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TOWANDA:

Monday Morning, January 28, 1858

Selected Poetry.

SLEEP.

Bless the man who first invented sleep!
As Simpo Panza said, and so say I;
Bless him also, that he didn't keep
His great discovery to himself; or try
To make it—as the lucky fellow might—
A close monopoly by "patent right!"

Bless the man who first invented sleep
(I really can't avoid the iteration);
Bless him, too, with curses loud and deep,
Who's the rascal's name, or age or station,
Was first invented, and went round advising,
That artificial cut-off—early rising!

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Miscellaneous.

ADWELL, BIRTHPLACE OF JEFFERSON.

From the slopes of the Blue Ridge, west of Monticello, springs two streams which unite into the Rivanna, the principal northern tributary of the James; and after their confluence they find their way through a gap in the southwest range, not far from the center of the chain, in Albemarle county. This opening through the hills is about a mile in breadth, more than a mile from its eastern outlet, and one of those gentle swells into which the river banks are here everywhere broken—remnants of a now cultivated field—stand on either side of the stream, and are here and there indicated by the passer, by the bits of broken bricks and plaster and remnants of the stones firecracked and vitrified, which are scattered about it, that here once had been the site of a human habitation. A Virginia house formerly occupied the site. It was a two-story and a half in height; had the four rooms and hall, with garret chambers were common in those structures a hundred years ago; and also the usual huge outside chimneys, planted against each gable like the battlements, but massive enough, had been their use, to support the walls of a porch, instead of a low, wooden cottage. The house was born THOMAS JEFFERSON (1743-1826); the plane and lozenge trees planted by his hand in his twenty-first

ous slaves, and white persons whose time they owned for a term of years, served them in every capacity which use, luxury, or ostentation could dictate; and when they traveled in state their cumbersome and richly-appointed coaches were dragged by six horses, driven by three postillions. But usually the mistress of the household, with her children and maids, appropriated this vehicle. The Virginia gentleman of that day, with much of the feeling of earlier feudal times, when the spur was a badge of knighthood, esteemed the saddle most manly, if not the only way of making use of the noblest of brutes. He accordingly performed all his ordinary journeys on horseback. When he went forth with his own household, the cavalcade consisted of the mounted white males of the family, the coach and six lumbering through the sands, and a retinue of mounted body servants, grooms with spare led horses, &c., in the rear.

In their general tone and character, the lowland aristocracy of Virginia resembled the cultivated landed gentry of the mother country. Numbers of them were highly educated and accomplished, by foreign study and travel; and nearly all or certainly much the largest portion, obtained an excellent education at William and Mary College, after its establishment, or respectable acquirements in the classical schools kept in nearly every parish by the learned clergy of the established Church. As a class they were intelligent, polished in manners, high-toned and hospitable—and sturdy in their loyalty and in their adherence to the National Church. Their winters were often spent in gayeties and festivities of the provincial capital; their summers when not connected with the public service, principally in supervising their immense estates, in visiting each other, and in such amusements as country life afforded. Among the latter, the chase held a prominent place. Born almost to the saddle and to the use of the fire-arms, they were keen hunters; and when the chase was over, they sat round groaning boards, and drank confusion to Frenchman and Spaniard abroad, and Roundhead and Prelatist at home. When the lurking and predatory Indian became the object of pursuit, no strength of the red man could withstand, no speed of his elude, this fiery and gallantly mounted cavade. The social gulf which separated this from the common class of colonists, became about as deep and wide, and as difficult to overleap in marriage and other social arrangements, as that which divided the gentry and peasantry of England. Such were the Carters, the Carys, the Burwells, the Byrds, the Fairfaxes, the Harrisones, the Lees, the Randolphs, and many other families of early Virginia.

