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Poetry.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DEMOCRAT.]

MY CHILDHOOD HOME.

As I sit 'neath the grove by the murmuring stream,
Where in pleasure I wander alone,
I close my eyes on the beautiful scene,
And I fly to my childhood home.

There I sit by the scenes of my youthful days,
In the wood by the cool crystal spring,
The whispering breeze with the foliage plays,
And I hear my own native birds sing.

Then I fly to the hill, and the low cot I see,
And I hear that sweet echoing strain,
That my dear sister sung in her youthful glee,
And I feel in my youth again.

My heart leaps with joy as I sport on the green,
Or, with brothers skip over the plain,
To view with delight each beautiful scene,
And we gambol in childhood again.

As the warm winter's fire sends forth its bright flame,
And I drowsily lean in my chair,
I fly to my childhood home again,
In my boyhood I seem to be there.

The unbroken circle sits joyfully there,
Surrounding the bright blazing hearth;
The merry laugh echoes dispersing all care,
In the sweet happy home of my birth.

In pleasure I list as my parents con line,
To recount o'er the scenes they have passed;
Their eyes yet undimmed by the ravage of time,
No cloud o'er their vision is cast.

Thus I visit the scenes of my youthful days,
As I wearily wander from home;
And it cheers my sad heart as I thus lie away,
In the land of the stranger to roam.

Bridgewater, Nov. 19th, 1850. Anny.

A swarm of Bees worth Having.

B patient, B prayerful, B humble, B mild,
B wise as a Solon, B meek as a child;
B studious, B thoughtful, B loving, B kind,
B sure you make matter subservient to mind,
B cautious, B prudent, B trustful, B true,
B courteous to all men, B friendly with few,
B temperate in argument, pleasure and wine,
B careful of conduct, of money, of time,
B cheerful, B grateful, B hopeful, B firm,
B peaceful, benevolent, willing to learn;
B courageous, B gentle, B liberal, B just,
B aspiring, B humble, because thou art dust;
B penitent, circumspect, sound in the faith,
B active, devoted; B faithful till death,
B honest, B holy, transparent and pure;
B dependent, B Christ-like, and you'll B secure.

Miscellany.

TOM TRIANGLE; or Love and Geometry.

Tom Triangle was my chum at college. He was, *for the most part*, a clever good humored fellow, though somewhat less addicted to learning than to gin and joking. *Often do the merry hours* that we spent together come back and look me in the face—and pale and ghost-like, but fresh and breathing, with pleasant and familiar smiles—come and dance round me with their "quips and cranks," and uproarous laughters, with the odor of fragrant Havanas floating in their yellow locks; and now and then luridly shining through clouds of smoke, the face of some Tutor or Professor gleaming with immortal indignation.

But, *nemo sine vitiis*—there was one exception to Tom's good humor. He would suffer no jokes upon his name. Truly, it was an *unfortunate name*; and, as Will Whiston was wont to say, 'neither looked well written, nor sounded well spoken,' besides being nearly as dangerous to alter as those nine-cornered Dutch oaths that came so near choking William the Testy. Upon all other subjects, even though at his own expense, his laugh was free and hearty; but whenever his name was the text, Tom growled and looked wolfish. It was evidently a sore subject with him, but exactly why none knew. He was so well liked that this *singular humor* was *generally* respected; but, one day, a classmate, more waggish than wise, slapping him on, the *shoulders, said:*

'Tom, I've a problem for you.'

'State it,' said my chum.

'If the three angles of a right-angled triangle are equal to two right angles, what are the angles of a Tom Triangle equal to?'

'Sir,' replied my chum, 'if you must push your investigations so far beyond the books, I'll demonstrate a Tom Triangle to you at ten paces!'

He did so, and the curious student sacrificed a finger to the cause of science.

At remote and uncertain periods, also, varying from one to two weeks, Tom became gloomy and abstracted; sighed, muttered indistinctly of destiny and read *Ovid de Arte Amandi, et Remedio Amoris*. I suspected him. He said hard things of women in general. The blind archer had winged him giving one of those wounds that 'ki[illegible], but ne'er heal.' He shunned women now—it must then be an old matter. I determined to probe him.

