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TOWANDA:

Saturdan Alorning, December 9, 1854.

# Selected Boetry.

THE EVENING HEARTHSTONE.

Gladly now we gather round it,

For the toiling day is done,
And the gray and solemn twilight,
Follows down the golden sun;
Shadows lengthen on the pavement, Stalk like giants through the gloom, Wander past the dusky casement,

Creep around the fire lit room, Draw the curtains !-- close the shutters ! Place the slippers by the fire!
Though the rude wind loudly mutters,
What care we for the wind-sprites ire.

What care we for outward seeming ? Fickle Fortune's frown or smile, If around us love is beaming, Love can human ills beguile? 'Neath the cottage roof and palace, From the peasant to the King, All are quaffing from life's chalice, Bubbles that enchantment bring. Grates are glowing--music flowing From the lips we love the best, Oh, the joy-the bliss-of knowing

There are hearts whereon to re-Hearts that throb with eager gladness-Hearts that echo to our own—
While from care and haunting sadness

Mingle ne'er in look or tone. Care may tread the halls of Daylight --Sadness haunt the midnight hour-But the wierd and witching Twilight

Brings the glowing Hearthstone dower Altar of our holiest feelings! Childhood's well remembered shrine, Spirit, yearning -- soul-revealings,
Wreaths immortal round thee twine

## Selected Cale.

## THE NEW CLOAK:

"Mind Your Own Business."

"There! I declare, it Mrs. Burton hasn't got a new cloak !" exclaimed Mrs. Waxwell, to her intimate friend, Miss Viney, as they came out of church one Sunday. "I see she has," replied Miss Viney, very qui

"I know her husband can't afford it; she will be the ruin of him yet." " I suppose they know their own business best

At any rate, it is a blessing that you or I are not accountable for her misdeeds," said Miss Viney, who, though what is technically termed an "old maid," was not of that class who have been slanderously styled gossips and busybodies. And we have purposely introduced her to refute the foul calumny that "old maids" are all meddlersand we are sure that all spinsters will be grateful

" I don't know about that," returned Mrs. Wax Burton owes my husband three hundred dollars, and I don't believe he ever will get his pay, if things go on in this way. That cloak couldn't have cost less than thirty dollars."

"I presume they could afford it, or they would not have bought it-at any rate they know best." " Mrs. Burton is a vain, conceiled, proud woman, and pride will have a fall one of these days,'

" I hope not." " I hope she will have a fall; she would drop

some of those airs then."

"I never thought she was what might be termed a vain woman. "She is: she is an impudent minx, and the

sooner she is brought down on a level with her circumstances the better for her and the wold." "She has the reputation of being a very kindhearted woman, and an excellent neighbor.'

"I don't care if she has; she likes to " lord" !! through the village and for one I won't be ruled

" Really. I don't understand you; she is as ami-

able and humble as any one need be." " Amiable and humble, indeed! What did she

buy that new cloak for, except to excite the envy of half the town, and make them think she is some-" I hope there is no one so silly as to envy her,"

said Miss Viney cast a significant glance full into rumors. the face of her companion. " I don't for one; but I should like to teach her

that she is no better than the rest of the world." "She don't profess to be, she visits the neighborhood, and I'm sure there's no better person in sickness than she is."

" All that may be." "When you had the erysipelas, you remember she watched when no one else would." "I know it; but is one to be tyranized over for

ever, because she watched a few nights with me?" " How strange von talk " "Do I? Didn't she buy that cloak on purpose to cut a figure through the town, and make every-

body feel cheap ?" " No, I am sure she did not; she had no such

motive," replied Miss Viney, smartly.

" I don't believe it, there !" " She is not such a woman as that!"

"Yes she is just such a woman as that!"

"I have seen no one but you who feels bad

" But me! La sake! I wouldn't have you think I feel bad about it. She can wear what she's a

mind to, for all me; only I hope she can afford it that's all."

"I think she can; she has the reputation of be ing a very careful woman."

I don't care; but I feel it my duty to warn my husband to look about his debt. When things get to be so awful extravagant, there's no knowing what may happen."

