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TOWANDA:

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Selected Poetry.

HYMN OF DEATH.

Death is the fading of a cloud,
The breaking of a chain;
The rending of a mortal shroud
We ne'er shall see again.

Death is the conqueror's welcome home,
The heavenly city's door;
The entrance of the world to come—
'Tis life forever more.

Death is the mightier second birth,
The unavailing of the soul;
'Tis freedom from the chains of earth,
The pilgrim's heavenly goal.

Death is the purer, nobler spring,
The second Eden's bloom;
The robe of bliss that angels bring,
Our victory o'er the tomb.

Death is the close of life's alarms,
The watch-light on the shore;
The clasping in immortal arms
Of loved ones gone before.

Death is the gaining of a crown
Where saints and angels meet;
The laying of our burden down
At the Deliverer's feet.

Death is a song from seraph's lips,
The day-spring from on high;
The ending of the soul's eclipse,
Its transit to the sky.

Miscellaneous.

How the Widder Westbrook "Took" the Sheriff.

Some years since professional business threw me into the company, for a long day's ride through a dreary pine-wood country, in an eastern county, with Mr. Stubbs, its Sheriff. By the middle of the afternoon, we had exhausted, as subjects of conversation, the particular attachment case which brought us together, the political condition of the country, the prospect of the growing crop, and several matters of personal history. In fact, we had *run out*—to use a trite but expressive metaphor—when suddenly Mr. Stubbs' eye flashed, and a strange smile fluttered across his lip, as he remarked:

"I havn't told you Squire, I believe, how I got ruined servin' the first process, (the Sheriff was not a learned man, and occasionally did misplace the accent) that ever came into my hands."

"No; lets have it," I replied turning half round in the saddle; "it cost you some money did it—your mistake?"

"Ah, he ejaculated with a sigh, "It cost a heap—*a heap!*"

This was said with the air of much suffering, and I told him, if it awakened painful emotions, he must not think of opening the old wound, merely for my entertainment.

"It's all over now," said he, "and I don't mind tellin' it." I don't know how it was, just at this moment I caught sight of a shabby fold of crape around his hat, and I could not help associating it with a sigh, the lugubrious expression, and the "survin' of the first process." Ament that, we shall discover something presently.

Mr. Stubbs proceeded—

"I was 'lected Sheriff of the county, and at that time there were'nt more'n than three or four hundred voters in it. To be sure I was right proud—it was such an honor, like."

"This is your second term, then?"

"Yes. I had to miss one term of service on account of the law; but then I was depity (deputy) under Stokes, and when his time ran out last, two years ago, I was elected again. But that ain't tellin' how I got ruinated by that writ. Now it's reasonable to suppose that the first of a thing ain't so easy to know as the middle or last. So when the lawyer down at town made out the paper and put it into my hands I was just as bad onplassed as ever you see."

"What sort of a writ was it?"

"Nothin' but the common sort, (*capias res;*) I know 'em now like a book. Ef I had only known *'em then.*" Here another deep drawn sigh supplied the place of words.

"I took the plaguy thing home, and I called in Bill Stokes (which was sheriff himself, after that) and old Squire Lumpkin to counsel me it. We read it over three or four times. It ordered me to take the body of Hannah Westbrook ef to be found in my county, and her safely to *keep* so that I should have her to answer before the judges at the next Circuit, for a debt she owed; and moren't that, it said I was to do it without delay—*and it was nigh on to five months till Court!* What was I to do with her *all that time*, and no sign of a jail in the county?"

"Well, it was a hard looking case, but that was simply a form, and a writ might have been served by leaving a copy with the lady."

"Oh, I know that mighty well *now*, but I didn't know it *then!* Besides, at the bottom of the paper was writ, "*No bail*," and I know now that them words means *no bail required*; but I thought then it meant that ef she was to offer the best security in the State, I warn't to take it. And it was the construction that Stokes and Lumpkin both put upon it; and the Squire went so far as to say, ef he was Sheriff he'd take that woman and carry her home and lock her up in a small room with himself and his wife, every night, outel Court came around."