His appearance was engaging. His face, though angular and far from beautiful, beamed with intelligence, with benevolence, and with the cheerful vivacity of a happy, hopeful spirit. His complexion was ruddy, and delicately fair; his reddish chestnut hair, luxuriant and silken. His full, deep set eyes, the prevailing color of which was a light hazel, or flecks of hazel on a groundwork of gray, were peculiarly expressive, and mirrored, as the clear lake mirrors the cloud, every emotion which was passing through his mind. He stood six feet two and a half inches in height, and though very slim at this period, his form was erect and snappy, and his movements displayed elasticity and vigor. He was an expert musician, a fine dancer, a dashing rider, and there was no manly exercise in which he could not play well his part. His manners were unusually graceful, but simple and cordial. His conversation already possessed no inconsiderable share of that clarity which, in after years, was so much extolled by friends, and to which enemies attributed so seductive an influence in molding the young and the wavering in his political views. There was a frankness, earnestness, and cordiality in its tone—a deep sympathy with humanity—a confidence in man, and a sanguine hopefulness in his destiny, which irresistibly won upon the feelings of not only the ordinary hearer, but of those grave men whose commerce with the world had perhaps led them to form less glowing estimates of it—of such men as the scholar-like Small, the sagacious Wythe, the courtly and gifted Fauquier.

Mr. Jefferson's temper was gentle, kindly, and forgiving. If it naturally had anything of that warmth which is the usual concomitant of affections and sympathies so ardent, and it did not doubt had, it had been subjugated by habitual control. Yet, under its even placidity, there were not wanting those indications of calm self-reliance and courage which all instinctively recognize and respect. There is not an instance on record of his having been engaged in a personal encounter, or his having suffered a personal indignity. Possessing the accomplishments he avoided the vices of the young Virginia gentry of the day, and a class of habits which, if not vices themselves, were too often made the preludes to them. He never gambled. To avoid importunities to games which were generally accompanied with betting, he never learned to distinguish one card from another; (his grandson, Col. Thomas J. Randolph, informs us that cards were never played in his house); he was moderate in the enjoyments of the table; to strong drinks he had an aversion which rarely yielded to any circumstances; his mouth was unpolluted by opium or tobacco! Though he speaks of enjoying "the victory of a favorite horse," and the "death of the fox," he never put but one horse in training to run—never ran but a single race, and he very rarely joined in the pleasant excitement—he knew it to be too pleasant for the aspiring student—of the chase. With such qualities of mind and character, with the favor of powerful friends and relatives, and even of vice royalty to urge him onward, Mr. Jefferson was not a young man to be lightly regarded by the young or old of either sex.

His daughter wishes to become a nun. In April, 1789, an incident of an interesting character occurred in Mr. Jefferson's family. His oldest daughter, as has been seen, had been educated in the views and feelings of the Church of England. Her mother had

zealously molded her young mind in that direction. Her father had done nothing certainly by word or act to divert it from that channel; and when they traveled in state their cumbersome and richly-appointed coaches were dragged by six horses, driven by three postillions. But usually the mistress of the household, with her children and maids, appropriated this vehicle. The Virginia gentleman of that day, with much of the feeling of earlier feudal times, when the spur was a badge of knighthood, esteemed the saddle most manly, if not the only way of making use of the noblest of brutes. He accordingly performed all his ordinary journeys on horseback. When he went forth with his own household, the cavalcade consisted of the mounted white males of the family, the coach and six lumbering through the sands, and a retinue of mounted body servants, grooms with spare led horses, &c., in the rear.

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New Baby in the House.

We knew all about it—what all those drawers and chests were filled up with a miniature wardrobe for—why sister Mary had such a fashion of blushing and folding her pretty tasteful work at the bottom of the basket.

Yes, we know all about it now; the mystery is explained; we've got a baby! a real bona fide baby; the intelligence of which was conveyed to me by a round-eyed, wonder-stricken urchin, who was the baby until this morning.

"Oh, such a tiny bit of squirm!" he exclaimed, "no bigger than a doll, and it ain't got no eyes at all!"

Fast as I hurried home to welcome the little stranger, Tommy was there before me, and with eyes bigger than ever, was standing at the nurse's knee, evidently trying to solve the question whether baby's fists were doubled up to hit him a pinch or snub his own nose the wrong way of the world.

A brain new baby! Do you know what its advent is into the heart and home of a happy family? The mother lying upon the bed of suffering which reduces all women, from the queen to the beggar, to the same common level of humanity; the mother that we approach so reverently, feeling that a human soul has been sent from heaven via her maternal bosom, and that from her hands he who sent it will require a strict account of its guardianship while passing its life through this world of chance and change.

