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TOWANDA:

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Selected Poetry.

AUTUMN MUSINGS.

The Autumn time! the Autumn time!
How softly steals its footsteps on!
How gently fades the Summer's prime,
And dims her glories one by one.
The days are bright, and calm, and clear,
It seems yet summer time to me;
But ah! a change is round me here,
In faded flower and crimsoned tree.

The Autumn leaves! the Autumn leaves!
How gorgeous in their golden sheen!
And yet it is but death that gives
Their glowing hues for simple green.
Oh! spirit of the frozen North!
Oh! mocker of our Summer dreams!
Why com'st thou thus to blight our earth,
And hush the music of our streams?

The Autumn winds! the Autumn winds!
Ye come once more with plaintive songs;
Ye breathe a dirge to saddened minds,
As softly I w ye sweep along.
Ye're sighing for the faded bloom
Of dying Summer's beauty fled,
Like mourners wailing o'er the tomb
Of young and loved ones early dead.

The Autumn rain! the Autumn rain!
Its sound falls sadly on our ears;
And coursing down the window pane,
The pearly drops seem gushing tears.
Each pale sad flower hath caught a gem,
Which trembles in its loving eye;
Then fallen from the withered stem,
It lays its cheek down low to die.

And yet *I love thee, Autumn time!*
I love the blessing thou doest bring;
Though thou hast not the merry chime
That thrills the soul in joyous Spring,
'Tis sweetly sad! 'tis sadly sweet!
To gaze upon the solemn scene,
Nor would I, if could, retreat,
Where naught but verdal bloom is seen.

Select Tale.

[From Chamber's Journal.]

Little Cripplegait the Miser.

"Our father's late in returning home to-night, ... I am perplexed what to do: it is near the ... of my being in the barracks, and yet I can't leave you—alone in this poor cottage by the ...

"... very is its security," replied Alice—"... than bolts and bars."

"There may be some truth in that," remarked ... "but there are rough people on the ... The strike of the pitmen is an ugly ... and the sailors are swarming like bees ... contrary wind keeping their ships in ..."

"Dear Edward, there's no reason for alarm," ... Alice confidently. "Our cottage, though ... never been attacked, and we have lived ... for ten years. Father is often later than ... he always returns in safety. I feel no anxiety on his account. Who would hurt a poor lame old father?"

"... less confident than you as to his safety.— ... he has the reputation of being a miser is ... an object of disrespect and dislike, and ... a mark for villany. It made my blood ... yesterday, as we were marching up the town, ... one of our officers say as you passed with ... the colonel's lady; 'There goes little ... the miser's daughter!' I could have ..."

"... Edward! I shall become more alarmed ... father, if you suffer these ridiculous ... tease you so."

"... are not trifles, Alice. We all share in ... which that detested nickname attaches ... even a miserable begger boy shouted it ... in the street the other day!"

"... grievous," said Alice; "but I fear there ... for it now. We have but few friends ... his name, which was given him at school ... of his lameness, and has stuck ever since, ... his own. When the colonel's lady ... conjecturing that I was your sister, asked ... Alice Wheatley, the name sounded ... strange to my ear."

"There was something about mother while she ... said Edward thoughtfully, "which kept off ... that has since been heaped so cruelly ... peculiarities—but he has changed great ... her death. You were too young when she ... to remember how gentle and beautiful ... Father worshipped her, and no wonder. ... to live in a comfortable house then; but ... her death, father's love of mother seemed to ... transferred to love of money; he gave out that ... reduced to beggary, by the failure of different speculations—though no one believed him— ... to his miserable cottage, craving and ... employment in any possible shape that ... a mite to keep alive that fiend avarice ... seemed suddenly to have taken possession ...

"... I can only remember father as he is," ... "But it seems to me, Edward, that ... left home and enlisted for a soldier, now ... ago, you are changed too; mixing with ... has made you proud, and you despise ... and me."

