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TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, April 1, 1858.

Selected Poetry.

A SONG OF OTHER DAYS.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

As o'er the glacier's frozen sheet
Breathes soft the Alpine rose,
So through life's desert springing sweet,
The flower of friendship grows;
And as, where'er the roses grow,
Some rain or dew descends,
'Tis nature's law that wine should flow
To wet the lips of friends.

Then once again before we part,
My empty glass shall ring;
And he that has the warmest heart
Shall loudest laugh and sing.

They say we were not born to eat;
But gray-hair'd sages think
It means,—be moderate in your meat,
And partly live to drink;
For baser tribes the rivers flow,
That know not wine or song;
Man wants but little drink below,
But wants that little strong.
Then once again, &c.

If one bright drop is like the gem
That decks a monarch's crown,
One goblet holds a diadem
Of rubies melted down!
A fig for Cæsar's blazing brow,
But like the Egyptian queen,
Bid each dissolving jewel glow
My thirsty lips between.
Then once again, &c.

The Grecian's mound, the Roman's urn,
Are silent when we call,
Yet still the purple grapes return
To clusters on the wall;
It was a bright immortal's head
They circled with the vine,
And o'er their best and bravest dead
They poured the dark red wine.
Then once again, &c.

Methinks o'er every sparkling glass
Young Eros waves his wings,
And echoes o'er its dimples pass
From dead Anacreon's string;
And, passing round its beaded brim
Their locks of floating gold,
With bacchant dance and choral hymn
Return the nymphs of old.
Then once again, &c.

A welcome then to joy and mirth,
From hearts as fresh as ours,
To scatter o'er the dust of earth
Their sweetly mingled flowers;
'Tis wisdom's self the cup that fills,
In spite of folly's frown,
And nature from her vine-clad hill's,
That rains her life-blood down!
That once again, before we part,
My empty glass shall ring;
And he that has the warmest heart
Shall loudest laugh and sing.

Miscellaneous.

A NIGHT OF PERIL.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

It was a night in the tropics. The moon had not yet risen, but a thousand stars were out on high. Our schooner lay almost motionless, save slowly lifting with regular swell.—There was not a sound to disturb the silence, except the wash of an occasional ripple against the side, or the impatient whistle of a seaman. Every side of the ocean stretched away unbroken in the dim obscurity of the horizon.—The blue concave above was unbroken by a cloud except towards the east, where a bank of vapor hung on the seaboard like a thin piece of gauze, but a spicy odor impregnating the air in that direction, told the practical seaman that what seemed only a cloud was in reality land. The beauty and stillness of the night were beyond description, and even the watch of the crew, as they leaned idly over the side seemed to feel the dreamy influence of the hour, and forgot the possibility of danger.

Isabel, Mr. Thornton, and I sat on the after deck, enjoying the delicious scene.—Gradually, we lapsed into silence. The bliss of being near her whom I loved, was enough for me, and I sat wrapt in the deepest reverie.

Suddenly, a piercing cry broke from Isabel's lips. It was a cry of alarm, so startling and wild that I turned hastily toward her.

Her face was paler than that of death, her eyes were parted in terror, her eyes stared wildly at some object in the distance; and her finger pointed in the direction of her look, trembled like an aspen. Instinctively I followed her eye. Far down toward the African coast I saw, scarcely discernible amid the blaze which hung in that direction, a long low oared boat; and, though the distance rendered it nearly undistinguishable, enough could be seen to make us certain that it was crowded with men and pulling directly for us. I sprang to my feet. Isabel's terror was not without cause. Our schooner had gone up the river Gabion, but the night before, had detected signs of hostility on the part of the natives, and had escaped massacre only by cutting the cable and putting to sea.—Shortly after daybreak the light breeze had died away, and we had been lying since in full view of the coast, till dusk, which stretched along the horizon, a dark impenetrable line of land, with a fringe of white surf in front.—I knew at once, that the negroes had only waited till night-fall to follow us; and that as the wind arose, we were lost.

