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## TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, October 7, 1858.

# Selected Poetry.

CHILDREN.

From Longfellow's forthcoming Book of Poems. 1 Come to me, O ye children!

For I hear you at your play, And the questions that perplexed me Have vanished quite away. Ye open the eastern windows,

That look towards the sun,

Where thoughts are singing swallows, And the brooks of morning run. In your hearts are the birds and the sunshine. In your thoughts the brooklets flow,

But in mine is the wind of Autumn, and the first fall of the snow. th! what would the world be to us

If the children were no more ? We should dread the desert behind us Worse than the dark before. What the leaves are to the forest, With light and air for food,

Ere their sweet and tender juices Have been hardened into wood-That to the world are children : Through these it feels the glow a brighter and a sunnier climate

Than reaches the trunks below. Come to me, O ye children! And whisper in my ear What the birds and the winds are singing In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings. And the wisdom of our books. When compared with your caresses And the gladness of your looks ?

Ye are better than all the ballads That ever were sung or said ; For ye are living poems And all the rest are dead

## Miscellaneous.

But, my dear father, he has had undisturbpossession so long, that it is cruel to reduce to beggary now.'

"Cruel! You know nothing of the sweets revenge, boy, or you would not say that. hink you that I have waited all these years gratify a purpose, and now when the time come, give it up because it is cruel ?"

But his wife and children? Surely you not-cannot punish the innocent for the In that is my revenge. What would pov-

be to Edward Leicester alone? No, no; st see his family stripped of all the luxuproud position, and labor for their he must encounter all the horrors of ost absolute poverty before I can be

all the love and reverence my sainted moer so carefully sought to instillinto my heart. o not believe now that you can be serious his matter, or that you will load your connce with so much guilt. We are wealthy. en now I am at a loss how to spend the inme that is mine. What do we want with r cousin's possessions? Let him live in ace. It will be a sweeter revenge than any

Silence, boy! This is no affair for you meddle with; and though my fond indulce gives you much license, beware how you it by interfering with what you do not stand. I have told you my plans now, because I wanted your advice, knowing it you would find them out on your arrival agland. The instant I set foot on my naland I shall take steps to carry out those s, and no impertinent interference of yours prevent their succeeding. You have mend your mother-another act of disobe-

Tis a pity you do not remember her much in mind as you do in person. I never occasion to remind her twice of her duty. now let this conversation cease, never to enewed. Whatever I do I will not have stioned; and I warn you now never again excite my anger by like conduct."

lear reader, after such a conversation, need say that Colonel Leicester was an overing tyrant-hard-hearted and revenueful, neering, often cruel to his dependents, ess to his foes, feared by his friends, with ne tender spot in his heart, and that oc-

led by his only son. True, the Colonel had loved his wife-a utiful, gentle creature-who never in her presumed to contradict him, or dared to se his will. But she was born to be chered and sheltered, and the cold formality of life withered the warm young heart pining its mate. Her husband wished her to dress a princess! and to please him she robed ender figure in the richest satins, her pale w ached under the sparkling gems that ed it, and diamonds glittered on her fair and arms. But she sighed for the days en free and happy she wandered amid the s of her " highland home," and shuddered he thought that her grave should be made

der the burning eastern sky. Once only did Mrs. Leicester venture to ther husband to let her "see her home ce more;" then, silenced by her cold refusal, without a murmur submitted to her fate, calmly resigned herself to die, It was an mished when informed that she was no come gift, He had told her that he wished her to had disobeyed him; hence his sorrow was on beholding the bank notes. argely mingled with anger, and he forbade prohibition fell heavily on his son, who,

with difficulty refrain from speaking of her; and favorite as he was, this was a fault that always drew on him his father's anger and re-

At the time our story opens, young Leicester was in his eighteenth year. His father did not speak the truth when he expressed a wish that he had resembled his mother in temper ; for in his secret heart did the old man rejoice at the evidence of a fine manly spirit already manifested by his son. And the handsome, noble-looking youth, possessed great in-fluence over his parent, though not sufficient to turn him from his revengeful purposes .--Brought up in the East amid scenes and with habits foreign to his nature, young Leicester joyfully left his native land to seek the early ome of his parents, and the knowledge of his father's purposes was the first cloud that overshadowed his happiness. One week after that conversation they landed in England.

Had England been searched over, a happier man than Edward Leicester could scarcehave been found at the time we commence this little history. The devoted husband of an excellent and amiable wife, the proud and happy father of three lovely children, the possessor of a magnificent home, and an income more than adequate to meet his utmost wishes, surrounded by friends and a prosperous tenantry, what could man wish for more?