"That would have made it pretty safe."

"Yes," said Stubbs; "but I knowed that wouldn't suit me, for my wife, (that was then) was high tempered, and never could bear strange people in the room. But, however, after counsellin', I got Stokes to go with me, and I went up to the widder and told my business. She was mighty bad scared at first, but when she got over that, she r'ared and pitched. I should jist a gin out and gone home and resigned, but Stokes quieted her, sayin' we could put her in jail, but ef she *behaved herself* we'd only take her down to my house and let her stay till Court. Then she turned into cryin' and beggin' me to take her nigger woman and keep her for security for the debt, which was only something over a hundred dollars, and the nigger was likely. But I looked in my paper and read it out to her—*to take the body of Hannah Westbrook!*

"She said she'd go, and she had the old roan horse saddled up, and while Stokes and me were talkin' and not noticin', she mounted and started off in a lively canter, on the Georgia end of the trail. We mounted and galloped after her, and she hadn't got a half a mile before we had her. Then she cried and begged again, but we put a plough-line round her waist and held the end, and after lettin' her give some directions to her nigger, I took her down to my house. My wife treated her awful civil, and every day or two we'd let her go up home and look after her consarns. So time rolled on till about a month before Court, and one day Stokes rid up to the gate in a powerful hurry, and call me out."

"You've played thunder," said he.

"How?" said I.

"Why think of Mrs. Westbrook. It's all wrong, and she's sent word to the very lawyer that put out the writ against her; and's got two against you: one to make you turn her loose and t'other to make you pay $20,000 for takin' her!"

"I shan't serve 'em," says I.

"Makes no odds. They've done appoined a kurriner, (coroner;) and he'll be up to-morrow—soon as Mrs. Westbrook has a chance tu swear to somethin'. You'd better look out!"

"Well," said I, "I reckon they've got you too. You was along and helpt to do it."

"Oh, yes," said he, "*but they've got me for a witness!*"

"I said no more, but walked right into the house, and there I found the widder mighty pleased, and I told her she was free to go, and asked her pardon and should'nt charge her any board, and I hoped she'd come and see my old woman, and so on, and so forth."

"She went, I suppose."

"She did, and the kurriner come; and he showed me how to serve a writ by copy. I shall never forget it. She took me into Court and there weren't nothin' done the first time. Before the next Court, my old woman died, and that *upsot* every thing. What with her dyin' and the suit, I thought I would go crazy, to be sure."

"But you didn't?"

"No, I bore it as well as I could, and just before Court, came along the lawyer—Jenkins—and said to me, "I think you and my client, Mrs. Westbrook, could compromise that case, ef you was to talk together about it." I hardly waited for him to leave, before I jumped on my horse and rode up to the widders."

"She sorter laughed and said *may be.*"

"I'd give you a hundred dollars to drop it," says I.

"She frowned mightily, and said that warn't the way she wanted to settle it."

"I'll *give you two*," said I.

"She frowned worse than before, and said that warn't the way she wanted to settle."

"Directly something came right into my mind. I seemed to see plain. I studied and considered. Then I cleared my throat. "*Widder,*" says I, "*will you have me?*"

"Says she, *I will!*"

"I give that rascal Jenkins, fifty dollars for his share—and then the widder took me for hers. I had kept her an onlawful prisoner for nigh *four months*, but 'Squire, she had me *under arrest* for mighty nigh *seven years!*"

CURRAN'S INGENUITY.—A farmer attended a fair with a hundred pounds in his pocket, took the precaution of depositing it in the hands of the landlord of the public house at which he stopped. Having occasion for it shortly afterwards he resorted to mine host for payment. But the landlord, too deep for the countryman, wondered what he meant, and was quite sure that no such sum had ever been lodged in his hands by the astonished rustic. After ineffectual appeals to the recollection, and finally to the honor of Bardolph, the farmer applied to Curran for advice.

"Have patience, my friend," said the counsel, "speak to the landlord civilly—tell him you have left your money with some other person. Take a friend with you, and lodge with him another hundred in the presence of your friend, and come to me."

"He did so, and returned to his legal friend.