'Tom,' said I, one evening as he leaned back in his easy chair, lazily watching the smoke in the cigar, which, for a moment, lovingly enveloped his nose, and then curled slowly upwards in blue wreaths to the ceiling; 'Tom have you ever been in love?'

Tom said nothing, but the end of his cigar grew very red, and the fierce glance shot out from under his eyebrows.

'My dear fellow,' said I, repeating the question, and not seeming to notice these signs of storm, 'have you ever been in love?'

'Yes,' thundered he, starting up like a shell from a mortar, and upsetting a chair upon my tenderest corn.

'Heavens! What in the name of Euclid is the meaning of all this, my worthy Triangle?' exclaimed I, chuckling, in spite of my agony, at the good shot I had made.

'Confound the sex!' said Tom, striking across the floor.

'Calm yourself, my dear fellow, and let us know what 'secret, black and midnight hag, has brewed this tempest'

'It's a villainous world,' said Tom, 'and women hath made it such!'

'Heaven help you,' replied I, 'you are certainly losing your senses, and uttering rank treason against beauty and loveliness

"Without the smile from partial beauty won,
Oh, what were man?—a world without a sun!"

'Think of that, Tom, and repent.'

'All nonsense,' said my still excited chum; 'Eve, the first woman, put her foot into the fountain of human happiness, and stirred up such a deuced quantity of mud that it hasn't run clear to this day; and if every woman since has not done her best to perpetuate the mischief, then am I a shotten herring'

'Quoting eh?—a good sign, by Jove. It argues a return of sanity. Come my Romeo,' said I, 'sit down and cleanse your stuffed bosom by a confession'

'Well, be it so;' said Tom quite meekly, 'I confess, Ned, that I am a little excited, but your random shot struck me in a tender place.' Here Tom slapped his hand upon that portion of his jacket which might be supposed to cover his heart

'Pooh! laugh of your sorrows, Tom, if you have any. Democritus was a greater philosopher than Socrates or Plato But your story,' said I, 'let's have it What impertinent jade has thrown cold water on the fire of love, and raised such a smoke in your kitchen?'

'Ned, pass those cigars'

Tom lighted an Havana, whiffed a minute in profound silence, looked a little foolish, and commenced:

'My love began like this cigar, in fire, and ended as it will, in smoke'

'Bah! don't get sentimental, Tom, let us have the facts'

'Permit me Ned, to remind you of the advice you gave me a minute since; calm yourself.'

'A hit, Tom, a palpable hit—but proceed'

'Before entering college, I officiated as teacher in the academy of a pleasant village in Connecticut, called West Harford All these village academies are attended both by boys and girls Among those favored with my learned instruction was Lizzy Temple—the most bewitching girl I ever saw She was just seventeen, overflowing with merriment, tall, and charmingly developed in everything that makes up maiden beauty Her fingers looked like ivory tooth-picks for Apollo; her nose and forehead were Grecian, or as nearly so as anything Saxon ever approached it; her face was full of expression—a little wicked, too, sometimes—and slightly brunette in complexion: her hair fell in thick, jetty ringlets, upon neck and shoulders like a beautiful drapery furnished by the gods, for charms, that, fully seen, might drive men to madness; her eyes were black, and voluptuous, and her lips!—Oh!

"In their rosy labyrinth, when she smiled,
The soul was lost"

'Take a glass of ice-water!'

'Ned, be silent'

'Excuse me, Tom, I thought the suggestion opportune.'

'Well, Ned, I loved her madly, and it was deemed hard work to keep the pupils from finding it out. A fellow who can be passionately in love and never suffer it to appear, in motion or feature, with his charmer always before him, had better take to diplomacy He has in him the elements of a Talleyrand. But I was not alone in this One of the boys in the Latin class had the impertinence to be particularly sweet to Lizzy. He was always by her side out of school, and when in, looking over his book and conjugating 'Amo' with his eyes. He delighted me one day, by violating some rule, and the way I pitched into him would have furnished at least a chapter to any one investigating the 'philosophy of punishment.' Hang me, Ned, if ever I flogged a fellow, before or since, with a hearty good will.

