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TOWANDA:

Saturday Morning, July 2, 1853.

Selected Poetry.

HOME WHERE LOVE IS.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Home's not merely four square walls,
Though with pictures hung and guilded:
Home is where Affection calls—
Filled with shrines the Heart hath builded!
Home! go, watch the faithful dove
Soaring 'neath the heaven above us—
Home is where there's one to love,
Home is where there's one to love us!

Home's not merely roof and room,
It needs something to endear it;
Home is where the heart can bloom,
Where there's some kind lip to cheer it!
What is home with none to meet?
None to welcome, none to greet us?
Home is sweet—and only sweet—
Where there's one we love to meet us!

Select Tale.

ANTHONY MARTEL; OR, The Death Warrant.

BY WM. R. HAYDEN.

Anthony Martel was a brave young soldier as ever bore arms on the field of battle. He was also a universal favorite in his regiment. He loved his country and a maiden named Cadeline, who was considered the prettiest girl in Viselle, and it was the hearts that beat with love and admiration that Cadeline turned her beautiful eyes upon and returned their salutations with a gentle smile. There was not a brave soldier in the regiment but would have been proud to have shed his last drop of blood to resent any insult to the bright star of Viselle. Many were they who stopped at her shrine, but only one received a return to his passion, and he was the gallant Anthony Martel.

The Colonel of the regiment to which he belonged was a man of violent passion, insolent and overbearing in the extreme to his subordinates, and was universally detested as Martel was beloved.

On several occasions he had made infamous proposals to Cadeline, which she had resented with scorn. He became more importunate, until finally baffled in all his endeavors, he determined upon a new mode of procedure, hoping to be more successful in his designs. Accordingly he called on Cadeline one evening when Martel was absent, and made an apology for his former rudeness, and asked her forgiveness, which was readily granted, presuming that he would now desist from his persecutions; but in this she was disappointed, for he immediately made new overtures of marriage, saying if she would listen to his suit he would load her with presents and also make her a lawful bride. But all these flattering inducements had no effect upon her, for she was true to her vows.

"Listen, dear Cadeline," said he, "my rank and wealth then your position would be higher than the first lady in our village; besides you would have grandeur, and all the luxury, and richness that wealth can furnish."

"Colonel Lavilier, what would those splendors be without the heart?" replied Cadeline. "You would soon learn to love me."

"Colonel we could never love but one."

"Then why not love me."

"Because I already love another," replied Cadeline.

"Accept my fair charmer," said the Colonel ironically, "may I be permitted to ask the name of your favored gallant?"

"Anthony Martel," was the innocent reply of Cadeline.

"What a common soldier—a miserable hireling!" By heaven!" he exclaimed in a rage, "unless you instantly accept my offer, I'll have him severely churl. I will have him punished for his audacious presumption, and give you but a moment to decide his fate."

"Sir," exclaimed Cadeline, "he is guilty of no crime, he has never injured you."

"He has dared to supplant an officer of the army and he only a common soldier!"

"Mr. Colonel Lavalier—I loved him ere I saw you. He is generous, noble, and would not injure me."

"Do not lose time in idle words; consent to be mine ere the morning sun has risen an hour in the heavens, his heart shall have ceased to beat."

"Oh heavens! spare him!" cried Cadeline in anguish.

"You plead in vain."

"Give me but a single day to decide."

"Not an hour."

At this moment a majestic form cast a slight shadow in the doorway, but it was not observed by either of the persons within the room, so deeply absorbed were they in their own affairs. Stepping aside so as to be unseen, the stranger remained a silent spectator of all that passed.

"I implore you to let me speak to Anthony before you have a final answer."

"Not a word to him; therefore instantly give me your consent to become my bride, or you sign the death warrant of Martel."

"Inhuman monster! I would rather die a thousand deaths than be your wife, even were you proud Emperor of France. Anthony fears not death and would rather give his life than have me prove false to him."

