



From the Sunday Mercury.
SHORT PATENT SERMON.
BY "DOW JR."

The words of my text, for this occasion, are as follows:

Of the gamblers habits, dear friends beware,
Of the gamblers fate be warned.

My dear hearers:—The devil, that scientific fisher after the souls of silly men and beautiful women—perhaps never baited his hook with a more attractive vice than gambling, a bait at which there is little or no nibbling but always fair bites, and sure catch. It is a bait of which many of our men-gudgeons, I acknowledge, are apt to be shy at first; but when they once get a smell at it, down it goes, and neither strength nor struggle can extricate the hook from their gills. They repent of their folly when they find themselves dished; but, when they are once served up, repentance can avail them nothing. Beware my friends, of the habit of gambling. It instills a position into your souls that will eventually contaminate your characters and your carcasses, and render you loathsome objects of corruption in the sight of a moral and religious community—brings a gloom upon the present, and darkens all the bright prospects of the future.

Young man—you juvenile wanderer along the sin-stained street of temptation! turn not into those dens of iniquity where money and morals are sacrificed at the throw of a dice, and where the flames of dire dissipation are kindled upon the wreck of virtue. Pursue the plain path of uprightness that lies open before you, which is worth as much more than the fickle friendship of a few blacklegs as a single share of heaven is of greater value than a mortgage on the whole of the infernal regions. What can it profit you, young mortal, if you gain a few dollars of your brother gamblers, and lose your own character, soul and shoes at last?—Remember, that while you stake your cash, you also stake your reputation; and although you win a trifle on the one hand, you lose that upon the other which should be dearer to you than all the gold ever wasted upon the temple of Solomon. Besides, gambling is almost sure to lead you into habits of intoxication, which you are no more likely to shake off than a dog is to rid himself of fleas by rushing through a bunch of brambles. Although you might swear, as I know many do with the Bible in one hand and a bottle of brandy in the other; that you would turn from the error of your ways, still the unstrung nerves of resolution would so require a recurrence to your former follies, as to induce you to continue in your walks of wickedness till you bring up all standing at the door of destruction, unreformed, unredeemed, un sanctified and unmarried.

Man of maturity! upon whose good behaviour and correct deportment depend the welfare of a wife and family, I beseech you from the bottom of my bosom, never to frequent the haunts of gamblers. If you fancy that you are at liberty to gamble away your shillings and your shirt, you have no moral right to put your domestic partner in the pool, and throw in your children by way of small change. Recollect, that at the altar of Hymen, you promised to love, cherish and protect her; and there was no provision made for you to sacrifice her at the shrine of iniquity through the sudden impulse of an unholy inclination. No; what is yours is hers, and what is hers is her own.—She has an indisputable claim upon your support and protection; and if you leave her to retire in sorrow to her solitary bed for a single night, while you are wasting the best gifts that the Almighty ever bestowed upon the creatures of earth, over farrow, dice or roulette, you ought to be indicted for woman slaughter in its first degree, and fed upon the crumbs of curses all the days of your life.

Man of gray hairs! whose pathway to the grave is comparatively barren; whose flowers of youthful enjoyment have faded before the frosts of age; whose green leaves of joy have

fallen in the autumn of existence; and whose sense of love and ambition has become as dry as a pint of peanuts: I cannot expect that you will burn out the last of life's candle in the dark den of of the gambler. Your nose is already in the portal of the tomb, and a few turns more of Time's ever revolving wheel will shove you five or six rods at least behind the confines of this wicked and wo stricken world. The seeds of salvation that have been so long soaking in your sinful breast, I trust, are now beginning to sprout; and my sincere hope is, that the young scions may not wilt and wither in the sirocco of gambling and dissipation, during the little time you are permitted to sojourn among the live stock of earth.

