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TOWANDA:

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Selected Poetry.

NIGHT.

Night is the time for rest;
How sweet, when labours close,
To gather round an aching breast
The curtain of repose;
Stretch the tired limbs and lay the head
Upon our own delightful bed!

Night is the time for dreams,
The gay romance of life;
When truth that is and truth that seems
Blend in the fantastic strife;
Ah! visions less beguiling far
Than waking dreams by daylight are!

Night is the time for toil;
To plough the classic field,
Intent to find the buried spoil
Its wealthy furrows yield;
Till all is ours that sages taught,
That poets sang, or heroes wrought.

Night is the time to weep;
To wet with unseen tears
Those graves of memory where sleep
The joys of other years;
Hopes that were angels in their birth,
But perished young, like things of earth!

Night is the time to watch;
On ocean's dark expanse,
To hail the Pleiades, or catch
The full moon's earliest glance,
That brings unto the homesick mind
All we have loved and left behind.

Night is the time for care;
Brooding on hours misspent,
To see the spectre of despair
Come to our lonely tent;
Like Brutus, midst his slumbering host,
Startled by Cæsar's stalwart ghost.

Night is the time to muse;
Then from the eye the soul
Takes flight, and with expanding views
Beyond the starry pole,
Descries athwart the abyss of night
The dawn of uncreated light.

Night is the time to pray;
Our Saviour oft withdrew
To desert mountains far away,
So will his followers do;
Steal from the throng to haunts untrod;
And hold communion there with God.

THE FEROCITY OF ST. JUST.

An Historical Anecdote of 1794.

"Here comes a messenger from the enemy, citizen representative, who looks as if he was sent to invite us to replenish our exhausted stores from the depot of his Imperial Majesty, the Emperor of Austria."

"From the depot of the Austrian tyrant, you should say," interrupted rudely a young man, whose fierce and domineering deportment contrasted strangely with his delicate and effeminate appearance.

The last speaker was the representative St. Just, who adopted this mode of giving a lesson in republican manners to General Charbonnier, an old soldier—a brave, though easy and good-humored man—who had been raised by the strange vicissitudes of the times from the ranks to the command of the army of the Moselle, and who was then occupied in besieging the fortress of Charleroi.

"Citizen General," continued the arrogant Proconsul, "if you are ignorant of the language of republicanism, you ought at least to understand your duty as a soldier. The republic expects you to receive the enemy with powder and ball. Let that flag of truce be fired upon at once!"

Charbonnier was for a moment thunderstruck; he hesitated, but only for an instant. The powers of the Proconsul was unlimited; his orders were preemptory: the General had learned obedience in the ranks. "I have no discretion," said he to himself; "it is front face! forward march!" And he prepared to obey a command which set at defiance every principle of civilized warfare when a simultaneous burst of disapprobation, mingled with threats and entreaties, arose from the officers and troops who had witnessed this extraordinary scene.

"Stay a moment, General," said the unmoved St Just; and then casting a sinister and malignant look upon the officers who had dared to disapprove of his conduct; "This is not the first time I have had occasion to suspect your patriotism, unworthy servants of a free nation," he exclaimed, "nor shall you escape the penalty you have incurred; but since you are willing to see the camp-ground of a republican army soiled by the feet of a slave of despotism, bring the Austrian before me, and I will show you how the representative of a free people receives the envoy of a tyrant."

A superior officer of the Austrian army was then introduced, with the usual formalities observed on such occasions. He was the bearer of proposals for the surrender of Charleroi—a most unhoped for piece of good fortune for the French army, which the reckless Proconsul had forced to cross the Sambre, and taken up its present position in a state of entire inefficiency, either as to numbers or material, for the achievement of the purpose he had in view. The moment, however, that the Austrian presented to the General the papers containing the conditions upon which it was proposed that the fortress should capitulate, St. Just snatched them brutally from his hand, tore them to pieces, and trampled them under his feet; then, waving his hand with an insolent gesture towards the city, he said to the envoy: "Slave! go back to your master, and tell him I want neither papers nor messages from him; I am here to take possession of Charleroi, and he must surrender it at once without conditions, or his blood, and the blood of all who dwell therein, be on his head."

