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POETRY.

AUTUMN.

The last beam of summer
Hath sped from the hill;
Tho' warbler and hummer
Are lingering still.

The fleecy disperser
Draws nearer the fold,
For days have grown shorter,
And nights become cold.

And shrivelled leaves flutter
Above the seared grass,
While wailing winds mutter
Their dirge as they pass.

The fair buds we cherished
And strove to keep fair,
Have one by one perished,
Despite all our care.

Yes! all our proud vaunting,
And glory, and power,
When weighed, are found wanting
To save o'en a flower.

Each object around us
Proclaims with a sigh,
That autumn has found us
And winter is nigh.

Yet tho' the sweet faces
So prized are no more;
Still autumn hath graces
And gladness in store.

The beams but forsake us
To light other aisles,
And soon will o'ertake us
Again with their smiles.

Thus hope, like the season,
May summer elsewhere;
But rarely till reason
Succumb to despair.

Then yield not to sorrow,
The gloom of to-day
May vanish to-morrow,
Or glow in its ray.

THE PRESENT.

Heart gazing mournfully
Back through past years—
Bringing sad memories,
Laden with tears—
Life's hours wasted,
Talents abused,
Bright opportunities
Blindly refused—
Close up the record
Fraught with such pain;
Years that have vanished
Return not again.
Grasp thou the *Present*
Be earnest and bold—
Fleeting its moments,
More precious than gold.

Watch and fight bravely
Against sloth and sin;
Pray for the Spirit,
The victory to win.
Cometh the future
Veiled and slow?
Go forth to greet her;
For weal or for woe,
Bringeth she gladness?
Praise thou the Lord.
Bringeth she sadness?
Bow to His word.
O'er Past and o'er Future
Dim shadows recline.
Heart, be thou manful:
The Present is thine!

MISCELLANY.

Reciprocal Sympathy.

Nearly half a century ago, when a coach
n daily between Glasgow and Greenock,
y Paisely, on a forenoon, when a little, past
ishopton, a lady in a coach noticed a boy
alking barefooted, seemingly tired, and
raggling with tender feet. She desired
e coachman to take him up, give him a
at, and she would pay for it.—When they
rived at the inn in Greenock, she inquired
the boy his object of coming there. He
id he wished to be a sailor, and hoped
me of the captains would engage him.—
he gave him a half crown, wished him suc-
ss and charged him to behave well. Twen-
years after this, the coach returning to
lasgow in the afternoon, on the same road,
hen near Bishopton, a sea captain observ-
d an old lady in the road, walking very slow,
tigued and weary. He ordered the coach-
an to pet her in the coach, as there was
empty seat, and he would pay for her.—
mmediately after, when changing horses at
ishopton, the passengers were saunteringbout, except the captain and old lady, who
mained in the coach. The lady thanked
m for his kindly feeling towards her, as she
as now unable to pay for a seat. He said
He had always sympathy for weary pedes-
ians, since he himself was in that state
hen a boy twenty years ago, near this very
ace, when a tender hearted lady ordered
e coachman to take him up, and paid for
s seat." "Well do I remember that inci-
nt," said she; "I am that lady, but my lot
life has changed; I was then independent;
w I am reduced to poverty by the doings
a prodigal son." "How happy am I,"
id the captain "that I have been success-
l in my enterprises and am returning home
live on my fortune; and from this day I
all bind myself and heirs to supply you
th twenty five pounds per annum till your
eath."—*Ladies' Journal.*

A young man in California, whose friends
hound neglected to write to him for a long
me, adopted the expedient of the neighbor-
od, inquiring the price of land and stock,
d what he would buy a handsome farm
p or three hundred acres for etc, intima-
g that he had large sums to invest. By
urn mail he received no less than seven
tters all anxiously inquiring after his
alth, when he was coming home, etc, and
has had three or four every mail since,
cluding some very warm ones from an old
d very cold sweetheart.

The Oak and the Squirrel.