"... darling sister!" said the young soldier, ... her fondly to his heart, "if I am proud, it ... and you only! For myself, I suppose I ... rise to the rank of corporal; but if a war ... break out, how I would fight for promotion ... I care little which, but for you, sister, and ... dear Jane."

"I thought I heard some one lift the latch," ... going courageously into the passage ... the only two rooms of the cottage.— ... no one here?"

"... no one here certainly, but as certainly the latch has been lifted," remarked the brother, as he found the door a little ajar. "It could not be the wind, for there's not a breath stirring." And he looked out on the clear white frosty road, which was lying silent and untrodden in the moonlight.

"The whole mystery is," said Alice laughing, "that the door could not have been closed properly after you entered; and so the latch slipped when I heard it." But Edward Wheatly was not so easily satisfied as his sister; he searched the other room, and went through the garden at the back of the house, where, finding nobody, he was compelled to believe that her explanation of the matter was the right one. It was impossible now for him to remain another minute; he had left himself but scant time to reach the barracks; so, obtaining a promise from his sister that she would bolt the door as soon as he was gone, he reluctantly bade her good-night.

Alice, in spite of all her boasted courage, could not help glancing suspiciously round, when, after fastening the door, she went towards the window commanding a view of the road, to draw its homely blue-checked curtain. The little casement opposite, which looked into the garden, as if to show its confidence in that part of the domain deigned only to screen itself with a short blind which reached but half way up. "Mercy on me!" exclaimed Alice, as she approached it, "I thought I saw a man's face looking in over the curtain! How very ridiculous! Edward has made me quite nervous." And Alice, as if spurning such weakness, began to work, and hummed a tune to beguile the time until her father's return; but ever and anon her eyes glanced to the short curtained window, where, if any face were now peering in, it must have belonged to that highly privileged gentleman, the man in the moon, who was certainly casting very bright and familiar glances upon Alice at the moment.—Thus re-assured, she was resolved to prove to herself, by going and looking out of the window, that she had conquered her apprehensions—when, most unmistakably, a face again raised itself above the edge of the curtain. Poor Alice clutched the chair and scarcely breathed. A strong arm seemed to shake the casement, which was almost immediately lifted up, and a man jumpped into the apartment.

Alice, still grasping the chair, stood the very impersonation of some goddess—Pallas, it might be, though armed but with the weapons of a woman's heart, innocence and offended pride at an outraged privacy. The intruder did not seem one of the common stamp. It was doubtless the consciousness of this which gave Alice the extraordinary courage and self possession which seemed to awe the man, and bow him like a coward before the truthful dignity of her raised head and compressed lip. His hat had been knocked off, probably in his forcible entrance, and the undisguised face certainly was not that of a ruffian.

"I—I—am concerned, madame—that is—upon my honor," stammered the intruder; "I have done so confoundedly foolish a thing, that I scarcely know how to apologise for it. The fact is, I have jumped in at that window, and having done so, it occurs to me that probably the best atonement I can make, is to jump out again."

"May I inquire the reason for so extraordinary an intrusion?" asked Alice.

"A wager at mess yesterday. Your beauty was discussed rather freely, and your prudence loudly extolled; upon which I had the impertinence—forgive me—to boast that I could effect an interview with you. I had twice or thrice watched you home, and had seen a young fellow belonging to our regiment leave your cottage late in the evening. This circumstance, I confess, gave an unaccountable impetus to my determination. It was my intention to have entered rationally by the door, but hearing the voice of the young spark, who quitted you a short time ago, I thought it wiser to wait until my favored rival had departed, when you most inhospitably barred the door, positively compelling me to enter by the window."

"I am surprised, sir, that a gentleman of your appearance and calling, should be guilty of so mean and unwarrantable an outrage. For your own sake, I advise you to be gone before my father returns."

"My dear Miss Cripplegait,"—said the young officer, stumbling unfortunately upon the opprobrious appellation, and possibly he knew no other.—Alice's color and indignation increased—she felt positive hatred for the man who could so deliberately insult her.