In vain was all remonstrance: in vain did Charbonnier and his officers represent to the infuriated Proconsul that they were without the necessary material to carry on the siege with efficiency; that the soldiers were without pay, ill clad, and almost without provisions; that, for lack of proper camp equipage, the army was exposed to the inclemency of the weather, in a damp and unhealthy marsh, and that sickness was already thinning the ranks at a fearful rate. In vain did they assure him that if the Dutch and German forces, which were on their march to relieve Charleroi, should arrive before the city was taken, not only would its capture be impossible, but the very existence of the French division be jeoparded by the vast numerical superiority of the enemy. No consideration could move the wilful obstinacy of St. Just; he ordered the Austrian away from the camp, and, as the only answer to the remonstrances of the General, gave directions that a battery of heavy mortars should be immediately planted behind the foremost trenches. If this was not in position and ready to bombard the city by break of day on the morrow, he swore he would have the commander-in-chief, the general of artillery, and the chief of the engineers shot before the eyes of the army.

The ferocious character of St. Just was too well known to admit of any doubt that he would carry into execution his sanguinary threat, if his orders were not obeyed to the letter; and incredible efforts were made to comply with his requisition. Innumerable artificers were set to work to place the damaged and wayworn park of artillery into the highest state of efficiency of which it was capable. The country for leagues around was ransacked for pickaxes, shovels, and other tools for the completion of the trenches and the construction of the batteries. The superintendence of the works was committed to Captain de Meras, an old artillery officer of great merit and experience, who, it was not doubted, would carry out his instructions, if it was in the range of possibilities to do so. De Meras was an ancient chevalier of the proscribed order of St. Louis, whose ardent love of country had recalled him to her banners, although the dynasty which he had served with so much devotion in his youth had crumbled before the rude attaint of republicanism, and he, with numbers of his friends and compatriots in arms, had been driven into poverty and exile, degraded from their rank and despoiled of their wealth and honors. Joining the republican army as soon as the first hostile foot had pressed the soil of France, the gallant old chevalier had been awarded a grade which, however inferior to that which he had formerly filled, or to that which his proficiency in the military art entitled him to, soon enabled him, by the exhibition of courage unsurpassed and skill unequalled in its ranks, to command the confidence of his superiors and to acquire the respect and affection of his men.

It was nightfall before a sufficient quantity of mining utensils had been collected; and while these were being transported in wagons to the advanced works where De Meras and his detachment were already posted, they were intercepted by a reconnoitering party from the fortress, and taken. Patiently during the night did the old chevalier and his gallant band persevere, with their few tools and inefficient force, in the prosecution of their work, and eagerly and anxiously did they look for the additional supply of utensils and men which were to enable them to complete their undertaking. Morning dawned, and neither relief nor assistance came; but in their place appeared the fierce Proconsul, who had arisen before the break of day, and came to be assured that his orders had been obeyed, or to exact the fearful penalty he had threatened.

In vain was the misfortune which had befallen the relief party explained to him; in vain was the impossibility of executing the work without additional men and utensils represented to him. St. Just was inexorable; his suppressed fury seemed to have concentrated itself into a blood-thirsty and cruel purpose of revenge against the gallant old officer who commanded the detachment. He ordered De Meras to be shot on the spot, and, as if to aggravate the severity of his sentence, he called upon a platoon of his own artillerymen to execute his bloody sentence upon their captain. The men appeared to waver for a moment; for one instant the reign of discipline restrained them, but in the next a hundred muskets were levelled at the heart of the Proconsul. The tyrant trembled and turned pale—a word, a look, a motion from the chevalier, and the sanguinary wretch would have been swept into eternity by a hail storm of lead and fire; but De Meras threw himself before him; at the word of command his men brought their pieces to the shoulder, and St. Just, taking advantage of the fleetness of his horse, placed himself out of gunshot as quickly as possible.

