

Literary and Miscellaneous.

THE LEYDEN PROFESSOR AND THE LIVING MUMMY.

From the Englishman's Magazine for July.

Elevated on a small platform, and comfortably deposited in an old-fashioned, high-backed venerable-looking chair, sat Tobiasus Eleazer Von Broech, at one end of the theatrum anatomicum, or hall of anatomy, in the University of Leyden. He was in the act of holding forth, in very Ciceroan and Dutch-built latin, to some thirty or forty students of anatomy, who were seated on benches, and all-muffled in their black gowns, in the most respectful and attentive manner.

Alas! did I say "all that the earth contained of wonderful?" Grieved is the error I have made! There was one thing the museum wanted, and to procure which was the object of the professor's life. About fifteen years previous to the time of which I speak, a learned stranger from Gottingen visited Leyden. He was of course conducted through the museum by its never-to-be-much-respected keeper. Proud was the Professor of this opportunity of pointing out its riches, and of inspiring with awe the learned stranger from Gottingen. Judge then, of Tobiasus Eleazer Von Broech's horror and astonishment, when the learned stranger from Gottingen turned up his nose at the whole, and merely remarked with a sneer, "you have not even an Egyptian mummy!"

Plain as it was, the envy alone was at the bottom of this conduct; it was nevertheless but too true that the theatrum anatomicum of Leyden—the incomparable museum verum naturalium, did not possess a mummy. It was an appalling fact—and the more appalling that it had hitherto been overlooked. Had the learned stranger from Gottingen taken from the nail on which it hung, the poisoned arrow of Java, and plunged it in the side of the professor Von Broech, he could not have inflicted on him a more deadly injury than by thus pointing out the deficiency of that collection which had been to him, from his youth upwards, every thing—father, mother, wife, children, and all.

The professor determines the museum shall no longer rest under the reproach of being without a mummy, and orders, through the medium of a merchant in Leyden, one of the best that can be had in Egypt, by the vessel founders bringing it over. He sends again—the vessel is blown up; he sends a third time, and a similar misfortune happens. He now abandons the idea of importing a mummy, and determines to manufacture one at home; and having plenty of subjects he proceeds—

For a time every thing went on exactly as he could have wished. The process of disemboweling was rather tedious, especially as the subject he had to work on was, of course, Dutch. But Tobiasus persevered, and having stuffed into the body a plentiful supply of spices, he proceeded to wrap it up with due attention to what he considered the science of art. He thus succeeded at length in compounding a mummy, which, to his too partial eye, appeared not one whit inferior to the best of the race of Pharaoh. His pride and happiness, however, continued but for a few days. At the expiration of that period, there was a something sullied the olfactory nerves, which forced the alumni, as soon as they entered the theatrum anatomicum, to stuff their handkerchiefs to their noses and to assume an expression of countenance which plainly indicated to the learned professor that his mummy was betraying itself in a manner peculiarly insulting to his knowledge of the art of embalming.

The professor, finding all his plans for procuring the mummy abortive, and ascribing his want of success in the last experiment, to the usual obesity of his countrymen whether living or dead, therefore sets out for France, where *sous maigre*, *grenouilles*, and *sour wine* being the usual fare of the natives of that country, he hopes to procure a subject fitting for the purpose he had so much at heart. The reader is next introduced to two gentlemen on the quay of Rotterdam; the personal appearance of one of them is described as follows:—

The outward man of Tobiasus Van Vleiten presented a strange contrast to that of his companion. He was at least six feet high, and his person was as spare as it was lengthy. His complexion was dingy and sallow; and his sharp, prominent nose projected like a wedge from his dried up and hollow cheeks. His large, dull, fish-like eyes, floated beneath a brown wig, which fitted close to his head. He wore a long cinnamon-colored frock coat, which, notwithstanding the warmth of the evening, was buttoned on the chin to the top, thus exhibiting the unnatural thinness of his lengthy figure in one unbroken line. The buttons on this cinnamon-colored coat, were the only redeeming point in Van Vleiten's costume; they consisted of double ducats; and as they glittered in the evening sun, many a poor fellow, laboring hard for a few stivers, could not help breaking, in his own mind, the tenth commandment, whilst he looked at them. Van Vleiten had spent many years of his life in Batavia, where he had realised immense wealth in the skin trade; and his but unwholesome habits had finally accounted for the bilious and exanguineous hue of his own cuticle. Loss of health, however, is price which few have the good sense to refuse to pay for the acquisition of wealth. On every opportunity, Van Vleiten had made large remittances from Batavia to Rotterdam, where, his funds lay at good interest, and whether he himself at length determined to follow them; accompanied by his only daughter, the heiress of her dead mother's beauty, and her living father's wealth—

"Most willingly," answered the professor; "but what I have to say must be communicated in private." "If then you are ready to show yourself to me," replied Tobiasus, whose curiosity began to be excited by this unexpected rencontre, "you may call upon me to-morrow at my own house between the hours of twelve and two. Any one will inform you where Heer Van Vleiten resides."