"Mad girl, you are in my power, and I will use it as I please since you have so insultingly spoken."

"Never!"

"Do you dare to defy me to my face? Thus, then let me prove my words by snatching a breath from the sweet fragrance of your scornful lips."

And clasping his arms around the fair form of Cadeline, Col. Lavilier endeavored to put his threat into execution.

"Help! mercy! help!" exclaimed she.

At this moment the report of a pistol, in the hands of the stranger whom we have before mentioned, was heard, and the bullet shattered the arm of the aggressor, rendering him powerless, but from whence the shot, both were unable to tell, for no sooner was the weapon discharged than the deliverer disappeared and Anthony Martel rushed into the room by another door. Observing the wild appearance of Cadelme, breaking from the arms of the colonel, in an instant he divined the whole and with a powerful blow he laid the base insulter at his feet. By this time the report of the fire arms had brought a large detachment of soldiers to the spot, who on entering, were immediately commanded to arrest Anthony Martel for attempting to murder his superior officer. In vain Cadeline protested his innocence; they dragged him away under a strong guard.

On the following morning an unusual activity among the officers, told that something of more than ordinary importance was to take place, as each one hastened to the quarters of the commander. Although a court martial is not a very unusual affair, yet it is sufficiently rare to attract great attention in a camp.

Soon the quick roll of the drum told that the court had convened, and were ready to try a criminal.—Within a spacious tent ware gathered a large number of officers in full uniform. Seated on a raised platform was general Levack, acting as judge.—Another roll of the drum announced the entrance of the prisoner.

"Of what is this man charged!" asked the Judge.

"With an attempt to destroy the life of his superior officer, Colonel Lavilier," said the advocate.

"Where is the accusor?" continued the court.

"Here, may it please your excellency," replied the colonel, whose arm was bound up in a sling.

"How came Martel to attempt your life?" asked the Judge.

"I know not," said Lavilier.

"What provoked the insult?"

"A conversation with a young girl, with whom the prisoner is acquainted."

"Is that all?"

"It is, your excellency."

After a short consultation with the other officers, the judge turned to the prisoner and thus addressed him—

"Anthony Martel, you have been found guilty of an attempt to murder a superior officer of the French army, the punishment for which crime is death. What have you to say why you should not suffer the extreme penalty of the law which you have offended?"

Martel, who stood as though unconscious until now, raised his manly form; standing erect, he bent his searching eyes upon the the colonel and said in a clear, firm voice

"Your excellency, I am aware that any vindication which I may make would be of no avail, but being thus permitted, I will speak the truth that my fellow soldiers may know that I die innocent of the charge which has been brought against me. I did not fire upon Colonel Lavilier, and had no weapon when arrested. At the moment I entered the dwelling of Cadeline, I found her struggling in his arms. I stopped not to enquire his rank, but struck him with my clenched fist to the floor.—This is all I have done, and had it been the Emperor himself in his own palace, I would have done likewise, for the duty of a true soldier is to protect the innocent and defenceless. I am willing to die, but my death will not be unavenged, for the grass will not have covered my grave before the weapons of my comrades shall have found the heart of my murderer, for there is not one who will shrink when the hour comes. I am ready—pass your sentence."

"Martel your language does not become a man who is on the threshold of eternity."

"Truth becomes a man at all times," replied Anthony.

Colonel Lavilier, during the time the prisoner was speaking, seemed greatly excited, and turned pale, for he knew that Martel was a great favorite in the regiment, and he feared that his own life was in danger.

"Anthony Martel," said the judge, "the sentence of the court is, that you die to-morrow morning at sunrise, and that you be shot by twelve of your comrades."

Again the roll of the drum told that the case had been decided, and they were about to conduct the prisoner to his quarters, when a young girl rushed past the guards into the tent, and prostrating herself at the feet of the presiding officer, exclaimed—

"He is innocent! spare him; he is not guilty, and did not shoot Col Lavilier."