Scarcely had the Proconsul reached the camp before an order was dispatched for De Meras to appear before him. His men conjured him to fly, or at least to refuse obedience to the summons, pledging their lives to perish before they surrendered him; but the Chevalier, pointing to the flag of his country, exclaimed, "think you so ill of me as to suppose that the fear of death in any form will induce me to desert those colors, or, worse, array myself against them?" They would have accompanied him, swearing to make a rampart about him with their bodies; but he appealed to their sense of duty and of discipline, and left them, directing his second in command to keep them in position till relieved by orders from the camp.

But a short time elapsed after De Meras had arrived at headquarters before a volley of musketry was heard. The faithful artillerymen could no longer be restrained; they rushed in mass to the tent of the representative, but only in time to see the body of their brave old captain, pierced by a dozen balls, still writhing in the agonies of death. Transported with rage, uttering cries of vengeance, they overthrew every obstacle and sought St. Just throughout the camp: it was too late; the monster had escaped in time, and nothing was seen of him but his form on horseback, disappearing on the margin of a plain of great extent.

The vengeance of these braves, however, would only have been deferred, not lost, had not Heaven decreed a death more infamous than they contemplated as a penalty for such deeds of infamy. As might have been foreseen, however, the army of the Moselle, a victim to the rashness and incapacity of St. Just, was obliged to raise the siege of Charleroi by the advance of the united forces of Kaunitz and the Prince of Orange. Overpowered by numbers, the French recrossed the Sambre, leaving part of their artillery and a great number of prisoners in the hands of the enemy. Uniting with the corps which Jourdan led to their assistance, they formed the army of the Sambre and the Meuse, which, under the command of that marshal, performed such glorious feats of arms.

After a considerable length of time, St Just made his appearance in his old capacity of commissioner at the headquarters of this army. Apparently, he had no apprehension of meeting the old artillerymen of the unfortunate De Meras; but they had not forgotten him. One day, when visiting the outposts, surrounded by a numerous escort, from a coppice near at hand arose a furious cry of "Death to the assassin!" accompanied by a shower of balls, which strewed the ground with numbers of innocent victims, but left the terrified Proconsul unharmed. He fled to Paris, escaping from the musketry of the artillerymen only to lose his head with Robespierre and his companions upon the scaffold.

A Beautiful Picture.

The man who stands upon his own soil who feels by the laws of the land in which he lives—by the laws of civilized nations—he is the rightful and exclusive owner, of the land which he tills, is by the constitution of our nature under a wholesome influence, not easily imbibed from any other source. He feels—other things being equal, more strongly than another, the character of a man is the lord of an inanimate world. Of this great and wonderful sphere, which fashioned by the hand of God, and upheld by his power, is rolling through the heavens a part of his—his from the centre to the sky. It is the space on which the generation moves in its round of duties, and he feels himself connected by a visible link with those who follow him and to whom is to transmit a home. Perhaps his farm has come down to him from his fathers; but he can trace their footsteps over the scenes of his daily labors. The roof which shelters him was reared by those to whom he owes his being. Some interesting domestic tradition is connected with every enclosure. The favorite tree was planted by his father's hand. *He sported* in boyhood beside the brook which still winds through the meadows.—Through the field lies the path to the village school of early days. He still hears from his window the voice of the Sabbath bell which called his fathers to the house of God; and near at hand is the spot where his parents are laid down to rest, and where, when his time has come, he shall be laid by his children. These are the feelings of the owners of the soil. Words can't paint them—gold cannot buy them; they flow out of the deepest fountains of the heart, they are life springs of a fresh, healthy and generous national character.—*Ed. Everett.*