"I shall not fail," said Von Broech, bowing profoundly, and casting many a longing look after the opulent merchant as he carried his thin configuration away along the Maas, accompanied by his fat friend Van Daalen. Scarcely had the steeples of Rotterdam rung out at the hour of noon, ere Tobiasus presented himself at the stately mansion of Van Vleiten. To no other heightening of his delight, he was ushered into an apartment furnished in the most sumptuous oriental style. The opulent merchant made his appearance in the same dress he had worn the day before, and, if possible, looking more lank and thin than ever. Joy sparkled through the green spectacles of Tobiasus as he gazed upon his emaciated figure, and already saw him in imagination dead and exultated among the repositories of the museum.

"Fortunate man!" exclaimed the prudent professor, without waiting for the usual little ceremonies by which conversation is generally opened. "Fortunate man, happy was the hour in which you were born, and happier, far happier will be that in which you shall die! Let me ask you one question—have you yet made your will?" "Sir!" said Van Vleiten, not a little astonished at this mode of address; "I have made my will; but I cannot conceive of what importance that circumstance should be to you—a perfect stranger?" "A codicil! a codicil!" cried Tobiasus earnestly, "you must add a codicil to that will."

"To what effect?" asked Van Vleiten. "To the effect of ensuring your preservation for centuries—nay, for thousands of years! To the effect of making science your debtor, and posterity your friend!—To the effect of procuring yourself a name and a being that shall never perish, and a perpetual residence in the most illustrious museum in the whole United Netherlands!" Van Vleiten opened his dull eyes to their full extent. "If I rightly understand you," said he, "you mean to inform me that you are in possession of that far famed secret, the *elixir vitæ*, by which the body is preserved inviolable against the attacks of disease. Pray be seated; if your learned researches have made you acquainted with this grand mystery, I shall be happy to have attracted your regard!"

"Heaven forbid!" answered Tobiasus, "that any professor of the University of Leyden should devote his attention to so vain and profitless a pursuit—a branch of the black art, and an engine in the hands of the evil one! No, mynheer Van Vleiten, I am possessed of the secret of preserving the body from decay, but not until the immortal spirit has quitted its earthly tenement; and the testamentary legacy which I wish you to bequeath to Leyden, and to me, is, your own person; that one thing needful may therefore be added to our incomparable museum, namely, 'Impertinent scoundrel!' interrupted Van Vleiten, bursting into a fury that deprived him of all self command. "do you dare to ask that I—the most substantial merchant of Holland, a councillor of the Indies, and a Bewindhebber of Rotterdam—should allow my body to be given over to dissection, for the gratification of your depraved appetite, or the benefit of your paltry academy?"

"Most worthy sir!" replied Tobiasus, with great coolness, "you totally mistake my meaning. Only look at your own configuration, like the venerable Greek sage, and tell me whether, with those bloodless limbs of yours, you would not make the worst subject of dissection ever laid upon the table of our theatrum anatomicum? I have a higher and nobler destiny for you. The tawny hue and well dried proportions of your rare exterior shall never be invaded by the rusty knife of the surgical demonstrator. All proceed by a simple process of disemboweling, and a sufficient quantity of cloves, ginger, pepper, and hot spices, to perfect the work already nearly finished to my hands; to prevent any putrescent odor ever escaping from the juiceless aridity of your dry but still-life like body; and in short to hand you down to all ages, a fruitless specimen of a mummy."

