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(From Neal's Saturday Gazette.)

MY FIRST PARTY. BY J. R. PORTER.

"I was not shaped for sportive tticks,

Nor made to court an amorous looking glass"

There is no period in a person's life more awkward or embarrassing, than when he divests himself of the trammels and confinement of a schoolboy's life, and takes his station in the world-his own lord and master.

Neither my education, habits, nor taste, fitted me for fashionable life Nature had done still less for me; for while at school, I enjoyed the reputation of being called the ngliest looking boy in the village. My mother has often told me that when a babe, was frightful to look upon, but she then comforted herself with the old adage, that "an unly child changed to a handsome man." But as I grew in years, the contracted features of my ugliness expanded into hideoustiess, so that when I left my paternal roof, I was considered the eighth wonder of the

At eighteen I obtained a situation in a retail dry goods store-and with light heart and willing hands, I engaged with much assiduity in my new avocation. I had been in B --- about a month, when one night as I came to my boarding house, a note was handed me by the servant. The pink paper, the green sealing wax, and the general appearance of the note, quite startled me, and it was several moments ere I was sufficiently composed to open it-however, I regained my self possession, broke

" Mrs. Kemp requests the pleasure of Mr. Michael Snider's company, on Wednesday evening, twentieth instant,"

The Kemp family was one of the most fashion able in the city. My father became acquainted with Mr. K. the winter he was sent a representative to the General Court, and is said to have assisted him very materially in passing a favorite measure through the house.

The next morning I held a consultation with my friends, as to the propriety of accepting or refusing the invitation. I gave the note to the oldest clerk and requested his advice. He read the billet vory carefully, then measured me with eyes from head to foot, he burst out into an intolerable fit of laughter.

"How like the deuce you will look in a party, Snider; why you will frighten every lady out of the room. However, go by all means-you will make an assortment; but take care of yourself and I will give you a few lessons before you make your de-

ut."
Such was the kind advice of my friend; and 1 avas soon persuaded to accept the invitation, and fetired to the desk to write an answer. But here was trouble. I had never written a note in my life; for in our village, when a party was to be given, one of the house walke I round and gave a verbal invitation to the guests and made them say whether they would come or not; as mother said. people wanted to know how much cake to make, and how many walnuts to crack. However, an answer must be written. In the first place I took a sheet of foolscap paper, and with my penknife cut an exact pattern of the note I had received; then roling four lines with my thumb-nail, I requested one of the clerks to mend a pen for me, and I went

to wark I will not describe the agony I suffered during one weary hour in attempting to reply to this note. A dozen sheets of paper I defaced ere I was able to write a decent answer. I either began too near the ton of the paper-or l'left out a word-or in referring to the dictionary I found I had misuelled: in fine. I had nearly exhausted all my paper and patience, when a version struck me which I thought

I began again and wrote the following:

"Dear Madam-I got your note last evening asking me to your house next Wednesday; and as father told me to get into good company if I could, I guess I'll come. Your friend, MICHAEL SKIDER."

I saw no impropriety in this diction-so I folded the note, sealed it with a wafer and having no one to oney my summons, I was obliged to leave it my-

self on my way home at night. In dressing for the party, when the night came; my knees began shaking, and my whole body suffered under such excitement, that one would have vanic battery. In the act of shaving, I lacerated my face in several places; in brushing my teeth I used the shaving brush instead of the proper implement. I washed my hands with the tooth powder - brushed my hair with the shoe brush ; in fine, my wits were so disordered, that I was unconscious of the office I was performing.

After various reverses, I succeeded in arranging my dress to my satisfaction; and, as I viewed myself in the glass; I became more composed—feeling convinced I never before appeared to so much advantage. My tailor had indeed exercised to perfection his talent in making, what he called a good fit. brass buttons of enormous circumference. The waist of the coat evinced a strong inclination to take nothing till I found myself before Miss Scott. its seat between my shoulders, while the top of the collar formed nearly a dead level with the crown of Snider, one of my old country friends." my head. The sleeves fitted tight to the arm, but whether from mistake or fashion, they barely concealed the wrists, and left the whole hand exposed. My vest was of woolen, and had a dark ground. but stripes of red and vellow relieved its otherwise dull appearance. My trousers were of red mixed the wall. color, cut after the Turkish fashion; a nice pair of white woollen stockings covered the limmense the foot; so that my body appeared as though set I asked "what she gave for this calico she had on?" upon runners. A snow white cravat surrounded my neck, while the stiff starched collar stood firm- you must ask ma."

ly up under my ears, as though my head depended pon that for support.