"Mr. Burton is doing a very good business, peo-

" No body knows anything about what he is doing. All I know is, that when Squire Smith sold him two cords of wood last week, and carried in | indeed !" his bill, he couldn't pay it. He actually put the Squire off till next week. That looks as though they could afford thirty dollar cloaks, don't it?"

With these sage reflections, Mrs. Waxwell turn ed down the lane that led to her house, leaving Miss Viney to pursue her way and ponder upon the extravagance of some folks.

Mrs. Waxwell loved fine clothes quite as much as any other woman of the nineteenth century, and this is saving a great deal. But then her hu-band was parsimonious, and though she loved " nice things," very much, she loved money morewhich, we take it, amounts to nothing more or less than meanness

Mr. Waxwell was a farmer and well off in the world. The advent of the railroad in his native town had turned things topsy-turvy in general, and the heads of the women in particular-to use Mr. Waxwell's classical language. Time was when they were content to wear a straw bonnet and a calico gown to meeting; but now they had to rig Waxwell. out in silks and satins, with flounces and furbelows and all sorts of rigging attached to them, for all the world just like a clown in a circus. Such were Mr Waxwell's views of the social influence of the railroad

Society began to be a little "select;" tolks put on airs, and were so stuck up that you couldn't touch them with a ten-foot pole.

Farmer Waxwell did not much like this state of things-it cost money on one hand, and he did not like to be thrown into the shade on the other. He was about the richest man in the place; but ten dollar bonnets and thirty dollar cloaks were abominations that he could not tolerate. Mrs. Waxwell vious season, she had not a doubt but it would be unsurpassed for two seasons, at least. When Mrs. Burton came out with the thirty dollar velvet, she found the wind was taken out of her sail, and she was as indignant as the case demanded.

In the rise and progress of the village since the advent of the railroad, two new stores had gone in to operation, one of which was conducted by Mr. Burton, an enterprising young man from the me tropolis who had brought a city wife and a great many city notions into the place with him.

As with a great many who go from the city the country, he was exceedingly annoyed by that disinteresting charitable attention to other people's business, which so extensively prevails in many rural districts. He kept his affairs to himself, and this bothered and perplexed gossips. His wife had a way of attending to her own concerns-she had been brought up where people do not even know their next door neighbor. If she wanted a new dress or a new bonnet, she never deemed it neces sary to consult the neighbors in regard to her abili ty to afford it, or about the style and material.

Poor Mrs. Waxwell! her star began to decline when Mrs. Burton came to the village. She was no bursting with envy. Though she often received the kind offices of the store-keeper's wife both in sickness and in health, she would willingly have crushed her. That new cloak was the cap sheaf of the indignities which she fancied had been heaped upon her, and she determined that her unconscious rival should suffer the consequences of

Her first demonstration was upon her husband whom she found no difficulty in convincing that Mr Burton must be ruined by the extravagance of his wife and that unless he immediately collected his debt, he would certainly lose it.

As soon as she had done her washing on Monday, she " made some calls." and embraced the apportunity of commenting freely upon that new cloak. The women told their husbands that Mr. Burton would certainly fail; and before three days had elapsed, there was quite a fermenting in the

Nobody knew anything about Mr. Burton's affairs: he seemed to be doing a good business. though no one knew of his having any money .-He did not even own the house in which he lived : he had no property, apparently, but his stock The careful old farmers, to whom in the course of trade he had become indebted for produce which he sent to Boston, began to be alarmed by these

It was in the State of New Hampshire; and at the time of which I write, the "grab law" was in force and is still for anoh! I know.

One morning, as Mr. Burton returned from journey to a neighboring town, he found his stock attached on the claim of Farmer Waxwell-and all on account of that new cloak his wife had worn to meeting on the preceding Sunday.

He had not the means to pay the note at that noment, and while he was considering a plan to extricate himself from the dilemma, the news that his goods had been attached, spread all over the place. All the creditors were in hot haste to follow the track of Farmer Waxwell-for it was first come, first served"-and in less than two hours a dozen had fastened upon the stock of the

This was a tremendous result to follow in the train of a thirty dollar cloak, and a gossiping old woman.

