TOLUME IX.

" REGARDLESS OF DEMUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

the day and win of the estimated above The TELEPOOR

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, AT TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., BY E. O'MEARA GOODRICH.

TOWANDA:

Wednesday Morning, January 10, 1849.

BE TRUE TO YOURSELF.

BT E. W. CUDWORTE.

Be true to yourself-though the struggle is hard, And the contest be doubtful at best, Let no labor fatigue, no exertion retard,

No failuse one effort arrest.

Though poverty shackles each project that rise,
Though adversity frown for a term, Misfortune is only success in disguise, To the heart that is steadfast and firm.

Let affliction o'erspread its dark curtain of gloom And keen disappointment succeed; Yet the cloud is but transient, for even the tomb, The free spirit can never impede, Mind cannot be still, though matter is dead, Nor sleep with the body behind, For the soul by corruption no longer is led, When to sense it no more is confined.

Rest not then; but forward press dauntlessly on, Nor despair until beats the last pulse;
By blighting discouragement ne'er be overthrown,
Till death shall the heart-strings convulse. Let slander, the poison-tongued, sully the name, And jealousy strive to outvie, But an innocent heart is worth more than all fame,

Mary McIntyre has Arrived.

And integrity never can die.

BY F. W. THOMAS, ESQ.

On my way to St. Louis, safe and sound I arrive ed at Louisville, on the steamer Madison, now years agone. The falls of the Ohio, at Louisville, were so low, that the captain resolved to go round by the canal, which was cut to obviate the necessity of unloading vessels to lighten them, so as to permit their passage over the falls. At 10 o'clock, A. M., we reached Louisville, and the captain told me, upon inquiry, as I wished to pay my respects to a friend or two in that hospitable city, that the boat would not leave until 1 o'clock, as he had to take on board a number of Scotch immigrants, with their baggage, who had been brought thus far from Pittsburg on a boat that was returning. I therefore had ample time to make a morning call or two in passing, a pleasure of which I generally avail myself on our western waters, whenever the boat on which I happen to be a way farer stops where I have acquaintances.

I resolved to pay my respects to "Amelia," the sweetest poetess of our land, in whose society I spend a most agreeable hour, which I would will lingly have prolonged, but the admonition that the boat started at one o'clock rose to my memory.

I therefore repaired to the wharf half an hour before one, determined to be in time. Lo! as I approached the wharf, I beheld the Madison lumbering along in the canal, stopping every moment as it to take breath, being in fact retarded by some obstacle or other, which she could not surmount

My only remedy was to ride round to Lockport, where the canal terminates by passing into the river, and there wait an indefinite period for the arrival of the steamer; or get on board a row boat and have myself transported after her in the canal, and thus reach her, which I was assured could be effected in half an hour at furthest.

I accordingly feed two youths who were paddling about in a boat, to convey me to the Madison. I was soon seated astern, and they pulled away for the steamer. We soon entered the canal, but owing to the waves the steamer threw in her confined track, and her lumbering movement from side to side, it was with difficulty and delay that we approached her.

The Scotch immigrants were what are called or the western waters, deck passengers-of that class, almost all of whom are very poor, but often very respectable, who in the packet ships in crossing the Atlantic take a steerage passage. Among the immigrants on the Madison were many females, among whom there were some young and beauti-

As I ripped out a strong western oath. (I am ashamed to write it, for I have not pronounced one in a long time,) at the captain, for breaking his. word with me, and leaving before the hour, one of these Scotch lassies said to me imploringly-for our boat had got immediately under the stern of the steamer, where she stood-

"Oh! sir, please don't swear so." Struck with the tone and beauty of the Scotch maiden, my impulse of anger changed to one of

adoration, and I instantly said to her-"Well, I won't again-and you must be like Sterne's angel when my uncle Toby swore; you must drop a tear upon the word in the high archives, and blot it out forever."

As I said this, I stretched out my hand to reach the railing of the steamer, but failed, as our boat gave a lurch at the moment. Again I made the effort, and would have failed again, had not the pretty Scotch girl leaned over the vessel's side and given me her hand.

