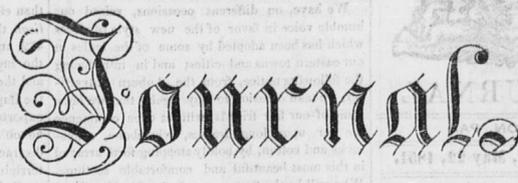




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THE MAY-QUEEN.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

You must wake and call me early, call me early,
 mother dear,
 To-morrow 'll be the happiest time of all the glad
 New-year,
 Of all the glad New-year, mother, the maddest,
 merriest day,
 For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to
 be Queen o' the May.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall
 never wake,
 If you do not call me loud when the day begins to
 break:
 But I must gather knots of flowers, and buds and
 garlands gay,
 For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to
 be Queen o' the May.

As I came up the valley whom think ye should I
 see,
 But Robert leaning on the bridge beneath the hazel
 tree?
 He thought of that sharp look, mother, I gave him
 yesterday,
 But I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to
 be Queen o' the May.

He thought I was a ghost, mother, for I was all
 in white,
 And I ran by him without speaking, like a flash
 of light,
 They call me cruel hearted, but I care not what
 they say,
 For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to
 be Queen o' the May.

They say he's dying all for love, but that can never
 be:
 They say his heart is breaking mother—what is
 that to me?
 There's many a bold lad 'll woo me any sum-
 mer day,
 And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to
 be Queen o' the May.

Little Effie shall go with me to-morrow to the
 green,
 And you'll be there too, mother, to see me made
 the Queen:
 For the shepherd lads on every side 'll come from
 far away,
 And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to
 be Queen o' the May.

The honeysuckle round the porch has wov'n its
 way bowers,
 And in the meadow-trenches blow the fair sweet
 cuckoo-flowers;
 And the wild marsh-marigold shines like fire in
 swamps and hollows gray,
 And I'm to be Queen o' the May, Mother, I'm to
 be Queen o' the May.

The night-winds come and go, mother, upon the
 meadow-grass,
 And the happy stars above them seem to brighten
 as they pass;
 There will not be a drop of rain the whole of the
 livelong day,
 And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to
 be Queen o' the May.

All the valley, mother, 'll be fresh and green and
 still,
 And the cowslip and the crowfoot are over all the
 hill,
 And the rivulet in the flowery dale 'll merrily
 glance and play,
 For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to
 be Queen o' the May.

So you must wake and call me, call me early,
 mother dear,
 To-morrow 'll be the happiest time of all the glad
 New-year;
 To-morrow 'll be of all the year the maddest, mer-
 riest day,
 For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to
 be Queen o' the May.

A FRIEND.

How sweetly do those little words
 Break on the listening ear;
 What hallowed incense cast around
 The human heart to cheer;
 To have one nearer than the rest,
 Whose thoughts and feelings blend,
 Linked by that pure and holy tie,
 A true—a constant friend.

I do not mean the sycophant,
 All radiant with smiles;
 Who, like the rainbow's golden beams,
 Are lasting but a while;
 But one whose heart will true remain,
 In sunshine or in storm;
 Influenced naught by tattling knave,
 Or sneering taunts of scorn.

Who when the storms of life shall come,
 Like ivy on the roof—
 Will ne'er release his hold upon,
 Or parting, stand aloof;
 But closer round its vines entwine,
 As if to shield from harm;
 Till by the cold and chilly blast,
 Is rudely snatched and torn.

'Tis the friend that I would have,
 No other will I claim;
 For round this alter only kneel
 Those worthy of the name.
 'Twas love like this that prompted one
 Whose life to man was given,
 That after death his soul might find
 A sweet repose in heaven.

THE CHAMPION.

A Romantic Incident in early Spanish History.

The clang of arms and the inspiring sounds of martial music resounded through the court-yard of the palace of Navarre. The chivalry of Arragon, Castile, and Navarre had assembled at the summons of their sovereign, to fight under his banner against the infidels, and now waited impatiently for the moment when the monarch should mount his gallant steed, and lead them to battle and to victory.

Sancho the Fourth was at that moment bidding farewell to his queen, the gentle Dona Nuna, who clung to her lord in an agony of tears.

"Be comforted, my beloved," he said to her; "I shall return to you with added laurels to my kingly wreath. Do not fear for me, nor let your sweet face grow pale by brooding over the dangers and chances of war. For my part, I never felt more exulting anticipations of success, and am persuaded that triumph and victory will crown our undertaking."