"What do you think now, Miss Viney?" asked Mrs. Waxwell, as they met, soon after the storekeeper's disaster had been made public.

"I hope Mr. Burton will be able to pay his

debts." "But he won't-I know he won't !" " Probably if they had given him any notice o

heir intentions to demand the payment of their claims, he would have been prepared to meet them.

"I gness Mrs. Burton will not feel quite so stud up after this,"

sad result."

"I hope you done nothing to bring about this

"But I have made my husband sue his note, and when he put on, the others did .- Thirty dollar cloak "I am sorry you have done this; you may ruin

Mr. Burton by it." "That's just what I mean to do!" and Mrs.

Waxwell's malignant expression betrayed the jealousy she had long harbored.

"You did. It was very unkind and ungrateful in you to do so," replied Miss Viney, indignant-

"I doubt it."

"Any trader would be likely to come out badly to have all his creditors pounce upon him without giving him a chance to collect his debts,"

"I don't believe he has any to collect." " Even your husband, as well off as he is, might be embarrased if suddenly called upon to pay his debts," and Miss Viney looked significantly at her angry companion.

as she moved towards the store.

"What can she mean by that!" thought Mrs. Miss Viney had some property of her own, and like a floating palace.

it was all in the hands of Farmer Waxwell, who had, on his own account, invested the greater part of it in railroad stock.

That is what she meant. She would claim the three thousand dollars her husband owed her, and tracted by curiosity to witness the delicate homage a cold chill passed through her veins, as the which British naval officers are accustomed to thought struck her. Farmer Waxwell was rich in bestow upon beauty. All that the most refined houses, lands and stock, all of which yielded him a good income; but he had not three thousand dollars, in money, and it might cost him some trou-

"Don't cry, my dear, I have enough due me in Boston to pay these debts, ten times over," said yards, floated the intermingled folds of numberless didn't like to be out done in the matter of dress, Mr. Burton to his wife, who was much alarmed by flags and streamers of every variety of color. Inthe storm which threatened them.

"What will people think ?" "What will they think when I pay them all; the whole amount is not above nine hundred col-

few words, she explained the circumstances which carpets of the richest oriental fabric, orgamented had led to the sudden "strike" among the credi-

Mrs. Burton, kind soul, shed a flood of tears when she heard how cruel Mrs. Waxwell had been luxury in the wardrobes of princely dames. The Injin. -she whom she nursed with all the tenderness of sideboards glittered with gold and silver vessels, a mother, when her trightened neighbors fled from among which was a magnificent vase, set with the contagious disease.

"Never mind it my dear. We may expect any thing from a meddler, a gossip, a slanderer," said scattered in profusion its delicious perfume. In a Mr. Burton. I must start for Boston in the noon

"Allow me, Mr. Burton, to offer you the money to discharge these liabilities. I have three thousand dollars in the hands of Mr. Waxwell," "You are very kind, and I accept your offer," re-

plied Mr. Burton, "and next week I shall have the means of repaying you. I assure you I am cers as a king by his nobles, he took his post to worth at least five thousand dollars." In proof of his assertion, he showed her

"I presume if the people here knew that I was ship gaily dressed boats bearing the elite of beauty not a bankrupt, they would not have molested me. and nobility from Portsmonth, Portsea, the Isle of In spite of all my amiable neighbor, Mrs. Waxwell, may say, I think I am abundantly able to give my wife a thirty dollar cloak."

"I never doubted it," replied Miss Viney, as she hastened on to the village lawyer, to put her note in course of collection.

Farmer Waxwell was at dinner, when the lawyer, who was a personal friend, called upon him "Sorry to trouble you, but I am instructed to collect this note," said he.

"The devil !" exclaimed Farmer Waxwell. "The ug!y huzzy!" added Mrs. Waxwell, as she perceived Miss Viney's prophetic words had been

burdened with a meaning. "I beg your pardon, madam," said the lawyer, but if I understand it rightly, you have publicly boasted that you brought about all this difficul-

"Yes madam, that new cloak did the business; you set your husband on, and all the rest followed him, so Miss Viney tells me."

