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TOWANDA:

Wednesday Morning, December 5, 1849.

(For the Bradford Reporter.)

SWEAR NOT AT ALL.

BY E. MASON.

Swearer, look up to Heaven above
Where dwells a God of boundless love,
Extending blessings ev'ry where,
Then think how wicked 'tis to swear;
And not to heed a Savior's call,
Use not vain words, swear not at all.

Our Father speaks his words so plain,
Take not the name of God in vain,
Although his boundless law you share
Won't hold you guiltless, when you swear;
And far below the brute you fall
When you won't heed, swear not at all!

Can you make the truth more plain
By adding words that are profane,
Or using language so absurd
To speak in jest God's holy word,
Blaspheme that Name, who made us all
And never heed, swear not at all?

God made the tongue to speak words plain,
And not to swear in foolish strain,
All truths by simple words are told,
And truth can always speak out bold;
Needs not an oath e'er great or small—
Then speak the truth, swear not at all.

Swearers, then cease your raging spite,
One hair you can't make black or white,
Then speak your words as Christ doth say
To every truth you should say yea;
On every lie, your nay should fall;
Then add no more, swear not at all.

Monroeton, Pa.

THE FALLEN MERCHANT.

Before the establishment of a Bank of England, in the reign of commerce-loving William and Mary, the goldsmiths for the most part acted as the money-changers and bankers of the good city of London. We find them about the purlieus of the Royal Exchange, in Cornhill, but chiefly in Lombard street. If rich associations with our commercial history can dignify a locality, then is Lombard street both dignified and venerable. It was here prior to the time of the goldsmiths, that the acorn of British commerce may be said to have been planted by foreigners. Italian merchants from Venice, Genoa and Florence, known by the name of Longabards, or Lombards, settled in this spot early in the thirteenth century; "and from them," says Stow, "the street derived its name. Though the great fire of 1666, which raged by Fenchurch street, along Gracechurch street and reached the Standard in Cornhill, necessarily included this district within the scene of its ravages, we have every reason to believe, from the position of the three churches, St. Mary-Woolnoth, Allhallows, and St. Edmund the King and Martyr, rebuilt on their ancient sites, that the present street occupies the precise ground of the old one inhabited by the Lombard merchants.

This being the case, now that the acorn of commerce above alluded to has grown into a mighty oak, the shadow of which is cast over so large a portion of the globe, it ought to be so with feelings of no common interest and respect, that we should turn out of the whirl of Cheapside and the Poultry, and perambulate this most thoroughfare.

Lombard street is to day essentially a street of banks. They abound in no other district as they do here. The earth groans with their huge iron safes, and the ground is honeycombed with their money-wells. The jingle of sovereigns is heard the live-long day in this enchanted region; and richer it is than the fabled garden of the Hesperides, though there the luscious-looking apples, that you might have longed so much to eat, were found, defying the teeth, to be of solid gold. This assuredly is as it should be. The spirits of the old Lombard merchants and goldsmith money changers, if they haunt the spot, are no doubt well pleased that the good citizens, age after age, set up their banking establishments here.

The stranger, passing the fine architectural front of St. Mary-Woolnoth—so called, we learn from a beam once stationed near the church for the weighing of wood—enters the locality we have been describing. Nothing remarkable strikes him in the aspect of houses; but the people in this street hurry to and fro with greater rapidity, perhaps, than in any other part of the city. They bear money into the banking depots, or carry it out; so it would not do to loiter. Nevertheless, we meet with certain individuals here who pace slowly up and down, and sometimes remain perfectly stationary.—They are generally speaking, old men, in threadbare black coats, with bits of crape frequently displayed around their rusty hats, and they have otherwise in their appearance something subdued and mournful. It is a rare thing to see them accost each other; but they stand apart, usually by a lamp-post, or saunter moodily, with their hands behind their backs. An imaginative observer might think them a race of ruined men, who might once have been partners in rich banking establishments, and who will stalk here with no definite object, but merely linger about the scene of their former prosperity; or philosophers might consider them pensive misanthropes, standing aloof from their fellows, come hither to show how much they despise and pity this busy section of the human family intent on sordid gain.

