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TOWANDA:

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Selected Poetry.

MIDNIGHT RHYMES.

O! 'tis merry when stars are bright
To sing as you pass along,
Of the things that are dreamt by night
To the motion of some old song;
For the fancy of mortals teems,
Whether they wake or sleep,
With figures that shine like dreams,
Then—die in the darkness deep.
O! merry are Christmas times,
And merry the beltry chimes;
But the merriest things
That a man e'er sings
Are his midnight rhymes.

'Tis night when the usurers feel
That their money is thrice repaid;
'Tis night when adorers kneel,
By scores, to the sleeping maid;
'Tis night when the author deems
That his critics are all at bay,
And the gamester regains in dreams
The gold that he lost by day.
O! merry are Christmas times &c.

At night both the sick and the lame
Abandon their world of care;
And the creature that droops with shame
Forgetteth her old despair!
The boy on the raging deep
Laughs aloud that the skies are clear;
And the murderer turns, in sleep
And dreams that a pardon's near!
O! merry are Christmas times, &c.

At night all wrongs are right,
And all perils of life grow smooth;
Then why cometh the fierce daylight
When fancy is bright as truth?
All hearts, 'tween the earth and moon,
Recover their hopes again;
Ah! 'tis pity so sweet a tune
Should ever be jarred by pain!
Yet—merry are Christmas times, &c.

Selected Tale.

The Robbers of Le Mauvais Pas.

We lounged about in the hotel of Lans le bou g during the hot hours of a summer's day, whilst men and horses were taking their rest; and so far as any movements of animate nature were concerned, it might have been midnight. In the evening, however, the world seemed to come alive, and preparations were made for our journey over Mons Cenis. With the additional guides, postillions and mules, we formed a respectable cavalcade. The moon shone brightly upon our path, with a light so clear and soft, so silvery and so chastened, that it contrasted most pleasantly with the dazzling and scorching heat of the past day. The atmosphere was as calm as nature's rest could be; and the purity of the air gave an elasticity and freshness to our spirits that we could scarcely have imagined. Fire flies sported around us like animated diamonds, and the side of the road was sometimes bespangled with glowworms. Under such circumstances, one feels what is the pleasure of mere animal life, where there is the height of corporeal enjoyment without the aid of any stimulant but that which heaven's pure breath affords. It appeared almost treason against the majesty of nature to disturb the silence which reigned through her dominions; and when we spoke, it was in a subdued tone. We walked on foot the greater part of the ascent, up three long windings made in the face of the mountain. Then the extra horses were turned adrift to find their own way back to the stables, and we entered the carriage to gallop down the Piedmontese side of the declivity.

My nearest companion, an elderly Frenchman, who was usually very garrulous, had been on this occasion much absorbed in thought, and had preserved silence for an extraordinary length of time, though the twitchings of his countenance and the shrugs of his shoulders plainly told that he was holding an interesting conversation with his own heart and memory. At length I asked the cause of his musings and frequent ejaculations.

"Ah, sir!" said he, "how different are the circumstances of this night from those I experienced thirty years ago, when I traversed this mountain It was on a wintry day, when the ground was covered with snow, which lay in some places to the depth of forty feet, and filled up many of the ravines, so that we were in constant danger of going over a precipice. The wind blew the snow drift so fiercely as to blind our eyes, and the guides were frequently at a loss to discover the right track. Six men were obliged to hold up the carriage, with ropes fixed to the top, to prevent it being blown over; and the patient horses, poor brutes! often turned their faces from the fearful storm. We were almost frozen with cold, although we opened our portmanteaus, and put on our wardrobe. Heaven defend me from another such a journey, and the horrible night that followed in that murderous inn!"

