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BRADRORD RI

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TOWANDA:

Saturdan Morning, October 26, 1850.

THOUGHTS WHILE MAKING THE GRAVE OF A NEW BORN CHILD.

BY X. P. WILLIS.

Room, gentle flowers! my child would pass to hea-Ye looked not for her yet with your soft eyes, [ven! O watchful ushers at Death's narrow door! But lo! while you delay to let her forth, Angels, beyond stay for her! One long kiss From lips all pale with agony, and tears,
Wrung after anguish had dried up with fire
The eyes that wept them, were the cup of life
Held as a welcome to her. Weep! oh mother! But not from this cup of bitterness. A cherab of the sky has turn'd away.

One look upon thy face ere thou depart! My daugther! With thy birth has gushed a spring [knew not of—filling my heart with tears, And turning with strange tendeness to thee—
A love—on God! it seems so—that must flow
Far as thou fleest, and 'twixt heaven and me, Henceforward, he a bright and yearning chain brawing measter thee! And so sarewell! Tis a harsh world, in which affection knows No place to treasure up its lov'd and lost But the foul grave! Then, who so late was sleeping Warm in the close fold of a mother's heart, Scarce from her breast a single pulse receiving But it was sent then with some tender thought, How can I leave the—here! Alas for man! The herb in its humility may fall,
And waste into the bright and genial air, While we by hand's that minister'd in life Nothing but love to us-are thrust away-The earth flung in upon our just cold bosoms. And the warm sunshine trodden out forever

Yet have I chosen for thy grave, my child. A bank where I have lain in summer hours, And thought how little it would seem like death. To sleep amid such loveliness. The brook, Tripping with laughter down the rocky steps That lead up to thy bed, would still trip on, Breaking the dead hush of mourners gone; The birds are never silent that build here, Trying to sing down the more vocal waters; The slope is beautiful with moss and flowers, And far below, seen under arching leaves, a Ginters the warm sun on the village spire, Pointing the living after thee. And this Beems like a comfort, and, replacing now The flowers that have made room for thee I go To whisper the same peace to her who lies— Robb'd of her child, and lonely. Tis the work Of many a dark hour, and of many a prayer, To bring the heart back from an infant gone. Hope must give o'er, the busy fancy blot The images from all the silent rooms, And every sight and sound familiar to her ndo its sweetest link-and so at last The fountain-that once struck, must flow forever. Will hide and waste in silence. When the smile Steals to her pallid lips again, and spring . Wakens the buds above thee, we will come, And, standing by thy music-haunted grave, Look on each other cheerfully and say,—
A child that we have loved is gone to Heaven, And by this gate of flowers she passed away.

(From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.) MIRABEAU: AN ANECDOTE OF HIS PRIVATE LIFE

limity-one years of age.

should reside for some time at a a distance from Paris; and it was settled that he should go on a ly, the count went to Vincennes to receive Miraed their journey at once with all speed.

The arrival of Mirabeau at the ancient manorial of France. The country gentlemen residing in the neighborhood had often heard him spoken of as a hant talents, but also for his violent passions; and they hastened to the chatcau to contemplate a being who had excited their curiosity to an extraordis | ered. hary pitch. The greater portion of these country squites were mere sportsmen, whose knowledge did not extend much besend the names and qualities of their dogs and horses, and in whose houses it would have been almost in vain to seek for any with the utmost punctuality, to loiter away their

Count du Saillant was of a quite different stamp from his neighbors. He had seen the world, he commanded a regiment, and at that period his chatean was perhaps the most civilized country rest. dence in the Limonsin. People came from a considerable distance to visit its hospitable owner; and among the guests there was a curious mixture of provincial oddities, clad in their quaint costumes. At that epoch, indeed, the young Limousin noblemen, when they joined their regiments, to don their sword and epaulettes for the first time, were very slightly to be distinguished, either by their manners or appearance, from their rustic retainers.

