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Towayda, Wedge Toward 22.

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TOWANDAR! 721 WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1846:

The Old Bachelor.

REVELLTIONS BY ONE OF THE FRATERNITY. Faint glimmered the tamp in the Bachelor's room, When the midnight had shrouded the earth in its gloom And the few fading embers that burned in his grats, -Seemed a foreboding of his speedy fate; For he was becoming lank, bony and thin, I and was but the shadow of what he had been; And there he sat musing, shunned, hated by all, So sad is the man that keeps bachelor's hall.

He thought of his folly, enlightened at last, And of chances of happiness hopelessly passed : He thought of his neighbors, around him so blest. With loving companions, now, snugly at test, And he mourned over hours that had fruitlessly flown ind left him so joyless and weary and lone; With gloom overclouding his mind like a pail, So sad is the man that keeps barhelor's hall:

He looked on his coat-it was dusty and worn, And the back of his vest all in tatters was torn; A rent in his pants and more holes in his hose Than it would be prudent for me to disclose: His dickeys-were hately, ill-shaped and wide,and the strings were so broken they couldn't be tied; His shirt buttons gone and his drawers too small, So sad is the man that keeps bachelor's hall.

While thus he sat musing away the dull night, His spirits were roused by a flash of delight, And visions of marriage bliss rose in his mind: So many fair widows, sweet, sober and kind; So many bright damsels, young, lovely and gay, Who seldom will turn any suitor away : He resolved to escape from the dull demon's thrall, For sad is the man that keeps bachelor's hall.

Then he rose in great glee, but happened to pass Where his features were pictured in the trath-telling glass When a glance at the image of his grizly old head, Knecked all of his fine aspirations stone dead; and he sat himself down, his dream quickly o'er, Determined to think of such folly no more; And his pleasure all ended in wormwood, and gall, so sad as the man that keeps bachelor's hall.

And when he retired to his rest, all alone, the a couch that seemed harder to him than a stone, His slumbers were troubled and short, and unsound, And shosts and hobgobins kept flitting around; And the nightmare grinned at him with horrid delight, And he trembled with terror till the dawning light; And never was mortal, since old Adam's fall, So sad as the mon that keeps bachelor's hall. .

0, young men do warned, by so wretched a fate, And flee from destruction before it's too late : If you wish to sleep sweetly and soundly at night-If you wish to make happy some being of lightlyou wish to have plenty of pot-pies and stews-If you want to be rid of the horrible blues-Then listen to this doleful warning and call, For sad is the man that keeps bachelor's hall.

## Miscellaucons.

Fashionable Education. BY MRS. A. DICKINSON.

the toil of the husbandinen, the mechanic, and alize the measures they may be entailing upon collivation and employment of intellect; so ters a fashioaable education, without any adenobly endowed with free institutions, so ex. quate regard to their character, their principles, empt from oppressive taxation; whose mer- their usefulness, or their permanent and subhants are princes in all the earth-whose pro- stantial happiness. fessional men-lawyers, divines, physicians, and statesmen-are held in high estimation

quire the causes of so much solicitude and pe-

more elevated classes.

Far be it from us to disparage mental cultiters were disciplined, and their reasoning powsecred and inviolable regard to law and consauted authority, but also of advancing us in retything that contributes to render a nation

glorious and happy! Neither would we have them indifferent to hose external accomplishments which diversilv and enliven social intercourse, and afford greeable relaxation from the laborious, and often irritating duties of life. Yet we would not have them cultivate, even these, for purpoter of selfishness and vanity, but for the sake contributing more largely to the happiness of society. We would not have them feel that bey may neglect, even for the sake of these raceful accomplishments, but would have them redeem time for the proper discharge of every duty, by habits of early rising, industry

Leaving out of view for the present, the hackneyed and unwelcome topic of insubordihallon, so prevalent in the community, and the of so much misery, is it not an undeniable fact, that in too many instances, the daught ten of the wealthy attend school till they sre erenteen or eighteen, become to some extent equainted with Mathematics, Prench. Draw-Moeic, &c., for no higher reason than be- by a bean.