Thus equipped, I paced my chamber till seven clock; and supposing this the proper hour for making my obeisance to Mrs. Kemp, I started for her house. The night was rainy and boisterous in the extreme; and not wishing to incur the expense of coach hire, I pulled a pair of woollen stockings over my pumps, took an umbrella and commenced my walk. The barber had dressed my hair so much to my mind, that fearing to disarrange it I carried my hat in my hand, made the umbrella perform a double office. During my walk, I meditated on the proper form of address on being presente die the lady of the house, and after various trials; I hit upon one I thought appropriate. "I have the honour of wishing Mrs. Kemp good evening." This will do, thought I, so'I continued repeating it

until I arrived at the door of the house. · Have you ever called on a dentist to have your ooth extracted. If so did not your heart beat almost to bursting, as you touched the fatal bell that announ ced your coming ! But you know not half the aconv I suffered, as I gave a knock at the house where was to pass the evening. The door flew open as if by magic. I was within the house, and my fate was realed. But all was confused; my fortitude forsook me : and I stood just like a statue.

"Walk into the kitchen," said the servant. This aroused met

"The kitchen, sir'! I was invited to come and ee Mrs. Kemp: is this not her house?" "Oh yes sir, I beg pardon, sir; I really mistook.

Picase walk into this room, sir," showing me into a basement parlor.
"No" I replied. I want to take off my stockings before I see the ladies."

elore I see the ladies."

"Oh this is the only dressing room please walk In I walked, freed my feet from their covering,

and prepared to ascend into the parfor. I speedily arrived at the top of the stairs-I opened the door-walked in-"I have the honor of wishing"-not a being was in the room! Had I mistaken the house? had the servant-tricked me? was I too early? each thought flashed through my mind, when a female made her appearance from the closet. "I have the honor of wishing Mrs. Kemp good evening," I said/stalking up to her

with prodigious strides. "La! sir, I am not Mrs. Kemp; I am her servant But what do you want of her, and how dare you come up into the parlor."

"Ma'am, I am invited here. Is not Mrs. Kemp zoing to give a party this evening !"

"Oh, then you are invited. But sir, the company won't be here for these two hours; but sit down sit, and I will speak to my lady."

"Oh no, I thank you; I will call again: don't allow me to disturb Mrs. Kemp." If I ever get out of this scrape, thought I, I will never be caught

again. At this moment a lady, most superbly dressed entered the room. She looked very inquiringly at me when I informed her "that I was Michael Snider, but I was very sorry I had come too early, and would call again."

"By no means," said Mrs. Kemp. "Sit down Mr. Saider. I want to talk with you."

I took a seat. The perspiration rolled down my face as though I was under a vapor bath. "Well, Mr. Snider, what is the news in Salem when did you hear from your parents ?"

"Oh, there is nothing new ma'am. I had a letter from father a few days since; he says that Deacon Hervy's barn is burnt, with three voke of cattlle in it, and that widow Nisbet is dead."

" Indeed!" said Mrs. Kemp.

But I will not mention the variety of subjects touched upon by Mrs. Kemp, in order to amuse me, but I will pass to the time when the guests began to assemble.

I took my stand behind the sofa in the corner of the room, and with my eager eyes watched the entrance of each individual.

Ladies after ladies continued to flock in until the room was nearly crowded; but with the exception of some elderly gentlemen, there was not a beau in the drawingroom. Presently I observed several young gentleman standing by the door, and, after running their fingers through their hair, adjusting their cravats, and screwing up their faces into a good evening' sort of a look, they entered, bowed to the lady, then distributed themselves among the

company.