As the tears flowed down her beautiful face, every heart was touched with pity save one. He stood unmoved by her supplications. The judge informed her that it was impossible for him to alter the sentence of the court, and that the only hope that was left her was that Colonel Lavilier who was the injured party who alone had power to ask for his pardon or to recommend him to mercy. In vain Cadeline pleaded with him; he was inexorable, and she was borne senseless from the tent.

On the following morning, a little before sunrise, some soldiers were busily engaged in placing red flags at short intervals on a beautiful plain not far from the camp. No sooner had this been accomplished, than the muffled drum and the band playing a dead march was heard. A company of soldiers now drew near, accompanied by a large number of officers, who came to witness the punishment of *Death*.—Anthony Martel was walking with a firm step to meet his doom. Arriving on the spot designated for him to die; he was calm and unmoved at the approaching crisis. Twelve of his fellow-soldiers were brought up into line; every movement told their unwillingness to perform the odious duty which had been assigned to them.

All being arranged, the commandant walked up to Martel, and taking him by the hand shook it warmly. Bidding him farewell, he gave him permission to address his companions in arms. This mark of kindness moved the condemned man, and a tear started to his eye; but luckily regained his composure, he addressed those who were to lay him low in death. "Comrades, I have come here to die like a man and a soldier. I am guilty of no crime, I have never dishonored my country or regiment; I have fought by your sides in the thickest of the battle, when the guns of the enemy poured hot lead into our ranks and swept our brave countrymen down like chaff before the whirlwind.—But you all can affirm that I did not quail or falter when the grim monster stared me in the face, and should I tremble now when I am to die by the hands of my beloved comrades? No, I consider it an honor, and the last sound that will ever greet my ears will be the glorious dying music of your own true guns as I fall. I know that you will not suffer my ashes to rest unavenged. Let not your hands tremble, but with a firm steady aim, level your pieces at my breast, when I give the word FIRE, for I would have the mark of every man if you love me. Comrades farewell, and may we all meet where the warrior rests from his battles and his victories."

The soldiers brought their pieces to their shoulders, but stopped suddenly as the frantic Cadeline rushed into the arms of her lover.

"Oh, Anthony, Anthony, you must not die. Col. Lavilier will have mercy; he cannot be so cruel as to murder you.

"Cadeline, there is no hope. I had prepared to die, but this meeting unnerves me. I could have wished you had been spared this scene; but calm yourself and do not weep when I am gone. You will not want for defenders, for my regiment will protect you, and it will go hard with him who dares to offer an insult to Cadeline, be his rank what it may."

"Commandant," said Colonel Lavilier, in an impatient tone, "it is past the time ordered for the execution; have them parted and perform your duty."

With great difficulty Cadeline was torn from the embrace of Martel and conveyed to a distance from the spot.

The word "READY" was given, and quickly followed by the second command, "PRESENT."

"AIM," and the fourth and last fatal word "FIRE" was on the lips of the commandant, when a stern voice from a person who stood a short distance apart, and closely muffled up gave the command to "RECOVER ARMS!"

So sudden and abrupt was the order, that every eye was turned upon the person who had thus dared unceremoniously to countermand an order on so important an occasion.

"Order that man under arrest," said Col Lavilier, as the person approached rapidly to where he stood; throwing his cloak from his face, the astonished officers beheld in him FIELD MARSHAL MACDONALD.

"Will Col Lavilier inform me for what crime the culprit suffers?"

"For an attempt on my life with a pistol," was the answer.

"Are you sure he is the guilty one?"

"Yes."

"Will you not pardon him?"

"It has been decided by the court martial that he shall die."

"Still you have the same power to pardon him."

"I decline all interference in the course of justice," replied the Colonel.

"I do not," said Macdonald, "and therefore I stop the execution. Anthony Martel is not guilty."

"May I then ask your excellence who is?" inquired Lavilier, with an uneasy air.