cause it is fushionable is And is it not true. The Battle of Wagram and the Charge of Macdenald. that; the daughters of many merchants; mechanics, and farmers, of small capital, who are toiling and struggling to sustain their standing in business, are led to pursue the same course merely because it is fashionable? The difficulty does not consist chiefly in the course pursued ; though inemany instances, that is sufficiently objectionable; but mainly in the motive for doing it, the making mere fathion the mainspring of action, to being capable of understanding the relations of things ; capable of thinking and reasoning : capable of appreciating the moble stimulus of being useful .-They have delicate sensibilities, which if properly cultivated, would make them shrink from the idea of being only amusing toys, enjoying a life of inglorious ease, at the expense of many hours of hard labor stolen from a mother's needful sleep or the excessive toil and perplexi-

ty of an indulgent father.
The ease-worn mother whose beat years have been spent in toil and self-dental. to procure her daughters a fashionable education not unfrequently complains in butterness of her soul, that they feel no responsibility in sharing her burdens, and no gratitude for all her painful efforts on their behalf. Poor mother! she little thinks she is reaping the legitimate harvest of the seed she has with so much labor been sowing. - Can she expect her daughters to seek happiness where alone it is to be found. in doing good, in studying to be really useful, when they have been educated to think happiness consisted in the gratification of self? When they have been accustomed from childhood to see the comfort of the family constantly sacrificed to procure for them exemption from effort or means of idle and ostentations display! when they have been accustomed to waste the bright joyous mornings of youth locked in dreamy torgetfulness, till the second or third call aroused to consciousness, and reminded them that the industrious portion of the family were at the breakfast table ? Well may many a sad-hearted mother, and father too, blush and tremble for the consequences. when they reflect, how, morning, after morning, those for whom they endure every privation and who, in addition to the duties of the toilet, should have had at least an hour's healththeir room with nerves and muscles relaxed; with feelings ruffled by the reproaches of conscience, and the hurry of dressing, unfitted either for business, or for social intercourse .-Miserable beings ! pitiable objects ! finding but little left, in the cold and deranged dishes, to tempt a capricious appetite, they conclude to lounge perhaps on the sofa, or while away the time with the last novel, or at the dispirited music, and wait for the dinner, when they make shameful amends for their morning's abstinence! or rather for their morning's indolence! So their days, weeks, months, years pass away, and such inveterate habits are formed, as almost necessarily result in ignoble demand, impaired looks, and indeed, ruined constitutions both of mind and body. Considerduigence, improper views of education, and of spirit. the great design of life, need we wonder that degeneracy of the race, especially when we re- and mangled mass must break and fly. flect, that this imbecility, physical and intellec-When we cast our eye over this vast coun- tual, will be transmitted to others?

If the daughters of our land were early accustomed to share, cheerfully, in the labors and among all people, we are naturally led to en- responsibilities of a mother, to tell that the great end of education was to make them usecuntary embarrassments, among the middle and ful to society-to enable them to the best advantage to employ those hecular powers. tation. We would that the minds of our daugh- ling angels in a world where wretchedness ers developed, by a much more patient and debts and hard times, or of finefficient, runed restematic pursuit of science. But we would sone and brothers. It is impossible for a brothalso have them pursue a thorough course of er, who is not a reprobate, to resist the influmental discipline, not because it is fashionable, euce of an affectionate, cultivated sister, who For that they may practially demonstrate their devotes her best energies to the important dumay be better fitted to discharge their own adorns the social circle with cheerfulness and habits of prompt and cheerful obedience; and wives. They would be able to conduct the afmay infuse into their minds sentiments of ex- fairs of their household with an ease and digni-'led virtue and true philanthropy; which may ty that could not fail to command respect and to call them, Blessed. in ?

THE SELF-HAUNTED .- Reading in the jour-Virginia murderer, and again of his being still Macdonald is seen still to pause, while the can at large, we have been led to think what the sensations of the guilty man must be. Are

"And thy life shall hang in doubt before thee : and thou shalt fear day, and night, and siAlt have none assurance of thy life. In the morning thou shalt say. "Would God it were even !'cand at even thou shalt say, " Would God it were morning !" for the fear of thine. heart wherewith thou shalt fear, and for the sight of thine eyes which thou shalt see !"

