THE ERIE OBSERVER.

A. P. DURLIN & CO., Proprietors. ☞ONWARD.☜ $1 50 A YEAR, in Advance.

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Erie Weekly Observer.

A. P. DURLIN & CO. PROPRIETORS.

B. F. SLOAN, Editor.

OFFICE, CORNER STATE ST. AND PUBLIC SQUARE, ERIE.

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Also—Anvils, Vices, Bellows, Axle Arms, Springs, and a general assortment of Saddle and Carriage Trimmings.

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GEORGE H. CUTLER,
Attorney at Law, Girard, Erie County, Pa. Collections and other business attended to with promptness and dispatch.

BROWN'S HOTEL,
Formerly the Eagle, corner of State street and the Public square Erie, Eastern Western and Southern stage office.

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MARSHALL & VINCENT,
Attorneys at Law—Office up stairs in Tammany Hall building, north of the Prothonotary's office, Erie.

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Edwin J. Kelso, W. W. Loomis.

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G. LOOMIS & Co.
Dealers in Watches, Jewelry, Silver, German Silver, Plated and Britannia Ware Cutlery, Military and Fancy Goods, State street, nearly opposite the Eagle Hotel, Erie.
G. Loomis. T. M. Austin.

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Dealer in Theological, Miscellaneous, Sunday and Classical School Books, Stationary, &c. Park Row, Erie.

JAMES LYTLE,
Fashionable Merchant Tailor, on the public square, a few doors west of State street, Erie.

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DR. O. L. ELLIOTT,
Resident Dentist; Office and dwelling in the Beebe Block, on the East side of the Public Square, Erie. Teeth inserted on Gold Plate, from one to an entire sett. Carious teeth filled with pure Gold, and restored to health and usefulness. Teeth cleaned without instruments and Dentifrice so as to leave them of a pellucid clearness. All work warranted.

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ROBERT S. HUNTER,
Dealer in Hats, Caps and Furs of all descriptions. No. 10, Park Row Erie, Pa.

LARGE lot of Bonnets, just received per Express by
June 1. J. B. FULLERTON.

Poetry and Miscellany.

A POEM:

Dedicated, with kind wishes for their Prosperity,

TO THE PATRONS OF

THE ERIE OBSERVER.

JANUARY 1, 1851.

On yester evening, at the midnight hour,
Tolled slowly out the Old Clock from the tower;
And as its notes arose and died away,
And echoed up the streets and down the Bay,
Amid the silence of that silent time,
Alternate merry peal and mournful chime,
I heard distinct, but sweetly sad and clear,
The funeral anthem of the dying year.

The Old Clock ceased, its notes slow sank away,
And as it ceased, in whispers seemed to say:
"Another year is gone—gone is the last
Bright century-half, and numbered with the past."
I opened the shutters, and looking around,
Saw no living sight, heard no human sound;
No hoofs of steeds were sounding in the street,
No clear merry laugh, nor tramping of feet;

The shops were all closed, deserted and lone,
Silence sat on night like King on his throne.
I listed awhile, there presently came
A bright-eyed Being bewilder'ting my brain:
She pointed Eastward—I saw in the way
Legions of soldiers in battle array;
Saw their bright banners, heard their loud cheers,
The flashing of swords, the gleaming of spears,

The fire of their eyes, the dust in their path,
As onward they pressed, in gloom of their wrath;
And nearer they drew, I felt their hot breath,
As straightway they came, like the arrows of death.
They met a dark host of hideous form,
With eyes like serpents, and brows like the storm:
Dreadful that meeting: They came in their rage;
As storm meets tempest, the legions engage.

Bright as the lightning their fires arise,
Lurid in darkness, and dazzling the skies;
Loud as the thunder their cannon speak out,
Hoarse as the ocean the combatants shout;
Wild as the tempest they wail o'er the slain,
With mountains of dead they pile up the plain;
Each conquered by turns, and burning with fire,
Return to the charge—again they retire.

