

# The Wellsborough Advertiser.

BY WILLIAM D. BAILEY,

[SELF-DEPENDENCE AND SELF-IMPROVEMENT—THE FIRST RIGHT, AND THE FIRST DUTY OF EVERY NATION.]

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. 2.—NO. 30.

WELLSBOROUGH, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 27, 1851.

WHOLE NO. 82.

## Terms of Publication.

The *Wellsborough Advertiser* is published every Thursday morning, and furnished to subscribers at \$1.50 per annum if paid in advance; or \$2 if payment be delayed over the year. No subscription taken for a shorter period than six months, and when for that term only, payment must be made strictly in advance or \$1 will be charged. The foregoing terms will be strictly adhered to. No paper will be discontinued until paid for, unless at the option of the editor.

Advertisements will be inserted at fifty cents per square, of fourteen lines, for first insertion, and twenty-five cents per square for every subsequent one. Yearly advertisements inserted at a reasonable discount on the foregoing rates.

Transient advertising payable in advance.

All letters must be post-paid.

## Historical Sketch.

### GEN. ANTHONY WAYNE; THE HERO OF PAOLI AND STONY POINT.

We are not about to jubilate the sanguinary exploits of a tyrant to subjugate or enslave his fellows—we are not about to sing of embattled hosts called together to feed carion crows, at the word of despots and autocrats—we are not about to pay homage to kings, or to their battle-fields filled with ignorant and mercenary legions, whose issue, either way, but leads to riveting the chains of tyranny on their country—but to speak rememberingly of one of Nature's nobles, heading a handful of our frugal, hardy, daring, suffering, and valiant forefathers, who successfully defended our plains and mountains from the enslavement of a powerful and mighty tyrant, and founded the resurrection of Liberty, the emancipation of mankind, the regeneration of the world, and the life of the *Future*! Something is due to the memory of those whose illustrious achievements won this unmatched legacy, whether on the battle-plain of Lexington, or who sunk under the merciless bayonet of ruthless Hessians in the deadly night massacre at PAOLI!—whether they stood in the elevation of patriotic pride at the surrender of England's proudest generals and armies, or died by inches on board the terrible, torturous, and revengeful "Old Jersey Prison Ship," on Long Island's shore—something, we say, is due, *always due*, to that band, who gallantly struck for that Independence which we enjoy the full benefit of, and of whose harvest we have the complete fulfillment.

A dark cloud once shattered our quarter of the globe. Consternation for awhile agitated our inhabitants. War desolated our fields, and buried our vales in blood.—Longing lovers of liberty, and young and ardent sons of freedom, fell into bloody graves, "uncoffined and unknelt," as PAOLI, ere they awoke even from slumber. But the glittering portals of the day opened. The Angel of Liberty dropped on the brow of every patriot the wreath of victory, and stamped with the seal of independence the omnipotence of freemen, and the eternal banishment of the foe. With what thrilling interest, therefore, should we then regard the events of the *Past*!—with what profound emotions dwell upon the character of the *Present*, and speculate upon the boundless prospects of the *Future*! Let us, while treading proudly the spot of earth where political equality dwelleth, ever keep green in the glory of immortality, the myrtle that wreathed the swords of the patriots.

Anthony Wayne, Major General of the American Army, was born in the year 1745, in Chester county, State of Pennsylvania. His father, who was a farmer, was many years a representative for the county of Chester, in the General Assembly, before the Revolution. Anthony Wayne succeeded his father as representative for the county, in the year 1773, and from his appearance in public life, there could be no mistake about his patriotism. He opposed with much ability and Spartan energy the unjust demands of England, and was of material service in preparing the way for the decisive part which Pennsylvania took in the general contest.

In 1775, he was appointed to the command of a regiment, which his character enabled him to raise in a few weeks, in his native county. In the following year, he was serving under General Thompson, in the irruption into Canada. In the defeat which followed, General Thompson was made prisoner, and Col. Wayne, though severely wounded, displayed great gallantry and good conduct in bringing off the scattered and broken bodies of troops, and annoying his pursuers with many a gallant fire.

In the campaign of 1776, he served under General Gates, at Ticonderoga, and was highly esteemed by that officer for both his bravery, and skill as an engineer. At the close of that campaign, he was created a Brigadier-General.