All was now noise and confusion; and feeling a little confidence I ventured to ask young Kemp to to introduce me to some of the ladies. Kemp was supposed that I was under the operation of a gal- evidently startled at my request, but was too much of a gentleman to refuse. Whether he intended to quiz me or not I cannot say, but he said he would the lady in question.

I took his arm and we made our way through the crowd; but unfortunately, one of my huge buttons came in consect with the lace cap worn by one of the elderly ladies, and from some cause we were bound together. I endeavored to pass on, and the lady attempted to free herself from such an unpleasant union, but in vain. I saw the difficulty. Being wholly engrossed by the thought of my introduction to Miss Scott, I had recourse to my penknife, My coat was of blue broad-cloth, ornamented with and the affair was seen settled. The lady scream ed-called me an impudent fellow, but I heard

"Miss Scott, permit me to introduce to you Ma

Three times did I incline my body to the ground and three times did I attempt to speak, but my tongue clave to the roof of my mouth and released utterance. I changed my position from the front that I upset the servant, and the contents of the wai-

The lady during this movement retained the ing fashion of having the pump an inch longer than a desperate push, and taking hold of her sleeve, push for the door. Miss Scott started. "La! sir, il-don't know!

replied.

"Oh, by no means, but pray, Mr. Snider, how long have you been in town?" said Miss Scott, thinking she would quiz me a little.

"I have only been in town about a month, ma'am, so I am not quite so gentle as some of the chaps here."

"Ah, you want me to flatter you," answered the lady: "but I won't; but tell me, have you seen Rob Roy," referring to Scott's last novel.

"No ma'am, is he here?" "Oh, I do not mean the person himself, but you

know the work. It has come to town." "Yes, ma'am, I recollect now, we hold a car from New York. Capital article for cloaks. We shall sell them at \$2 dollars a yard; perhaps you would like a pattern!"

"You do not understand me." said Miss Scot endeavoring to command her risibles. "I had ref erence to Scott's last novel "

"A novel! Oh. I never read such things, for they tell me there is not a word of truth in them." Our edifying conversation was interrupted by the arrival of some refreshments, which the servant proffered to Miss Scott. Here was a chance for my gallantry. The waiter was covered with ice cream, Roman punch, blane manage, etc., etc., articles never before seen by me; however, I stepped forward and asked the lady what I should have the pleasure of giving her.

"I will thank you for a little Roman punch, Mr. Snider."

Roman punch at this time was held in high es-pagne; rometimes of water, spiced and frozen; but of this I was ignorant.

"Punch!" thought I, "rather queer for a lady to drink punch!" endeavoring at the same time to find the article on the waiter. I looked in vain; nothing resembling what I called punch visible; so whispered in the servant's ear, "Bring me a glass of punch, waiter, quick ?" then turning to Miss Scott, "Will you not have some of this white stuff first ?" referring to some delicate blanc mange. "As you please, Mr. Snider," said the lady,

I covered the plate with this delicious morcea sked the waiter if he had not got a knife and fork: he said a spoon was generally used, so I handed it to the lady, and returned to my place at her side. Presently I saw the servant approaching bearing on the waiter a glass of punch. "Now," I thought, 'Miss Scott shall have a drink."

Taking the glass from the waiter, I handed it to the lady, informing her, that it looked as though it might be good.

"But what is this, Mr. Suider?" observed Miss

"Why, ma'am, this is the punch you ordered pray take it, no one shall see you drink it, for I will stand before you."

ing my honest, grave and abxious face, she bursted into an intolerable fit of laughter, and begged me o drink it for her. Now. I had never drank a glass of punch in my life, but, fearing the lady would laugh at me, without hesitation I swallowed the contents of the class

Shortly after this I observed an unusual degree of commotion throughout the drawing room; music struck up, and a dance was called. I thought of my proficiency in the "pigeon wing" and "double shuffle," and was anxious for an opportunity of displaying my agility, but resolved to await

"Why they are playing pealm tunes," thought I observing none moving faster than a walk. "I should think they were all frightened to death; but I will show them how the thing is done."