Long was the contest and doubtful the day;
They fought like de-pair, they fought for the sway,
But beaten at length and driven to yield,
The Dask Foe scatter'd and gave up the field.
"Such," said my Angel, "the tumult and strife
Of men"—"such," she said, "the Battle of Life;
Such the great struggle of Wrong and of Right,
Such, the grand issue is Heaven's delight."

I turned from the window—th' Angel was gone—
I sat down silent, mused pensive and lone;
I thought of the Past, the half-cent'ry fled,
Its great contentions, its virtuous dead.
The Old World's tumults came up to my view,
Of soul-stirring deeds, and soul-things too;
Thought of its struggles, its triumps, and more,
The sad reverses and sorrows it bore.

Brave Hungary! from their hearth-stones the wail
Of thy sad children is borne on the gale;
It comes from their souls, it comes like the flow
Of a fountain of unutter'ble wo.
Thy cities are sacked, thy temples are buried.
Thy homes in ruin, thy altars o'ertumbed;
Thy sons in exile, thy daughters in grief,
No hand to protect, or bring them relief.

Oppression is throned, awhile may he reign,
But certain as Life and Time shall remain,
His kingdom shall cease, o'erwhelmed by the might
Of legions engaged in fighting for Right.
Thy country shall rise unfortunate Brave!
From depths of despair, this gloom of the grave;
Thy chains of iron, as God is thy trust,
The sledge-hammer, True, shall beat into dust.

Next our own Country came up in review,
And with it the perils its young years knew.
Born a true rustic, among forests wild,
He grew up in roughness, Nature's rough child;
Exposure to hardship, breathing fresh air,
Increased his proportions, made him quite fair;
Progress in knowledge, and years on his head,
The nations looked on, and wondering said:

"I declare, that Boy will be something yet!"
And so said they all in earnest, and let
Them desire to know, a little more clear,
They can, I suppose, but *lessons* are dear.—
Our history I read again with delight,
Its pages seemed covered all over with light;
I read it all through, and read at the last,
Records of the year just now that is past:

A Contest arose;—on every hand
Peril and sorrow seemed threatening the land;
Brother met brother in fierce set debate,
And hearts were estranged with rancor and hate,
Then patriots saw with prophetic eye,
A storm was gath'ring and dark'ning the sky:
Firmly and calmly at anchor they stood,
As messengers sent, poured oil on the flood.

Hark! Midst the tumult—our bosoms are fired—
A voice of deep lamentation is heard:
A great one has fallen, our Nation's Chief,
And hearts of the people are stricken with grief;
He who the terrors of battle had borne,
Lay down on his couch and rose up no more:
He fell like an oak with branches outspread,
Covered with honors, and years on his head

Slowly and sadly they bore him away
To his home of shade shut out from the day;
Built him a mound in the Vale of the West,
Where waters murmur, our hero shall rest.—
The storm that arose, portentous of ill,
Passed lightly over, and ocean is still;
The country is safe, we've little to fear,
Its star gleams brightly, its sunlight is clear.

In spite of traitors, like villains of old,
Judas and Arnold, God and Country sold,
Kennebeck's waters, the Union shall hold,
To Lands at sunset, the Regions of Gold.
When years now on us have sailed away,
The star of this cent'ry's shed its last ray,
One hundred millions of countrymen free
Shall fill up its wake from ocean to sea.

New Year Morn, 1851. CARRIER BOY.

Causes of Idiocy.

In a recent work on the causes of idiocy, Dr. Enos Stevens, an eminent physician of Massachusetts, attributes 73 per cent. of the cases which have come under his observation, as the examining agent of the Massachusetts Commissioners, to the use of opium in childhood, and the *influence of other pernicious drugs.* He says that at the Cambridge poor-house, are three brothers, aged respectfully 23, 20 and 18, being all the mother had, and all irrecoverable idiots. Their mother was a most benevolent woman, who often went out whole days and nights to visit and assist the sick among her neighbors; leaving her own children all put to sleep by laudnum. Every day when they cried, and every day she wished to go out, she put them asleep with laudnum, until at length their whole organization assimilated to such a state of body and mind, and they have grown to the size of manhood with the avenues of their brains practically closed by drugs; so that they have merely infantile powers of mind, and strength of bodies.

