THE SUSQUEHANNA REGISTER.

"THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE IS THE LEGITIMATE SOURCE, AND THE HAPPINESS OF THE PEOPLE THE TRUE END OF GOVERNMENT."

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"Poet's Corner."

The Editor's Advisers.

Says one your subjects are too grave,
Too much morality you have;
Too much about religion;
Give me some witch or wizard tales,
With slip-shod ghosts, with fins and scales,
Or feathers like a pigeon.

I love to read, another cries,
Those monstrous fashionable lies;
In other words those novels,
Composed of kings, and, queens and lords,
Of border wars and gothic hordes,
That used to live in hovels.

No, no, cries one we've had enough
Of such confounded love-sick stuff,
To craze the fair creation;
Give us some recent foreign news,
Of Russian, Turk, the Greeks and Jews,
Or any other nation.

Another cries I want more fun,
A witty anecdote or pun,
A rebus or a riddle:
Some long for missionary news,
And some, of wordly, carnal views,
Would like to hear a fiddle.

Another cries, I want to see
A jumbled up variety—
Variety in all things—
A miscellaneous hodge-podge print,
Composed only to give that hint;
Of mutlifarious small things.

I want some marriage news, says Miss,
It constitutes my highest bliss
To hear of weddings plenty;
For in a time of general rain,
None suffers from a drought. 'tis plain;
At least not one in twenty.

I want to hear of deaths says one,
Of people totally undone,
By losses fire or fever;
Another answers, full as wise,
I'd rather have the fall and rise
Of raccoon skins or beaver.

Some signify a secret wish
For now and then a savory dish
Of politics, to suit them:
But here we rest with perfect ease,
For should they swear the moon was cheese,
We never would dispute them.

Or grave or humorous, wild or tame,
Lofty or low, tis all the same,
To haughty or to humble.
And every editorial wight
Has naught to do but what is right,
And let the grumblers grumble.

Miscellaneous Selections.

The Legacy.

A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

It would not have been easy—we could almost say impossible—to have found anywhere a more contented or a happier family than that of David Hunter, at the period when we first took up their history. Yet the Hunters were in but humble circumstances. The father and three sons being but humble workmen in a large bleaching manufactory, at very moderate wages. But what of that? They were contented and that was enough.

David Hunter the head of the family, was a truly respectable man for his station in life—quiet, sober, honest and intelligent. His sons were not behind him in any of these particulars. They, too, were quiet, well-behaved lads. The family consisted, altogether, of a wife, the three sons just alluded to, and two daughters—the latter like all the rest of the family, being remarkable for their industrious habits and the general propriety of their conduct.

But it was the love that the several members of this happy family bore to each other that formed the most remarkable feature of their communion, and which most particularly attracted the notice and excited the admiration of all who had an opportunity of marking it. And such opportunity had the whole parish in which they resided; for in going to church, they invariably all went together, brother and sister, linked arm in arm, and all talking so kindly, and looking so fondly in each others faces—it was delightful to see them.

In church, too, it was a pretty sight to see how attentive the brothers were to their mother and sisters in pointing out the text and the psalm. These were trifling matters, indeed, but people of discernment saw a great deal in them. At home, too, it was equally pleasant to see the Hunters of an evening, after the father and the young men had returned from their work—the house clean and neat; the daughters busily engaged in sewing; the mother in discharging her household duties; the father seated by the fire in his great wooden arm chair, and the sons seated around him, engaged in cheerful and lively conversation. Great, indeed, though humble, was the happiness of the Hunters.

Their employer who had a great esteem for David and his family, was in the habit of looking in upon them sometimes, after work-hours, when making his usual rounds to see that all was right about the field. On these occasions he never could refrain from saying something congratulatory to David, in reference to the quiet, cheerful and affectionate conduct of his children. He had witnessed the domestic felicity of the family often; but every time he saw it, it struck him as forcibly as the first time.

'It would be no small matter David,' he said, on one of these occasions, smiling as he spoke, 'that would cause a difference in your family. I hardly think anything could interrupt the harmony that reigns amongst you.'

'Well, I believe,' replied David with a very excusable look of complacency, 'that hardly anything possibly could.—There has never been the slightest difference amongst us yet, and I trust there never will.' The sons and daughters replied to their employer's remark by raising their heads, and glancing at him with a smile, which said as plainly as smile can say anything: 'A difference between us! No, no; such a thing can never be. We love each other too well and too sincerely for that.'