Perceiving him to be much excited, I felt the more anxious to know the strange events to which he alluded, and asked what could have tempted him to travel in such dismal weather, and what horrible circumstances had occurred on the way. He then gave me the following narrative:—

I was then young, an officer in the army, in the time when Napoleon carried on his last wars, and all this country was in a very troubled condition.—At the period referred to, I was sent with an older officer to bear some despatches of importance to Italy. He was an Italian, who had once been in the service of Austria, had been taken prisoner at Marengo, and had joined the army of the Emperor. He was a clever person, on whom much confidence seemed to be placed, but so very wary and suspicious in his disposition as sometimes to amuse and sometimes to frighten me. He seemed to make every allowance for my youth, and seldom checked my ardent spirits, for I was gay and boyish; but I was likewise brave and skillful in the use of arms, for which reason, I suppose, the captain took me with him on that journey. These mountains were greatly infested by robbers, chiefly disbanded soldiers of Italy, so that few persons could travel in safety. In a short time we shall pass by a place called Le Mauvais Pas, well known for the murders which have been there committed. A woody marsh lies on the left hand of the road, and the ruins of some buildings destroyed in the war on the right. I shall point them out to you—and amongst these the bandits lurked, and suddenly pounced upon a passer-by, or shot him before he was aware of his danger. A little further on, where two roads meet, you will see some large houses, which once were inns, and the landlord was in communication with the robbers of Le Mauvais Pas, so that the traveller who escaped from Scylla fell into Charybdis. Well, sir, I have told you about the dreadful weather in which we were obliged to cross Mons Cenis, the passage of which occupied the whole day; and as our orders were peremptory, we pushed forward at all hazard until nearly midnight, when we reached the door of the inn I have mentioned, where we were to pass the night. I suppose we escaped all previous dangers by the lateness of the hour, as no gentlemen were expected to travel on these roads after dark.

Glad we were when we arrived at the hotel; the very thought of a warm fire and hot soup gave me life. We knocked long and loud before the gate was opened, and the carriage passed into the court. The captain told our servant, who was also a soldier, to bring his little portmanteau and a small canteen of provisions into the room where we were to sit; the other baggage was left in the caleche.—I saw the landlord narrowly eye the portmanteau, but he said nothing, and hastened to get ready our entertainment. A small stove was lighted at one end of a large room, the other end of which I could scarcely see, so that it was far from comfortable, but it was not for us to complain, after what we had suffered in the cold. A thin candle was placed on a table, a cloth was spread, and some bouillon was soon served up. But the captain could not eat it, and ordered Giuseppe to bring some compote out of the canteen, from which he made a savory soup. The host then brought us a fricasee; but it also was rejected, and a cold fowl substituted for it. This rather displeased me, and I was beginning to intimate that I should prefer the hot dish, when a scowl of the Captain's made me shrink into insignificance, and I let him do as he pleased As he doggedly refused to eat anything furnished by the landlord, on the plea of a weak stomach, which I had never known him to complain of before, for he was a great gourmand, I guessed that he was afraid of poison, and secretly execrated his suspicious temper, rejoicing that I was not a jealous Italian.

"Have you any other guests here to-night?" asked the captain, appearing to take no notice of the prying curiosity of the landlord, who in vain tried to ascertain who and what we were.

"Only a priest on his way to Turin. Poor man, he has been stopped here for two days by the storm as he travels on foot."

"And what may be the reverend father's name?" asked my companion.

"Fra Carlo Benevoluto," replied the other.

"Ah! that is a distinguished name. I think I have met with some padres of the name."

"Very likely," said the innkeeper. "There are others of the family in high orders; he had a brother killed at the battle of Marengo, as he went to administer the consolations of religion to some dying soldiers. They are a devout family."

"Ha! is Padre Carlo gone to bed? Perhaps he would do us the honor to drink with us?"

The host replied, that he had retired to say his prayers and count his rosary, which he did several times a day, holy man! but he might not yet be gone to sleep.