A Sensible Proposal.

A "local preacher" who once said, "he didn't like parsons, because they were book-larnt," was recently conducting a *religious service*, and on opening the Bible, unfortunately stumbled upon a chapter almost full of hard, proper names. He began to read as if he were a perfect master of pronunciation. Presently he came to a long, hard name. He paused; he attacked it; he went back and tried it again; at last he tumbled right over it, and then easily said, "Let us turn dear brothers and sisters, to an easier chapter."

THE MANIAC CLOWN.

A THRILLING TALE.

BY J. H. BROWN.

The following narrative, with secretly an alteration, is true. The particulars, thrilling as they are, were taken from the mouth of the unfortunate creature during one of the lucid intervals between his bowls of madness, while confined in the madhouse of P——, England, and may be remembered as being noticed by the journals of the time; the notes were laid aside, but not forgotten, and the author has wanted an opportunity to place them in this manner before the readers of this sheet.—*Literary American.*

"And here," said the keeper, as he came to No. 13, from whence came a low moaning, "here we have a strange prisoner, from whom you may gather a tale worthy of note, surpassing any you have taken, if you can but find him quiet, as he is at times; a strange story is his, and he is one of the most savage and raving prisoners we have, at times."

So saying, he unlocked the door, after having looked through the grate, and we entered; crouched down upon his iron and immovable stool in the corner, with his face buried in his hands, his hair long, black and matted, his dress fantastical and strange—being but the attire, torn in different places, of a ring-mimic—was a man who moved not at our entrance; he was, like all we have seen chained by the wrists to the floor, rendering it impossible for him to move more than was required in sitting or lying upon the coarse bed beside him. Nothing escaped him except a low moaning, which, at times, he sent forth, and shaking his head, buried it still deeper in his hands. The keeper said in this manner he would pass whole days, and then he was more peaceable and less violent.

Touching him with the end of the stick, he held in his hand, he said—"Look up." Add the miserable creature turned up his haggard face to our view. "Why do you come here again," said he sadly—"to make a show of me? You tell me, and those that come to see me, that I am mad! do you not fear me? ay, strong man—do you not fear me, weak creature that I am? Yes, and so you chain my arms and hands and feet so that I cannot lift them up, but look ye, there is one thing you cannot chain—one thing you cannot manacle, and if you could, I would bear all the chains that could be heaped upon me—my memory! Chain that! keep that dread form from before me—let it not haunt me night and day—let me not hear that voice that rings forever in my ear, and you may chain and load me down, and I will thank you for it." And he dropped his head and buried his face once more in his hands.

"He has not been so rational for many a day," said the keeper, "for which I am truly thankful, for he is like a lion when the fits are on him, and"—

"Ha! ha! ha!" shouted the mad man, rising, and flinging his hands as high as his manacles allowed—"ha! ha! ha! I am with you once again. Come, is all ready? who goes first? why do you stare so wildly at me? Come, I am merry, and shall make them laugh out to-night!—ha! ha! ha!" and his pale face was lited up with a wild demoniacal expression. Soon he spoke again:

"Where's Mary? not come yet? Strange—it's time, long past time, and she know well she should be here. [illegible] has happened—tell me—is she safe, is my dear child safe? Oh, God! I remember, Mary is dead—dead! ha! ha! ha!" And with loud shrieks, he dashed his hands to his forehead.

Soon he sat down again upon his low iron stool, dejectedly, and spoke not; then looking up again, he gazed around, upon the keeper and myself, who stood by the door beyond his reace.

"Come nearer to me," said he, beckoning; "come near, not you; no, not you, I fear you, for your eyes strike terror to my heart; and that, and the form of my child before me ever, are all I dread!—Come, and I will tell you of my child—my little Mary, my own pet child, I'll tell you how she died."