Thus assisted, in a moment more I was on the steamer's deck, beside my fair assistant. I thanked her with all the grace I could muster, which she received with a blush, and said:

"But you forget, sir, that my uncle Toby's oath was to save life."

"But it was unavailing," I replied, "yet your fair hand stretched out to me, may have saved mine: therefore, as I live and may err.

Nymph, in thy orisons Be all my sins remembered."

"Poor Ophelia!" ejaculated the Scotch girl ad-

ly; "she went crazy for love." "Ah," thought I, "here is intelligence, as well as beauty, taking a steerage passage-and not the first time, for which poverty they have been companions before, and love, too, I suspect, is no stran-

ger to this party." Impressed with these reffections, I entered into soon discovered that she was remarkably intelligent, as well as beautiful. It seemed to me that you know, would come to her lover." fairer hair was never braided on a fairer brow.

and added to the charm of features which were decidedly patrician. There was a naivette in her manner, too, that had caught its tone from a position, I thought, evidently above her present one.-She had also nothing of the Scotch in her accent, which was broad enough on the lips of her companions Though she was comparatively poor, there was not only great neatness in her humble toilet, but a style that was above the "clav-dingin." Several little trinkets upon her person-o ring, a breastpin, and particularly a massive gold cross, attached to a handsome gold chain-attracted my attention, especially the latter, and indicated not only from their value, but the manner in which they were worn, her superiority to her companions. as well as the fact, to my mind, that she was a Roman Catholic. Her companious were rigid Presbyterians, I soon learned, and my fair assistant into the boat, and reprover, did not attend, I observed, when an old Scotchman in the afternoon read the Bible the group of immigrants gathered about him. but withdrew to the side of the boat, and looked

over pensively into the water. She interested me much. Being myself, at that mperial to match, my humble travelling companions were rather shy of me; but soon observing that my fellow passengers above stairs knew me well, and that I was not unpopular among them, the Scotch folks grew rapidly familiar and frank with

I learned, from a solemn and remarkably pious old Presbyterian, the history of the beautiful Scotch giil, whose name was Mary McIntyre. He s ghed heavily when he told it. Her father was an humble farmer of the better sort, and lived in Ayrchire. An old Roman Catholic nobleman who dwelt in Edinburgh, had a daughter who became acquainted with Mary, and treated her as an humble friend. When the young lady returned to Edinburgh, she took Mary with her, who was affianced to a young miller in the neighborhood, named McClung. In fulfilment of an old Scotch custom, which Burns and his Highland Mary practised, they at parting broke a piece of silver over a running brook, and on a Bible plighted their everlasting faith to each

In the process of events, Mary, to the horror of ner lover's faith, became a Roman Catholic. Her lover wrote her what she thought a harsh and uncalled-for letter on the subject. Her maiden pride, as well as her religious prejudices, were aroused, and she returned him his letter without a word of ver, though he went to Edinburgh, left for the United States without calling to see her, and wandered package came from the far western wilds, from Mary's lover.

He implored her to forgive him for his conduct to her, in the humblest terms; and in the strongest he expressed the continuance of his passionate leve. He stated that he had thought of nothing else but Mary since he left Scotland: that knowing every that the Scotch emigrants have arrived"-and I Sunday that he was worshipping in the Catholic Church, he went to one himself that he might worship with her, and that he had become a Catholic, and sent her the antique cross she wore in testimony of his love and of his faith. He furthermore old Mary that he was doing well in the New World: that if she said so he would go for her, but that it would ruin his business, (he was a true Scotchman,) and concluded by begging Mary to come to him. These immigrants were on the point of leaving Scotland. Many of them were Mary's