It will easily be imagined, then, that Mirabeau,

tivated and polished by education-a man, moreover, who had seen much of the world, and had been engaged in several strange and perilous adventures—occupied the most conspicuous post in this society, many of the component members whereof seemed to have barely reached the first degrees in the scale of civilization. His vigorous frame; his enormous head, augmented in bulk by a lofty frizzled coiffure; his huge face, indented with scars, and furrowed with seams, from the elfect of small-pox injudiciously treated in his child. hood; his piercing eyes, the reflection of the tumultuous passions at war with him; his month. whose expression indicated in turn irony, disdain, indignation, and benevolence; his dress, always carefully attended to, but in an exaggerated style, giving him somewhat the air of a travelling charlatan decked out with embroidery, large trill, and ruffles; in short, this extraordinary-looking individual astonished the country folks even before he open ed his mouth. But when his sonorous voice was heard, and his imagination, heated by some interesting subject of conversation, imparted a high degree of energy to his eloquence, some of the worthy rustic hearers felt as though they were in the presence of a saint, others in that of a devil : and according to their several impressions, they were tempted either to fall down at his feet, or to exor cise him by making the sign of the cross, and uttering a prayer.

Seated in a large antique armehair, with his feet stretched out on the floor, Mirabeau often contemplated, with a smile playing on his lips, those men can not positively say. However, it seems to who seemed to belong to the primitive ages; so simple, frank, and at the same time clownish, were they in their manners. He listened to their conversations, which generally turned upon the chase, the exploits of their dogs, or the excellence of their horses, of whose breed and qualifications they were very proud. Mirabeau entered freely into their notions; took an interest in the success of their sporting projects; talked, too, about crops; chestnuts, of which large quantities are produced in the Limousin; live and dead stock; ameliorations in husbandry 5 and so forth; and he quite won the heasts of the company by his familiarity with the topics in which they felt the most interest, and by his good nature.

This monotonous life was however, frequently wearisome to Mirabeau; and in order to vary it and for the sake of exercise, after being occupied for several hours in writing, he was in the habit of taking a low ling-piege, according to the custom of the country, and putting a book into his game-bag, he would flequently make long excursions on foot in every direction. He admited the noble forests of chestout trees which abound in the Limousin: the vast meadows, were numerous berds of caule ie, in spite of all his efforts. He could not banish of a superior breed are reared, and the running streams by which that picturesque country interafter conset, saying that night scenery was peculi ly attractive to him. 4

It was during and after supper that those conversations took place for which Mirabeau supplied the The public life as well as the private character principal and the most interesting materials. He he was engaged on a certain day to meet a party at of Mirabeau are universally known; but the fol. possessed the knack of provoking objections to what a friend's house to dinner, and that he purposed lowing anecdote has not, we believe, been record. he might advance, in order to combat them, as he ei in any of the biographies. The particulars were did with great force of logic and in energetic lanmeladed in the brief furnished to M. de Galitzane, guage; and thus he gave himself lessons in arguadvicate general in the parliament of Provence, ment, caring little about his auditory, his sole aim when he was retained for the defence of Madam being to exercise his mental ingenuity and to culti- good care being taken that it should be heard by Mirabeau in her husband's process against her. M. vate elequence. Above all he was fond of discus. Mirabeau, who at the time was playing a game of de Galitzane afterwards fullowed the Bourbons into sing religious matters with the cure of the parish. exile, and returned with them in 1814; and it is Without displaying much latitudinarianem, he dison his authority that the story is given in fact. | puted several points of doctrine and certain preten-Mirabcan had just been released from the dun- sions of the church so acutely, that the pastor could geon of the eastle of Vincennes near Paris. He say but little in reply. This astonished the Limhad been confined there for three years and a half, oursin gentry, who, up to thir time, had listened to by virtue of that most odious mandate, a lettre de- nothing but the drowsy discourses of their cures, or richel. His imprisonment had been of a most pain- the sermons of some obscure mendicant friars, and ful nature; and it was prolonged at the instance of who placed implicit faith, in the dogmas of the his father, the Marquis de Mirabeau. On his be- church. The faith of a few was shaken, but the mg reconciled to his father, the confinement ter greater number of his hearers was very much minated, in the year 1780, when Mirabeau wast tempted to look upon the visitor as an emissary of of it the bell at the gate of the court-yard rang fond-One of his father's conditions was, that Mirabeau | cure, however, did not despair of even fally con-