'Of course I felt great interest in the progress of Lizzy, and was often at her desk, mending her pen or leaning over her shoulder, my face almost in contact with her love-provoking lips, apparently to examine her writing, or aid in demonstrating some problem in her Geometry; and then, when her sweet breath stole over my cheek, and her young bosom, straining against her boddice, rose and fell before like a bark on the silver sea of love, I'—

'Kissed her, Tom?'

'Ned, you're vexatious.'

'I'm sorry.'

'The Temples, her parents, were very polite to me, and had been known to say that I was quite a promising young man, only a little too gay, and fond of worldly vanities, such as dress, and girls, belike.—Of course I reciprocated their good feeling, and exclaimed in all sincerity, *Temple quarre dilecta*, especially when they invited me to tea, or offered me a seat in their pew, and so gave me a chance of sitting with Lizzy. Her father, Squire Temple, was a clever old soul, with a nose as long as his queue; the principal business of which seemed to be to support a large pair of iron-rimmed spectacles, and kept the place like a school-boy's finger, whenever he read the statutes to his litigious neighbors. I went frequently to his house and spent the evening—drank his cider, praised his pippins, discussed the weather, neighborhood quarrels, and the last sermon, till he fell asleep; and then talked, laughed, pulled candy, and played 'Fox and geese,' with Lizzy, while—'

'Ah! Tom, you played the fox in another game, while old Temple was snoaring—*and got blowed*, eh?'

'Ned, you're insufferable! By the immortal Jove! if you interrupt me again, I'm off to our club, and you may fill up the story at your leisure.'

'I'm dumb'

'I was in a sad pickle, Ned. My passion for Lizzy, fed by a daily sight of her beauty and girlish grace, swelled like a creek after a January thaw; but it had no outlet. It would not do to be known as teacher and lover. I had nothing to do but look and love, and long—and keep my mouth shut.—O Tantalus! said I, with a tolerable accurate appreciation of his doom. O Tantalus! victim of eternal thirst! looking forever, with parched mouth and burning eyeball, upon water—cool, inviting, bubbling up to the very lips which thou must not taste—here's a fellow to match thee! Thou art miserable, unquestionably; but just let the gods take away this water, and put Lizzy Temple in its place, with like restrictions, and I reckon you wouldn't make much by its change! Hang me Ned if I don't think he would have lost by it. Love is a troublesome thing when it gets into a fellow and can't get out. If those unfortunate swine, into whom the devils entered of old, felt half as bad as I did, I don't wonder they ran for the sea. I believe the only thing that saved me from a straight jacket, was the certainty that a few months would close the internal school, and give me a chance to worship freely at the shrine of this beautiful Temple?

'That time came at last,' said Tom, with a most luxurious expression, in which the pathetic, the dismal and the wreckless were curiously blended. 'The term closed, and I was as happy, Ned, as a French prisoner breaking from the old Bastile into sunlight and liberty. No sooner had the last scholar disappeared through the door, with his green satchel slung over his shoulder, than I leaped to the middle of the floor, and broke into a hornpipe that would have beaten the witches in 'Alloway's auld haunted Kirk.' The sweet hope of winning Lizzy, so long repressed, acted upon me like a draught of exhilarating gas; and faith,' said Tom, sadly, 'I am inclined to think it was about the same thing!'

'Two evenings afterwards I took a walk with Lizzy We sauntered through the village, and into the park; and there, beneath the stars and the moonlight, I told her my earnest, passionate love I forget exactly what I said, but it was tender I assure you—and worse than that, it was truthful; for I loved her as warmly as Abelard his Heloise At that time I never expected to smile again, if she said 'no' Well, Ned, I told her all, and then ventured the ugly question.'

Here Tom's voice grew husky, and beads of perspiration began to appear on his forehead. There was a convulsive twitching too, about his eyes and the corners of his mouth, when, after looking a minute or so, in profound silence at his boots, he turned to me and asked:

'What do you think her reply was, Ned?'

