



A GOOD ANECDOTE.

 **LORENZO DOW**, riding once in a stage coach on his way to an appointment to preach, fell in company with some wild young blades, who were led, from his eccentric appearance and manner, to imagine that he was a proper subject for their jokes and raillery. He at once humored their design, by affecting silliness, and making the most absurd and senseless remarks. Upon arriving at the place where he was to stop, they ascertained who their butt was, and began to apologize for their rudeness, declaring that his own conversation had misled them.


"Oh," said he, "that's my way; I always try to accommodate myself to the company I am in; and among fools, I talk foolishly!"

DRINK VS. DEVOTION.

 **THE** following story occurs in *Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter Scott*, and is ludicrously yet painfully descriptive of the unhappy influence of liquor in sapping that rural domestic piety which has been esteemed the peculiar glory of our sister land:—"On reaching, one evening, [in 1792] some *Charlieshope* or other, (I forget the name,) among those wildernesses, they found a kindly reception as usual; but to their agreeable surprise, after some days of hard living, a measured and orderly hospitality as respected liquor. Soon after supper, at which a bottle of elderberry wine alone had been produced, a young student of divinity, who happened to be in the house, was called upon to take the "big ha' Bible," in the good old fashion of Burns's Saturday Night; and some progress had already been made in the service, when the goodman of the farm, whose "tendency," as Mr. Mitchell says, "was

soporific," scandalized his wife and the dominie by starting suddenly from his knees, and rubbing his eyes, with a stentorian exclamation of "Here's the keg at last!" and in tumbled, as he spake the word, a couple of sturdy herdsmen, whom, on hearing the day before of the Advocate's approaching visit, he had despatched to a certain smuggler's haunt at some considerable distance in quest of a supply of *run* brandy from the Solway Firth. The pious "exercise" of the household was hopelessly interrupted. With a thousand apologies for his hitherto shabby entertainment, this jolly Elliot of Armstrong had the welcome keg mounted on the table without a moment's delay,—and *gentle and simple, not forgetting the dominie* [i.e.—the student of divinity] *continued carousing about it until daylight streamed in upon the party.*"

A FAST PEOPLE.

 **WE** have a way of our own for doing up the essential acts of life in this new country, that cannot be beat this side of Australia, and perhaps not even in that golden land of convicts and kangaroos. One of Miss B——'s pupils, a young lady, stepped into the school room, the other morning, and commenced gathering up her books, stating that she was very sorry to be obliged to leave the school.

"For what reason?" mildly replied the astonished teacher.

"Oh, I was married last evening, that's all."

"Why did you not inform me before?"

"For the simple reason," replied the blooming bride, "that I did not know it myself till yesterday afternoon—he never asked me till then."—*Minnesotian*.