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TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, February 28, 1861.

Selected Poetry.

THE SCOTT LEGION.

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

We were not many—we who stood Before the iron shot that day...

Now here, now there the shot is hailed In deadly drifts of fiery spray...

And on, still on, our column kept Through walls of flame its withering way...

The foe himself recoiled aghast When striking where he strongest lay...

Our banners on the turret wave, And these the evening bugles play...

We are not many—we who press'd Beside the brave who fell that day...

LINES.

Here is a little flowlet from the Louisville Journal, whose perfume is the scent of sweetness:

Will the friends I love be near me When I die?

Will they shrink to touch the pallor Of the lips that turn so sweet...

And my mother, sweetest mother, When I die?

And my lips will smile in closing As if closed in dreams so golden...

Alas, the world will soon forget me, When I die, And its flowers will bloom so brightly...

Selected Tale.

Widow Simpson's Spoons.

The parish of Bathgate, in Linnithgowshire, might be reckoned among the classic spots of Scotland...

entertainment, brought out the treasured spoons early in the forenoon, with many injunctions to Nancy touching the care she should take in brightening them up.

Well, the kitchen door was open, and Geordy stepped in. He banged the settle with his staff, he coughed, he hemmed, he saluted the cat...

"What's the spoons?" cried Mrs. Simpson to the entire family, who stood by the fire drying their wet garments.

The rich relation came at the appointed time, and had such a tea that he vowed never again to trust himself in the house of his enterprising niece.

Early in the evening of the following day—when the summer was wearing low and the field work was over—they were all assembled in the clean scoured kitchen.

The Banker of Antwerp.

In 1814, there lived at Antwerp a banker who had a passion of speculation, but who invariably was unsuccessful.

The electric telegraph was unknown at the period in question, and the clumsy signals by which statesmen contrived to communicate with one another were only worked by the heads of the State.

It had been noticed in Antwerp as a singular fact that two drivers of stage-coaches belonging to that city had made, during the lucky period of the banker's career...

Ancient Ruins in the United States.

Dim and mysterious is the early history of man on this continent. It is enveloped in thick darkness, never, it may be presumed, to be penetrated by human research.

The plain upon which lie the massive relics of gorgeous temples and magnificent halls, slopes gradually eastward toward the river Pecos...

The carrier-pigeon is now superseded by electricity; but the Belgians have not renounced the old partiality for this bird, and "pigeon races" still give rise among them to numerous gatherings and heavy bets.

A HARD LETTER.—The following letter, says an exchange, was sent by a man to his son at college.

A FASHION LONG NEEDED.—It is stated that the latest "fashion" announced from Europe is that of dressing very plainly when going to church.

Educational Department.

A GOLDEN RULE!

One appeal to God above, Supplicating for his love Daily offer. Peace of mind Makes the happy, good, and kind.

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Experience—What it Costs.

I have somewhere heard, or read, of a celebrated oculist in London, who, on being complimented for his skill in managing diseases of the eye, replied: "It is true I have some skill in preserving and restoring the sight...

Now what I want to impress upon teachers, is this: they should not insist on learning everything by experience. They should be willing to learn from the experience of others.

Queer People.

Chambers' Journal, in discussing a recent book of missionary travels in Africa, thus alludes to one of the tribes which were found in that terra incognita:

But the strangest of all are the stories told of the Dokos, who live among the moist, warm woods to the south of Kaffa and Sosa.

Teachers then should profit by other's experience as well as their own. But how are they to get this experience? Read the School Journal, and other papers devoted to the teachers' profession.

Teaching One Thing at a Time.

Children who have the habit of listening to words without understanding them, yawn and writhe with manifest symptoms of disgust.

A few years ago, a gentleman brought two Esquimaux to London. He wished to amuse and at the same time astonish them with the magnificence of the metropolis.

Said a certain individual to a wag, "The man who has raised a cabbage head has done more good than all the metaphysicians in the world."

with feelings similar to those of the poor Esquimaux; they feel that they have had too much of every thing.

The cover was removed, when our eyes were gladdened with the sight of a fine fat turkey. The next thing brought to light was a bottle of champagne, and the next and last was a huge demijohn, marked "O Tar."

A Printer's Christmas.

[The editor of the Sandy Hill Herald says that on Christmas Eve an expressman delivered to him an exceedingly mysterious box.

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Some people who attend public lectures on natural philosophy, with the expectation of being much amused and instructed, go home