The combat of life and its warfare all-The compat of the and its warrants and Float along on the breath of the past,
The birouse, the encamp and the strife Aregone on the wing of the blast.
But the calm that rests on her spirit now,
Is the signet seal of Jehovah's vow

She has laid her treasures carefully the has into no treastic actions,

Away in eternal rest;

That knows no awakening on earth

The so profound and blest.

On the hillock's sloping breast of green,

Where the moonlight falls in a silvery sheen

And the loved of her youth she hath yielded up To the spoiler's mighty grasp; Beheld how chill and frigid grew. The demon's key chasp.

But she knoweth that dust must return to dust

Ere the palms of the prophet exsiteth her trust.

Lawrenceville. Fiz.

MARKET.

Interesting Narrative.

From the Spiritual Telegraph, April 7th. Loss of the Steamship Pacific.

Through a great number of media the spirits have predicted or affirmed the loss of the Pacific-and the fatal disaster, with its stantial description. terrible details, has been represented with terrible distinctness, in presence of many witnesses. The subjoined account from Mr. S. W. Britton, a merchant of this city, embodying the results of several interviews with spirits on this subject, can hardly fail to the supposed loss of the Pacific. swaken an interest in the mind of the serious reader '

MR. BRITTON'S STATEMENT

On the evening of December 23, 1855, white the writer was engaged, in conversation with several friends who had assembled in the rooms of S. B. Brittan, at the Tremont House in this city, Mrs. Harriet Porter being also present, was employed at the time in making magnetic passes over one of the editor's daughters, with a view to remove a neuralgic pain in the head. The writer was siling near the narties observing the movements of Mrs. P. when the latter suddenly jurned around and said with a peculiar em phasis. " You have asked for a test; I will now give you one .- THE STEAMSHIP PACIF-IC WILL BE WERCKED AND ALL ON BOARD WILL PERISE. Put that in your pocket and keep it for a test." The Spirit purported to be my son Edward, and on my enquiring for jurther particulars, he added, "I will tell you nothing more now; there will be an excitement on the subject and you will come to see me again. There will also be a report that she is safe, but it will prove to be laise

There were present on the occasion, Mrs S B. Brittan, Emma Frances Jav. E. Virginia Brittan, Mrs. Wells, Mr. and Miss Vail. the medium and myself, any of whom will verify the truth of the foregoing statement. ; have still in my possession the original memorandum, on the back of which is the following indorsement, made at the time the communication was received-" Spiritual prediction given through Mrs. Harriet Porter, December 23, 1855." Soon after the announcement respecting the loss of the Pacinc was made, I communicated the same to the editor of the Telegraph and to Mr. Charles Partridge. Subsequently and before had been awakened, I mentioned the subject to many others, and exhibited the memorandum to some twenty persons, including severa wno had little or no confidence in the claims of spiritualism. The names of the persons here referred to can be given if nec

Some time after the occurrence of the circumstances atready described, and when the arriva, of the Pacific was beginning to be looked for, I again visited Mrs. Porter at her residence 209 West 24th street. In the course of the interview, some remark was made respecting the Pacific, whereupon Mrs. P., speaking with unusual earnestness, said : "THE PACIFIC IS LOST, and all on board have gone to their long homes? At a still later date, the writer called on

hirs I early one Saturday evening, when the Pacific had been out thirty days and the Atlantic seventeen days from Liverpool .-Our inquiries respecting the fate of the missing steamers were answered by the emphatic assurance that the Pacific was lost, but that the Atlantic was safe. At 10 o'clock the same evening the Atlantic arrived, and thus was verified the statement respecting her saiet. The next morning the report was widely circulated and generally credited, that for some cause, the Pacific had ran into the nver Shannon and was still safe. Before the report was contradicted I saw Mrs. Porter yet again; the spirits would neither retract nor modify what they had said respecting the loss of the steamer; but they were particular to remind me that they had, on the occasion of the first interview, predicted that such a report would obtain currency.

PARTICULARS OF THE WRECK.