Edward Leicester knew these privileges and was thankful for them. No man could say that in word or deed he had offended him, and endless were the blessings bestowed on the kind landlord, the liberal master, and firm No formal ceremony, no forced show of humility, prompted the greeting that everywhere met the Leicesters, that taught the cottager's wife to courtesy, and laborer to touch his hat at their approach. And Edward Leicester loved his people, and never lost an opportunity of increasing their comfort, and adding to their means. He built them new cottages, he planted them fruit trees, he gave them a good school, and he encouraged educa-His wife, no less energetic and enthution. siastic, attended to other wants, and unlike many others of her station, she sought for and relieved their necessities, ere she expected them to comply with all her wishes.

Again we say, a happier man, a happier family, or one that better deserved prosperity, could scarce have been found in all England. But sorrow and trial were in store, misfortune as complete as it was unexpected, and poverty as distressing as it was undeserved.

' My dear Mary, you look sad this evening. Surely, that is a scene to inspire you with pleasant thoughts." And Edward Leicester passed his arm round his wife's waist, and leading her to the open window, pointed to the lawn on which their children were merrily

"I feel sad, Edward," was the low response: " an unusual presentiment of evil has possessed me all day, nor can I look on my children withng of terror.

"My dear wife, this is unusual for you," said Edward. "Certainly, at present we have no reason to apprehend any trouble; but should misfortunes come, we must meet them with fortitude. Poverty, earth's bitterest trial, we have no reason to dread."

Alas! for the confidence in earthly riches! That day week, Fdward Leicester and his family were far away from the scene of their happiness, homeless, almost penniless, and with the numiliating consciousness that for many years they had been appropriating the inheritance of another.

"It is time to talk over our plans for the future, my Mary," said the unhappy husband and father, as the family gathered together on their first night after their arrival in the humble London lodging house that must henceforth be their home. " Our means are barely sufficient, and I must lose no time in seeking employment. At present I am unable to determine what I had better try first."

" My husband, this is the cruelest blow of all," replied Mary. "Freely would I have vielded up all we loved so well-freely have endured poverty and privation; but to see you labor for our daily bread! oh, my Edward, it is hard, very hard !" And the loving wife, who without a murmur had parted with the luxuries and comforts which long use had made necessaries, wept at the thought of her hus-

"Mary, you know that for years I have indulged my love of painting as an amusement, and have been called no mean artist," said Edward. "What better plan can I adopt than

now to make it a source of profit?" It was with sincere sorrow that Mrs. Leiester gave her consent to this proposal; but feeling at last that without something of the kind her children must perish from want, she smothered her grief, and her smile and kind caress cheered the heart of the weary artist when, in long after days, he was sinking under the united effects of incessant toil and repeated disappointment,

\* \* \* \* \* Colonel Leicester felt that his revenge was complete, when those whom he had employed to watch the proceedings of the ruined family informed him that not only was his cousin laboring for an existence, but that his wife also had felt herself called on to lend her assistance, and was even then toiling day and night to meet their increasing expenses.

" Ha, revenge is sweet ! Truly, this is an hour worth living for !" was his exulting exclamation, on hearing of their poverty.

His son made no remark ; he had long felt how useless was remonstrance. But the sum intended for the purchase of a splendid addition to his "sportsmanlike possessions" found spected piece of rebellian an the part of its way to the humble hame of his relatives, gentle partner, and Colonel Leigester was where it proved a seasonable and most wel-

"Can Charles have relented and taken pity better-in fact, she must get better-and on his victims?" was Edward's exclamation

"It is not from him. Too well do I know hame ever to be mentioned in his presence. his implacable nature to imagine this most welcome present is his," replied Mr. Leicester, ling the memory of his lost mother, could who found it very hard to forgive the man who

niless into the world.

"Never mind, mamma, who sent it !" exclaimed little Marian, the pet of the house-hold. "I will pray for blessings on our kind friend for sending us money to buy sister Alice

medicine and brother Charley books." The mother looked at her sick child-her delicate beautiful Alice-on whose sensitive nature her parents' distresses had produced a light to her eyes and joy to her young heart." solved, and excited suspicion. most alarming effect, and a fervent benediction was bestowed on the auknown for the much | needed assistance. Three months after, when Colonel Leicester heard that his cousin's eldest daughter was no more, he renewed his rejoicings with almost fiendish delight.

