PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., BY E. O'MEARA GOODRICH.

TOWANDA:

Jainrdan Morning, Iannary 28, 1854.

Selected Poetry.

Trom the Knickerbocker! A LONGING FOR SPRING. When for a sunnier land than ours Will come the gentle Spring again ! With verdant fields and glowing flowers,

When will the sunshine, glad and warm, Set the imprisoned waters free, And smile upon the frowning storm, And calm the icy, foaming sea!

And song and beauty in her train !

Within these narrow walls I pine Out on the sunny hills to go, Where wild flower and sunny vine And the green grass are wont to grow.

ove to tread those fields alone, Where gliding streams, with voices mild, Marmar for ave the quiet tone That thrilled me even when a child.

long to roam the pathless woods, Where all day long the shadows lie: To shout within their solitudes,
And hear the fainting echo die.

And linger in the sunny sun Long hours, within the valley deep, To hear the laughing waters run. But more than all, I long to guide

Or lie upon some rocky steep,

And feel once more the joy and pride, The jocund health, of peaceful toil.

heed the Summer's beauteous bloom And Automo's gorgeous offering.

And Winter pale, with storm and gloom;

But most I love the gentle Spring.

Select Cale.

FANNY VILLIERS:

HE WIDOW AND THE MARQUIS.

Faint Villie s, at twenty one years of age, has e nined with her father to London, after a long sental sojourn. Her mother had been dead vivears, and she was the idol of her sorrowing who beheld in her the reflection of all those eres and accomplishments which had endeared to his lost wife; and he was now anxious, as was advancing in years, to see his daughter well worthily beslowed. It was with this object he returned from the Continent, and many were suitors for her hand, that the knowledge of this oon got abroad, brought round the young her graceful, and yet withal rounded and loned figure, her glossy tresses, that descended intuity and playfully over her shoulders, her ge hazel eyes, merry smile, and beautiful comnon, were resistless charms for some, while

where it was the amiable, yet espiegle temper, astly, and perhaps not the least powerful tempwere her wealth and expectations; be it, howas it may, there were wooers enough. They all equally well received, laughed with, and he ereinful moment came upon which they larded their hopes, they were either politely and refused, or, if the case deserved it, laughed Not with all this could it be said that Fanny as was a coquette, far from it; but perhaps a having seen more of the world than other girls erage, she had dees timidity about the male xation in general, and a better appreciation and ereption of their characters. Learned then in re and herself lovely, it was to be expected that should obtain a paragon of men. Something temis did really present himself in the person of rard Lascelles, for he was endowed with manly an amiable disposition, wealth, and, more ter, had also sufficient discernment to see that so woll a maid must be skillfully played for; and was master enough of the art of love to pretend flerence when he had momentarily charmed and the was in expectation of the customary kration with which such successes were always कर !, her disappointment induced pique; which again overcome by fascinating attentions and arent devotion, made her his willing captive such was his tac', that the love he entertained

Thus was she won, and by her father willingly righed to him who was in every way worthy

saioned, confiding confession.

Happy was the wedding-day, and full of promise It is we two really loving hearts united, and tho Estiove, yet in love's ways no inexperienced Not was the marriage unproductive of that happiness which it promised, and the years passed by seemed rather to strengthen the tie" ich had been thus joylully commenced. But sixth year was to be of trial for the young and autiful wite, for in it she was fated to lose this hig pariner of her life, and not him alone, but parent who had watched her through life with

or every heart, whatever its grief, there yet reams a ray of joy, and though, in the first burst of gnant-grief and anguish, there seems nought on search for the afflicted ones to live for, yet, like mariner tossed in the storm, when darkness and lation surround him, his eye at length catches faint dash of light upon the sky which bids hope her. ce more enter into his desponding heart. So too Joung widow was, in all her poignant grief: yet ind to earth by one tie-her boy-and in him concentrated all her hopes and love, and thro' the once more held on to that life she had tenounced. But though she dwelt in the one of those impulses which malte the enjoy-