verting Mirabeau. At this period several robberies had taken place visit to his brother-in-law, Count du Saillant, whose at no great distance from the chateatt; four or five estate was cituated a few leagues from the city of farmers had been stopped shortly after nightfall on Limoges, the capitol of the Limousin. According their return from the market-towns, and robbed of their purses. Not one of these persons had offered beau on the day of his liberation, and they pursul any resistance, for each preferred to make a sacrifice rather than run the risk of a struggle in a country full of ravines, and covered with a rank vegetachateau created a great sensation in that remote part ition very favorable to the exploits of brigands, who might be lying in wait to massacre any individual ed him to throw down his purse. At that moment who might resist the one detached from the band to a flash of lightning enabled him to discover a postemarkable man, not only on account of his bril- demand the traveler's money or his life. These outrages ceased for a short time, but they soon recommenced, and the robbers remained undiscov-

One evening, about an hour after sunset a guest peared to be very thoughtful, and apoke but little, I clination to be shot, put spurs to his horse, and soon other book than the local almanac, containing the which surprised every body, thas much as he was reached the chateau. list of the fairs and markete, to which they repaired usually a merry companion. His gasconades had The count enjoined strict silence, and begged of frequently roused Mirabeau from his reveries, and his friend to avoid displaying any change in his time, talk about their rural affairs, dine abundantly, of this he was not a little proud. He had not the usual demesnor when in company with the other and wash down their food with strong Auvergne reputation of being particularly courageons, how. guest; he then ordered his valet to come again to own exploits; and it must be admitted that he took hour afterward. Minabeau arrived. He was wet

received very good-humoredly. aside after supper, and begged that he would ac- and he went to bed as soon as he had supped. company him to another room. When they were there alone, he tried in vain for a long time to ob. below, excepting that the gentleman who had had tain a satisfactory answer to his anxious inquiries so unpleasant an adventure on the road appeared as to the cause of his friend's unwonted melancholy | more gay than usual. and taciturnity. At length the visitor said-"Nay, nay; you would never believe it. You would declare that I was telling one of my fables, as you apartment. He found him, tast asleep, and was are pleased to call them; and perhaps this time we obliged to shake him rather violently before he . Love.-A passion that causes young women to who was gifted with brilliant natural qualities, cul- might fall out."

"What do you mean ?" cried Count de Saillant; This seems to be a serious affair. Am I, then, onnected with your presentiments?"

"Not exactly you; but-" "What does this but, mean? Has it anything to

do with my wife! Explain yourself." " Not the least in the world. Madame du Saillant is in no wise concerned in the matter; butyou resolved still to worry me with your mysteries?

pened to you?" "Oh nothing-nothing at all. No doubt I was rightened."

"Frightened!-and at what? By whom! For God's sake, my dear friend, do not prolong this painful state of uncertainty."

" Do you really wish me to speak out?" "Not only so, but,I demand this of you as an of triendship."

"Well, I was stopped to-night at about the disance of half a league from your chaleau."

"Stopped! In what way! By whom! "Why, stopped as people are stopped by footads. A gun was levelled at me; I was peremptorily ordered to give tip my purse; I threw it down on the ground, and galloped off. Do not ask me any more questions."

"Why not ! I wish to know all. Should you know the robber again? Did you notice his figure and general appearance ?" "It being dark, I could not exactly discover:

"What seems to you! What or whom do you

think you eaw !" "I never can tell wou."

"Speak-speak; you can not surely wish to screen a malefactor from justice !"

"No; but if the said malefactor should be-7 . "If he were my own son, I should insist upon your telling me." "Well, then, it appeared to me that the robber

was your brother-in law, MIRABEAU! But I might be mistaken; and, as I said before, tear-" "Impossible: no, it cannot be. Mirabear footpad! No, no. You are mistaken, my good friend."

"Certainly—certainly."