Thus stood matters, then, with David Hunter and his family, and thus they remained for several years, with little or no change; only that David and his wife were getting a little older, and their sons and daughters further on in life. But in their happiness and attachment to each other there was no change, unless an increase of such happiness and attachment can be so called.

David Hunter and his family were surprised one evening by a visit from the letter-carrier. He had not been at their house for two years before; and then it was with a very primitive looking epistle, most abominably folded, sealed with a bit of resin instead of wax, and superscribed with a vile hieroglyphical sort of direction. It was from a very honest, decent man, however, a brother of David Hunter, who was a weaver in Bridgeton, near Glasgow. No lettter had they received from any quarter since then until now. But the letter that made its appearance now was of a very different description, being properly folded, carefully sealed, and altogether business like. On its being handed in, David slowly put his hand into his capacious waistcoat pocket in search of his spectacles. These found and drawn forth, he deliberately opened them, and with equal deliberation placed them on his nose. All these preparatory proceedings gone through with due solemnity, David at length opened the mysterious letter, and, surrounded by his wondering and anxious, but profoundly silent family, read as follows:

LONDON, ——— ———.

Sir: We have much pleasure in infroming you that you are named in the will of the late John Pitt, Esq., of Woodvale, Jamaica, for a legacy of £5000.

'We in the meantime, merely advise you of the circumstance; but shall in a day or two address you again, with instructions as to proceedings necessary for putting yon in possesion of said legacy, also as to time and manner of payment. We are, sir, your obedient servants,

GRESSEY & GREGSON, *Solicitors*.'

It is presumed to be unnecessary to describe the effect this extraordinary and most unexpected communication had upon David Hunter and his family. The reader will himself form a sufficiently lively idea of it, without our troubling him with a description. The legacy had been wholly unlooked for; the testator being a very distant relation, and a person with whom David had never had any correspondence; indeed of whose existence he was hardly aware.

The news of the Hunters' legacy, notwithstanding the precautions taken by the family to keep the matter quiet for a little time, soon spread amongst the neighbors, who said that David's family, happy before, would now be ten times happier. It was reasonable to think so; for, if they were content and happy with very limited means, they would certainly be much more content and happy when there means became abundant. It was reasonable that it should be so—that on becoming richer, they should become happier. Did they? We shall see.

In the course of a few days, David heard again from the London solicitors, who now wrote fully on the subject of the legacy, and gave him such instructions as put him in possession of the money in less than three months after. For some time subsequent to this event, no change was observable in the family.—Neither pride nor ostentation followed their good fortune. On the third or fourth Sunday, however, the neighbors and others who knew of and had observed their affectionate manner towards each other, were a good deal surprised at the unusual order in which they came to church Formerly, as already noticed, they used to come in the most loving manner, arm in arm together; now they come in a string, all separate and wide asunder.—There was observable, moreover, more or less of an angry and discontented expression on the countenance of all of them, which, contrasting so very strikingly as it did with their former cheerful looks, was very conspicuous and attracted the notice of the more shrewd observers. Coming to church in this manner, they of course entered their pew in a straggling way, one after the other at considerable intervals, and not together as formerly—another circumstance, indicative of some change of feeling, which did not escape the notice of the congregation; the report of their sudden acquisition of wealth having rendered them objects of special attention for a time. Neither did a total neglect of those little acts of courtesy to each other in church, of which we formerly spoke elude the observation of those around them.

People were much surprised at this unusual deportment of the Hunters, and wondered if any disagreement had sprung up among them, and if so whether the legacy could have anything to do with it. They said it would be strange if good fortune could do that which bad fortune had been unable to do—namely, destroy the happiness of the family; in this remark, alluding to a period when the Hunters had been in great distress from want of employment and illness together—trials which seemed only to increase their attachment to each other; while now it appeared to be precisely the reverse.—But had any change really taken place in their feelings towards each other? By retrograding a little in their history we may ascertain this.