ear of life. The third year of her widowhood hadnalready

ficient to create more than usual sensation; for she you." was still young and beautiful, nay, it would be more just to say that her beauty was now first fully de- the poor Marquis, bowing in sloquent silence, veloped into womanly perfection. Can it, there- sighed himself out of the dear but forbidding prefore; be wondered at that admirers began to follow sence. ing of her bereavement. Still they hoped, believful, and surrounded with all the luxuries of life, of the fair widow at a certain period of the day; that smile. and, ipining this circumstance to her increased gaity, rumor was, it is possible, not altogether to pair.

was, perhaps premeditatedly so, unusually taciin the conversation, when the Marquis was apparently lost in Jeep thought, the widow broke the

"I trust. Monsieur le Marquis, that nothing unpleasant has occurred to you since our last meet-

"No, madame, you are very good to interest yourself; but"-a momentary silence ensued, and the Marquis heaved a deep sigh, and looked most expressively, "can you not feel for me, madame?" "I really do not understand you, Monsieur le Marquis 3

confess to you my admiration and love, and my | felt pleasure in his society, embellished by attainhopes raised by your kind reception."

Half pained and insuited at these words, which were the first she had ever heard of his affection, she sprung from the sofa, regarding him with as-

The Marquis perceived the effect of his sudden eception, he still persevered.

"Ah! cold-hearted woman," he exclaimed; "is there, then, no hope for me—can you not see the

rue affection, which I feel for you?" The young widow had now recovered her forner sevenity, and with her kindest manner, that defunct: Such a reheareal of love the young widow she might somewhat soften the blow, and inward. but too plainly felt might not altogether be indulg y blaming herself for the impropriety of so often eceiving his visits, she declared that she was irreocably determined never to wed again. But the Marquis was resolved to press his suit, and, seizing ner hand, he bent over it, and, bedewing it with tears, implored her not to tell him that there was nohose. Regardless of the forrent of passionate words which fell from his lips, the young widow drew her stately form up, and as lat from him as possible, equested him to rise.

"Ah, madame!" he exclaimed, in tones of most Can you witness my agony in y humiliation before you—these tears, from a man? Is it possible that you cannot feel pity for me ? You shrink from me, but I will not rise from your feet. You shall pny me! Il I could win you but to bestow one ook of pardon for this proceeding, and yet not banishment, but one ray of hope for the forure -Fency Vehiers was rewarded at a hint, by a full, Oh, madame!" he exclaimed, as she sunk back upon the sofa with averted looks, selif vexed and wearied out with his efforts, wear you feel no pity

"Monsieur le Marquis," at leugth exclaimed the widow, wishing to end a scene which was begin ning to agitate her beyond her control, "why will my hand, after you know, what I once more repeat; that I will never marry again! Do not think this position, which I regret to see you in, or even your tears, will for one instant move me from my fixed

resolve." The Count slowly arose from his position, abashed

and prest-fallen. "Since I cannot have your love, grant me at least

vour pity." "I do pity you, from my soul I do," and her voice trembled slightly; " and now, for pity's sake, leave

me in peace." The disconsolate lover at these words, which sounded too much like mockery for even his humbled pride to brook, bowed respectfully before

"Since my presence so unhappily disturbs you, madame, I will leave you; but will you permit me to return? Do you refuse me this sole gratification, which I humbly ask !"

This modest request was preferred with such an air of deep sorrow and humiliation, and such a timcals of men as a duly, she seemed to live with id fear of refusal, that the heart of Finny Luccolles could not resist.