I looked around the horizon. There was no sign of a breeze. Then I called for a lighted candle. By this time every eye was fixed on me. The crew gathered within a short distance of the quarter deck, anxiously awaiting orders.

The candle was brought, and I held it aloft. For some minutes the flames streamed perpendicularly upward. At last it slightly inclined, and finally flared almost horizontally outward from the wick. Simultaneously I felt on my cheek a nearly imperceptible puff of air.

"Thank God!" I cried.

But scarcely I had spoken, when the candle burned up steadily again, and our hearts sank within us.

There is no feeling so agonizing as suspense. As I watched the candle, my anxiety gradually be came so intense that I could hear the pulsations of my heart increasing in rapidity and strength until they smote on my ear like the strokes of a force pump. Soon, too, sounds reached me—they were those of the quick rolicking of oars at a distance. I started and seizing a night-glass, gazed at the approaching barge, determined to know the worst at once. I counted no less than thirty ruffianly looking negroes besides several white men, as I thought in the boat, and in the cannoes behind.

Our own force, all told, amounted to only ten. Sick at soul, I shut the glass and turned to the candle. I fancied that it flared slightly. Wetting my hand I held it up and felt, yes! I felt the water evaporating on the palm. I turned to the light. It now bent steadily over, and finally streamed out at right angles to the wick, when it suddenlywent out. At the same instant I heard a slight murmur in the rigging.

"All hands make sail," I said; "here comes the breeze. Cheerily my lads. It is for life or death."

The men sprang to the sails, and the glad sound of the water rippling under our bows soon met our ears, telling us that we were in motion. With a sudden feeling of exhilaration I turned astern, and it seemed as if we had already increased our distance from the foe. Unconsciously I uttered an exclamation of joy. At this instant I heard a deep respiration at my side. The sound proceeded from Isabel, who, attracted by my words, had read hope in my face, and thus given utterance to her relief.

"Do you think we shall escape?" she said, eagerly.

"I hope so—indeed I am sure we shall,"—I added, willing to say almost more than I believed. "If the wind freshens we shall soon run them out of sight."

Her answering look gave me courage to face a legion of foes. I felt that I could lay down a thousand lives sooner than suffer her to fall into the hands of our pursuers.

The next fifteen minutes was passed in a state of the most agonizing suspense. At first, we fancied that the savages were droping astern, and a general feeling of relief passed through the ship. But when I watched the barge for several minutes, my heart misgave me, and at most I could only hope that the ruffians did not gain on us. Anxious to conceal my fears, I assumed a cheerfulness I did not feel, and endeavored to divert the minds of Isabel and her father from the contemplation of their dangerous situation.

At last the breeze almost died out. For the first time the savages uttered a wild yell, or rather howl like that of famished wolves at the sight of their prey. Isabel gave a stifled shriek, and buried her face on her father's bosom. Words cannot describe the agony expressed in the parent's look, or in the wild embrace with which he drew his child to his breast.

The mate glanced at the now rapidly approaching boat, and coming close to me, said in a hoarse voice—

"In ten minutes all will be over." We looked earnestly towards Isabel. "To think of that lovely girl in the hands of brutal outlaws or savage negroes."

"Better death than dishonor," I responded, understanding his meaning No other word was said, but we pressed each other's hands convulsively.

Weapons were soon distributed, and I made a short address to the men. I did not pretend to conceal our danger. I told them they had no alternative but to conquer or die.—No allusion was made to Isabel, but a single glance of my eye towards her was understood, and each man grasped his cutlas tighter as he comprehended the silent appeal. When my voice ceased there was a hush for a second.—The first sound that broke the quiet was the rolicking of the pirates' oars, striking with fearful distinctness on our ears, and telling by its increased loudness, how rapidly the foe gained on us.

Meantime the fog bank had been creeping down towards us, and the mist had now grown so thick that, to the west, it shut out the horizon completely from sight, though the stars were still visible higher up towards the zenith. Nearer us the vapor was less dense, objects being still visible for some distance across the water. About a dozen whites were in the barge; the rest were negroes.