But if we watch the men a few minutes, probably these illusions will be dissipated. We will take for example, that messenger by the lamp-post near one of the principal banks. He is motionless, indeed, and his hands are folded before him; he does not smile nor talk, and, to all appearance, is wrapped in deep thought. Hark! the clatter of a horse's hoofs! a country gentleman is coming to draw money from one of the banks; the solitary man awakes from his revery in an instant, and plunges forward. Hallo! another misanthrope joins the race, but the first misanthrope outstrips his comrade, and, having made one more dive, seizes and holds the horse's bridle, while the country gentleman dismounts and enters the bank. Alas! this is done for vile lucre—two pence! possibly, a penny—so, from the disenchanting fact, we arrive at the very natural conclusion, that the men in rusty coats and sad aspects are not ruined bankers at all, nor misanthropic despisers of their kind, but in plain language are the ticket-porters of Lombard street.

And yet in sober truth, these men, who go on messages for the bankers, and hold horse's heads, resemble no other porters we are acquainted with. The porters about the inns of court are younger men, and have, for the most part, an independent and swaggering air; and the porters rushing about the railway stations and the steam wharves are rough and noisy; but the men who frequent the street of the ancient Italian merchants are a sedate, quiet, and harmless race: they look like persons who have been acquainted with better days; and though, as a rule, they belong of course to the lower classes, yet instances have been known of the little white apron, their badge, being assumed by men who previously moved in a highly respectable sphere of life.

The last observation will apply to the subject of our sketch.

Some years ago, an elderly man, neatly but poorly dressed, with a thin yet healthy countenance, might have been seen daily at his post in the street of banks. He was taciturn and grave, but his reserve did not partake of ill-humor; on the contrary, his mild grey eye indicated a kindly disposition, and his features wore an expression full of benevolence. His hair, which formed a ring around the lower part of his head, was perfectly white, and the lines and wrinkles of age gave no harshness to his venerable face. Jeffery was the only name by which he was known; and his comrades were entirely ignorant of his history. He had been recommended, and obtained the post he held, many years previously; for even to be elected a ticket porter requires at times a little interest. Jeffery's chief station was at the entrance of Pope's Head Alley, just opposite St. Mary Woolnoth's church; and here, waiting for a chance customer, he would sit on the corner of a form, his fore-finger placed against his cheek, or his hands resting on his knees. His darned coat and patched shoes betrayed poverty; but nothing ever tempted him to enter the dram-shop, so he had generally a few stray pence in his pocket.

When a stranger made his appearance in the street in search of some bank—a fact indicated by his staring here and there, glancing at one door and then at another—or when a horseman rattled up, Jeffery did not, like his companions, dart forward, press his services, and annoy, but he performed his business quietly and gravely; and when another chanced to outstrip him, shuffling the old man aside, and claiming from the countryman in top-boots the penny Jeffery never evinced anger, or lost his temper; he retired again to the old rickety form in Pope's Head Alley, and began to stare hard at St Mary-Woolnoth's church: he did this, not surely in admiration of the architectural beauties of this edifice, but merely to keep down memory. Yes, a sad enemy to Jeffery was memory: visions of the past, as he sat on his form, would too often cause him to shake his old white head, glance with something like contempt on the little apron at his waist, and at times, though that was rare, to draw his sleeve across his eyes to brush away the drops of moisture which the retrospect of happier days gathered there.

Jeffery, nevertheless, cherished a feeling of independence; hence he would not subject himself to the regulations of an almshouse; and he would not occupy a nook in another person's dwelling.—He had a very small house, or rather it might have been termed a hut, far in the suburbs. This cabin which was barely ten feet high, with two doll's-house-like rooms, and no other apartment above ground, stood on the borders of Copenhagen Fields. It was an open place with real turf, and rich in war-like memories, are these Copenhagen Fields. The famous victory of Nelson gave its honored name to the place; and here at five in the morning, when thoughts of a French invasion, to be conducted by Bonaparte in person, once agitated men's minds, the city militia used to parade. Their marchings, their chargings of imaginary foes, their crossings of the divers ditches without falling down, and their firing of real muskets without blinking their eyes all, at least that people could observe—such a sight at that time was highly animating and cheering; cheering, we repeat, for in proportion as the militia improved in their exercise going brilliantly through their warlike evolutions, so hearts began to dismiss their fears of a foreign enemy, and public confidence to be restored.