It is not generally known, how much we, as a maritime nation, are indebted to our friends the Squirrels. These active little fellows render important service to our navy, for most of the fine oak trees, which are so important in ship building, especially for vessels of war, are planted by the squirrel.—A gentleman walking one day in the woods belonging to the Duke of Beauford in the County of Monmouth, England had his attention attracted by one of these crackers of nuts; the squirrel sat very composedly upon the ground, and the gentleman paused to watch his motions. In a few moments the creature darted with wonderful swiftness to the top of the tree beneath which he had been sitting. In an instant he returned carrying an acorn in his mouth; this acorn he did not eat but he began to dig a hole in the ground with his paws. When the hole was large enough and deep enough to place him, he dropped the acorn into it, seemed to eye the deposit with great satisfaction, and then he sat to work and covered up his treasure.—When his task was accomplished, the squirrel again darted into the tree, and again returned in his character of acorn-bearer; and this load he disposed of just as he had done the former. This he continued to do as long as the observer felt disposed to watch him.—This little animal's industry was certainly not with the intention of providing us with oaks, but with that of providing for himself when food would be less plentiful; the holes were his winter store-houses. As it is probable that the squirrel's memory is not sufficiently retentive to enable him to remember all the spots in which he deposits these acorns, the industrious little fellow, no doubt, loses a few every year; these spring up, and in due time supply us with the timber that our ship-yards require.

Many a child is now sent daily to our schools who should be studying the alphabet at its mother's knee. No child should be sent from home to study before the age of seven or eight years, and few are fit to undergo the daily torture of the multiplication which is vexation, and the division which driveth mad, before the age of ten. Few persons are ignorant of the evils of this habit of forcing children to study when they are unable to learn. A case occurred in New York a few days ago, which is in point. A child named LOUISA SCHNEIDER, only four years of age, was a scholar in one of the public schools. This is bad enough that a baby should be dosed with orthography, and very possibly puzzled with arithmetic—but the worst remains to be told. It is the custom in the New York schools, as in our own, to detain after school hours those children who have failed to recite their lessons. This miserable little baby was kept in to study her spelling lesson, having forgotten probably that b a, ba, k-e-r, spelt baker. Heinous crime! Wicked little infant! Was it strange that while poring over her book she was seized with syncope and died in a few minutes? We shall not ask if babies are thus punished in our schools, for we are not anxious to publish the answer. Immediate death is not often the consequence of such barbarity, but not unfrequently it causes mental and physical suffering; and we have no doubt that, indirectly, hundreds of children die from the bad management of the public schools.

A Comparison.

The following table compares the New York and Richmond prices of a few articles—for greenbacks or bank notes in New York, and for Confederate scrip in Richmond:

Articles.	*New York.*	*Richmond.*
Gold, per dollar	$1 47	$15 00
Bank Notes, per dol.	1 00	3.00
Wheat, per bushel	1 60	15 00
Corn, per bushel	1 25	18 00
Lard, per lb	12½	2 50
Bacon, per lb.	9½	2.75
Coffee, per lb.	33	10.00
Sugar, per lb.	13½	3 25
Molasses, per gallon	60	15 00
Whiskey, per gallon	75	65 00
French Brandy,	8 00	100 00
Beef, per lb.	18	1 50
Mutton, per lb.	16	1 25
Pork, per lb.	12	2 00
Chickens, per pair	36	2 50
Butter, per lb.	35	5 00
Salt, per lb.	1	50
Eggs, per dozen	30	2 00
Potatoes, per peck,	36	4 00
Sweet Potatoes, do	80	5 00

Me or my Mother.

A very talented young man inside the acquaintance of a Quaker gentleman and his lady. The Quaker had a fine daughter, and also a fine library, the books from which he freely loaned to the young man, who generally came in the evening to return them, when he supposed the daughter would be at home, she often exchanged the books for him and had a friendly chat with him. One evening he came as usual, and the young lady met him at the door. She was dressed to go out, and said, "Who would you like to see, me or my mother? I was about to call on a friend. If my mother will answer your purpose, please to walk into the drawing room; but if you desire my company I will postpone my visit till another time." The young man hesitated, stammered, "He—he—did not—not want to—detain her from her engagement, but if she had not been going out he would have enjoyed her society." "All right" she rejoined, and accordingly took off her bonnet, and they passed a very pleasant evening. That question? settled the matter. The result was soon proposed, and they were afterwards married.

These who seem most to different to us in our joy may prove the warmest friends in our sorrow. The springs that are coldest in summer never freeze in winter.

A Patriotic Governor.