A carronade, at my orders, had been charged, and was now fired at the approaching fleet. It missed the launch, but striking among the canoes behind, sank one. A wild howl of rage burst from the ruffians, and the barge swept down towards us with redoubled velocity.

"I think I can pick off one of those ruffians," said I to the mate. "We may disable three or four before they can reach us, and every life will increase our chances. You are a good shot?"

"Ah," said he, "I will count for one if you will for the other. Let us take the two leading oarsmen at once, for the instant they touch us, we shall have them pouring in, on our low decks, like a wave over the knight heads."

"Are you ready?"

"Ready!" was the response; and we fired.

Simultaneously with the flash of my piece, I saw the bow oarsman fall. The mate had followed my example, and the second ruffian leaped up, with a yell, and tumbled across the seat. Both oars caught in the water, and were snapped off at the thwart. For an instant the pirates seemed paralyzed, but they immediately rallied.

"Again!" I cried.

We fired so nearly at the same instant, that there was but one crack of pieces. Two more ruffians fell; but the boat still kept on, and was now within pistol shot.

"Take off that fellow with the red sash," I hoarsely whispered. "I'll aim at the coxswain. One of the two must be the leader."

My was never keener, nor my hand more firm than at that moment. One might have counted two while I paused; then my piece blazed. My man sprang forward and fell, struggling convulsively. The mate fired simultaneously, and the helmsman tumbled headlong forward, falling on the ruffian I had shot. There was a howl of lamentation from the negroes, the rowers stopped, several rushed aft, all was confusion. The boat shot forward until almost abreast of us, and then lay motionless on the water.

But the hesitation of the pirates was of short duration. The cries of grief on the part of the negroes were exchanged for shouts of rage. We could see the whites urging them on. We had barely time to note the horrible expressions of their faces, glaring with revenge and the most savage passions; we had barely time to level the remaining muskets hastily at them and fire, though with what effect the confusion would scarcely allow us to perceive, when the bow of the barge grated against our sides, and immediately a boat hook was fixed in the low bulwarks.

At the moment, one of the crew, with a blow of an axe, cut the implement in two, but as he did so, a stalwart white sprang on deck, where he stood, brawny and gigantic, keeping a charmed circle around him with a cutlass. Instantaneously, like a swarm of bees, our assailants clustered on the side of the vessel, and despite our desperate resistance, eventually gained a footing.

We now hastily retreated to the quarter deck, where we prepared to make our stand. To reach us the assailants would have to pass the narrow passages on each side of the companion-way, and these had, just before, been partially blocked up, with such efficiency as time would admit, by water casks that usually stood on the quarter-deck. Our whole force was drawn up within this fortification.

The piratical leader saw our hasty preparations, and paused a moment to scan our position. Thus both parties remained for a few seconds, inactive—eyeing each other as men are apt to do when about to engage in mortal conflict. On the part of the assailants, this scrutiny was carried on with feelings akin to those with which a tiger watches the prey he knows cannot escape him. Our emotions were those of men doomed to death, and aware of their fate, but resolved to sell their lives as dearly as possible. On one side was fiendish exultation, and on the other manly despair.

"Have at them," shouted the ruffian in English, suddenly; and his men, answering with a yell dashed forward.

"Stand fast, my hearties," I cried, confronting the foe at the right of the companion way while the mate took the opposite pass on the left. "Strike for your life or death."

Of the succeeding minutes I have no distinct recollection. There was a wild clashing of cutlasses, mingled with reports of pistols and the shouts of angry combatants, while occasionally a shrill cry of agony, from some one desperately wounded, rose above the uproar. Our stock of fire-arms were scanty, so that we had little with which to oppose the foe except cutlasses, while most of the desperadoes were armed with pistols. But our defences slight as they were considerably retarded the approach of the enemy.

In vain the piratical leader struggled to penetrate into our little circle. Sustained by four sturdy old man-of-war's men, I hurled him back on his followers as often as he attempted to clamber over our defences. So fierce was the contest in this quarter, that the cutlasses, crossing each other in strife, formed a bridge over me and the pirate, while the blades flashed rapidly and incessantly. The mate, though hurt, had also maintained his ground.