"Of a what?" cried Van Vleiten, hardly able to speak for passion. "Of a mummy!" pursued Tobiasus with enthusiasm, "a mummy compounded like unto the mummies who are the descendants of the Pharaohs. By many a generation yet to come thou shalt be acknowledged for one of the children of Sesostris. The piteous appellation of Tobiasus Van Vleiten shall be sunk forever, and thy bloodless arteries, cartilages, lymphatics, nerves, bones and skin, shall rejoice in the more dignified and historical name of Amenophis, or Themosis; or perhaps, even the splendid cognomen of Osiris itself!" "Go to the devil!" ejaculated the enraged Van Vleiten. "Insolent impostor, begone!" and so saying he seized the head of a nodding mandarin, which he hurled at the august pericranium of Doctor Tobiasus Eleazer Von Broech. Tobiasus stooped to avoid the unwonted missile, which, glancing over his shoulders, unfortunately fractured the nose of the "Great Vishnu," in the centre of the room. This disfigurement of this favorite idol almost drove Van Vleiten distracted, and making a spring towards Tobiasus, he would, in all probability, have done something deadly, had not the illustrious professor, perceiving his intention, effected a rapid retreat towards the door, and leaving one of the skirts of his coat in the hands of Van Vleiten, hastened from the house with greater expedition than he had ever been known to use in his life before.

Notwithstanding the unfavorable aspect of his prospect in this affair, the professor determines not to give up his design on the person of Van Vleiten, and accordingly takes lodgings near the house of that gentleman, where he can watch *inog*, his intrigues. Van Vleiten, meantime, and suffering somewhat from the excitement produced by his interview with the professor, that he is seized with a lethargic complaint, which confines him in a state of insensibility to his bed. The story then proceeds—

"who this person was during his life-time, or what name may have belonged to him, it is unnecessary now to enquire; the soul has already left its mansion, and the empty body is about to pass into a new state of existence, and to receive the far nobler name of Amenophis, or Themosis, or Cheops, or—

"A truce with your unintelligible jargon," interrupted young Van Daalen. "the worthy Van Vleiten must have died suddenly, and you have stolen his body, for by no other means could you possibly have become possessed of it. It is illegitimate property, and I demand its restitution." "It was some time before Van Vleiten fairly came to himself, or recovered from the fright he had sustained. For several days he could not be persuaded that the process of embalming had not actually taken place, and that he was not at least as much of a mummy as a living being. He declared that he could never get the better of the dreadful sensations he experienced when he first opened his eyes in the theatrum anatomicum, and beheld the frightful objects that presented themselves to his bewildered gaze. By constant care and excellent nursing, however, he at length manifested symptoms of convalescence; and he was no sooner reinstated in his own house, than he intimated to the delighted Van Daalen, as he conceived he owed his life to the intrepid interference of Wilhelm, he did not think he could do less than bestow upon him the hand of Wilhelmina.

It was a merry day in Rotterdam, when the respective heirs of the two richest merchants it contained, were united in the holy bands of matrimony. From that day Van Vleiten, to his own astonishment, grew fatter and fatter, till at length he became only a little less corpulent than any of his brother burgomasters; while, on the contrary, the unfortunate Tobiasus Eleazer Von Broech grew leaner and leaner; and though he continued to haunt for some years longer the theatrum anatomicum, he dwindled at length into such a shadow, that had there been another professor at Leyden, equally versed in the art of embalming, Tobiasus himself might have been compounded into a mummy, for the great cause of science, and the glory of the United Netherlands.

Switzerland in Indiana.—It would seem by the following account of this Western settlement, given in an Indiana paper, that the Swiss emigrants who throng our streets, have only to travel a few hundred miles to find themselves again at home, in the midst of prosperous fellow countrymen. "We have often, says the Veray Monitor, admired the beauty, order, and fertility of the Switzerland farms and vineyards, and seen with delight, the happy and contented countenances of the industrious Swiss, bespeaking health, peace, and plenty. Frequently, have we heard Switzerland spoken of, by those who pass up and down the river, as being one of the most enchanting places on the banks of the Ohio."

We had the curiosity, a few days since, to make some inquiries from one of the first settlers, and from him we learned the following facts:—In the year 1801, three families, consisting of seventeen persons, left Switzerland, in Europe, for this country. In the year 1803, they settled what we now term Switzerland proper, on the rich and fertile banks of the Ohio, half a mile below Veray. The amount of their riches, at that time, consisted in athletic bodies, industrious economical and temperate habits, and seven dollars in money. This stock was not misimproved; they planted vineyards and commenced the cultivation of the grape. They now manufacture from four to five thousand gallons of wine yearly, which is known in market as the "Veray wine." They have some of the most beautiful orchards in the western country, bearing the most rich and delicious fruit. Of the seventeen persons who came to this country together, all are living except two, and those two died in good old age. They are now eighty-four in number, making a very good increase for twenty eight years. From time to time, accessions have been made to their numbers, by emigrants from their native country, so that there are now in Switzerland and its vicinity about two hundred Swiss; and we venture to say the same number of people cannot be found in the U. States of America, in whose honesty and integrity more confidence can be placed. They live and associate with one another as human beings should, like members of one great family. Retaining most of the customs of their native land, they are generally surrounded by plenty, and in their dwellings are found cheerfulness and hospitality.