" My gracious !" " And now she wants the money to assist Mr. Burton out of the difficulty into which you have

plunged him." "That's plain speech, Squire."

• " But true."

"I can't raise the money."

"Then I must sue." " Can't we compromise?"

"Burton is worth at least five thousand dollars. and when he gets a remittance from Boston will

"I will disolve my attachment, and be bound to the payment of the other. Will that do it?" "Yes, if Miss Vaney will consent."

Miss Viney did consent-she was a kind-hearted lady-and the matter was compromised.

" Now, wife," said Farmer Waxwell, as he put Burton had paid, minus thirty dollars which he held better go and buy one of them 'ere cloaks. Your envy like to have got me into the cussedest scrape I ever got into in my life."

She would not take it; she was too mean to dress well herself, and too envious to permit others who were able, to do so in peace. But she gathered from the events of our story, a healthy experience of the wisdom of that excellent maxim-" MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS."

Sickness has a wonderful influence on the heart. If we ever feel like doing a generous action, it is while recovering from a long course of fever and confinement. Health has its uses, but improving our virtue and goodness is not one of them .-

#### A Thrilling Scene,

DROWNING OF A BALL ON SHIPBOARD.

The following vivid account of the sinking of the Royal George, with a ball in tull activity on board, is translated for the Pennsylvania Enquirer. from the " torty-eight years Memories of a Constitational Officer," as extracted from the November number of a German monthly, the Meyer's Mohatshefte, published in New York. It will be recollected that the Royal George was commanded by Admiral Kemperfeldt, aged 70. Between eight and nine hundred persons perished; of whom three hundred were women and children:

" In the summer of 1782, the Royal George, stately three decker, of eighty-four guns, after an absence of two years at a foreign station, cast anchor in Spithead roads. At the end of a week, which had been employed in removing all traces of her long voyage, and in a thorough cleansing, the captain issued invitations to the officers of the "He may have a trial," said the mailen lady, fleet in the Sputhead waters and the nobility and gentry of Portsmouth, for a grand ball on board -The interior of the upper deck, freshly painted from stem to stern, and elegantly decorated, appeared

The appointed hour for the commencement of the fete had arrived, and the harbor was gradually covered by hundreds of boats, some carrying the invited guests to the Royal George, and others attaste could suggest, and the most lavished expenditure procure, had been bestowed upon the embellishment of the vessel. The deck, whose entire space was appropriated to the ball, resembled a vast pillared hall, over which, from the mast and stead of tapestry, the sides were covered with velvets, and silk hangings. Among the furniture were to be seen the most precious ivory work, and divans and chairs of rose and sandle woods, carved and fashioned in a manner to rival the most ingenious Just then, Miss Viney entered the house. In a Chinese taste. The awning was composed of with gold and silver embroidery, and the rugs before the state-rooms were productions of Cachecostly jewels, the gift of an East India prince. Ono of roses in crystal jars, in niches expressly made, word, the whole scene with its splendid decorations resembled rather the banqueting room of a royal

palace than the interior of a flag ship. After the admiral had cast a last satisfied glance upon the tasteful embellishments, and had passed review the brilliant preparations he repaired to the deck, where, in state, and surrounded by his offireceive his guests. Whilst a select band of music filled the air with melody from every side there was seen gliding over the still waters towards the Wight, and other neighboring points on the coast The universal joy of the officers and guests was enhanced by the beauty of the night, not a cloud dimming the radiance of the stars, and not a breath of air ruffling the surface of the sea.

