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TOWANDA:

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Selected Poetry.

DO THEY MISS ME?

Do they miss me at home? do they miss me?
Would I be an assurance most dear,
Could I at this moment some loved one
Addressing, "I wish he was here!"
Do that the group at the fireside
Are thinking of me as I roam!
Would it be joy beyond measure,
To know that they missed me at home.

When night approaches, the season
Dearer was sacred to song,
Oh! one repeat my name over,
Enough that I tarry so long!
Is there a chord in the music,
Is missed when my voice is away
Echoed in each heart that maketh
Home at my weariesome stay?

Do place me a chair at the table,
Where evening's home pleasures are nigh?
Lamps are lit in the parlor,
Stars in the calm azure sky?
Do when "Good Nights" are repeated,
Each lays them down to sleep,
Think of the absent, and waft me
Unaspired "Good Night," o'er the deep?

Do miss me at home? do they miss me,
Morning, at noon, or at night?
Lingerer one gloomy shade round them,
Whose presence can light?
Do joys seem strangely welcomed,
Are pleasures less hoped than before,
Because one is absent from the circle?
Because I am with them no more?

Do they miss my kind voices
Welcoming me back as I roam,
Voices are ever welcoming weeping,
Saying, "I wish thee home.
Perhaps they shall want me no longer,
Perhaps I am dear to the dead;
Perhaps they miss me in the seasons
Wherein I early followed
Perhaps they miss voices such as these!

Miscellaneous.

From the Times.

How Jim Blander Salted and Pickled the Quaker Friend.

It seems that in a certain neighborhood not far from here, a roysterring, rowdy bully, Jim Blander by name, was "sent" in a fight, a kind of a knock down affair. Many and bloody were the battles he had had in his life time, and had invariably proved victorious. Jim not only considered himself a fighter, but all the fighting character was universally conceded it was no use in trying to whip him, as he was considered to be a perfect prodigy in the art of self defence, that could not be improved on. The neighborhood had settled quite a number of years. For some cause or other, Jim hated "Quaker bellies," as he called them, with his entire soul—he often declared that to whip one of the same people would be the crowning glory of his life. For years Jim waited for a pretext. Jim's chums overheard a Quaker speak some disparaging terms of him. The report soon came back and a little magnified. Jim made desperate vows what he was going to do with Nathan, the flower of Penn, on sight—besides vows of a fearful and contusious he meant to inflict on the Quaker, in his chaste language, he meant to gouge out both his eyes and chew off both his ears.

Nathan heard of Jim's threats, and very properly took this way hoping that time would moderate his anger. It seems, however, this much desired result did not take place. One day Nathan was out riding, and in passing through a wood, when about mid-way, he espied Jim coming the other end. Nathan might have turned back, but his flesh rebelled at this proceeding. "I will pursue my way peaceably," said the Quaker, "and I hope the better sense of the man of blood will permit him to molest me, or allow no violence to my person." Nathan's calculations as to the lamb-like qualities of his adversary seemed to be disappointed.

"I thought bully as he recognized Nathan, I have him at last. Now I'll make mince meat of Stand-belly. I will salt him and pickle him.

"Will you please dismount from thy horse?"—inquiring the bridle of Nathan's horse, and speaking his style, "my soul yearneth above all things to give thee the biggest mauling ever man received.

"Friend James," replied Nathan, thou must not, cannot see me, but let me go on my way in peace.—Thy better judgment will surely tell thee that thou cannot possibly be benefited by personally injuring me."

"Get down in a moment," thundered Jim;—get down, you canting, lying, mischief-making, cowardly hypocrite. I'll drag you down if you don't dismount."

"Friend James, I remonstrate against thy proceeding and against thy language," replied Nathan—"My religion teaches me sincerity—I am neither a liar, a mischief-maker, nor a hypocrite; I am no coward, but I am a man of peace; I desire to pursue my way quietly—let me pass on."

"Get down, persisted Jim, "down with you. I want to beat some of your religion out of you—I'll first give you a flogging before I leave you. I will by the time I'm through with you, you'll pass for a tolerable honest man; I'll teach you a short and easy lesson, the importance of minding your own affairs, and the risk you run in slandering your neighbors."