I watched every movement, and when the first dance was completed, I requested the honor of dancing with Miss Scott, she being the only lady with whom I was acquainted.

The lady very politely bonsented; I led her into the centre of the room, made two slides and bows. placed myself in the third position.

I began now to feel the effect of the punch and it was with some difficulty that I was able to remain in my awkward attitude.

"But the dance will make me all right," I tho when the musician called out-" right and left."-I started at once, eager for the dance, but was detained by my partner, who informed me that my turn had not yet come,

At the call of "side couples right and left" imped three feet in the air, strained every nerve and went to work, and much to my satisfaction found myself in my place again. Elated with my success and excited with the punch, I turned to introduce me to Miss Scott, directing my eyes to Miss Scott and asked if there was not any "down

in the middle of this dance." "No," she replied.

"Oh, I am great in that, I wish you could see

"How well you dance, Mr. Snider." "Do you think so? You shall see me cut

pigeon wing' presently," I replied. " Forward and back, and cross over," called the

Away I started, and as I got opposite my partne now is the time, thought I, to take the pigeon wing.' Springing from the floor with all my strength I made a flourish with my feet as I came | that letter." down, but the carpet proved a slippery foundation -my heels flew up-I lost my equilibrium and tact with those of a servant's who was handing about | no more of the matter. ice-cream; the force of my fall was so powerful of the lady to her side, and leaned my head against ter came tumbling in my face and eyes. Mistaking the frigidity of the ice-creams for boiling punch, I hollowed most justily that I was scalded, but re- letter was precisely like first, excepting the number joyous guest whom they had once known, they same composure and expression as when I first covering my feet and observing the whole assemlength of my seet made still longer by the prevail- bowed. "Must I speak first," thought L. I made bly laughing at my missortune, I made a desperate reading the second billet felt his tears revive; his speaking, and never smiling. His relatives, pain-

A waster was coming up stairs with wines and

terrific headache, and I was told that a servant in livery had brought me home the proceeding evening. "Such shameful doings, Mr. Suider," said my landlady," only think of getting tipsy at your age." Thus innocence suffers sometimes equally with guilt. I have never drank punch, or gone to a party since.

The Brother's Revence.

During the autumn of the year 1798, half the county of Wexford was in a state of insurrection,-The partial revolt, however, led to no important result; the insurgents were defeated and compelled once more to submit to the iron rod of the English government. To restrain the populate, to ferret out and inflict summary justice on the guilty, numerous detachments of soldiers were sent, who overran the whole country. One of these detachments had established itself for several days on the little island of the Virgin, when one morning the commanding officer received a visit from one of his serveants

"Well, Denis," he inquired, "what's the news?" "They have brought in Patrick O'Darcy," replied the sergeant. "I have ordered out a platoon, and I now come to receive your honor's orders to shoot the prisoner."

"Have we a right to do so?" demanded the

"With your honor's permission, I believe it is always lawful to rid ourselves of a rebel and a baptist. Besides, he spent all last night away from his house, which is sufficient crime of itself."

"Is it known where he went, and what he has een doing during the night?"

"I have heard it said that he went to see his brother, the sailor, who lately arrived at Wextord; but this story is not clearly proven, and this O'Darcy does not bear too good a reputation. Shall I dis patch him !"

"By my faith, Denis," replied the officer, "since ne is now in our hands, we can't go wrong, I think, in sending the fellow out of the world." The sergeant instantly withdrew.

Left alone, the officer reflecting on what had passed quickly repented of having so lightly condemned to death a man who was probably innocent,-Springing up, he hastened to stop the execution. out had not taken twenty steps before he heard a lischarge of musketry. The next moment he found himself in the presence of the inanimate corpse of his victim. He was a young man of great size and of a handsome and interesting appearance: his clothes were such as are worn by the poor classes in Ireland. After viewing him for an instant the officer returned racked with remorse.

Among the spectators of this frightful scene was the brother of Patrick O'Darcy. The execution over, he hastened to the dwelling of the deceased murderers. He had scarcely entered, when some

"It is the priest," cried one of the children who ran to open the door.

