter arrived in London from the synagogue authorities of Sapheth, saying that in consequence of important information having reached them as to the country where the brethren of the ten tribes are to be found, a resolution was immediately passed to elect from among their congregation a man ready and capable for a mission to that country. They appeal to the Jerusalem Jews for co-operation, and also to select in Jerusalem one from the Sephardim (Portuguese) Jews, and one from the Ashkenasim (German and Polish) Jews, and to send the three messengers together, who will have to travel for several months through enormous deserts.

It is said that these ten tribes constitute an empire of their own, have their own king, and possess great quantities of ammunition. They are of high stature; and have altogether an athletic appearance. They are generally occupied with the study of Kabala, are strictly religious, and very wealthy, being in possession of many gold mines. They do not permit a foreigner to settle among them; even the sojourn of a few days can be obtained only by the payment of an enormous tax, with the exception of Israelites, who are received as friends, permitted to reside among them, and are altogether recognized as their own brethren. The synagogue authorities in Jerusalem have consented to the mission, though they will have to incur a heavy expense, which so long a journey requires. —*Boston Transcript.*

☞"Say, Uncle! Ben, what sort 'o animals are them 'ere punkins that are all over black, a'most blue and a little reddish?' 'Them, Johnathan, are called egg-plants—wegetable eggs.' 'Eggs! Well, I swan, I should like to see one on 'em hatched, to see what sort o' critters wegetables am.'

DOMESTIC GREEK.—The Knickerbocker gives the following choice specimen of *Domestic* Greek:

"*Jon Cameron camerto plaionthe fidelto the lassis.*"

which translated, signifies, "John Cameron came here to play on the fiddle to the lassies."

CURIOSITY OF CRITICISM.—One of our weeklies describes a poem as "a spiritual bath of wine and milk, with June roses afloat in its purple-tinted surface!"

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2940_scm11032-0969.jpg