"I will permit you to return, Mongieur, only on condition that you never again speak to mie of And why my precions one ? Hillerin's bild? ed, and the occasional glimpses that were seen your affection or allude to this scene, which has

in the world of the widow Lascelles had been suf- been as mortifying to me as it must bave been to

She waved her hand with a majestic air,

the young widow-at a distance, it is true, for they As the door closed behind him, she sank back well perceived that their addresses would, at the lutterly exhausted and trembling with agitation, and present early date, have excited the indignation of she laughed a little laugh that was full of sorrow, one who had suffered much, and who still retained, vexation, and pity. "Poor man," she sighed, "what though not an acute, still subdued melancholy feel. a fool he is! Can it be possible he loves me so much? I cannot believe it. Well, I suppose he ing that in no woman's heart yet young and beauti- won't return any more, and then he'll soon forget me. But, poor tellow, how he wept! A man's could grief maintain a settled sway. The fourth feelings must, indeed, be poignant when he comes year after the death of her husband, Fanny Lascel, to that. I could scarcely command myself, yet i les did, indeed, seem to have more taste for life was determined that he should not perceive that he and society, but it might have been that now her distressed me. Heigh ho!" half rawned the widow, boy was advancing to an age which prevented her settling her soft cheek down into the yielding cushcontinuing her seclusions Her air appeared, too, ion, and abstractedly regarding her welding-ring, less melancholy, and the hopes of the ternale, rose and then passing her white hand through her lallwith the circumstances, and wherever the young ing tresses, she continued her soliloquy. "Well, widow was, there assuredly might be met some of he is certainly very handsome," and then again, expectant but silent admirers. They were of all as if half chiding herself for the thought, she conages and positions, from the lisping, sell satisfied tinued, "Not that I can love aught else but him elegant, to him of ripe, almost mellow age, and who is gone, let me render whatever praise I may whose respectable and staid position in society to those who are worthy of it. But was I not somegave him, in his estimation, a greater chance, when what harsh with him? I fear I must have been: she who was concerned was an unprotected female. yet I was compelled to it, or he would not have Amongst these silent admirers, however, was one believed in the truth of my determination not lo more sedulous in his attenuous than the rest; he marry, and that, dear husband, I never will;" and was a young Frenchman, of good family and for- as she said this, she rose and walked across the tune, extremely handsome exterior, and highly so- room to the full length portrait of her husband, and complished; he was amiable to her, and appeared | she stood some moments silently contemplating it; most fond of her child, and, under the plea of bring- but she turned from it, the tear glittering in her eye, ing him trifles, he tound a ready admission into one proof of the sorrow of a first thought, and the her house. His visits gradually extended in length | half smile yet lighting her countenance showed it and frequency, until it became almost a certainty had been chased by gayer visitants, and the ejacuto find the young Marquis de Vincy at the house lation, "Ah! poor Marquis !" told the direction of

Thus it was that pity, the only thing for which her lover prayed, made its way into her soft heart, blame in foretelling the speedy affiance of the and reigned there with gentle influence. Priv. tis said, is akin to love. It was, therefore, very thought-Upon one of these visits the Marquis de Vincy less of the young widow to let him continue bis visits and how could she expect him not to speak turn, and, after more than an ordinary long pause again of the feelings which consumed him ? It was utterly impossible, and if he commanded his tongue, and retrained from speaking his ardent thoughts, he could not control his eyes nor veil them from sight; they would speak and burn with the love which devoured his heart, so that, when the Marquis was gone, she frequently found herself wondering at their expression and brightness, and then she would pity him still more. Still, however, she did not distinguish him from any of the others who secretly aspired to her hand; her manners were to