"I am," said Macdonald.

"Will you please explain this mystery?"

Yes; having business of importance with you on the evening of the assault, I called at your quarters but found you not. On inquiry I learned the direction you had taken, and followed in pursuit.—Finding that you had entered Cadelme's cottage, I arrived just in time to be the unobserved witness of your villainy, and the ball which only shattered your arm was fired by me, and had it not been for endangering the life of the fair girl, it should have entered your heart. Colonel Martel, I greet you in behalf of the Emperor, to whom I have related your case, and who has been pleased to confer this honor and title upon you. Colonel Lavilier, your sword—henceforth you are no longer an officer in the grand army, and now take Martel's place, and receive the fire of those guns which a few minutes since were aimed at the breast of an innocent man!"

Every heart beat with joy at this sudden change. Poor Lavilier, trembling with fear and shame, was led to the red flag; again were the fearful orders given, but the heart of the culprit sunk within him, and he imored for mercy.

"How can you ask for that which but a few moments since you refused to an innocent man?"

"I own my fault," was the reply.

"Then I refer you to Colonel Martel, who has full power to pardon you or not, as he shall think proper," said Macdonald.

"Colonel Martel," said the disgraced officer, "dare I hope for mercy?"

"I grant you a full and unconditional pardon.—You are at liberty," was the willing reply of Martel, "and do not forget to show mercy that you may receive the same."

By this time Cadeline had heard the gladsome tidings, which spread with rapidity throughout the camp, and hastily returning, she was clasped in his warm embrace. That day was a glorious day to the regiment, and a grand celebration was given in honor of Field Marshal Macdonald and Col. Martel.

In the course of a few weeks after this event, the old church at Viselle was overflowed by those who assembled to witness the nuptials of Colonel Martel and his lovely bride, Cadeline Dupey, and many were the little presents and keepsakes that the happy pair received from the regiment, who loved their brave and generous commander.

Hydrophobia.

The poison which gives rise to hydrophobia seems to originate always with dogs, cats, foxes, and wolves—that is, with the canine and feline class of animals; but the disease is often communicated from the above to other classes of animals; and also to human beings. It appears that although the bite of other animals, such as the cow, or the horse, will communicate the poison to human beings, that it cannot be communicated from one human being to another. This circumstance if correct, inclines us to think that hydrophobia in the human species is not a disease of the specific morbid nature which is attached to its name, but merely a general nervous affection produced by the poison of man or rabid animals. When a dog becomes affected with madness he looks dull and dejected, and shuns all society: he seldom barks, but makes a sort of discontented murmuring; he refuses food and drink, altogether looks very listless and sleepy. At this stage of the disease he is not much inclined to bite; but soon becomes more restless, and moves a little more about, with his head and tail drooping, and bites at almost every other creature or person except his master, whom he generally respects. After those symptoms have continued for a day or two the dog looks more furious—he begins to froth at the mouth, and plant with his tongue hanging out—his breathing is very quick, and laboriously performed—he is unsteady in his movements, being sometimes very quick, at others very slow, but he generally goes straight forward. Under these symptoms he becomes very thin and weak—recognises no person not even his master—gets at times into an irritable fury, and bites at everything in his way. In a few hours he eyes look red and suffused, great depression supervenes, and he dies in a most worn out and dejected state.

IT'S WHAT YOU SPEND.—"It's what thee'll spend my son," said a sage old Quaker, "not what thee'll make which will decide whether thee's to be rich or not."