Not daring to trust myself within his reach, I stepped as near to him as possible, so that he could not reach me; he bent forward, placed his head upon his hand, and with a sudden tremor, and wildly glaring eye, he began:

"Once, I know not when, but I could count by days, I knew the night, could tell the bright sun and the clear moon and stars; but now, all are the same to me—days, I know none, and light lingers around me ever; well, long, long ago, ere I came to this dull, gloomy place, I was out among men; drank, ate, cried, laughed like men, aye, and that too merily, for I was jester in the ring, made the crowd, the heartless rabble, laugh and shout, and raised a merry noise, no matter if my heart was sick or gay, but I was glad sometimes to see the long tiers, the closely packed boxes, and the stalls, each one with smiles, to hear the loud laugh and merry words, and know that I was the cause of it all—to hear the loud hurrahs, to see them wave their hats and handkerchiefs, when, with a shrill whoop, I jumped into the ring. That we'd cheer me sometimes when my heart belied the laugh upon my face, the jest to which my tongue gave utterance.

"Well, so years went on, until my wife, my own beloved Mary, died; she, whom I loved so fondly and truly, I laid to sleep in the cold, damp earth; no one could have thought that I, the jester clown, the one who then laughed, could *weep*! But, oh! how many hours I have passed beside that lonely grave! my Mary! she loved me as few women love; she had trod on the same rough road, walked *beside me in my troubles and sorrows*, sharing what I enjoyed, or suffering without a murmur; and when I knew she was dead, it seemed as if my time on earth was over, and the same grave dug for her should take me in also. But she had left me one over whom I must watch with anxiousness and love, if possible, more than heretofore—my little daughter, the image of her mother, my own little pet, Mary.

"I struggled with the deep, bitter curse of poverty—Could I have gained a livelihood by toil, incessant hardship and endurance, elsewhere, gladly would I have rushed to it, and blessed Heaven for its kindness. But no; poor, broken-down, a miserable, wretched man—no profession, no business save that one I followed. I was forced still to drag on in the arena, where my wants allowed but a very short, scanty respite upon my wife's death.

But what cared the crowd? the clown should not be sad; no, how impossible for the ring-jester to weep, it was a thing unheard-of, and would raise a louder laugh than any of my liveliest sallies. And so, with a heart overburthened, sick and faint, I was forced to laugh and make merry.

"Oh, what a pleasure and joy to me was little Mary! how her sweet artless smiles lit up the gloom within my breast—how her merry laugh made me feel young and happy for the time, and with what fondness, strange, aye, mad devotion, did I hang upon every word, every look of hers! She grew and was beautiful indeed.

"How many hours when the toil of my profession was over for the night, did I sit beside her little cot, and gaze upon her as she lay sleeping before me! Often, very often, with a smile playing upon her lovely face, telling that her dreams were sweet and pleasant, and making me even smile myself as I looked upon her, and wish that I was young, and innocent, as pure as she.

"And then what horrid, horrid thoughts came crowding in upon my feverish brain. Ah! how I would struggle and fight with them, and I would weep and moan aloud.

"For oh! I thought; yes, the thought would come, what if death should come and rob me of her—her, my Mary—all, all I loved on the wide earth—she, in whom were concentrated all my affections, the only one inducing me still to drag on my weary life; what if the cold, strong, sure arm of death, should smite her down in all her purity and loveliness? True, she would die some time, as did her mother, as I must, as must all of us, but should that moment be while I remained on earth? Oh, how I prayed to God to arrest death's dart till I was in the skies. Yes, will you believe it, the clown—mark me, the *clown prayed!* The one, who, in fanciful attire, leaped and rode, joking, and making merry in the ring—he, the one who wept beside the grave of his dear wife, prayed beside the cot of his child—he prayed for her!

"And then again, another and more dreadful vision came to me! to which the thought of death was nothing; should she, growing more beautiful and fascinating every hour—still continue the object of my entire thought, and fall to sin!—oh, God! the thought was sickening; then how I bent me down and prayed—then how I trembled for the fate of my child.

"London is no place for a young, motherless and beautiful girl; for temptation and every allurement of sin and vice existed on each turn; and should she fall? We'd that ere that moment, I could see her a corpse before me.