The banks closed at five o'clock, and then Jeffery returned to his home. The brown door of his brick cabin stood half open, for an old woman was now employed within. Between the opening might have been seen a Newfoundland dog; he was sitting patiently, his nose pointed in the air, and his ears erect; it would have been useless for him to have thrown his eyes forward in search of his master—age had cartained up the windows of his sight; the dog was stone blind, and all he could do was to listen for the well-known step. Ah! to Jeffery that animal was passing dear; the dumb companion he had been of his prosperous days—the faithful thing that, when former friends turned coldly away, he had not deserted him in the hour of darkness and trial.

Jeffery and his dog were well known to the humble settlers about Copenhagen Fields. The care with which the master tended his blind charge, and the love he lavished upon him, excited the ridicule of some, but touched the hearts of others. Every morning he would lead him forth for an airing, guiding him by a string; and on Sundays, after church, Jeffery might be seen in the Copenhagen Fields sitting on the sunny side of a hedge, the dog's forepaws on his knees, the meaning head on one side, and the eyes directed to the face they could no longer see, while the old man would speak to his mute companion as to a human being. Jack, for so he named his dog, had sickened, and Jeffery had remained at home for three whole days; he mourned over him as over a child, and when mourning seemed to be of no use, he threatened him, and dared him to die before himself.—but Jack plucked up again, and the tomb-stone and epitaph were thought of no more, while the heart of Jeffery was filled with joy.

On towards his cabin trudged our friend. The dog, from long habit, well knew the hour at which his master would return. He listened, and listened, his head projecting beyond the door; he caught the step at last, and with a faint cry bounded forward. Up like a mad thing on Jeffery he sprang, rushing between his legs and around his legs, licking his hands; and when all his pantomime of exuberant delight and of welcome was gone through, he gave vent to the remaining portion of his animal feeling by sitting up a sharp and prolonged yell.

"Jack!" said Jeffery, "poor Jack! 'twould be a hard matter to find among the world's professed friends a friend so staunch as thou."

An old woman who lived in the neighborhood, for a small weekly pittance, kept Jeffery's cabin in order; and having now prepared his evening meal, and attended to any commands he might have to give, she left him alone with his dog.

Jeffery was a widower, his wife having died even before misfortune had fallen on him. He had one son; and when the bankruptcy and ruin overtook the firm of which he was a member, that son, at the father's request, left England. The young man had written from India several times; he held a situation as a clerk in a mercantile house at Calcutta, but his salary was small; and Jeffery, not wishing to harrow his son's feelings by a picture of his own distress, kept the dire straits to which he was driven a profound secret. No tidings of the young man had now reached him for several years; so that it might be presumed he was either dead, had forgotten his father, or his letters had been miscarried. The last circumstance was probable, inasmuch as Jeffery, from feelings of pride, had for a long time dropped his real name; for how could he retain it, a common porter in that city where once he flourished a wealthy merchant?

It so happened, that the day on which we have described Jeffery returning to his home, was his son's birthday; it was therefore natural that he should have been more than usual sad. On this aniversary, a few other particular occasions, it was his custom to bring to light from the bottom of an old trunk, certain objects which afforded him at once pain and pleasure to gaze on. Jeffery now shut his door; the purple sunrays of evening streaming through the little western window and lit up the room, playing on the small ornaments which adorned the mantle-shelf and softening the silver locks of the lonely old man. The birds sang their last vespers on the ancient and blackened trees without; the dog was alone insensible of God's loveliest and most mysterious creation—light.

But Jeffery drew forth the mementoes alluded to; they were three small paintings in antique frames: the first represented the River Thames, with its forest of masts, the most conspicous objects being certain warehouses, with cranes, and bales of goods piled in front, and men apparently at work with all the energy and bustle peculiar to these commercial depots. At the foot of the picture was written, "Melville's Warehouse."