"Alas! it is not so with me," said Nuna. "A presentiment of approaching evil weighs heavily on my heart."

"You shudder at the thought of our separation Nuna, more like a timid young bride parting from her newly-wedded lord, than a matron who has shared her husband's joys and sorrows for well-nigh twenty years."

"You are now far dearer to me, Sancho, than when I gave you my hand: have I not to thank you for the love and tenderness which has made these long years of wedded life so blissful and happy?"

"In sooth, I believe, Nuna, it is even so: and you love me as warmly as ever. Receive my assurances in return, dear wife, that your face is as fair to me, and the gift of your true heart as fondly prized, as when I first led you to these halls, my youthful and beautiful bride. But suffer me to bid you farewell, or my nobles will wax impatient. I leave you to the society of our son, and the guardianship of my trusty Pedro Sese, who will attend to your behests. One word more. I intrust to your safe keeping my beautiful steed Ilderm. You know how I value the noble animal, my first capture from the Moors. See that he is carefully tended in my absence; I shall accept it as a proof of your regard for my wishes.—And now, adieu, dearest wife. Think of me, and supplicate Heaven that I may be speedily and safely restored to your arms."

So saying, Sancho the Great, tenderly embraced his wife; and mounting his war charger, placed himself at the head of his gallant army. The clatter of horses' hoofs soon died away in the distance, leaving the court-yard of the castle in silence and gloom.

Three days after the king's departure, the young Don Garcia entered the court-yard of the palace at Navarre.

"Pedro Sese, Pedro Sese!" he cried; "my noble Arab El Toro lies dead in a cleft of the rocks: I have returned to seek another steed for the chase: such a boar hunt has not been among the forests of Navarre since the Pyrenees echoed to the horn of Roland: give me forth black Ilderm, Pedro, my friend; saddle me my father's charger, for there is no other steed in the king's stables worthy of the hunt to-day!"

"Don Garcia," replied the master of the horse, "black Ilderm is only for the king's mounting; I dare not saddle him for any other."

"But the Infante commands it—the king that it is to be."

"Chafe not with a faithful servant, Don Garcia: it is but yesterday I refused the same request of the bastard of Arragon."

"What! darest thou compare me with the base-born Ramiro? Insolent! I shall bear my complaint to the queen."

To the queen Don Garcia bore his complaint and his petition: "Oh, my mother, wouldst thou see me dishonored by a menial? Am I not thine only son, the rightful heir of Arragon, Castile, and Navarre? who may command here, if I may not? Assert my authority, then, and order the false Pedro Sese that he give me forth black Ilderm."

"Pedro Sese has faithfully discharged his duty to my lord the king, who enjoined on him and on me the safe keeping of his favorite horse," said Dona Nuna. "The royal stables are open; take my son, any other steed, but leave black Ilderm till thy father's return."

"Nay, by Heaven and by the saints, I will have Ilderm to ride this day, or I will have vengeance!"

The headstrong youth returned to the court-yard, and again demanded the steed: again the master of the horse refused. Don Garcia, pale with concentrated rage, sprang on another of the king's chargers, and galloped from the palace. Instead, however, of returning to the hunt he urged his horse into the *despoblado*, or open plain, lying to the south of the castle, and disappeared on the road to Burgos.

Time passed heavily, in her lord's absence, with the gentle Nuna. At first, she received frequent and joyful tidings of the successes which crowned his arms, and the brilliant victories gained by his forces over the Moslem army. Of late, and since the departure of Garcia from the castle, Sancho's affectionate despatches had altogether ceased; and Nuna, now thoroughly wretched, from the wayward perversity of her son, and from uncertainty as to her husband's fate, had prepared to rejoin him at any risk, and share the perils to which he might be exposed.

Her resolution was no sooner formed than it was promptly carried into effect: she summoned to her aid the trusty Pedro Sese; and, protected

by a small escort under his command, bade adieu to Navarre, and commenced her long and perilous journey toward the theatre of war.

The little cavalcade had reached Najarra, when, to their surprise and joy, they beheld a gallant band of horsemen rapidly approaching: the united banner of Arragon, Castile, and Navarre, floating proudly before them, announced to all beholders that Sancho the Fourth led his knights in person.