"You little thought when you rejected me with scorn, Mary Wyndhem, that the day would come, when I should mock at your sorrow and rejoice at your proud husband's dream at the continued mystery, there was nothing he him to the dust, and exult over his fallen ter itself. On the contrary, it breathed senti-

But Colonel Leicester was far from being at ease even when triumphing at the success of his schemes. Knowing the generous nature ther felt some surprised at her indifference .of his son, he was in daily dread of hearing him avow a determination to visit his relatives, even in defiance of the curse he had threatened to pronounce on him in case of such disobedience. But young Leicester had been too early impressed with the reverence due to his with occasionally sending his consins such sums me of my promise." of money as he could venture on without exciting his father's suspicions. It was therefore with sincere pleasure that the Colonel gave employer to go to China and transact some but that nothing would tempt me to part with it. him permission to travel for a few years in company with a most estimable gentleman about to leave his native land in search of

We must now pass over a space of six years during which the relative positions of the two families were but little changed. Elward Leicester's circumstances had improved, but he still found it necessary to labor at his pen-cil for a maintainance. His son Charles, now nearly eighteen, was in a situation of but little profit, but which bid fair to reward him some day

The Colonel had grown very old in that short time. He had discovered that revenge was not quite so sweet as he had at first imagined. Unpleasant thoughts would arise at times, and something very near akin to remorse, whenever he thought on the child he could not but feel his cruelty had murdered. Again it was annoying to reflect that he made himself an object of hatred to his people; that one and all deserted him, and drew un pleasant comparisons between him and their former landlord. His son, too, gave him many a heart-pang; for well he knew that, disgnise it as he might, the noble young man in his inmost soul looked with horror on his father's guilty revenge. Altogether, it was not wonderful that Colonel Leicester looked old, that is hair had grown gray, and that the marks of care had come thickly on his countenance.

Our next scene opens on the banks of one of those beautiful "lochs," the pride of Scotland and the delight of poets. A blue sky fine old trees, nor distant hills and rocks-all py. that artists love to paint and poets to sing of. But the lovliest object in our picture was a blue waters, looked the very personification of one hand clasping the low drooping branch of an overhanging tree, the other carelessly holding a gypsy hat, the long blue ribbon of which trailed at her feet. Her dress was perfectly plain, and there was something in her whole attire that showed her one who wore no orna- assistance. ments; while her exceeding beauty at once told the beholder that there was little need of

Long she stood in silent thought, all uncon scious that one was gazing on her in rapt astonishment, with quickly throbbing heart and strange emotions But he advances a step and the spell is broken. With a start the maiden raises her head and beholds the intruder. The next instant she makes a backward movement -her balance is lost; for a second she seems falling into the deep waters-another, and the stranger's arm is around her; he clasps her to his breast, and feels that she is saved from

After such an introduction, was it likely that again and again in those shady walks on the banks of the beautiful loch, and Marian Leicester (for the maiden was none other than she we last saw as a child,) gave her heart into the keeping of the stranger. And stranger he of him who had gained so much influence over her future life. She loved him passionately, devotedly, with all the strength of an innocent, unworldly heart; and he returned her affection with a love no less sincere and pure. Yet never for an instant did the young girl forget the duty she owed her parents. No promise would she make him, and he reverenced her

for her filial respect. " Pain would I call you mine, Marian," he said, when the time came that the maiden must return to her Euglish home. "Happy would I be to call you my betrothed, but I dare not ask you to do ought displeasing to your pa-We shall meet again, when I may openly avow my name, and with the sanction of your friends, claim your promise. Until then. darling, keep me in your heart, and never, never, doubt my truth. I shall come to you sometime. It may he very shortly-it may not be for years; but I shall come, never doubt that."

Marian promised all he asked, and then the farewell words were spoken. For an instant she was clasped to his heart, his first kiss was pressed on her brow, and then they parted.

The night after her arrival at home, Marian Lecester told her parents everything. Very slightly did she allude to her feelings on the subject, but readily the mother's breast divined all her child might have expressed.

"Heaven shield my darling from the misery the trouble, the poverty !"

with abundant wealth had turned them all pen- of a blighted, disappointed existence!" was the mother's prayer.

served her husband. "That our child loves an bride." honorable man, his conduct proves. I am deeply grieved at the course of events, but they might have been worse. Our Marian has re-

It was summer when she parted from her Christmas came, and with it a token that an-other also remembered. Mr. Leicester looked that will be necessary. Surely you cannot sad as he perused the few lines addressed to himself; but he placed on his child's hand the Bernard costly gem her unknown lover had requested him to allow her to accept, and though pained ments the most honorable to the stranger.