"Well, as I'd sit and gaze and muse on all this, and my thick coming fancy passed before me, sometimes she would wake; at first she was surprised to find me there in tears, and sought to know the cause; and she would say, 'Dear father, do go to rest, for you look pale, very pale; yes, do go, father, for your own little Mary asks you;' then I'd kiss her and bid her good night, wishing her pleasant dreams, and leave her till I thought she was asleep again, and then so softly creeping back to watch till morning.

"Each, day, each moment, found me growing weaker and weaker. And, as she grew more and more fair and beautiful, the more and more I failed in strength and everything—everything but love for her—no abatement could there be in that, while the life-blood coursed thro' my veins.

"Sometimes I took her to her mother's grave where she was always sure to bring some simple flower, and I would tell her of one who lay beneath, so good, so gentle and so kind, telling her that she must try and be like her; and then she'd ask me many artless questions—if she was in heaven then, if she loved me as tenderly as did she, and when she spelled the only word upon the headstone—simply 'MARY'—she said, 'why, that is my name, too.

"My salary became inadequite to my wants—I pinched myself sadly to allow my daughter an education, and to enable her to dress prettily, and that she might not suffer for anything. So I applied for more and told them I could not live with what I had. But, alas! they answered that my request could not be complied with; they said they would retain me, paying me what I was receiving or that I might go, for although I was a favorite, I was growing weak and old, and many a younger one was waiting for the chance and station I then had.

"I demurred, but it was of no avail—I pleaded poverty, but that was no help, and was turning to leave when one of the managers spoke to me—

"'If you are poor, and wanting as you say, I can name [illegible]'

"'Name it,' eagerly cried I.

"'Your daughter—she is young, and handsome—she ——.'

"'What do you mean by these words? shouted I, as I stood panting before him.

"'Why not train her for the arena?'

"Horrible idea! train my little Mary for the arena!—No, no, I could not think of such a thing. I could not find it in my heart to bring that dear one, pure as she was—untouched—unsullied yet by sin—into the midst of the many low and vile creatures hanging around such a place. No, no; the thought was agony.

"So I toiled on, harder and harder than ever. Little did those who laughed so loudly, long and heartily, think the heart of him who caused them so to do was sadly beating while he sang the merry song, or danced and capered telling his curious jokes, and laughing out so loudly himself—ah, no!—At length nature could support it no longer; I grew sick and was scarcely able to go through with my performance, and the words of the manager recurred to me again—there was no alternative, and I was forced to bring her to the house.

"And that hour when she stepped therein I curse—aye, curse it from my heart!"

And here the poor maniac, after talking so rationally, and for such a length of time, covered his face with his hands, and swaying his body to and fro, utterred loud curses and cries. Upon this I feared that the remainder of his story was lost, and waited long for his paroxism to cease. By degrees his voice subsided and he commenced—

"She murmured not—she said she was glad that she could be earning something to assist me in my poverty, and she would do her best to learn and please. Poor child, poor Mary!

"Weeks, weeks—and many too, we practised—every day for hours, and she would not say she was tired—no complaint, not one—and she learned too, rapidly.

"How I watched her then!—by her all day, all night, not a moment could my eyes be from her. After hours and hours of training and toil, she was prepared for the *debut*. The day preceeding the night was sad enough to me. We went together to her mother's grave and sat an hour or two. I told her that she was soon to come before the world—that she would be surrounded by sin, misery and temptation—but ever to treasure the memory of that mother who, when living, was free from taint, and peerless as the driven snow. She was so young that she did not understand me fully, but said—sweet child—that she would go to heaven to meet her there, and if she would, she must be good to do so.

"The night arrived—portentous night—and with a sadly beating heart, I put on my customaty habiliments. Mary was to appear in two performances—in the first alone, the second in conjunction with the best performer in the arena—how sweetly did she look when all attired for her first appearance. Never had she looked so beautiful, with her little spangled frock and tights, so like a sylph, so pure, so innocent. Again and again I kissed her, and bade her fear not.