"And now I can't see how I'm going to be the better off for this, if I get my second hundred back again; but how is that to be done?"

"Go and ask him for it when he is alone," said the counsel.

"Ah, sir, asking won't do, I'm afraid, without my witness, at any rate."

"Never mind, take my advice," said the counsel—"do as I bid you, and return to me."

The farmer returned with his hundred, glad to find that safely in his possession.

"Now, sir, I must be content, but I don't see I'm much better off."

"Well, then," said the counsel, "now take your friend along with you, and ask the landlord for the money your friend saw you leave with him."

We need not add that the wily landlord found he had been taken off his guard, while our honest friend returned to thank his counsel, exultingly, with the two hundred in his pocket.

☞ Convince a wise man of his error, and he will thank you, convince a fool, and he will insult you.

☞ A German Astronomer says that in twenty million of years from now the earth will be destroyed by a comet. Stand from under!

A Visit to Nazareth and Jerusalem.

PLAINS OF JERICO, ON THE BORDERS OF THE DEAD SEA, Feb. 12, '55.

We were all stirring in good season the next morning, and while the mules were packing after our breakfast we went to visit what is called the dwelling place of Mary, and the place where the angel appeared to her. A Latin chapel is built over the spots, which we were shown with the usual definite relation of circumstances. They are excavations in the rock, as is also the workshop of Joseph, a little distance off, which is also shown, and over which formerly stood another chapel. I feel that I shall care little about settling whether these traditions are true or false, even for my own mind. The impressions I receive, and which are deeper and stronger even than I anticipated, come to me through the thoughts of being in the same land, of breathing the same air, of looking upon the same hills, and treading among the same flowers, where He walked who lived as man never lived before, and "taught as one having authority," whose presence sanctified all nature here, and whose revelation and gospel shall sanctify all humanity hereafter.—In these convents, where the mode of life seems to me so different from what Jesus would dictate—in these chapels, with their gaudy decorations and trappings, to me so different from what He must approve of who condemned outward show, and required only the simple worship of the heart in purity and holiness of purpose, I feel trammelled, confined, and I must confess disturbed; but in the free air, on the mountain and hill side in the valley and plain, the temples where he loved most to teach, I feel His presence and listen to His words, as I never felt and heard before. So I came out of the stone walled convent, and away from the flower decked altars of the chapels, out of Mary's lonely abode, and Joseph's rude workshop, and looked around on the stony hills which surround and enclose the little grey village of Nazareth, thinking how often His feet must have climbed their steep sides; remembering how once his enemies, ungrateful townspeople, led him to the brow of one of them, intending to cast him down headlong, and how "He, passing through the midst of them, went his way." I strove to impress the whole landscape upon my memory, and then joining our cavalcade which was waiting for us, we started on our way to Jenin, the end of our second day's journey.

The going out of Nazareth was nearly as rough and rugged and difficult as the coming in had been. For some distance the path formed just at this season the bed of a swift torrent, down which we had to pick cautiously our way. After some time, however, we came out upon the broad plain of Esdraelon, famous as the great battle field of the Israelites. On our left were the mountains of Gilead; farther on, and more to the east, the bowl-shaped, pretty mountain of Tabor, said to be the scene of Christ's transfiguration, rose full into view, and still farther on, south and east, Gilboa's mount could be seen. Through openings of the range we could occasionally get views of the snow-covered top of Mount Hermon; while on our right, stretching in from the sea, rose the eastern extremity of Mount Carmel. Many a victory has been lost and won, on and in the vicinity of this plain, but none came to my mind with such clearness as that in which Saul, the unhappy king of Israel, with his sons, was defeated and slain before the victorious host of the Philistines. I remembered his interview with the witch of Endor, and how, with a determined but hopeless heart, he had gone out to meet his foe, and how David's heart had mourned over his fate, and that of Jonathan, his faithful, deeply loved friend, when news of the disastrous battle was brought to him. We lunched that day under a hedge of the prickly pear cactus, which is very common in this country, and grows from eight to twelve feet high, with trunk and leaves in proportion. It is much used for hedges and fences, being entirely impenetrable through its long sharp thorns for man or beast.