The advice was trite, for it was Franklin's in another shape: "Take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves." But it can not be too often repeated. Men are continually indulging in small expenses, saying to themselves it is only a trifle, forgetting that the aggregate is serious, that even the sea shore is made up of petty grains of sand. Ten cents a day even is thirty-six and a half dollars a year, and that is the interest of six hundred dollars. Every sixteen years ten cents a day becomes six hundred dollars; and if invested quarterly does not take half of that time. But ten cents a day is child's play, some will exclaim. Well then, John Jacob Astor used to say that when a man wishes to be rich, and has saved ten thousand dollars, he has half the battle. Not that Astor thought ten thousand dollars much but he knew that in making such a sum, a man acquired a habit of prudent economy, which would keep him constantly advancing in wealth. How many, however, spend ten thousand in few years in extra expenses, and looking back, cannot tell, as they say, "where the money went to." To save is the golden rule to get rich. To squander, even in small sums, is the first step to the poor house.

FLOWERS.—The very name is suggestive of all that is fresh and lovely in nature. The gems that sparkle in her diadem—the rich embroidery and the glittering adornments of her gayest and her simplest robes—the pearls, the rubies, the diamonds, the sapphires, the gorgeous jewels that enrich and beautify her fair person—are they not sweet flowers? Who loves flowers? The highest and the lowest, the rich and the humblest, those who are gifted with high intellects, and those of limited capacity—all unite in this one sweet sence of the beautiful. It is a sad house that has no flowers in it; a hard and harsh soul which can let the summer-time glide away, and find no pleasure in looking upon this choicest gifts of nature. We may expect to find the exquisite blossoms of our own land, and rare exotics, in the lordly dwellings of the rich; and we see humbler, but not less lovely, in the homes of the poor, as carefully attended and cherished as their means and limited time will permit, even though it be one small flower in a little pot, struggling for life in a smoky garret.—*Albany Tran.*

WEALTH.—If wealth is the obedient and laborious slave of virtue and public honor, then wealth is in its place, and has its use; but if this order is changed, and honor is to be sacrificed to the conservation of riches, riches which have neither eyes nor hands, nor anything truly vital in them, cannot long survive the being of their vivifying powers, their legitimate masters, and their potent protectors. If we command our wealth, we shall be rich and free; if our wealth commands us, we are poor indeed. We are bought by the enemy with the treasure from our own coffers. Too great a sense of the value of a subordinate interest may be the very source of its danger, as well as the certain ruin of interest of a superior order. Often has a man lost his all because he would not submit to hazard all in defending it. A display of our wealth before robbers is not the way to restrain their boldness, or to lessen their rapacity.—*Burke.*

☞ "Hellow, I say, what did you say your medicine would cure?"

"Oh! it will cure everything—heal almost every thing."

"Ah! well, I will take a bottle. May be it'll heel my boots."

The Arab Horse.

Layard, the explorer of Nineveh, who is familiar with Arabs as he is with antiquities, gives in his late work on Assyria, some curious details respecting the true horse of the desert. Contrary to the popular notion, the real Arabian is celebrated less for unrivaled swiftness than for extraordinary powers of endurance. Its usual paces are but two—a quick walk, often averaging four or five miles an hour, and a half running canter—for only when pursued, does a Bedouin put his mare at full speed. It is the distance they will travel in emergency, the weight they will carry, and the comparative trifle of food they require, which render the Arabian horses so valuable.

Layard says he knew of a celebrated mare which had carried two men in chain armor beyond the reach of some Aneyza pursuers. This mare had rarely more than twelve handfuls of barley in twenty-four hours, excepting during the spring, when the pastures were green; and it is only the mares of the wealthy Bedouins that get even this allowance. The consequence is that, except in the spring, the Arab horse is lean and unsightly. They are never placed under cover during summer, nor protected from the biting winds of the desert in winter. The saddle is rarely taken from their backs. Cleaning and grooming are strangers to them. They sometimes reach fifteen hands in height and never fall below fourteen. In disposition they are docile as lambs, requiring no guide but a halter; yet in the flight or pursuit their nostrils become blood-red, their eyes glitter with fire, the neck is arched, and the mane and tail are raised and spread out to the wind; the whole animal becomes transformed.