James Bowie.—The author of the 'Bowie Knife," was born in Logan county, Ky., in 1796. At the age of 18 he left his father and settled in Louisiana where for some years he supported himself by sawing plank with a whip-saw, and boating down the Bayou on which he lived. At the age of maturity he was six feet tall, was well made, and weighed 180 lbs. Fishing and hunting afforded him sport, in which he was reckless and daring, being noted for romping and riding alligators. At one time he and two brothers speculated in negroes purchased of the notorious Lafitte, by which the brothers amassed $65,000, which they soon spent, being of a generous, frolicking, free-hearted disposition. James afterwards made $15,000 by speculating in land, but soon spent the entire amount, caring nothing for money, save treating his friends in a generous sumptuous manner, when at New Orleans, or some other town. The famous *knife* he fashioned and had made to suit his fancy by a common blacksmith, about the year 1826, for a hunting knife; but in this year Bowie becoming enlisted in politics with all the enthusiasm of his nature, in a political alteration he was shot and wounded severely in the breast when he had a neat scabbard made for his hunting knife, which he ever after wore until his death.

This circumstance gave notoriety to the knife together with many tragical scenes in which the "Bowie Knife" was used. In 1839 Bowie went to Texas and became noted for daring exploits in hunting, fighting Indians, &c, married the daughter of Ex Governor Berymenda, and, as will be recollected, closed his career at the bloody battle of the Alamo, in 1836, aged about 40 years.

Sleeping in Meeting.—In one of our churches, an old gentleman, a worthy gentleman of the Christian persuasion, fell asleep and began dreaming that he was on a hunting excursion. All of a sudden to the astonishment of everyeody, he bellowed out—"Fetch him, Dash! a glorious shot—three woodcocks with one barrell! hurrah for me!" and he arose from his seat and cheered lustily. He awoke himself by his hallooing, and immediately seized his hat and walked out, blushing like a red pepper.—*Cin. Com.*

A Return Ticket.—A Gasgow paper says: "Jack, newly off a voyage, and, elevated by a glass of grog, is a queer animal. One of this class was a passenger the other day in a railroad carriage between Greenock and Port Glasgow, in which was a clergyman. Jack was not scrupulous in his phraseology, and the clergyman in a solemn tone expressed his fear that the young man was on the road to the devil. "Well, it don't matter much," replied Jack; "I have got a return ticket."

☞ Doane, the portrait painter, says that everything should be in character. For instance, search warrants should be printed on "tracing paper," and wedding notes on "foolscap."

☞ There's a man in this section who is said to have several roots of a stump speech. He is looking for the key of a soap-lock.

TACT.

What, in a moral sense, is called Tact, is, when joined to wickedness, the most hateful, but when connected with goodness, the most amiable quality belonging to man. There is a rough, unfriendly manner of doing a kindness, which is unfit to be used to a common beggar, but which pains and disgusts the man of honor. There is another, well-meant perhaps, but rude indelicate manner, whereby the benefit loses its power to give pleasure, or to conciliate the one on whom it is bestowed; and it becomes to him a new and oftener more oppressive burden than the one from which it was intended to relieve him.

The true secret of benevolence is to know how to hide, or at least to undervalue, the benefit, that the unfortunate person may be spared the mortification of having his necessity and his dependence understood; that there may be less the appearance of making him a debtor than that of putting the donor under an obligation. By sparing in this way the feeling of honor, the most unimportant service may receive a value, a power to attract and to retain affections, which, without it, the greatest sacrifice would not have.

"You are riding a good and very quiet horse," said Turrenne to one of his officers, who was in fact mounted on an old and worthless animal, but was too poor to provide himself with a better.—"My horses are, for an old man like me, too fiery and spirited; you will do me a favor if you will exchange." It is perceived at once that this exchange was a present, and for a man like Turrene no very great one; but how kind and graceful was the manner in which it was made! How much must the officer have felt bound to the man who united, with attention to his necessities, so much consideration for his honor!