"My dear Miss Cripplegait"—repeating the odious name by way of being impressive—"I entreat you to forgive me; do not frown so unmercifully; I will atone in any way you may dictate. If you desire it, I will be gone at once, without another word of explanation; but I shall ever feel indebted to your forbearance and politeness, if you will listen to me for five minutes. Grant my request—I will not offend again; and recollect, 'to err is human, to forgive, divine.' Five minutes, not a second longer;" and he looked at his watch, then anxiously at Alice, as if entreating her to allow him to mark the time.

"Proceed, sir," said Alice, with something of queenlike condescension, but still standing and immovable.

"Allow me to give you a chair," said the young officer, with the most provoking politeness.

Alice, in spite of her indignation, was compelled to be seated, and was very naturally betrayed into the common-place civility of motioning to her extraordinary guest to be the same.

The handsome young officer looked particularly happy. "To prove that I can be disinterested, my dear madam, I must caution you without reserve or loss of time—for you have limited me to five minutes—on your misplaced confidence in one who, I am sorry to say, is altogether unworthy the affection with which you apparently honor him."

"I really am at a loss to understand you, sir."

"I certainly am taking a great liberty, my dear Miss Cripplegait." Alice's color rose again. "But though I run the risk of offending you, I now feel it my duty, even under so severe a penalty, to render you this service, and atone in some measure for the impertinence of which I have been guilty. Of course Alice was interested, and looked so, which seemed perfectly satisfactory, and the only answer expected.

"I am really grieved that a young man, of whom I thought so highly, should be capable of such duplicity, especially towards one so deserving, so excellent, so—I must say it—so beautiful as yourself; but however unwelcome the information, I am now bound in honor to tell you that the affectionate endearments of which I was a witness, and of which I would have given worlds to have been the recipient, are unworthily bestowed. You, of course, cannot be aware that the young man in question is engaged to a very amiable girl, who has not the least suspicion of his affections being placed elsewhere."

"I think I begin to comprehend you, sir," said Alice very composedly. "You have given yourself unnecessary trouble on my account; and I must entreat of you, without further delay, to leave the house."

"My dear madam, permit me to say, I feel too great an interest in you; my happiness is too deeply involved to allow me to drop the matter so coolly. If the occurrences of this evening should transpire, and be talked of at mess to-morrow, give me your sanction to refute the gossip of that young puppy's being so dear to you—allow me to say, I have Miss Cripplegait's authority for contradicting the assertion?"

"I must beg entirely to decline the interest you take in me, sir," said Alice, rising, as if impatient for his departure, "and to correct a mistake which will probably be a sufficient explanation of the whole affair, by informing you that Wheatly is my name."

"Wheatly!" echoed the young officer. "What! is Ned Wheatly your brother?—or has he the audacity to be your cousin?"

"I am thankful, sir, that he is my brother."

"What an officious fool I must appear to you, Miss Wheatly! I would have given the world to have aroused one spark of interest in that frigid heart of yours; and now, of course, your only feeling will be contempt! With a thousand apologies, allow me to run the risk of breaking my neck by going out as I came."

"Certainly not," said Alice. "The mode of egress, though harmless to you, might not prove so to me. There are many who would readily turn such an incident against us; your thoughtless conduct in coming here at all, and the mere circumstance of your being seen quitting the house in my father's absence, may be sufficient occasion for the gossip of our enemies."

"Then allow me to stay till your father returns?" he asked very coolly.

"On the contrary, I must insist on your going instantly, to avoid the possibility of meeting him."

"I have done," said the young officer gravely; "and regret exceedingly, Miss Wheatly, that my absurd behavior should have given you a moment's uneasiness. I trust I shall soon have an opportunity of appearing to more advantage before you;" when, bowing himself out after the fashion of a presentation at court, his foot stumbling, he was precipitated, very unceremoniously and rather ludicrously across the threshold. On rising from his ignoble position, and limping off to make way for another visitor to the cottage, he was accosted by the new comer with: "Be you little Cripplegait the miser, sir?" The dashing defender of his country would, if he could, have annihilated the whole race of Cripplegaits at that moment.