"I will not dismount," said Nathan, firmly—"loosen thy hold from the bridle."

"You won't, won't you?" said Jim, "then here goes," and he makes a desperate plunge to collar the Quaker.

Nathan was on his feet in an instant, on the opposite side of the horse. The Quaker, although of smaller proportions than his persecutor, was all sinew and muscle, and his well knit form denoted both activity and strength. His wrath was evidently kindled.

"Friend James," he implored, "thy pertinacious persistence in persecuting me is annoying; thou must desist or peradventure I may so far forget myself as to do thee some bodily harm."

"By snakes!" said Jim, coming towards Nathan, "I believe there is fight enough in broad-brim to make the affair interesting. I wish some of the boys were here to see the fun. Now," continued Jim, "Friend Nathan, I am going to knock the end of your nose, look out!"

Suiting the action to the word, Jim, after various pugilistic gyrations with his fists, made a very scientific blow at the nasal formation of our Quaker friend; but Tom Hyer couldn't more scientifically have warded it off. Jim was evidently disconcerted at the ill success of his first attempt—he saw he had undertaken quite as much as he was likely to accomplish. Jim, however, straightened himself out, and approached Nathan more cautiously. The contest began again. Nathan stood his ground firmly, and warded off the showers of blows skilfully, which Jim aimed at him.

"Friend James," said Nathan, in the heat of the contest, "this is *mere* child's play. It grieves me that thou hast forced me into resistance, but I must defend myself from bodily harm. I see there is but one way of bringing this scandalous and wicked affair to a close, and that is by conquering thee; in order to do this, I will inflict a heavy blow between thine eyes, which will prostrate thee." Following out the direction, Nathan struck him a tremendous blow on his forehead, which brought him senseless to the ground.

"Now," said Nathan, "I will teach thee a lesson, and I hope it will be a wholesome lesson, too; I will seat myself astraddle of thy breast, I will place my knees upon thy arms thus, so that thou cannot injure me when thou returnest to consciousness. I hope I may be the humble instrument of taming thy fierce war-like nature, and make a more respectable man of thee."

As the Quaker concluded, Jim began to show signs of returning life. The first impulse of Jim, when he lazily saw his condition, was to turn Nathan off. He struggled desperately, but he was in a vice—his efforts was unavailing.

"Friend, thou must keep still until I am done with thee," said Nathan. "I believe I am an humble instrument in the hands of Providence to chastise thee, and I trust when I am done with thee, thou will be a changed man. Friend James does thee not repent attacking me?"

"No," said Jim, "let me up and I'll show you."

"I will not let thee up, thou impious wretch," replied Nathan, "darest thou profane the name of thy Maker—I will punish thee for that—I will check thy respiration for a moment."

Nathan, as good as his word, clutched him by the throat. He compressed his grip, as a gurgling sound could be heard; Jim's face became distorted. A tremor ran through his frame. He was evidently undergoing a process of strangulation.—The Quaker relaxed his hold, but not until the choking process had sufficiently, as he thought tamed the perverse spirit of Jim. It took some moments for Jim to inhale sufficient air to address the Quaker.

"I will knock under," said Jim, "enough, let me up."

"No, thou hast not got half enough," replied Nathan. "Thou art now undergoing a process of moral purification, and thou must be converted to remain where thou best until I am done with thee.—Thou just profaned the name of thy Maker, friend James," continued Nathan, "confess, dost thou repent thy wickedness?"

"No, hanged if I do," growled Jim.

"Thou perverse man," replied Nathan, in an imploring tone, "say that thou repentest thy wickedness?"

"I'll be hanged if I do," growled Jim.

"Wilt thou not," replied the Quaker; "must I use compulsory means? I will compress thy wind pipe again unless thou givest me an answer in the affirmative—say, quick, art thou sorry?"

"No I—y-e-s," shrieked Jim in a gurgling tone, as the Quaker's grasp tightened, "yes, I am sorry."

"Is thy sorrow a godly sorrow?" inquired Nathan.