TWELVENONTH LAMP .- Take a stick of phosphorus and put it into a large dry, phial, not corked, and it will afford sufficient light to discern any object placed near it. The phial slightly be kept in a cold place, where there is no great current of air, and it will continue its luminous appearance formore than a year.

A lady's heart is said to be like a fiddle, becalled it is played upon to the best advantage

BY J. T. HEADLEY.

"This formed the crisis of the battle, and no sooner had the Archduke seen the movement of this terrible column of eight battalions, composed of sixteen thousand men, upon his centre, than he knew that the hour of Europe's destiny, and of his own army had

He immediately doubled the lines at the threatened point, and brought up the reserved cavalry, while two hundred cannon were wheelhung: and opened a steady fire on the advanc-

ing column. Macdonald immediately ordered a hundred cannon to precede him, and answer the Austrian batteries, which swept the ground like a storm of sleet. The cannoniers mounted their orses, and started on a rapid trot with their hundred pieces, approached to within a half cannon shot and then opened on the enemy's ranks. The column marched up to this battery, and with it, at its head, belching out fire

like some huge monster, steadily advanced. The Austrians fell back, and closed in, on each other, knowing that the final struggle had come. At this crists of the battle, nothing, could exceed the sublimity and terror of the scene. The whole, interest of the armies was concentrated here, where the incessant and rapid roll of cannon told how desperate was the

conflict. Still Macdonald slowly advanced, though his numbers were diminishing, and the flerce battery at his head was gradually becoming silent. Enveloped in the fire of its antagonist, the guns had one by one been dismounted, and at the distance of a mile and a half from the spot where he started on his awful missian

Macdonald found himself without a protecting battery, and the centre still unbroken .-Marching over the wreck of his guns, and pushing the naked head of his column into the open field, and into the devouring cross fire of the Austrian artillery, he continued to advance. The carnage then became terrible. At every discharge, the head of that column disappeared. ful employment to gain a good appetite, and as if it sank into the earth, while the outer promote the order of the family, come from ranks, on either side, melted away like snow

wreaths, on the river's brink. No pen can describe the intense anxiety with which Napoleon watched its progress .-On just such a charge rested his empire at Waterloo, and in its failure his doom was sealed. But all the lion of Macdonald's nature was aroused, and he had fully resolved to execute the task given him or fall on the field.

Etill he towered unburt, amid his falling guard, and with his eye fixed steadily on the enemy's centre, moved steadily on. At the close and fierce discharges of these cross batteries on its mangled head, that column would sometimes stop and stagger back, like a strong bility, nervous headaches, loss of self-com- ship when smitten by a wave. The next tooment the drums would beat their hurried charge, and the calm steady voice of Macconald ring ing the alarming prevalence of these downward back through his exhausted ranks, nerving habits, the result of false, improper parental in- them to the desperate valor that filled his owi

Never before was there such a charge made philanthropists should deeply mourn over the and it seemed at every moment that the torn

around till they stretch away the toll of the bushes less is o amply repaying there and mothers do not, in any measure, reof heroes, and harl an incessant tempest of lead the merchant; so abundantly rewarding the society by the vain desire of giving their daugh against their bosoms. But the stern warriors close in and fill up the frightful gaps made at every discharge, and still press onward.

Macdonald has communicated his own settled purpose to conquer or die, to his devoted followers.

There is no excitement-no enthusiasmsuch as Murat was wont to infuse into his men when pouring on the foe his terrible cavalry. No cries of " Vive l Empereur," are heard along the lines; but in their place is an unalwhich may emphatically render them minister- terable determination that nothing but annihilation can shake. The eyes of the army and of abounds-there would be less complaint of bad the world are on them, and they carry Napo-