On the third day after the receipt of the legacy, David Hunter called his family around him, and told them that he wished to inform them of certain arrangements regarding the distribution of the legacy amongst them (including a provision for himself and wife,) on which he had determined. He then proceeded to name to his sons the respective sums which he intended giving them to begin business with, and to his daughters the sum he intended giving them as dowry in the event of their marriage. Having concluded David looked around for the approbation which he felt conscious he deserved. But what was his surprise and mortification when he perceived in every countenance the most unequivocal signs of disappointment and discontent! There was not one of his children, sons or daughters, pleased with the portions allotted them.

Poor David endeavored to meet their views by altering, modifying, and even by offering to increase the different sums by reducing the moderate proportion he intended retaining for himself; but to no purpose. No arrangement or distribution he could propose or suggest would satisfy the expectations or wishes of his children. They did not, indeed, complain openly, much less by either loud or angry expressions; but there was gloom on every brow—sullenness and discontent on every countenance.

From this moment there was no longer any happiness in David Hunter's family. A feeling of jealousy and dislike was now engendered, which could never again be eradicated. Poor David saw and bitterly felt the change, and wished a thousand times that the legacy had gone to the bottom of the sea instead of coming to him, as he deemed it but a poor substitute for the domestic felicity he had lost.—Here will be found a sufficient explanation of that difference of deportment which had attracted the notice of their neighbors.

David Hunter, seeing that there was no hope of restoring harmony amongst his children, who were now snapping and snarling at each other morning, noon, and night, determined, however painful to his feelings it might be, to break up his family. In pursuance of this resolution, he recommended to each of his sons to take lodgings of his own, and to start in the world on his own account. To enable them to do so, he said he would instantly pay them down the different sums he had determined on giving them respectively. His sons, though far from satisfied, sulkily acquiesced in the proposed arrangement; and, in a few days after, left their fathers house, but in such sullen mood, that they would not tell him where they were going or what they intended to do.

They never held any correspondence again. Each brother thinking the others had got more than they ought to have done, and of course he himself less, never went near each other, but on the contrary, continued to the end of their lives to entertain a feeling of the most bitter hostility to one another. Neither did any of them ever again visit their father, whom they all agreed in accusing of unjust dealing towards them.

Such was the consequence of the legacy; and it may be taken as another evidence of the well known truth—that an accession of wealth is not necessarily, by any means, an accession of happiness.—*Chambers' Miscellany.*

The Good Angels.

'Come, Ady and Jane, it's time you were in bed,' said Mrs. Freeman to her two little daughters, about nine o'clock one evening. Ady was nine years old and Jane was a year and a half younger. The two children had been sitting at the work table with their mother, one of them studying her lesson, and the other engaged on a piece of fancy needle work.

'Papa hasn't come home yet,' answered Ady.

'No, dear; but it's getting late, and it is time you were in bed. He may not be at home for an hour.'

Ady laid aside her work and left the table, and Jane closed her books, and put them away in her school satchel.

'You can light the lamp of the mantelpiece,' said Mrs. Freeman, after a few moments, and looking around as she spoke, she saw the children had both put on their bonnets, and were tying their warm capes close about their necks. She understood well the meaning of this, and therefore did not ask a question, although the tears came to her eyes and her voice trembled as she said, 'It is very cold to night children.'

'But we don't feel it, mother,' replied Ady; 'we'll run along very quickly.'

And the two little ones went out before their mother, whose feelings were choking her, could say a word. As they closed the door after them, and left her alone, she raised her eyes upward, and murmured 'God bless and reward the dear children.'

It was a dark winter night; as the little adventures stepped into the street, the wind swept fiercely along and almost drove them back in the door. But they caught each other tightly by the hand, and bending their little forms to meet the pressure, hurried on the way, they were going as fast as their little feet could move. The streets were dark and deserted, but the children were not afraid; love filled their hearts, and left no room for fear. They did not speak a word to each other as they hastened along. After going for a considerable distance, they stopped before a house, over the door of which was a handsome ornamental gas lamp, bearing the words, 'Oysters and Refreshments.' It was a strange place for two little girls like them to enter at such an hour; but, after standing for a moment, they pushed against the door, which turned lightly on its hinges, and stepped into a large and brilliantly lighted bar room.

'Ah,' exclaimed a man who was reading at the table, 'here are those babes again.'

Ady and Jane stood still, near the door and looking around the room, but not seeing the object of their search, they went to the bar, and said timidly to a man who stood behind it, pouring liquor into glasses. 'Has papa been here to night?'