'Couldn't guess, Tom; probably she intimated that she was too young to marry; or, perhaps, that she would like to examine a few more goods before she made a selection?'

'No, you could not guess it, Ned—no man could guess it! 'Twas an outrage—a piece of unwomanly cruelty. She'—Tom was becoming very much excited—'she said, with a heartless laugh, that rings in my ears yet, that she never liked Geometry, and thought it would be exceedingly dull to be all one's life—*demonstrating Triangles!*'

'The next morning I found myself in bed, but when I went or how I came there, I never knew. There was a pannel out of the door, a broken chair in the middle of the room, and my very best broad cloth coat was hanging on the candle as an extinguisher. Three months afterwards she married that young scoundrel whom I flogged so soundly for loving her?'

'Ha! ha! ha! Forgive me Tom, for—ha! ha! ha! ha!'

'Ned,' said Tom with a melancholy smile, 'Ned, pass those cigars'

The Victimized Bachelor.

BY ALBERT BRADLEY DAVIS.

It was lonely, very lonely sitting by the fire, though the moon shone sweetly thro' the window, and the coals burned brightly in the grate. A rich carpet covered the floor—richer paintings hung upon the wall. Sofas, lounges, and easy chairs were disposed around the room. Many rich volumes—which in outward appearance and inward worth, were piled upon the table, and disposed orderly in the book case. A beautiful spaniel lay at full length at his master's feet; yet Tom Harris was lonely, sitting by the fire.

A volume was open before him, and a full flood of light fell upon the page; but the [illegible] Tom Harris rested not there, they were intently gazing at vacuity. There was certainly a vacancy in the room,—what was worse a vacancy in his heart. Tom was a bachelor. The mystery is solved.—No wonder he was lonely. All bachelors are so, yes I know it by experience—all are lonely, very lonely sitting by the fire.

Tom was rich—rich in the world's goods—rich in a well stored mind. He was not handsome—sensible men never are—but he was good looking, that is to say, there was something interesting in his physiognomy—an intelligence in his eye. Tom was not an *old* bachelor—he was only twenty-five—why, surrounded by everything calculated to make life comfortable, was he yet a bachelor? His character was good and his manners pleasing—there could be no obstacles in his way to matrimonial felicity. But I'll let you into the secret.—Tom, some two years previous to this time, had been—oh, girls, for shame!—yes—he really had been actually jilted! mittened! bagged!—bah—and to a young man full of anticipations of future happiness, full of ambition, and who delighted to think how comfortable and pleasant home might be in the society of her whom he had chosen, and in whom he placed implicit confidence, as Tom did—there is nothing that will so effectually make him hate himself and the whole world—no matter how I found it out—as to be deceived by that 'divine perfection' as he had formerly thought. It takes an inch from his stature, and any quantity from his temper and peace of mind. Yes, Tom had been jilted, knocked in end just in the climax of his joy. He had been playing at cob-house building, and just as he was going to put the cob—wherreugh, bang it fell to the ground! How provoking! Tom was'nt one of your sickly, sentimental kind, he was a man of spirit, and did'nt shed tears and tear his hair. There are but very few that do; the girls often cheat themselves in their calculation about them, but he was downright vexed, and tried to convince himself that he had never cared anything about her, what made him madder, he could'nt do it. 'What a fool he is to love such a flirt, he'd never do it again, the girls are all alike; I'm done with them' That was the way Tom reasoned, and stuck to it for almost two years, and it was this that made him so lonely, very lonely, sitting by the fire.

Man is a social animal. Say what he will he can't get along without some intercourse with the fair sex, deceiving as they are often.