Three times had I been wounded, one of my little party was shot dead, all of us were streaming with blood yet still we maintained the unequal combat. But I felt that our resistance could not be protected much longer. We had suffered quite as severely as the savages. But while, for every man they lost, there were three to take his place, it had required the whole of our little force even at first to defend our barricade. Our thinned numbers could now scarcely maintain their footing, and, with the loss of one or two more would be totally inadequate to it. The canoes, meantime, were rapidly approaching.

We had just, for the fourth time, beaten back our assailants. A fifth attack, I feared would be successful. As I thought this, I cast my eyes hastily around to Isabel, who sat, or rather cowered, under the shelter of the companion-way. Her eyes were fixed to windward, as though earnestly contemplating some object. With sudden hope, I followed the direction of her look.

I have said that the wind died away before the pirates boarded us, and since then, every faculty had been absorbed in the conflict for existence, so that I had not been aware of the gradual revival of the breeze. Now, however, when the din of battle momentarily ceased, my ears were greeted with the sighing of the wind among the rigging, and the pleasant murmur of the water as it parted under our bows and gliding along the sides—gentle and soothing sounds always, but especially so after the maddening uproar of the mortal strife.

I became conscious also, the very instant my eyes turned to windward, that the fog, which I have described as settling around us, was slowly dissipating, and, although it still lay thick and palpable along the surface of the water, higher up it thinned off, and finally disappeared altogether. The object which had attracted Isabel's attention was a tall mast rising majestically above the fog, not a cable's length distant, and, though the hull was invisible, I saw, with what delight my readers can imagine, that the union jack of my beloved country was floating at the mast head.

"Huzzah!" I cried, "Huzzah! Help is at hand. Here comes our gallant flag."

Had a thunderbolt fallen at their feet and torn up the deck beneath them, the pirates could not have shown more consternation than at these words. Every man looked around in search of the new comer and when the stranger was discovered to windward no pen can describe the expression of amazement and affright, which gathered on the faces of the ruffains. They stood a moment, as if spell-bound staring at the tall masts that rose majestically above the fog, their eyes distending with astonishment. As the vessel bore down on us, the mist rolled slowly aside; first her bowsprit shoved itself out of the fog, then the white vapor curled along her forechains became visible, and finally, like a magic picture emerging from the smoke of an enchanter's tripod, the whole symetrical hull rose in sight, with a row of teeth frowning from the open ports.

At this sight the negroes no longer wavered. A cry of affright broke from them, and hurrying tp their boat, they tumbled into it pell mell, and pushed off, leaving behind, in their consternation, most of their white companions. Availing ourselves of this happy juncture, we sallied forth, and cut down those who resisted, chased the rest overboard.

The ship was now close upon us, and in a few hurried words, I acquainted her captain with our situation, and the character of the fugitives whose boat was rapidly pulling into the fog. Not a second was lost in the pursuit. The sloop of war glided majestically by, and just as she passed across our fore-foot, a stream of fire gushed from one of her guns.—The boat flew in splinters, leaving her crew struggling in the water. We could see, even at our distance, the wounded wretches fighting for a plank, or struggling a moment on the water, like wounded ducks, ere they sank forever. In a few minutes all was still in the vicinity of the spot where the barge went down. As for the canoes, they disappeared at once, the negroes in them making the best of their way ashore.

GOLD BOUGHT TOO DEAR.—Gold! bright, glittering, tempting gold! How often art thou purchased too dear? How often life, health, friendship, conscience, and peace of mind are all sacrificed in thy pursuit! How often does poor, weak foolish man, forget his honor, forget those moral principles, early inculcated by a christian mother, forget his God in the acquisition of gold.

That man who leaves his young wife and prattling babes, who leaves his father and mother, all his relations and friends, his fire-side and home, seeks a distant land, it may be an unhealthful climate, to amass a fortune sooner than it could be acquired at home, will buy his gold too dear.