Our route continued through pleasant scenes, and we voted this day's ride decidedly agreeable. The road was not very difficult, the weather perfect, and we were quite ready to grant, in favor of the Syrian atmosphere, all that had ever been claimed for it. Beautiful wild flowers blossomed in profusion wherever the ground had not been prepared for the more useful grain, and many times we exclaimed, surely, "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." We met several times small groups of wild looking Arabs, "bad people," our muleteers called them, but they neither "molested us or made us afraid." At about 5 P. M. we reached our destination, and entered the rather suspicious looking village of Jenin. This was the ancient city of Jezreel, the capital of the Israelitish kingdom, where wicked Ahab had his palace, where the more wicked Jezebel persuaded him to evil, and where for the punishment, after meeting a violent death, she was thrown from the walls to be eaten by the dogs. It was near this place, also, that, long before, Saul gathered his army together previous to his last fatal battle, and there are ruins which prove that even in later times it was a place of some consequence; but now, like nearly all the towns in Syria, it bears the mark of the curse put upon it.

We lodged in a mud house, consisting of three rude rooms without any furniture. One was for T—— and myself, a low mud bank serving as a bed; the next one for Elias to carry on his cooking operations; and the third furnished our dining room, and afterwards, as usual, the bed-room of the three gentlemen. I cannot say the place was at all inviting, but fatigue and good humor together will season many a bad dish; so we ate a good dinner which Elias gave us, not only thankfully but merrily, and betook ourselves to rest, having a guard of Arabs at each door, which our dragoman had procured in the town, not deemed it exactly prudent to be without an additional force among a people in bad odor throughout the country. Once only were we disturbed through the night, when, as some marauders were seen stealing upon us, a gun was fired by the guard, and noise enough made to frighten all the thieves in Christendom. As we were obliged to pay for their watchfulness, they probably wished to make their zeal as prominent as possible.

We found the road from Jenin to Nablous much more tiresome and less interesting than that we had traversed the day before. There was more climbing of mountains, more travelling through the stony beds of torrents, while the prospect was more shut in; and although in many places the hills were terraced almost to their tops and planted with fig trees, yet as this is the season when these trees are leafless, the country seemed barren and desolate to the eye. And yet this is the great highway which has received no alteration or improvement since the time of Christ, and probably not for a long time before. Joseph and Mary and the young child travelled it in their journeys to and from Judea, and Christ when a teacher, must many times with his disciples have passed along the rugged road. The last of our journey had been particularly uninteresting, and we moved rather wearily and silently along.—As, however, we gained the summit of the last hill, the view which broke upon us inspired us with fresh strength and courage, and delighted our eyes. We stood upon part of the Mount Ebal range of mountains, and opposite to us rose the Mount Cerazim range. Between them was a broad, pleasant valley, stretching off to the right in green pastures and groves of trees. On the left, and spreading up the foot of Getazim, was the walled city of Nablous, which looked larger and more imposing than we had expected, and is indeed one of the principal cities of Syria. Ebal and Gerazim still reared their tall heads as firm and as proud as when the children of Israel were all collected in the plain below, and the priests and Levites stood on each of them to give forth the blessings and the curses which Moses had before commanded should be done.

Our descent was over a rough, rocky road, which was not a very expeditious affair, and twilight already began to deepen as we rode up to the gates of the city. Elias had gone on before to make some preparations, leaving us to come along with the mules. As we entered, we found ourselves almost immediately enveloped in darkness, the narrow, close streets shutting out what little light remained. Very soon we thought a torrent had broken loose, for our horses were knee deep in water, the noise of whose rushing alarmed the gentlemen, and quite terrified me, I must say. I heard the animals in front of me stumbling along, and sometimes absolutely refusing to proceed, and dreaded lest mine should give out. There was nobody to lead him now, but although evidently he liked the state of things no better than I did, he carried me faithfully and safely along. After proceeding some distance in this manner, we turned into another street and supposed our troubles ended. Alas, we found we had been on the wrong track altogether, and must retrace our steps. This was discouraging, but there was no help, so back we went through the splashing water and over the rough stones, until making another turn, we heard the welcome sound of Elias's voice, and before long were safely housed. He had sent a messenger to meet us at the gate, who missed us by arriving too late. We were rather a tired, woe-be-gone looking set this night, and as soon as we had eaten, betook ourselves to bed, our accomodations being a great improvement on those we had at Jenin. We were to rise at 4 o'clock the next morning, as our longest day's ride of all lay before us; twelve or fourteen hours at least. But then Jerusalem was at the end of it, and that thought would give us strength, and shorten the long road.