No: many days had elapsed, when the writer of this again found himself at Mrs. Porter's table; the company of this occasion consisted of twelve persons. We had been seated but a short time, when the medium was entranced by a Spirit who said his name was-Faulkner, that he was purser on board the Pacific, had a brother in New York, who was a silversmith, etc. In reply to questions propounded by the writer and others, the following additional particulars were eiicite.

When six days out, the Pacific struck an iceberg, at 11 o'clock on the evening of Jan. 29th, and very soon went down stern foremost. As the vessel sank, three persons escaped from the wreck and found a temporary resting place on the ice, but they were subsequently frozen to death. It was further alleged that there was forty-eight-passengers graphically represented; the general con- a bunnet riles me all over."

Devoted to the Artension of the Area of Freedom and the Spread of Mealthy Reform

COBB, STURROCK & CO.,

THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM,

anorsanings, manife PUBLISHERS & PROPRIETORS.

VOL. 2.

NO. 40.

WELLSBOROUGH, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, MAY 1, 1856.

sternation, the wild turnult, and the frantic prayers to God for deliverance, excited intense and solemn emotion in all who were

Since the utterance of the original prophecy respecting the loss of the Pacific; the writer has a least a dozen interviews with the spirits through Mrs. Porter. On all occasions they have maintained a general consistency, and no important discrepancy thus far appear in their statements. Had the undersigned anticipated the publication of these facts, many additional particulars might have been preserved; but they were not noted at the time they transpired, and I cannot readily recall them, at this late day, with sufficient clearness to warrant a more circum-

S. W. BRITTON.

REMARKABLE PRESENTMENT AND STRANGE APPARITION.—The Boston Times relates the following singular story, in connection with

We have always been averse to feeding the popular appetite for marvellous things, especially those which may be said to have their origin in a supernatural latitude, and only calculated to create a thirst for further revelations which can never be satiated this side the grave. But the circumstances we are about to relate are so remarkable, and are so authenticated, that we cannot avoid the temptation to give them publicity; and hoping our readers will not think that because we have gone to another world for information in regard to the missing steamer, we have yet given up hopes of hearing from her in this, we proceed to relate the story substantially as related to us:

Among the passengers in the Pacific is. or was, Mr. K-w, of this city, a gentleman who has crossed the Atlantic several times, and always lest in happy spirits, and always returned in excellent health. But just before leaving on his last voyage, his spirits became suddenly and excessively depressed .-He could not account for the feeling; he struggled to overcome it, and his friends endeavored to rally him. But it was no usethe strange presentiment of some dreadful fatality hung over him, and weighed down his energies. Yet important business requiring his presence in Europe at a certain time, he determined to disregard the admonitions of this inward monitor, and to hazard the voyage. Before starting, however, he made his will, and placed it in the hands of

Mr. K. was engaged to be married to an estimable young lady, a daughter of one of our most respectable and highly esteemed merchants, whose residence is a short distance from the city; and the wedding was to take place on Mr. K's, return from his European voyage. The approach of this interesting event, it was naturally thought, tended to aggravate the aversion he had to to carry with him, and the prospect of a engaged the cork and placed it to his mouth. happy return at some time or other, someweighed upon it, and he departed.

a friend.

He arrived out safely, transacted his busiicss, and wrote home breathing the kindliest feeling of attachment for his dear friends, and designated the time at which he might be expected to return. Of course, his arrival was looked for with much interest, especially by the lady to whom he was en-But how futile are human calculations! Days and weeks have elapsed since that period, and yet a cheering word from the vessel which was to bear him homeward has not been heard to relieve the now painful anxiety respecting her.

About the time Mr. K. appointed to be home, Miss-, his betrothed, was one night startled from her sleep by the figure of Mr. K. appearing before her! The form seemed so palpable that she was for a moment bewildered. She felt concious that it could not be her intended; yet so real seemed the apparition, that she raised herself in bed and spoke to it! That moment it vanished; and Miss-, relieved from her agitation. awoke her sister, who was sleeping beside her, and related the occurrence.