That man, who, regardless of all truth and honor, indifferent to the comforts and conveniences of all but himself, continues, year after year, in swindling his fellow men, under the mask of business, who cheats all in buying and selling, whose only aim in life is the gain of the "mighty dollar," is buying his gold too dear.

A man may, after years of toil, obtain a fortune, he may gain his long sought gold, but how few men, after years of great fatigue and care, are able to enjoy their long-hoarded gains? How few can appreciate or understand the many real pleasures to be deprived from the proper application of their gold, and how many are only made more miserable in the possession than they were while acquiring it. With health gone; friends and relatives forgotten or estranged, during the years devoted entirely to self and gold; he may be the object of envy to a few, for his wealth; but to the discriminating mind he is an object of pity, on account of his folly, having bartered the noblest of blessings, for a pile of shining dust; he cannot enjoy his gold. With a sallow countenance, an unfeeble gait, a broken constitution, he appears among his neighbors, astonishing them for a short time with his wealth, then sinks into the grave a victim to the enormous price he paid for his gold. He has sojourned in a distant land, he has foregone the pleasures and comforts of home and friends; he has exposed himself to death, and though he has not fallen a prey in a foreign clime, he has merely obtained a respite for a few short miserable months.

Has he obtained an equivalent for this loss of health or life? No! he has purchased his gold too dear.

☞ There is perhaps no pain so acute, no sentiment so humilitating to the heart of woman, as the consciousness of awakening distrust, when she most deserves to have inspired confidence.

"How is coal this morning?" said a purcaser to an Irishman who was at work in a coal yard. "Black as iver," said Pat.

HOW TO AVOID QUARRELS.—The late Mr. John Jones being asked by a friend how he kept from being involved in quarrels, replied, "By letting the angry person have all the quarrel to himself."

A drunkard upon his death-bed demanded a glass of water before receiving divine consolation. "Upon one's death-bed," he observed, "it is but right to be reconciled with our mortal enemy!"

☞ An inquisitive priest having asked a young lady her name in the confessional, she replied, with as much of wit as of modesty, "Father my name is not sin."

☞ A lady on separating from her husband changed her religion, being determined, she said, to avoid his company in this world and the next.

☞ A dandy is a chap who would be a lady if he could; but as he can't, does all he can to show the world that he is not a man.

☞ There is only one objection to people who "mean well," and that is they never can spare time to carry out their meaning.

The Stolen Knife.

Many years ago, when a boy of seven or eight years, there was one thing which I longed for more than anything else, and which I imagined would make me happy. It was a jack-knife Then I would not be obliged to borrow father's every time I wished to cut a string or a stick, but could whittle whenever I choose, and as much as I pleased. Dreams of kites, bows and arrows, boats, &c., all manufactured with the aid of that shining blade haunted me by day and night.

It was a beautiful morning in June, that my father called me, and gave me leave, if I wished, to go with him to the store. I was delighted, and taking his hand, we started. The birds sang sweetly on every bush, and everything looked so gay and beautiful, that my heart fairly leaped for joy. After our arrival at the village, and while my father was occupied in purchasing some articles in a remote part of the store, my attention was drawn to a man who was asking the price of various jack-knives which lay on the counter. As this was a very interesting subject to me, I approached, intending only to look at them. I picked up one, opened it, examined it, tried the springs, felt the edge of the blades with my thumb, and thought I could never cease admiring their polished surface. Oh! if it were only mine, thought I, how happy I should be! Just at this moment, happening to look up, I saw the merchant had gone to change a bill for his customer, and no one was observing me. For fear that I might be tempted to do wrong, I started to replace the knife on the counter, but an evil spirit whispered, "Put it into your pocket; quick!" Without stopping to think of the crime or its consequences, I hurriedly slipped it into my pocket, and as I did so, felt a blush of shame burning on my cheek; but the store was rather dark, and no one noticed it, nor did the merchant miss the knife.

We soon started for home, my father giving me a parcel to carry. As we walked along, my thoughts continually rested on the knife, and I kept my hand in my pocket all the time, from a sort of guilty fear that it would be seen. This, together with carrying the bundle in my other hand, made it difficult for me to keep pace with my father. He noticed it, and gave me a lecture about walking with my hands in my pockets.