Presently, the padre made his appearance, with an air of meek devotion crossed himself, and blessed us in the name of the holy Virgin and his patron saint Carlo. The captain gave him one searching glance, so piercing as almost to discompose him; but it passed over, and we entered into friendly conversation. A couple of bottles with facetious talk warmed us thoroughly, and we proposed retiring to rest. The captain was shown into a bed chamber which he did not at all fancy. We had before conversed about the Italian inns, and he had cautioned me always to lock and barricade the door at night. Now he was himself put into a room which had three doors besides the one by which we entered from the stair, and none of them could be locked, as the chamber was a perfect thoroughfare. He looked much discomposed, and asked which of the rooms I was to occupy. The landlord apologized for taking me a little way off, as the neighboring beds were already occupied, and it too late to make alterations. One of the adjoining rooms was taken by the priest; another belonged to himself, and his wife was in bed; and the other door led to a passage and small apartment to which his daughter and maid servant had gone, giving up their beds to the company. I was then conducted to a room on the other side of the padre's, but had scarcely got into bed, when the captain came in, bringing his little portmanteau and candle. He broke out into a furious invective against the vermin which were in his bed, which would render it impossible for him to sleep there. As this misfortune was no uncommon thing in these countries, it excited in me no surprise, save that an old soldier should be daunted by such diminutive enemies. Upon my instantly offering to resign my couch, and see if I could not sleep amongst those Lilliputian marauders, he imperatively declined, and said he would repose in a chair beside me.—He then examined the door and found it had no fastening, and as it opened into the padre's chamber, it could not be barricaded on our side. He was terribly disconcerted, and walked about in considerable emotion; then setting the lighted candle on the marble commode near the door, he seated himself near me and beside a table, on which he placed two loaded pistols and a carbine, which he examined and cocked, and laid my sword upon my bed.

A number of curious thoughts passed through my brain, tickled with the idea of a hero of many fights being dislodged from his encampment by a few insects; and my imagination suggested a glowing picture of this wonderful campaign, which would form the subject of an excellent farce. And then his timidity—to be afraid of a lonely landlord, with three women and a holy priest! He would make another Don Quixotte, fighting with a windmill or a flock of sheep. I so relished the thought and the sight, that I was unwilling to yield to Morpheus, whose magic influence had become heavy, but was beginning to doze, when I thought I heard the creaking of the door, and looking through the curtain, saw, a faint shadow dimly reflected upon the wall. Turning to the captain, I perceived him eyeing the door, with a pistol grasped in his hand, which he was just raising, when the door was quietly closed and all was silent. About an hour afterwards the same was repeated, and sleep vanished from my eyes. I dared not speak to the captain, who did not close his eyes for an instant, but kept them fixed with sentinel keenness upon the door, and his hand upon a pistol. He called us early, ordered horses to be put to the carriage, and told Guiseppe to make coffee in the way he liked it. Guiseppe looked in an enquiring way, caught his eye, and immediately obeyed.

The padre joined us, and very meekly asked permission to occupy a seat in our caleche, which, to my surprise, was courteously granted, and he was invited to partake of our early repast. The captain kept him in constant conversation, and although he changed his seat once or twice, always managed to rise for something, and sit opposite to him, and never to be beyond reach of his pistols. I was confounded, for they seemed to be playing a game at movements. At length the word was given, "Let us go!" and I was curious to see how the game would now be played, especially as some additional pieces had appeared on the board, in the shape of the landlord's wife, daughter, and chamber-maid, all big buxom dames, whose tall figures I much admired, but of whom my companion seemed as suspicious as of the holy father. He passed no compliments, and appeared much chagrined.—Yet he managed matters most adroitly, his object, as I thought, being to let nobody walk behind us.

"Signor, run and tell the postillion to mount the white horse, for the white one sometimes kicks.—Signore, please take these cloaks, and spread them on the seats of the carriage. Girl, take the candle. Father Benevoluto, be kind enough to take charge of this bottle of eau de-vie, and put it into the far pocket of the carriage. Guiseppe, bring this portmanteau. Andiamo!" said he, pushing all of us before him, as he followed with his fire arms. In a trice we were at the carriage door.

"Father, don't get out again; pray be seated.—O signor, pray hold that black horse! Up, Giuseppe, and keep this carbine in your hand, and look about you for robbers. It is a bad road. Ladies, addio! Va!"

We were off before we knew where we were, and the captain urged the postillion forward; but we had not proceeded a quarter of a mile when he called out to stop, and in a hurried tone, addressing Fra Carlo, said:

Pardon me, Father Benevoluto; I have left some papers of importance on my bed—do, pray, go and fetch them; we wait your return;" and without stopping for his reply, opened the door and helped him to descend. I was just beginning to offer my own services, when a grinding oath, half emitted, silenced me.