"The house, long before the advertised time for the raising of the curtain was densely packed, for the announcement of the first appearance in public of the daughter of ——, had been long underlined, and been heralded forth in glowing words for several days. Yes, men came to look upon the one whom *poverty* had compelled to appear; whom want had driven from her peaceful home, and to laugh at the jests of her sad-hearted father.

"And they would not look in vain—for at rehearsal the manager, struck with her beauty and daring courage, with her skill on horseback, made me liberal offers for her service, which poverty, of course, made me accept. It is not often that managers applaud their hirelings.

"Tier above tier they rose—and when with a shriek and merry 'Here I am!' I jumped into the ring, deafening plaudits made all echo again.

"I know not how I acted, or what I said—but from time to time I heard them shout: My thoughts were upon my child; and when the moment came for her to appear, I led her by her little hand to make her bow, feelings of pride mingled with my madness, for it was Mary, my child, for whom they shouted, unto whom they rose, to whom every eye was turned.

"But oh! what a moment for me! With the lightness of air she vaulted into the saddle. A crack from the master's whip, and round went the noble steed like lightning—round the arena so swiftly, it seemed to me it were not half so long. Then how they applauded! My eye followed her as she went, my heart knocked against my bosom at each beat, and when she stopped for rest I could not speak. It was well for me that they saw it not—they were waving handkerchiefs, and sending flowers from every portion of the place.

"It was a triumph. I was wild, frantic, with joy, fear and weakness! Sweetly, and with grace, she smiled and waved her tiny arms and hands, as the foaming steed walked slowly around to let her breathe and give her time to rest.

"Off again performing more difficult feats than before, but with the same ease and grace. One could not have told, to have looked on, that she had not done the same thing months and months before; so easy, no effort; so cooly, no embarrassment. It was through—I breathed again.

"But, no—she must come before them, and I lead her out again. I need not tell you how they shouted, what they did; you'll say my brain was turned with love for my dear child, and would not think I told the truth.

"And now, one more performance, and the last that night. Off she came borne by the best performer in the arena, the favorite in the place. With what ease and grace he held her up on high! How smartly she looked, away up there—all tinsels and spangles, glittering so finely in the gas-lights! and he like Hercules beside her, urging the steed onward to its utmost power.

"The most intrepid riders are carried the swiftest, to enable them to sustain their balance—and he was famous for swiftness in riding; it seemed as if his steed flew—No words came from my lips, though I was in the arena all the time. I was not thinking where I was, or what I was doing—all I thought of was my child.

"High up in the air he threw her, catching her as easy as if 'twas play—and she clapping her little hands—no fear had she. How they applauded!—her triumph was complete.

"Each moment brought the performance nearer to its close, and how I wished it through! But, no—he steed fearing the whip, trained to exerting all its powers when the rider was upon his back, kept on its lightning course, and, oh, God! in one unlucky beat he missed her! I saw her fall—the horse reared, and down came his heavy hoof upon my Mary.

"I cannot tell you what followed, I saw them rise round on every side. There were cries, but I know that piercing shrieks drowned them—I saw blood, red blood, upon my dear child's face, I had sprung to her ere the horse had hardly moved, and seized her from beneath him, and all connected with the place rushed to my side.

"But, she, the beautiful—she my idol, life and hope—a moment before so full of joy, I had clasped to my heart a corpse!

"Ay she was dead!—dead! like her mother Mary—dead, like everything to me that should be full of life—dead, and I lived!

"I know no more—no more!" said the poor maniac, as he wiped his dry eyes, as if there had been enough to wash away. "I could have wept once but now my eyes are dry and I have no tears to shed. Men tell me that she lies beside her mother's grave, and that for many hours was so. But they brought me here to this dark place, and shut out the bright light, and will not let me listen to the song of birds, or smell the fragrance of the flowers; they chain me down, aye! load me with double manacles as these. When they have barred the doors, ah! they cannot close them to my Mary. I see her now, with the red blood streaming down her pale face—don't let me see it—away! away!"