Jim rather demurred giving an affirmative answer to this question, but a gentle squeeze admonished he had better yield.

"Yes," replied Jim, "I do, let me up."

"I am not done with thee yet," said Nathan.

"Thou hast been a disturber of the peace of this neighborhood time out of memory—thy hand has been raised against every man—thou art a brawler. Wilt thou promise me that, in future, thee will lead a more peaceable life, that thou wilt love thy neighbor as thyself?"

"Yes," answered Jim, hesitatingly, "all but the Quakers."

"Thou must make no exceptions," replied Nathan; "I insist on an affirmative answer."

"If I say yes to that—I'll die first."

A struggle now ensued between the two, but Jim had his match.

"Thou must yield, James," said Nathan, "I insist on it," and he again grasped him by the throat. "I will choke thee into submission; thou must answer affirmatively—say after me, 'I promise to love my neighbors as myself,' including the Quaker."

"I promise that?" said Jim; "I'll be cursed if I do."

"I will check thy respiration if thou don't," replied Nathan. "Wilt thou yield?"

"No I won't, I'll be blasted if I do," answered Jim.

"Thee had better give in," replied Nathan, "I will check thee again, if thee does not—see my grip tightens."

And Nathan did compress his grip, and the choking process again went on. Jim's face first became distorted, then purple—his tongue lolled out, and his eyes protruded from their sockets—his body writhed like a dying man's. Nathan persisted in holding his grip until Jim became entirely passive, he then relaxed his hold. Jim was slow in recovering his speech and his senses, when he did, he begged Nathan, for mercy's sake to release him.

"When thee will make the promise I exact from thee, I will release thee, but no sooner," replied Nathan.

Jim saw he was powerless, and that the Quaker was resolute. He felt it was no use to persist in his subbornness.

"I will give in," he replied, "I will promise to love my neighbor as myself."

"Including the Quakers?" insinuated Nathan.

"Yes, including the Quakers," replied Jim.

"Thou mayest arise then, friend James, answered Nathan, "and I trust the lesson thou hast learned to day will make a more peaceable citizen of thee, and I hope a better man."

Poor Jim was completely humbled; he left the field with his spirits completely cowed. Not long after this occurrence the story became bruited about. This was more than Jim could bear. He soon after left the scene of his late disastrous defeat, and emigrated to the "far west." The last heard of him he was preparing to make another move. Being pressed for his reason why he again emigrated, he said a colony of Quakers were about moving into his neighborhood. He was under an obligation to love them, but he was of the opinion that distance would lend strength to his attachment.

Facts in Natural History.

The rattle snake finds a superior foe in the deer and black snake. Whenever a buck discovers a rattle snake in a situation which invites an attack, he looses no time in preparing for battle. He makes to within ten or twelve feet of the snake, he leaps forward and aims to sever the body of the snake with his sharp and bifurcated hoofs. The first onset is commonly successful, but if otherwise, the buck repeats the trial till he cuts the snake in twain. The rapidity and fatality of his skillful manœuvre leaves but a single chance for his victim either to escape or to inject into its more alert antagonist.—The rattle snake also finds a dreaded opponent in the black snake. Such is the celerity of motion, not only in running, but in enwiming itself around its victim, that the rattle snake has no way of escaping from its fatal embrace. When the black snake is about to meet for battle, the former darts forward at the height of his speed and strikes at the neck of the latter with unerring certainty, leaving a foot or two of the upper part of his body at liberty. In an instant he encircles him with five or six folds and then stops and looks the strangled and gasping foe in the face to ascertain the effect produced upon his corseted body. If he shows signs of life, the coils are multiplied, and the screw tightened—the operator all the while narrowly watching the countenance of the hopeless victim. Thus the two remain 30 or 40 minutes; the executioner then slackens one coil, noticing at the same time whether any sign of life appear; if so, the coil is resumed and retained until the incarcerated wretch is completely lifeless. The moccasin snake is destroyed in the same way.