An unfortunate slaveholding Copperhead in Kentucky recently addressed a letter to Governor Bramlette, of that State, expressing the opinion that the war was not now being conducted to put down the rebellion, but for the overthrow of the institution, and the bankrupcy of slaveholders. The Governor makes a most thorough and patriotic reply to the same, and very naturally comes to the conclusion, that if we refuse to sustain our armies in the field, we help the rebels, and that if we do not preserve our nationality, even with the loss of slavery, then will both be lost to the people of Kentucky.—The Governor sums up the whole question, after a most eloquent argument thereon, in the following manner:

"It certainly is wise economy to save all we can from the wreck of the rebellion. To give up all because we cannot save all is worse than childish folly. I have slaves that would venture life for me; and I would take the hazards of danger to defend them against wrong and injustice. But I am not willing to imperil my own nor other lives merely to preserve the relation; much less will I for such cause forfeit the life of my Government. To do so requires a man either to be a Secessionist or Abolitionist. No other class of citizens are willing to stake the life of society upon the question of "nigger" or "no nigger." As I am neither, and never can be, I must, therefore, stand by my Government, to maintain its life, and preserve our nationality, though fortunes be wrecked, life be sacrificed, and institutions be destroyed in the sweep of rebellion. That nationality preserved, I can shout as my eyes pierce the smoke of battle, and my head is lifted above the waves of rebellion—I am an American citizen. This, to me, is above all price—an inheritance which earth's hidden treasures cannot buy. I part with it only with life, and shall leave the injunction upon my children to fight on for its preservation till it be secured beyond the reach of treason and rebellion. I act in concert with those who would preserve—not destroy—our Government."

These are sentiments worthy of the chief magistrate of the State which claimed the immortal Clay as her own—and the loyalists of the whole country will rejoice with great joy to hear them from the lips of Kentucky's patriotic Governor, who was recently near being caught in a trap by the Seymouritos in New York, who had invited him to speak for their cause during the late election canvass—but the Governor ere the day arrived, evidently discovered the mistake he was making asked the Copperheads to excuse him. Gov. Bramlette was elected by 50,000 majority, and the Frankfort Commonwealth declares that his views as expressed in the letter from which we have quoted, are those of the great mass of the people of Kentucky.

Our Dead at Chickamauga.

It is said our soldiers who fell at the battle of Chickamauga are still unburied. Their bodies lie where they so gloriously fell, and the fowls of the air are feasting upon the putrid flesh. The thought of it is horribly sickening. O, God! can such things be? and in a Christian land, in the nineteenth century. The damning fact should be published to the uttermost parts of the earth.—The skeletons of these brave men, from which the flesh is being picked, piece by piece, should haunt the presence of General Bragg, so long as God permits his detestable body to come between the earth and the sun.

It is the most brutal example of "man's inhumanity to man," that has characterized this sanguinary war. Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad. Madness, repulsive and disgusting to the educated sense, has come upon rebeldom, and destruction will soon follow. The manner of burying the dead upon the battle-field, under the most favorable circumstances, is sufficiently revolting. Scores are frequently buried in one common grave, and no cypress or yew tree marks their resting place, no head-board speaks to the living wanderer of a sepulchre beneath his feet. Upon no battle-field in our possession has there been the dead body of a rebel soldier left above the ground.—May God comfort the mourners whose friends are thus denied the last sad rites of sepulture.

Very sad, but sadly true, is the following tearful incident which occurred not long since at a cemetery not far distant from Wheeling, Va:

Theodore, a bright boy of thirteen, had died. His brother, Hanson, but five years of age, seemed to regard his death as a commonplace affair, and all attempts to rouse him up to a consciousness or seriousness on the subject were in vain. He seemed unchanged—unmoved.

The funeral cortege reached the grave; the solemn burial services were read; and the old sexton commenced the work of covering the remains, but no sooner had the first lump of clay fallen upon the sounding box than little Hans, who stood regarding the impressive services without sign of emotion, suddenly raised himself to his full height, and, with clenched hands and a look of defiance that seemed fearful, he exclaimed, in a shrill voice, arresting instantly the attention of all, "Old man, stop! I'll kill you if you cover my brother up in that dark hole!" and, with a wild maniac scream that sounded piercingly mournful, he fell motionless to the earth. The great drop of many hearts was broken up, and tears fell like rain drops.

A Mean Man.—The *Lafayette Courier* says: We know of a man in Lafayette, one of the stingiest men in existence, who has taken like into his head that he will die the first of January next, and is now engaged in wearing out all his good clothing so that they will fit his wife's next husband.

The Interest of American Laborers.