But little was thought of this matter until recently, when circumstances induced a reference to the date of its happening. It of cabin furniture, &c., which some suppose | tones :

to have belonged to the Pacific. This, to say the least, is a remarkable coincidence; but we sincerely hope and trust that it will prove simply a means of adding, if possible, to the intense joy and gladness which await the reunion of dearly loved and cherished friends, whenever that so much longed for moment of reunion shall arrive.

Angels in Petticoats.

A funny correspondent of the Portland Transcript says: "I have recently gin up all idea of women folks, and come back to perlitikal life, I am more at hum in this line look at, I give in, but darn 'em, they are slippery as eels, an' when you fish for 'em an' get a bite, soon some how or other find yourselves at the wrong end of the lineon board—forty males and eight females; stuffed 'em with peanuts, candy and dogthat at the time the catastrophe, the ship was gerytipes, they'll throw you away as they in lat. 40 degrees North; that the Captain would a cole tetter. Least-wise that's bin was at fault in taking the course he did, his object being to make a quicker trip than the naow. The Queen of Sheber, the sleepin' On Satu Persia, which was then on her first voyage. beauty, Kleopatry's needle, Pompey's pillow, In the course of the evening—the medium an' Lot's wife, with a steem injine to help asking where was a drug store, he wanted being entranced, the heart-rending scene was 'em, couldn't tempt me. The very sight of

Let's Die Together.

A very amusing scene occurred a few days ago, in a neighboring city, not a thousand miles from this, where a number of the actors, about which we have laughed off a threatened attack of winter fever, and thro' the same means, have lost a number of buttons from our jacket. Our readers are honeatly entitled to the particulars, and shall have a hearty laugh too. Ha! ha ha!

The editor, (who for short we will call Quill,) having business to engage him much of the night, had wisely provided a nice broil to strengthen the inner man, and having carefully stowed it away for future reference, stepped out a short time to manage some necessary business. The foreman and a typo, (whom we will call Quad and Rule,) oon came in and chanced to find the steak. What a fine chance for a joke on Quill; eat when too late laugh at him-that's it-bright idea-ah, we have him on the hip! The juicy steak is broiled and eagerly and hastily devoured, after having given it a fine brown roast. Quill comes out and goes to his labor suspecting nothing wrong. Quad and Rule could not long retain their mirth at the rich joke they had played, the secret must out. Thanks to the careful provident Quill; "the steak was fine!"

Quill comprehended at once the whole state of affairs, determined richly to repay the boys for their left handed joke, so instantly assuming the gravity of an owl, and the Yet, if bettered, then better forever. solicitude of a matronly shanghai, with great eagerness, grasping Quad by the arm, exclaimed:

My God! Quad, you havn't eaten that poisoned meat?"

Y-e-s, responded Quad, whilst his face assumed an ashy paleness, his limbs were seized with a trembling and his eyes stood out an inch from his forehead. "Great God! then you are poisoned, and

n a few minutes will be a dead man. Strychnine was put upon that meat to kill wolves." Every person in the office knew that some strychnine had been procured that day to silence some wolves, that with their howlings, made midnight hideous. Each therefore, rushed forward to the scene of conversation; everything in the shape of business was susnended, and each waited in breathless agony

the termination of this tragical scene. "Poisoned !-strychnine !!-denth!! now groaned the thoroughly affirighted Quad .-"Oh, my God, save me!" and he rolled his eyes beseechingly an instant for the first time heavenward, then hastily placing both hands upon his stomach, he hissed, Ah, ve gods! I feel the deathly gripe—the poison has hold on my vitals. Oh-h-h-h-h! Save me—what shall I take?"

Quill suggested grease, oil, lard, soap, anything as an antidote. Devil jumped to the press, and in an instant returned with a again tempt the dangers of the treacherous bottle filled with oil-the article used on the ocean; but the cordial good wishes he had press. Quad grasped it spasmodically, dis-The limpid stream rapidly flowed towards its what relieved his mind of the burthen which level, and the bottle would have been emptied, had it not have been arrested by the hand of Rule, whose quick eye measured the remains of the fast disappearing, life-saving antidote. The remainder was hastily dispatched, toin the office.