What a responsibility! I think we are seldom conscious of it, or if we were, we who know to its core every throbb of the great world's heart, we have lived through its storm and calm, who know how substantial its pleasures, how poignant its woes—I say could we know the responsibility of transplanting to its sunshine and its shade, one single blossom from the garden of God, we should pray to be spared that trust that we might ineffectually fulfill.

But then to see our new baby—our beautiful mystery! to see all tip-toeing in—everybody but Tommy who never having been accustomed to walking on eggs, don't exactly see why he should begin now—to see them all so gleeful over baby, so pitiful over "Mamma—poor Mamma," (I'm going there pale and wan—to see them joking papa, and calling him a "terrible fellow," at which little Tommy is indignant, and thinks it wouldn't be well for Mr. Grundy to call him such a hard name. What an interest we take in babies in general; not that we think that any thing in that line could hold a candle with ours; and what jokes we tell about other people's babies, until our laughter warns the nurse, who warns us to be more quiet or leave; to be sure, the laughter is generally confined to Tommy and I, for mamma only smiles the faintest ghost of a smile; Tommy makes up for it, however, laughing so loud and so long without the remotest idea where the rough-and-tumble somerset can cool off his merriment, at the exhibition of which enormous nurse gives him a different kind of a propeller, which sends him crying into the kitchen. Mamma says: "poor Tommy!" and papa immediately starts for him.)

In a few minutes he returns with Tommy and a pair of red eyes, very manfully asserting that papa's boy wasn't going to have his nose put out of joint for all the babies in the world! I don't mean to smile on papa, when he thinks I don't see him, and smiles on her, and takes her poor bloodless hand and presses it to his lips, and places it in his bosom, till poor me, who don't see him any how, who wouldn't be hired to see him, who has lived long enough in the world to know when to see and when not to see, choke up the most kind, make up for my chamber, and have just a significant cry, with nothing in the world to cry for, only because everything is so affecting; the sick room in its quietude, the helpless little creature in its cradle, and papa and mamma over the dear one he has chosen out of the world to walk with him the pilgrimage of life, lies for the first time before him weak and pale, with this morsel of humanity upon her bosom. The promise they make to their own hearts that no wrong of their doing shall ever give a pang to that gentle spirit; that no path of pleasure shall be bright enough to lure their feet from the portals of home; that no word of unkindness shall ever give pain to the mother of their child. But alas! (there must be an end to everything in this world,) new babies get to be old stories; fresh promises fade in the light of fresher pleasures—and men, being "inconsistent ever," would require a fresh baby every week or two, to make them see the mark of all the promises they so inconsiderately make; and as it would be rather inconvenient for us to accommodate ourselves to such requirements, we must take the will for the deed, and make the most of their repentance for the past, and good resolves for the future, while the motives for these resolutions last. Babies are a great institution, though; at least ours is.

A KNOWING YANKEE.—A downcast strayed into the square in front of the City Hall, Boston, lately, and placed his brogans firmly in front of the bronze statue of Franklin, looking upward to the benignant face of the old philosopher with great apparent interest.

"What old feller's likeness is that?" asked he of a bystander.

"That, sir, is a statue of Ben Franklin."

"State of Franklin, eh? Well, I've read all about him. Petty good old feller in his way. Never fit much in his revelations, but was great on soft-soldiering the French. But I say, you, how durned yaller he was!"

After a funeral in Boston, a husband returned to his sudden demise to receive his of condolence from sympathetic friends.

"Well, how do you feel now?" asked one.

"Better—somewhat better!" was the reply. "This little pneumonia has done me good!"

Strengthening.—Lucy is standing at the glass and Mary's at the door, and both revealed through smiles, their teeth, that winter's come once more. Lucy's but fifteen, Mary is (a lass) not seventeen yet. They scarcely had got buried in their furs and curls, when William drove up rapturously—he came to sleigh the girls. The girls they came delightedly, and tumbled in instant, while William tared the horses around, and went off on a canter. La! wasn't it a sight to see the gay girls flashing past, their feathers streaming out behind—their laughter on the blast—their cheeks all crimson, and their lips red, budding with delight? "Wouldn't thrill the gruffest bachelor to witness such a sight! How he would thrill to taste those lips—like that dear youth of Gray, who went to grass with hasty steps"—and "hush the dew away!"