"Have you a message for my father?" asked Alice of the new visitor, with the composure of simple innocence.

"Yes, miss; he's to be at the George Inn at six to-morrow morning, to go a short journey with a gentleman on particular business, and back again in the evening."

"Very well, said Alice; "I will take care to tell him as soon as he comes home."

The man then retraced his steps to the town, picking up by the way two or three acquaintances, with whom he took care to discuss the circumstance of a gentleman coming tumbling out of Cripplegait's cottage, tipsy, he said, in the absence of the old man.

"Ay," remarked one, "I've seen two or three of them soger caps after that good-looking lass down of a night about the cottage."

"And no wonder," said another, "if she packs up her tatters and follows the drum to get off from her old miserly father."

"There's one of the barrack blades that wants to get her away!" said a third, as Capt. Dinsley passed them.

Overhearing partly what was said, the consciousness of the possible results to the poor girl whose artless beauty had made a strong impression upon him, struck to the very heart of this thoughtless but generous young man. "What have I done?" said he with passionate self-upbraiding, "and how can I atone?"

Scandalous tales, like mushrooms, spring up in a night, and have as many gatherers next morning. This poor Alice was about to experience. However, in the meantime, her chief anxiety was about her father's delayed return. She resolved not to mention the visit of the young officer either to her brother or father—the former, she was sure, would resent it by some imprudent word or act; and the latter, from his naturally suspicious disposition, it would be difficult to convince of her entire innocence in the matter. Alice had never before felt so desolate and unhappy; tears were stealing down her cheeks—and Alice was not apt to give way to sentimental weakness; but the idea of any one deeming himself privileged by her poverty and unprotected state to offer an insult which he dared not have ventured to one in a higher position, hurt the pride of the poor girl; and for the first time the daughter's heart dared to arraign the father, who could thus, day after day, leave his child exposed to the possibility of such an outrage.

With this new and reproachful feeling towards a parent, Alice raised her head from the table where it had been bowed down in sorrow, and, as it tried and convicted on the spot, beheld her father standing gazing at her. His small shrewd eyes seemed to read her inmost thoughts; and in spite of all her filial affection, Alice shrank from the cold, gray, stone-like appearance of her father—his clothes, complexion, and half grizzled hair, blending strangely into a leaden hue, so that he might have been mistaken for one of the carved figures escaped from its niches in the old abbey.

"You must have much to occupy your thoughts, when you do not even hear my approach, Alice!" and a frown came over the really fine intellectual brow of the otherwise plain face of the little miser.

"No, father," said Alice confusedly; "I was anxious for your return, and—"

"How long has your brother been gone?" questioned the miser in a tone which seemed to say: "You had better speak truth, for I am aware of everything."

"He stayed with me too late, I fear; for you know, father, he is compelled to be in barracks by nine o'clock."

"His superiors are more privileged, I fancy?" said her father with a sarcastic angry compression of the lips, which was full of meaning to poor Alice, who tremulously remained silent. "I don't mind the scorn of the world for myself, Alice, but I would rather see you dead—nay, be the cause of your death myself, than that it should be pointed at you. What did the vile wretches mean when they recognised me on the road just now, by hissing after me: 'Sell your daughter for gold! leave your home that she may be an officer's lady!'"

"You know, father,' answered Alice, evasively, "we have many enemies, who would say anything to annoy you."

"I know we have," said the miser, sadly: 'but this is a new torture? O Alice, if I though you could encourage any one in my absence, you should soon look for my return in vain! The scanty savings I have pinched myself to accumulate, shall lie unbestowed, unclaimed; who knows where to find them? If you fall from the Angelic purity of your childhood, Alice, I will make my grave in some ravine of the mountain or ditch by the way side!" And the poor little miser sank in a chair covered his face with his hands, and for the first time in her life, Alice saw him shed tears. Her first impulse was to throw her arms around his neck, but she wished to check, not encourage the painful thoughts that agitated him; and for this purpose she said, in the hope of diverting his attention: "There has been a message for you, father; you are to be at the George Inn by 6 o'clock to-morrow morning, to accompany a gentleman on a short journey."