We are no doubt the more fools for it, but then it is human nature, and can't be helped. Tom had stuck to his text like a philosopher. He had effectually banished all regard for the false one; well he might, for she was married now. He kept a horse a dog and gun, yes, and a big walking stick, and upon these he bestowed all his affection; he was immensely fond of them now, though before the catastrophe, that is before he was mittened! jilted! sacked! throwed!—anything you please to call it—he didn't care much about them. But the human heart must love something let it be ever so depraved. The most desperate villain, touch him in the right spot, will melt; though the difficulty is to find where that spot is, but it is somewhere among his affections; nay, a single word will render him a child. Tom loved his pets, he took the best care of them, and they in turn loved him, as much as brutes; at least they appreciated his kindness. But still there was vacancy, his heart was big, and this made him lonely, sitting by the fire.

Now, there was in the village, nearly opposite Tom's mansion, a cottage, it was all covered with wood bine, and its little garden was carefully set off with flower pots Tom loved flowers, and what was more dangerous to Tom's philosophy, there was a graceful, bright-eyed gardener, of the feminine gender, that lived in that cottage It was October now, and the flower season of course was over, but the little gardener was making ample provision for the protection of her tender roots from the inclemency of approaching winter. Tom had flowers, of course he didn't care anything about the gardener, Fanny. During the summer past he had watched the flowers from his windows, he was always sure to take more interest in them when Fanny was trimming them or paying the little attentions that the flowers required. Poor things! Fanny might hurt them There were flowers inside the cottage too, and he conceived an affection for them. And once or twice, lately, when she was digging some of them up and transferring them to a place of shelter, he felt so much solicitude that he even ventured across the road to look after them. When I introduced Tom to my readers he had just returned from the cottage, and he felt such a solicitude for the flowers that this made him lonely sitting by the fire. Somehow the flowers and Fanny got mixed up in his mind. He didn't care for her no more than she was the gardener of his dear flowers that were not his, but so it was. Tom sighed unconsciously, then cried 'pshaw!' for doing so, and finally yawned and looked a long while at nothing. Yes, it was very lonely there, sitting by the fire.

We left Tom sitting by the fire. Eight months afterwards we find him there, and would you believe it, there is a female in the same room with him—she is pretty—is Fanny! How is this? I will tell you, and young man, *determined* to be a bachelor, take warning from the fate of poor Tom. As the season advanced, and the cold increased, Tom's *solicitude for the flowers* increased, he had to "*see about them*" frequently and the more anxious *he grew*. Finally other objects in the cottage, not Fanny—oh, no!—attracted his attention. He became fond of the old lady—she was a widow—passed life's prime, and it was his duty to see that she was comfortable—yes, a christian duty. Finally Tom took such a liking to the flowers that he must take some of them to his own room. And plague on it, he must have Fanny come and tend them, and one time when she came Tom made her stay a long time, and he talked to her a long time all about the flowers of course, for when he was done Fanny's face looked just like a rose-bud; and not long after when she came to look after the flowers, a man with a white surplice told her that she couldn't go back to the cottage, but put her hand in Tom's and—you can guess the rest. Bachelors keep clear of flowers—they are perfect man traps, and poor Tom was a victim. But it was no longer lonely, for now, though sacrificed, Tom was happy, very happy, sitting by the fire.

☞ It is a fiction to think that matrimony conduces to the well being of shirt-buttons.

The Model Delegate.

A traveller with a porter behind him bringing his luggage, presented himself at the principal hotel of Baden, and applied for a room. It was at the crowded height of the season, and not a cupbord in the house was unoccupied.

'This is a little too much,' said the new comer to the landlord, who civilly informed him of the fact. 'Here is the sixth house where I have received the same answer! It is intolerable! It is an indignity! I'll stand it no longer.'

'Really, it is not our fault, Sir,' said the landlord, 'the season is unusually full—'

'But you should make arrangements to accommodate all who come'

'We can lodge no more than we have rooms for, Sir.'

'You have no business not to have rooms I will not listen to your excuses, however, I am tired of being hustled from piller to post. I'll go no further. Here I will stay.'

'But I have the honor to repeat to you my dear sir, that we have not an unoccupied corner in the house.'

'We'll see!' muttered the traveller.