And with a tear of reality, and after obtaining the location of the two graves, I turned from him, and the massive doors were again closed and barred upon the "Maniac Clown."

Neighbor Wilkins's Hint.

A man having purchased a worn out farm, invested all his money in his real estate, tried hard by his labor to make it produce a crop. After a laborious summer's work, he signally failed. His crops of corn, oats, buckwheat, were scarcely worth harvesting. Winter came on, and with it discouraging despondency. He asked his neighbor, in the language of scripture, "What shall I do?" His neighbor replying, in true Yankee style, answered this question by asking another. "Neighbor Wilkins, have you ever kept a hired man on your farm?" "Always." "How can you gain the greatest amount of labor in a season from him?" "In the first place give him a plentiful supply of food, for a full stomach, for a laborer is a jewel; then begin the day early, and keep steady at it." "You have answered truly; manage your farm as you do your hired man. Feed it with nourishment for vegetation; then let it full and keep it fed.—Clear out the barnyard, bring up the muck from the swamps; sow on all the ashes you can get; cart sand from the drainage of the streets. When you begin upon a field, feed it; feed it full and keep it fed. Then go to the next lot, and feed it in the same style. Such fields recollect the kindness of the owner, and they pay him for it more than fifty fold. The plough and hoe and the reward is sure." Neighbor Wilkins opened his eyes in astonishment at his own ignorance, and said, "I see! I see! A feeble starved man cannot work much. A poor starved field cannot bear much." Common sense might have taught him, but it had not. Thousands like him, "Scratch gravel" for naught all their days. Neighbor Wilkins saw where he missed it. The next year he planted four acres of corn, after he had coated the field with all the fertilizing material he could gather during one short winter. He told me that "he had scraped all creation." November told a true story. Two hundred and sixty bushels of corn made him laugh. His wife made puddings without grumbling, and his children ate with pleasure. Thus, friend Wilkins went from field to field, and fed it as he went. In its turn it fed him, his family, his cattle. His barren farm became productive; his naked fields became clothed with herbage. He became rich. His farm was rich. Peace dwelt in his household, plenty filled his granaries, and fortune smiled upon him. Are you an unfortunate farmer, cursed with poor land and stinted crops? Look at Mr. Wilkins, and in the language of the Bible, "Go thou and do likewise."

A Litgral Servant.

"Please, marm, and what shall I do with the bits of candles?"

"Take them down stairs and burn them in the kitchen, Bridget."

Off she started. At night Bridget called the lady and asked her for a candle for the kitchen.

"A candle—why, what have you done with those pieces you had this morning?"

"Faith, marm, I put them in the fire and burned them in the kitchen, as you told me into this mornin'!"

☞ A mother asked a clergyman when she should begin to education of her child, and she told him it was then four years old. "Madam," his reply was, "you have lost three years already. From the very first smile over an infant's face, your opportunity begins."

Go'long.

A stuttering Vermonter was asked the way to Waterbury. With great politeness he strove to say it was right ahead, but in vain. The more he tried, he couldn't.—At last, red in the face, and furious with unavailing exertion he burst forth with—"Gug, gug, go'long! darn ye! you'll gug, gug, get there before I can tell ye!"

Which is the Weaker Sex.

Females are called the weaker sex, but why? If they are not strong, who is? When men must wrap themselves in thick garments and encase the whole in a stout overcoat to shut out the cold, women, in thin silk dresses, with neck and shoulders bare, or nearly so, say they are *perfectly comfortable!* When men wear water proof boots over woolen hose and encase the whole in India rubber to keep them from freezing, women wear thin silk and cloth shoes, and pretend not to feel the cold.—When men cover their heads with furs, and then complain of the severity of the weather, women half cover their heads with straw bonnets, and ride twenty miles in an open sleigh facing the north-wester, and pretend not to suffer at all!

They can sit, too, by men who stink of rum and tobacco smoke enough to poison a whole house, and not appear more annoyed than though they were a bundle of roses!

Year after year they they can bear abuses of all sorts from drunken husbands, as though their strength was made of iron.