We are ready, therefore, for an early start, but not so our mules and baggage. While, therefore, they were getting ready, we went to see the Samaritan Chapel, where, it being Saturday and their Sabbath, the small remnant of this ancient people were gathered for their early morning service. The five books of Moses alone constitutes their Bible, and they strive in all respects to walk in the way of their fathers. It is said these are all that are left of that people on the face of the whole earth. They have no longer any temple on Gazarim, although they sometimes make pilgrimage to it. We were told the night before the meaning of the water we passed through. A mountain stream is conducted through some of the streets of the city down into the valley below, where it is turned into a raceway to serve the purposes of a mill. At this season, when the springs are full, it has all the velocity of a torrent. In our morning walk we saw what had appeared so strange to us, and really it was quite a respectable river. Raised foot-paths, about eighteen inches in height on each side of the narrow streets serve for pedestrians, and a large rock here and there answers for a stepping stone from side to side. This stream was directly through one of the bazaars, and it not unfrequently happens that it rises so high as to cover the sidewalks, and even the floors of the shops. In summer, however, it dries entirely away like all the other streams.

It was nearly seven o'clock before we left Nablous. The weather was still delicious, and Gerazim and Ebal, the city and the valley, looked bright and pleasant in the morning sun. We did not fail to visit Job's well, a short distance from the city, near which is the tomb of Joseph, whose bones the Israelites brought with them from the land of Egypt. The mouth of the well is now nearly covered up with large stones, but water is still in it, although a large reservoir near by has superseded mostly its former usefulness. Always, however, the presence of Him who once rested on its border, and taught the astonished women of Samaria, will sanctify the spot, and myriads of pilgrim feet will visit it, and remember, as they look towards Gerazim, that "neither in this mountain nor yet at Jerusalem shall men worship the father; for they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth."

Our way to-day lay through rather a desolate tract of country; occasionally we passed thro' pleasant looking valleys, where the vine, the fig, and the olive, spread their luxuriance around in summer, but in most places the road was very bad, and fatiguing for man and beast.

As the gates of Jerusalem are always closed at sunset, and only opened afterwards by an order from some consul, two of our party, Mr. B. and the French gentleman left us and hastened on with a guide, in order to arrive in time to secure our admittance at a later hour. We made what speed we could, but the roads in many places were truly terrific. Night came upon us, notwithstanding all our efforts, at a miserable little village called Beer, and we were still three hours distant. Here Mr. F., who had complained much of fatigue, gave out entirely and declared he could go no further. T. and myself were weary too, but knew not how to give up reaching Jerusalem if possible. We knew our friends there would be anxious about us, and the good beds and good fare which we knew awaited us looked tempting. Still humanity whispered that we ought to stop, and so we did. Shall we ever forget that night in the mud dwelling, which an Arab family vacated that we might occupy it? Our worn-out fellow traveller threw himself at full length on his mattress as soon as he had swallowed the cup of tea which Elias hastily prepared, and in a moment was in a sound sleep. For us, tired as we were, sleep was impossible. Myriads of fleas assailed us of enormous size and strength.