"Let us not speak any more of this," said Count lu Saillant. "We will return to the drawing-room. and I hope you will be gay as usual. I will so manage that our absence shall not be thought any thing of." And the gentlemen re-entered the drawing-room, one a short time before the other.

The visitor succeeded in resuming his accustor ed manner; but the count fell into a gloomy reverfrom his mind the extraordinary story he had heard: it haunted him t and at last worn out with was, that a plan was agreed for solving the mystery. It was arranged that M. De-should in the course of the evening mention casually, as it it were, that coming to take a bed at the chateau, where he hoped to arrive at about nine in the evening. The announcement was accordingly made in the course of conversation, when all the guests were presentchess with the cure

A week passed away, in the course of which farmer was stopped and robbed of his purse; and

at length the critical night arrived. Count de Saillant was upon the rack the whole evening; and his anxiety became almost unbearable when the hour for his friend's promised arrival had passed without his having made his appearance. Neither had Mirabeau returned from his nocturnal promenade. Presently a storm of light ning, thunder, and heavy rain came on ; in the midst

Salan sent to the chateau to destroy them. The ly. The count rushed out of the room into the court-yard, heedless of the contending elements; and before the groom could arrive to take his friend's horse, the anxious host was at his side.-His guest was in the act of dismounting.

"Well." said M. De - "I have been stopped. It is really he. I recognized him perfectly. Not a word more was spoken then; but as soon as the groom had led the horse to the stables, M. De-rapidly told the count that, during the storm, and as he was riding along, a man, who was half-concealed behind a very large tree, ordertion of the robber's person, and M. De-rode at him; but the robber retreated a few paces, and then leveling his gon at the horseman, cried with a powerful voice, which it was impossible to mistake, "Pass on, or you are a dead man!" Anothstrived at the chatesu. He was one of Count du er flash of lightning showed the whole of the rob-Sallant's most intimate friends, and was on his way ber's figure: it was Mirabeau, whose voice had alhome from a neighboring fair. This gentleman ap. | ready betrayed him! The wayfarer, having no in-

ever, though he often told glowing tales about his him as soon as Mirabeau should return. Hall an the rous of laughter with which they were usually to the skin, and hastened to his own room; he told the servant to inform the count that he could Count du Saitlant being much surprised at this not join the company at the evening meal, and begsudden change in his friend's manner, took him ged that his supper might be brought to his room,

All went on as usual with the party assemble

When his guests had all departed, the master of the house repaired alone to his brother-in-law's could rouse him.

"What's the matter? Who's there? What do you want with me?" cried Mirabeau, staring at his brother in law, whose eyes were flashing with rage and disgust.

"What do I want? I want to tell you that you are a wretch!"

." A fine compliment, truly!" replied Mirabean with the greatest coolness. "It was scarcely worth "But ! but ! you tire me out with your buts. Are | while to awaken me only to abuse me; go away and let me sleep."

Tell me at once what has occurred—what has hap-"Can you sleep after having committed so bad an action? Tell ine-where did you pass the evening? Why did you not join us at the supper-

> "I was wet through-tited-harrassed; I had been overtaken by the storm; Are you satisfied now? Go, and let me get some sleep; do you want to keep me chattering all night?"

"I insist upon an explanation of your strange conduct. You stopped Monsieur De- on his way hither this evening; this is the second time you have attacked that gentleman, for he recognized you as the same man who robbed him a week ago. You have turned highwayman, then !"

me this to morrow morning!" said Mirabeau, in my integrity; redeem me, and be merciful to with inimitable sung froid. "Supposing that I did stop your friend, what of that !"

"That you are a wretch !"

"And that you are a fool, my dear . Du 'Saillant. Do you imagine that it was for the sake of his money that I stopped this poor country squire? I wished to put him to the proof, and to put mysels to the proof. I wished to ascertain what degree of resolution was necessary in order to place one's self in formal opposition to the most sacred laws of society; the trial was a dangerous one; but I have made it several times. I am satisfied with myself-your friend is a coward." He then felt in the pocket of his waistcoat, which lay on a chair by his bedside, and drawing a key from it, said, "Take this key, open my ecrutoire, and bring me the second drawer on the left hand."