vith them. 🕝 How I felt interested in the Scotch girl? In proud aloons since, in gay and wild Washington, I have many a time and often felt all the impulses of my fitful and wayward nature aroused, and concentrated to please some dark-eyed one from the sunny give me. south, or some fair descendant of the Puritans, or may be some dame of high degree from over the waters, cynosures of fashion in the capitol, but remember, I saw not a woman yet who more struck my fancy than this bonnie lassie from the land of Burns. She could tell me so many things traditional in Ayrshire about Burns and his birth-place,and then admired him so, and could sing his songs so well! We had a long passage, and she kept herself aloof from the other passengers, I was all day and half the night by her side. She half made me a Catholic. I have since, with uncertain steps and some short comings, been trying to fix my conduct where my first faith and hope and heart are fixed, in the humble ways of Methodism; and I know that Mary will think none the less of me when she sees the avowal. Then I was careless of everything but the enjoyment of the bour that was passing over me. It was just this time of year, (May,) and the beautiful Ohio never was more beautiful. How many simple and frank questions she asked me! and as she did not know that I knew her secret, I could so plainly trace in all her thoughts the image of her lover, the controlling one as the bright moon above us was the controlling light. Several times, when she knew not that I observed her. I witnessed her devotion; and l thought, as I saw her clasp the crucirfix, her lover's gift, and pray, that some earthly adoration mingled with her heavenly vows.

One day, as we sat chatting together with more than usual reservedness. I observed :-- " Well, you

will soon marry some rich American ?" "No," she instantly replied, "I prefer a poor ally mingle into one. Scotchman." I must have felt a pang of jealous of her love at the time, for I remarked,-

"Mary, you have asked me what Kthought was the difference between a Scotch woman and an conversation with my new made acquaintance, and American. I will tell you: an American would make her lover come to her : a Scotch woman, as

Her brow and bosom cransoured in an instant,

Her neck and shoulders were exquisitely turned, and rising from my side, she troked at me, and yet so gentle, holding it between his compressed man's heart !" and, bursting into tears, she walked | ge its golden treasure. away from me.

Whatever may have been my misunderstandings with men-and they have been few-I certainly never had then had one with a woman, and my ancourteons and uncalled for remark stung my own pride as a gentleman as much as I had wounded Mary's womanly nature. I instantly followed her, and used every effort to reconcile her, but without effect. She walked away from me with a haughty inclination of the head, and entered her humble oartmeut.

I learned that one of her chief objections to her voyage was this coming to her lover instead of with him. Her refined education had taught her this refinement of womanly delicacy. I could not forgive myself for the wound I had inflicted on Mary's feelings, and I soon began to feel that I should not forgive her for not forgiving me.

At last we approached a point not far below & Louis, near by Jefferson Barracks, where the Scotch immigrants were to smbark, and they were all bustle and preparation. I sat smoking a cigar on the time, a wearer of a large pair of whiskers, and an guards and watching them. Mary in the certainty of meeting her lover, was with a natural anxiety practising all the arts of the toilet, to make her scanty wardrobe do its best. I could see her arranging her hair and shawl, and consulting one of the Scotch girls as to their adjustment, whose opinions, but for her own anxiety, she would have disregarded-Doubtless, she often thought, years may have changed me much, and he-how will he be disappointed! She may have fancied that her very education, which gave her a different air and manner from what she had when be wooed her, might make an unfavorable impression u son him.

I never in my life thought I could easier read a woman's feelings.

At last we reached the point of the pilgrim's rest and the boat rounded to; but when they landed, Mary's lover was not there ? She seemed stupiffed; and the others were so busied with themselves and their own concerns, that they thought not of Mary or her lover.

She took a seat on her trunk, on the shore amic the baggage, which the immigrants were getting off, and looked the very picture of despair-as with her hands clasped in her lap, she gazed now here, now there, as if she thought that from some point or other he must come; but he came not.

My provocation at Mary for the unforgiveness was gone. I arose from the guards of the boat, comment. Both were stung to the quick. The lo- threw my cigar overboard, and went ashore. I had often been at this point, on pleasure excursion from St. Louis, and I saw several persons that I away up the Missouri river. Mary grew very thin knew. I went up to a young Frenchman, whose and absent-minded and exhibited all the symptoms | employment was carting wood to St. Louis, and afof a maiden sick for love. Three years passed - ter a profusion of compliments between us, for he Mary's friend had died, and she had returned to was an old acquaintance, I asked him il he knew her father's, the while wasting away, when lo! a Sco chman named McClung, a miller, in the neigh-

> "Well, Monsieur-ah, well." "How far from here does he live?" I asked.

"Ab-about two mile"

"I will give you a five dollar gold piece if you will mount a fleet horse and go to him and tell him showed him the glittering coin.