"I know," said Cripplegait—"to look into some accounts." [The miser was clever as an accountant, and made a good deal of money by arranging the entangled affairs of bankrupts or careless bookkeepers.] "But I do not think I shall go; you need my protection. I ought to have thought of my poor motherless girl—left helpless and friendless in this hovel! No, I shall not go." Alice, who imagined her father would sink into despondency and die, if he gave up his usual avocations, now began from duty, to urge his going—gradually awakening the ruling passion, avarice, by representing the profit, and their lack of money even for her slender house keeping. This overcame his real anxiety for his daughter, and his affections were quickly transmitted into a hunger for gold.

On the following day Alice, as usual, was left to herself, by the absence of her father; and having completed the work intrusted to her by the colonel's lady, hastened to take it home. On her way, the colonel, who had always graciously given her a word or a nod, now passed without either, and yet Alice felt convinced he saw her. The work was received and paid for; and in answer to Alice's inquiry, as to when she should call for further instructions, she was told "it would be unnecessary, as she would not be required again." Poor Alice! scandal had done its worst. The colonel, it seems, was strolling down the road just as Captain Dinsley came out of the cottage the night before, and the colonel's man happened to be in the kitchen of the George Inn when the returned messenger was amusing the domestics at the expence of poor Alice by an account of his visit to Cripplegait's cottage, and encounter there a drunken officer. This was a very pretty tale for the colonel's man to take to the lady's maid, who, of course, communicated it to her mistress—which, combined with the colonel's own personal observation, was powerful evidence against the unfortunate girl.

Alice, who had often suffered slights and taunts on account of her father, was not likely, all at once, to attribute these symptoms of disrespect to their true cause. She could not conceive such wickedness in the minds of the people, as to condemn so hastily one so utterly blameless as herself; but the conviction was forced upon her when her brother, flushed and angry, entered the cottage in the evening. "Alice," he said in great excitement, 'swear to me, by the purity of our mother's memory, and your hope of meeting her in heaven, that Captain Dinsley was not here, by your connivance last night!"

"Who is so unjust as to say so?" asked Alice, in alarm at her brother's frenzied state.

"Every body!" bitterly exclaimed Edward. "I was taunted to-day on parade with the chance of promotion through my sister's pretty face!"

"You should not heed their evil tongues; it will bring mischief on us all."

"It will bring disgrace on us all. But I will force Captain Dinsley to give the lie to their infamous assertions before the whole regiment. What is his life, or mine either, compared with your fair fame?" said the fiery young soldier; and he rose, as if inclined to put his threat into execution without further delay.

"You shall not leave me, Edward," said Alice, clinging to him, "until you promise to abandon these rash intentions; 'tis madness! Let them talk; it matters little, conscious as I am of my own innocence."

"And yet the colonel says he was passing along the road when Captain Dinsley came out of this cottage last night."

"I am not aware that I ever even saw such a person," said Alice, availing herself of her ignorance of the name of her visitor to evade Edward's anger.

"Then swear solemnly that you saw no one after I quitted you last night."

"Edward, this is folly. I received a message for my father some time after you left me, and—"

"This evasion will not serve. Beware, Alice, of my believing you guilty. I have often blushed for my father; I will never blush for my sister.—You *shall* take this oath!" and with a strong arm he was forcing her on her knees, when a knock at the door, blended with the voices of children calling "Miss Alice! Miss Alice!" made him pause.

"Oh," said the children, entering, "Oh, Miss Alice, your father is hurt."

"Oh! where, where is he?" frantically asked Alice rushing towards the door.