Ah! how different were my thoughts then, from what they were when passing the same scenes a few hours before. The song of the birds seemed joyous no longer, but sad and sorrowful, as if chiding me for my wicked act. I could not look my father in the face for I had been heedless of his precepts, broken one of God's commandments, and become a *thief*. As these thoughts passed through my mind, I could hardly help crying, but concealed my feelings, and tried to think of the good times I would have with my knife. I could hardly say anything on my way home, and my father thinking I was either tired or sick, kindly took my burden, and spoke soothingly to me, his guilty son. No sooner did we reach home, than I retreated to a safe place, behind the house, to try the stolen knife. I had picked up a stick, and was whittling it, perfectly delighted with the sharp blade, which glided through the wood almost of itself, when suddenly I heard the deep, subdued voice of my father, calling me by name, and on looking up, saw him at the window directly over my head, gazing down very sorrowfull at me. The stick dropped from my hand, and with the knife clasped in the other, I proceeded into the house. I saw by his looks, that my father had divined all. I found him sitting in his arm chair, looking very pale. I walked directly to his side, and in a low, calm voice, he asked me where I got the knife. His gentle manner and kind tone went to my heart, and I burst into tears. As soon as my voice would allow me, I made a full confession. He did not flog me, as some fathers would have done, but reprimanded me in such a manner, that, while I felt truly penitent for the deed, I loved him more than ever, and promised never, never to do the like again. In my father's company, I then returned to the store, and on my knees, begged the merchant's pardon, and promised never again to take what was not my own.

My father is long since dead; and never do I think of my first theft, without blessing the memory of him whose kind teachings and gentle corrections have made it, thus far in my life, and *forever*, my last.—*Moore's Rural New Yorker.*

☞ "Governor Gilmer, of Georgia," so says a Georgian contributor, "had a passion for buying old iron truck, broken down wagons, and such rubbish, which he had piled up in the yard, under the impression that it wo'd come into use some time or other. It annoyed his wife excessively; and one day, when the governor was away from home, she had the whole pile carted off to auction. It so happened that just as the auctioneer had put up the lot, the governor was riding by, and buy he would, for, as he looked at it, he declared that he had a lot at home in which there was several things to match. He bid ten dollars, and the whole concern was knocked down to him. A few days afterwards, he was admiring Mrs. Gilmer's new bonnet and asking her its cost, she said "ten dollars, husband; the same ten you paid for your own old iron, and if you don't clear it out of the yard, I shall sell it again!" The Governor shortly after that retired from the iron business."

☞ "Look here, ma!" said a young lady, just commencing to take lessions in painting, "see my painting; can you tell me what it is?" Ma, after looking at it some time answered, "Well, it is either a cow or a rosebud—I'm sure I can't tell which."

☞ To find out the number of children in the street, commense beating on a bass drum. To find out the number of idle men, start a dog-fight.

☞ "Some love to roam o'er the dark sea foam," as the crab said to the nautilus.

Yankee Courtship.

Yankee courtship, in the country, is a "peculiar institution," and the parties at first sight are as shy as rabbits. Sally generally sits in the chimney corner, beside the dye-pot, knitting stockings, and Jonathan sits in the opposite corner, eating apples, snapping a seed occasionally at his sweetheart, and looking at the pictures in the fire. Thus they will sit and say "nothing hardly" until late in the evening, and Jonathan thinks it time to go home, when he will put on his hat, and depart with some such remark as this: "Well, Sal, I guess I'd better be gittin' along. It's hog-killin' to-morrow, and I've got to be up right smart airly."

"Good night, Jonathan; call agin," is the response of Sally; and she puts up her knitting-work and goes to bed.

"Hit," says Joshua (her name is Mehitable, but we call her Hit for shortness,) after sitting up with her till near midnight without saying a word. "I don't know much about courting, but ef you'll just step behind the door, I'll tell you suthin';" and Hit stepped.