And yet destruction was maliciously hovering, in this hour of festivity, over the finest ship in the fleet. Already death invisibly sat grinning behind the seats of these pleasure seeking guests. Of mutiny there was no apprehension, as the whole crew were all true and loyal, and warmly attached to the commanding officer; nor was there any possibility of a leak, as the utmost precautions had been adopted, and the powder magazine had been additionally secured by tripple fastenings. Who could have believed that the swelling of a gentle west wind would be sufficient to produce a catas troph as unparalleled in its character as in its awful

About two hours later, as the ball was in full movement, there arose, not a light breeze but rather a breath of air from the southwest which hardly stirred a curl of hair among the crowd of dancing beauties. The oscillation which it brought | gabas it stole across the motionless face of the water appears to have been unnoticed. But, inscrutable fate! This insensible puff of air, not sufficient to draw a sound from the chords of an æ lian harp, but the under swell it created, disturbed the equilibrium of two immense chain anchors, which open ports, and on account of the calm weather, had not been secured by fastenings. This ponof the sea, and with lightning speed, rolled to the opposite side of the ship, and in an instant threw the Royal George upon her side. One heart-piercing cry of woe from a thousand voices-a sound before which the stoutest sailor quailed-rose in frightful dissonance, and broke upon the startled the three hundred dollars in his pocket, which ears of those in the surrounding ships, while echo bore the death wail to the adjacent coasts, where it in his hand, "here's thirty dollars and I think you'd rolled along like a thunder peal, deadening the roar of the surf, and striking with terror the shuddering inhabitants.

The lofty masts immediately bowed to the sur face of the sea, which at first, as it were overawed by the sudden cessation of the prevailing joy, receded in a wide circle, and then as quickly returned, as if to the execution of a fearful judgment, pouring over the high bulwarks and through the port-holes into the innermost recesses Once more the stately fabric in all its imposing mass, upon the restoration for a moment, of its lost balance, thro' majesty the imposing grandeur of its form. Proudly

a horror stricken dance-a few seconds more, and it shot, with its hundreds of human beings in vain with deadly pallid and agonized countenances. imploring heaven for deliverance, and clinging convulsively to the shrouds, into the gaping abyss, the foaming sea with loud and terrrible gurgling. forever closed over the black, yawning gull and all was silent!

A few moments sufficed to complete the terrific catastrophe. From all the neighboring vessels, boats were sent out to attempt to save some of the drowning hundreds, but the vast whirlpool caused by the sinking ship, prevented a near approach -Only a few of the most experienced sailors, who climed to the topmast as the Royal George for the last time heaved erect, were enabled to save themselves by swimming. All the rest, in the midst of a jubilee of pleasure, fell a prey to the yawning sea."

#### Courtin' of a Gall-or, Stealing Something,

Jingo! if I don't think Betsey Davis are some kin to a veller bird, for she's about the snuggest little baggage that ever gin corn to a hen! Drat it! how oderrifferous she does look-meeker'n a lam -got me towler nor a picked rooster, an' I expect I shall have to take a reef in the tale of my cote putty quick, for I'm engaged. Ever since she a gal's night gown'. Now, wan't it comikal?' slapped me in the barrel of brine, an' I got my cloze off me, I've been sorter 'feared on her and thinks I I'll never ship up to that critter again, but

I hilt back putty tite, till one night I seed a 'cademy boy a makin' turkey trax in the terrectsion of great dish of cresses being presented after dinner. old Mrs. Davis' house, an' he had on grasshopper boots. When I seed that, in course I couldn't stan' it-could you? Jim Burrazo's baby! if I didn't shot hum, an' get on my sattinett trowsers quicker than four taps of a woodpecker's bill. Then I had on a shirt-with ruffles, an' a pair of spurs that uncle Ben had feiched from Mexico-an' boots. I didn't have much whiskers, to be sure-not more'n eight or ten-but I had my hare chock full of goose grease, and I looked jist like a bride. I felt middlin' peart, to, and the way I did lean for Miss Betsey's were delicious. When I got to the fence an unmerciful dog cum a kirn' after me, and if I hadn't ha' got on the gate post putty mill dam quick mere, which might have figured as atticles of he'd a spiled the seat of my sament's, sure's a

"Git eout, you bominable cuss!" ses I, an' he run into a barrel, an' hollered. In the impulse of the moment. I shot in the house : the old woman an' Betsey was thar. I tho't they was gwine to bed, for I seed Betsey's night-gown and night cap a hangin' on the cheer back, an' their old Thomas cat cum and smelt of my boots-he tho't they was meat. But I didn't see no 'cademy boy around. and I telt uncommon slick. The old lady looked dreadful wild at me, and said, " How is the babies?" an' groaned shockin', and Betsey turned redder'n a rooster's gills. That made me kinder fainty, so I ups and sets on the cheer where Betsey's night gown were hangin', and went to wisile-Said the old woman-

Ses I, "Old Mrs. Fairbank's house got a fire doors with nothing on her but a-but a-night's gown' an' she fecht up amongst a flock of geese ounces of gum is sufficient for the support of a man an' they pecked her like the d-1."