The vast plains of Mesopotamia furnish the best breeds, and those breeds are divided into five races, of which the original stock was the Koheyleh.—The most famous belong either to the Shammer or to the Aneyza tribes. Their pedigrees are kept scrupulously, and their value so great that a thoroughly bred mare is generally owned by ten or even more persons. It is not often that a real Arabian can be purchased. The reason is that on account of its fleetness and powers of endurance it is invaluable to the Bedouin, who, once on its back, can defy any pursuer but a Shammer or Aneyza with a swifter or stronger mare than his own. An American racer, or even an English hunter, would break down in those pathless deserts almost before an Arabian became warmed up to its work. Where thorough bred mares have been sold they have brought as high as six thousand dollars; but these, it is understood, are not of the best race. The Arab who sells his mare can do nothing with his gold, and cannot even keep it, for the next Bedouin of a hostile tribe who comes across his path, and who has retained his mare, will take it from him and defy pursuit.

Layard thinks that no Arabian of the blood has ever been seen in England. If this is so, we can scarcely suppose that any have come to America; but must believe the so-called Arabians given to our Government, at various times, to be of inferior breeds. Rarely, indeed, are the thorough-breeds found beyond the desert. It will be a subject of regret, to those who admire horses, to learn that the Arabian is considered to be degenerating, the consequence of the subjugation of Arabia, and the decline of the Bedouin tribe.

ODD FISH.—A story is related by the Yonkers Herald of a wonderful nondescript of fish which was caught near Spuyten Duyvel, in the Hudson river, in the chad lykes of a fisherman named Knifin. It measured about four feet from the nose to the tip of the tail, and in shape resembles a toad fish. The mouth while, when distended, would take in a peck measure, was filled with teeth, indicating a most voracious disposition. After dissecting him, his stomach was found to contain a full grown shad, two hard shell crabs, a moderate size puppy dog of the terrier breed. But what was most singular of all, was his being supplied with hands, just about that part of the breast where the Siamese twins are connected, each hand having four distinct fingers, and a thumb about the size of a four years old child. He was also provided with fins similar to those of a green turtle, and, upon the whole, was a most fiendish, ill-looking customer. It was a puzzle to all who viewed the monster to say to family of fish he belonged.

A WORD TO LITTLE GIRLS.—Who is lovely? It is the girl who drops sweet words, kind remarks, and pleasant smiles, as she passes along. Who has a kind word for every boy or girl she meets in trouble, and a kind hand to help her companions out of difficulty. She never scolds, never contends, and never teases her mother, nor seeks in any way to diminish, but always to increase her happiness, would it not please you to pick up a string of pearls, drops of gold, diamonds or precious stones, as you pass along the streets? But these are the precious stones that can never be lost. Extend a friendly hand to the friendless; smile on the sad and dejected; sympathize with those in trouble; strive everywhere to diffuse around you sunshine and joy. If you do this, you will be sure to be loved.

RE-PECTFUL.—A strictly orthodox old gentleman in Massachusetts, returned home one Sunday from Church, and began to extol the merits of the sermon.

"I have heard, Frank," said he, "one of the most delightful sermons ever delivered before a christian society. *It carried me to the Gates of Heaven.*"

"Well, I think," replied Frank, "you had better have dodged in, *for you will never get such another chance.*"

☞ An editor down east has insulted the whole female sex. He says that the ladies wear corsets from a feeling of instinct, having a natural love for being squeezed.

Virgin Mary and Savior.

Mrs Jameson has given in her Legends of the 'Madonnas," descriptions of the persons of the Virgin and Savior. The former is extracted from the history of Nicephorus Callistus, on the authority of Epiphanius, who had himself derived it from more ancient authority. The latter is in substance from the famous letter purporting to have been written by Lentulus to the Roman Senate. It is very well established that these portraits are the works of pious monks of the middle ages, descriptive of real or imaginary pictures prevalent in those days. Even as such, however, they may have value, for these pictures of the pencil or imagination perchance have authority from the traditions of the church. However it may be, these descriptions are the only authority for the portraits now generally received, and stamped in Bibles, Prayer Books, &c.