"Instanter, Monsicur," he replied, with a danc-

"Stop!" I exclaimed; and taking one of my ards from my pocket, I wrote on it with pen and nk, which he got for me from the boat, the simple words, " Mary McIntyre has arrived."

I saw my Frenchman, in a few minutes more, at the top of his speed, on a Canadian pony, dashing like mad through the woods. As I walked towards the boat, I met Mary's eye; but she instantly avertespecial friends, and she determined to embark ed it, as if she thought I was taking pleasure in her grief at her not finding on the spot to welcome her. the lover she had "come to." What strange creatures we are! I felt a proud thrill through my heart. No, my bonnie lass, thought I, I'll have a braver revenge upon you than that—you shall for-

Time flew on-the baggage was all landed-we were preparing to depart, when some one exclaim-

"Look yonder! there's some chaps coming to the boat, or else they're racing it, for they've got all steam up."

We looked and sure enough two horsemen were bounding towards us as if with such intent. One was my Frenchman, so I supposed the other was miller's clothes

The whole boat was excitement, and the captain ordered delay for a moment, till they should arrive. not knowing what their eager haste meant i un derstood it. McClung was thinking of his Marv McIntyre, and the Frenchman of his five-dollar gold riece.

"They come on bravely," was the cry. "Yes, and the miller is shead," exclaimed

I was glad to see LOVE ahead of AVARICE, but suspect it was owing more to the steeds than their

I looked at Marv. At the cry of "the miller is ahead!" she had risen from her listless posture and was gazing intently at the homemen.

In a moment the miller's horse was bounding home without his rider, for he had not thought to insten him as he threw himself from his back. He rushed towards Mary, and its an instant they were in each other's arms. Such a wild embrace of joy I never witnessed. I thought their kindred hearts, like the "kindred drops" of the poet, would liter-

"Ah, mon Dien!" exclaimed the Frenchman from the shore, for the captain had ordered our departure, mad at the delay and we left. "Ah, mon and I laughed heartily at the manner + so cager, and stance of philosophy I ever heard of.

said-"Sir, you have no right thus to wound a wo- legs, in which he made the luscious pippin disgor-

The last thing which attracted my attention on the shore; was the Frenchman, who stood beside Mary and the miller, with one hand restoring the gold piece to its lustre, by rubbing it on his pantaloons, and in the other holding the pippin, from which he was taking large contributions, while he gestulated with that member when not applied to his mouth towards the steamer, evidently trying to do a good many things at once, and among the rest, to explain who sent him on the errand.

Ah, thought I, I have had my revenge. Years after this I was again in St. Louis, in: very sickly summer. Partaking, may be, too freely of its hospitalities—for I never saw a more hospitable people than those of St. Louis and being unused to the climate, I was seized with a billious fever-in fact it was the yellow fever. I was in a boarding house, and in a very confined room, and the physician said if I could not be taken into the

country I would die. I became unconscious. I awoke one morning at last, with a dreamy impression of existence, but I had not the slightest conception of my location. discovered I was in the country, and as in the progress of days, returning life grew keener, I found myself in a pleasant chamber and a lady attending to me. She would not let me talk at first, but I at last learned that I had been there a week delirious and further, from a black servant, that her mistres had, without taking off her clothes, watched on me all that time. I was about questioning the black girl further, when from a moment's absence, her mistress returned, and after remarking how much

better I was, asked me if I did not know her? I looked at the beautiful-though she looked wan, from her attendance upon me, I supposed, and re-

"Indeed, my dear madam, I do not know you, though I shall never forget you."

She stepped to the mante-piece, and took it a small rightly gift frame, which looked as if i contained a miniature, and showing it to me, I beheld within it my card given to the Frenchman-"Mary McIntyre has arrived." Mr. McClung had greatly prospered in the world, and Mrs. McClung was what she would have been in fact in any simation-a lady in the land, and now, acknowledged but when she did, she stopped at the house where I was so ill, and hearing my name mentioned, and learning who I was she had me conveyed to her house in her own carriage, supporting my-unconscious head all the way herself. Lucky for me was

I may speak again of this Scotch lassie, for we have met in other scenes, were, beaming the bright particular star," fashion, and rank, and intellect, did her homage.