leon's fate as they go. But human strength has its limits, and human effort the spot where it ceases forever .-No living man could have carried that column where it stood, but the iron-hearted leader at forality with the sterner sex; but that they ties and sweet charities of domestic life; who its head. But now he halts, and casts his eye over his surviving band that stands all alone in appropriate duties ; that they may be more sui- intelligence ; who exhibit at all times a practi- the midst of the enemy. He looks back on his able companions for illose with whom they cal regard to other and propriety; and who path, and as far as the eye can reach, he sees are to be most intimately associated; for those, thus, by her example reminds him, habitually, the course of his heroes by the black swath of perhaps, whose lives are to be seent in intellection of the true path of wisdom and the great end dead men that stretches like a huge serpent overshadow it. Awake, for the sun "arisen but pursuits, in thinking and reasoning, that of human life. And daughters thus educated, over the plain. "Out of sixteen thousand men, which shall set no more!" ber may secure greater influence in society; wearing the ornament of "a meek and quiet with which he started, only fifteen hundred are but they may have strength of character to spirit," would be helps, meet indeed, when left beside him." Ten out of every eleven hin their sons, while yet in the nursery, to they come to sustain the higher relation of have fallen, and here at length the tired hero pauses, and surveys with stern and anxious eve his surviving followers. The heart of Napoleon stops beating at the sight, and well it only be the means of preserving among us confidence; and their husbands would delight may for the throne is where Macdonald stands. He bears the Empire on his single brave breast -he is the EMPIRE. Shall he turn at last and sound the retreat? The fate of nations waver nals every day or two of the arrest of Epes, to and fro, for like a speck in the distance, non are piling the dead in heaps around him. Will he turn and fly ? is the secret and agonthey not well described in the Book of books! izing question which Napoleon puts to himself. No! he is worthy of the mighty trust committed to him. The Empire stands or falls with him, but shall stand while he stands. Looking away to where his Emperor sits, he sees the dark masses of the Old Guard in motion, and the shining helmets of the brave

cuirassiers sweeping to his relief. .. Forward" breaks from his iron lips. The roll of drums and the pe ling of trum pets answer the volley that smites the exhaus ted column, and the next moment it is seen piercing the Austrian centre. The day is, won--the Empire saved-and the whole Austrian

army is in full retreat.

it failed.

Paith and Hope. A PARABLE BY WORDSWORTH.

One morning as the sun rose, two spirits went

of mature age, while Hope was yet a child. They were both beautiful. Some loved to was serene, and her beauty changed not but Hope

ed around, the spot on which such destinies, and dewy lawns, her wings glittered in the sunbeams like a rainbow.

with me the butterfly from flowr to flower."

their fragrance is sweet." But Faith replied : " Nay, my sister, let the kind of an international copy-right law. flowers be there, for thou art young and de-lightest thyself in their beauty. I will meditate

Thou wilt find me by the fountain in the forest. When thou art weary, come and repose in my And she smiled and departed.

After a time Hope sought her eister. The tear was in her eye; and her countenance was Then Faith said: " My sister, wherefore

dost thou weep, and why is thy countenance

the rain begins to fall."

before." Now the place were they sat was sheltered from the rain, as it had been from the mountide heat. And Fuith comforted the child, and showed her how the waters flowed with a fuller

and clearer stream as the showers fell. And presently the sun broke out again, and woods resounded with song.
Then Hope was glad, and went forth to her

parts once more. After a while the sky was again darkened, and the young spirit looked up, and behold, there was no cloud in the whole circle of the

Therefore Hope marvelled, for it was not ver

And she fled to her sister, and cast here self down at her feet and trembled exceed-Then Faith raised the child, and led her forth

from the shade of the trees, and pointed to the sun, and said :, "A shadow is passing over the face thereof, but no ray of his glory is extinguished. He still walketh in brightness, and thou shalt again

delight thyself in his beams. See even yet his face is not wholly hidden from us. But the child dared not look up, for the gloom struck upon her heart.

And when all was bright again, she feared to vander from her sister, and her spirits were less gay than before: When the eventide was come; Faith went

forth from the forest shades and sought the lawn. The Austrian cannon are gradually wheeled whiereshe might watch the setting of the sun. Then said she to be "Come and behold how far the glories of

> See how sofily they melt away and give place to the shadows of night." But Hope was now weary-lier eve was heavy; and her voice languid. She folded her radient wings, and dropped on her sister's bosom,

> and fell asleep. If
> But Faith watched through the night—she was never weary, nordid her eyelids need te-

> kissed her cheek. She also drew her mantle round the head of the young sleeper, that she

might sleep in peace. Then Faith booked upwards, and beheld how the stars came forth. She traced them in their. radiant courses, and listened to their harmonies, which mortal ear bath:not heard.