If American laborers need any insight into the designs of the Southern leaders of this rebellion as regards labor and American laborers, there is no lack of light, or doubtfulness of meaning, in their own declarations.

Said DeBow, in the *New Orleans Review*: "*The right to govern resides in a very small minority; the duty to obey is inherent in the great mass of mankind.*"

Spratt, of South Carolina, in an address to the Confederate Congress at Montgomery, in 1861, said: "The contest now pending is not between the North and South, as geographical sections," "not between people of the North and the people of the South, for *our relations have been pleasant*." "But the real contest lies between *the two forms of society*." "Society is essentially different from government." "In the one, the reins of government come from the heels in the other, from the head of the society." *The principal that all men are equal would have been destructive of slavery to the South.*"

But the declaration of the *Charleston Mercury*—so well known—is outright and unmistakable: "*Slavery is the natural and normal condition of the laboring man, whether white or black.*"

Such, then, is the issue distinctly presented before American laborers, in this war of the rebellion. On the one side, slave labor,—on the other, free labor; on the one side labor degraded,—on the other, honored; on the one side, the acknowledgement of universal equality under the Constitution,—on the other, express and irrevocable denial of the constitutional declaration of equality itself.

Eating When Sick.

It is the custom among a certain class of people, when a member of the family falls sick, to begin to ask, "Now what can you eat?" Every one has heard the old story of the old man who always ate eighteen apple dumplings when he was sick. On one occasion, when engaged on the eighteenth his little son said, "Pa, give me a piece?" "No no my son," replied the father; "go away, pa's sick." When a young man who has surfeited in season and out of season, untill exhausted nature gives way, and a fever is coming on, the good, busy mother is in trouble. She anxiously inquires, "Now, John, what can you eat? You must eat *something*; people can't live without eating!" Then comes toast, tea, etc. The stomach is exhausted, and no more needs stimulus or food than a jaded horse needs the whip.—What is needed is rest. Nine-tenths of the acute diseases might be prevented by a few days' starvation when the first indications appear. I don't mean complete abstinence in every case, but perhaps a piece of course bread, with cold water for drink. If such a policy were generally adopted, what ruin would overtake the medical profession!—*Dr. Lewis.*

A Hard One on New Jersey.

On a terrible stormy night in bleak December a United States vessel was wrecked off the coast of New Jersey, and every person save one went down with the doomed craft. This one survivor (a western gentleman) seized a floating spar and was washed toward the shore, while the innumerable kind hearted tools of the Camden and Amboy railroad clustered on the beach with ropes and boats. Slowly but surely the unhappy mariner drifted to land, and as he exhaustedly caught at the rope thrown to him, the kind natives uttered an encouraging cheer——"You are saved" they shouted; "you are saved—and must show the conductor your ticket." With the boiling surf about him, and a floating straw tickling his nose, the drowning stranger suddenly resisted the efforts to haul him ashore. "Stop," said he in a faint tone. "Tell me where I am. What country is this?" And they answered—"New Jersey." Scarcely had the name been uttered when the wretched stranger let go the rope, ejaculating as he did so—"I guess I'll float a little further!" He was never seen again.—*N. Y. Mercury.*

Strange but True.

A bridge broke down at Terre Haute, a few days ago, drowning a number of persons. The Terre Haute Express says: One incident connected with the recovery of the bodies is worthy of more general publicity. All had been found with exception of that of Miss Thrall, and the approaching night was about to compel the search to be abandoned, when some one suggested that by placing quicksilver in a loaf of bread and putting it into the water it would stop directly over the body. Accordingly, a loaf was procured, and two ounces of quicksilver placed in it; then taken about fifty feet above and thrown into the water. It floated down the current which is quite strong at that place, when suddenly it stopped circling abroad, was apparently about to sink, when a gentleman in a boat caught it, and grappling hooks being put down the body was found directly beneath, in from eight to ten feet of water.—We have read of this mode some years since, but supposing it to be one of the many superstitious, had almost forgotten it. What the philosophy is we cannot tell. Will some one afford some light on it?

An enamored swain was serenading a pretty Quakeress, and sang the song of "Home, sweet Home," when the father appeared at the window. "Friend," said he, "thee have been singing of thy home—thy sweet home; now if thee have a home, and a sweet home, why don,s thee go to thy home?"

Sometimes a girl says no, but her eye, when it is as plain as the nose on her face, that she means yes. The best way to ascertain whether she is in earnest or not, is to look straight into her eyes and never mind her nose.