"Good Father, do be quick; for I can trust nobody with those papers on this vile road but yourself; no thief would rob a priest."

It was impossible to refuse; and Fra Carlo set off at greater speed than I had deemed him capable of using. When he was out of sight, my companion ordered the postillion to drive on quickly.—He replied that we were to wait for the padre; but the captain thundered out:

"Hark you! make no noise with your whip, but spur your horses to a gallop, and keep them galloping till I bid you go slower. The moment you stop or crack your whip, I shall send a bullet through your head. Va!"

Of we went, slapdash; how long I know not, for I was overwhelmed with surprise, afraid that the captain had become deranged, and that I might be the first victim of his violent temper. At length he called out:

"Piano! piano!" and we instantly passed through St. Antonin, where we met a military patrol, to whom the captain showed his passport, and said that there were suspicious characters on the road between this and Le Mauvais Pass. The officer bowed low, and ordered his men to keek a sharp lookout. As we proceeded, he smiled and exclaimed:

"Now we are safe, and can take breath a little—thanks to the holy Virgin and all the guardian saints for our deliverance!"

I ventured to say, that though some things did look rather suspicious in the inn, yet I could not fix upon anything really villainous, and should not have imagined any harm, unless I had perceived him to be so much on his guard; that I did not much like the landlord, yet the women were handsome, and I was much pleased with Fra Carlo; but the priest and himself seemed to be playing a game at seats and places, and he had certainly check-mated himself at last.

"Yes," said he; "it was a game for life. So Carlo Benevoluto has assumed the padre now! Methinks he will not long wear the cowl. That man was in my regiment when I was with the Austrians, and he was condemned to death for theft and murder, but escaped through the artifices of his brother, a priest, who was shot at Marengo, as he deserved. He has forgotten me; but I well remember him, and that gash on his forehead, which I gave him when I cut him down, but missed splitting his skull. And you believe—there has been foul play there. You are yet a young dog of war; but I can smell blood anywhere. I instantly smelled it, and traced it to the mattrasses, which I found all stained with gore. Had I fallen asleep, we should both have slept there our last sleep, as many I fear, have done before; but we shall hear if Captain Cocci, who passed last week, has arrived safely; if not, they shall all be broken on the wheel.—Those handsome women! I never saw such women in Italy before. In such times as these, young man, you must be always watching, if you value life and love Mademoiselle Fouchette and remember that walls have ears, and eyes too."

I intimated that I thought so when I saw him pointing a pistol at a shadow twice during the night.

"A shadow! it was the shade of Fra Carlo, and such shadows play with stilettoes: I saw one when his cloak was off as I passed through his room to come to you. Ghosts do not flinch from a levelled pistol as he did."

At this moment, the Frenchman bade me look, for we were approaching the dreadful spot. There, indeed, stood two ruinous houses forming a large mass of building, with small grated windows and a high court, all shut up and going to decay. He looked and shrugged his shoulders, and continued:

"The cursed bandits! they met with a deserved fate. The manner of their capture I have heard only by report, for we returned to France by another route. One evening, at dusk, two horsemen rode up to the inn; but when the large gate was opened, one of the beasts became frisky, and refused to enter. This frightened the other, and they capered about, to the great discomfort of the landlord and his people, who could not come into the gateway or shut the door because of their antics.—As they were becoming more quiet, a posse of gendarmerie dashed in and took possession of the premises. A search was instituted, and the remains of 200 or 300 human bodies were found in the grounds, besides a great deal of concealed plunder. I need scarcely say that Italian justice did dreadful work with the murderers; and the inn has been shut up ever since No one will venture into it—it is haunted; but the Mauvais Pas is still a dangerous place for lone travelers."