My dear friends, one and all: beware of the gambler's habits; they are death even to doctors. When they once get fastened upon you, they hang on like a consumptive cough, and increase in violence as you grow in years.—The only medicine that can possibly do you good when once afflicted, is such as I deal out to you in kindness, mercy, love and christian philanthropy. If you disregard my advice, you may go to the devil, and delight in your deeds; but if you listen to it and act accordingly, you can go to glory free of expense. Be warned, likewise, of the gambler's fate. He treads upon many places through life, and makes his bed each night among the sharpest thorns of remorse. His latter end is as bitter as the ripest extremity of a cucumber; and he leaves a moral trench behind him when he departs for that country whence no transported individual ever returns. Be warned I repeat, of the gambler's fate, and follow not in his footsteps, lest you be despised and rejected and looked upon as the vilest of the vermin that crawl upon the footstool of the Omnipotent: but when you seek for amusement, let it be that which yields no deadly contagion within itself; but rather that which give health to the body, activity to the mind, and strength to the morals. Protect your pockets; preserve your virtues; be careful of your character; get married as soon as convenient; never get drunk nor gamble; and you will find the light of heaven bursting in upon you before you are fairly out of the gloomy vale of life. So mote it be!

The Holly Springs Gazette, speaking of the late Circuit court there, says—"Among other proceedings, it is said that 'a limb of the law,' while arguing a demurrer, delivered himself after this fashion, in reference to the council on the other side—"If I had the eloquence of a Demosthenes or a Cicero, I should not be able to conjugate the gentleman's bombastic superfluities and philological inuendoes."

Home, Sweet Home.—Starving in a New York boarding house; sleeping between dirty sheets; a very cold night, and seven panes of glass shivered out of your window; and upon awaking in the morning to find yourself covered with snow—which has drifted upon you during the night.

Western Eloquence.—"What, Gentlemen of the Jury! Do you suppose that my client, Gentlemen—Billy Bird, all the way from Culpepper County, State of Ferginny, would steal three yards ninepenny coting cloth? No! I recking not—I sponse not, Gentlemen."

There is a man down South, whose mouth is so extravagantly large, that it requires three men to make use of it.

COMFORTABLE.—Corns on the feet and a pair of tight boots; a tender chin, a tough beard, and a dull razor.

From the Saturday Courier.

EPIGRAM.

As the poor hungry beggar views
His tattered, torn and worn-out shoes,
'Alas!' cries he, 'they're full of holes;
These are the days that try men's soles!'

'Nimrod, do you know the meaning of the word amphibious?'

'Yes sir—it's a boss-marine sort of critter, what always sits on a rock, 'cause it wont stay in the water, and can't live on land.'

'Why,' said a cockney to his friend, 'has Dickens written better than Shakspeare or Milton, eh? Give it up? Because, although they both wrote well, Boz has written *Weller*.'

In a lecture recently delivered by Professor Maffit, the following beautiful apostrophe to water was introduced:

'The strength of rum! give me only the pale water, which nature brews down in the bright crystal alembics of her cloud-crested mountains. Give me, when I would assail with strained nerves and the arduous outlay of bones and sinews some amount of opposition, reared full and impassable in my path—give me only that pure flow which followed the Prophet's rod—give me that gush cool and clear that bubbled up before Hagar and Ishmael in the desert. Give me only that fluid which trickles down the bright sides of our own American mountains—gathers into rills in the woody uplands, then rolls into broad, beautiful, transparent rivers—spread into lakes, the mirrors to reflect all that is dark or soft, or bright, or deep in the unfathomed firmament above.—Give me these crystal streams—these cool, fever allaying waves, in health or sickness, when the thirst of the last fatal fever shall assail my vitals—give me these waters, untortured and free, until that moment when I shall drink the waters of eternal life!

An English lady who went to make purchases at a shop in Jamaica, accompanied by her black maid, was repeatedly addressed by the negro-shopman as 'massa,' whereupon her sable follower exclaimed with a look of infinite contempt—

'Why for you speak sosh bad English; Why for you call my missus 'massa?' Stupid fellow!—him's a she.'

A person in New Orleans advertises for a little girl who ran away from the corner of Elysian Fields and Good Children street. She left a good name behind, at any rate.

Yeast, it is said, has been given to the Yankee lasses to make them rise early; but others, of less industrious habits, have rejected the prescription, and will only rise by a-leven. Oh, hops!

Says Tom to Tim, 'I love your spouse,
Egad she seems a rare rib.'
'Yes, yes,' quoth Tim, and rubbed his brows,
'But mark—she's not a spare-rib!'

Equivocal Compliments.—Compliments may be offered in all sincerity, and yet have a very equivocal sound as in the case of the city knight, unable to aspire the letter H, who, being deputed to address William the Third, exclaimed, 'future age, recording your Majesty's exploits, will pronounce you to 'ave been a Nero!'