THE DEATH BELL.-Thoughts ever occurring amid the din of business and the stillness of repo are beautifully expressed in the following paragraph, which we clip from the Auburn Daily Ad-

"Toll-toll-toll. The grim king of terrors is again among us-the death bell rings out, and its iron voice speaks of its triumph. Some mortal's brief sojourn in the vale of tears is ended. Who is it-the high or the humble? Is it white-haired are, with its burden of years, and its heart of garnered griefs and faded dreams-or youth arrested in its strength, its glowing frame robbed of its manliness and vigor, its cheek of health, and its opening heart of its brigh t young dreams? Or infancy -some fragile bud withered at the first contact with the winds of life, its wail changed to an angel's hymn-transplanted to bloom unfading in better clime! Toll-toll-toll. That heavy peal vibrates sadly upon our heart-how much sadder upon those of the bereaved! It admonishes the living, while it knells the dead and heralds an unfettered spirit to the shoreless world! And yet unheeding, the tide of life flows on. Tramp, tramp, tramp, moves the living throng-toll, toll, toll, says the bell for the gathering dead! A world of life, and a world of dead. The earth is passing away!"

Exporting Wives .- From the time of Romulus down to the present day, the difficulty of inducing females to emigrate to new regions is sensibly felt. Romulus stole wives for his countrymen, and in 1620, women were exported to Virginia from England. "The enterprising colonists," says Holmes " being generally destitute of families, Sir Edward McClung; and soon I knew it, for I could see his Sandys, the treasurer, proposed to the Virginia company to send over wives for the planters. The proposal was applauded, and ninety girls, " young and uncorrupted," were sent over in the ships that arrived this year, and the year following sixty more handsome and well recommended to the company for their virtuous education and demeanor. The price of a wife, at first, was one hundred pounds of tobacco; but as the number became scarce, the price was increased to one hundred and fifty pounds, the value of which, in money, was three shillings per pound. This debt for wives, it was ordered, should have the precedency of all other debts, and be first recoverable." Another writer, says, that "It would have done a man's seart good to see the gallant young Virginians hastening to the water-side when a ship arrived from London, each carrying a bundle of the best tobacco under his arm, and each taking back with the eronaut, as she was sailing away, "there you him a beautiful and virtuous wife."

To marry a rake, in the hope of reforming him, and to hire a highwayman, in the hope of reclaiming him, are two very dangerous experiments; and yet I know a hidy who fancies she has succeeded in the one; and all the world knows a divine who really has succeeded in the other.

CHARLES Fox.-I have heard a good story of our Dieu, my five dollar gold piece. I am cheat!" I old friend Charles Fox. When his house at this ed, and eat up such wondrous strange didies, that sinck it in an apple, threw it on above, and had the place was on fire, he found all efforts to cave it his wife and idends believed he had gone stark

FREE: SOL . who a fire THE SEE SUBSMITTED TO SEE Free Soil! Free Soil! O, men of thought!

O watchmen of our race!
The day, the hour with truth is fraught. othern Conventionalquistant gainsom salling

Behold low Nazarite Labon dares
The power it feared so long goods
And, with its surging strength, aptears
The Gaza-gaica of Weong

Free Soil! The broads wide suith it free as you Free by the grant of God Inc.
Stage Soil! the word is blasphenty.
Man's character is the Sod?

Rpacifies the cabline, a sout manifest, we of the specifies in the sout And burn into his brain:
Yet shall their withering souls be dust, Who force the captive's chain.

Wrong, though high Heaven's wrath it braves. Hath Vengeance on its track—
And if you carse the Soil with Slaves,
The Soil will carse you beck!

Free Boil! It shall be free! Even now God's angel greets our souls; And, from the sepulcher of Wo The stone of Blavery rolls.

Lazarus! come forth!" The dead man wakes His iron shroud is rent:
Laurens ! come furth!" That whitper shakes
Earth, air and firmament!