Well, on they went far out into the night; horses flew past them like discolored ghosts, and toll-gates, as they glanced in the moonlight, seemed but of Brown & Brother's fence, the posts. And as each gate was safely passed and paid, William, remembering his own private docket, balanced the account, and from their lips defrayed the wild expense experienced by him. At last into a tavern they came. "What, ho! there, landlord, oysters and the wine!"

A brief delay, and on the viands came, and all declared the supper was divine. They laughed and talked, concluded them to start, and then they thought they'd stay a little while longer; while William, not quite ready to depart, went out to get a drink of something stronger. That last drink done the business for him.

He got into the horses helped the girls to places, and piling them all over in the robes, prepared himself for fifty thousand races.—He started furiously along, dashing through toll-gates without paying toll, and amid his hiccups, tried to sing a song, and from side to side upon the seat did roll. A long he dashed; the girls got scared, and rose upon their feet; the robes flew off upon the blast, (the pace was hard to bear!) The girls were all confused in dress, and dragged were their curls. Lo! William looked behind, and found he had disrobed the girls! But still the horses flew along, as though by Satan driven.—The girls, poor things! had given up hope—resigned themselves to Heaven. At length they in the gutter flew! O! gracious! what a bother! One girl went on one side the fence, the other on the other! William went quite "provisionally" clear over head and ears, but came out sobered, dirty, wet, and dropping muddy tears. The sequel was, the wretched three, so thoroughly sobered down, their horses gone, they used their legs, and walked three miles to town.

MONA.—Those who go out to sleigh the girls must needs be circumspect. The girls think drinking "whisky-skius" a great, a vile defect. And more than all, who wouldn't be scorned by the mean and rude, who'd go a sleighing of the girls, and let himself get sleigh?

THE SHADOWS OF AN AWFUL WINTER.—The following eloquent extract is taken from a discourse lately delivered by Rev. E. H. Chapin to his congregation in New York:

"It is not the ruined merchant, merely—it is not the spectacle of depreciated property and lost credit, and the manifold discomforts of usual bankruptcy that most make us shudder and grow sad. Around the gloomy shadow there is still a darker rim. Away down below the platform of financial transactions there looms a sea of facts—these faces of workmen and working women, looking up among the stopped machinery of the factories, and the silence of ship-rarids, and all the derelictions of suspended labor; looking up to the shadows of an awful Winter overcasting them. Men and brethren, what shall we do for those whose hard earned dollars are not merely honor and credit, but bread and blood, and life itself? What shall we do for the poorest of babes, that must soon hang on the wretched breast of famine, and for the women for whom we must say something more than 'God help them'! Ah, yes, a financial crisis is a matter for tears and shuddering, as well as for arithmetic and rumor."

AN IGNORANT MAYOR.—The Philadelphia Press is responsible for the following relative to the chief officer of a century ago. He was so ignorant that the wages sent a book peddler to him with English grammars immediately after his election; and when he declared he had no use for the book, the peddler said: "Everybody tells me you must have it and study it, too." He came into office, and took his chair in staidly dignity. In a few minutes the clerk laid before him a paper, which the Mayor was requested to endorse as one that had passed under his eye. The clerk remarked: "It is only necessary that you write your initials upon it." "My initials," said the Mayor, "what's my initials?" Now it happened that P. was the first letter of both the Mayor's names, and the clerk very innocently replied: "Oh, sir, merely write two P's upon the back of this paper." His Honor, the Mayor, took a quill in his trembling hands, with the perspiration on his brow, wrote "two p's," and the document is on file in the office unto this day.

RELICS OF JONAH.—The Charleston Advertiser says that a whale of the humped back species was driven ashore at Nahant, a few days since, and upon being cut open a pair of boots marked "J." in a good state of preservation, were found in his entrails. It is supposed that the boots, as they were marked "J." belonged to Jonah, and were taken off and left behind by accident when he made his exit from the big fish.