THE SEVEN ANCIENT WONDERS.—These were the first. The brass Colossus of Rhodes, 120 ft high, built by Cares, A. D., 288, occupying 12 years in making. It stood across the harbor of Rhodes 56 years, and was thrown down by an earthquake.—It was bought by a Jew from the Saracens, who loaded 900 camels with the brass. 2d. The pyramids of Egypt. The largest one engaged 360 000 workmen 30 years. 3d. The Aqueducts of Rome, invented by Appius Claudius. 4th. The Labyrinth of Psalmeuchus, on the banks of the Nile, containing within one wall 1000 houses, and 12 royal palaces, all covered with marble, and having only one entrance. The building was said to contain 300 chambers, and a hall built of marble, adorned with the statues of the gods. 5th. The Pharos of Alexandria, a tower built by order of Ptolemy Philadelphus, in the year 282, B. C. It was erected as a light house, and containing magnificent galleries of marble—a large lantern at the top of which was seen near one 100 miles off; mirrors of enormous sizes were fixed round the galleries, reflecting everything on the sea. A common tower is now erected in its place. 6th. The walls of Babylon, built by order of Semiramis, or Nebuchadnezzar, and finished in one year by 200,000 men. They were of immense thickness. 7th. The temple of Diana, at Ephesus, completed in the reign of Servius, the 6th King of Rome. It was 440 feet long, 200 broad, and supported by 120 marble pillars, 70 feet high. The beams and doors were of Cedar, the rest of the timber of Cyprus. It was destroyed by fire B. C., 255.

EARLY DEATH.—Herder, the exquisite German, is thus quoted in the Baltimore Protestant:

"Early in the morning a maiden went into the garden to gather herself a fine rose for a wreath.—They stood there in beautiful clusters of closed and half closed buds, waiting odor from their cups which were full of the morning dew. "I will not pluck you yet," said the maiden—"the sun shall open you first, then you will bloom brighter and give out a stronger and a sweeter scent."

"She came at midday, and saw the fairest roses fretted by the worm, wilted by the heat of the sun, faded and withering. The maiden wept over her folly, and the next morning gathered her wreath early.

"God calls His loveliest children out of this world, before the heat of the sun withers them. The paradise of children is a high degree of glory; the most upright man cannot set foot in it, for his soul has already been spotted."

☞ Accustom yourself to have some employment for every hour you can prudently snatch from business.

The Products of Tobacco.

In the last number of *Blackwood* there is an interesting and instructive essay upon "Narcotics," from which we extract the following account of the tobacco plant, and estimate of the usual product through the world:

The tobacco plant is indigenous to tropical America, whence it was introduced into Spain and France in the beginning of the sixteenth century by the Spaniards, and into England half a century later, (1586) by Sir Francis Drake. Since that time, both the use and and the cultivation of the plant have spread over a large portion of the globe. Besides the different parts of America, including Canada, New Brunswick, the United States, Mexico, the Western Coast, the Spanish Main, Brazil, Cuba, St. Domingo, Trinidad, &c., it has spread into the East, into Turkey, Persia, India, China, Australia, the Phillipine Islands, and Japan. It has been raised with success also in nearly every country in Europe; while in Africa it is cultivated in Egypt, Algeria, in the Canaries, on the Western Coast and the Cape of Good Hope. It is, indeed, among narcotics what the potato is among food-plants—the most extensively cultivated, the most hardy, and the most tolerant of charges in temperature, altitude and general climate.

We need scarcely remark, that the use of the plant has become not less universal than its cultivation. In America, it is met with everywhere, and the consumption is enormous. In Europe, from the plains of sunny Castile to the frozen Archangel, the pipe and cigar are the common solace among all ranks and conditions. In vain Pope Urban VIII thundered out his bull against it—in vain our own James I wrote his "Counterblaste to Tobacco." Opposition only excited more general attention to the plant, awakened curiously regarding it, and promoted its consumption.