The Duichman and the Balloon

A great many curious and facetious things have sa told of erronauts, and their serial carriages 'yclept balloons. A balloon making a descent on employ kind persuasion and deliberative real or near people who have never seen such a flying but when you exercise it, make it irresistible. machine, unquestionably looks a lectle "super-nat ural-like," and, no doubt, make their hair rise about as sudden as "bread stuffs" do semi occasionally. The Pennsylvanians are great on ballooning, ens hastily, is irresolute to punish, and when the that State having produced about a baker's dozen of zerial experimentalists, whose performances have been attended by no disasters, some pecuniary advantage—to the aeronauts—and considerable addition to the general stock of neeful science. Some years ago, a balloonist, named West, made several voyages to the upper regions from the town of Lancaster, Lancaster county, Pa. About the same period, a Dutch farmer from the interior of New York State, Dutch as sour krout took it. into his head to pay a visit to some of his equally Dutch and received lady. She seldom visited St. Louis, frents in the aforesaid Lancaster county. Nick Morgan was the old farmer's name-simple and honest he was as the day is long-with not ten consecutive ideas beyond the daily routine of his farm; a railroad and locomotive he had never parental authority and influence. There never seen, and as to the matter of balloons, they were altogether such contrivances as he had never dreamed nor heard of. Mounted upon his old sorrel mare, with a few edibles; and a clean shirt or two in his saddle bags, old Nick started on his tour to Pennsylvania.

The crow had proceeded old Nick some few days in his visit, and he bustled along to join her. Jogging along quietly and unsuspecting, not far from his journey's end, the old farmer and the old mare were crawling up the slope of a hill, when a

voice bawled out-"Hurry on, old man! I want to pitch my grap-

ple into that hill side—hurry, hurry !!! The old sorrel pricked up her cars, and old Nick's eyes "pouched ont" considerable, and he screwed and twisted them behind and before, right, lett, and down below, yet nothing could he see, when still louder and more stentorian than before, came the same awful voice-

"Come, come, old codger; hang you, ride on, ride on, I say, or I'll pitch square on to you?" The old man was bewildered, alarmed, horrified! He reigned up the old mare, and the poor and "crittet" as terrified as her master, trembled like a leaf! Old Nick's eyes fairly hung out in every direction but unwards-but not the first ghost of a thing could he see, save the hill on which he stood transfixed, and a few old stumps close by.

To these old stumps, West, the caronaut-who was some hundreds of feet in the air, just over the Dutchman-wished to fasten his grappling iron and stop his balloon; as night was approaching, and no better spot could be easily found, there and then West was extremely anxious to alight. But the old fellow and his horse materially interferred with this arrangement. Time was everything just then ; the eronaut did not wish to hook up the traveller. nor lose his balloon, so, getting vexed at the Dutchman's delay, down West threw his grapuel, attached to many fathoms of strong cord, but which, proving a leetle too short, just lit upon the hind quarters of the old sorrel, hooked the Dutchman's coat tail, and clamped the back part of the saddle tight as wax! At this critical juncture, a past of wind bounced the balloon upwards, and lifted the mare clean and clear of her hind jegs, and but for the girth parting, the poor quadruped, Dutchman and all, might have been carried bodily off! The old mare turned up her eyes just as the girth of the saddle broke, and, espying the great balloon over head, she bolted as if the veritable "old Nick?" himself was after her!

Poor Nick Morgan! his cost tail came out by the roots, and he and the saddle were hitched and hauled forty rods down the hill, where, with all the breath knocked out of his bedy, the roor old man lay stretched out, like a spread eagle.

" There, you infernal old donkey, you," bawled are, coss you I knew it pr

Old Nick revived in time to hear this malediction, and get one glimpse of the flying machine. when up he bounced, and after his mare he went ten miles an hour!

'Qa, on he splutged, until not two ounces of vital aig filled his breathing apparatus; over the fence of his relative's grounds Nick flow, and up the lane he travelled, bastled into the house, formed, fem-

self down upon the bod, and to all the combined it is a very bad one to wear.

efforts of his friends, the tongue of Nick Morgan refered to operate and nurired the injustry length his ever consveil-

JECTICE - DISTRIPOR O 3

"Nicholes, vat ish de matter mit you? Umph speak, and sell your vife yot der matter july scoph? No reply; but turning his head over, and looking his wife and friends with all the subjured tenderness of a dring call, the old fallow offered up a

beary dideful green. "Nicholas ! mine tere husbant, vat ish de matlee, umph P

Another feet, and another dending grown. vat Nicholas, Nicholas, vy don't ye tell me vatir de

matter ! The old man rose up a little, stared around canche hold of his wife same to satisfy himself that she was there, real fleel and blood, then, in a voice

low and strong betekening the deep solemnity of his feelings, he spake-"I've seen seen I I've seen him!"