> that once happy office-prayers were breathed for the sinful souls of the two unfortunates. The crisis was hastily approaching, when another entered and quickly learned the awful state of affairs, viz: that the young men rangement of time, flugality and industry. had eaten strychnine.

"To the doctors! for God's sake-haste!" screamed the new comer. This was something new and unthought of in the bustle beabout vanishing when Rule mouned out:

"Stop a moment, Quad; wait, I will go. If we die, let's die together like men!"

The office of Dr. M. was reached in a moment-the victims examined-said there was little danger, the poison, if taken, would have done its work before-Quad was not satisfied; he saw only death before him; he could get no oil; the doctor was out. Pale, haggard and trembling in every limb, he rushed out, followed in the distance by all the 'boys,' from the office-breaking through proved to be February 7-the very day on two doors of the neighboring establishment, which the steamer Edinburgh saw portions he shouted to the proprietor in sepulchral

"Oil, grease, lard-quick-strychnine -O, I'm poisoned! Oh-h-h-h-h-h-h! The pains of death are severe-O-o-o-o-o-o-o!

The frightened keeper could only furnish said: he lamp grease on hand, and hastily put on the fire a pan of pork. The wretched victim almost in the agonies of death, his knees, like Belshazzar's, smiting together, seized a ladle, and with his breath half cooling the accumulating fat; rapidly drank it as the sweetest morsel. The over burdened stomach could not endure everything, a tenderness and upheaving ensued, and the victim was led back to the office, physically prostrated. Quill was absent-the secret had leaked than in huntin' the fair seckts. Aingills in out—the boys couldn't hold—they tittered, petricuts an' "kiss-me-quicks" is is pretty to laughed, giggled-the thing was out. Quad those who eat pork. The Gazette Medicale and Rule smelt the mice, very strong-their oil, the press couldn't run that night, no one dare mention the name of it. Doctor called versally so afflicted-in fact, it turns out that they've cotched you! An' when you've next morning, bill was promptly met. Weather was exceedingly cold, yet that house was from two words, signifying a small sect and too hot for Quill for a number of days. The a tail, which much uffects pork, no sooner boys won't endure the sight of pork, grease

> On Saturday Quad, still pale, was passing down street -a stranger called from behind.

some strychnine to poison wolves. With murder in his eye Quad turned upon please make a note,

him. Stranger took him to be a madman, and hastily fied, hotly pursued—hats flew off in the wind; still bare-headed as for life, each nerved himself-away-away, until lost from sight. We have heard from neither sincemeantime Quill has returned to the office.

Oil has gone up in that city, but strych. nine has no sale.

FLOWERS.—Passing through one of our bystreets, last autumo, we were preceded by a troop of boys rollicking through the streets, after the fashion of the candidates for Bowery distinction. Just as we reached them. their boisterous merriment was checked by the sight of a quantity of flowers—the refuse of a neighboring garden thrown out into the street. They were the commonest kind, of flowers-marigolds, &c.-yet none the made a simultaneous rush for them, not with man. the delicious morsel he had prepared, and pushing and squabbling, as they would have done for coppers or valuables, but with eagerness. One, keener-eyed than the rest, secured the gems of the collection, and the disappointed gathered round him with as great an intensity of satisfaction, as though themselves had been the fortunate finders. "Oh, ain't they pretty," in various keys burst from their hearts, and so, locked arm in arm, they strolled slowly down the street, still admiring, but not as before, boisterous, rowdying. Their voices were softened, and their bearing harmonized, and we lost sight of them, bettered we doubt not, if only for the moment.

Could we but throw more flowers in the way of earth's unfortunates, who can tell what might be done by the ever growing, never satiated thirst for beauty ? The softened tones and quiet manner of those rude boys, passing arm in arm through the city street, their whols souls poured out on a handful of castaway flowers, was, in itself, the flowering of a better seed, a beauty which of right to him. I would like to divide my. the highest sense will feel. For ourselves, we reverenced flowers more than ever, they seemed texts clipped from the Evangel of Art .- Crayon.