So in the East—the priests and Sultans of Turkey and Persia, declared smoking a sin against their holy religion, yet nevertheless the Turks and Persians became the greatest smokers in the world. In Turkey the pipe is perpetually in the mouth; in India all classes and both sexes smoke; in China the practice is so universal, that "every female from the age of eight or nine years, wears as an appendage to her dress a small silken pocket, to hold tobacco and pipe." It is even argued by Pallas, that the extensive prevalence of the practice in Asia, and especially in China, proves the use of tobacco for smoking to be more ancient than the discovery of the New World. "Among the Chinese," he says, "and among the Mongol tribes who had the most intercourse with them, the custom of smoking is so general, so frequent, and has become so indispensable a luxury; the tobacco purse affixed to their belts so necessary an article of dress, the form of the pipes, from which the Dutch seem to have taken the model of theirs, so original; and lastly, the preparation of the yellow leaves, which are merely rubbed to pieces and then put into the pipe, so peculiar, that they could not possibly derive all this from America by way of Europe, especially as India, where the practice of smoking is not so general, intervenes between Persia and China."

Leaving the question of its origin, the reader will not be surprised, when he considers how widely the practice of smoking prevails, that the total product of the tobacco grown on the face of the globe, has been calculated by Mr Crawford, to amount to the enormous sum of *two millions of tons*. The comparative magnitude of this quantity will strike the reader more forcibly when we state that the whole of the wheat consumed by the inhabitants of Great Britain—estimating it at a quarter a-head, or in round numbers at twenty millions of quarters—weigh only four and one third millions of tons; so that the tobacco raised for the gratification of this one form of the narcotic appetite, weighs as much as the wheat consumed by ten millions of Englishmen. And reckoning it at only double the market value of wheat, or two pence and a fraction per lb., it is worth in money as much as all the wheat eaten in Great Britain.

The largest producers, and probably the largest consumers of tobacco, are the United States of America. The annual production, at the last two decennial periods of their census returns, was estimated at,

1840, - - - - - - - -	219,163 319 lbs
1850, - - - - - - - -	199,752,646 "

being about one twentieth part of the whole supposed produce of the globe.

One of the remarkable circumstances connected with the history of Tobacco, is the rapidity with which its growth and consumption have increased in almost every country, since the discovery of America. In 1652, the quantity raised in Virginia—the chief producer of tobacco on the American shores of the Atlantic—was only 60,000 lbs; and the quantity exported from that colony in 1689, only 120,000 lbs. In two hundred and thirty years, the produce has risen to nearly twice as many millions. And the extension of its use in our own country may be inferred from the facts that, in the above year of 1689, the total importation was 120,000 lbs. of Virginian tobacco, part of which was probably re-exported; while, in 1852, the quantity entered for home consumption amounted to 28,558,753 lbs, being something over a pound per head of the whole population, and to this must be added the large quantity of contraband tobacco, which the heavy duty of 3s. per pound tempts the smuggler to introduce. The whole duty levied on the above quantity in 1852, was £4,560,741, which is equal to a poll tax of 3s. a head.

DIVISION OF LABOR.—A certain preacher was holding forth to a somewhat wearied congregation, when he lifted up his eyes to the gallery, and beheld a youngster pelting the people below with chestnuts. Dominie was about to administer, *ex cathedra*, a sharp and stringent reprimand for this flagrant act of impiety and disrespect, but the youth, anticipating him bawled out at the top of his voice—"You mind your preaching, daddy, and I'll keep 'em awake!"

Who was the Gentleman?

"Please, sir, don't push so."

It was in endeavoring to penetrate the dense crowd that nearly filled the entrance, and blocked up the doorway, after one of our popular lectures that this exclamation met my attention. It proceeded from a little girl of not more than ten years, who hemmed by the wall on one side, and the crowd on the other, was vainly endeavoring to extricate herself.

The person addressed paid no attention to the entreaty of the little one, but pushed on towards the door.

"Look here, sir," said a man whose coarse apparel, sturdy frame, and tan embrowned hands contrasted strongly that the delicate gloved fingers, curling locks and expensive broadcloth of the former. "Look here, sir, you're a jamming that little gal's bonnet all tew smash, with them elbows of yourn."

"Can't help that," gruffly replied the individual addressed; "I look to No. One."

"You take care of No. One, do you? Wall, that's all fair; so do I," replied the honest countryman; and with these words, he took the little girl in his arms, and placing his broad shoulders against the slight form of the latter, he pushed him through the crowd, down the steps, landing him with somewhat more haste than dignity, in the streets below.