Nuna's heart beat fast and tumultuously; in a few moments, and the long absent one would clasp her closely to his breast. She looked up to the master of the horse who rode by her side, and urged him to increased speed. They moved briskly forward; and the advancing knights who formed the king's body guard became more distinctly visible. Sancho, as we have said, headed them; but as soon as they had arrived within a short distance of the queen's followers, the monarch advanced a few paces, and in tones of thunder called on them to halt. His brow was darkened with evil passions, his countenance flushed with anger.

"On the peril of your allegiance!" he shouted, rather than spoke, "seize the traitress, I command ye! My heart refused to hearken to the tale of her guilt, even when spoken by the lips of her son; but mine eyes have seen it. I have lived—wretched that I am—to witness her infamy. But the adulteress, and the companion of her crime, shall not escape my righteous vengeance. See to it, that the queen and Pedro Sese remain your prisoners."

If a thunderbolt had fallen at the feet of the miserable Nuna, she could not have been more horror-struck, or more confounded. Her life long dream of happiness was dissipated; the husband of her youth had recoiled from her as from the veriest reptile that crawls on the face of God's earth; and the worker of her woe and ruin was her own child—her own flesh and blood—her son Garcia! Who would believe her to be pure and innocent when such lips pronounced the tale of her guilt! Unhappy wife! still more unhappy mother! In the deepest dungeon of the castle of Fajarra she was left to mourn over her unparalleled misery.—Alone, unfriended, and solitary, Nuna—who so lately had seen herself a beloved and cherished wife, a fond mother, and a mighty sovereign—struggled with her bitter and mournful reflections. She could not reproach her husband, for she felt that his ear had been poisoned against her by an accuser he could scarcely mistrust, even by the insinuations of her son, confirmed—as he deemed them to be—by the evidence of his senses, when he met her so unexpectedly travelling under the escort of Pedro Sese.

But short space was left to Nuna for these agonizing thoughts. Death, a shameful death, was the punishment of the adulteress; but Sancho, more merciful than she had dared to hope, had granted her one loop hole for escape—one slender chance of proving her innocence. The lists were to be open to any champion believing in the lady's guiltlessness, who should adventure his life in her defense. If any such should proffer his services, he might do battle in single combat with her accuser. God—according to the belief of those days would give victory to him who maintained the truth!

The fatal day approached, arrived and had well-nigh passed. Garcia unopposed; bestrode his war-steed, the redoubtable black Ilderm, whose possession he had so eagerly coveted, and purchased at so fearful a price. The disrowned queen, in conformity with custom, was placed within sight of the arena, tied to a stake, surmounting what would prove her funeral pile if no champion appeared on her behalf, or if her defender should suffer defeat.

Who can paint the agitation of Dona Nuna, thus placed within view of the lists, when the precious hours passed, one by one and no champion stood forth in defence of her purity and truth!—She was about to resign herself helplessly to her inexorable fate, when the sound of a horse's tramp was heard, approaching at a rapid pace; and a knight, in complete armor, mounted on a charger, whose foaming mouth and reeking sides told that he had been ridden at a fearful pace, dashed into the lists, flung down his gauntlet of defiance, and announced that he was come to do battle in behalf of the falsely accused, but stainless and guiltless queen.

There was an involuntary movement among the assembled multitude when Garcia prepared for the inevitable encounter. None knew, or could guess, who the knight might be. No device or emblem, by which his identity would be discovered, could be traced on his helmet or on his shield; but the ease with which he surmounted his steed, and his graceful and gallant bearing, evinced that he was an accomplished warrior.

In a few seconds, the preliminary arrangements were complete, and, with lances in rest, the opponents approached. In the first encounter, to the amazement of all, Garcia was unhorsed, and fell heavily to the ground.

"She is innocent! She is innocent!" shouted the multitude.

"God be praised! though I have lost a son," was the subdued ejaculation of the king.

"I am prepared, in defence of the much injured lady, to do combat to the death," said the stranger knight. "Base and dastardly villain! confess thy unnatural crime, or prepare to meet me once more, when I swear I will not let thee escape so lightly."

Garcia hesitated; he was evidently torn by conflicting emotions. Conscious guilt—fear of the just retribution of Heaven, executed by the stranger's avenging sword—urged him to confess his villany. On the other hand, apprehension of the execrations of the multitude, and the indignation of his injured parents, restrained him from making a frank avowal of his crime.

"Remount, miserable! and make ready for another encounter, or confess that you have lied in your throat," exclaimed the stranger, sternly.

Before Garcia could reply, an aged and venerable ecclesiastic threw himself before the opponents.