Riding out, one day, in the old chaise, with Sally by his side, Jonathan, after going about three miles without speaking, ventured a side glance; and, observing that Sally, overcome by the heat, was "apparently" asleep, he became venturesome. Her head gently reclined on one side, and her pouting red lips were just parted sufficient to show a glimpse of the pearly gates within. Jonathan's heart went pit-a-pat. The temptation was too great. Sally would never know anything about it: so, leaning toward her, he stole from those beautiful portals some of their nectar. Sally was not "flumuxed" a bit, and Jonathan ventured again and again, until she awoke, when, stretching her arms, and giving a yawn, she broke the silence with: "Jonathan, what *aire* you a doin' on?"

"Nothing, hardly," responded Jonathan.

"I know you aire, neow, for I can feel it jest as plain as day."

"Wall, ef you don't like it," says Jonathan, "I guess I won't tech you agin."

"Wall, neow," replied Sally, "I didn't speak as to that; I was only thinking how sly you was abeout it, that's all."

It is supposed there was a mutual adjustment of difficulties "all reound." There is an amount of gallantry about Jonathan occasionally, that challenges admiration; while, at the same time, there is an "amazing sight" of "calculation" mixed up in the matter. Once upon a time, he was crossing a toll-bridge in company with his gal. When he came to the toll-house he pulled out a cent and paid his own toll, at the same time saying, "Sally, I guess you'd better pay for yourself, for I don't know's I shall have you yet." Careful and considerate; but we suspect he made a prudent, saving husband, and Sally did not think any the worse of him for his economy, either. On another occasion, he visited Boston in company with his intended, for the purpose of seeing the 4th of July celebration. He was mighty pleased with everything he saw, especially the "sogers." He expressed himself satisfied with the Common, but thought it was a pity to let so much good land lie idle; calculated how many cords of wood the "big trees" would make, and expatiated upon the propriety of "draining" the frog pond.

At length the appeals of hunger brought his thoughts down to the subject of food; and approaching one of the numerous stands for refreshments, which are always found around the Common on the 4th of July, he took a survey of its contents, consisting of lemonade, mead, egg-nog, spruce-beer, apples, cocoanuts, dough-nuts, buns, candies, gingerbread &c., of which latter article he purchased a three cent hunk, and immediately commenced demonstrations upon it. After taking a mouthful or two, he turned to his sweetheart and exclaimed: "Sally, that is amazin' good!—Why don't you buy a piece for yourself?"

"I guess I got some to hum better'n that. I don't like to eat such stuff 'ithout I know whose hands have bin in it."

"Wall, you can make proper nice cake, Sally, when you set about it—and sech sweet cake, too—almost as sweet as somebody I know."

"Neow you get eout."

"Shant dew it."

Ah, what is so charming as rustic simplicity! as Marm Sageblossom used to say; and she was a famous woman in "Old Berkshire."

A BRACE OF BOY'S COMPOSITIONS.—A distinguished Georgian lawyer says that in his younger days he taught a boy's school and requiring the pupils to write compositions, he sometimes received some of a peculiar sort, of which the following is a specimen:

"ON INDUSTRY.—It is a bad for a man to be *idol*. Industry is the best thing a man can have, and a wife is the next. Prophets and kings desired it long, and died without the *site*. The End."

Here is another:

"ON THE SEASONS.—There are four seasons, spring, summer, autumn and winter. They are all pleasant. Some people like spring best: but as for me give me liberty or give me death. The End."

IDOLATRY IN CHINA.—Some years ago, a picture of the Emperor Napoleon was found in a Chinese hut, and the people were worshipping it as a god! A missionary at Hong Kong used to conduct worship with the children of his school in a room where there was a clock standing on the chimney-piece. One of the boys for a whole year thought that this clock was the missionary's god, and that the prayers he daily offered were addressed to it.

☞ A clergyman was recently rebuked by a brother of the cloth for smoking. The culprit replied that he used the weed in moderation. "What do you call moderation?" inquired the other. "Why, Sir," said the offender, "one cigar at a time."