The count, astounded at so much coolness, and carried away by an irresistible impulse-for Mirabean spoke with the greatest firmness-unlocked the cubinet, and brought the drawer to Mirabeau. It contained nine purses; some made of leather. others of silk; each purse was encircled by a label, on which was written a date-it was that of the day on which the owner had been stopped and robbed; the sum contained in the purse was also to shelter.-Sheridan. written down,

"You see," said Mirabeau, "that I did not wish o reap any pecuniary benefit from my proceedings. A timid person, my dear friend, could never become a highwayman; a soldier who tights in the ranks does not require half so much courage as a footpad. You are not the kind of man to under stand me, therefore I will not attempt to make my in the way of a well-considered and firm resolve. Tell me, Du Sallant, when you lead your regiment into the heat of battle, to conquer a province to which he whom you call your master has no right whatever, do you consider that you are performing a better action than mine, in stopping your friend on the king's highway, and demanding

his purse ?" "I obey without reasoning," replied the count. "And I reason without obeying, when obedience appears to me to be contrary to reason." rejoined Mirabeau. "I study all kinds of social positions, in order to appreciate them justly. I do not neglect even those positions or cases which are in decided opposition to the established order of things; for established order is merely conventional, and may be changed when it is generally admitted to be faility. Such a study is dangerous, but it is a necessary one for him who wishes to gain a perfect knowledge of men and things. You are living within the boundary of the law, whether it be good or evil. I study the law, and I endeavor to acquire etrangth anough to combat it if it he had when the proper tîme shall arive."

"You wish for a convulsion, then ?" cried the

"I neither wish to bring it about, nor do I desire to witness it; but should it come to pass through the force of public opinion, I would second it to the full extent of my power. In such a case you will hear me spoken of Adieu. I shall depart tomorrow; but pray leave me now, and let me have a little sleep."

Count do Saillant left the room without saying another word. Very early on the following morn ing Mirabeau was on his way to Paris.

THE PROPHETIC DEW DROP .- A delicate child pale and prematurely wise, was complaining on hot morning, that the poor dew drops had been to hastily snatched away, and not allowed to glitter on the flowers like other happier dew drops, that live the whole night through and sparkle in the moonlight, and through the morning onwards to noon-

"The sun," said the child, "has chased them away with his heat, or swallowed them up in his

Soon after came rain and a rainbow, whereupor his father pointed upwards.

"See," said he, "there stands the dew drops gloriously reset-a glittering jewelry-in the heavens; and the clownish foot tramples on them no more. By this, my child, thou art taught that what withers on earth blooms again in heaven."

Thus the father spoke, and knew not that he spoke prefiguring words; for soon after the delicate child, with the morning brightness of his early wisdom, was exhaled, like a dew drogs, into heaven. -Jean Pand Richter.

How to se Harry.-Pay the Printer, love the gale, and always walk in the sunshine. The late ter will keep you in spirits, and the former in good

spoil their work and young men their appetits.

The Man of Truth.

But it requires stern integrify and high moral courage to withstand the temptations of worldly policy and selfishness. "To be honest, as the world goes; is to be one picked out often thousand." Our will must be conformed to the high principles of immutable justice, or personal integrity cannot be maintained. "He that walketh uprightly, walketh surely; but he that perverteth his ways shall be known." All persons must encounter difficulties to overcome them is the prerogative of the pure and the just They who enter the furnace in faithfulness to themselves and the highest virtue, shall not miss the form of the fourth in the flames, but shall come forth unharmed, as the Babylonish captives were delivered through the fire from the infinitely greater calamity of apostacy. For turning aside from the true and sate path. Jacob was chastened to the end of his days, Peter was openly rebuked, Judas and Ananias are left on record, beacons as frightful in their doom as they should be powerful to warn. Man in his best estate is weak, and needs to pray with David, " Let my heart be sound in "Would it not have been all in good time to tell thy statutes, that I may not be ashamed. I will walk

> Integrity is lofty virtue, one that is a prime ele ment in every trust worthy character. Says Solomon, "A taithful witness will not lie; but a lalse witness will utter lies." A true man is moved nerther by smiles nor frowns, neither by pecuniary ga'n nor personal obloguy, to swerre from truth.-He inactuated by the strictest law of verity, and therefore is the man to trust.