And beckoning to the porter to follow him, and followed by the astonished deprecating landlord, he rushed up the staircase Heeding the entreaties and remonstrances not at all, he entered the principal corridor, began with the first door and opened every one that would yield to his hand, thrust in his head, and gave a scrutinizing look at the interior. It was just before dinner time, and the occupants were all making their toilet, were mostly taken by surprise. Ladies were opened upon, in stages of apparel more or less simple, and the intruder's progress was attended by a succession of screams from princess, duchesses, and other dames, equally susceptible of astonishment.

Horrified at this scandalous violation of propriety, such as had never before taken place at his house, the petrified and paralyzed landlord at last recovered himself sufficiently to seize the vehement traveller by the tail of his coat. He released himself with a blow, and the next moment opened the door of a room in which there chanced to be no occupant. Unoccupied trousers and boots lay about upon the chairs and floors, however, and these the traveller vigorously gathered in a heap, and pitched out over the landlord's head into the entry. Then seizing his own portmanteau, and giving the porter a piece of money, he set hips, and stood, taking breath apparently, before ejecting his pursuers.

'I knew very well, I could find what I wanted,' said he, 'this is the chamber that suits me'

'But it is occupied, Sir!' panted the host quite breathless at its audacity.

'Occupied by me.'

'But you have no right to dispossess the occupant and throw out his effects in this manner.'

'Pick them up, then, and lodge him elsewhere.'

'Once more, Sir, will you listen to me and understand that I cannot accomodate you?'

'My friend, cease to annoy me with your importunities. Leave me alone in my chamber, and send me a barber that I may shave before dinner.'

'You may be shaved where you please, cried the angry landlord, 'but it will not be here. You must instantly leave this apartment.'

'We will see which of us will leave this apartment,' said the traveller, and seizing the host by the throat, and being a powerful athletic man, he ran him expeditiously to the head of the staircase. The servants were beginning to assemble, however, and, as the invader retreated to the field he had cleared, they rushed in upon him, a pair of pistols, suddenly presented brought them to a halt, and a furious declaration that he would blow out the brains of the first one who advanced, was felt to be a matter for consideration.

He slowly brought forward his muzzles, and they gradually retreated, till the last backed over the threshold and he closed the door.

To send for the Police was now deemed necessary, and the officer on his arrival found the door barricaded, and the traveller prepared to sustain a siege. Warning him in a loud voice, of the risk of resisting the law, they proceeded to break in, and were received with a discharge at their heads of the furniture of the chamber as could be conveniently used in the way of missels.

His crockery and other amunition being exhausted, he looked for his pistols, but the first who entered seized them, and he was now reduced to his fists which he valliently employed till overcome by numbers.

Taken by force to the police office and examined before the judge, his name and profession were demanded, he refused to speak. Whereupon the officer proceeded to examine his passport and papers when the warlike traveller was discovered to be a Delegate to the Peace Convention.

Extraordinary Meteor.—At three or four minutes before nine o'clock last evening, (Monday, Sept. 30,) a meteor was seen to explode with great brilliancy in the northeastern portion of the heavens. My attention was immediately called to it. When I first saw it, which may have been from two to three minutes after the explosion, there was a streak of light extending from very near the star Eta, in the left knee of Perseus, to the star Atiz, near the heel, and eight or nine degrees due north of the Pleiades, at which point the explosion occurred. The streak of light widened some as it approached Atiz, around which and a little above it there was a heavy mass of light, which seemed to be agitated and billowy, and which soon spread out and formed an irregular hoop or loop, considerably elongated in the diriction in which the meteor was moving. The streak of light in the mean time writhed and twisted like the folds of a serpent. The mass of light forming what might be termed the head of the meteor, after the explosion gradually spread out with a slow motion upward and southward, until it covered an area of five or six degrees in length, and three or four in breadth For five minutes after the explosion it was bright and imposing, and was easily traceable over the dark sky for twenty minutes. The atmosphere at the time was very clear—wind light at southwest, and Aurora somewhat bright in the north.

This meteor, in consequence of its remarkable brilliancy and the continuance of the light, was noticed by a large number of persons. A. C.

Brown University, (R. I.) Oct. 1, 1850.

[illegible]

BY REV. DR. M'LEAN.