A carbinier at this moment rode up, and asked our party if we had seen any persons on the road, for a robbery had been committed a few days ago in that place.—*Chamber's Journal.*

Bonaparte's Poverty in early Life.—M. Thiers in his history of the Consulate, recites some very strange and previously unknown particulars respecting the early life and penury of Napoleon Bonaparte. It appears that after he had obtained a sub-altern's commission in the French service, by his skill and daring at Toulon, he lived for some time in Paris, in obscure lodgings, and in such extreme poverty that he was often without means of paying ten sous (ten cents) for his dinner, and frequently went without any at all. He was under the necessity of borrowing small sums and even worn out clothes, from his acquaintances. He and his brother Louis, afterwards King of Holland, had, at one time, only a coat between them, so that the brothers could only go out alternately, time about. At this crisis the chief benefactor of the future Emperor and conqueror, "at whose mighty name the world grew pale," was the actor Talman, who often gave him food and money. Napoleon's face, afterwards so famed for its classical mould, was during that period of starvation, harsh and angular in its lineaments, with projecting cheek bones. His meagre form brought on an unpleasant and unsightly cutaneous disease, of a type so virulent and malignant, that it took, all the skill and assiduity of his accomplished physician, Corcivart, to expel it, after a duration of more than ten years.

The squalid beggar then, the splendid Emperor afterwards—the thread-bare habiliments and Imperial mantle—the meagre food and gorgeous banquet—the friendship of a poor actor, the homage and terror of the world—an exile and prisoner. Such are the ups and downs of this changeful life; such are the lights and shadows of the great and mighty.

A Rich Poor Man.—One windy afternoon, I went with a friend into a country almshouse.—There was sitting before a feeble fire a very aged man, who was deaf, and so shaken with the palsy that one wooden shoe constantly pattered on the brick floor. But deaf, sick and helpless, it turned out that he was happy. "What are you doing Wisby?" said my friend. "Waiting, sir." And for what?" For the appearing of my Lord." "And what makes you wish for his appearing?" "Because, sir, I expect great things then He has promised a crown of righteousness to all that love his appearing." And to see whether it was a right foundation on which he rested that glorious hope, we asked old Wisby what it was. By degrees he got on his spectacles, and opening the great Bible beside him, pointed to the text, "Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ: by whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in the hope of the glory of God."

Though you possess untold wealth, if you have not old Wisby's faith, you are a poor man; if you have that faith, and are "rich towards God," count it all joy if you are as poor as Lazarus or Wisby in worldly goods. Your inheritance is as sure as God's promise, and as glorious as a throne and a crown can make it. Better have Wisby's hope than Victoria's sceptre, Lazarus' rags than Dives' purple. Better is poverty with piety, than riches with perdition.

What's to Hinder It?—An Irishman, in compliance with fashionable customs, paid a visit to the Falls of Niagara. On taking a look at the surrounding wonders, he asked a bystander, "And what is there here to make such a bother about?" "Why," said the person addressed, "don't you see the mighty river, the deep abyss, the great sheet of water pouring down?" Pat, looking at the water, replied hesitatingly, "and what's to hinder it?"

Price of Diamonds.—Rough diamonds, fit for cutting, are sold at £1 13s. 4d. to £2 the carat. A carat is rather more than three grains, and 155 carats equal to one ounce Troy. But if the stones are above one carat, the square of the weight is multiplied by the price of a single carat; so that for example, a rough stone of three carats costs 3x3x£3 or 18 pounds.

It is similar with cut diamonds, and in 1860 the purest brilliant of one carat, brought more than eight pounds; a brilliant of two carats 2x2x8 or 32 pounds.

When stones are over eight or ten carats, however, this is altered, so that they are valued still more highly. Diamonds of a quarter of an ounce weight are extraordinarily costly, but still larger ones are met with; and one of the largest known is that of the Rajah Mettum, in Borneo, which weighs nearly two ounces and a half; that of the Sultan of Turkey, weighs two ounces; one in the Russian sceptre, more than an ounce and a quarter. The greatest diamond of the last, is one inch, the thickness ten lines. The Empress Catharine II. purchased it in the year 1772, from Amsterdam, for it was paid $75,000 and an annuity of £650. Diamonds weighing an ounce exist in the French and Austrian regalia. One of the most perfect is the French, known as the Pitt or Regent Diamond. It was bought for Louis XV., from an Englishman named Pitt, for the sum of $135,000, but has been valued at half a million.