At the battle of Brandywine, he behaved with his usual bravery, and for a long time, opposed with a small force the progress of the English at *Dhad's Ford*. In this action, the inferiority of the Americans in numbers, discipline and arms, gave them little chance of success; but the peculiar situation of the public mind was supposed to require a battle to be risked. The ground was bravely disputed—the few militia determined gallantly to second the inflexible resolution of the General, and the enemy's loss was at least equal to their own. As it was the intention of the Commander-in-Chief to hazard another battle on the first favorable opportunity, General Wayne was dispatched with his division, to harass the enemy by every means in his power. The British troops were encamped at Tedyffrin, and

Gen. Wayne was stationed about three miles in the rear of their wing, near the *Paoli Tavern*, and which place became the theatre of a sanguinary scene, called the MASSACRE OF PAOLI.

Washington, having decided upon adopting the offensive, reached Philadelphia, where he received reinforcements, and took the route along the Lancaster road to meet Lord Howe. Meanwhile, Gen. Wayne, with his division, awaited in silence, at Paoli, for reinforcements to be forwarded under Major Smallwood, and imprudently believing himself secure from any attack, had not taken all the precautions necessary at such a critical moment. On the night of the 20th of September, 1777, Major General Gray cautiously led a band of British Hessians, with fixed bayonets, into the camp of Wayne's small force, and commenced a most terrific slaughter. The Americans were completely taken by surprise; the most of them were in a sound slumber, from which they only awoke by the loud yells of the remorseless Hessians, to find a gory bed. As there was no resistance—indeed, in the hurry, confusion, darkness, and dismay, there could be no defence—the cries of the half-naked, unarmed men, for mercy and quarter, were perfectly unheeded by men whose trade was butchery, and whose desire was extermination. Wayne, with some cavalry galloped to the rescue, and endeavored to stem the torrent, and ultimately succeeded in drawing off the remnants of his brigade. That night "sleep had been murdered" effectually, and morning dawned on a multitude of corpses, bathed in blood; the earth covered with clotted gore—here and there horses and riders crouched prostrate, and in one "red burial blent;" while the butchers rioted in the success of a slaughter that had cost them so little. At least one hundred and fifty were massacred on the spot, and all the camp equipage fell into the hands of the British.

Much blame was attached to General Wayne, for allowing himself to be surprised in this manner, and he demanded a court-martial, which acquitted him honorably.

A neat marble monument has been erected on the ground, to the memory of the unfortunate patriots who fell on this melancholy 20th of September, 1777.

Many accounts have been given of this disastrous affair, all of which tend to screen our hero from blame. But a regard for truth constrains us to state, that Anthony Wayne was not only a gallant soldier, but a gallant man, and instead of watching over the safety of the troops committed to his care, he was fulfilling an affair of gallantry, at some distance from the camp, at the time of the assault. Historians have treated him with unusual lenity, for his noble conduct immediately afterwards, at the battle of Germantown; and, indeed, he never forgave himself for this dereliction of duty, and it burst from his heart, in the midst of the onset at the storming of Stony Point, when he cried out to his men—"REMEMBER PAOLI, BOYS!"

This massacre had no other effect than to rouse to such a pitch of frenzy both General Wayne and his soldiers, that in the battle of Germantown, fought shortly after, he and they signalized themselves in such a manner as to reflect credit on themselves.

But the next exploit of gallantry and prowess, which shed a lustre on the fame of our revolutionary army, but especially on that of General Wayne and his compatriots from Pennsylvania, was the storming of Stony point, always admitted to be one of the most brilliant that ever graced the annals of war.

To Gen. Wayne, who commanded the light infantry of the army, the execution of this *coup de main* was entrusted. Secrecy was deemed so much more essential to success than numbers, that it was thought inadvisable to add to the force already in the lines. One brigade was ordered to commence its march, so as to reach the scene of action in time to cover those troops engaged in the attack, in case of any unlooked-for disaster; and Major Lee, of the light dragoons, who had been eminently useful in obtaining the intelligence which led to the enterprise, was associated with General Wayne, at least as far as cavalry could be employed in such a service.

The night of the 15th of July, 1779, was fixed upon for the assault; and it being suspected that the English garrison would be more on their guard towards day, twelve o'clock was the hour chosen for the attack. Wayne and his comrades in arms, who had suffered at Paoli, had they died previous to the attack, would, like Queen Anne, have been found to have the word PAOLI written on their hearts.