all alike coldly dignified and merely polite. The Marquis le Vincy was a most accomplished mente, which, though not profound; were varied and pleasing. He was an excellent musician, and had a well-cultivated voice. The young widow, too; was passionately fond of music, and would gladly accept his invitation to sing with him, and if he flung fire and meaning into passages which unconcernent, and though but little flattered at his bore upon his unrequited passion, it was natural Powis?" also that she should sing with expression, and not too natural that it should; in-some measure, be addressed to the object before her when the theme was not altogether of so ideal a character that she might be carried away in imagination to the dear ed in with impunity, for it had already heightened the character of that pity she had expressed into something of real sorrow at the unfortunate position of the Marquis; and, lest this place of feeling should develope itself till it assumed a more decided character, the prudent widow for a time gave up these musical discoursings. But then, again, the Marquis read remarkably well, and he had the taot, by describing the character of some particular book; to interest the young widow until he obtained per mission to read it to her. But his books were al touching sorrow, " have you not a woman's heart? of one class and one theme, the one on which he appeared most eloquentiand when he read some particular passage, it came from him as though he were addressing his own sentiments to the beauti ful distener: - Not that he ever spoke of his love, an occasional sigh was the only and the indirect allosion to his particular state of Beling. What woman could have registed? And the young widow was to be pardoned if she felt her heart gradually softening to him. Half ashamed, she would question herself as to her changed feelings, and then make andden resolve to banish him from her house.-But then, again, she would reason, would not this you continue to appeal to me for my love or for ship? This reasoning would shake her determine-

seem strange, and mark my own weakness and mistrust of muself after so long an acquaintencetion. The Marquis continued his visits-he read his favorite authors (they became her own) was permitted to sing his songs. He sang so well that she would no longer deny herself the pleasure of joining her voice with his, and the neglected quetts were once more daily repeated. Her boy, too, was an especial layorite with the Marquis, and he was really so kind to him : he would often, too, give him a little lesson in French, or please the boy by teaching him teneing or drawing, and she doubly

and would lose many advantages. I had to be Ah! If I date think of it, for his sake I would make the sacrifice, and might take compassion upon the poor Marquia. He really is very hand-

Such were her thoughts, and they must have continued to gather strength and, decision by time, lo about four months after, she had just returned from a drive alone, when her boy came running to her and, bursting into tears, buried his head in his mother's lap; and thus sobbingly replied to her tender quite ten i, notwellingwing which, are being

Oh I mamma-dear mamma : Jane Tella me that you will not love ma now has a live to

"Because she says I shall have another pupa ?

"And would you not like the Marquis de Vincy, for him, for eyes titerally flashing fire; for a mo

who is so kind to you, for a pape ?" . " "No," replied the boy, "I will have no other papa than my own papa there," pointing to the

The widow's eye followed the little hand, but hastily turned away—her face was momentarily Roshed. antifunkti sind in T

"But, my dear, it is for your good. You will then have one who will care for you, and know how to guide your future career, which files a woman.

The conversation was interrupted by the arrival of an elderly fady, a friend of the widow's. My dear Fanny," she exclaimed, after she had been a few minutes with her, "Thave come to your intended marriage with the Marquis le Vincy

4 Indeed my dear it is," said the young widow, esting down her eyes. "The Marquis has prevailed upon me by his constant entreatice, and 'f think it will be for the future advantage of my child, for whom, God knowe; I am willing to accrifice

myself in any way? "Well my dear Fanny, you are perfectly misress to do what you like, and, at your young time of life; it would, perhaps, be asking too much of you to give your future days entirely to the memory of him who is gone. But there is only one thing that I sincerely regret; and that is that you did not choose a man of a more amiable temper.2 "A more amiable temper, my dear friend 257 said

he voung widow, in surprise. "Yes, my dear; but, perhaps, I should rather say, of a less hasty temper. To you, of course, he would never have shown it, but I habben to know the fact. But it would be wrong of me to set you against him." said she, with rather a malicious ex pression, " and might not be considered traile disinterested, as I was the dear friend of poor Edward there?" looking at the picture, open which she gazed for some time; and then, turning to her friend, said with that peculiar kind of small malice for which woman in general, and old maids in particular, have a well carned reputation, " My dear Fanny, how remarkably well preserved that portrait of Edward seems to be ; surely you must take great care of it, or have had it re-varnished recently,

A month alter this interview, the Marquis called early in the morning. There was an air of confidence, hay, even of command, which he now assumed in the establishment of the young widow. that was quite unknown before. He was waiting in an ante-room, and was pacing up and down as though somewhat excited; when the little boy entered, who, upon seeing him, turned away hastily to leave the room.