"Like what ?" "Like little cat with the creeps," ses I mighty

Says the old woman, " Grate laws of massy Poor creeter, I reckon she's knit her last pair of socks. On ! me," and she shut her eyes an'-I swap't a buss along ov' Betsey. Thunder! how it crack't, and the the old woman hollered:

" Mercy me! that cat's lappin' the milk. Shew skat! you varment," and she flung her shoe to'ards | The gentleman finally declined to purchase, and the kubbard. Betsey laffed, an' stuck her little the jockey, quite nettled, observedhand out an' pinched my trowsers, and then se-

"What does that 'ere truck cost you a yard?" Ses I, sorter soft, "get out!" and I stuck my

Ses the old woman, 'Its monsterous nice goods. and she put on her specks an' commenced to look like a skeart colt does over a white fence. I didn't like sich doin's as them ere, so ses I to change the

"That cat's are owlin', prap's she's chokey." " No she ain't," says Betsy, an' she noded her little head like one of these limpy boberlinks Jest then I wanted to blow my nose, and in pullin' ou my han'kerchief, slap, cum a chunk of candy on floor, what I'd bro't to Betsey, but I stuck out my with some heavy guns, had been stowed in the foot all fired quick an' kivered it over so they wouldn't see it; but lorney! how my knees knocked! Then Beisey went down cellar arter nuicakes. and I jist piled the licks at the old woman, till she were mighty nigh stranded, an' French, and leetle | the well off are apt to manifest to those a little down, with whom, in the comparison of intellect and prin-Hottentot. Tell you, tho't she were a cynagogue ciples of virtue, they frequently sink into insignififor cartin, and by the time Betsey had cum back. she'd most got the hoopin'-coff.

Betsey she sot down in a cheer, as strate and as stiff as a hickory. She sorter gin her cheer a hich, then I gin mine a twice and a half, jist like wind n' carpet rags; then silence come on, like a lame hoss to fodder. Says Betsey, " do let me be!"

Ses I, " I ain't techin' ye.' Ses she, "am't you goin' to ?"

" Lod !" see I to myself ' aint that nice ?"

So I told the old lady to look up the chimney for I smelt fire. When she didllook-by gosh!what a smack that gal got, and my cheer sorter tilted, and I happened to look down towards the England, Ireland and Scotland, as a distinct portion floor, to ketch myself from fallen, when-hush-I were stuck up in a heap. If there waren't a hole in my trowsers, an' a great peace of shirt a hangin' out like a play. By darned! if I didn't drap my the settling waters rose erect as if to display in full hand quicker! an' then took t'other hand and sorter shoves it in like a cat creepin' into a piece of stretched the loty masts their extended arms to the stove pipe. Sop and molasses! but I were mighty blue sky; but the flags and streamers, already scared, and the swet drapt off of me, for Beisey All our crimes are committed by men overflowing soaked by the overwhelming sea, hung in loose was kinder shyin' her eye, and a snickerin' awful folds, like emblems of mourning. Now the ship, I while I was sittin' on a pin. The old woman won- | blest Romans.

deeper and deeper sinking, began in giddy whirls. I dered what 'pon yarth aled her darter, when Betsey up and whooped like a stunned dog. I swan to man, if I could bare that, so I hopped up like a bed wenc and ses [-

"I guess I'll go now, for there's an old cow out doors a hollerin' for me. Good nite.'

Good nite,' ses Betsey, a giglin' and I dodged out of that door quicker than a swaller bird can dodge a stone, and then I listened to the winder to hear what they'd say. Pooty soon the old woman

Belsey, what you snickerin' at?