"In the name of Heaven! I command ye to withhold from this unnatural strife," he exclaimed, addressing them; "brothers, are ye; the blood of a common father flows in your veins. Ramiro—forget. Garcia—the combat this day has testified to your guilt; make the only atonement in your power, by a full confession."

Ejaculations of astonishment and pity burst from all the spectators. "Long live the noble bastard! The base-born has made base the well born! The step son has proved the true son!—Praised be to the Virgin, the mother of the people has not been left without a godson to fight for her?" And all the matrons, and many even of the hardened warriors among the multitude, wept with tenderness and joy.

In a few moments the agitated queen found herself in her husband's arms. He implored her forgiveness for the sorrow she had endured; nor could she withhold it, even for a moment, when she listened to the avowals of the degraded Garcia, who confessed how, step by step, he had poisoned his father's mind by tales of her infidelity, in revenge for her refusal, and that of Pedro Sese, to instigate him with Sancho's favorite charger, black Ilderm.

Nuna turned from her abject son, and motioned her young champion to approach. He knelt at her feet.

"Ramiro," she softly said, as she unclasped the helmet and visor which concealed the handsome features of Sancho's illegitimate son, "child of my affections, for whom I have ever felt a mother's love, though I have not borne for thee a mother's pains; how shall I thank thee? Thou hast this day more than repaid the tenderness I lavished on thy infant years. Thou hast made clear my fair fame to all men; even at the risk of thy own young life."

"I would lay down life itself for such a friend as you have been, and esteem the sacrifice light," rejoined Ramiro, with deep emotion. "I remember my childish days—before you came to Navarre, a bright, happy; innocent bride—when I wandered through my father's palace an unloved and neglected boy; and I can recall vividly the moment when you first encountered me, and struck by the resemblance I bore to the king, surmised the truth. Instead of hating me with the unjust aversion of an ungenerous nature, you took the despised child to your heart, and for the love you bore your lord, you loved and cherished his base-born son. For the genial atmosphere you created around me, and in which my affections expanded, and for the care you have bestowed on my education, I owe you a debt of gratitude far deeper than ever child bore his own mother. Nature dictates maternal love, in the one instance—but it is to the suggestions of a noble and generous heart that I have been indebted for the happiness of my life. You owe me no thanks—for, for such a friend no sacrifice can be too great."

Nuna turned to the king; and, taking his hand in hers, placed it on the head of her young champion. "I have brought you kingdoms as my power," she said, "but I have not, alas! brought you a son so worthy as Ramiro of being their ruler. I freely forgive the Infante the suffering he has caused me, and hope that, with advancing years, he will cultivate the virtues in which he has shown himself to be deficient. But Ramiro has already given evidence of the possession of those exalted qualities which insure the happiness of a people when possessed by their rulers. Invest him then, at my entreaty, with the crown of Arragon, receive back to your confidence our faithful Pedro Sese; and suffer me to forget my past griefs in the anticipation of a love which shall never again be interrupted."

The king raised his hand in assent; and the assembled multitude confirmed the investiture with one mighty shout—"Ramiro! Ramiro! Ramiro! long live Ramiro! Infante of Arragon!"

Great Men.

One of the chief characteristics of a truly great man is, his refusal to be entirely moulded into the form of the society in which he lives, and his striking out bold and original paths of his own. He stamps his own mind on the age in which he lives. He often fights with and controls circumstances, rises in spite of the weight pressing him down.—Indeed it would seem when the Almighty trusted great faculties to any man, he placed him in adverse circumstances, in order that the majesty and might of those powers might be better exhibited by their fierce struggles with outward foes.—A great man, it is true, must express, to a certain extent, the spirit of the age, but he guides even when he obeys it. Genius sets up the standard of revolt against old opinions, and thousands who were before vacillating flock to it. Great minds perceive with clearness those ideas of progress which small minds perceive indistinctly—hence the enthusiasm so common to many great men. They feel so perfectly assured of the truth of their opinions, that they go right onward in their course, sustained by an unwavering faith and with none of those doubts and fears common to indistinct perception. Your truly great man too, is energetic; he uses his own will, and is not to be shaken from his purpose.

"Lizzie," said a little curly headed boy of some five years, "Isn't Sam Slade a buster?"

"Why, Charley?"

"Because the grammars says positive buss, comparative buster, and I did see him give you such a positive buss." Lizzie faints.

The Witchcraft of Woman.