Walking into the cottage, the man of God found the brother of Patrick O'Darcy engaged in cleaning an old pistol: the two eldest sons of the murdered man were melting lead to run into balls. As for the poor widow she sat on a high stool near the fire, regarding with dry eyes and a vacant stare the preparations going on around her.

"Is it an assassination you intend to commit?" said the priest with severity, addressing himself to the brother of Patrick O'Darcy.

innocent brother," replied the sailor still continuing to polish the rusty weapon which he held in his "What " said the priest. " thoughts of revenge

in the heart of a Christian! Does not God forbid the shedding of blood? Leave to Him the punishment of the guitty; terrible remorse in this life, eternal suffering in the other, will do justice to the crimes committed here below." He continued to speak for a long time in this

tone. The sailor sometimes modded his head:sometimes hazarded a brief observation. At last the words of the priest seemed to make an impression upon him; he interrupted the good man, reflected a moment and then said: "I believe, in fact, you are right; it is his conscience alone which shall avenge me. I promise you I will not raise a hand against him."

On the evening of the same day, while the offievent of the morning, the sergeant rushed in, his face pale as death, and his hair flowing in disorder. He handed a letter with a black seal, containing every eye.

In this extremity, he resolved to expatriate him

" Patrick O' Darcy died October, 1st, 1798. Capt. O'Gunnell will die October, 1st, 1799.
"Twelve months!"

"Who gave you this letter?" demanded the of

"Patrick O'Darcy," replied the sergeant with trembling voice.

" Patrick O'Darcy is dead, von fool," "I assisted at his execution, and I was present the sergeant; "but if the words I now pronounce

were the last which I should ever issue from my

mouth, I would swear that it was himself who ben't

O'Gunnell was not superstitious; yet, this 'mysterious letter inspired him with some uneminess fell prostrated on the floor. My feet came in con- but it soon vanished; five days afterward he tho't

The first of November found him at Dublin. together to the bottom. I remembered nothing in this strange occurrence. He had informed no slightest disclosure.

only the evening before; what living being, then, er along the canal which traverses the Heerencould have divined his intentions and have discovered him so soon! A vague but unceasing restabandoned him. He strove to drown his sufferings by plunging into the whitpoof of pleasure, but nothing could relieve his gloomy thoughts, the moral disease under which he felt himself failing followed him everywhere.

The first of December found him at the table sur ounded by numerous friends, and on the point of drinking a toast, when a servant handed him a leter bearing a black seal. He turned pale on receiving it. and tell back in his chair without attering a word; pretending sudden indisposition, he soon left the apartment. Next day he quitted Dublin, to go, he said, on a hunting excursion among the mountains of Wicklow: a single servant accompanied him.

It was no idea of pleasure or amusement that brought O Gunnell among the mountains; he began to consider every kind of happiness or joy as a dream of the past; all that he could hope for was partial relief, momentary forgetfulness of his ills, and he sought it in bodily fatigue, and the activity of a country life. But the recollection of the island of the Virgin never forsook him; look which way he would, a bloody phantom was incessantly by his side. Thus passed the month of December.

One day O'Gunnell, returning from a long mountain excursion, passed through a narrow path which followed the course of a rivulet. At a turn in the road, he suddenly perceived a man, who standing on a little knoll, pointed with his hand towards large rock near which he had to pass. O'Gunnell attentively acrutinized this singular figure; it was O'Darcy! His hair stood erect, his blood curdled n his veins, his hand mechanically grasped a pistol which he constantly carried, and he fired. A smile of derison gleamed athwart the visage of O'Darcy, who, without moving, continued to point at the rock. In a few moments he disappeared as if by enchantment. Approaching the spot designated. O'Gunnell found a letter-it announced that he had but nine months to live.

After this apparition, O'Gunnell no longer doubted that there was something supernatural in his mysterious adventure; his fears, his sufferings redoubled, and it was with deadly terror that he saw the fatal day approach which should bring him a

new letter.
The day at length arrived, but nothing extraordi nary happened to O'Gunnell, and night approached without having received any letter: this excited in his breast a hope that the charm was broken. Filled with joy, he returned towards his dwelling, met a man who seemed desirous to dispute the passage. Face to face he recognized him as a poor Catholic gentleman whose house he had burnt durwidow, uttering words of vengeance against the ing his last expedition against the insurrectionists way but the other, without budging stared him in the face, and said, "I have waited for you."