On Marian the letter and its accompanying present produced very little effect, and her fa-'Are you aware of the value of that ring, my child?" he said one day, looking at the spark-ling gem on her finger. "Do you know that to her companion. none but a very wealthy man could make you that present of so valuable a diamond?"

" I always knew he was wealthy, dear fathparent to hazard so fearful a consequence .- er," replied Marian, "but that makes no diffe- great?" The dead mother's teachings were strong in his rence. I should have been as happy had his heart, and he felt compelled to content himself letter come alone. I needed nothing to remind blushed deeply at the confession she was about

The winter passed, and when the spring came man felt unable to refuse. It was a sad partifrom a fate worse than death, and in gratitude ing for the whole family; but none dared to I felt compelled to give it up, painful as the make objections to what was so obviously for sacrifice was." the benefit of the beloved friend and dear brohealth declined visibly. He lost the energy that had hitherto characterized his endeavors to maintain his family, and again they were made to suffer all the evils of poverty.

Early in the spring they heard that Colonel Leicester and his son had returned to India, ly from this short sojourn from his native land. The friend whose secret aid had so materially assisted the stricken family, appeared to have mansion. forgotten them. Marian's nuknown lover preserved the strictest silence, and the summer

which Charles had gone out as a passenger .- of the mystery. This was the crowning of their misery. Even exceedingly fair-must be return to find her a against a marriage with her rich cocsin." miserable invalid ?" No, she would hope on; something whispered in her heart that her broand bright sunshine were not wanting; nor ther would yet return, and they should be hap-

The old proverb says, when affairs get to the worst, they generally "take a turn for the betfair young girl, who gazing thoughtfully on the ter;" and it provided so in Edward Leicester's case. Their money all gone, himself confined graceful beauty. She stood on a mossy bank, to a sick bed, his wife vainly striving enough to support them, and Marian worn out with anxiety and toil, nothing could be more gloomy than their prospects, when a letter arrived from Charles-a letter doubly welcome, as the token of his safety, and the bearer of welcome

The same post brought announcement of Colonel Leicester's death, and a letter from his own hand, written on his death-bed. In it he bequeathed his English property to Marian, on idition that she become the wife of his son. Of her he spoke affectionately-her parents he had evidently not forgotten.

But Edward Leicester and his wife loved their child too well to see her sacrifice herself for their benefit. The character of her young cousin was totally unknown them, and the father had done little to prepossess them in faver of the child. Marian was forbidden to vex herself with any more questions on the subject.

"Our happiness would be dearly bought by the sacrifice of yours, my darling." whispered they should be other than friends? They met the mother, as she pressed her child to her bosom, and kissed away the tears from her pale

Filled with gratitute for their unselfish kindness, the poor girl parted with the precious token she had received from her unknown lover, truly was, for she did not even know the name and with the proceeds obtained for her invalid father numerous little luxuries rendered absolutely necessary by long custom.

> This letter was a cruel blow to the gentle hearted girl, and was the cause of much more suffering, than all her previous trouble combined. She felt that one word of hers would place her parents in affluence for ever-removing them actually from the fear of poverty or want. But could she speak it? Could she forever crush out of her heart all those sweet hopes that had sustained her drooping spirits? Could she consent to marry her unknown cousin, of whom she absolutely knew nothing and forever banish the remembrance of him who alone could possess her heart? And must she see those dear parents, in sickness and suffering, pining for the comforts in her power to bestow? The thought was distraction.

" Marian !" She was seated in the dingy little room they called their parlor; tears were on her cheek, and painful thoughts were evidently occupying her mind; but the sound of that are now falling are tears of joy, for once great mind. more Marian is clasped to her lover's heart; " My own, have you doubted?" he continued; "despaired of my coming? forgotten your promise ?"

"Never, never ?" she replied. "But ob,

" Hush, my Marian, it is all at an end," said the lover. No more care, no more sorrow, "Let us trust in Providence, my wife," ob- nought but love and joy for my beautiful

With mingled feelings the father gave his consent to his daughter's bethrothal. that the stranger exerted a great influence turned to us with recovered health and strength; over him, that he felt peculiarly interested in let us not repine that new love has brought him; yet the mystery of his name is still un-

"In two days you shall know all," said the lover. For six months the remembrance of young man: "at present my anxiety to rethose happy days was a pleasant dream ; but move you from this wretched place will not ad-

Bernard Leicester gazed searchingly into those truthful, earnest eyes, and felt that his fears were groundless.