SHRUBBERY AND VINES .- Let there alwave be a lawn in front of the house, and let the hardy climbers find all over it appropriate places on which to rest, and fasten their wondrous burdens of grace and loveliness; let honey suckles and jessamines, clematis and bignonias, and wistaries, and roses cluster over it and weave for it a veil of beauty. which the sun shall every moment diversify he zephyre shall always nestle and rock themselves to sleep, where the bees will come and sing their lyrics of industry as they gather sweetest nectar; and where the little birds shall build their annual nests and rear their families not more loving than the one that dwells beneath those embowering vines. Cultivating such natural ornaments upon and about the house will refine the taste of the family, will improve the manners, will elevate the morals, and strengthen all the domestic and social affection in their hearts, old father. I would gladly give content to It will assist also in forming habits of industry and frugality, as well as habits of observation and intelligent piety. Let a family plan how best to adorn a yard and decorate a house with foliage, and they will find springgether with all the grease that could be found | ing up in their hearts a unity of feeling and a strength of sympathy to which others are Consternation and affright now reigned in strangers. Each one labors to promote the pleasure of the others—hence domestic affection; are all planning for the future, hence hopeful patience; all seek to turn every spare hour to the common profit, hence orderly ar-

THE KING AND THE SOLDIER .- A King was riding along in disguise, and seeing a soldier at a public house door, stopped and fore. Quad sprang to the door, and was asked the soldier to drink with him; and while they were talking the King swore.

The soldier said, "Sir, I am sorry to hear gentleman swear."

His majesty took no notice and soon swore

The soldier said, "Sir, I'll pay part of the pot if you please, and go; for I hate swearing so, that if you were the King himself, I should tell you of it."

"Should you indeed?" said the King. "I should," said the soldier.

His majesty said no more but left him. A while after, the King having invited some of his lords to dine with him, the soldier was sent for; and while they were at dinner, he was ordered into the room to await awhile. Presently the King utterred an oath; the soldier immediately, but with great modesty,

"Should not my lord, the King, fear an oath."

The King looking first at the lords, and then at the soldiers, said :

"There my lords, is an honest man; he can respectfully remind me of the great sin of swearing; but you can sit and let me send my soul to hell by swearing, and not so much as tell me of it."

Do You EAT PORK? - Physicians have discovered that the tape worm only troubles asserts that the Hebrews are never troubled strength and vigor instantly returned. No with it; the pork hutchers are particularly liable to it, and that dogs fed on pork are unia small parasite worm called crystecersas, reaches the stomach than from the change of diet and position, it is metamorphosed in the well known tapa worm. The experiments of M. Ruchenmeister of Zittoria, upon a condemned criminal, have established the fact beyond all contradiction. Pork eaters will

A Touching Story of Filial Love,

The following most remarkable and beau iful instance of filial affection appeared in the Herald of Lima, (Peru,) to which it. was communicated by the Alcade of Callao, 'A man who can read it without tears must be debased indeed:-

GENTLEMEN-There having passed in my office (Justice of the Peace) a scene of great interest, and most rare at any time and place, I cannot refrain from communicating the same to you, believing that you will concur with me in the opinion that an act so humble, and worthy of the best qualities of human nature deserves to be commemorated by means of the press.

About eight o'clock this morning a tumultuous assembly of people invaded my house, less beautiful for being common. The boys bringing in with them a venerable looking They inquired for the justice. On demanding of them the reason of this semiriotous collection, they all began to speak at once so that I was for a time unable to comprehend what was the real state of the case. Having, however, at last obtained silence the old man addressed me thus:

"Mr. Alcade, having buried my wife, the mother of these four lads, I ordered this one, named Jose Maria, to take charge of the other three, who have already made choice of their elder brother's profession. These two, Atanacio and Dionisio, are both married; the youngest, although single, supports himself by his labors as fisherman. Ever since the mother of these boys was taken away from me, I have been living with my elder son, in the interior; but have never failed to receive care and attention from the other three. Desirous of coming to Callao, Jose Maria wrote to Julian in order that he should provide for me-which injuction, has given offence to Atanacio, who declares that being the second son the future care of me belongs self into four parts, so as to give to each of my children a portion of my body, but as that cannot be, we have come before you, Mr. Alcade, in order to decide which of these young men is to be preferred."