"You wait for me!" replied O'Gunnell, "I have

nothing to do with rebels and baptists," "Scoundrel!" cried the old gentleman, "have a care what you say."

The blood rushed to O'Gunnell's face! "No man ever insulted me with impunity,"

defend vourself." "All that once formed my happiness, has been ravished from me, ravished by you, and although death seems to me preferable to the existence I "They have killed my brother in cold blood, my now lead, I will not profit by the advantage I have over you on this occasion. The hand of an aneassin always trembles."

exclaimed, "choose one of these two pistols and

"Does my hand tremble?" shouted O'Gunnell. in a paroxysm of rage.

The old man smiled disdainfully, drew a paper

from his bosom and presented it to O'Gunnell. "See what I have been charged to convey to you," said he with calmness.

"Ha! does your hand tremble now !" O'Gunnell had hardly taken the paper, when his kness trembled and he fainted. When he had recovered his consciousness, the old gentleman had disappeared, but he saw at some distance the som-

bre figure of O'Darcy gazing fixedly upon him. It would take too much time to narrate all the attempts O'Gunnell made to escape from his persecutor, and discard the forebodings which incessantly beset him. He travelled over nearly all England, flying from one place to another, without cer was in his chamber reflecting bitterly upon the being able to evade those fatal letters which reached him regularly on the first of every month, in spite of all the care he took to conceal himself from

self and go, over to Amsterdam, on a visit to a relative who many years previous had established a commercial house in that city. Accordingly, he embarked on a ship bound for Rotterdam, and when the shores of England disappeared from view, it seemed as though a great weight had been removed from his heart. During the night, the sea be obtained, which when dissolved in water, is said roughened, and soon, a violent storm having arisen, the vessel was in peril. O'Gunnell hasted on called latteins in Italy. when his corpse was thrown into the lake," replied deck, and watched the sailors lowering the mainsail, when the lightning flashed vividly, and he saw among them. O'Darcy himself who flung a letter sealed with black at his feet, and was instantly shrouded in darkness. It is impossible to describe the anguish which the unhappy man experienced at this sight. He felt that it was all over with him, henceforth not a hose remained; his heart broke with grief and despair. When he reached the residence of his relative, so much was he changed when the hostess of the house at which he put up, they could hardly recognize him. A livid pallor brought him a letter which she said had been left overspread his countenance, a burning fever confor him by an Irishman of uncommon height. The sumed him instead of the gay companion, the of months were reduced to eleven. O'Gunnell, on found a man prematurely old, sad, morose; seldom remorse returned more poignant than ever, and the ed as much as astonished at this transformation, ofreproaches of his guilty conscience began to per- ten questioned O Gunnell; but he always evaded a

"I hope you won't think me impudent, ma'am," more. When I woke in the morning it was with a one of his journey to Dublin, where he had arrived . At length, one day, as they promenaded togeth-Gran, one of the principal streets in Amsterdatti, the merchant urged him more earnestly than usual essness preyed spon him appetite and sleep both to reveal the cause of his condition. O'Gunnell maintained silence. "If it is remorse that tortures you," said his relative, " fou hat beiter seek the consolation of religion.

"Alas I" said O'Gunnell, with bitterness, "I cannot pray. That consolation is denied to me, I have but a day longer to live on earth, and Ikannot pray. My perseculor follows me step by step; this evening at five o'clock, I shall be a corpse, and yet I cannot pray! Behold him, even now!" he suddenly exclaimed, trembling in every limb, and pointing with his finger at a tall man who marched slowly along the other side of the canal.