Stony Point is a commanding hill, projecting far into the Hudson, which washes three-fourths of its base. The remaining fourth is, in a great measure, covered by a deep marsh, commencing near the river on the upper side, and continuing into it below. Over this marsh there is but one crossing-place, but at its junction with the river is a sandy beach, passable at low tide. On the summit of this hill was erected the fort, which was furnished with quite a complement of heavy pieces of ordnance. Several breast-works were advanced in front of the principal works, and about half way down the hill, were two rows of abatis. The batteries were calculated to command the beach and crossing-place of the marsh, and to rake and enfilade any column which might be advancing from and point towards

the fort. In addition to these defences were several vessels in the river, manned and armed to defend all approaches to the fort, and to fairly sweep the beach and the foot of the hill.

The fort was garrisoned by upwards of seven hundred men, under the command of Lieut. Col. Johnson.

At noon of the day preceding the night of the attack, the light infantry commenced their march from Sandy Beach, distant fourteen miles from Stony Point, and passing through an excessively rugged and mountainous country, arrived about eight o'clock in the evening at Spring Steel's, one and a half miles from the fort, where the dispositions for the assault were made.

It was intended to attack the works on the right and left flanks at the same instant. At half-past eleven the party formed into two columns, and moved, silent as the death which was soon to be the fate of many a healthy, gallant soul, the van of each column with unloaded muskets and fixed bayonets. They were each preceded by a forlorn hope of twenty men, the one commanded by Lieutenant Gibbon, and the other by Lieutenant Knox, whose duty it was to remove the abatis and other obstructions, in order to open a passage for the columns which followed close in the rear.

Proper measures having been taken to prevent any information of the attack reaching the English, the Americans reached the marsh undiscovered. But unexpected difficulties having been experienced in surmounting this and other obstructions in the way, the assault did not commence until half-past twelve. Both columns, burning with the inspiration of hatred, not at the courage, but at the recent devastating and merciless cruelty of the British, they rushed forward, amid a tremendous cross-fire of musketry and grape-shot. Surmounting every obstacle, and surrounded by the most dreadful slaughter, they entered the works at the point of the bayonet, and without having fired a single piece, obtained complete possession of the post. Wayne, not content to exercise the functions of a general, and shamed by his defeat at Paoli, galloped through the thickest of the fray, and marked with an eagle eye where an advantage was to be gained, or an omission to be rectified. It was a very critical moment also in the Revolution—the people were ready to be thrown into a paroxysm of dread or hope—the beam of the balance was vibrating, and the miserable truckling of torquism awaited the episode of the period. Indeed, it would hardly be possible, in looking through the long vista of centuries, to discover any period of history more fraught with the fate of human liberty, than was the United States, at the moment of this eventful conflict of raw militia-men with soldiers trained to war—bronzed in the heat and smoke of battles—perfect in every equipment—officered by men they knew and esteemed, and enclosed behind an all but impregnable fort! Yet these raw militia proved themselves capable of the most difficult enterprise, while all distinguished themselves, whose situation enabled them to do so. The loss of the British was sixty-three, including two officers, and five hundred prisoners, besides the military stores taken in the fort, which were very considerable.

The Americans suffered severely, but by no means proportioned to the danger of the bold and hazardous enterprise. Wayne was wounded, but did not leave the head of the column. Col. Hay was also among the wounded.

The humanity displayed by the conquerors was not less conspicuous, nor less honorable than their courage, and stood out in bold relief to the British. Not a single individual suffered after resistance ceased.

Immediately after the surrender of Stony Point, General Wayne transmitted to the Commander-in-Chief the following laconic letter.

"Stony Point, July 16, 1779, 2 o'clock, A. M.  
"Dear General.—The fort and garrison, with Colonel Johnson, are ours, our officers and men behaved like men determined to be free. Yours most sincerely,  
"ANTHONY WAYNE.  
"Gen. Washington."

In the campaign of 1781, in which Lord Cornwallis, and a British army were obliged to surrender prisoners of war, Wayne bore a conspicuous part. In the State of Georgia he fought with success some very sanguinary engagements, for which the State presented him a farm.

On the peace which followed, he retired into private life; but in 1789, we find him a member of the Pennsylvania Convention, and one of those in favor of the Federal Constitution of the United States.

In 1792, he succeeded General St. Clair in the command of the army engaged against the Indians on our Western frontier. His extraordinary decision and exemplary discipline, soon rendered his troops veterans, with which he soon destroyed the enemies' power, and compelled them to conclude a definitive treaty of peace.