"The Virgin was of middle stature; her face oval, her eyes brilliant, and of an olive tint; her eyebrows arched and black; her hair was of pale brown; her complexion fair as wheat. She spoke little, but she spoke freely and affably; she was not troubled in her speech, but grave, courteous and tranquil. Her dress was without ornament, and her deportment was nothing lax or feeble." Mrs. Jameson mentions the general belief, in which she apparently concurs, that the Savior resembled his mother in person, for, she observes, "It is argued Christ had no earthly father, therefore, he could only have derived his earthly lineaments from his mother. All the legends assume that the resemblance between son and mother must have been perfect. Kugler, in his "Handbook of Italian Painting," gives two descriptions of the Savior.—The first is from a letter of Lentulus to the Roman Senate, originally written about the end of the third century, but not found until the eleventh; the second by John of Damascus, dates from the 8th century.

In the former, Christ is described a a "man of stately form, dignified in appearance, with a countenance that inspired veneration, and which, who look upon it may love as well as fear. His hair curling, rather dark and glossy, flows down upon his shoulders, and is parted in the middle after the manner of the Nazarenes. The forehead is smooth, and very serene, the countenance without line or spot, of a pleasant complexion, moderately ruddy. The nose and mouth faultless, the beard thick and reddish, like the hair, not long, but divided, the eyes bright, and of varying colors." John of Damascus describes Jesus as of stately growth, with eye-brows joined together; beautiful eyes, large nose, curling hair somewhat stooped; in the bloom of life; his beard black; his complexion olive, like that of his mother, with long fingers, &c. The description given by Lentulus agreed with the account of Epiphanius of the person of the Virgin.—It is the European, and one might almost say, the Greek type, and in this she has the sanction of the great masters of art.—*N. Y. Post.*

FIDELITY.—Never forsake a friend when enemies gather thick around him—when sickness falls heavy around him—when the world is dark and cheerless; this is the time to try thy friendship.—They who turn from the scene of distress or offer reasons why they should be excused from extending their sympathy and aid, betray their hypocrisy and prove that selfish motives only prompt and move them. If you have a friend who loves you—who studied your interest and happiness—defended you when persecuted and troubled, be sure to sustain him in adversity. Let him feel that his kindness is appreciated and that his friendship was not bestowed upon you in vain.

QUAKER TOAST.—This is from me and mine to thee and thine. I wish when thou and thine come to see me and mine, that me and mine will treat thee and thine as thou and thine have treated me and mine.

This is a new version of the old compliment which runs somewhat after this wise:

"I wish thee and thy folks loved me and my folks, as well as me and my folks love thee and thy folks. For sure there never was folks, since folks was folks, that loved folks half so well as me and my folks love thee and thy folks."

☞ "Did your fall hurt you?" said one hod carrier to another who had fallen from the top of a two story house.

"Not in the least Pat, 'twas stopping so quick that hurt me."

☞ It is hard to form a true estimate of any man's happiness; because happiness depends most upon things which lie most out of sight.

☞ A young widow was asked why she was going to get married so soon after the death of her first husband. "O, la!" said she, "I do it to prevent fretting myshif to death on account of dear Tom."

☞ The Scotchman's prayer—Keep my purse from the lawyer—my body from the doctor—and my soul from the devil.

☞ A lady being asked what business her husband followed, said he was engaged in 'finishing.' Explanation was necessary, and after a brief hesitation, she continued, "he is finishing his time in State's prison."

☞ "Ike," said a rusty old heathen of the desk, "how do astronomers measure the distance to the sun?" "Why," replied the young hopeful, 'they guess at one fourth of the distance, and then multiplies by four."

PENSION PROVISOS.—In the Senate of the United States, recently, a pension was granted to Betsey Norton, a widow of ninety odd years "to continue for life, *unless she marry again.*"