They were obliged to carry O'Guinell home to the house of his relative: he was so weak that he could not sustain himself no longer. The merchant. persuaded that his marady was purely imaginary, had a clock placed in front of the bed, having previously put the hands forward half an hour: In proportion as the fatal moment drew near, the state, of his disease grew worse; but when the clock had struck five, the unfortunate man became somewhat. better, and they began to conceive hopes of his recovery. At this critical time, the sound of footsteps was heard in the adjoining apartment, the door was thrust rudely open, and a young man entered whom they readily recognized as an Irishman, by his dress. O'Gunnell raised himself in a sitting posture, threw a rapid glance upon the intruder, and fell back dead in his bed.

It was the brother of Parick O'Darcy.

QUANTITY OF FOOD CONSUMED BY BIRDS .- SPATTOWS feed their young thirty-six times in an hour, which, at the rate of fourteen hours a day, in the long days of summe, gives 5,500 nimes per week; a number corrobotated by another writer, who calculated the number of caterpillars destroyed in a week to be about 3,400. Redstarts were observed to feed their young with little green grabs from gooseberry frees twenty-three times in an hour, which at the same calculation amounts to 2,254 times in a week; but more grubs than one were usually imparted each time. Chaffinches, at the rate of about thirty-five tittles an hour, for five or six times together, when they would pause, and not return for intervals of

eight or ten minutes; the food was green caterpillars. The Titmouse, sixteen times in an hour. The comparative weight constined was as follows :- A greenfinch, provided with eighty grains, by weight, of wheat, in twenty-four hours consumed seventynine; but, of a thick paste, made of flour, eggs. &c. it consumed upwards of 100 grains. A gold-finch when, wishing to cross a small lonely bridge, he consumed about ninety grains of canary-seed in twenty-four hours. Sixteen canaries commend at the average rate of 100 grains each in twenty-lour hours. The consumption of food by these birds, compared with the weights of their bodies, was food in the same proportion to his weight, would amount to about twenty-five pounds for every twenty-four hours .- Familiar History of Birds, a new English work.

> THE HOG AND THE MOCKING BIRD. The hogs are the creatures that give him the most annoyance.-They are ordinary fed upon the inferior oranges, the fruit being shaken down to them in the evening; hence they acquire the habit of resorting to the orange trees to wait for a lucky windfall. The mocking bird feeling melted at the intrasion, flies down, and begins to peck the hog with all his might; Piggy, not understanding the matter, but pleased with the titiflation, gently lies down and turns up his broad side to enjoy it. The poor bird nets into an agony of distress, pecks and pecks again, but only increases the enjoyment of the luxurious intruder, and is at last compelled to give up the effort in despair.

> Anventising to be profitable to the advertiser. should be systematic; there is no charm or juggle in it by which one advertisement will make a man's business grow—it should be pursued as a regular and necessary expenditure, as much a part of one's business as rent, light, or fuel; the mere fact of keeping one's name before the community by advertising in a paper which everybody sees, attracts the best kind of customers, those who go a shopping with the cash in hand. A good stand, a good supply of goods, and accommodating disposition, are all good things; but regular advertising makes all these merits known to ten, where one would only find it out by accident.

> PRESERVATION of MILE.-If milk be introduced into bottles, then well corked, put into a pan of cold water and gradually raised to the boiling point: and after being allowed to cool, be taken out and set away in a cool place, the milk may be preserved perfectly sweet for upwards of half a year. Or it may be evaporated to dryness by a gentle heat and under constant stirring. A dry mass will thus to possess all the properties of the best milk. It is

> Broom Coan Superseden - A man at the Rantapo river has invented a machine for making brooms. which according to the Journal of Commerce threatens to exterminate broom corn. it takes a billet of white ash, in a trice cuts it fine like the Manila grass as used for brushes. The brooms can be made for two cents each, and are said to work quite as well in every respect as corn brooms and to be much more enduring.

RICHTER says: "No man can either live piously, or die righteously without a wife. A very wicked old batchelor of our acquaintance says to this: "Oh, yes! suffering an I severe trials purify and chasten the heart."

An Irish Invention.—An honest Hibernian recently invented a teapot with two spouts the one lemonades. Over him I tumbled, and we both fell smade him that there was something supernatural reply, and many weeks passed before he made the exactly opposite the other, for the convenience of pouring out two cups at the same time!