To witness the first grand display upon the magnificent circus which the Baltimoreans have erected in the neighborhood of the monumental city, we took a flying trip to the great race of Wednesday. The whole scene was interesting. The race was a fine one, but to a looker on, the gayety of some, the anxiety of others the animation of all who attended the spectacle, rich in splended equipages and all the beauty and fashion of Baltimore, excite the liveliest emotions. Enthusiasm is contagious in the midst of ten thousand spectators, and the voice in which the multitude gave utterance to the feelings occasionally excited, realized the descriptions of the Roman circus and the Olympic games.

The people of Baltimore signalize their high spirit in all their undertakings. Their swift cutters at sea; their rail roads on land—display their commercial enterprise. The vigorous and successful defence of their city against foreign invaders, and the monument with which they have commemorated the gallantry of those who died in that defence, and a sublimer one which they have raised as a trophy to the illustrious man who lived to establish the independence and union of the States, all manifest the bold, elevated, munificent and patriotic character of the people.

In the very amusements which they have chosen, and the style in which they are provided for, the Baltimoreans show their disposition to blend usefulness in their designs with magnificence in the execution of them.

Next to the breed of noble men, they seem disposed to encourage the breed of noble steeds, and their central course is intended, no doubt, as a theatre on which the different States of the Union, contending for the prize with fine horses, will be excited to emulation in rearing this generous animal, the powerful ally of man, in peace and war.

The spot chosen for the course, and the manner in which the preparations have been made, do great credit to the judgment and taste of those to whose management it was confided. The course is an oblong circle, and the field within it concave, so that a spectator standing in the centre, looks up on the race, while those on the outside the track, may be said to look down upon it. The whole space is encompassed by a high planking. At the goal or judges' stand, about two hundred yards of the course is enclosed with a low palisade, in which the horses entered for the race, and the persons connected with the course, are alone admitted.

On the outside of this space, the pavilion for the ladies, and separate stands for the subscribers to the course and other spectators, are erected. We were much gratified to see the celebrated Eclipse introduced into the area before the Racers were brought out. The tap of the drum awakened all the fire of this conquerer for the Turf and it was with some difficulty that the groom was enabled to take off the royal robes of scarlet in which he was dressed for the occasion.—Washington Globe.

From the London Times. Sir Robert Peel complains of the electioneering spirit of the Americans. The Americans are a shrewd and calculating people; they have profited by the example of England; they see in our wars and our debt, and our wasteful establishments, what inattention to their own concerns invariably bring on a people; and warned by the state of Europe, they very wisely take care to whom they commit the keeping of their earnings, as well as their lives and liberties. In this respect the state of their finances and the value of their stock prove that they are right; and happy would it have been for the people of England had they manifested equal prudence and foresight.

It is not true that the Americans think of nothing else but their elections. Where will you find another people equally enterprising, indefatigable, and persevering in pursuit of objects of real importance? Look at their rising manufactures, at their canals and roads, at their public schools, at their commerce with all nations, at their navy, and at the respect with which their government is treated, even by those who hate them and dread the example of their prosperity—and then say if they have not consulted their true interests by taking care whom they make legislators.

Would America have become what she is, if she had introduced into her government the system of rotten-borough representation of which Sir R. Peel is even yet the champion, instead of a true principle of representation? If her citizens had basely yielded to the dictation of a handful of selfish and arrogant pretenders to public spirit and political wisdom, instead of exercising their own understandings, would they have been prosperous as they now are? But would Great Britain have lost the United States if she had maintained the great principles of the Constitution? No; it was her degeneracy, her excessive confidence in her rulers, which lost her America, and without a recurrence to those principles, and the exercise of that vigilance, to which nations owe their freedom and prosperity, she must have become, and that very speedily, the scorn of the people whom she allowed, from her subjects, to become her rivals. Sir R. Peel is very unfortunate, then, in his reference to America. He should have referred to Spain, Portugal, or Italy, in illustration of his argument, and shown us what their inertness and low abject spirit had done to promote their prosperity.