The man leaned over the bar till his face was close to the children, and said, in an angry way, 'I don't know anything about your father. And see, don't you come here any more. If you do, I'll call my big dog out of the yard and make him bite you.'

Ady and Jane felt frightened as well by the harsh manner as the angry words of the man, and they turned back from him, and were walking toward the door with sad faces, when the person who had first remarked their entrance, called loud enough for them to hear him. 'Come here, my little girls.'

The children stopped and looked at him when he beckoned them to approach, and they did so.

'Are you looking for your father?' he asked.

'Yes, sir,' replied Ady.

'What did the man at the bar say to you?'

'He said that papa was not here; and if we came here any more he would set his big dog on us.'

'He did?'

'Yes, sir.'

The man knit his brow for an instant, then he said, 'Who sent you here?'

'Nobody,' answered Ady.

'Don't your mother know you have come?'

'Yes sir. She told us to go to bed; we couldn't go till papa was home. And so we came for him first.

'He is here.'

'Is he?' and the children's faces brightened.

'Yes he's at the other side of the room I'll wake him for you.'

Half-intoxicated and sound asleep, it was with some difficulty that Mr. Freeman could be aroused. As soon, however, as his eyes were fairly opened, and he found Ady and Jane had each grasped one of his hands, he rose up, and yielding passively to their direction, suffered them to lead him away.

'O dear!' exclaimed a man who had looked on with wonder and deep interest, 'that's a temperance lecture I can't stand. God bless the little ones,' he added, with emotion, 'and give them a sober father.'

'I guess you never saw them before,' said one of the bar-keeper's, lightly.

'No; and I never wish to do so again—at least in this place. Who is the father?'

'Freeman, the lawyer.'

'Not the one who, a few years ago, conducted with so much ability the case against the Marine Insurance Company?'

'The same.'

'Is it possible!'

A little group now formed round the man, and a good deal was said about Freeman and his fall from sobriety. And one who had several times seen Ady and Jane come in and lead him home, as they had just done, spoke of them with much feeling, and argued that it was a most touching scene.

'To see,' said one, 'how he yields himself to the little things when they come after him, I feel some times, when I see, them, almost weak enough to shed tears.

'They are his good angels,' remarked another, 'But I'm afraid they are not strong enough to lead him back in the paths he has forsaken!'

'You can think what you please about it, gentlemen,' spoke up the landlord, 'but I can tell you my opinion on the subject. I wouldn't give much for the mother who would let two little things like them go wandering about the streets at this time of night.'

One of them who had expressed an interest in the children felt angry at these remarks, and he retorted with some bitterness. 'And I would think less of a man who would make their father drunk.'

'Ditto, to that,' responded one of the company.'

'And here's my hand to that,' said another.

The landlord finding that the majority of his company were likely to be against him, smothered his angry feelings and kept silence. A few minutes afterward two or three of the inmates of the barroom went away.

About ten o'clock on the next morning while Mr. Freeman, who was generally sober in the forepart of the day, was in his office, a stranger entered, and, after sitting down said, 'I must crave your pardon beforehand for what I am going to say. Will you promise not to be offended?'

'If you offer me an insult, I will resent it, said the lawyer.

'So far from that, I come with a desire to do you a great service.'

'Very well; say on.'

'I was at Lawson's refectory last night.'

'Well?'

'And I saw something there that touched my heart. If I slept at all last night it was only to dream of it. I am a father, sir; I have two little girls, and I love them tenderly. O, sir! the thought of their coming out in a cold winter night in search of me, in such a polluted place, makes the blood feel cold in my veins.'

Words so unexpectedly, coming upon Mr. Freeman when he was comparatively sober, disturbed him deeply. In spite of all his endeavors to remain calm, he trembled all over. He made an effort to say something in reply but could not utter a word.

'My dear sir,' pursued the stranger, 'you have fallen at the hand of the monster Intemperance, and I feel that you are in great peril. You have not, however fallen hopelessly. You may yet rise if you will. Let me, in the name of the sweet babes, who have shown in so wonderful a manner their love for you, conjure you to rise up superior to this deadly foe. Reward these dear children with the highest blessing their hearts can desire. Come with me and sign the pledge of freedom. Let us, though strangers to each other, unite in this good act? Come!'

Half-bewildered, though with a new hope in his heart, Freeman arose, and suffered the man, who drew his arm within his to lead him away. Before they had separated, both had signed the pledge.