I want to tell you a secret. The way to make yourself pleasing to others is to show that you care for them. The whole world is like the miller at Mansfield, "who cared for nobody—no, not he, because nobody cared for him." And the whole world will serve you so, if you give them the same cause. Let every one, therefore, see that you do care for them, by showing them what Sterne so happily calls, "the small, sweet courtesies of life," those courtesies in which there is no parade, whose voice is too still to tease, and which manifest themselves by tender and affectionate looks, and little kind acts of attention—giving others the preference in every little enjoyment at the table, in the field, walking sitting, or standing. This is the spirit that gives to your time of life and to your sex, their sweetest charm. It constitutes the sum total of all the witchcraft of woman. Let the world see that your first care is for yourself, and you will spread the solitude of the upas tree around you, in the same way, by the emanation of a poison which kills all the juices of affection in its neighborhood. Such a girl may be admired for her understanding and accomplishments, but she will never be beloved. The seeds of love can never grow but under the warm and genial influence of kind feelings and affectionate manners. Vivacity goes a great way in young persons. It calls attention to her who displays it; and, if it then be found associated with a generous sensibility, its execution is irresistible. On the contrary, if it be found in alliance with a cold, haughty, selfish heart, it produces no further effect except an adverse one. Attend to this, my daughter. It flows from a heart that feels for you all the anxiety a parent can feel, and not without the hope which constitutes the parent's highest happiness. May God protect and bless you.

[William Wirt to his Daughter.

Higher.

A noble motto for a young man—higher!—Never look down. Aim high—push high—leap high! If you cannot reach the stars, you can have the satisfaction of drawing near them. He who stands on an elevated position is sure to catch the first rays of the sun. So he who is always stepping up will first catch the favors and blessings of heaven as they descend. There is no object on which we gaze that gives us so much pleasure as the upward and continued progress, in moral culture and robust virtues, of enterprising young men. When chains of sloth are broken, the visions are clear—the heart buoyant and the affections and purposes strong, noble, higher and still higher and still higher objects will be gained, noble purposes be achieved, and a sublime elevation attained that will thrill with joy future generations as the match on in the same glorious path.

PATRIOTISM.—A Yankee gentleman conveying a British gentleman around to view the city of Boston, Brought him to Bunker Hill. They stood looking at the splendid shaft, when the Yankee said, "This is the place where Warren fell." "Ah!" replied the Englishman, evidently not posted up in local historical matters; "Did it hurt him much?" The native looked at him with the expression of fourteen Fourth of July's in his countenance—"Hurt him," said he, "he was killed sir." "Ah! he was ch?" said the stranger, still eyeing the monument, and computing its height in his own mind layer by layer; "well I should think he would have been, to fall so far." The native tore his hair; but it gave him a good opportunity to enlarge upon the glorious events connected with the hill, and the benefits therefrom flowing to our somewhat extensive country, and soon talked himself into a good humor.—*Carpet Bag.*

Look Up.

A little boy went to sea with his father to be a sailor. One day his father said to him: "Come, my boy, you will never be a sailor if you don't learn to climb; let me see if you can get up the mast." The boy, who was a nimble little fellow, soon scrambled up but when he got to the top, and saw at what a height he was, he began to be frightened, and called out: "Oh, father, I shall fall; I am sure I shall fall; what am I to do?" "Look up, look up, my boy," said his father, "if you look down you will be giddy; but if you keep looking up at the flag, at the top of the mast, you will descend in safety." The boy followed his father's advice and reached the bottom with ease. Learn from this little story to look more to Jesus and less to yourselves. *Christian Treasury.*

"Mr. Snow, I want to ax you one question."

"Propel, it den."

"Why am a grog-shop like a counterfeit dollar?"

"Wall, Ginger, I gibs dat right up."

"Does you gibe it up? Kase you can't pass it."

"Yah! yah! nigger, you talks so much 'bout your counterfeit dollars, just succeed to deform me why a counterfeit dollar is like an apple pie?"

"Oh, I drops de subject, and doesn't know nothin 'bout it."

"Kase it isn't current."

"Oh de Lord, what a nigger! Why am your head like a bag of dollars?"

"Go 'way from me—why am it?"

"Kase dere's no sense (cents) in it."

"Well you was always de brackest nigger I never see—you always will hab de last word."

An editor of a southern paper, by the name of Long, asked Prentice, of the Louisville Journal, if he ever intended to speak the truth. Prentice, in reply, says, that he shall probably learn to tell the truth before Long.

Had him There.

