

swarm upon the very region that was then, and more than once subsequently overwhelmed, while Naples itself with nearly half a million inhabitants, is not beyond the reach of such a storm.—[Ex.]

### The Fatted Calf.

MR. EDITOR: I perceive, with much gratification, that you have re-published the 'Hard Shell Sermon,' from the text, 'And he played upon a harp of a thousand strings.' In that article, the pride of ignorance is admirably taken off. It is a fair and legitimate subject for burlesque. But does not the affectation of learning, in another class of preachers, equally merit the lash of satire?

Let a young clergyman, instead of a sound education, bring from college only the merest smattering of Latin, Greek, and the sciences, and he is sure never to neglect any opportunity of making a display of his learning.

About three years ago, a preacher of that class was selected at—no matter where. In nearly every sermon he treated his hearers to a criticism upon the English translation of his text, telling them how the Hebrew or Greek of the original should have been rendered. His pulpit performances were larded with physiology, geology, biology—in short, with every ology but the ology. Of the latter they were remarkably destitute.

The ignorant listened with open-mouthed wonder, admiring his sermons all the more, the less they understood them.

There was a member of his church, an acquaintance of mine, who was a scholar, and a ripe, exceeding good one. He kindly, and in private, admonished the young divine on the subject of the style and matter of his sermons. The preacher highly resented this act of truly brotherly kindness, and termed it 'impudent officiousness.'

Seeing that the young man was incorrigible by any ordinary means, and probably believing that

"Poison must as Galen held,  
By counter-poison be expelled,"

he sent him the following outlines of a sermon, technically called a "skeleton," to show up his usual style of preaching:

#### SKELETON OF A SERMON:

For the Rev.—

TEXT—'And he killed the fatted calf.'

INTRODUCTION.—Not necessary to say much about the Prodigal Son, for nearly every wealthy family has a specimen of its own; and need no enlightenment on the subject. Divide the sermon into five heads:

1. Speak of the calf, and inform your readers how a calf should be fatted. Give him all the milk of two cows, except a tin cup full now and then, for the baby. Here you can make some learned remarks about the milky-way, the belt of Jupiter, and Lord Ross's telescope.

2. He killed the fatted calf, but not only the Scriptures but Josephus and the Fathers, are profoundly silent on the question how he killed it. As this was more than a thousand years before the invention of gunpowder and fire-arms, the presumption is that the old man didn't shoot the critter, but pitched into him with a club—for clubs are a very ancient institution.

3. Explain why the old gentleman, instead of a calf, didn't kill a sheep—make a one-horse barbecue, and have a real time of it.

4. Inform your readers what the word calf means, when used in Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Choctaw, and Lockjaw.

5. Dwell pathetically upon the melancholy degeneracy of the present age, evinced by the fact that fathers now-a-days, instead of treating a runaway son to a fat calf, are pretty apt to treat him to a 'hasty plate' of soup, made from the hide of the calf's maternal progenitor.

CONCLUSION.—Throw in a little geology; talk learnedly about 'graywackes' and 'transition conglomerates.' Wind up the discourse with a most eloquent, affecting appeal to the consciences of your hearers on the subject of the Durham breed of cattle.—[Republican.]

### Hard of Hearing—A Love Story.

A Young Jonathan once courted the daughter of an old man that lived down East, who professed to be deficient in hearing, but forsooth was more capacious than limited in hearing, as the sequel will show.

It was a stormy night in the ides of March, if I mistake not, when lightning and loud peals of thunder answered thunder, and Jonathan sat by the old man's fire-side, discussing with the old lady (his intended mother-in-law) on the expediency of asking the old man's permission, to marry his daughter, Sal. Jonathan resolved to 'pop it' to the old man next day. Night passed, and on the dawn of another day the old man was found in his barn-lot feeding his pigs and Jonathan resolved to ask him for Sal.

Scarcely had a minute elapsed after Jonathan made his resolution, ere he bid the old man good morning. How Jonathan's heart beat; how he scratched his head, and ever and anon gave birth to pensive yawns. Jonathan declared that he'd as lieve take 'thirty-nine lashes' as to ask the 'old man'; but said he aloud to himself, 'however here goes it, a faint heart never won a fair girl,' and addressed the old man thus:

'I say old man, I want to marry your daughter.' 'You want to borrow my halter. I would loan it to you Jonathan, but my son has taken it and gone off to the mill.'

Jonathan putting his mouth close to the old man's ear, and speaking in a deafening tone, 'I've got five hundred pounds of money.'

Old man, stepping back as if greatly alarmed, and exclaiming in a voice of surprise:

'You have got five hundred pounds of honey, Jonathan? Why, it is more than all the neighborhood has use for!'