LARGEST CASK IN THE WORLD.—A Subscriber has sent us an extract from Keyser's Travels, giving an account of a wine cask which that writer saw at Konigstein. The length of it is seventeen Dresden ells, (the Dresden ell is a fraction less than twenty-two inches and a quarter English,) and its bung diameter is twelve ells. It consists of an hundred and fifty-seven staves, each eight inches thick; and fifty-four boards for the heads, twenty-six in one and twenty-eight in the other. The cask was filled with "good Meissen wine," which cost about six thousand pounds sterling, reckoning the value at three pence half penny a quart. It holds three thousand seven hundred and nine hogsheads of Dresden measure. Till this was made, the tun at Heidelberg was considered the largest in the world; but this cask contains six hundred and forty-nine hogsheads more. The top of it is railed in, and affords room for fifteen or twenty persons to regale themselves. On one head is a Latin inscription, of which the following is a translation:—"Welcome traveller, and admire this monument, dedicated to festivity, in order to exhilarate the mind with a cheerful glass, in the year 1725, by Frederick Augustus, King of Poland, and elector of Saxony, the father of his country, the Titus of his age, the delight of mankind. Therefore drink to the health of the sovereign, the country, the electoral family, and Baron Kyaw, Governor of Konigstein; and if thou art able, according to the dignity of this cask, the most capacious of all casks, drink to the prosperity of the whole universe. Farewell."—Boston Transcript.

Speed of the Horse.—As every thing relating to the performances of this noble animal is worthy of record, we give place to the following which we find in a late English paper:—"Common report says that FLYING CHILDERS could run a mile in a minute, but there is no authentic record of this. He ran over the Round Course at Newmarket (three miles six furlongs and ninety-three yards) in six minutes and forty seconds; and the Beacon Course (four miles one furlong and 138 yards), in seven minutes and thirty seconds. In 1772 a mile was run by Firetail in one minute and four seconds. In October, 1741, at the Currah Meeting in Ireland, Mr. Wilde engaged to ride 127 miles in nine hours. He performed it in six hours and 21 minutes. He employed ten horses, and allowing for mounting and dismounting and a moment for refreshment, he rode for six hours at the rate of twenty miles

an hour. Mr. Thornhill, in 1745, exceeded this, for he rode from Stilton to London and back, and again to Stilton, being 213 miles, in 11 hours and 34 minutes, which is, after allowing the least possible time for changing horses, 20 miles an hour for 11 hours, and on the turnpike road and on even ground. Mr. Shatroe, in 1762, with ten horses, and five of them ridden twice, accomplished fifty miles and a quarter in one hour and forty-nine minutes. In 1763, Mr. Shaftoe won a more extraordinary match. He was to procure a person to ride one hundred miles a day, on any one horse each day, for twenty nine days together, and to have any number of horses not exceeding twenty-nine. He accomplished it on fourteen horses; and, on one day he rode one hundred and sixty miles, on account of the tiring of his first horse. Mr. Hull's Quibbler, however, afforded the most extraordinary instance on record of the stoutness as well as speed of the race horse. In December, 1780, he ran twenty-three miles, round the flat at Newmarket, in fifty minutes and ten seconds."

All Humberg!—When Stephen Kemble was manager in Newcastle, and the houses were rather flat, no less a person arrived in town than the Prince Annamaboo, who offered his services for a moderate consideration. Accordingly the bills of the day announced, "that between the acts of the play, Prince Annamaboo would give a lively representation of the scalping operation; he would likewise give the Indian war-whoop, in all the various tones; the tomahawk exercise, and the mode of feasting at an Abyssinian banquet." The evening arrived, and many people attended to witness these princely imitations. At the end of the third act, his Highness walked forward, with dignified step, flourishing his tomahawk, and cut the air, exclaiming, "Ha, ha—ho ho!" Next entered a man with his face blackened, and a piece of bladder fastened to his head with gum; the Prince, with a large carving-knife, commenced his scalping operation, which he performed in a style truly imperial, holding up the skin in token of triumph. Next came the war-whoop, which was a combination of discordant sounds. Lastly, the Abyssinian banquet, consisting of raw beef steaks; these he made into rolls as large as his mouth would admit, and devoured them in a princely and dignified manner. Having completed his cannibal repast, he flourished his tomahawk, exclaiming, "Ha, ha—ho ho!" and made his exit. Next day the manager, in the middle of the market-place, espied the most puissant Prince Annamaboo selling pen-knives, scissors, and quills, in the character of a Jew pedlar. "What!" said Kemble, "my Prince, is that you? Are you not a pretty Jewish scoundrel to impose upon us in this manner?" Moses turned round, and with an arch look, replied, "Prince be—I vash no Prince, I vash acting a-like you; if vash kings, princes, emperors, to-day—Stephen Kemble to-morrow; I vash humberg, you vash humberg, all vash humberg."