Nor is it among the least of her advantages that Ohio possesses such a population as she now embraces. The original stock was the purest and best blood of the nation, and even that has been greatly improved by mixing and crossing. It has been said that God sifted three kingdoms to find seed to plant the United States—So I may say he sifted the whole of the old thirteen to find seed to plant Ohio—especially did he sift New England, New York, Pennsylvania and Virginia. About the New Englander there is certainly something peculiar and remarkable. In the quaint language of Carlyle, they are "the rock made men." The New Englander was not only the pioneer in the first settlement of the country, but with two or three exceptions he has been the pioneer in every new settlement throughout the country since. Go where you will, and you find representatives and descendants of the pilgrim fathers, who are always among the most religious, enlightened and successful of the whole population. The father is away on his little farm, among the hills of Worcester, while his son is a surveyor or a judge in Nebrasca or Minesota, or a Representative in Congress from Iowa. The faithful and true-hearted girl, who has left her mountain home in the Granite State, to provide for herself, and earn something for the aged and dependent parents, under the ceaseless din of the Merrimac spindles, dreams sweetly, on her toil-blest pillow, of him who, for her sake, is felling the trees in Wisconsin, or sifting the golden sands of the Yuba or Sacramento. Indeed, in the language of a lady, slightly altered,

"You scarce can go through the world below,
But you'll find New England men;
And if you roam the world above,
You'll find them there again"

And wherever they go, they carry New England with them. They are as brave at the mouth of the Muskingum, or Hock Hocking, at the foot of the Rapids, or on the Rio Grande, as their fathers were on the heights of Lexington or Bunker Hill; and they are as ardent friends of education and religion on the rich bottoms of Ohio, as they were in their own rugged homes in the North For, following the New Englander in quick succession, were Jerseymen, Pennsylvanians and Virginians, names which are synonymous with everything great and noble. New Jersey, the gallant little state of my adoption, the pages of whose history are as free from stain as those of any state in this great confederacy, whose citizens have always been proverbial for their intelligence and piety; whose soil, oftener than that of any sister State, was wet with the blood of the Revolution; who never faltered or despaired in the darkest hour of her country's struggle; within whose borders the dying lamp of liberty was kindled anew, by the daring efforts of our almost naked and starving army, on the heights of Trenton, where the Hessians fled; at Princeton, where the gallant Mercer fell, and on the plains of Monmouth, where the flower of the British army was conquered, and the tide of war changed. New Jersey sent out her sons, who settled chiefly in the western part of the State, at North Bend, the mouth of the Licking, and afterwards on the Big Miami river; while on the lands which she had reserved, with which to reward her brave officers and soldiers, were soon settled some of the purest and best men of Virginia—that land of Washington, and mother of statesmen—that home of noble, and generous and brave men, and of accomplished and beautiful women. Pennsylvania, whose broad principles, after the founder of that State, were love to God and benevolence to man, and whose attachment to the cause of sound learning and pure faith is as enduring as her everlasting mountains, early came in considerable numbers, and located wherever interest or circumstances seemed to direct. A large number settled in this county, and in one of the College townships. Very soon many *of the sisters, and daughters*, and nieces of these Jersey-men, Pennsylvanians, and Virginians, owned, with no Sabine reluctance, the constraining power of Brother Jonathan's affection, and thus a race was *formed, upon a better than which the sun* never shone.

Obeying Orders.—Go out in the woods, Sambo,' said a Southern master to one of his negroes, "and cut me some crotches for a fence—to stick in the ground, like this,' and making an inverted A of two fingers on a table. The negro took his axe, went into the woods, was gone all day, and returned at last with nothing but his axe in his hand where is your crotches Sambo," asked his master. "Couldn't find none massa no how." "Couldn't find any, I" said his master; "why there are thousands of them in the woods. Why, look at that tree.', "Oh es massa, plenty of dem kind! but dey all crotch up; I ought you war ted dem kind dat crotch down!"

Gems of Thought.

The most corrective punishment is kindness

Freedom from pain is of itself a pleasure, but to know this, one must have suffered.