Jonathan not yet the victim of despair and putting his mouth to the old man's ear bawled out, 'I've got gold.'

'So have I, and it is the worst cold I ever had in my life.' So saying he sneezed a 'wash-up.'

By this time the old lady came up and observing Jonathan's luck, she put her mouth to the old man's ear and screamed like a wounded Yahoo.

'Daddy, I say Daddy—you don't understand; he wants to marry our daughter.'

'I told him our calf halter was gone.'

'Why Daddy, you don't understand—he's got gold—he's rich.'

'He's got cold and the itch, eh? What's he doing here with the itch, eh! So saying the old man aimed a blow at Jonathan's head with his cane, but happily for Jonathan he dodged it. Nor did the rage of the old man stop at this, but with angry countenance he made after Jonathan, who took to his heels; nor did Jonathan's luck stop here, he had not got far from the old man, who run him close race, before Jonathan stubbed his toe and fell to the ground, and before the old man could 'take up' he stumbled over Jonathan and fell sprawling in a mud hole. Jonathan sprung to his feet, and with the speed of John Gilpin cleared himself.

SPANISH PROVERBS.—He that has no bread must never keep a dog.

It is better to round the stream than drown in crossing.

The best work a mother can do is to take care of her children.

Nothing great can be effected without trouble and labor.

The happiness of a wife and the cultivation of a vine, depends on the care of a man.

What we learn in our infancy remains forever.

A regular diet cures more people than physic.

Patience, application and courage overcome all difficulties.

Water drinkers are never drunk, nor never run in debt.

There is no better looking glass than an old friend.

People who take out, and do not put in, soon find the bottom.

The best catch at dice is not to play.

Children tell in the streets what they hear in the house.

The devil always lies in a covetous man's chest.

It is sound policy to suffer all extremities rather than to do a base action.

Many drops make a shower; light gains make a heavy purse.

Do not sign a writing which you have not read.

Never drink any water which you have not seen.

He that sells and lies shall find the lie left in his purse.

All the old reckonings make new quarrels.

Everybody must always live by his own labor.

Guardians and administrators generally live, but are generally deficient in their accounts.

SAYINGS OF GEORGE WASHINGTON.—'Government being, among other purposes, instituted to protect the persons and the consciences of men from oppression, it certainly is the duty of rulers, not only to abstain from it themselves, but according to their station, to prevent it in others.'

'If I could have entertained the slightest apprehension that the constitution, framed in the convention where I had the honor to preside, might possibly endanger the religious rights of any ecclesiastical society, certainly I would never have placed my signature to it.'

'If I could conceive, that the General Government might be even so administered, as to render the liberty of conscience insecure, no one would be more zealous than myself, to establish effectual barriers against the horrors of spiritual tyranny, and every species of religious persecution.'

'In this enlightened age, and this land of equal liberty, it is our boast that a man's religious tenets will not forfeit the protection or the laws, nor deprive him of the RIGHT of attaining and holding the highest offices that are known in the United States.'

'The liberty enjoyed by the people of these States, of worshipping Almighty God agreeable to their consciences, is not only the choicest of their blessings, but also of their rights.'—[Ex.]

BEHIND THE TIMES.—Some years ago a lady noticing a neighbor who was not in her seat at church one Sabbath, called on her return home to enquire what should detain so pious an attendant. On entering the house she found the family busy at work. She was surprised when her friend addressed her—

'Why, la! where have you been to-day, dressed up in Sunday clothes?'

'To meeting.'

'Why, what day is it?'

'Sabbath day.'

'Sal, stop washing in a minute! Sabbath day! Well I did not know, for my husband has got so plaguy stingy he won't take the papers now, and we know nothing. Well, who preached?'

'Mr.——'

'What did he preach about?'

'It was on the death of our Savior.'

'Why is he dead? Well, all of Boston might be dead, and we know nothing about it! It won't do, we must have a newspaper again, for every thing goes wrong without the paper! Bill has almost lost his reading and Polly has got quite mopeish again, because she has no poetry or stories to read. Well, if we have to take a cart-load of potatoes and onions to market, I am resolved to have a newspaper.'—[Ex.]

THE ONLY GENUINE.—At a late meeting of the British association, Dr. Pearson, in the chemical section, asserted that there were only two articles manufactured for food which were not adulterated—common salt and refined lump sugar. He challenged any gentleman present to add another article to the list.

SELF DENIAL.—There never did, and never will exist, anything permanently noble and excellent in a character which is a stranger to the exercise of a resolute self denial.

### EPIGRAMS

On hearing Mrs. Brigham, Heber and Jedediah preach.

BY ELDER JOHN PARRY.

Brigham, wr dinam a da;—gwr uchel,

Gwr achub enedla;

Trwy rym ei foes wefus;

Gyr ymaith blin, delfis bla.