THE SURETY.—He that is well employed in his study, though he may seem to do nothing, does the greatest thing of all others; he lays down precepts for the governing of our lives, and the moderating of our passions; and obliges human nature, not only in the present, but in all succeeding generations.—Seneca

ECCENTRIC PARASITE.—A good story is told of a Methodist preacher—and the story is true to a letter—who lived about forty years ago. He was a bachelor, and he could write his real name, but prefer to call his name Smith. He resisted many persuasions to marry, which his friends were constantly making, until he had reached a tolerably advanced age, and he himself began to feel the need of, or at least, to have new ideas of the comfort of being united with woman's gentle care. Shortly after entering one of his circuits, a maiden lady, also of ripe years, was strongly recommended to him, and his friends again urged that he had better get married, representing that the lady named would probably not refuse to accept him, notwithstanding his eccentricities.

"Do you think so?" responded the dominie, for he very perceptibly smiled: "then I'll go and see her."

He was a man of his word. His ring at the door-bell was answered by the serving-maid.

"Ith Mith P.—within?" briskly but calmly asked the lover.

"Yes, sir. Will you walk in?"

"No, I thank you. Be kind enough to say Mith P.—that I wish to speak to her a moment."

Miss P.—appeared, and repeated the invitation to walk in.

"No, I thank; I'll thoon explain my butness. I'm the new Methodist preacher. I'm unmarried. My friend think I'd better marry. They recommend you for my wife. Have you any objection?"

"Why, really, Mr. Sm.—"

"There—don't another now. Will call thith day week for your reply. Good-day."

On that day week he re-appeared at the door of Miss P.—'s residence. It was promptly opened by the lady herself.

"Walk in Mr. Smith."

"Cannot ma'am. Have not time. Thutart on my thirout round in half an hour. Ith four another ready, ma'am?"

"Oh, do walk in, Mr. Smith."

"Can't indeed, ma'am. Pleath rather me. Yeth or No?"

"Well, Mr. Smith, it is a very serious matter. I should not like to get out of the way of Providence."

"I perfectly understand you, Mith P.— We will be married thith day week, at 11 o'clock. She was ready; they were married, and lived happily several years.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.—To fall in love with a charming woman some years older than yourself, before you have raised a monstache, and spend all your available means in the purchase of lockets, pins, rings, and other souvenirs for her.

The Working.—To receive an invitation to her wedding with the abominable chap she always introduced to you as her cousin.

"He who rises late may trot all day, but never overtake his business." So said Franklin. A contemporary says: "We have watched those fellows who are early risers, and, as a general thing they are the first chaps who go to the groceries in the morning. It's all nonsense about the smartest, and greatest, and wisest men being the early risers."

Dutchman, in describing a span of horses which he had lost, said:

"Dey was very mooch alike, specially de off one. One looked so mooch like, I could not tell toddler from; ven I vent after de one I always caught de oder, and I whippid de one almost to death because de oder kick at me."

"Hallo, steward!" exclaimed a fellow in one of the steamboats, after having retired to his bed: "Hallo, steward?" "Here massa?" "Bring me that bill." "What for, massa?" "I want to see if these bed bugs put down their names for this berth before I did. If not, I want them turned out."

The Syracuse Standard says that one of the ladies on board of the Minnehaha, at the picnic recently, exposed her under skirts during the shower. On the bank of the skirt was printed in a circle, in large blue letters— "Extra Generous, 49 pounds."

It's very hard to do it, to live in such a row, and witness this that every Miss but me has got a bean, for love goes calling up and down, but here he seems to shun; I'm sure he has been asked enough to call at number one.

An Irishman attending a Quaker meeting, heard a young man make the following announcement: "Brethren and sisters, I am going to marry a daughter of the Lord." "The devil you are?" said Pat: "an' it'll be a long time afore ye'll see yer father-in-law!"

A man with a large family was complaining of the difficulty of supporting all of them. "But," said a friend, "you have some big enough to earn something for you." "The difficulty is they are too big," was answered.

The eye is getting more refined. "Root hog or die" is now rendered as follows: "Penetrate the subsoil, my porcine friend, or early expect an obituary notice on your untimely demise."

They make sandwiches in Australia by putting a piece of leather between two shingles. The price depends on the supply of old boots.

A friend of ours kept his hands warm all winter from "mittens" he got from the ladies. Cheap way for a supply of comfortables.

The man who caught a glance from the eye of beauty says that it slipped through his fingers and went right through his heart, inflicting a dangerous wound.