

Montrose, August 28, 1851.

SALMAGUNDI.

A Good Story.—At the time of the formation of the First Congregational Church in Eliz., Mo., Rev. John Rogers, or as he was then termed, Parson Rogers, was called by the people to be their "old shepherd." He was a man whose anger could easily be raised, and was very violent when angry. So much so, indeed, that he frequently did not hesitate when angry to use any means to use a more solid argument than words.

There was a member of his church, named Staples, who was of an equally quick temper, though not so prone to scold differences, by bodily strength, who, as the parson had thought, was guilty of a "heinous sin," and when he had long been seeking to cover up the subject.

One evening as the parson was in his parsonage, examining his animals, he heard some one opening the yard gate, and on turning beheld Mr. Staples entering.

After a few common-place remarks, the parson turned upon the subject nearest his heart, viz., Mr. Staples' transgression. Of course Rogers' anger was immediately roused, and he retorted by inquiring to the parson concerning his errors. One word followed another in quick succession, both the parson and layman becoming each moment more angry. Staples at last drew back, as if about to strike the parson, at the same time exclaiming, "Parson Rogers, I won't bear it any longer."

"Not, Mr. Staples," said the parson, "you shall bear it."

"I will not," persisted Staples, firmly making similar motions at the parson.

"I will bear it," returned the parson, immediately seizing him in his arms, and in a easy manner tumbling him over the fence into the street.

Now it happened that a few hours before there had been a very heavy thunder-storm, and a large puddle of very clean water had collected in the exact spot where the parson had thrown his victim. As Staples was emerging from this puddle, blowing the mud out of his mouth, and endeavoring to raise his eyes, Parson Rogers stepped up to the scene, and looking very sternly at the prostrate churchman, exclaimed in a sonorous voice, "Mr. Staples, you shall bear it!"

Whenever afterwards Mr. S. engaged in dispute with any one, who did not wish it prolonged, they had only to say, "Mr. Staples, you shall bear it," and he would receive some business which required his immediate attention.

ANOTHER INCIDENT, JENNY LIND.—A correspondent of the New York Tribune, writing from Buffalo, relates the following:

"My charwoman was a fine boy of sixteen. He whipped along over the plank-road and staid of the houses, the people, and the times we passed. He was sharp-eyed and clear-minded—a bright boy, who may one day be President."

"Have you heard Jenny Lind, sir?" inquired my Achanus of the stables.

"Yes, often."

"Great woman, sir. Don't you think?"

"Most decidedly."

"She was here last week, sir.—Get up, Charlie!"

"Did you hear her?" I asked.

"Yes, sir, and I drove with her to the Falls;—it was Tom Higgins drove, but I sat in the boat."

"And was she pleased?"

"Yes, sir, only when she was going to see the Falls; every body in the hotel room, the door was open, and she went back to her room, and then slipped out of the back door. But there was something better than that, sir."

"What was that?"

"She gave Tom Higgins fifty dollars when he drove her back. But there was something better than that, sir."

"Indeed, that was that?"

"Why, sir, as we came back, we passed a little wood, and she stopped the carriage and stepped out with the rest of the party, and Tom Higgins and I, and went into the wood. It was toward sunset and the wood was beautiful, sir. She walked about a while, and picked up leaves and flowers, and sang like to herself, and if it were pleasant, and by a slight down upon a rock, and began to sing loud. She sings some, sir, and it sounded a great way. But before she stopped, a little bird came and sat upon a bough close by us. I saw it, sir, with my own eyes, the whole of it; and when Jenny Lind had done, he began to sing, and shout as hard as she did. While he was singing, she looked again, and, 'Oh! it was beautiful, sir.' But the little bird wouldn't give it up, and he sang again, but not until she had done. Then Jenny Lind sang as well as ever she could. It seemed to fill the wood all up with music, and when it was over, the little bird was still, while he tried it again in a few moments. He couldn't do it, sir. He sang very bad, and then the foreign gentleman with Jenny Lind laughed, and they all came back to the carriage."

ANIMATION OF THE ENTIRE LOWER LAW.—This operation has been performed successfully by Dr. Carnochan, at the Emigrant's Hospital, the bone being removed both articularly. This is the first time which this operation has been attempted in the United States. It was rendered necessary by extensive necrosis.

VERGASER, HER IN TOWN.—"Two active and enterprising young men," well up on business and human nature, "advertise that they would be glad to have me, charitable gentleman, become their factor for \$100,000." That any one with knowledge of human nature should trust that, is such. We hope they will know they get it. The new firm will doubtless be Vergaser & Co."

PICTON IS TRUE.—Picture is Truth in both shape, and gives as close embracement as a door upon a ruby, render it as red; but the color will not be the less enchanting for that, the eye, the poet of the world, touches it with its golden pen. What we now leave over is, in real life, love.

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