"Mine—once mine!" whispered the ruined merchant. "They courted me then—they would have made me an alderman—lord mayor, if I had wished it. The cloud came—the darkness of ruin fell—the blight of poverty and wretchedness encompassed me: I was as a tree struck with lightning, and seared to the heart's core. They told me I might take shelter in an almhouse! Ha! ha! Melville the inmate of their charity; though starving, I would be independent still. They have long forsaken me; they know not that I exist, and I am now without a friend, alone—alone in the world!"

The old man stooped over the picture, sighing as he did so. The blind dog, as if instinct told him his master was sorrowfull, rubbed his head against him, and licked his hand.

"Did I say I was without a friend?" exclaimed Jeffery, glancing at the animal; "then Jack, poor Jack, I did thee wrong: companion thou art, constant and true. Looking at thee, old Jack, I only dread one thing—I fear thou mayst die the first; and yet it would be better were it so; for who would take care of thee, Jack?—who would bury thee when I should be gone?"

The next picture was taken into his hands with a tender reverence; and when Jeffery held it up, and the golden light through the small casement fell mellowingly on it, displaying all its soft tints and beauty, the gazer sank on his knees. His eyes were raised, full of tears; his lips moved in audible prayer; and then he fervently kissed the picture, and pressed it to his bosom. It was the portrait of her who had died in the days of his prosperity—the portrait of his wife.

A different expression stole over the features of the old man as he took up the last and smallest painting; a smile half of pride, half of playful fondness beamed in his fine old benevolent countenance. The miniature was that of a boy, about twelve years of age, in a smart dress, with a turn down collar, and a laughing saucy face.

"Here you are, Jack," whispered Jeffery; "here you are, my boy, just the same as ever—the same laughing, rosy villain, ready to turn away from your books to run over the parks you idle scrapegrace!—full of pranks and wickedness—a noisy, rattling good-for-nothing—a very worry to your father,—a bold, reckless, unconscionable rogue—sob, Jack! Jack!"

The blind companion barked faintly, and stood on his hind legs, for he thought Jeffery called him. "I don't mean you, poor fellow but your namesake. Now, I wonder if thou wouldst remember thy old playmate, were he to appear suddenly before thee; for it seem years since you gambolled together? Yes, the image of him, I warrant, is not quite brushed out from thy poor old brain, for dog's memories, they say, are marvelously good."

Jeffery had been contemplating the past and its pleasures; thought now reverted to the present, and he grew sad. In his son he no longer saw the youth but the man.

"Suppose he is alive now! or, suppose he is no more!" whispered the ruined merchant, resting his chin on his hand. "I can't blame him for leaving his father, since I compelled him to go abroad; it would have galled my pride, and crushed me quite, to have seen my son a beggar in his native land. Eight years have now passed away since I heard from him; then he was a poor clerk, just able to support himself, without friends or interest. I could not let him know to what I had fallen, for that would have needlessly tortured his heart. No tidings since! Pshaw! I do not believe letters have been sent and failed to reach me; those people I instructed would have taken them in. Yes, from his young mind thoughts of his father have been swept away, just as the rising tide washes out the fantastic figures the child traces on the sand. He will not dwell on that which gives him pain: his own fortunes are all in all to him; he is like the rest of mankind, and follows but the world in this; why then should I blame him? I can bear and suffer alone: contempt, poverty and sorrow, will not weigh upon my heart long; and in that narrow house where peace awaits the broken spirit, even Jack my son, and Jack my poor dog, will be remembered no more."

He continued sitting in his chair motionless; his eyes fixed abstractly on the portraits. The dog remained close beside him, his head raised and by degrees thrust forward, till it rested on the old man's knee. The last rays of the setting sun shone in oblique lines through the cottage pane, and fell softly on the silent companions, while the rest of the room was in shadow. The light grew fainter—evening deepened yet still they were there: one by one the stars came out, and the moon shone across the window; Jeffery and his dog might have been seen in the same posture: and not until the woman who attended to his little wants opened the door and called him by name, did the old man rouse himself from his deep revery.