44 Come here, sur,"

"Yes; but I was not looking for you-I wanted ny mamm≤."

"And when I speak to you, sir, for the future, you will please to pay the same attention to me as o her. But come, tell me what was that your mamma was saying to you the cother day about Mr.

"If you're so angry I shan't speak to you," replied the spoiled boy, " and l'il tell my mamma." her hair falfing negligently over her bust, her beau-The Marquis bit his lips, muttering between his

"Ab, my little fellow, wait a short time longer and we shall see.

In this not very amiable mood he was ushered into the presence of his intended, who graciously extended her hand to him, and motioned him to iake a seat beside her.

After exchanging a few short sentences, the Mar-

quis relapsed into an unusual'silence. ' "What is the matter, Marquis? You are decid

edly not amusing this morning." "I believe, madame, that it would be impossihim for any one to be amiable when they are uso ill-satisfied.

"" And what in the world can you have to be dissatisfied with me 913

u Well, insulame, since you will know, I highly disapprove of your conduct yesterday 🙉 🖰 "My conduct!" said the willow, in a half-of-

"Yes, madame, did you not accept the arm of Mr. Powis at the concert, and did he not afterwards see you home. When I, through unavoidable cir-

comstances, could not be present?? And is this all that puts you' out of temper?

said the widow, laughing playfully.

"Well, madame, since you will have me to tell all my complaints;" said the Marquis, who was evidently in bad humor, which was heightened by the playful badinage of the lady, "I have farther to complain of your general coldness to me. Were had plunged a small stilenc knife, which lay upon you not to name the day at least two weeks since; and now I can never get you to make up your

to make up your mind. If mile of a me We True, Marquis, but I am sorry your memory is so treacherous. Did I not say when I had completed this parse which Fam knitting for you, I would then name the day?" and she held up the purse in her hand, and, as if to tease him, she pulled od

two or three meshes. The marquis saddenly rese ... I can't bear this any longer the Date & See Hall to bell and and

regretted that he was left to a woman to bring up, " " Then I must pull out some more rows," and suiting the action to the word, she continued to undo the purie? on start or

"Very well, madame, very well, as you please." continued he, pacing up and down the room Minuth at dis-torment me." and then, enddenly picture never to be removed? Will you eternally initali one by this old strathment whis imbacite who for her escape from a second marriage. still mocks me ! I will myself semova it. I and the was advancing towards it in the heat of his passion. when of a sodden he fetchle hand seized will diolence, and running round, he beheld the woman he had believed no same and implicable standing the away before that teston is lost.

ment her lidigitation seemed to choke her. then fling off the mask and outrage my leelings in this unmanly way I the a life

"The Marquis shuddered-he felt in an instan how his temper had led him to overstep the bounds of predence, and he feared to demotish in a day the plan of years. The rate of start then and in expert the

" Madame, you must feel that you have trifled with me !! his at length exclaimed, its and I have some right to accuse."

"Me you might accuse, and I would pardon you, but when you once attack my hurband, do you not know, short seeing man, that you call back into my heart, which i seek to defend him, all those know whether the report which it circulating of feelings with which it once overflowed, but which I have allowed to pass into near forgetfalness, that you might tranquitly obtain some little spot therei. + 913

" Pardon, madame; I did but-" "No pardon, sint open was from henceforth and for ever. Leave this house, and know that I detest you."

'i' Oh, hear me madame." " Never !"-and she advanced across to the do

and opened it. "Bither you, sir, or L" " The Marquis, crest-fallen, and learing to provoke ber further, with one short, unsuccessful appeal reluctantly obeyed her commands.

Scarcely had be left the room, when she aduano ed towards the picture, and with an impassioned glance and outspread arms, sank upon her knees.

"Oh, that I should ever have torgotten thee, dear one !-have lent a willing ear to him who is no more worthy to be compared to thee than I am to an angel. I am saved, and never more shall thy dear memory quit my hear!."