That evening, unexpectedly and to the joy of his family, Mr. Freeman was perfectly sober when he came home. After tea, while Ady and Jane were standing on either side of him, as he sat near their mother, an arm around each of them he said in a low whisper. 'You will never have to come for me again.'

The children then lifted their eyes quickly to his face, but half understanding what he meant. 'I never will go there again,' he added; 'I will stay at home with you.'

Ady and Jane, now comprehending what their father meant, overcome with joy, hid ther faces in his bosom, and wept for very gladness.

Low as all this had been, every word reached the mother's ear; and, while her heart yet stood trembling between hope and fear. Mr. Freeman drew a paper from his pocket and threw it on the table by which he was sitting. She opened it hastily. It was a pledge with his well-known signature subscribed at the bottom.

With a cry of joy she sprang to his side and his arms encircled his wife as well as his children in fonder embrace than they have known for years.

The children's love has saved their father.—They were indeed his 'good angels.'

A Young Hero.

In the Madison (Ind.) Daily Argus, Dec. 1, we find the following account of the martyrdom of an American boy—a youth of whom our nation may be proud—who died because he would not tell a lie:

A case of moral heroism, exceeding that imputed to Knud Inverson, occurred in Marquette county, in this State, a little over a year ago, the facts of which were established by judicial investigation and were related to us by Judge Larabee who prescided at the trial.

A beautiful, fair-haired, blue-eyed boy about nine years of age, was taken from the Orphan Asylum in Milwaukie, and adopted by a respectable farmer of Marqette, a professor of religion and a member of the Baptist persuasion. A girl, a little older than the boy, was also adopted into the family. Soon after these children were installed in their new home the boy discovered criminal conduct on the part of his new mother, which he mentioned to the little girl, and it thereby came to the ears of the woman; she indignantly denied the story, to the satisfaction of her husband, and insisted that the boy should be whipped until he confessed the falsehood.

The man—poor weak bigot—impelled by a sense of religious duty, proceeded to the task assigned him, by procuring a bundle of rods, stripping the child naked, and suspending him by a cord to the rafters of the house, and whipping him at intervals for over two hours, till the blood ran through the floor, making a pool upon the floor below; stopping only to rest and interrogate the boy and getting no other reply than "Pa, I told the truth—I cannot tell a lie;" the woman all the time urging him to do his duty.' The poor little hero, at length released from his torture, threw his arms around the neck of his tormentor, kissed him and said, "Pa, I am so cold," and died. It appeared in evidence upon the trial of this man and woman for murder, that the child did tell the truth and suffered death by slow torture rather than tell a lie. The age of heroism and of martyrdom will not have passed till mothers cease to instill holy precepts into the minds of their infant offspring. The man and woman who murdered this angel child are now in the penitentiary at Wapun, to which they were sentenced for 10 years.

☞ An aged lady died in this city a few days since who in youth refused a marriage offer from John Q. Adams. It will be recollected that, when a young man, Mr. Adams resided for a time in Newburyport, and here became acquainted with the lady alluded to, who belonged to one of the most fashionable and respectable families in the place and proposed to make her his wife. She declined his offer and united her destiny with one accomplished as a scholar, and more fortunate in his natural endowments than otherwise, and thus the belle of Newburyport failed to preside at the White House, for which she would have been every way fitted.—*Newburyport Union.*

On this the Boston Journal remarks:—It was possible that John Quincy Adams might never have reached the White House had he married the belle of Newburyport. Who can say that it was not the influence of just such a wife as Mr. Adams possesed, that urged him on the high position which he attained? Had fortune bestowed upon him the hand of some other fair dame, than the estimable and accomplished woman he married, he might have left behind him, the reputation of having been 'more fortunate in his natural endowments than otherwise.'

DON'T WALK SO FAST.—'I have often used,' said Gretry, 'a singular stratagem to slacken or quicken the pace of a walking companion. To say you walk too fast or too slow, is impolite save to a friend; but to sing softly an air to the time of the walk of your companion, and then by degrees, either to quicken the time or make it slower, is a stratagem as innocent as it is harmless.'

The Burial of Love.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

Two dark-eyed maids at shut of day,
Sat where a river rolled away,
With calm sad brows and raven hair,
And one was pale and both were fair.