It was a busy day in Lombard street, and with the city bankers generally, for dividends in Consols had begun to be paid. Clerks, with great leather cases ready to burst with the riches they contained in checks and notes, hurried into one bank, and hurried out of another. Thieves, disguised in gentlemanly attire, had the appearance of being busy also, walking about with anxious faces, and bundles of papers in their hand, but keeping their eyes keenly fixed on the said clerks, "waiting an opportunity."—Stockholders kept up a running communication with the principals of banking firms, for the barometer of the money-market was rising and falling in an alarming uncertainty, important news having arrived from abroad.

The porters, too had a harvest of it—so many strangers losing themselves in the labyrinth of alleys about Lombard street, requiring to be set right and so many horses waiting to be held. Jeffery was at his post; but his hand was slow and he did not gain as much as his comrades. As he stood, however near a well-known bank, a handsome carriage with two horses drew up close to him. This promised something, and possibly more than pence thought Jeffery; so he moved forward with unusal alacrity to take down the steps.

"Now can't you be quiet?" said a footman to rich livery, as he descended from the rumble.

"You didn't know I was here suppose, old wrinkle-face? You won't have any coppers this time, you needn't hope it. Stand back, I say if you don't want to taste of the coachman's whip."

The front window of the carriage was down—a circumstance which the footman, perhaps, had not perceived; thus he within was able to overhear the words of his servant. Poor Jeffery drew back, without offering a syllable in return for the harsh language he had received. But the carriage-door was now opened, and a gentleman of handsome and commanding appearance stepped out.

"This is the bank, sir," said the footman, touching his laced hat.

"Roberts," said the gentleman, in a rather stern voice, "never let me hear you speak in that manner again to any one, however mean, in this country. Remember, Englishmen are not Hindoos.—My good fellow," he added, addressing Jeffery, "do not regard what my servant said; you did very right, I dare say, in offering to take down the carriage steps—here's a crown for you."

Jeffery, staring in wonder at the munificent gift, took off his hat, and was about to hold out his hand; but as he half raised it some paralytic affection seemed to seize his frame, for the hand instantly fell again; his eyes were rivetted on the gentleman, and his own features became deadly white; he strove to speak but could not articulate; slowly he drew backward but still gazed on the stranger, untill beginning to stagger under the influence of what oppressed him, he leaned against the wall for support.

The sympathy of the gentleman was awakened; and thinking the poor man ill, he approached him and took him by the arm. Jeffery's hat now lay on the ground, so that nothing concealed his white head and venerable features.

"Jack!" at length fell from the lips of Jeffery; "dear Jack, have you forgotten me? Jack Melville, don't be ashamed of——"

The wild exclamation that on the instant broke from the other, as he recognized in his fallen condition the man before him, arrested the attention of the bystanders. The eager cry of "Father!"—the shaking of the hand—the manly embrace, and the smothered sob of age might well touch all there in whose hearts the pure and holy springs of human feeling were not entirely frozen up. Oh! such meetings in this world of care, after long years of trials, sorrow, doubt, and mourning—whether they be between lover and mistress, husband and wife, or parent and child, call into energy the deepest and heavenliest emotions our nature is capable of experiencing; emotions that, without stain of any meaner of selfish passion might warm the hearts of beings never fallen from original purity, and expand the souls of angels.

In a few minutes Jeffery and his son were seated side by side in the carriage, and proceeding to the cottage near Copenhagen Fields. The younger man's history was soon told. From a clerk he had risen to be a partner in the rich mercantile house at Calcutta, and was now come to England on a mission of great commercial importance. His letters, for he had written repeatedly, had indeed failed of late to reach his father simply because the latter, wishing to conceal his degraded position, had changed his name; while the party to whom those letters were addressed, through some misunderstanding, declined receiving them.

"Yes, I must peep out your house, father. Ashamed of it? No, I honor and love you the more for this long and noble struggle with poverty; but, thank heaven! 'tis all over now."

"Nay but you should not go to my hovel except on one account," said Jeffery.

"And what is that?"

The old man looked at his handsome son, and again shook him by the hand.