Rebukes are from their nature mortifying and humiliating; and when spoken with the rude tone of superiority, they must embitter rather than improve those to whom they are addressed. And here, too, there is a kind, mild way, by which the reproof may lose its harshness, but not its effect. Its effect indeed, by such means, may be more sure and large. Turrenne, who understood so well the manner of doing a kindness, did not less understand the way to administer the rebuke.

The soldiers under his command once plundered a castle which they had taken by storm. They found in it a lady of wonderful beauty, and brought her, as the best part of the booty, to their commander. Turenne who did not feel at all flattered by the attention, sent immediately for the husband of the unfortunate lady. "Here sir," said he, "receive back your wife; you must thank my brave soldiers for the protection of her honor. They were filled with admiration for so much beauty; and to secure her from any harm from ill-disposed persons they brought her to me, their commander."

Hints on Manners.—Never enter a house with your shoes loaded with mud.

Always remove your hat or cap from your head before entering a parlor.

Never rudely stare people in the face. But if you are conversing with any one look him in the face with a cheerful, dignified, and respectable assurance.

To stare idly or wildly at strangers, or any one is exceedingly impolite, a mark of ill-breeding.

Be polite, modest, and respectful to every one.

What is more unlovely and disgusting in conduct, than to see a mere stripling youth assuming an air of self importance towards his fellows.

In going about the house, step lightly and quickly. Never walk with a heavy, dragging step.

Never go slip-shod, with your shoes untied or down at the heel.

Never slam doors or window shutters.

Be cautious and gentle in all your movements, as all polite and genteel boys and girls are.

Never be clownish. Some rude boys seem to pride themselves in low vulgar tricks, antic gestures, foolish jesting, and cant phrases, for the purpose of exciting laughter. Foolish persons may laugh at it, but persons of good common sense look upon such behavior with disgust.

By all means never get the habit of smoking or chewing tobacco

Some boys think that such a practice will make them men, or manly. This is very foolish and mistaken idea—it makes loafers of them instead of men.

Sam Hyde was a tame Indian, and a most notorious liar. On one occasion he sold a man a deer he had shot and left on the spot where he had killed him—the purchaser to be at the trouble of sending for him. Sam described the locality where the deer was to be found.

"In a certain field, near the creek, and under the big elm tree."

The messenger returned without bringing the deer There was no deer there! When Sam, who had been paid in advance was overhauled for his fraud, he answered:

"You found the field?"

"Yes."

"You found the creek?"

"Yes."

"You found the big elm tree?"

"Yes."

"You found no deer?"

"No."

"Well, three truths to one lie is pretty good for an Indian!"

I am now about to do for you what the devil never did by you, said a quaint parson in his valedictory to his flock, That is I shall leave you.

A Western editor in noticing a new and splendid hearse, thinks it will afford much satisfaction to those who use it.

A Recent writer asserts that the less a man knows, the wider he carries his mouth open. He He says—"It is as impossible for an ignoramus to keep his jaws fast, as it is for a sick oyster to keep his shell shut."

Homestead Exemption.

The following extracts exhibit the various qualifications of the Exemption Bills now in force in the several States named:

Maine.—A lot of land, dwelling house and out buildings thereon as shall not exceed five hundred dollars in value.

Vermont.—The homestead of every house keeper, of a head of a family, to the value of five hundred dollars.

Massachusetts.—The lot and buildings thereon occupied as a residence, to the value of five hundred dollars.

New York.—The lot and buildings thereon occupied as a residence, to the value of one thousand dollars.

Maryland.—All real estate acquired by marriage during the life of the wife from execution of debt from husband.

Georgia.—Twenty acres of land, including dwelling-house and improvements, not to exceed two hundred dollars—and the additional amount of five acres for each child under fifteen years of age.

Florida.—Forty acres of land to every farmer, and to every house keeper residing in a town or a city, and provided such does not exceed in value four hundred dollars.

Texas.—Two hundred acres of land, when not in any town or city lots, not to exceed in value two thousand dollars.

Ohio.—Every family a homestead not exceeding five hundred dollars in value.