A life of peril and glory was terminated in December, 1796. Wayne had shielded his country from every enemy to the best of his ability, and he never regarded deliberately with indifference whatever had a tendency to promote the public good. He beheld his country triumphant, rich in arts, potent in self-government. He died in a hut at Presque Isle, at about 51 years of age, and his bones now rest within the cemetery of St. David's Church, Chester county, Pennsylvania.

## The Atlantic.

"She's safe!" "She's safe!"—that welcome shout Rings through the evening air;  
The God of Storms has shielded her From ruin's wrathful glare.  
From storm-cloud, with its avalanche Of tempest, raging wild,  
Nor old Atlantic, could not harm Her young and darling child.

Thank God!—thank God!—that gallant ship Still floats the upper air;  
Nor fire, nor "thick-ribbed ice" hath marred The hopes that clustered there.  
Oh, never shall her glorious hulk Yield to the maddened surge!  
Old Ocean may but test thy strength, Ne'er howl thy requiem dirge!

And he who guides the gallant West— What dropping hearts leap high,  
All thankful that they still are left To guard when danger's nigh!  
That bend in earnest prayer to Him Who stays dark sorrow's fearful fall—  
To the special Providence that wills "Even a sparrow's fall."

No Ariel tones shall sing thy knell,  
Of varied fathoms deep;  
Nor coral nor the sea nymph's shell Within thy huge ribs sleep—  
But where the storm-cloud thunders wild,  
High o'er the foam-tossed sea,  
Still float unharmed, still brave the storm—  
Majestic, proud, and free!  
New York, Feb. 16, 1851. T. L.

## The Family Circle.

### The Play-Things.

CHILD.  
Oh, mother, here's the very top  
That brother used to spin;  
The vase with seeds I've seen him drop  
To call our robin in;  
The line that held his pretty kite,  
His bow, his cap and ball,  
The slate on which he learned to write,  
The feather, cap, and all.

MOTHER.  
My dear, I'd put the things away,  
Just where they were before;  
Go, and take him out to play,  
And shut the closet door.  
Sweet innocent! he little thinks,  
The slightest thought expressed  
Of him that's gone, how deep it sinks  
Within a mother's breast.

### Parental Teaching.

If parents would not trust a child on the back of a wild horse without a bit or bridle, let them not permit them to go forth into the world unskilled in self-government. If a child is passionate, teach him by gentle means to curb his temper. If he is greedy, cultivate liberality in him. If he is sulky, charm him out of it by encouraging frankness and good humor. If he is ignorant, accustom him to exertion, and train him to perform even onerous duties with alacrity. If pride comes in to make obedience reluctant, subdue him either by counsel or discipline. In short, give your children the habit of overcoming their besetting sins. Let them acquire from experience that confidence in themselves which gives security to the practised horseman, even on the back of a high-strung steed, and they will triumph over difficulties and dangers which beset them in the paths of life.

### Social Kindness.

How sweet is social affection! When the world is dark without, we have light within. When cares disturb the breast—when sorrow broods around the heart—what joy gathers in the circle of love! We forget the world and all its animosities, while best with social kindness. That man cannot be unhappy who has hearts that vibrate in sympathy with his own—who is cheered by the smiles of affection and the voice of tenderness. Let the world be dark and cold—let the hate and animosity gather about in the place of business—but when he enters the ark of love—his own cherished circle—he forgets all these, and the cloud passes from his brow, and the sorrow from his heart. The warm sympathies of his wife and children, dispel every shadow, and he feels a thrill of joy in his bosom that words are inadequate to express. He who is a stranger to the joys of social kindness, has not begun to live.

### The Boy the Father of the Man.

Solomon said many centuries ago: "Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right." Some people seem to think that children have no character at all. On the contrary, an observing eye sees in these young creatures the signs of what they are likely to be for life.

When I see a boy in haste to spend every penny as soon as he gets it, I think it a sign that he will be a spendthrift.

When I see a boy hoarding up his pennies, and unwilling to part with them for any good purpose, I think it a sign he will be a miser.

When I see a boy or girl always looking out for him or herself, and disliking to share good things with others, I think it a sign that the child will grow up a very selfish person.

When I see boys and girls often quarrelling, I think it a sign that they will be violent and hateful men and women.

When I see a little boy willing to taste strong drink, I think it a sign that he will be a drunkard.