And as she listened; their music entraced her . At length a light appeared in the east, and burst forth from portals of the heavens. Then What though the lines and lineaments of youth the spirit hastened to arouse the young sleeper. "Awake !! O my sister ! awake !" she cried. a new day hath dawned, and no cloud shall

A MONEY-MONOMANIAC .- The love of money has been the root of great evil in a local case which has lately come to our knowledge. One of our wealthy citizens, who was so fond of merely handling money that he would always take his seat at the far, end of an omnibus that he might have the pleasure of scrutinizing and, fingering the coin of the passengers before passing it up to the driver, has recently become ipsone from anxiety in relation to a very large fortune; from the sheer excitement of "buying and selling and getting gain." He is now at the Lunatic Asylum on Blackwell's Island,

where he was adroidy induced to go to look at a piece of property there that was to be purchased at a bargain. The ruling passion is strong upon him; so that he is quite contentell in his new position. He has been negotiating with the keeper for several weeks for the purchase of the Asylum and the adjacent grounds; but owing to a point on which the cunning Superintendent higgles a good deal. the paper still remains unsigned .- Knicker-

lias supported himself by grafting, inoculating, charity for assistance,

Apastatic Printing.

Since we first saw a specimen of Anastatio printing; we have not doubted the ultimate suc-cess of the invention. For some reason or other, clous sensation is rest to the weary! What a printing; we have not doubted the ultimate sucit has not come into such general use as we anforth upon the earth.

And they were sisters; but Faith was ticipated, but that it must supersed the art of the "Come, my sister, she cried, " and chase that they will immediately reproduce some copionsly illustrated English works, which could must inevitably lead to the enactment of some

bookseller will hereafter be his own publisher, than will meet an immediate demand. If a customer should call for a new work, the bookseller prints it for him. The saving in labor, capital, and machinery will be almost incalculable, and when it is over, the fields will be greener than ing that a copy can first be borrowed to print

> A work on cottage architecture printed by the by Carey & Hart of Philadelphia, to which we shall allude further in a day or two .- V. Y. Mirror.

To WINE DRINKERS .- It is not generally known that Wine Baths are queit common in France-nevertheless such is the case. The Duke of Clarence is not the only one who has enjoyed an immersion in Malmsey. Punch has tried it in the very best sherry. Only imagine! Punch-the veritable English Punchswimming in French wine, and kicking, and plunging, and laughing, until the tears ran down his cheeks, and never thinking of the expense -a five france piece!

"What! a five france piece for a tub of wine? Hurrah! Viva la France!

Gently! At least fifty others bathed in the same wine alter Punch, and gave Punch the first dip. After him came fifty others ; making in all fifty five-franc pieces. A good price for the tub.

"The wine was then thrown out?"

" Not at all. Not so by any means." " What then ?"

" Bottled. . Bottled of course ?"" " Bottled. And for what purpose ?"

" Why, for drink, to be sure." "Drink? Who would drink such stuff?" .. Why, the English do-the Yankees do? The latter import it in large quantities. It is and unsafe. a great savorite in Yankee land

Now, dear wine-drinking friends, antitemperance friends, when you next smack your lips "Come and behold how far the glories of sunset transcend the beauties of the morning.—

See how softly they melt away and give place bathed in it, and see if the reflection will assist you to appreciate its flavor.

THE BEAUTY OF WOMAN.-Is there not a beauty and a charm in that venerable and venerated woman who sits in the "majesty o age" beside the fireside of her son; she nursed him in his infancy, tended him in youth, coun-She laid the child on a bed of flowers, and selled him in manhood, and who now dwells as the intellary goddess of his household?— What a host of blessed memories are linked in that mother, even in her " reverential and armchair days,"-what a multitude of sanctifying associations surround her and make her levely. even on the verge of the grave. " Is there not a beauty and a charm in that matronly woman who is looking on the child on her lap? Is there not a holy influence around her, and does not the observer at once pronounce her lovely ? are fled? Time has given far more than he has taken away. And is there not a beauty and charm in that fair girl who is kneeling before that mairon-her own womanly sympa ties just opening into active life, as she folds that playful infant to her bosom ! All are beautiful-the opening blossom, the mature flower, and the ripened fruit; and the callous heart and the sensual mind, that gropes for loveliness as a stimulant for passion, only shows that it has no correct sense of beauty or refined taste.