Heber, wr hybarch a hael,—rydd allan

Yn hollol a ddiffael.

Gwir addysg i'r hyddysg a'r gwael,

Nes dwyn y byd i gyd ar gael.

Un llewaid yw Grant, ein flywydd—'n gwrn,

Am gyrhaedd y wir-fydd;

Gwr o sel o'r goren fydd,—

Cryf lawn ei dalawn yn ei ddydd.

### Sunday Conversation.

We do not know precisely whence the propensity arises, but certain it is that we have always noticed with interest, and, perhaps, with a little malicious satisfaction, too, those little failings which are not unfrequently exhibited, even by the good and kind hearted, to the observation of 'outsiders.' The other Sunday, at the close of the morning service, as we chanced to follow in the train of a small party, on their way from church, it was our fortune to overhear their comments upon the various subjects suggested by what they had seen and heard. The group consisted of an elderly gentleman, of grave and formal carriage, accompanied by his wife, a motherly personage of about sixty, who was supported on her left by a girl and boy about sixteen, and a lady who appeared to have reached the meridian of her charms. The imagination of the reader must assign the shares of the conversation to their respective proprietors.

'A good sermon—a very good sermon—wife.' 'It ought to be good, my dear, for it has worn well. I have heard it two or three times before.'

'I wish papa we might have something interesting. I am tired to death of sin and morality.'

'Pray, sister, did you see that woman in the pew next to ours, with the great black ribbon on her bonnet, like a thunder-cloud? She means to have mourning on her bonnet, if no where else.'

'See her? I guess I did, or rather I saw her sleeves, like a fat man in a hammock, puffing out with twenty yards of Gros de Naples. She is old enough to wear her grandmother's damask.'

'Hush, child, she is a worthy, good woman.—She was a Jones, and her mother was a Carter. When I lived in Race street, five and forty years ago, she lived in the house next to ours, with a green door and a lion's head upon the knocker, so that she's no chicken now. Her father was a little weazel-faced old man, with a white wig, and a cane taller than he was, who used to keep a shop down about Water street, and kept it till the day of his death; and his wife looked as if death had forgot her. She did go off, one day in a fit of paralysis.'

'Paralysis, woman, paralysis.'

'So you say, my dear, but the doctor told me what it was, when I stood by at the time. 'Mrs.——,' said he (he was a pleasant man) 'the old lady has got her walking papers.'

'Well, well, let her rest. Our singing requires some looking to. That fellow in front of the gallery opens his mouth just like a crocodile.'

'Yes, papa, and screams like a northwester through a hen coop.'

'Do not interrupt me, child—I say something must be done to put a stop to those new tunes, or we may as well dance jig-saw pray.'

'Why, papa, the first tune was a beautiful one. It was the 'Days of Absence.'

'Days of what? Devices is worth a dozen of it.'

'Sister, did you see Cousin Polly come sailing up the broad aisle, in the midst of the long prayer?'

'Yes, indeed, I saw her, and, so did every one else, or else she would have been much disappointed. But I did not notice her much, for I was laughing at the old woman near the pulpit, whose false hair got adrift, and hung about her face like hop-vines.'

'Papa, why can't I have a new coat to go to meeting in, as well as Nat Bates?'

'Nat Bates may do as he likes. Who do you think sees what kind of a coat you wear?'

'My dear, did you see how sad Sally Brown looked? I'll lay a dollar she has lost a beau.'

'Poh!'

'Mother, what business has such an old woman as she with a beau?'

'Some business child, I should think; for she has had one for the last twenty years, off and on, to my certain knowledge.'

'How you talk, mother! If a young lady looks sad, it follows, of course, that she has lost a beau. She was mourning for her sins.'

'She and you might join forces, sister, and be in company. You are as near as I can judge, about of an age.'

'Papa, I don't want to go to meeting this afternoon—it's too tiresome.'

'Tiresome or not, go you shall. I'll not leave you at home, turning up Jack, and disturbing the neighborhood, while I am engaged in devotion. Heigh day! there goes the toe of my boot. Hang those infernal side-walks, with their points jutting out like bagnets. Those rascally street commissioners shall alter them, or I'll know why not. Confound it!'

'My dear, my dear! Don't be put out by so trifling an incident, and on Sunday too.'

'Trifling! If I had stumbled my head off, you would have thought it more trifling yet! Trifling! Your toes feel very clever, I suppose! Trifling! Tom, you rascal! You jades! have done giggling this instant!'

'Ha, reverend Sir, good morning to you. A fine day, Sir, a very fine day. You gave us an excellent sermon this morning, sir.—You wiped up the Papists admirably, Sir, admirably!'

'I am glad, Sir, that it suited you; and hope that it may be the means of doing good, especially that part which related to anger.'