Bring flowers, they sang bring flowers unblown,
Bring forest blossoms of name unknown;
Bring budding sprays from wood and wild,
To strew the bier of Love, the child.

Close softly, fondly, while ye weep,
His eyes, that death may seem like sleep,
And fold his hands in sign of rest,
His waxen hands across his breast,

And make his grave where violets hide,
Where star flowers strew the rivulets side,
And blue birds in the misty spring
Of cloudless skies and summer sing.

Place near him as ye lay him low,
His idle shafts his loosened bow,
The silken fillet that around,
His waggish eyes in sport he bound.

But we shall mourn him long, and miss
His ready smile and ruddy kiss,
The prattle of his little feet,
Sweet frowns and stammered phra ses sweet;

And graver looks serene and high,
A light of heaven in that young eye,
All these shall haunt us till the heart
Shall ache and ache—and tears will start.

The bow, the band shall fall to dust,
The shining arrows waste with rust,
And all of love that earth can claim,
Be but a memory and a name.

Not thus his nobler part shall dwell,
A prisoner in this narrow cell;
But he whom now we hide from men,
In the dark ground shall live again.

Shall break these clod is form of light,
With nobler mem and purer sight,
And in the eternal glory stand,
Highest and nearest God's right hand.

The Dutch Widower.

'Mine frow was no better as she ort to be, till shust before she diet; then she was so good as before,' remarked Mr. Vanderhorn to his neighbor.

'Your wife was an amiable woman, and you do great injustice to her memory,' said Swartz.

'Vel, vat you know so much about mine frow, for?'

'I was not intimately acquainted with her, but I am sure that all her acquaintances loved her.'

'Vot right had they to love her?—May be—'

'May be what?'

'May be you loved mine frow too.'

'Why do you speak so strangely?'

'Vy, von day, a pig, ugly man, shust like you, came into our house and kissed mine frow right before her face.'

'Were you present at the time?'

'To pe sure I vos.'

'Well, what did you do?'

'I kicked him right pehind his pack.'

'Did he resent it?'

'Yaw, he proke me, and the looking-glass, and all te rest of te crockery in the house, 'cept te feather bed, into von tam smash!'

'What did you do then?'

'Then I cried murder! murder! and I called for te shudge, and te shury, and te police office and constable, to come, and he rund away!'

'Do you intend to charge me with taking such unwarrantable liberties with the companion of your bosom?'

'Me no charge notting for it now, because she is tead and perried.'

'I will not allow you to make such insinuations.

You are an old tyrant, and everybody said you were glad when your wife died.'

'Everypody pe one tam liar.'

'I saw no symptoms of sorrow.'

'Me felt more wusht than if my pest cow has died.'

'Your cow!

'What a comparison!'

'She was a great loss—a heavy loss—for she was so big as dat, (spreading out his arms,) and she weighed more tan two hundred pounds.'

'Look out old man, or you will see troub le. I doubt if your wife was ever kissed by any man after her marriage. At all events, you must apologise for what you have said to me.'

'Vot is pologise?'

'You must beg my pardon and say you are sorry; if you do not, I will enter a complaint against you and have you arrested.'

'I pe sorry, ten.'

'Sorry for what?'

'Sorry you kissed mine frow.'

'You incorrigible idiot! That is not what you must, for I never did such a thing in my life.'

'Must I say that you pe sorry that you never did such a thing?'

'No—you must take back what you have said.'

While the Dutchman was in this dilemma, his friend Hans Bamberger came along, and finally succeeded in reconciling the parties, when the trio adjourned to a neighboring coffee-house.

☞ Longfellow says: Ah! this beautiful world. I know not what to think of it. Sometimes all is gladness and sunshine and heaven itself is not far off. And then it changes suddenly and is dark and sorrowful, and the clouds shut out the sky. In the lives of the saddest of us there are bright days like this, when we feel as if we could take the great world in our arms. Then come the gloomy hours, when the fire will neither burn in your hearts or on your hearths; and all without is dismal, cold and dark. Believe me, every heart has its secret sorrows, which the world knows not, and oftentimes we call a man cold when he is only sad.