ECENTRIC CHARACTERS.—Sometimes we meet with characters which the world cannot understand; minds which are not influenced by the narrow rules of the policy of life ; natures that live, as it were; in a wor'd of their were, as speculators in life, ruling and scorning the hearts which worship them; feeling. happiness where others would grieve, sor rowing where others would rejoice. Beings as inscrutable to themselves as to others.

DANDELION COFFEE. - Dr. Harrison, of Edinburg, says the Cottage Gardener, prefers cof-MAKING HIMSELF USEFUL -- A student in fee made of the dandelion root, to the Mecca Western Reserve College, who has been there arricle; and it certainly makes the most whole. Such was the battle of Wagram, and such and otherwise introducing choice fruits, and them well, but do not scrape them, dry them, was the charge of Macdonald. I know of has in fack revolutionized and luxuriated all out them into the size of peas; and then roast man! the town xounds. That man, will make himself them in an earthern pot, or coffee master of Waterloo, and that was not equal to it because alliving any, where, and not be dependent upon any kind. The great secret of good coffee is. to have it fresh burnt and fresh ground,

The Day of Rest.

The sweetest rensations of life, are those exsoothing induence spreads over the heart of piery, in the contemplation of God. What wood engraver and the stereotyper, we have not ecsiatic visions fill the mind of the ardent worth the least doubt. Within the last few days we shipper! As a sacred pause in the gidev gaze upon the countence of Faith, for her eye have seen several specifiens of printing by the whiriwind of avaries, how passifying to the was serene, and her beauty changed not but Hop Anastatic process, executed in this city and in soul, harrassed and wore by the toils and earlier was serene, and her beauty changes not determined the was the delight of every eye.

And the child sported in the freshness of the norming: and as she hovered over the gardens and dewy lawns, her wings glittered in the sun- that Messts.

Wiley & Putnam of this city such a day we teel as if brought into the present that Messts. Philadelphia, which were as perfect transcripts of life. How little do we appreciate the bless have established a press for Anastatic work, and sence of the great Creator of life—we feel afthat they will immediately reproduce some co-fection unbounded. If in affiction, his mercy -his love-his goodness infinite-his eternity But her sister was gazing at the lark, as it otherwise be published in this country. The of love; if bowed down by wo, we feel hope arose from its low nest and warbled amonge the advantages of this system over the old one of revived by the softening influence of the day. louds.

types and engravings are too palpable to need and the common strachment of all humanny to the great Source of Life. It is on the Sabi "Come, my sister, and pluck with me the in the system of publishing in this country, bath that the memory of the past crowds on us flowers of the garden, for they are beautiful, and greater than be effected in any other, because it with all the busy scenes of childhood boy both that the memory of the past crowde on us hood-youth-the crimson specir of love, and the sombre shadowings of matured existence; With the aid of an Anastatic press, every The groups who hasten to church, subdurd into pensiveners by the solemn-recollection of in the shade until the heat of the day be past, and the most costly work—costly on the score the day, are all interesting as they his themat of illustrations or beauty of type—may be reproduced in ten minutes or less, and there will be no necessity for striking any more copies plate the beauties of the Sabbath, or participate in the performance of its duties, without ferling the thrill of virtue disagn him of all his may tell him to wait a few minutes, while he evil passions and purify his soul to thoughts of benevolence-deeds of charity and examples of justice, kindness and love? We feel rebooks will have hardly any value beyond the haptised in the fountain of early life, as the worth of the paper on which they are flood of better feelings gashes upon the heart? And the child answered: "Because a cloud printed, excepting that which the copy-right making the parent more under—the child more is in the sky, and the sunshine is overcast—see, will give them. Not only will every booksels affectionate—the friend more ardent—the browning that which the copy-right making the parent more ardent—the browning that which the copy-right making the parent more ardent—the browning that which the copy-right making the parent more ardent—the browning that which the copy-right making the parent more ardent—the browning that which the copy-right making the parent more ardent—the browning that which the copy-right making the parent more ardent—the browning that which the copy-right making the parent more ardent—the browning that which the copy-right making the parent more ardent—the browning that which the copy-right making the parent more ardent—the browning that which the copy-right making the parent more ardent—the browning that which the copy-right making the parent more ardent—the browning that the copy right making the parent more ardent—the browning that the copy right making the parent more ardent—the browning that the copy right making the parent more ardent—the browning that the copy right making the parent more ardent—the browning that the copy right making the parent more ardent—the browning that the copy right making the parent more are copy right making the parent more are copy right. affectionate-the friend more ardent-the broler be his own printer and publisher, but every ther more attached-the wister more loving-It is but a shower." Faith replied, "and library may print its own books, that is supposed the bestothed more devoted. Sacred be the Sabbath, as the source of our purest joys the consulation of our keenest afflictions-the deviser of our noblest resolutions. Let us vene-Anastatic process, has already been published rate it as a friend, and keep it holy, as the sweetest refuge of affliction.

