

Parson Moody's sarmons is sometimes rather heavy-like; and—

*Just.*—Stop, stop! No reflections upon Parson Moody; that's not what you were called here for.

*Wit.*—I don't cast no reflections on Parson Moody. I was only telling what I know about John Wadleigh's sleeping in meeting; and it's my opinion, especially in warm weather, that sarmons that are heavy-like, and two hours long, nat'rally have a tendency—

*Just.*—Stop, stop! I say. If you repeat any of these reflections on Parson Moody again, I'll commit you to the cage for contempt of court.

*Wit.*—I don't cast no reflections on Parson Moody. I was only telling what I know about John Wadleigh's sleeping in meeting.

*Just.*—Well, go on, and tell us all about that. You weren't called here to testify about Parson Moody.

*Wit.*—That's what I am trying to do, if you wouldn't keep putting me out. And it's my opinion, in warm weather, folks is considerably apt to sleep in meeting; especially when the sarmon—I mean especially when they get pretty tired. I know I find it pretty hard work to get by seventhly and eighthly in the sarmon myself; but if I once get by there, I generally get into a kind of a waking train again, and make out to weather it. But it isn't so with Wadleigh; I've generally noticed that if he begins to gape at the seventhly and eighthly, it's a gone goose with him before he gets through tenthly, and he has to look out for another prop for his head somewhere, for his neck isn't stiff enough to hold it up. Then from tenthly up to sixteenthly he's as dead as a door, till the "amen" brings the people up to prayers, and Wadleigh comes up with a jerk, just like opening a jack knife.

**BEGGARS.**—In the earlier periods of their history, both in England and Scotland, beggars were generally of such a description as to entitle them to the epithet of *sturdy*; accordingly they appear to have been regarded often as impostors and always as nuisances and pests. "Sornares," so violently denounced in those acts, were what are here called "masterful beggars," who, when they could not obtain what they asked for by fair means, seldom hesitated to take it by violence. The term is said to be Gaelic, and to import a soldier. The life of such a beggar is well described in the "Belman of London," printed in 1608.—"The life of a beggar is the life of a souldier. He suffers hunger and cold in winter, and heate and thirste in summer; he goes lewsie; he goes lame; he is not regarded; he is not rewarded; here only shines his glorie. The whole kingdom is but his walk; a whole cittie is but his parish. In every man's kitchen is his meat dressed; in every man's sellar lyes his beere; and the best men's purses keep a penny for him to spend."

**PARR'S PUNNING.**—Of all the species of wit, punning was one which Dr. Parr disliked, and in which he seldom indulged; and yet some

instances of it have been related. Reaching a book from a high shelf in his library, two other books came tumbling down; of which one, a critical work of Lambert Bos, fell upon the other, which was a volume of Hume. "See!" said he, "what has happened—*procumbit humi bos.*" On another occasion, sitting in his room, suffering under the effects of a slight cold, when too strong a current was let in upon him, he cried out, "Stop, stop, that is too much. I am at present only *par levibus ventis.*" At another time, a gentleman having asked him to subscribe to Dr. Busby's translation of Lucretius, he declined to do so, saying it would cost too much money; it would indeed be Lucreti, a *carus.*—*Field's Memoirs.*

**MARCH OF INTELLECT.**—In Russia, mechanics, according to an enactment to that purpose, are obliged, on the expiration of their apprenticeship, to wander or travel from town to town three years before they can set up in business for themselves; each carries a book, in which his route is noted down, and serves as a kind of passport. Should they meet with no employment, they shift their ground, and the magistrate furnishes them with subsistence-money, which enables them thus to proceed to another quarter.—*Wilson's Travels.*

**WHITE TEETH.**—The famous Saunderson, although completely blind, and who occupied in so distinguished a manner, the chair of mathematics in the University of Cambridge, being one day in a large company, remarked of a lady who had left the room, but whom he had never before met, nor even heard of, that she had very white teeth. The company were extremely anxious to learn how he had discovered this, for it happened to be true. "I have no reason," said the Professor, "to believe that the lady is a fool, and I can think of no other motive for her laughing incessantly, as she did for a whole hour together."

**A RARE PATRIMONY.**—A young man of Nuremberg (says the journal of that city), who had no fortune, requested a lawyer, a friend of his, to recommend him to a family where he was a daily visitor, and where there was a handsome daughter, who was to have a large fortune. The lawyer agreed; but the father of the young lady, who loved money, immediately asked what property the young man had. The lawyer said he did not exactly know but he would inquire. The next time he saw his young friend he asked him if he had any property at all. No, replied he. Well, said the lawyer, would you suffer any one to cut off your nose if he should give you 20,000 dollars for it? (what an idea!) Not for all the world! 'Tis well, replied the lawyer, I had a reason for asking. The next time he saw the girl's father he said, I have inquired about this young man's circumstances; he has indeed no ready money, but he has a jewel, for which, to my knowledge, he has been offered, and he refused, 20,000 dollars for. This induced the old father to consent to the marriage, which accordingly took place; though it is said that in the sequel he often shook his head when he thought of the jewel.