It was in the afternoon of the second day. that his defeated rival would one day crush | could reasonably feel displeased with in the let- For many long hours the party had travelled without rest, and Mr. Leicester and his wife leaning back in the luxurious carriage so caretully provided for the comfort of the invalid. The bright autumn sun shone in at the windows, the roads were dirty, the air was oppressive; Marian removed her bonnet. The sight of her

'I have never seen you wear your ring, Marian," said he. "Did it not meet your approval? or is your dislike for ornaments so

He was watching her attentively, and she to make.

"I kept it through long months of poverty siness for him-an offer so good that the young But a few weeks since my father saved me " And so it would have been " a fate worse

ther. After his departure, Edward Leicester's than death" to have married your rich consin, would it, Marian ?" said her companion. "That little speech is more precious to me than a thousand assurances of your love. But here we are at our journey's end." Before Marian could recover from her as-

tonishment to inquire how he had learned her the health of the former having suffered severe- well kept secret, the carriage turned into a magnificent avenue of trees, dashed past the The estate was given in charge of an agent. gate keeper's lodge, and in a few seconds drew up at the entrance of an elegant and familiar Springing to the ground, the young man as-

sisted his companions to alight, and then led passed away sadly to the parents and child in them confused and puzzled into the house, the gloomly old house they had made their where bowing attendents ushered them into the well remembered rooms. Edward Leices-Before the autumn came, serious fears were ter and his family were in their old home, and entertained about the safety of the ship in to their companion they looked for a solution "This is Marian's home, and I Bernard Lei-

Marian's brave heart yielded to this great sor- cester," was his answer to the inquiring looks row, and but for one hope she would probably and words. "My father's command, not my have given way to this despair. As it was, in own will, to keep up deception. He wished her deepest grief there came the remembrance to put my betrothed wife to a severe proof, of her promise, and she fought bravely with and truly she has passed nobly through it; and her fears, lest health and beauty should leave in my new character I must strive to obliterate her. She knew that in his eyes she had been any lingering prejudice she may entertain

> Pois (N CF THE COMMON TOAD,--It is an ancient and common opinion that toads and salamanders possess a subtle venom; this, however, has been generally deemed fabulous by those engaged in scientific pursuits. MM. Gratiolet and Cloes, in a report to the French Academy. show that there is in reality some foundation for the common belief, and that toads and salamanders do secrete a deadly poison. These gentlemen inoculated small animals with the milky fluid contained in the dorsal and parotid pustules of these animals, and found it productive of fatal effects in a short space of time. A turtle-dove slightly wounded in the wing and innoculated with the liquid secreted by the salamander, died in terrible convulsions in eight minutes. Five small birds innoculated with the lactescent humor of the common toad, died in five or six seconds, but without convulsions. The liquid of the pustule of the toad, even after being dried, kills birds, though not with the same rapidity as when fresh.

" OH FOR SOME OCIET SPOT !"-Tell me. ve winged winds, that round my pathway roar, do ye not know some quiet spot where hoops are worn no more? Some lone and silent dell some island or some cave, where women can walk three abreast along the village pave ? --The loud winds hissed around my face, and answered-" Nary place."

THE wind was blowing a gale. As I passed the corner of Winter and Tremont streets. I noticed a crowd of persons looking upward. I found my old friend Mr. Brown in the midst -all eyes were centered on his observations. At length a smart Yankee stepped up to him down under the water and was drowned. He and asked :

"What is it, sir? What is it ?" " Nothing ; O, nothing, my friend-I was only looking to see how high the wind is."

Blast your stingy old skin !" said a runner, to a competitor, before a whole depot full of bystanders : "I knew you when you used to hire your children to go to bed without their supper, and after they got to sleep you'd go up and steal their pennies, to hire em ag'in next night."

"Go way," said Muggins, "you can't stuff sich nonsense into me. Six feet in his boots no man as ever lives stands mor'n nor two feet in his boots, and no use talking about You might as well tell me that a man had six eyes in his head."

HUMILITY is a flower that prospers most that voice had driven them away, the tears when planted on the rich soil of a noble and fifteen hundred miles to the borders of Russia

WHEN you pay for your coat double its value, why is it like your wife? Because it is very dear.