No doubt it will, Sir. I observed my neighbor, you know who, kept his head down while you were upon that point. Good morning, Sir.—Wife—you did not forget, I trust, to put on the onions for dinner.'

At this moment the party entered their own door, and we walked on, musing on the effects of devotional exercises.—[Ex.]

CLEANING STRAW HATS.—Straw hats—such as leghorns, tuscans, dunstables, &c.—when they become soiled, are cleaned as follows:—They are first steeped for half an hour in a tub of clean warm water, in which there has been dissolved a little soda ash. This softens the grease, which has been given out to the hats from the hair, and prepares them for the soaping. Each hat is then placed on a smooth board over a tub, rubbed with bar soap, and then scrubbed with a hard hair brush until all the oil, grease, and dirt are taken out. They are then rinsed in two tubfuls of warm water, and left to drip in a basket for about ten minutes, after this they are placed in a clean tub containing dissolved oxalic acid, about one degree in strength. They are sunk in this liquor and left to steep for half an hour, then taken out, and hung up to dry in the air or a moderately warm room. Before being quite dry, they are removed and subjected to an atmosphere of sulphurous gas in a close box. A few pieces of roll brimstone are placed on the top of some red hot coals in an iron pot, which is set on the bottom of the box, and the lid is closed tightly down. They are subjected to this gas for about six hours, then taken out, sponged well with a strong solution of white parchment size, hung up until they become partially dry, and are then blocked and pressed ready to be trimmed. When straw comes in contact with an alkaline solution like soda or soap suds it assumes a deep yellow color; the oxalic acid partly removes this, and also any iron stains which may be on straw hats.—The sulphurous gas is called 'bleaching the straw.' But some straw hat cleaners never submit their hats to this part of the process and their hats look about as well as those who pursue it. It is an offensive process; the gas is exceedingly disagreeable, and if it can be dispensed with it is wisdom to do so. Some use lemon juice as a substitute for oxalic acid, but it is more expensive and not quite so efficacious. Some have used sour milk as a bleaching agent for straw, but scarcely possible to wash it out, and it should therefore never be used; vinegar, if rendered colorless by being passed through ground charcoal, is much better. The foregoing process for cleaning straw hats is that pursued by some of the most experienced straw hat blanchers in our country. Care must be taken to remove every particle of grease from each hat, before it is submitted to the acid. Those straw hats which require altering in shape have their fronts separated from their crowns before being washed; they are much easier handled than entire hats. Ladies who use colored oil for the hair, soon render their hats unfit to wear, as the oil is generally colored with madder or alkanet root, which stains the straw with a permanent color.—[Ex.]

GYMNOSTUS OR ELECTRIC EEL.—The body of this fish is almost circular; the skin is soft, smooth and a yellowish color, marked with large annular spots; the eyes very small, the tail tapering to a point, and the weight from a quarter to fifteen pounds. To all outward appearance it is furnished with no extraordinary powers; it has no muscles formed for particularly great exertions; yet such is that unaccountable power it possesses, that the very instant it is touched, it benumbs not only the hand and arm but sometimes also the whole body. The shock received most resembles the stroke of an electrical machine; sudden, tingling and painful. Those who touch it with the foot are seized with a stronger palpitation than even those who touch it with the hand. The nerves are so affected, that the person struck imagines all the bones of his body, and particularly those of the limb that received the blow, are driven out of joint. All this is accompanied with an universal tremor, sickness of the stomach, general convulsion and suspension of the faculties of the mind. The shock proceeds from an animal electricity, which this fish has some hidden power of storing up, and producing on its most urgent occasion. This benumbing quality has given to this species of eel the name of "torpedo."—[Ex.]

THE FOOL AND LAWYER.—William, look up! tell us who made you; do you know?

William was considered a fool, and screwing his face, and looking rather thoughtful and somewhat bewildered, he very slowly answered—

'Moses, I s'pose.'

'That will do. Now,' said counselor Gray addressing the court, 'the witness says he s'poses Moses made him. This certainly is an intelligent answer, more so than I thought him capable of giving, for it shows he has some faint idea of Scriptures. But I submit, may it please the court, that this is not sufficient to justify his being sworn as a witness in this case. No, sir, it is not such an answer as a witness should give.'

'Mr. Judge,' said the fool, 'may I ask the lawyer a question?'

'Certainly,' replied the Judge, 'ask him any question you please.'

'Wal, then, Mr. Lawyer, who do you s'pose made you?'

'Aaron, I s'pose,' said the counselor, 'imitating the witness.'

After the mirth had subsided, the witness exclaimed—

'Wal, now, we do read in the good book that Aaron made a calf, but who'd a thought the tarnal critter had got in here?'

Be diligent in business.