"A man's bringing him down the lane," said the elder boy. "We were late on the sea-shore, gathering a lot of coal and sticks after the spring-tide, with granny; and coming home granny said: 'There's Miss Alice's father, something's hapened to him. Miss Alice is alawys kind to us, run and break the news to her that her father's hurt;' and so we did miss—and that's all." And away scampered the children just as a person turned the corner of the lane close by the cottage door, bearing the body of the old man in his arms. The stranger waived Edward ... who had hastened out on the first intimation of the ... and suffered no one to touch his burden until he deposited it carefully and gently on the small white-curtained bed of Alice. What, then, was the surprise of the brother and sister to find that the rescuer of their father was Captain Dinsly!

The old man had been returning from his journey, and was hastening home, when at a lonely part of the road, he was attacked by two ruffians, who doubtless supposed the miser to have great wealth on his person. Madly eager to retain possession of the earnings of that day, and possibly of many more, the old man made a desperate resistence, but was ultimately overpowered, stabbed, and felled to the ground: when Captain Dinsley, who was accidentally within hearing, rushed to his assistance, and encountering the Ruffians, after a severe conflict, in which dangerous wounds were given and received, succeeded in disabling both, and leaving them expiring on the ground, lifted the old man, and found that it was the father of Alice whom he had rescued; but, alas! too late.

The undivided attention of all was now given to the old man, who seemed to be dying; but the young officer, hoping that help might not come too late, hasten to the barracks for the surgeon. In a few minutes they returned, Dinsley thoughtfully taking the precaution of bringing wine with him, a little of which administered to the patient, seemed to give consciousness and strength. "Alice, my daughter!" were the first words he uttered on recognising her pale face watching over him. "Do not weep for me, my child?" he said, as he felt her tears dropping fast upon him. "Pray for me Alice; I have sinned; I have dragged you through scorn and poverty. But it was all for you at last!" he added with sudden energy, raising himself in the bed; when, seeing Edward, he feebly grasped his hand: "My son, guard your sister; take her from hence, from these crumbling walls, where thieves may break through and steal. Take her to the city; I've gold, plenty of gold! Yes," said he, triumphantly, "my child shall go to the city, to the 'great city, where the walls is of jasper and the city of pure gold!" And with this mysterious association of avarice, affection, and religion, the miser fell back and expired.

Capt. Dinsley, who during the miser's dying exclamations, had been leaning on the corner of the bed with his eyes fixed on Alice, now, to increase the distress of the scene, suddenly turned deadly pale, and with a heavy groan sank motionlessly to the ground—a wound received in the conflict, which he had contrived to staunch with a handkerchief, and which the strong excitement of the scene had enabled him hitherto to disregard, having broken out afresh. Alice, who with the stone-like composure of despair had been silently bending over her father's corpse, at this fresh calamity seemed to find a species of relief, or at least a mitigation of wo, by having her attention directed to a new claimant upon her sympathy—or, did she at the moment discover and betray a secret lurking unconsciously in her heart? At all events, she rushed to the spot with a scream, and lifted the head of the sufferer, while the surgeon attempted to bind up the still gushing wound. The motion brought back a temporary life and consciousness; he opened his eyes, and meeting those of Allice, a faint smile alluminated his wan features, as he feebly articulated: "Alice, have I atoned?" and relapsed into insensibility.

* * * * * *

Five years after the circumstances above narrated, a lady with two very lovely children hastened joyfully across the lawn in front of a noble mansion in the north of England, to meet two gentlemen who were alighting from a carriage at the lodge-gate.

"O, papa! papa!" shouted the boy, delightfully running forward.

"And," asked the little girl, who was clinging to her mama's gown—"is the the other gentleman uncle Edward?"

"Yes, darling," said the lady; and in an instant she was in the arms of her brother.

"Well, Alice," said her husband, "I told you Edward would arrive to-day. The coach stopped just as I drove up. And now allow me to present, —not Lieutenant Wheatly, but Captain Wheatly."

"Yes," said Edward, as the Gazette has it, 'Vice Henry Dinsley, retired."

"Oh, I assure you," said Dinsley, "I find quite enough to do, on succeedings to my father's estate, in taking care of my tenants and these little spirits!" and he caught up the girl, who seemed to be his especial favorite.

"But," said the boy, not at all jealous of his sister—"I'm going to be a soldier, with papa's gun, and grandpapa left plenty of money to buy me a commision."