Michigan.—Forty acres, with dwelling-house and appurtenances, when not in town or city; if in a town or city, a lot and dwelling house not to exceed in value fifteen hundred dollars.

Illinois.—Lot of ground and buildings occupied thereon as a residence, not exceeding in value one thousand dollars.

Iowa.—Forty acres of land, not in a town or city, or houses and lot in a town or city, not exceeding five hundred dollars.

Wisconsin.—Forty acres of land, not in a town or city, or a town and city lot not exceeding one fourth of an acre.

California.—The homestead consisting of a quantity of land, together with the dwelling-house thereon, and its appurtenances, and not exceeding in value the sum of five thousand dollars.

New Jersey.—A homestead to each head of a family, being the family residence, to the value of five hundred dollars, not to be assets in the hands of the administrator, but to remain for the benefit of the widow, and until the maturity of the last minor child

South Carolina.—A homestead of fifty acres of land including the dwelling-house and appurtenances, not to extend to any property situated within the limits of any city or town corporate.

How de Accident Cum.—Few people have an idea of the numerous vexations attending on keeping a large public establishment, or understand the cares of a landlord. For instance, a negro approached the other day, and commenced with—

"Massa, you know dem big glass shades what am aribe last night.

"Well," said the master.

"Well, dey was put in de store-room," continued the boy.

"Well," continued the master looking inquiringly.

"Well, I was peelin' de apples, Miss Mr. Johnson told me to bring dem out, and——

"Well," said the master impatiently,

"Well, just as I was gwine to do——"

"You let it fall and broke it, you careless scoundrel," anticipated the master.

"No, I did'nt nudder," said the negro sulkily.

"Well, what then," said the landlord recovering.

"Why, I struck him again de corner ob de shelf and he brake himself all to pieces."

No Man knows when, where, or whom, he'll marry. It's all nonsene planning and speculating about it. You might as well look out for a spot to fall in a steeple chase. You come smash down in the very middle of your speculations.

☞ What meaning and unique expression was that of a young Irish girl, who was rendering testimony against an individual, in a New Orleans court, a short time since. "Arrah, sir," said she, "I'm sure he never made his mother smile" There is a biography of unkindness in that simple sentence.

☞ A dandy is a thing that would
Be a young lady if he could;
But, as he can't, does all he can,
To show the world he's not a man.

You quarrel with your wife, my friend; and why!—do you not thing and wish alike?" "God knows we do!" said poor Caudle, "each of us wants to be master."

"Always be prepared for death." This was the admonition of a Missouri elder, as he placed in his son's belt two bowie knives and a pair of revolvers

☞ I hope you will be able to *support* me, said a young lady while walking out one evening with her intended, during a somewhat slippery state of side-walks.

"Vy, y-e-s," said the little what hesitating swain "with a little occasional assistance from your father." There was some confusion and profound silence.

☞ National Love.—M——once said, "I've known women of all countries. The Italian woman only believes in the sincerity of her lover when he is ready to commit a crime for her; the English woman when he is disposed to be downright mad in her behalf; and the French woman when he is disposed to render himself silly and ridiculous for her sake."

☞ A cute down Easter says he once saw a fellow who could lie down and jump over himself, stand up and jump under himself, turn around and jump beside himself and then turn back and jump Jim Crow.

How Ladies' Combs are Made.

A few days since, I peeped into the shop of a horn-dresser. This belongs to the first stage of business There were large buffalo horns, first steeped in cold water, then in warm, and after that cut into lengths. The first would be for knife handles, and perhaps the second. These are put into a kind of a hot iron vice, and pressed into shape.