The young gentleman picked himself up, but rather intimidated by the stout fists of the stranger, and rather abashed by the laughter of the crowd, concluded it was about time for him to go home.

In polite society the former would be courted and admired, and the latter overlooked and despised; "who was the gentleman?"

On a raw and blustering day last winter, a young girl, with a basket on her arm, entered one of our stores. After making a few purchases, she turned to leave. Two gentlemen stood in the doorway, whose appearance indicated they thought themselves something, whose soft, sleek coats and delicate hands were apparently of about the same quality as their brains.

As they made not the slightest movement as she approached, the young girl hesitated a moment, but seeing no other way, she politely requested them to stand aside. They lazily moved a few inches, allowing her barely room to pass, giving her as she did so, a broad stare, that brought the color to her cheek, and the fire to her eye.

In stepping upon the icy pavement, her foot slipped, and in endavoring to save herself, her basket fell, and the wind scattered its contents in every direction.

At this, the two gentlemen burst in a loud laugh, and seemed to consider it vastly amusing.

"Let me assist you," exclaimed pleasant voice, and a lad about sixteen, whose hands showed that they were accustomed to labor, and whose coarse, but well patched coat indicated that he was the child of poverty, sprang forward, and gathered up the articles, presented the basket with a bow and a smile that would have graced a drawing room.—"Who was the gentleman?"

Boys, you are all ambitious to become gentlemen. That is all very natural, but remember, that neither your own nor your parents' position in life, your tailor, your boot-black, or your barber, can make you one. The true gentleman is the same everywhere; not only at the social party or ball, but in the noisy mill, the busy shop, and the crowded assembly, at home or in the street; never oppressing the weak or ridicule the unfortunate, respectful and attentive to his superiors; pleasant and affable to his equals; careful and tender of the feelings of those whom he may consider beneath him.—*Nassau Tel.*

HINTS TO MOTHERS.—If you wish to cultivate a gossipping, meddling, censorious spirit in your children, be sure, when they come home from church, a visit, or any other place where you do not accompany them, ply them with questions concerning what everybody wore, how everybody looked, and what everybody said and did; and if you find anything in this to censure, always do it in their hearing. You may rest assured, if you pursue a course of this kind, they will not return to you unladen with intelligence; and, rather than it should be uninteresting, they will, by degrees, learn to embellish it in such a manner as shall not fail to call forth remarks and expressions of wonder from you. You will, by this course render the spirit of curiosity—which is so early visible in children, and which, if rightly directed, may be made the instrument of enlarging their minds—a vehicle of mischief, which shall serve only to narrow them.

☞ An editor, who had a vast amount of experience in the business says: "The most insipid thing in the world is to kiss a pretty girl in the presence of her mother. To be relished at its full, this sort of confectionary should be taken in the dark. Even a candle is unnecessary, for there are very few who can't find their mouths even in a coal cellar."

☞ The best way to succeed is to persevere.—Sir Isaac Newton, on being asked how he discovered the laws which govern the universe, replied "By always thinking of them." Again he says persevere. The man who never hollers enough, always whips.

☞ Lately a gentlemen sat down to write a deed, and began with: "Know one woman by these presents."

"You are wrong," said a bystander; "it ought to be know all men."

"Very well," answered the other; "if one woman knows it; men will of course."

☞ Money in your purse will credit you—wisdom in your head adorn you—but both in your necessity will serve you.

☞ The man who loves to hear women scold, has just hired a saw filer to play him to sleep.

A Human Being with Nothing to Do.

Most miserable, worthy of the most profound pity, is such a being. The most insignificant in nature becomes a source of envy; the tiny flower, hidden from all eyes, sends forth its fragrance of full happiness, the mountain stream dashes along with a sparkling and murmuring of pure delight.—The object of their creation is accomplished and their life gushes forth in harmonious work. Oh, plant! oh, stream!—worthy of admiration, of worship to the wretched idler.