The True Motive Leaked Out.

In a train on our Railroad, a few days since, sat a smart yankee woman, with a dashing new silk gown, and a new bonnet set jauntingly upon her head; and beside her, looking out of the window, and every now and then thrusting out his head, sat a man of somewhat foreign air and manner. The woman watched him with every appearance of interest, and at last said to him,

"Do you see that hand bill up there telling you not to put your arms and head out of the car window?"

The man made no reply, save to fix upon the speaker a pair of pale, watery blue eyes and presently out went his head again and half of his body, from the car window.

"Do you understand English?" asked the woman.

"Yaw!" was the reply.

"Then why don't you keep your head out of the window?"

There was no reply of any kind to this appeal. At length he put out his head a third time, just as the cars were passing a wooden bridge. The lady started back, and once more exclaimed:

"Yaw—yaw!"

"Then why don't you keep your head out of the window? Want to get killed?"

No response. And a fourth time he narrowly escaped "collision" with some passing object.

The woman could "stand it" no longer.

"*Why don't you keep your head out of the window?*" The next thing you know your head will be smashed into jelly, and your brains will be all over my new silk dress—that is if you've *got any*—and I don't much believe you have!"

We had all mistaken the object of the woman's solicitude; which at first seemed to be a tender regard for the safety of her passenger; but when the true motive "leaked out," coupled with so equivocal a complaint to his intelligence, a laugh was heard in the cars that fairly drowned the roaring of the wheels.

The Confession.

A cloud was seen to pass suddenly over the fair features of the gentle Maria. The lustre forsook her dark eyes. Her spirit seemed troubled—

"Triumphs the lily now on that young cheek,
Where bloomed the rose."

Ten times that evening did Harvey importune her to acquaint him with the cause of her sadness, but not a word escaped her lips. Sadly and faintly she sat—

"And now and then a sigh she stole,
And tears began to flow."

"Breathes there a wretch so base as to injure you, my dearest, by word or action?—Tell me, and by thine heart, as pure as heaven, I swear never to rest till I have redressed thy wrongs! It is an awful mystery locked up in thy bosom, that I must not know? Tell me thy secret, and by the ringlets of thy hair, I'll swear never to reveal it, though the black torments rack me! Pour out thy soul; tell thine own Harvey what lies heavy on thy breast?"

She blushed—she placed her fair hands across her bosom,—looked languidly in her lover's face, and softly, "like the low breathings of an expiring saint, she thus confessed "*Tis them apples Harv!*"

A Cute Trick.

A dandy was recently walking under the arcades of the Rue de Rivoli, in Paris, holding in his hand a gold headed cane of splendid workmanship. A man supported by two crutches came up, and asked for alms in a pitiful tone. The dandy, moved to pity, gave the beggar a small silver coin. At the same moment a person near him suddenly exclaimed: "How can you, sir, allow this rogue to deceive you? Please to lend me your cane, and I will show you that this rascal runs better than I can." The dandy, without reflecting, lent his cane; the beggar, the moment he perceived it in his detractor's hands, threw away his crutches and took to his heels, and was followed by the man with the cane, whilst the spectators, and the dandy particularly remained in convulsion of laughter at the sight, and exclaiming alternately, "Oh, he will be caught!" "No, he will not be caught!" But both the racing heroes disappeared at the next turning in the street, and their victim remained waiting for his splendid cane which cost five hundred francs.

It is beneficial and delightful to reflect how manifold are the fountains of joy and pleasure which the all good Father has provided for his children, and how he reveals himself in them. We become sensible of his presence not alone in the hours of religious observation; the divine spark lives in all the atoms of life, and wherever a pure human effort calls it out, it bursts forth in clear flames of joy. Love, nature, science, art, philosophy; are they not all thoughts of Him, emanations of God? Does not one of these regions offer to man a fatherland in which he can build himself a home and dwell happily? The same heaven, the eternal sunbeam of the same love, expands itself over all. How often does it not succeed to concentrate man as he goes on his way, amid his own activity, with an inexpressible clearness, with an infinite happiness, the beam of a higher, incomprehensible life passes over him, and he is compelled to exclaim, "there is a God."

Widows have been compared to green wood, which, while is burning on one side, is weeping on the other.

Men who most pride themselves upon their knowledge of the world, generally know only its crooked alleys and dirty lanes.

As a general rule, the less an editor knows the more he writes, and the more he writes the less his readers know.