We bore the torture until about 3 o'clock in the morning, when, rousing Elias, we made ready with the moon shining brightly over us, to proceed on our way, dispensing with breakfast and only anxious to be off. As we drew near Jerusalem the sun rose in all his splendor. We had been climbing, climbing, a long time, when suddenly between two hills we saw the holy city with its minarets and its mosques, looming up in the distance, a welcome and I must say a thrilling sight; not so much for what itself was in that moment, but for the thoughts, teachings and life-long associations which clustered and crowded around that consecrated spot. A long weary way we had yet to go before we should see it distinctly. At length on the brow of the last hill it lay clearly spread out before us. We had heard so much of the present leanness and desolation of this once glorious city, that we were disappointed, most agreeably so, at the picture it presented. We looked at it across the valley of Jeremiah, as it stretched up gradually from Mount Moriah to Mount Zion, and with its minarets and domed houses, its strong walls and back-ground of mountains, we felt no wise indisposed to exclaim—"Beautiful indeed for situation is Mount Zion, the city of the Lord."

But still it is desolate. Outside its walls, no pleasant farms or tasteful country house greets the traveller. The hard, stony, difficult road, and the waste loneliness continue to the very gates; and as we entered, the same narrow, dirty streets, paved with the same rough, uneven rocks, the same disagreeable smells, the same mixture of donkeys and camels, dogs, children, and people of all races and colors, met us here that we have encountered in so many others of these miserable Turkish towns. We found most comfortable quarters, however, at a small hotel in the heart of the city, kept by a German, and all else for a moment lost sight of in the luxury of a comfortable wash, a clean attire, and a hot breakfast. Our friends had surmised that we had stopped by the way, although a Janissary had been kept outside to await us. It was nearly 9 o'clock when we reached the hotel, and a calm, summer-like, beautiful Sabbath morning. Of what we did the rest of the day I will write elsewhere.

Our first act was to decide upon commencing our present expedition this very morning, Monday, for fear of change of weather. It is an expedition of three days through the wilderness of Judea, where we shall meet with no habitation to give us shelter in case of storm, so that it is doubly important to escape rain. This morning, therefore, at 8 o'clock, the horses were again at the door for a fresh start. We rode out of the city by the St. Stephen's gate, near which it is said the first martyr was stoned. We crossed the valley of Jehosaphat, and wound round the side of the Mount of Olives. In the delicious morning atmosphere, everything looked green and beautiful. The chief of our Bedouin guard was with us, but the mules and Arabs had gone on before, and we therefore could move as we liked. The first part of the way the road was pretty good, and a gallop or trot was quite enjoyable. We overtook the mules; and getting among the mountains which border the plains of Jordan, we went on more slowly, passing many a wild and savage scene, where it was easy enough to understand how travellers might fall among thieves. At last the plain itself came in sight, and off on our right lay the Dead Sea, "still and dark, at the feet of the mountains of Moab." We could not see the waters of Jordan, the sacred stream, but we knew where they were flowing, from the line of trees which shadowed its banks.

As we descended into the valley, a group of horsemen in the distance, caught the quick eye of our leader, and instantly our Bedouins were off like hounds upon the scent; while we waited, drawn up in a line, a short time in suspense as to whether they were friends or foes. For a short time the romance and excitement of a probable attack occupied us by way of variety, and then the signal was given back, friends. We met no other adventure, and are now, as I have told you, resting under cover of our tents. M.

—*Boston Post.*

☞ The finest idea of a thunder storm is when Wiggins came home tight. He came into the room among his wife and daughters, and just then he tumbled over the cradle and fell whoop on the floor. After a while he rose and said,—"Wife are you hurt?" "No." "Girls are you hurt?" "No." "Terrible clap, wasn't it?"

☞ An old farmer, whose son had died, was visited by a neighbor, who began to condole with him on his loss.

"My loss! No such thing; its his own loss—he was of age."

That farmer was a philosopher.

Making a Needle.

I wonder if the little girl who may read this ever thought how many people are all the time at work in making the things which she almost every day uses. What can be more common, and you may think simple than a needle? Yet, if you do not know it, I can tell you that it takes a great many persons to make a needle, and it takes a great deal of time too. Let us take a peep into a needle factory. In going over the premises we must pass hither and thither, and walk into the next street and back again, and take a drive to a mill, in order to see the whole process. We find one chamber of the shop is hung round with coils of bright wire, of all thicknesses, from the stout kinds used for codfish hooks to that for the finest cambric needles. In a room below, bits of wire, the length of two needles, are cut off; the bits need straightening, for they came off from coils.