"He won't have forgotten you—I know he won't."

"Who won't have forgotton me, father?"

"He's living still—your namesake, Jack—my friend for fifteen long years: and hearty he is, though stone blind, the old, jolly, faithful fellow! Your playmate, too, Jack, when a wild rattling, pranksome boy you gambled about the London parks. Oh! surely you remember Jack—the old Newfoundland dog!"

Good Cooking.—Good cooking does not consist in producing the highest seasoned dishes, nor such as to foster a morbid appetite; but in preparing every dish well, however simple or common it may be. There are, for instance, families who never eat any good bread from one century to another, and have no idea in what it consists. Nor are meats cooked any better within their precincts. Those little, simple, and healthy delicacies, which the good housekeeper knows intuitively how to produce, are never seen here. Even a dish of potatoes cannot get themselves well boiled. A member of the family might as well fall among the Hottentots, as far as any proper nursing is concerned. These things ought not to be, nor is there any just notions of her obligation to herself and those about her.

Help one Another.—It is the law of providence for the allotment of mankind to be various. The general wisdom of the arrangement is apparent in the adaption of all classes and events to each other, and in the ability of the Gospel to give contentment to every condition of life. It is the duty of all to render to each other the assistance which God may put it into our power to grant. In the language of Sir Walter Scott, the race of mankind would perish did they cease to aid each other.—From the time that the mother binds the child's head, till the moment that some kind assistant wipes the death-damp from the brow of the dying, we cannot exist without mutual help. All therefore, who need aid, have a right to ask it from their fellow morials; no one who holds the power of granting can refuse without guilt.

Antiquity.—A lawyer and a doctor were discussing the antiquity of their respective professions and each cited authority to prove his most ancient.

"Mine" said the disciple of Lycurgus, "commenced almost with the world's era? Cain slew his brother Abel, and that was a criminal case in common law! "True" rejoined Esculapius, "but my profession is coveal with the creation itself.—Old mother Eve was made out of a rib taken from Adam's body, and that was a surgical operation." The lawyer dropped his bag.

How to Improve the Heart.—Never lose an opportunity of seeing anything beautiful. Beauty is God's hand writing—a wayside sacrament.—Welcome it in every fair face—every fair sky—every fair flower—and thank Him for it, the fountain of all loveliness, and drink, and drink it in simply and earnestly, with all your eyes. 'Tis a charmed draught—a cup of blessing.

Matrimonial.—A gentleman in California, who cannot spare time to return and get him a wife, and unwilling to take a spanish señorita, has sent a commission to Scotland, by a friend, to send him out a young lady for a wife. He requires her to be "full six feet in height, blue eyes and auburn hair." For such a damsel he agrees to forfeit $10,000, or marry her.

Matrimony.—When a young tradesman in Holland or Germany goes a courting, the first question the young woman asks him is, "Are you able to pay the charges?" That is to say in English, are you able too keep a wife when you have got her? What a world of misery it would prevent if the young women of all countries would stick to the wisdom of that question!

The Manufacture of Paper, the secret of which was not discovered for centuries, has been carried on by the wasp ever since the Creation. They make it in the same way, and of the same materials employed for the purpose by expert workmen of the present day.

A Truism.—An exchange says—All our experience goes to show that a person who can live in this world without suffering slander, must be too stupid or insignificant to claim attention.

Up to Snuff!—A preacher who advised a drowsy hearer to take a pinch of snuff occasionally in service, to keep him awake, was advised in return to put snuff in his sermon.

Births.—The Portsmouth (Va.) Fit publishes the births as they occur in that place under the line from Tupper: "A babe in a house is a well spring of pleasure."

A Good Off.—At a recent trial for kidnapping, in Hillsborough, Virginia, a lady witness was brought to the stand, when in the course of her examination a lady friend of her's named Mary was brought in. The Attorney for defendant put the question:

"*What did Mary say?*"

The Attorney for the State immediately jumped up and said—"Stop there!—I object to the question!"