One of the most renowned in the East, is the Koh-i-noor, or Mountain of Light, now in possession of the Queen of England. It came from Golconda to Persia, and while uncut, weighed more than five ounces. It is valued at 2,000,000 pounds sterling. If we look only to the common modes of estimating the value, a perfect brilliant weighing half a pound, would be worth $20,000,000. Some have stated that such a diamond exists among the royal treasures of Portugal, as large as a hen's egg; according to others this is only a topaz.

Cause of Thunder.—Thunder claps are the effect of lightning, which causes a vacuum in the atmosphere through which it passes; the air rushing on to restore the equilibrium, may cause much of the noise that is heard in the clap. An easy experiment on the air pump illustrates this. Take a glass receiver open at both ends, over one end tie a sheep's bladder, wet, and let it stand until thoroughly dry. Then place the open end on the plate of the air-pump and exhaust the air slowly from under it. The bladder soon becomes concave, owing to the pressure of atmospheric air upon it, the supporting air in the receiver being partly thrown out. Carry on the exhaustion, and the air presses at the rate of fifteen pounds to the square inch.—The fibres of the bladder being no longer capable of bearing the pressure of the atmospheric column upon the receiver, are torn to pieces with a noise equal to the report of a musket, which is occasioned by the air rushing in to restore the equilibrium. Imagine a rapid succession of such experiments, on a large scale, and you have the peal of thunder, the rupture of the first bladder being the clap. But the explosion of the gases, oxygen and hydrogen, of which water is composed, will also account for the noise.

Spiritual Rappings—The Last Wonder.—We have an acquaintance, an excellant and sensible fellow generally, but almost as strongly effected by the medium business as his honor Judge Edmonds. Our friend, whom for the nonce we shall designate as H, some time ago lost a much valued, handsome and intelligent dog. Long he grieved over poor Carlo's death, the faithful friend of many years. A week or two since, a *circle* of mediums met at his house, and poor H., still thinking of Carlo in the course of the experiment, requested to know of the best *medium* present, "weither the *spirit of departed animals* might not be induced to answer." The experiment was made, and sure enough the table began to move, expressing its readiness to reply. "But if this be the spirit of my dog," says H, how will I know him? I can only recognise him by his bark!" "True," replied the medium, "but the table cannot bark, as the bark was taken off the wood before the table was made." "But will Carlo's spirit answer in another way?" In an instant one end of the table (which was a part that turned down) began to wag violently, the table began to move at a dog trot straight towards the doorpost, there raised one leg, and— H was convinced that *this was the spirit of Carlo!*

One Happy Heart.—Have you made one happy heart to day? Envied privilege! How calmly you can seek your pillow; how sweetly sleep! In all this world, there is nothing so sweet as giving comfort to the distressed, as getting a sun ray into a gloomy heart. Children of sorrow meet us wherever we turn; there is not a moment that tears are not shed and sighs uttered. Yet how many of those sighs are caused by our own thoughtlessness! How many a daughter wrings the very soul of a fond mother by acts of unkindness and ingratitude? How many husbands by one little word, make a whole day of sad hours and unkind thoughts? How many wives, by recrimination, estrange and embitter loving hearts? How many brothers and sisters meet but to vex and injure each other, making wounds not no human heart can heal? Ah! if each one worked upon this maxim day by day,—strive to make some heart happy—jealousy, revenge, madness, hate, with their kindred evil associates, would forever leave the earth.

Good Pay.—One of the uniformed Postmasters, out in suckerdom, who found among the Postoffice laws a clause to the effect that, "each Postmaster may be allowed two mills for delivering from his office to a subscriber each newspaper not chargeable with postage," sent in his bill to the Department for delivering the only paper that was sent to his office: and told them that, as his wife was out of the article, they might send him a couple of coffee mills!

Conversational Intercourse with the Sexes. What makes those men, who associate habitually with women, superior to others? What makes that woman, who is accustomed to, and at ease in the company of men, superior to her sex in general? Why are the women of France so universally admired and loved, for their colloquial powers? Solely because they are in the habit of a free, graceful and continual conversation with the other sex.—Women in this way loose their frivolity, their faculties awaken, their delicacies and peculiarities unfold all their beauty and captivation, in the spirit of intellectual rivalry. And the men lose their pedantic, rude, declamatory, or sullen manner. The coin of the understanding and the heart is interchanged continually. Their asperities are rubbed off; their materials polished and brightened, and their richness, like fine gold, is wrought into finer workmanship by the fingers of woman, than it ever could be by those of men. The iron and steel of our character, are laid aside, like the harshness of a warrior in the time of peace and security.