From the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser. THE MILITIA SYSTEM.—The ludicrous militia scenes of yesterday, are re-acting in the upper part of the city to day. We understand that some of the commissioned officers took high offence at the attempts of their troops to bring contempt upon the system. The course adopted was to order all those men who were grotesquely attired; to be detached into squads and severely drilled until sun down. In some instances the officers gave tyrannical orders, for which they should be ashamed of themselves; as they well know that the ridicule was directed at a useless and burdensome system. Unquestionably the ridicule was very effective; for no eye hath seen such scare-crows before. Falstaff's recruits were lords of the bed-chamber, in comparison. All were well acquainted every requirement of the law, and were implicit in their obedience, preserving the utmost gravity and good nature during the frolic. The poor non-commissioned drill-officers were in the worst predicament, as their squads were continually pressed on all sides by the admiring rabblement, from the sentimental chimney-sweep to the lack-a-daisical dandy; and their orders were often drowned in the general haw-haw. Sometimes these poor officers tried to look dignified; sometimes severe and sometimes ridiculous were truly the most ludicrous and fantastic ridicule was before them. Indeed, we suspect that ever devised by the wit of man, had not been called in for the occasion: "Mischief in her proper shape—a woman," says the poet. To describe their dresses would take a column; a space which we cannot afford to-day. Some had high hats and some low; some broad brims and some no brims at all;—some cock'd up on one side, and some on 't'other, and some behind and some before. Some had plumes enough on a single head, for a whole company. Some had corduroy inexpressibles with huge roses of red ribbons at the knees; some were be-ribboned and be-furbelowed all over; some were quakers and some Knickerbockers; some were Indians more frightful than the Sioux;—some had one black and one white leg, and others appeared with patched dresses of all hues and colors—Lucifer, always in mischief, was likewise in one company, with as wags a tail as he whisked about during his morning walk in London. In another company, one of the ordinary private wore a net-woven dress from top to toe, resembling the scaly covering with which Alexander Robinson has pictured old Brimstone while addressing the Sun, in short it was a very odd affair. To-night there is to be a great meeting, to devise further measures of ridicule.—Capt. Partridge is to give a lecture on the defects and usefulness of the system;—and on Saturday we are informed there will be a general turn-out of counterfeit tartan-dresses, to the number of many thousands, with tin swords, wooden guns and cornstalks.—Vice la Bagatelle.

CHOICE OF A WIFE, (BURLEIGH'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.)—"When it shall please God to bring thee to man's estate, use great providence and circumspection in choosing thy wife; for from thence will spring all thy future good or evil.—And it is an action of thy life, like unto a stratagem of war; wherein a man can err but once. If thy estate be good, match near home, and at leisure; if weak, far off, and quickly. Inquire diligently of her disposition, and how her parents have been inclined in their youth. Let her not be poor, how generous soever; for a man can buy nothing in the market with gentility. Nor choose a base and uncivil creature altogether for wealth for it will cause contempt of others and loathing in thee. Neither make choice of a dwarf or a fool; for by the one thou shalt beget a race of pigmies, the other will be thy continual disgrace, and it will yirke thee to hear her talk. For thou shalt find it to thy great grief that there is nothing more fulsome than a shrew-fool.

Reasons for being in Debt.—As Turnbull the late Dalkeith Officer, was handing a summons to a collier, he said, "It's a curious thing that ye haud me coming to you sae often, can ye no get out o' debt?" "Get out o' debt, Mr. Turnbull," said the Knight of the Black Diamond, "deed it takes a' my time and wye the gettin' into't. I'm astonished how ony body can ha'e leisure to warstle out o'it."

That is a bad sect of Christians which encourages its members to think contemptuously of all other sects of Christians.