And in due time the commission was bought; and when the boy, after fighting bravely for his country, attained high honor and rank in his profession, there were few left to remember that this great man was the grandson of Little Cripplegait the Miser.

The Secret.—"I noticed," said Franklin, "a mechanic among a number of others, at work on a house erecting but a little way from my office, who had a kind word and a cheerful smile for every one he met. Let the day be ever so cold, gloomy, or sunless, a happy smile danced like a sunbeam on his cheerful countenance. Meeting him one morning, I asked him to tell me the secret of his constant happy flow of spirits. "No secret, Doctor," he replied; "I have got one of the best of wives, and when I go to work she always has a kind word of encouragement for me; and when I go home she meets me with a smile and a kiss, and then tea is sure to be ready, and she has done so many little things through the day to please me, that I cannot find it in my heart to speak an unkind word to anybody." What an influence, then, hath woman over the heart of man, to soften it, and make it the fountain of cheerful and pure emotions! Speak gently, then; greeting, after the toils of the day are over, cost nothing, and go far toward making home happy and peaceful."

"Our Trowsers."—Years ago, we read of the man who learned to say "our Nankeen trousers." He was just married, and on the first Sabbath, enquired of his wife if he should wear his Nankeen trousers, to meeting.

"Our Nankeen trousers, husband," replied the gentle better half.

"My Nankeen trousers," rejoined the spouse.

"Say our Nankeen trousers," persisted the woman. And then and there they fell into a dispute about the ownership of the aforesaid article, the wife arguing that as they were married, everything was owned equally. The wife failing in the argument, snatched the broom and beat her husband until he escaped under the bed. As meeting time came, he thrust his doleful countenence from under the bed, and in pitious accents asked:

"Wife, may *we* wear *our* Nankeen trousers to meeting to-day?" The man was conquered and the Nankeens went to church.

A Strange Adventure.—Mr. Redblossom drank rather more than his usual quantity of hot rum and sugar, one cold night last week; the consequence of which was he gave his wife a rather confused account of his conduct on his return home. Hear his adventure—"Mr. Smith's grocery store invited me to go and drink cousin Sam—and you see, the weather was dry and I was sloppy—so I said that I didn't mind punching one drink—and 'squeer how my head went into the punch though. The way home was so dizzy that I slipped upon a little dog—the corner of the street bit me—and an old gentleman with cropped ears and a brass collar on his neck, said he belonged to the dog—and I was —you understand—'ic that is, I don't know nothing more about it!"

☞ When I gaze into the stars, they look down upon me with pity from their serene and silent space, like eyes glistening with tears, over the little lot of man. Thousands of generations, all as noisy as our own, have been swallowed up by Time; there remains no record of them any more. Yet Arcturus and Orion, Sirius and Pleiades are still shining in their courses—clear and young as when the shepherds first noted them in the plain of Shinar.—*Carlyle.*

☞ A man who had recently joined the Sons of Temperance, went on business to Mobile, where he was taken sick. The physician finding him in a dangerous situation prescribed brandy, which the sick man refused to take. The doctor told him he must, or he would have spasms. "Well,' said the temperance man, "I will try a couple of spasms first." He kept his pledge and had no spasms.

☞ Some of the rappers have waked up the spirit of Gen. Jackson. Just hear him answer the questions:

"When will Cuba be annexed?"

"In six years."

"When will Mexico be annexed?"

"In three years. Santa Anna will make war on the U. S."

"Are these three things true, General?"

"Yes sir, by the eternal!!"

☞ If all the money circulating in the United States were divided equally among the inhabitants, every one would rejoice, (for about three minutes) in the possession of twelve dollars.

☞ The Boston Post thinks that stealing a minister's coat while preaching, and the sexton's hat, while waiting upon a stranger into church, is running rascality into the ground.

☞ It is an extraordinary fact, that those who get too high words generally use low language.

☞ Trust him little who praises all; him less who censures all; and him least who is indifferent to all.