' No hin'.

Why don't you stop, then?

' Cause I can't,' ses Betsey.

'Then why don't you fix yourself for bed?' 'He! he!' ses Betsey, ' Ned Albro has karried off my night gown, and I cant?

I've seen little bob tailed dogs afore now, run like a chain lightning, with a piece of stove lipe tied to the stump of their extreme end, but Jehu! you orter seen me leave Betsey Davis's house. The way I tilted over fences, and things, would have skeered the telegraph. But I kept that night gown'. By darn! it's the greatest curtosity this side of Japan. I never went to sea-but I went to see that 'ere gall, tho', a good mess of times ater that time, and larnt the difference 'tween courtin' and hookin'

EXCELLENT REPARTEE -The Rev. Doctor M'C -, minister of Douglass, in Clydesdale, was one day dining in a large party where the Hon Henry Erskine and some other lawyers were present. A Dr. M'C, who was extravagantly fond of vegetables, helped himself much more largely than any other person, and as he are with his fingers, with a peculiar voracity of manner, Mr. Erskine was struck with the idea that he resembled Nebuchadezzar in his state of condemnation. Resolved to give him a hint of the apparent grossness of his taste and manner of eating, the wit addressed him

"Dr. M'C., you bring me in mind of the great Nebuchadnezzar '

Ay, do I mind ye o'Nebuchadnezzar ?- That'll

The company were beginning to titter at the lu dicrous allusion, when the Rev. vegetable devour-

be because I'm eating among the brutes."

GUM ARABIC.-In Morocco, about the middle of November, that is, after a rainy season, which begins in July, a gummy juice exudes spontaneously from the trunk and principal branches of the acacia tree. In about fifteen days it thickens in the furrow, down which it runs, either in vermicular (or worm) shape, or commonly assuming the form of oval or round tears, about the size of a pigeon's egg, of different colors, as they belong to the white or red gum tree. About the middle of December,

the Moors encamp on the border of the fcrest, and the harvest lasts six weeks The gum is packed in very large sacks of leather, and brought on the backs of bullocks and camto certain points, where it is sold to the French and English merchants. It is highly nutricious .-During the whole time of harvest, of the journey, last nite, an' she's monstrous fat, an' she run out and of the fair, the Moors of the desert live almost entirely upon it, and experience proves that six

> twenty-four hours. A Good RETORT .- A clergyman who was in the habit of preaching in different parts of the country, was not long since at an inn, where he observed a horse jockey trying to take in a simple gentleman, by imposing upon his broken winded horse for a sound one. The parson knew the bad character of the jockey, and taking the gentleman aside, told him be cautious of the person he was dealing with.

> than see you privately interfere in bargains between man and man, in this way." "Well," replied the parson, "if you were where

" Parson, I had much rather hear you preach,

you ought to have been, last Sunday, you might have hear me preach. " Where was that?" inquired the jockey."

" In State Prison," replied the clergyman. SOMETHING TO BE REMEMBERED .- We should make it a principle to extend our friendship to every man who discharges faithfully his duties, and maintains good order-who manifests a deep interest in the welfare of general society-whose deportment is upright, and whose mind is intelligent without stopping to ascertain whether he swings a hammer or draws a thread. There is nothing so distant from all natural claim as the reluctant, the backward sympathy, the forced smile, the checked conversation, the hesitating compliance, which

ORIGIN OF THE TERM "OLD DOMINION,"-While Oliver Cromwell was Protector of England, Virginia refused to acknowledge his authority, and declared itself independent. When he threatened to send a fleet and army to reduce Virginia to subjection, they sent a messenger to the exiled King Charles II, inviting him to be King of Virginia. He accepted the invitation, and was about embarking when he was recalled to the throne of England .-In gratitude to the loyalty of Virginia, he caused her coat of arms to be quartered with those of

of the " Old Dominion." Mrs. Partington, while visiting the Museum ne other day, on looking among the old revoluionary relics and Scottish claymores, asked the superintendent if he had among the famous cutlery the "axe of the apostles."

CINCINNATUS was a farmer, and one of the no-