The father had hardly finished speaking, when the generous dispute commenced. Atanacio, the second son, said that his father having been hitherto living with his el-

der brother, it was now his turn to have possession of him by order of birth. Dionisio contended that his brother Atanacio could not be with his father because he had a great deal to do and could not give their father with bewitching light and shade, and in which the attention he required. The fourth son, Julian, represented to me that it properly belonged to him to support his father, as he was the youngest and unmarried.

In truth I knew not what to resolve, my heart was so affected by the extraordinary picture presented to me. As I contemplated this scene in silence, the old man, Cemente, asking my permission to speak, said: "My dear children, my heart overflows with satisfaction in witnessing your disputes respect-ing which of you shall take charge of your vou all-and therefore mitted to breakfast with one-dine with an other-sleep in the house of the third-and thus keep changing from day to day; but if you do not consent to this, let his honor, the Judge, determine what shall be done with me.

The young men unanimously rejected this proposition, because they said, their father would lead an errant, unquiet life. I then proceed to write on separate pieces of paper the names of the sons, and let the decision of chance settle the question. While I wrote these papers and doubled them, and put them into the hat of Clemente, which served as a ballot-box, a death-like silence prevailed, and there was plainly to be seen expressed in the countenance of each of the sons his hopes of being the lucky receiver of the desired prize. The old man put his tremulous hand into the hat and drew out the name of Atanacio, the second son! My friends, I hardly know how to express to you the new scene which then broke in upon me! Atonacio. upon hearing his name called out, broke into praises to the Omniscient for according him such a boon. With his hands clasped and eyes directed to Heaven, he repeated over and over his thanks, then fell upon his knees before his venerable parent and bathed his sandalled feet with tears of frantic joy.

The other brothers followed his example, and embraced the feet of the good old patriarch, who remained like a statue, oppressed with emotions which he knew not how to give vent to.

Such a scene as this melted all those who witnessed it, among whom were the lieutenant of police, the Alcade don Alfano, and other friends. The brothers then retired with a fresh demand - which was that I should command that since Atanacio had father, they should not be deprived of the pleasure of taking out the old man to walk by turns in the afternoon, which order I gave magisterially, in order to gratify these, simple, honest people and they then retired contended.

This humble family (of Indian extraction) is name Villavicencion. They are natives of the valley of Chorillo-but at present reside in Callao.

I repeat, gentlemen, that if this imperfect, but true relation, he deemed worthy of publication, you are at liberty to give it a place in the columns of your journal. Your very humble servant, Antonia A. Del. Villar, Alcade of Catlan.

for his aid in spreading the gospel.

A Mannerly Youth.

Last week the "Crabtown Dorcas Sewing Society" held their annual meeting, and on motion, it was voted—" That our parson, wait on Tony Jones, and see if nothing can be done to improve the manners of young

Tony."
The next day the parson called on Tony, senior, and informed him, respecting the ob-

"Parson, I'd let Tony go to meetin' every Sunday, if I only know'd you's goin to preach. But, parson, there ain't a boy inthe village of Crabtown what's got more. manners than my Tony, and I can convince you of that in just a minit. You see Tony out there skinning them niffers?"

The parson nodded assent. "Now; see, I'll call him." And raising his voice to the highest pitch, he shouted-

" Tony ?" The response was quick and equally loud---

" Sir !" "" Do you hear that, parson?" said the old

man. "Don't you call that manners?" "That is all very well," replied the par-

son, "as far as it goes." "What do you mean by 'far as it goes?" That boy, sir, always speaks respectfully to me, when I call him;" then raising his voice

he again called— "Tony?" The response, "sir," was equally loud and prompt.