An Eloquent Extract.—The sea is the largest of cemeteries, and its slumberers sleep without a monument. All grave yards in all other lands show some symbol of distinction between the great and the small, the rich and the poor; but in that ocean cemetery the king and the clown, the prince and the peasant are all alike undistinguished. The waves roll over all—the same requiem song by the minstrelsy of the ocean sung to their honor. Over their remains the same storm beats, and the same sun shines; and there, unmarked, the weak and the powerful, the plumed and unhonored will sleep on, until awakened by the same trump when, the sea will give up its dead.

Scolding.—Much injury is done to children by scolding. It should be a prime object with the teacher as well as the parent, to gain the affections of his children; and frequent scolding renders this almost impossible. It alienates the hearts of young children. Depend upon it they cannot love you as well after you have beraed them as they did before. You may approach them with firmness and decision; you may punish them with severity adequate to the nature of their offences, and they will feel the justice of your conduct, and love you notwithstanding all. But they hate scolding. It excites bad feelings, while it discloses weakness in you, and lowers you in their estimation.

New use of words.—A correspondent of the Brattleborough Eagle tells the following story of a witness upon a liquor trial:—"How do you know it was brandy? asked the lawyer.—"Well," replied the ready witness, "I smelled of it first, and then I *welcomed* about a glass of it." The unexpected verb wholly upset the gravity of the court, jury, and miscellaneous people, and they were not at all assisted in recovering their equanimity by his further testimony that the man who bought the brandy drank of it himself "till he was quiet *salubrious*."

Lip Service.—In 1650, a trial took place in Connecticut, under the second of the Blue Laws, prohibiting kissing. The offenders were Sarah Tuttle and Jacob Newlice. It appears that Sarah dropped her gloves and Jacob found them. When Sarah asked for them, Jacob demanded a kiss for his pay, and as the demand did not seem to Sarah extravagant, she adjusted it forthwith. The facts were clearly proved, and the parties were fined twenty shillings.

One of the Hints.—A school boy, lately, who thought his pocket money came rather seldom, thus addressed his father: "Please, papa! tell me if the words, E pluribus unum, are still on our quarter dollars?" "Of course they are, you stupid boy," said papa; "but why do you ask that?"—"Because," replied young Hopeful, "it is now such a long time since I had one, that I almost forgot."

A True Remark.—A witness in a recent gambling case said, in reply to a question by the court, "I do not consider liquor as an article of raising." There was a laugh, upon which he added—"and for this reason, I never knew any person become rich by consuming it." There was much for reflection in the words.

Touching Proofs of Regard.—I have a friend, said Titmarsh, for every man on board that ship, from the captain down to the crew—down even to the cook, with tattooed arms, swearing among the saucepans in the galley, who used, (with a touching affection,) *to send us locks of his hair in the soup.*

A Transformation.—The peach, originally was a poisonous almond. Its fleshy parts were then used to poison arrows, and was for this purpose introduced into Persia. The transplantation and cultivation, however, not only removed its poisonous qualities, but produced the delicious fruit we now enjoy.

Paste as is Paste.—Dissolve an ounce of alum in a quart of warm water; when cold add as much flour as will make it to the consistence of cream then stew into it as much powdered resin as will stand on a shilling, and two or three cloves, boil to a consistence, stirring all the time. It will keep for twelve months, and when dry may be dissolved by water.

A Geologist Nonplussed.—An old bachelor geologist was boasting that every rock was as familiar to him as the alphabet. A lady, who was present, declared that she knew of a rock of which he was wholly ignorant. "Name it, madam," cried Caleb, in a rage. "It is *rock the cradle, sir,*" replied the lady. Caleb evaporated.

Cement for Brick and Stones.—Sulphate of zinc, and sulphate of iron, dissolved in water, let slacking lime, makes into good cement.