Here a discussion of nearly two hours took place, in which four or five lawyers participated. After which the three judges held a long, serious and excited discussion on the subject, and finally in a very formal and pompous manner, stated that it was the opinion of a majority of the Court that the question must be answered. The Court Room was crowded almost to suffocation, and the most intense interest was manifested at this stage of the proceedings. The question was repeated—"What did Mary say?"

"*She did'nt say a word!*"

Moral Character.—There is nothing which adds so much to the beauty and power of man as a good moral character. It is his wealth, his influence his life. It dignifies him in every station, exalts him in every condition, and glorifies him at every period of his life. Such a character is more to be desired than every thing else on earth. It makes a man free and independent. No servile tool, no crouching sycophant ever bore such a character. The pure joys of truth and righteousness never spring in such a person. If young men but knew how much a good character would dignify and exalt them, how glorious it would make their prospects even in this life, never should we find them yielding to the groveling and base-born purposes of human nature.

Flowers.—Mothers, cultivate flowers, that your children may emulate your good example—that home may be the sweetest spot to them; our first mother was placed in a garden as the most appropriate place for one who was to be the partner of him who was formed after the image of his Maker, that her first lesson might be taught from nature's most beautiful leaves of instruction. If we feel troubled and careworn—for troubles will come—does not a walk among the flowers calm and soothe us by leading our thoughts to more pleasing things—to the manifold kindness of our Heavenly Father in beautifying the earth with so many jewels?

Never shrink from a woman of strong sense. If she becomes attached to you, it will be from seeing and valuing similar qualities in you. You may trust her, for she knows the value of your confidence; you may consult her, for she is able to advise; and does so at once with the firmness of reason, and the consideration of affection. Her love will be lasting, for it will not have been lightly won;—it will be strong and ardent, for weak minds are not capable of the loftier grades of the passion. If you prefer attaching to yourself a woman of feeble understanding, it must be either from fearing to encounter a superior person, or from the poor vanity of preferring that admiration which springs from ignorance, to that which arises from appreciation.

Employ your Pen.—This counsel though less frequently given than others, is nevertheless far from being superfluous. There is a marvellous power in writing down what we know. It fixes the thoughts; reveals the ignorance; methodizes our knowledge; aids our memory; and insures command of language. "Men acquire knowledge," says Bish. Jewell, "by a frequent exercising of their pens than by the reading of many books."

Benevolent Wish.—Sir William Davenant, the poet, who had no nose, was going along the Mews one day, a beggar woman followed him crying, "Ah! Heaven preserve your eye-sight, sir; the Lord preserve your eye-sight." "Why, good woman," said he, "do you pray so much for my eye-sight? "Ah! dear sir," answered the woman, "if you should grow dim-sighted, you have no place to hang your spectacles on."

New Things to Avoid.—A bottle of wine at a public dinner. A short cut when you are in a hurry. Walking between two umbrellas on a pouring wet day. "Just another glass before you go." Going into church without a shilling. Being the mediator of a quarrel between man and wife.—Bowing to a lady from the top of an omnibus.—And lastly, taking a new hat to an evening party.

"A Whopper."—"They tell of big rats on the line of the Ohio canal, and one of them is said to have towed a boat, using his tail for a tow line.

"That's a whopper"—of a rat we mean. If we should attempt to beat this story, we would tell of that musquito in the Montezuma swamp on the Erie canal, who stole a boat pole for a tooth pick.

Somebody gives the following receipt for making lemonade:

"Get a bowl of pure water, let a dozen pretty girls kiss in it, and then get an old maid and just let her look at it, and the lemonade is done did."

A Post Master in Pennsylvania, on entering his house one night, a short time ago, found an infant boy on the door steps, which somebody had left there. Being asked how he accounted for this incident, he replied, "that the mails were very irregular all over the country."

Curious Fact.—One pint of water, converted into steam, fills a space of nearly 2000 pints, and raises the piston of a steam engine with the force of many thousand pounds. It may afterwards be condensed, and re-appears as a pint of water.

A servant girl was requested by a lady to go to a dry goods store and obtain a bed comforter for her. About a half an hour she returned with one of the clerks. The lady fainted.

"Genius will always work its way through," as the poet remarked when he saw a hole in the elbow of his coat.