Again the old man called-

" Tony ?" The boy dropped a half-dressed fish, and

shaking his fist at his sire, yelled out-"You miserable, black, old, drunken snob. I'll come in there in just two minutes, and maul you like blazes !"

The parson was astonished. The old man was disconcerted for a moment, but instantly recovering himself, he tapped the parson on the shoulder, saying:

"You see, parson, my boy has got grit as well as manners. This chap will make an ornament to your society one of these

davs." I need not add, that the parson incontinently mizzled.

Riding at West Point.

A correspondent of Life Illustrated, gives the following as a portion of the experience of a Cadet at West Point:

When I came back from Furlough, my class had ridden for a year; I only for a week or two. I was not in the least daunted, however, by this, and blindly trusting to fortune and my own powers, I buckled on a pair of rusty spurs, bound myself securely to an enormous sabre, with a prodigious iron scabbard, and sallied forth .- Dragoon brought me a raw-boned, vicious tooking animal, which, after some preliminary difficulties. I succeeded in mounting. "Trat!" Horse started; so did I, half off

my saddle. I had never been taught to keep my heels well out, and accordingly my spurs went in. Horse "went in" too. Motion peculiar. Began to think I was losing my balance. Sabre flew out and hit the horse on the head. In plunged my spurs deep among his ribs. Another jump. Sabre flew back and hit him on the flanks. Spurs worked convulsively among his bonns-jump, thump, spur; horse reared; seized his mane; kicked up; caught his ear and saved myself. It began to grow exciting. Finally, horse started off.—Such a race! Pulling on his mane had no tendency to check his mad career; rather seemed to irritate him. Had a good hold with the spurs, but did not consider myself perfectly safe. Sabre flew up and hit me in the face. Blind for a moment, and I heard something drop. Looked up into the saddle and saw I was not there. Concluded it must be me on the ground. Horse standing near, eating grass and looking at me with a quiet twinkle in his eye, adding insult to in-

STRIKE ON.—How much like a rock in the ocean, against which the waves have beaten for centuries, is the man of sterling truth and robust integrity! To the waves of unholy passion-to unsanctified popular applause, he cries, "Strike on, I shall not be harmed." The seductive influence of vice is all around him; but he is unmoved. Wealth is at his command, if he will but swerve from the path of duty. No-you could as soon remove the sea.

When the great and good Algernon Sydney was about to be executed, he calmly laid his head upon the block. He was asked by the executioner, if he should rise again? Not till the general resurrection-strike on." was the remarkable reply of Sydney.

When unholy power would remove you on account of your virtue, say calmly, strike on, but do not yield to sin. Be firm in your principles, even though death should store you in the face Be this your motto, whenever assailed by wealth or power, and glorious will you triumph-if not in this world. in that which is to come.

Well Said.—The Indian in his native condition, is no fool, as the following anecdote related by a Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Republican attests:

We met Col. Stambourg to day in the rotunda of the Capitol, and while we were looking at the carved representations over the door-ways of the rotundal the veteran Indian agent told us that in 1830, with a delegation of the Menominee Indians, he visited the Capbeen favored by lot with the charge of the litol, and explained the nature and design of the stone groups in the rounda, when the chief, "Grizzly Bear," turned to the eastern doorway, over which there is a representation of the landing of the Pilgrims, and said. "there, Ingen give white man corn;" and to the north representing Penn's treaty, "there Ingen give um land;" and to the West, where Pocahontas is seen saving the life of Captain Smith, "there Ingen save um life" - and lastly, to the south, where the hardy pioneer, Daniel Boone, is seen plunging his knife into the breast of one red man, while his foot is placed on the dead body of another, "and there white man kill Ingen.'

A mother admonishing a son, a lad seven years of age, told him he should never defer An incorrigable wag, who lent a minister till to morrow what he could do to-day.—
a horse which ran away and threw his clerical rider, thought he would have some credit let's eat the rest of that plum pudding to