And then is not woman's mental strength greater than man's? Can she not endure suffering that would bow the stoutest man to earth? Call not woman the weaker vessel; for had she not been stronger than man, the race would long since have been extinct. Here is a state of endurance a man cannot bear.

Man labors ten or twelve hours per day, and then his work is done; both body and mind can rest, but woman's work is never done—she is never idle. From early dawn her hands are not idler at noon she is not idle, and at night her task is not accomplished. When all else has been accomplished, sewing or knitting fills up her spare moments till the hour of retirement arrives, and even then when her lord and master is snoozing it, as unconscious as a sleeping calm, she must take care of the child and perhaps be aroused from fitful slumbers ten times each night.

If woman was not the stronger vessel she could not live three years after marriage.—*Pleasure Boat.*

On Smoking.

Of the three modes of using tobacco, *smoking* is that which seems to have insinuated itself most extensively among the youth of our community. Tobacco, employed in this way, being drawn in with the vital breath, conveys its poisonous influences into every part of the lungs. There the obnoxious fluid is entangled in the minute spongy air cells, and has time to exert its pernicious influence on the blood, not in vivifying, but in vitiating it. The blood imbibes the stimulant narcotic principle, and circulates it throughout the whole system. It produces in consequence a febrile action in those of a delicate habit. Where there is any tendency to phthisic and tubercular deposit in the lungs, debility of these organs, consequent on the use of tobacco in this way, must favor the deposit of tuberculous matter, and thus sow the seeds of consumption. This practice impairs the natural taste and relish for food, lessens the appetite, and weakens the powers of the stomach. As to the pleasure produced by it, it is, I believe, a well known fact, that a person smoking in the dark is often unable to determine whether his cigar is lighted or not.—*Dr. J. C. Warren.*

"God, Love, and Poetry."

God, Love and Poetry is the inscription which Lamartine wishes his friends to put on his tomb, if he shall ever merit a tomp. "God, Love and Poetry" are worthy the contemplation of every christian. If we would expand and strengthen our intellectual faculties, we should think often, think much of the Infinite, Omnipotent, Omnipresent Jehovah, the Creator and preserver of the boundless Universe, and the harmony prevading all things. If we would be useful, we should love God—love the church—love our fellow-men, and attend to all the gentle duties which love dictates. We should study the true poetry of nature, as presented in the delicate flowers of the garden, and in the variegated tints in the rainbow, in the crystal dew drop, and in the majestic cataract, in the cloud-cap mountains of earth, and in the brilliant constellations of heaven. We should learn that happiness consists in doing good, in ministering relief to the distressed, in visiting the afflicted, in raising up the bowed down. The flower pressed to the earth by adverse winds, repays in fragrance the hand that lifts it up, and will man be ungrateful?—*Camden Democrat.*

Remedy for Short Sight.

Dr. Turnbull has discovered a remedy for short sight, which he has communicated to the medical publications. The learned doctor thus describes the process:—"In the first instance I applied the extract of ginger, which was rubbed for five or ten minutes over the whole forehead, with the view of acting upon the branches of the fifth pair of nerves. Afterwards I substituted a concentrated tincture of ginger, of the strength of one part of ginger to two parts of spirit of wine, decolourised by animal charcoal. The success of this operation was remarkable. In many cases it had the effects of doubling the length of vision. In some persons I found the iris was not much dilated, but very torpid. In these cases I applied the concentrated tincture of pepper made of the same strength and in the same manner as the tincture of ginger. This I used until I observed that the iris had obtained a great power of contraction and dilation, after which I had again recourse to the tincture of ginger. This plan of treatment has been attended with the most signal success; and persons who were extremely short-sighted have very soon been enabled to permanently lay aside their concave glasses."

Hoosier Argument.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said a Hoosier lawyer, "I am satisfied of your integrity and sense of justice, and so am my client; and I respect your honesty so much that, if I war as rich as John Jacob Asturis, I would not offer you a bribe on no consideration. I scorns to influence you in any manner; but I beg to observe in the most respectful manner, without any int