"Tell," a correspondent of the Boston Post, wrote the following, which contains a wicked word, and should not therefore be read by anybody.

County Court was sitting a while ago in —, on the banks of the Connecticut. It was not far from this time of the year—cold weather, anyhow—and a knot of lawyers had collected around the old Franklin, in the bar-room. The fire blazed, and mugs of flip were passing away without a groan, when in came a rough, gaunt looking "babe of the woods," knapsack on shoulder and staff in hand. He looked cold, and half-perambulated the circle that hemmed in the fire, as with a wall of brass, looking for a chance to warm his shins. Nobody moved, however; and unable to sit down for lack of a chair, he did the next best thing—leaned against the wall, "with tears in his fists and his eyes doubled up,—and listened to the discussion on the proper way to serve a referee on a warrant deed, as if he was the judge to decide the matter. Soon he attracted the attention of the company, and a young sprig spoke to him.

"You look like a traveller.

"Wall, I 'spose I am—I come from Wisconsin afore 't any rate."

"From Wisconsin? That is a distance to go on one pair of legs. I say did you ever pass through h'l on your travels?"

"Yes sir," he answered—a kind of wicked look stealing over his ugly phizmahogany—"I've been through the outskirts."

"I thought likely. Well, what are the manners and customs there? some of us would like to know?"

"Oh," says the pilgrim deliberately—half shutting his eyes, and drawing round the corner of his mouth till two rows of yellow stubs and a mass of matted pig-tail appeared through the slit in his cheek—"you will find them much the same as in this region, the lawyers sit *stitch the fire.*"

Printers.

"The stick of type hath more of might,
 Than warrior hosts or fortress walls,
 And it shall batter towers to dust
 That laugh at siege or cannon balls."

Printers have an honorable employment, and one that the first men have filled; an occupation which is, to all who will be true to themselves in its pursuits, the path to honor and eminence. Lord Erskine was a printer! Franklin was a printer! Beranger, the celebrated French Poet, was a printer! Thiers, the distinguished French historian was a printer! Printers have become our State Governors, they take seats with our Senators, and, as leading editors, have wielded pens that control the destinies of nations.

Samuel Lathrop, one of the clowns at the Circus, in a burlesque political speech, announced to his constituents—for he nominates himself as a candidate for the Presidency—that he is in favor of abolishing flogging in the navy, and introducing it into Congress. He thinks, by that means, sessions would be shortened, and, consequently, taxes lessened.

Revenge is a momentary triumph, of which the satisfaction dies at once, and is succeeded by remorse; whereas, forgiveness, which is the noblest of all revenges, entails a perpetual pleasure.

A cheerful face is nearly as good for an invalid as healthy weather. To make a sick man think he is dying, all that is necessary is to look half dead yourself.

An editor at a dinner table being asked if he would take some pudding, replied, in a fit of abstraction, "Owing to a crowd of other matter, I am unable to find room for it."

It is said of the Marquis of Townsend, that when a young man and engaged in battle, he saw a drummer at his side killed by a cannon ball, which scattered his brains in every direction. His eyes were at once fixed on the ghastly object, and seemed wholly to engross his thoughts.

A superior officer observing him, supposed he was intimidated by the sight, and addressed him in a manner to cheer his spirits.

"Oh!" said the young Marquis, with calmness and severity, "I am only puzzled to make out how any man with such a quantity of brains ever came to be here."

There is a long article in the Valley Farmer, by which it is established beyond question that sweet oil occasionally rubbed over bedsteads, chair boards, &c., will effectually prevent the appearance of bedbugs.—We deem it unnecessary to publish the evidence of the efficiency of this cheap and agreeable preventive of the nuisance in question. The reader will take our word that it is conclusive.

So punctilious are the people in Boston, that some time ago, an exquisite who was drowning, declined receiving assistance from a man who had sprung overboard to help him, lisping out as he finally sunk—"You will excuse me, I have not been introduced to you!"

"Ma," said Whitemaine, "I don't think Solomon was as rich as they say he was." "Why, my dear?" said her astonished ma. "Because he 'slept with his fathers; and I think if he had been, so very rich he would have had a bed of his own."

It is every way creditable to handle the yard-stick and to measure tape; the only discredit consists in having a soul whose range of thought is as short as the stick, and as narrow as the tape.

To know a man, observe how he uses his object, rather than how he loses it; for, when we fail, our pride supports us, when we succeed, it betrays us.—*Lacon.*