The rage of the unfortunate Marquis was soon dispelled; in vain he wrote to her, suing for paidon, and employed the good offices of their mutual friends. She declared that she was resolute, and broke off the match for ever, and the Marquis thus saw the prize for which he had waited for years of anxiety enatched from his hands by a momentary betrayal of that passion which he had bitherio always carefully concealed in her presence, and he was driven to the deepest despair. All written communications being now returned, and the assistance of his friends continuing unavailing, he resolved to rick all, and pay a visit to her house, even though he should receive the ignoming of a repulse at the threshold. On the afternoon of the fifth day after the rupture, with a faltering heart he knocked at the door; it was opened; it was evident that the servants had received no mands, and were not aware of the change in his position, for the entree was given to him as to the master of the house.-Taking advantage of this circumstance, and hoping to enter her presence before the could deny him, he bade the servants not announce him, as he would proceed to the room of her son. But when alone he passed rapidly along the corridor to the saloon which had witnessed his misfortune. She was not there, the door was open, and he passed from one room to the other till he arrived at her boudoir; at this hallowed precinct he paused; the door was half opened, and there, reclining upon a couch lay the beautiful widow; she was asleep, titul, jewelled little hand hanging carelessly by her side, her face was reclining in the soft pillow, a flush o'erspread her cheeks, and a smile lighted up her countenance, as though the pleasing passage of the book which was open by the side of her were still passing through her mind. The Marquis was entranced : could it be possible, could be have indeed lost this beautiful creature, and could she cruelly discard him from her presence forever? No, she would releas, and now that smile upon her face, a hapny omen; he approached gently to her, for an instant he g zed upon her, then kneeling by her side, seized her hand. At the same instant the widow awoke, and seeing the Marquis by her side, sprang up, indignation and anger darting from her

"Ah, bold man," she at length exclaimed, "do you date to approach me again, and now not even respect the privacy of this room? Begone, sir, ere I call my servants to drag you hence," and she shrunk loathingly from him, and placed her hand upon the bell.

a Cold and heariless woman, you shall hear me

or if not, I will never leave this spot with life." "You shall not lorce me from my fixed resolve; each word you now pliar but adds to my contempt and I'do not fear your idle threat." "You will pardon me?"

""No." -12

"My death be upon your head then," and before she could recover from her surprise, the Marquis the reading table, into his side.

The scream of the widow as she saw the rash and unexpected act, brought assistance to the wounded man. A tew minutes sher, the friend who had previously warned her of the character of the Marquis entered the room; she ordered the wounded man to be removed to his home, and brought back the consoling information that the six years a human body became entirely changed, physicians had pronounced the wound not to to be to that not a particle which was in it at the comdangerons, Six weeks long he lay suffering from the effect, but his illness was not without good results, for it apparently cured him of the wildness of his paroxysm of love in his growing anxiety for, "in six years you will cease to be Miss L." after health and strength; and in a few days after by the advice of his medical men and at his own desire, he lell England for Italy, leaving Fanny Villiers still a young widow, happy in her widow stopping before the picture of her late busbend, he trinds and in this blessed state she ever after tocontinued; stand have bend also to submit so the mained, declaring, when still a handsome old tady, street carrying a pitcher of milk, when presently he daily affines as well as pasty announces? Is this and the offspring of her own carly haired boy were clusiered happily about het, that she was thankful ran the milk. Another boy across the way saw the

> Or Precept is instruction in the sand—the tide instruction graven on the rock. Ages may pais We'll stake our reputation that the father of that