Not less honest and ambiguous was the negro's compliment to the great emancipator: 'Goramighty bless Massa Wilberforce! He had a white face, but he had a black heart.'

The following is an impromptu on the fine of 5s. lately inflicted on a schoolmaster at Rye, England, for kissing a lady's lips against her consent:

The fare of a buss at the most is a shilling,
But the buss is a crown if the fair be unwilling.

A most diabolical murder has taken place in New York. A man named Christian Burk, a tailor of dissipated habits, struck his wife on the head with an axe a number of times, inflicting ghastly wounds, by which she died in a few minutes. Jealously was the cause. The man was immediately taken into custody, and has since committed suicide by hanging.

Strange Coincidence.—There is at present living at Tockholes, near Blackburn, a woman named Agnes Brindle, to whom the following extraordinary incidents have happened during her progress through life. She has been the mother of twenty children—ten sons and ten daughters—of whom two were born in one day; two were christened in one day; two were married in one day; and two were buried in one day. Shortly after her marriage, this said female planted in her garden an apple pip, which grew, in the course of years, into a tree, from the wood of which she supplied herself, not many years since, with a wooden leg, having had the misfortune to lose one of the props which had supported her for many years.

'What are you driving at?' as the little uig-gler chanted when the dray ran over him.

The Farm of Cincinnatus.—The farm of the celebrated Roman Cincinnatus, it is said, consisted of only four acres, the other three having been lost by his becoming security for a friend. Carius, who was celebrated for his frugality, and who was three times chosen consul, and thrice honored with a triumph, on returning from a successful campaign, refused from the people a grant of fifty acres, declaring he was a bad citizen who could not be contented with the old allowance of seven.

Some miserable impostors (like some of those who live in this country) practiced upon the credulity of the credulous lately in London. They predicted that the city was to be destroyed at a certain time by an earthquake.—Great numbers left the city in consequence—but no earthquake occurred.

Less than one hundred years ago, ninety young women were sent over from England to America, and sold to the planters for tobacco, at one hundred pounds each.

Pleasure is but a shadow; wealth is vanity, and power a pageant; but knowledge is extatic in enjoyment—perennial in frame—unlimited in space; and infinite in duration. In the performance of its sacred office, it fears no danger—spares no expense—omits no exertion. It scales the mountain—looks into the volcano—dives into the ocean—perforates the earth; enriches the globe; explores the sea and land; contemplates the distance; ascends to the sublime: no place is too exalted for its reach.

'Pray, can you tell me the way to the penitentiary?' asked a stranger. 'Yes sir—pick the first man's pocket that you meet.'

A doctor observed of the cow who was killed on the rail road the other day, that she would have escaped, had she been able to blow one of her horns. We suspect the doctor's horns had something to do with this joke.

Every man of intelligence and common sense, is a subscriber to a newspaper, and if he is honest, he will pay his subscription punctually, as a matter of course.

An exchange paper contains a notice of the marriage of Mr. Gallop to Miss Moon. We expect this is the only example of a man Galloping to the Moon.

The Spring number of the American Jurist contains a sketch of the life of Lord Chancellor Thurlow, remarkable for the vastness of his legal acquisitions, for his debaucheries, his rudeness, and his profanity. It is related of him, that just before he expired, he turned to one of his attendants, and exclaimed—"I'll be d—d if I ain't dying!"

Lord Bacon said that he who wishes to live long, should change the position of his body at least every half hour.

'It's a poor rule that wont work both ways,' as the scholar said when he sent it back again at the master's head.

Arise every morning as soon as you get tired of lying in bed, and if the weather is cold, dress yourself before going out. Take your meals as soon as convenient after your appetite becomes sharp. Never lay out or pay out any more money than you can possibly command at the time. Do not rob your neighbor's hen roost after the hens have gone off. Never pick an editor's pocket, nor light your pipe with a piece of red flannel. Endeavor to find some amusement when you have nothing to do, and cannot sleep—always be contented when your belly is full, your body warm, and you have nothing to fear or desire.

If you'd not be thought utterly, hopeless, and irreclaimably abandoned and depraved—beyond the pale of society—pay your printer's bill.

It is generally agreed now, that Esq. at the end of a man's name, in many instances, is like the 'quirk' in a hog's tail—more for an ornament than use.

The following notice was placarded against a house in Long lane, Smithfield:—"This house is removed further down till the repairs are completed."