The Blockade of Boston.—Just before the breaking out of the revolutionary war, and the arrival of a strong reinforcement to the British army in Boston, the drama received a considerable impetus. General Burgoyne was a dramatic author, and upon his arrival at Boston, to relieve the tedium of a soldier's life he produced a drama called the 'The Blockade of Boston.' The English army, at the time, were beleaguered in the city, by the American militia, and the piece was written with a view of inspiring his men with a due contempt for the Yankees. It is related that during one performance of the 'Blockade of Boston,' probably in March, 1776, prior to the evacuation of the city, a very curious scene occurred. In one of its merriest scenenes, a sergeant, without his hat and in the wildest confusion, suddenly rushed on the stage, and shouted in a voice of thunder: 'the rebels—the rebels! they're attacking the neck!' which the audience supposing to be a part of the piece, applauded very loudly. A few minutes afterwards the beating of drums served to break the illusion, and the scampering off of the actors put an end to the play.

THERE is as much connection between the words and the thoughts as there is between the thoughts and the words; the latter are not only the expression of the former, but they have power to re-act upon the soul and leave the stain of corruption there. A young man who allows himself to use one profane or vulgar word, has not only shown that there is a foul spot on his mind, but by the utterance of that word he extends that spot and inflames it, till by indulgence it will soon pollute and ruin the whole soul. Be careful of your words, as well as your thoughts. If you can control the tongue that no improper words are pronounced by it, you will soon be able to control the mind and save it from corruption. You extinguish the fire by smothering it, or prevent bad thoughts bursting out in language. Never utter a word anywhere which you would be ashamed to speak in the presence of the most religious man. Try this practice a little, and you will soon have command of yourself.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

WASHINGTON was but 25 years of age when he covered the retreat of the British at Braddock's defeat, and was appointed to the command-in-chief of all the Virginia forces. Franklin, when only 26 issued his first publication—'Poor Richard's Almanac'—which became very popular, and shortly after he was appointed Clerk of the Assembly of Pennsylvania. Alexander Hamilton, at 20, was a Lieutenant-Colonel, and Aid to Washington, at 25 a member of Congress, and at 32 Secretary of the Treasury. Thomas Jefferson was but 33 when he drafted the ever memorable Declaration of Independence. Bonaparte was crowned Emperor of France when 33 years of age. Pitt the brother, was about 20 years of age when, in the British Parliament, he boldly advocated the cause of the American Colonies and but 22 when he was made Chancellor of the Exchequer.

I HAVE a youngster who takes after his mother enough to have always been since he gained any control of his vernacular, propense to odd sayings occasionally. When between three and four years old he had been reading the story of Jonah as related in some of his little books. After his perusal of it, as my manner with him was, I questioned him about it to ascertain how much of it he had remembered. His recitation was [illegible] accurate until the question was propounded, 'What did Jonah do after his deliverance from the fish?' 'Why, Papa,' said he, 'I don't exactly remember; but I suppose he washed off, and then *put for* [illegible].'

☞ Man is a trading animal.—*Troy Whig.*

Of course he is; a regular pedlar, dealing in all sorts of wares. A trader in politics, in religion, in morals. In all that pertains to swopping he's ahead of creation. He'll sell his health for pleasure that will not last him an hour. He will exchange his soul for a gratification that turns to ashes in the testing. He will barter his principles and sacrifice his party for the scantiest drippings of the treasury or the poorest honors of office. *Yes, yes, man is a trading animal.—Albany Reg.*

The more a man accomplishes the more he may. An active tool never grows rusty. You always find the most enterprizing the most busy. Men of industry start our railroads, steamships, machine shops and our factories. We go for activity, in body, in mind, in everything. Keep all things in motion. We would rather have death find us breasting a whirlpool, than sneaking from a cloud.

'At an infant Sabbath-School, to the care of which I was promoted a few years since, I gave a Bible story—the Prodigal Son. When I came to the place where the poor ragged son reached his former home, and his father saw him a great way off, I inquired what the father probably did. One of the smallest boys, with his little fist clenched, said, 'I Dono, but I des he set the dog on him!'—*Knickerbocker.*

☞ A stripling some eight years of age was engaged in the manufacture of a stool, which on account of a disparity in the length of the legs refused to stand up. After fruitless efforts to do so, [illegible] inquired he, 'does the Lord see every thing?' 'Yes, my son.' 'Well,' replied the young hopeful, 'then I guess he'll laugh when he sees this stool.'

☞ What are you waiting [illegible] hand for, Pat? Why, sure [illegible] mother's [illegible] [illegible]