

It is very amusing to read in the same newspaper which tells us that the Duke of Montebello recently challenged Prince Metternich to mortal combat because the princess, without the prince's knowledge, asked the duke not to speak to her any more—very comical, we say, to read in the same paper the lively essay of Mr. Gerard, which informs us that Dominie Bogardus two hundred and thirty years ago sued **Anthony Jansen Van Salee** because Mrs. **Van Salee** had slandered Mrs. Bogardus in saying that on one occasion when that lady was passing through a muddy part of the town she had shown more of her ankles than was necessary: and she the dominie's wife! There was swift judgment of the court, and Mrs. **Van Salee** was compelled to declare in public, at the sounding of the bell, that she knew the minister to be an honest and pious man, and that she had lied falsely; and she was further condemned to pay costs and three gulden to the poor. When will such execution be done upon Mrs. Grundy? Director Kieft charged Dominie Bogardus with constant intoxication, that he loved strife, and (oh, heel of Achilles!) that he preached stupid sermons. The dominie denounced the director from his pulpit as a consummate villain, and declared his (the dominie's) goats to be a superior kind of animal to the director; and on one occasion announced that on the next Sunday he would publicly—from the pulpit—give the director such a shaking that they would both shudder.