S. RROWS grow less every time they are told, just like the age of a women.

## "There's Somebody Dead in There."

"There's somebody dead in there," said one little boy to another, as I passed a honse, on the bellknob of which hang a little piece of black crape. My heart repeated what the little boy said -"there's somebody dead in there" -as I walked slowly and thoughtfully down the street. All who passed and saw the emblem, learned the same sad story, that "some body was dead in there." But who, few cared to ask, or know.

A few short months since, when the cold winds were drifting the snow through the streets and piling it on side-walk and roof, a little stranger with a face-O, so little !-and eyes that looked wonderingly around on the new world it had discovered, made two hearts glad. And by-and by it grew so strong that it made brief journeys from a chair to mamma's outstretched arms, laughing the while as hard as it could. Often as I passed the house, a sweet faced baby turned toward me, and little eyes peeped at out at me through the half closed blinds, and my heart blessed the little child. But a few days ago it sickened, and last night, when the sun went down, it died.

I miss a sweet face at the window to-day, and the little carriage is empty; and as I pass the house, I am repeating sadly, with the little boy, "there's somebody dead in there." The heart knoweth its own bitterness, and that young mother knows better than anybody else, that "there's somebody dead" in the house, as again and again she lifts the white covering that conceals the repose of her first bern and only child. God help thee, young mother !-This afternoon, while the Sabbath lingers, and the holy hours are full of rest and stillness, they will carry thy little one to its quiet home in Mount Hope, to await the coming of its Redeemer.

They have buried their dead out of their sight, and still it seems as if somebody was dead in that house. Oh, those are sad hours at the fireside—and only they who have felt them know how sad, when it is said, "there's somebody dead in there." How the sorrow settles down like a dark cloud above and around us ! The sunshine seems all withdrawn and verily we should die, did not Gop send it back to us again.

By-and-by, dear reader, of your house and mine will it be said, "there's somebody dead in there." Perhaps that somebody will be you, or me ; perhaps the sweet wife that journeys by your side, or the little one that nestles close in a corner of our heart. God help us in that hour, for all human help will fail. Of every earthly house will it, sooner or later, be said, "there's somebody dead in there;" but there is a house not made with hands of which this shall never be spoken. Down through the ages sounds the glorious, everlasting proclamation, there, there shall be no more death. If you and I, dear reader, have a mansion in that house, let DEATH come to our earthly mansion, if Gop send it. It can trouble us but a little while, and then, at last, standing within the fold of the Good Shepherd, all tears shall be wiped off from all faces .- Moore's Rural New

A Dongs. - When Deacon Y -got into a bad position he was very expert in crawling out of it. Though quick-tempered, he was one of the best deacons in the world. He would not in a soher moment utter an oath, or anything like one, for his weight in eider.

At the close of a rainy-day he was milking upon a knoll in his barn-yard, on the side of which was a dirty slough, and on the other side an old ram that, in consideration of his usual quiet disposition, was allowed to run with the cows. The deacon was pionsly humming "Old Hundred," and had just finished the line ending "exalted high," when the ram, obeying a sudden impulse to be aggressive, gave him a blow from behind that put him up a short distance only to fall directly into the slough where the dirty water was deep enough to give him a thorough immersing. As he crawled out, and before he arose from his hands and knees, he looked over his shoulder at the ram and hotly vociferated :-

"You d----d old cuss!" but, looking around and seeing one of his neighbors at the bars looking at him, he added in the same breath, 'If I may be allowed the expression." - Carpet

SINGULAR INCIDENT. - A very curious incident occurred when the paying ont of the Atlautic cable commenced in mid ocean. The splice had been made and the cable lowered over the sterns of the vessels, when a little before it touched the water, a sea-gull, fatigued no doubt after a long flight, perched on it, and his claws getting fast in the tar with which the cable was coated, he was unable to extricate them, so that the poor bird was dragged made desperate efforts to save himself, but to no purpose, as he stuck fast, and when he found himself going down his despairing cries sounded far across the waters. The strangeness of the occurrence, and the terrible agony of the ensuared bird, caused some sensation on board the vessels.

WHERE FINE SHAWLS COME FROM .- In Rockara, the camel is watched while the fine hair on the under part of his body is growing. This fine hair is cut off so carefully that not a fibre is lost; it is put by until there is enough to spin into a varn, unequalled for softness; and then it is dyed all manner of colors, and woven into stripes eight inches wide, of shawl patterns, such as-with all our pains and cost, with all out schools of design and art-we are not yet able to rival. These stripes are then sewed together so canningly that no European can discover the joints. They are then taken

To a friend, who had married a lady who was on the point of taking the veil, Jerold said. "Ah! she evidently thought you better than mun !"