Murder will Out.

E. C. Morris, a wealthy citizen of Madison, Ill., has been arrested, charged with murdering a man nearly nine years ago. The arrest was made on the affidavit of E. C. Clark. The Illinois State Register gives the following particulars of the case:

In 1855, Clark and Morris were out hunting together, and Clark's testimony is that they came across a man in the woods, and that Morris drew up his gun and shot him. The two together then buried the murdered victim and took a solemn oath never to reveal the secret. The oath has been kept for nearly nine years. But murder will out. Clark's conscience continued to cry out against him and disturb him with visions of ghosts by night, and apparitions of dread and horror by day. He could rest silent no longer and hence the oath bound secret, so long locked up in his troubled breast, was published to the world. Morris, now the murder has been exposed accuses Clark of having committed the foul deed, but admits that he helped to bury the victim, and that they had sworn together never to reveal the secret. It is said that Morris and Clark recently quarreled about some business matters, and that Clark made the expose on this account.

After the preliminary examination before the justice of the peace, Clark and Morris both pointed out the place where they had buried the murdered man. His bones were found and exhumed. The name of the unfortunate victim has not yet been learned.

We have also heard that the murdered man was a kind of railroad contractor, and that he had in his possession at the time of his death some $7,000, which was divided between the two, but as to its correctness we cannot say.

The Will and the Way.

I learned grammer when I was a private soldier, on a pay of six pense a day. The edge of my berth, or that of my guard bed, was my seat to study in, my knapsack my book case, and a bit of board lying on my lap was my writing table. I had no money to purchase a candle or oil; in winter, it was rarely that I could get any light but that of the fire, and only my turn even of that. To buy a pen or piece of paper, I was compelled to forego some portion of my food, though in a state of half starvation. I had not a moment of time that I could call my own, and I had to read and write amid the talking, laughing, singing, whistling and brawling of at least half a score of most thoughtless men, and too, in their hours of freedom from all control. And I say, if I, under these circumstances, could encounter and overcome the task, is there, can there be, in the whole world, a youth who can find an excuse for the nonperformance?—*Cobbet.*

THINK OF IT.—How idly and flippantly the word death is said. Who can tell what a day will bring forth? We are here to-day, and to-morrow numbered with the dead. Our fathers, where are they? To use a correct figure of speech seventy grains of sand taken from the mighty ocean, represent the usual number of years allotted to man. But what mortal can compute eternity? The sands of the boundless deep, aye, of countless worlds, in the immensity of space; all would be exhausted in computing annual periods of time similar to this material world. Reader, pause! Every pulse that beats in the inner man is a quick step towards eternity. Be therefore prepared for the spiritual world and for what eternity either for better or worse.

An orator perspiring freely, in a hurry voice, said: "In short, ladies and gentlemen, I can only say, that I wish I had a window in my bosom, that you might see the emotion of my heart." The news-papers printed the speech, leaving the "O" out of "window."

M'CONNELLSBURG MARKET REPORT.—The *Fulton Republican* gives the following "quotations" of the M'Connellsburg markets:

Grindstones have taken a turn; Hooped Skirts are rising (owing to the late storms;) Feathers have gone up; Old Iron is heavy; Whiskey going down; Butter strong; Shoes tight; Cheese lively; Soft Soap slippery; Brick firm; Shingles flat; Pork noisy; Blowed Bladders boy-ant.

One day little Mollie, six years old, said to her uncle, who was visiting at her father's,—"Uncle Harry, do you say your prayers to God?" "Certainly: everybody does who is good." "No they don't," said Molly, "for ma is good, and she always says her's to a chair."

When men are together they listen to one another; but women and girls look at one another.

A Western editor requests those of his subscribers who owe him more than six years subscription, to send him a lock of their hair, so that he may know they are still living. In answer to which a cotemporary says, that if his delinquent subscribers should do this, he would be obliged to leave off editing and go into the wig-business.

Two gentlemen fishing—sharp boy appears. "Well sir, got any bites?" "Lots of 'em." "Yes, under your hat." Race between boy and sundry stones—boy a little ahead.

A fellow without credit finds it hardest to get into debt than others to get out.

Many a man who thought himself rich has found those hard times pave for the poor.

The officer or soldier who fights only for ambition of pay, is a Cain in uniform.

Neither believe rashly, nor reject obstinately.

Charity is an eternal debt, and without usury.