Then the next length is taken and the inside pared; and then it is put into a hot press and subjected to a severe pressure, it turns out a smooth piece of horn, quite like the plain comb top The edges perhaps, will need a little pairing with a pair of shears, and then it is ready to be sent away to another manufactory, where it is subjected to the machinery, which makes the only plain piece of horn into two very nice combs, only they are rather rough. This is to be remedied by another process which consists of filing and then polishing. Then they have to be bent and lastly stiched upon cards, and packed in parcels ready for transportation to various parts of the world

Only think, girls, what a traveler has been a buffalo horn side-comb that you toss about carelessly. Once it decorated the head of some free wanderer in the great forests of Africa. It was rudely rifled from that head, that it might grace some transatlantic fair one. But before this could be, what a process it must require! Carried in the hold of some ship to England, unladened, and then transported to this mucky town, tortured by the saw, passed through fiery trials, and then exposed again to the racking tortures that bought it to the utilitarian form of a comb.

The bofiato horn needs no staining. The pressing is sufficient to give its rich, dark hue. But the horns of neat cattle require staining, which is done by aquafortis, after the first pressing. This mostly done by females. But most of the labor is counted too hard, that is requires greater physical strength than they are supposed to possess.

The hoofs of cattle are also made into combs.—The process is somewhat similar to that employed with the horn. They require more soaking, and of course a deal of hard pressing, to make them straight; but ten chances to one, the comb that fastens back the curls of some of the fairest of the girls, were originally the hoof of some patient ox. *Mutatis Mutandi*! who would have dreamed that the poor worn out hoof of the patient toiler for our bread would have become an ornament to the head of woman?

To think of the vast capital employed and the number of hands that are employed, constantly occupied, the ships that navigate the seas, and the merchant's skill and energy in disposing of the product, one would suppose that these were among the essentials of existence. And yet, far from it.—The old grandmother who braided her hair, and fastened it in a knot with a wooden pin, was just as comfortable in that regard as her great grand daughter who is supplied with this modified hoof or horn in the shape of a comb. She was just as happy. After all what is required but conformity to those around us? No matter how absurd in itself a thing may be, it only requires the sanction of the multitude to make it the most desirable thing on earth.—*Eng paper.*

A Frenchman's Fast.—A Frenchman upon the road on "Fast day," told a boy to "hold his horse swift."

"Fast, you mean, don't you sir?" interrogated the lad.

"Vell, fast dem; I no understand dis."

"There goes a fast horse," exclaimed a bystander, as a lively trotting nag streaked by.

"Is zat?" nervously enquired the astonished Frenchman, "zare is von horse fast, and he goes like zunder all ze time; zare is my horse he is fast, and he no move."

"This is Fast Day in reality, by the appearance of the road," said another.

"Oh, I ze den," said monsieur, "by dis is fast day every thing is fast, and the folks zat eat nothing and are slow is fast. Vot a countrie!"

☞ If you wish to drive a cut nail into a hard board or an oak plank, and not have it break or bend, just have a little oil near by, and dip the end of the nail into it before driving; and it will never fail to go.

Mrs. Harris says that there is one thing that puzzles her, and that is where the sailors get their fresh breezes from in salt water.

The New England *Farmer* inquires "what cows should farmers keep?" Dobbs suggests that they should keep their own! as serious inconveniences often arise from a propensity to keep those belonging to other folks.

Naomi, the daughter of Enoch, was not married until she was five hunnred and eighty years old!—Be of good cheer old maids, you yet have a hope.

The Rich have the meat—the poor a better appetite. The rich lay on the softest cushions—the poor sleep the soundest. The rich hang themselves through fear of poverty—the poor, (such as have always been poor) laugh, sing and love their wives and babies, (with which they are most bountifully supplied) too well to put their necks into the noose.

When Socrates was asked whether it was better for a man to get married or live single, he replied—"Let him do either and he will repent it."

☞ One thing is quite clear, that whether Fortune be more like Plutus, or an angel, it is no use abusing her; one may as well throw stones at a star.

☞ It were well if old age were truly second childhood; it is seldom more like it than the berry is to the rose-bud.

☞ Instead of regretting that we are sometimes deceived, we should rather lament that we are ever undeceived.

One unquiet, perverse disposition, disturbs the peace and unity of a whole family, in society, as one jarring instrument will spoil a whole concert.