Guide to Buying a Rorse.

A correspondent of the Prairie Farmer. Mrz. H. Cole, confrarily to old mazims fundertakes to judge the character of the horse by outward appearances, and offers the following suggestions which from a synopsis of his whole article, as the fruits of his close observation and long ex-

If the color be light sorrel or chesnut sorrel." his feet, legs, and face white, these are marke

of kindness. If he is broad and full between the eves, he may be depended up on as a horse of good sense; and capable of being trained to any thing. ... will As respects such horses, the more kingly your treat them the better you will be treated in te

turn. Nor will a horse of this description stand, If you want a safe horse, avoid one that is dish faced; he may be so far gentle as not to scare, but he will have too much gc-head in him

to be safe for every one.

If you want a fool, buy a horse of good both

tom, get a beep bay, with not a white hair about him; if his face is a little dished, so much the worse. Let no man ride such a horse, who is not an adept in riding, they are always micky

If you want a horse who will never give outnever buy a large overgrown one. A. black, horse cannot stand heat, nor a white one cold. If you want a gentle horse, get one with more, or less white about him—the more the better. A spotted one is preferable. Many suppose that the parti-colored horses belonging to circuses, shows, &c., are selected for for their odlity. But the selection is thus made on account of greater decility and gentleness. " ?

THE POTATOE SUBJECT,-Every new suggestion in relation to preserving this crop from. leterioration is worthy of attention. ... A writer in the Tribune of the 30th, give his opinion that the principal, if not the primary and only cause of the potato disease, is, the planting of defective seed. He has tried many experiments ; such as planting large, fine, well-grown and sound pointoes in one place, cut potatoes in another, and small; unripe ones in a third; the soil being in 'all cases the same, and the result has invariably been, a crop correspondé: ing with the quality of the seed, / Farmers cannot do better than to test this matter thorse oughly by repeated and varied experiments. Every body seems to understand the application of the principle here involved to the antmal creation; and we cannot see why it does apply equally to the vegetable. The laws of organic life, health, vigor and decay, are the same throughout all the domain of life.

A man down cast has invented yellow spec-1 tacles for making lard look like butter. at They are a great saving in expense if worn while. eating. 

The Dead .- How fittle do we think of the dead. Their bones , he entombed in all our . towns, villages, and neighborhood. I he lands they cultivated the houses they built the works own; whose virtues, ave. & whose vices too, different, and spring from other causes than such as the world would refer them to: who act up to no law either of prudence or of vir- same carriage, and dine at the same table, vet were, as speculators in life, ruling and scornever!

Strange that the living should so soon forget the dead, which the world in full of the mementos of their lives. Strange that the fleeting! cares of life should so soon rushin and fill the breast to the exclusion of those so . near .: 2 Fo day man stands and weeps over the grave ofhis departed friend. To day his heart is wrungwith all the hitterness of anguish, for the loss in various stages of education for nine years, some heverage. The root is prepared as fol- of one he so much loved ; to morrow, the inlows :—Dig up the roots of dandelion, wash see of that friend is effaced from his heart-sud-them well, but do not scrape them, dry them, almost forgotten. What a commentary upon

> The main reason the b hove are anxious to whip Mexico, is, became she refuses to treat.