" His words are bonds, ha oaths; are oracles, His love surcere, his thoughts immagnists: His love sincere, his thoughts immachine: His tears, pure messangers sent from his beart. His hear; as far from fraud as heaven from earth

Give me but the liberty of the press, and rill give to the minister a venal house of peerswill give him a corrupt and servile house of comnens-I will give bim a full swing of the patronof ministerial influence-I will give him all the power that place can confer upon him, to purchase armed with the liberty of the press, I will go forth to meet him undismayed; I will attack with that fir reading. mightier engine, the mighty fabric he has raised; I shall shake down from its height, corruption, and bury it beneath the ruin of the abuses it was meant I hands in her tap; and nothing to amose her mind

Ganue.—Self communion and solicitude are its daily bread; for what is genius but a great and strongly marked individuality, but an original crea tive being, standing forth alone midst the undis tinguishable throng of our every day world? Genins is a lonely power; it is not communicative; it is not the gift of a crowd; it is not a reflection. sected. He generally returned to the chateau long the most painful conjunctures, he again took his self more intelligible. You would talk to me about cast from without upon the soul. It is essentially n inward light, diffusing its clear and glorious radiance over the external world. It is a broad flood, pouring freely forth its deep waters; but with its source-forever hulden from human ken. It is the Creator, not the creature; it calls forth glorious and immortal shades; but it is called into being by none -are God.

> A LARGE THROAT .- The Morning Star at Cincinof intemperance and profligacy.

> He had just paid a large year's grog bill of \$800and was walking in the street very leistrely, when seeing a physician on the opposite side, he called out to him to come over,

> "Doctor," said he, "I wish you'd just take a look into my throat."

"I don't discover snything, sir," said the doc- their country.

"You don't," said he; "who, that's strange; will you be just kind enough, sir, to give another look !" "Really, sir," said the doctor, after the second ook, "I don't see anything."

" Not! why, doctor, there is a farm, ten thousand dollars, and twenty negroes; all gone down my

EXCELLENT ADVICE. - Set a Value on the smallest morsel of knowledge. These fragments are the dust of the mounds.

It is true, as poor Richard says, there is much to be done, but pethaps you are weak-handed; but stick to it steadily, and you will see great effect, for to a potatoe, because it shows out of the cyes."a constant dropping weeks a stone.

be valuable to him all his life. Learn all you can, and you will live to see its val-

Never let slip an opportunity of gaining a new

Remember that the beginning of the sublimes entences are often so simple as to scem worth-

Redeem time for study: the busiest man can pare some moments;

SERENADIRG. Some sentimental young gentlemen lately serenaded a house in New Orleans. with the belief that there was a young lady in it. After they had sting and played for some time, a black wench looked out of the window and accosted them thus:

" Look hea, gemmen, taint no use to be fooling away your time round here, kase dare aint nobody in dis house sep Bess, and dat's me. I aint no jection to you playin' "Jim-a-long-Josey, " "Cooney in de Holler," or any ting dat's fashonable and nice, but dem Italian and oder foolish tunes you's Performin round here sin't no account. Go way white folks."

SELF-MADE MER.-Columbus was a weaver-Eranklin, a journeyman printer. Sextus V. was employed in berding swine. Ferguson and Burns were ploughmen. - Eaop was a slave. Hogarih an

OCTOBÉR!

n't wien atten Canty.

Not the light of long blue Summer, Nor the flowery huntress, Spring, Nor the chilly and mouning Winter; Doth peace to thy bosom bring.

Like the hazy and red October, When the woods stand bare and brown, And into the lap of the south land, The flowers are blowing down.

When all night long, in the moonlight, The boughs of the roof-tree chafe, And the wind like a wandering poet, Is singing a mouraful waif;

And all day through the cloud-armies; The sunbeams coquetishly rove-For then in my path first unfolded The sweet passion-flower of love.