"STOP My Paper."-The following remarks are oo good to be thrown aside, without at least a passing notice. They are true to the fetter, and suitable to all localities. We are of opinion that the

weakest capacity cannot fail to understand them :--It is astonishing what exalted notions some persons have of their own importance. They seem to imagine they are altogether necessary to the onward roll of our little world, and that if, by any means they should be shoved out of the way; the screws would be so loose that the old machine would no longer hold together; and, of course, if such important personages only say to an editor, " stop my paper," the whole establishment must go to por instanter. We have often laughed in our leeve-though outwardly we looked as grave as an owl-when one of these regulators of the world sas marched into our editorial sanctum, and ordered a discontinuance of his paper. 'And it always does us good to see how the starch is taken out of him, while the editor smilingly replies, "Certainly eir, with the greatest pleasure, just as soon as the clerk has entered a hundred or more names, which have just been sent in." The mighty man wills down like the narrative of a whipped spaniel, and shrinks away muttering to himself, " Well, I am afraid that stopping my paper has not ruined him

These swells, who stop their papers on account of some miff which has found its way into their cranium, are cure to watch the time of the next issue, thinking that another number will make its appearance; and they are sure to borrow their neighbor's copy to see if it does not contain the editor's farewell address to his readers.

. We once knew a minister, who, in describing the Christian's character, and the circumspection of his walk, said the way to heaven required as much care as it did for a cat to walk on a wall covered with broken bottles. It is something so with an editor, if he is to please everybody.

INDIAN THEOLOGY .- The precise idea which the Western Indians entertain of a future life is said to be this: -As soon as the Indian threw off the flesh. he would find himself standing on the bank of the river, the current running with great rapidity.-Across the river was a slender pole, stripped of its back; and tying close down to the surface of the water. The Indian who had lived a good life then sees a bright object on the other side; that was Right," He would then, desirous of embracing he object he loved to well in the world, walk across the pole, unmindful of the raging torrent beneath his feet, arriving in safety on the opposite shore; and Right would then lead him amongst mountains covered with gold and silver, into noble hunting grounds, where he would hunt for eternity. But on the other hand, the man who followed "Wrong" all his life, when attempting to cross stream, and be swept down into the whirlpool surrounded by rocks; there he would be carried round for centuries and centuries, until at last, he would be gradually sucked in towards the centre of the vortex, and finally engulphed in an immense bottomiess hole. What became of the unfortunate sinner the Indians could not surmise, further than be lived forever.

THINGS I HAVE SEER .-- ! have seen the most worthless and lazy tellows dress most fashionably. I have seen the most talented young men turn tippiers and die drunkards.

I have seen men who boasted much of their

wealth, who were not able to pay their tailor. I have seen men who made much noise about their bravery and daring exploits; and I have seen the same mea run away from a goose.

I have seen men cun in debt without any probapability of being able to make payment. I have seen a man urging another to become a candidate for office; and I have seen the same fel-

low vote against him at the election. I have seen parents urging their children to marty against their inclinations; and I have seen a lovely youngigirl marry a rich old bachelor merely for his wealth; and I have seen the same girl die, broken hearted, within a year.

I have seen the young and beautiful, the talented, marry a dashing, brainless lop because he, too, was rich; and I have seen them ever after drag out a wretched, miserable life.

A GOOD CHILD -Call not that man wretched, who, whatever else he suffers as to pain inflicted, or pleasure denied, has a child for whom he hopes and on whom he douts. Poverly may grind him to the dust, obscurity may cast its dark mantle over him, his voice may be unheaded by those among whom he dwells, and his face may be unknown by his neighbors-even pain may rack his joints, and sleep flee from his pillow; but he has a gem with which he would not part for wealth defying computation, for fame filling a world's ear, for the highest wealth, for the sweetest sleep that ever fell on monal's eyes. - Colerulge.

A CHANGE ANTICIPATED -A young lady in a class studying physiology, in the High School a t Sandorky, made answer to a question put, that in mencement of the period would remain at the

close of it. 5 1 ""Then, Miss L" said the young gentleman tu-

"Why, yes, sir, I suppose so," said she, very modestly, looking at the floor. A HAPPY RETORY -A Chicago paper relates the

following "good one." A boy going along the signified, and smash went the pitcher and away accident and shosted; "Oh! won't you eatch it when you go frome; your mother'll give it to you to ir No she won't neither I's screamed the other :figure over il and the second is gone. Example is my mother always says never cry for spilled milk !"