

resolved that should the Lord raise him up he would make restitution to the injured parties, if they could be found. The Lord did raise him up, and he sent his son to Paris, directing him to advertise in the Paris Gazette that any persons who had suffered by such a private r. upon coming and proving their losses, would be refunded in proportion to his share in the prizes. This was accordingly done to the astonishment of all France.

A LIVING TOOTHPICK.

A modern traveller says, that he has frequently seen, on the banks of the Nile, a bird about the size of a dove, or perhaps rather larger, of handsome plumage, and making a twittering noise when on the wing. It has a peculiar motion of the head, as if nodding to some one near it, at the same time turning itself to the right and left, and making its cone twice or thrice before its departure, a mark of politeness he never met with before in any of the feathered tribe. He was told that it was called *Suksaque*, or *Sucksack*, and that tradition had assigned to it the habit of entering the mouth of the crocodile when basking in the sun on a sand bank for the purpose of picking away what might be adhering to his teeth. This being done, it gives the crocodile a hint of its wish to depart; the reptile immediately opens its jaws, and permits the animated toothpick to fly away.

ANECDOTE OF A RUSSIAN PRINCESS.

'Ye proud, ye selfish, ye severe,
How vain your mask of state!
The good alone have joy sincere,
The good alone are great.'—BEATTIE.

Michael Schuppach, the Swiss doctor, who by the wonderful cures he wrought on persons who had been given up by regular physicians, had obtained so great a celebrity during the last century, was often visited by people of distinction and fortune, especially from Germany. There were once assembled in Michael Schuppach's laboratory, a great many distinguished persons from all parts of the world, partly to consult him, and partly out of curiosity; and among them, many French ladies and gentlemen, and a Russian prince, with his daughter, whose singular beauty attracted general attention. A young French marquess attempted, for the amusement of the ladies, to display his wit on the miraculous

doctor—but the latter, though not much acquainted with the French language, answered so pertinently, that the marquess had not the laugh on his side. During this conversation there entered an old peasant meanly dressed, with a snow white beard, a neighbour of Schuppach's. The doctor directly turned away from his great company to his old neighbour, and hearing that his wife was ill, set about preparing the necessary medicine for her, without paying much attention to his more exalted guests, whose business he did not think so pressing. The marquess was now deprived of one subject of his wit, and therefore chose to turn his jokes against the old man, who was waiting while his neighbour Michael was preparing something for his old Mary. After many silly observations on his long white beard, he offered a wager of twelve louis d'or, that none of the ladies would kiss the old dirty looking fellow. The Russian princess hearing these words, made a sign to her attendant, who brought her a plate. The princess put twelve louis d'or on it, and had it carried to the marquess, who, of course, could not decline adding twelve others. Then the fair Russian went up to the old peasant with the long beard, and said, 'Permit me, venerable father, to salute you after the fashion of my country.' Saying this she embraced him and gave him a kiss. She then presented him the gold which was on the plate, with these words—'Take this as a remembrance of me, and as a sign that the Russian girls think it their duty to honor old age.'

The first Newspaper published at regular intervals was issued monthly at Venice in Italy about 250 years since. It was called the *Gazetta*—signifying a little treasure of news. The number of copies issued of this first paper must have been very limited—for the jealousy of the Venetian government would not allow of the circulation of a printed sheet, so that the *Gazetta* continued to be distributed to Manuscript for more than thirty years. Files of this paper are now extant.

He that pursues fame with just claims,
Trusts his happiness to the winds—but he that
endeavours after it by false merit, has to
fear not only the violence of the storm, but
the leaks of his vessel.