The friends all haddled around, the old trou leaned over the bed, and with a voice of extreme

anxiety, asked--"Seen him!-who sos it vot you see'd!"

"I-I've seen him.

"Who?" cried all the friends.

a Der divil 19 " Der devil?" echo the whole group of listenen. "Yans! an oh! mine got, unt a pig ping he carries on his shoulders !!

Rules for Governing Culibren .- 1. Exercise your authority as soldon as possible; instead of it

2. Be careful how you threaten, but never lie-Threaten seldom but never fail to exceute This parent who is open-mouthed to threaten, and threatchild is not subdued by the first threat repeats it half dozen times with a voice of increasing violence, and with many thakes and twitches of the little

culprit, will certainly possess no authority. 3. Avoid tones and gestures expressive of agits tion for trivial matters, indicative of no depeavily, and exhibiting only heedlessness or lorgethiness of nothing more is common to all young animals, than to love to use their limbs. In such cases the tones should be kind and persuasive, rather than authoritive, and even the gravity of authority should be reserved exclusively for eases of disobedience or depravity or for the preventing of serious evil. A perpetual fretting at children for little things will inevitably harden their hearts, and totally destroy was a fretting parent, who often threatened and seldom performed, that had a particle of efficient government.

A GREAT MISTARE !- It is a feeling too prevalent among the young and inexperienced, that mere personal charms alone—of which by a kind dispensation of Providence, no one fancies herself deficient—are sufficient to secure permanent attention many fair stars, who have burst as it were on the world with only their beauty to recommend them, have, when the novelty of their appearance were off, been doomed to suffer the darkest neglect !-"An accomplished woman can never become an object of neglect. She will always command distinction among her acquaintance. When she was rooms she might please more; but as even then she pleased chiefly by her mind, she will therefore continue to please. When, declined into the vale of years, she will still, from the superiority of her character, stand forth an exalted figure. Sense and capacity, joined to worth and sweetness are exempted from the condition of all things else, which is to lose their influence when they lose their novel-

DON'T STAND STILL-If you do you will be run over. Motion, action, progress, these are the words which now fill the vault of heaven with their stirring demands, and make humanity's heart palsate with a stronger bound. Advance, or stand aside -do not block up the way and hinder the career of others: there is too much to do to allow of inaction any where or in any one. There is something for all to do; the world is becoming more and more known; wider in magnitude; closer in intereste more loving and more evenly than of old. Not in deeds of daring; not in the ensanguined field; not in blood, and tears and gloom but, in the leaping, vivifying, exilirating impulses of the better bith of the soul. Reader are you doing your part in this work !- Detroit Free Press.

STOPPING NEWSPAPERS,-A certain mass lift his toe against a pebble stone and fell headleng to the ground. He was vexed; and under the influence of anger and active self-sufficiency, he kicked old mother earth right saucily. With imperturbable gravity, he looked to see "the just globe itself dissolve," and come to naught. But the earth remained, and only his poor foot was injured, in the encounter. This is the way of man. An article in a newspaper touches him in a weak place, and straightway he sends word to stop his paper. With great self-complacency he looks on to see a crash. when the object of his spleen shall rease to be. Poor fool, he has only hit his too against a world that does not perceptibly feel the shock, and injures, to no extent, any one but himself.-Troy Budget.

THE most precious things on this side of the grave is our reputation and our life. But it is most to be lamented that the most contemptible whisper may deprive us of one, and the weakest weapon of the other. A wise man, therefore, will be more anxious to deserve a fair name, than to live, as not to be alraid to die.

The greatest difficulty in public elequence, is to give the subject all the dignity it so fally deserves. without attaching any importance to ounclvessome preachers reverse the thing; they give so much importance to themselves, that they have none left for the subject.

Talante is a very pleasant garment to look at, but