When I see a boy who never attends to the services of religion, I think it a sign that he will be a profane and profligate man.

When I see a child obedient to his parents, I think it a sign of great future blessing from his Heavenly parent.

And though great changes sometimes take place in the character, yet, as a general rule, these signs do not fail.

## The Child at Prayer.

'Twas summer eve—the rosy light Had faded from the sky,  
And stars came twinkling, pure and bright, Through the blue arch on high;  
The western breezes softly stole To kiss the sleeping flow'r,  
And nature wore her sweetest smile To bless the twilight hour.

There sat within a curtain'd room,  
A mother young and fair—  
What voice comes softly through the gloom:  
"Thy childhood's voice in pray'r";  
A cherub boy is kneeling now,  
Besides that mother's knee,  
She who had taught him when to bow Before the Deity.

A father on the distant deep,  
A sister slumbering near,  
A babe upon his mother's breast,  
And that kind mother dear;  
For every living thing he loves,  
His pray'r ascends to heaven,  
And for himself he humbly asks  
Each sin may be forgiven.

And oft in after years, when grief Shall bow his spirits down,  
And the world, the cold and bitter world,  
Shall meet him with a frown—  
Or, when allur'd from virtue's path,  
He reads a dang'rous way,  
Oh! he will turn to this sad hour,  
When first he knelt to pray.

And the kind hand which then was laid Upon his silken hair,  
And the soft voice which taught him first His simple words of pray'r—  
Will come again with thrilling pow'r To still his pulses wild,  
And lure him back in that dark hour,  
As sinless as a child.

The pray'r is o'er, the last fond kiss  
By that kind mother given;  
But rises not from scenes like this  
That childish pray'r to heaven?  
It does, it does, an angels wing  
Has borne its tones with joy,  
And the earnest blessing which it sought  
Comes on the sleeping boy.

## Select Miscellany.

### Migration of Norway Rats.

The Lemming, or Norway rat, an animal which, within the past fifteen or twenty years, has been introduced into this country, is a native of the northern and mountainous districts of Lapland and Norway. It is chiefly remarkable for its occasional migrations in innumerable bodies. These occur at particular, but somewhat variable periods; being caused by a deficiency of food in the native haunts of the animal, to which may perhaps be added a prescience of unfavorable seasons; as it has been observed that the chief migrations are made in the fall of such years as are followed by severe winter. Having assembled from all parts and formed themselves into an immense army, the lemmings descend from the mountains upon the plains, moving invariably in a direct line, and in total disregard of all obstacles, with the only exception, that if an impassible rock intervene, they go round it, and then resume their former straight direction. If a rick of hay or corn oppose their passage, they eat through it; and if they meet with a river, they boldly plunge in and swim across. Even while swimming, they strenuously labor to pursue their direct course, and should a vessel come in their way, they will endeavor to climb its sides. If they are attacked on their migration by men, they evince no fear, but, raising themselves up and uttering a kind of barking sound, they engage their assailants by flying at their legs, and it is with great difficulty that they are put to flight. Of these armies, however, a greater part is destroyed by owls, hawks, and weasels, and many perish while crossing rivers; so that a very small number survive to return to their native mountains.

### Natural History of the Sabbath.

The Creator has given us a natural restorative, sleep; and a moral restorative—Sabbath-keeping; and it is ruin to dispense with either. Under the pressure of week excitement, individuals have passed weeks together with little sleep or none; but when the process is long continued, the over-driven powers rebel, and fever, delirium and death come on; nor can the natural amount be systematically curtailed without corresponding mischief. The day of rest does not steal over us like the hour of slumber. It does not entrance us almost whether we will or not; but addressing us as intelligent beings, our Creator assures us that we need it, and bids us notice its returns, and court its renovation. And if, going in the face of the Creator's kindness, we force ourselves to work all days alike, it is not long till we pay the forfeit. The mental worker—the man of business, or the man of letters, finds his ideas becoming torpid and slow; equipose of his faculties is upset, grows moody, fitful, and, with his mental elasticity broken, should any disaster occur, he subsides into habitual melancholy, or in self-destruction speeds his guilty exit from a gloomy world. And the manual worker—the artisan, the engineer—tolling on from day to day, and week to week, the bright intuition of his eyes get blunted, and forgetful of their cunning, his fingers no longer perform the feats of twinkling agility, nor by a plastic and tuneful touch, mould dead matter, or wield mechanic power; but, mingling his life's blood in his daily drudgery, his locks are prematurely gray, his genial humors sour, and slaving it till he has become a morose and reckless man, for an extra effort or any blink of balmy feeling he must stand indebted to opium or alcohol.