The bundle is thrown into a red-hot furnace, then taken out and rolled backward and forward on a table until the wires are straight.—This process is called 'rubbing straight.' We now see a mill for grinding needles. We go down into the basement and find a needle-pointer seated at his bench. He takes up two dozen or so of the wires, and rolls them between his thumb and fingers, with their ends on the grind-stone, first one end and then the other. We have now the wires straight and pointed at both ends. Next is a machine which flattens and gutters the heads of ten thousand needles in an hour. Observe the little gutters at the heads of the needles.—Next comes the punching of the eyes; and the boy who does it punches eight thousand in an hour, and he does it so fast that your eye can hardly keep pace with him. The splitting follows, which is running a fine wire through a dozen, perhaps, of these twin-needles.

A woman with a little anvil before her, files between the heads and separates them. They are complete needles, but rough and rusty, and what is worse, they easily bend. A poor needle, you will say. But the hardening comes next. They are heated in batches in a furnace, and when red-hot, are thrown into a pail of cold water. Next they must be tempered; and this is done by rolling them backward and forward on a hot metal plate. The polishing still remains to be done. On a very coarse cloth, needles are spread to the number of forty or fifty thousand. Emery is strewed over them, oil is sprinkled and soft soap dashed by spoonfuls over the cloth; the cloth is then rolled hard up, and with several others of the same kind, thrown into a wash-pot, to roll to and fro for twelve hours or more.—They come out dirty enough, but after washing in clean hot water, and tossing in saw-dust, they look as bright as can be, and are ready to be sorted and put up for sale; but the sorting and doing up in papers, you may imagine, is quite a work by itself.

THE BUTTER TREE.—There is a tree in Africa called the Shea tree, from which butter of a most excellent kind is obtained. It is found near Kaaba, on the banks of the Niger. These trees grow in great numbers all over that part of Bambara. They are not planted by the natives, but are found growing naturally in the woods; and, in clearing woodland for cultivation, every tree is cut down but the shea. The tree itself very much resembles the American oak, and the kernel in water has somewhat the appearance of a Spanish olive. The kernel is enveloped in a sweet pulp, under a thin green rind, and the butter produced from it, besides the advantage of its keeping the whole year without salt, is whiter, firmer, and of a richer flavor than the best butter ever made from cow's milk. The growth and preparation of this commodity seems to be among the first objects of African industry, and it constitutes a main article of their inland commerce.

GAIN OF TIME.—The difference between rising every morning at six instead of eight o'clock, in the course of forty years, amounts to 29,500 hours, or three years, 121 days, and 16 hours; which is eight hours a day for exactly 9 years; so that rising at six will be the same as if nine years of life were added, wherein we may command eight hours of every day for the cultivation of our minds and dispatch of business.

SLOW WORK.—The bounty land warrants commenced being issued on the 1st of June, and after the expiration of three months, only 23,988 have been issued. As there are 209,000 applications, it will take over two years, at the present rate of issuing, to satisfy all the applicants.

☞ The editor of the Rochester *Democrat* gives this receipt to kill fleas on dogs: Soak the dog for five minutes in camphene, and then set fire to him. The effect is instantaneous.

☞ Simkins says his wife don't literally wear the breeches, but she does figuratively.—The six dollars poor S. laid aside to pay for a new pair of pants, Mrs. S. invested in a "duck of a bonnet."

EQUIVOCAL ADMIRATION.—A wag, seeing a lady at a party with a very low-necked dress and bare arms, expressed his admiration by saying that she *outstripped* the whole party.

☞ A grocer's wife having in a passion thrown an ink-stand at her husband, and spattered him all over with the black liquid, some wag declared that she had been engaged in the battle of Ink-her man.

☞ Why are the United States colors like the stars in Heaven?

Because they are beyond the power of any nation to pull them down.

☞ "If it wasn't for hope the heart would break," as he old lady said when she buried her seventh husband, and looked anxiously among the funeral crowd for another.