The trials of life are the tests which ascertain how much gold is in us.

Our greatest glory is not in *never falling* but in rising every time we fall.

People seldom improve when they have no other model but themselves to copy.

Patience—A virtue which some people think every one wants but themselves.

Dress makes the man, and the feathers are sometimes more valuable than the bird.

Men fear death because they know it not, as children fear the dark.

Account him thy real friend who desires thy good rather than *thy good-will.*

Envy—Punishing ourselves for being inferior to our neighbor.

It is to be doubted whether he will ever find the way to heaven, who desire to go there alone.

Do nothing in thy passion; why wilt thou put to sea in the violence *of a storm?*

Let the bent of thy thoughts be to mend thyself, rather than the world.

There are two kinds of false philosophers: those who underrate and those who overrate man.

Few persons know themselves, because they find the study of themselves an employment but little calculated to *satisfy* their pride or vanity.

Nobleman—One who is indebted to his ancestors for a name and estate, and sometimes to himself for being unworthy of both.

Some pleasures, like the horizon, recede perpetually as we advance towards them; others, like butterflies, are crushed by being caught.

Let others act as they please; but do thou always act according to the dictates of thy own judgment, and take heed of being self-condemned.

A cloud upon the soul shrouds and darkens the earth more than a cloud in the firmament. The spectacle is in the spectator.

One act of beneficence, or act of real usefulness, is worth all the abstract sentiment in the world.

Ignorance is a blank sheet, on which we may write; but error is a scribbled one, on which we must first erase.

Large minds, like large pictures, are seen best at a distance, this is the reason, to say nothing of envious motives, why we generally undervalue our contemporaries, and overrate the ancients.

Good-breeding is a guard upon the tongue; the misfortune is, that we put it on and off with our fine clothes and visiting faces, and do not wear it where it is wanted—at home!

Every man's actions form a centre of influence upon others; and every deed, however trivial, has some weight in determining the future destiny of the world.

The sweetest flowers are those which shed their odors in quiet nooks and dingles, and the purest hearts are those whose deeds of love are done in solitude and secret.

With love, the heart becomes a fair and fertile garden, glowing with sunshine and warm hues, and exhaling sweet odors; but without it, it is a bleak desert covered with ashes.

It is observed, that the most censorious are generally the least judicious, who, having nothing to recommend themselves, will be finding fault with others. No man envies the merit of another who has enough of his own.

The good fruits of human life are the produce of mingled smiles and tears, as the fruits of the field require sunshine and rain. As without clouds there can be no rain, and without rain no fertility, so without sorrow there can be no tears, and without tears the heart would soon be barren.

The Real Thing.—We have heard that a musical amateur, being presented, in a room where Jenny Lind is the mark of all observers, saw a fly alight upon her cheek. Jenny pushed it off. The gentleman's eye followed the fly till he saw it alight on a window; there he captured it; and pouring from his snuff-box its contents, he put the fly therein, raised it to his lips, and then reverently placed it in his bosom. The buss of that fly was sweeter than a flageolet.

☞ Water proof shirts is the name of a new article just patented by Lansing. The bosoms are made of sheet iron, while the ruffle consists of a hand-saw, with the teeth set wide.

☞ A negro was brought up before the Mayor of Philadelphia for stealing chickings. Theft conclusively proved. "Well, Tody," said his Honor, "what have you got to say for yourself?"

"Nuffin' but dis: I was as crazy as a bed bug when I stole dat pullet, cos I might hab stole de big rooster and nobody done it Dat shows, conclusively to my mind that I was laboring under de delireum mandus!"

A Civil Request.—An old woman observed a sailor going by her door and supposing him to be her son Billy cried out—"Billy where is my cow gone?"

The sailor replied, in a contemptuous manner, "Gone to the d—l for what I know."

"Well, as you are going that way," said the old woman, "I wish you'd just let down the bars."

A Lady in this vicinity consoling her neighbor for the loss of her son was encouraged in tears, "if Billy's grandmother is in heaven, I know she won't see Billy punished."