Here are powers ye never dreamed of, faculties divine, eternal, a head to think, but nothing to concentrate the thoughts, a heart to love, but no object to bathe with the living tide of affection, a hand to do, but no work to be done; talent unexercised, capacities undeveloped, a human life thrown away—wasted as water poured forth in the desert—Birds and flowers, ye are gods to such a mockery of life!

Who can describe the fearful void of such an existence, the yearning for an object, the self repoach of wasted powers, the weariness of daily life, the loathing of pleasure, of frivolity and the fearful consequences of deadening life of a spiritual paralysis, which hinders all response to human interests—when enthusiasm ceases to arouse, and noble deeds no longer call forth the tear of joy, when the world becomes a blank, humanity a far off sound, and no life is left, but the heavy benumbing weight of personal hopelessness and desolation. Happier far is the toiling drudge who coins body and soul into a few poor shillings that can only keep his family in a long starvation, he has hoped unceasingly to light him, a duty to perform, a spark of love within that can never die, and wretched, weary, inhuman as his life may be, it is royal worth—it is separated by immeasurable distance of life and death from the poor, perhaps paupered wretch, who is cursed for having no work to do.

A HOPEFUL YOUTH.—Last week the Swampscot Doctas Sewing Society held their annual meeting, and on motion it was resolved, That our parson wait on Tony Jones, and see if nothing can be done to correct the manners of young Tony.

The next day the parson waited on Tony senior, and informed him respecting his visit. Tony listened patiently, and then replied:

"Parson, I'd let Tony go to meetin' every Sunday, if I only knowed you was goin' to preach, but parson, there ain't a body in the city of Swampscot what's got more manners than my Tony, and I can convince you of that just any minit. You see Tony out there skinnin' them millers?"

The parson nodded assent.

"Now see, I'll call." And raising his voice to the highest pitch, he shouted—

"Tony."

The response was quick and loud, "Sir."

"Don't you hear that, parson?" said the old man. "Don't you call that manners?"

"That is all very well," said the parson, "as far as it goes."

"What do you mean by far as it goes? That boy, sir, always speaks respectfully to me when I call him, then raising his voice he again called—

"Tony."

The response "Sir," was equally loud and prompt. Again the old man called—

"Tony."

The boy dropped the half dressed fish, and shaking his fist at his sire yelled out—

"You miserable, black, old drunken snob, I'll come in there in two minutes, and maul you like blazes!"

The parson was astonished, the old man was disconcerted for a moment, but instantly recovering himself he tapped the parson on the shoulder, saying,

"You see, parson, my boy has got "grit" as well as manners. The chap will be an ornament to your society one of these days."

It is needless to add that parson incontinently mizzled.

BEGIN RIGHT.—If you are about to do a piece of work, you will be careful to begin right; otherwise, you will have to take it in pieces, and do it over again. If you are going on a journey, you will be careful, at first, to get into the right road; for, if you start wrong, you will be continually going farther and farther out of the way.

Now, you are starting in life, and life is a journey. If you start wrong, as I said, you will be all the time going out of the way. You have a life work to do; but if you begin it wrong, all your labor will be lost. Not only will you have to do it all over again, but to undo what you have already done.

A WALL AROUND THE HEART.—The habit of obedience or submission to rightful authority, is the foundation stone of the character of the good boy. To obey is the first lesson to be impressed upon the child, and long before he reaches his tenth year, the habit of obedience should be a part of his very nature. Nearly all the other virtues and graces of character depend upon the existence of this habit: and if it is wanting, the heart is thrown open to a rush train of vices, which seldom fail to take possession of the citadel. Obedience is a wall around the heart. So long as it stands, all is safe; but let even a small breach be made, and the enemy will begin to pour in.

☞ There is one advantage in being old—and that is you can "loaf around the house," without being charged with laziness. We look forward to a deal of enjoyment after we have reached eighty.

☞ A Western editor, copying a story about a drowning man who had a wonderful memory of every event of his life, advises some of his subscribers to practice bathing in deep water.

☞ Col. Fremont had arrived at St. Louis on the 3d inst, preparatory to his departure for the survey of the central route for the great Pacific Railway.