With bosom as pale as the sea-shell; And soft as the flax unspun-And locks like the not brown shadows In the light of the sunken sun.

Came the maiden whose wonderful beauty Enchanted my soul from usin. And gladdened my heart that can never,
No, never can be happy again.

For away from life's pain and passion. And our Eden of love, she went.
Like a pale star fading sofily.

From the moraing a golden lent. But off, when the bosom of autumn Is warm with the Commer's beams; We meet in the pallid shallows,

That border the land of dreams. For, seeing my wee through the spleudor That hovers about her above, She puts from her forehead the glory, And listens again to my love.

NEWSPAPERS -A man eats up a pound of rugar, ind the pleasufe he has enjoyed is ended; but the information he gets from a newspaper is treasured up in the mind, to be used whenever occasion or inclination calls for it. A newspaper is not the wisdom of one man or men; it is the wisdom of age of his office-I will give him the whole host the age, of past ages too. A family without a sewspaper is half an age behind the time, in geneial information; besides they never think much ap submission and overage resistance; and yet, nor find much to think about. And there are the little ones growing up in ignorance without a taste

Besides all these evils there's the wife, who when her work is done, has to set down with her from the toils and cares of the domestic circle.-Who, then would be without a newspaper. - Beniamin Franklin.

GREAT AGE THIS WE LAVE IN .- People don't laugh now-a-days-they indulge in merriment --They don't walk, they promenade. They never eat any food-they masticate it. Noticely has a footh pulled out-it is extracted. No one has his feelings hust-they are lacerated. Young men do not go -they pay the you tion. It is vulgar to visit any one-you must only make a call. Otcourse; you would not think of going to bed-you would retire to rest. Nor would you build a house-you would exect it

No man knows what he can do till he has fully resolved to do whatever he can. When men have thought themselves obligated to set about any business in good earnest, they have done that which nati, retates the following anecdote of a young gen- their indolence made them suppose was impossitleman of the south who expended a targe fortune, ble. There are several abilities unknown to the money, lands, negroes, every thing, in a course possessor, which lie hid in the mind, for want of occasion to bring them forth.

> An auctioneer lately indulged in the following little bit of the pathetic: Gentlemen, if my father or mother stood where you do, and did nt buy these boots-when they were going for one dollar, 1 should feel it my duty, as a sen, to tell both of 'em that they were false to themselves and false to

> "Men talk in raptures," says Witherspoon, of youth and beauty, wit and sprightliness in their wives: but after seven years' union, not one of them is to be compared to good family management which is seen at every meal, and felt every every hour in the husband's purse."

11 the Spring puts forth no blossoms, in Sommer there will be no beauty, and in Antumn no truit-so, if youth be trifled away without improvement, riper years will be contemptible and old age miserable.

FIRST LOVE -The conversation at Holland House turned upon first love. Tom Moore compared it "Or rather," exclaimed Byron, "because it be-A man may learn that in two minutes which may comes less by gairing."

An old author observed that among all the systems of idolatry with which the world abounds there is no sect of which worships the eding sım.

Never be angry with your neighbor because his religious views differ from yours; for all the branches of a tree do not lean the same

Talking of "enlarging" newspapers, the editor of the Chicago Journal suggests that "if's not

the largest colf that makes the best real!" True.-He who nulls of his coat cheerfully, strips up his sleeves in earnest, and sings while he

works, is the man to get along. MEMORY.-The shadowy remembrance lasts

longer than the real enjoyment. Flowers may be kept for years, but not fruits. Life is like a book; fools jurn over its leaves hastily, but the wise read it with deliberation, be-

cause they know they can read it but once, A Lady who had exhausted the vocabularly of names for her numerous daughters named the last

Ann-so-forth.33 Man dies, but not one of his actions ever dies .-Each is perpetuated and prolonged forever by interminable results, affecting some beings in every age to come.

A man recently tried soft soap to smooth the engraver or powter pots. Ben Johnson was a brick harshness of his wife a tongue. It took off a littleof the roughness, but made it run the faster.