### Velocity of Light.

The velocity with which light passes from place to place is so great, that, with respect to terrestrial distances, there seems to be no time occupied in its passage. But, by means of astronomy, not only has the propagation of light been demonstrated, but also its velocity calculated with great precision. From the observations which have been made, it would seem that light moves with the prodigious velocity of 200,000 miles in a second of time; and, consequently, would pass around the earth in the eighth part of a second. But to form a clearer conception of its swiftness, let us suppose that the sun were suddenly to be extinguished. Now immense as is the distance of the sun from our globe—95,000,000 miles—only about seven minutes and a half would elapse before we would be shrouded in darkness. Astonishing as this conclusion may appear, no result of science rests on more certain evidence.

Wax is a pig the most extraordinary animal in creation? Because you first *kill* him, and then *cure* him.

The true statesman will never flatter the people; he will leave that for those who mean to betray them.

Hunger is an excellent sauce.

## Death of a Fat Boy.

The New York Tribune contains the following in relation to the unexpected death of a fat boy:

"The Coroner held an inquest, on Saturday, at the North American Hotel, corner of Bayard street and the Bowery, upon the body of George Robincot, a native of Indiana, 23 years of age, and the following verdict, setting forth the cause of his death was rendered by the Jury, viz: That deceased came to his death by mal-practice on the part of E. J. Latham, he having administered medicines in quantities and qualities whereby his death was caused. The circumstances of the case are as follows:

The deceased was very fleshy, weighing nearly 400 lbs., and was publicly exhibited at the North American Hotel, until a few days since. Since his arrival in the city, about seven weeks, he has been afflicted with excessive thirst, and was in the habit of drinking six gallons of water daily. His health otherwise was apparently very good. On Tuesday last he informed Jacob H. Tweedy, who attended him, that he had employed E. J. Latham, the accused, to relieve his excessive thirst. That Latham had promised for \$5 to reduce the quantity of water then required daily to satiate his thirst, from six gallons to two gallons. Deceased then took medicine, in the shape of liquids, prescribed by Latham, and became very sick, vomiting frequently, and becoming delirious, and finally died. Latham was committed to prison for further examination.

## Yankee Pride and Yankee Skill.

A gullant tar, who recently returned from a three years cruise in the frigate Brandywine, noticed in one of the papers, a few days since, an article copied from the "London Illustrated News," stating that some skillful penman in England had, with his pen, written the Lord's Prayer in a circle not larger than an English sixpence in circumference. "Jack," with the usual characteristic pride of his countrymen, and having due confidence in his own skill, immediately determined to write the same prayer in a circle the size of an English three pence, which is little larger than our gold dollar.

The difficult task was accomplished; and yesterday with becoming yet modest pride, he exhibited to us the result of his labor, which was indeed a wondrous specimen of penmanship. Every letter and word could be distinctly read, with a magnifying glass, and yet, with the naked eye, it seemed to be but a mass of fine hair strokes. On asking the sailor his name, he blushing replied, "I don't want my name to go in the papers. I read what an Englishman had done, and I felt some pride in beating him." Such is the indomitable spirit of the Yankee people.

## The Ram and the Deacon.

An elderly gentleman, deacon of a church in New Hampshire, had once been out later than usual on a Saturday evening. Next day he attended public worship, and for his own comfort, being corpulent, seated himself in the aisle of the church, near the door, before which a number of sheep were feeding, including a ram, who was an old warrior. While the parson was engaged for his spiritual good, the deacon was sleeping soundly for the refreshment of his body. The deacon wore a large white wig, and as he sat facing the door, nodding in his sleep, the old ram observing it, and mistaking the wig for the head of an antagonist, and the nodding for a signal of battle, began to shake his head, and drew back to a proper distance for a rencontre, when the deacon making a very low nod, the ram supposing the enemy advancing, met him full butt, and sent him howling half way to the pulpit, knocking off his wig. The minister was not a little disconcerted, and the audience roared with laughter. To add to the diversion, the old deacon, recovering his legs as soon as possible, gathered up his wig, and putting it on, the tail before, again took his seat, without discovering his mistake until service was ended.

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