The Recess.

THE ITY

THE NIGHT HEAVES.

Miscellaneous Articles.

Taking the Papers.

'Knowledge is power,' said farmer Thriftly. 'I know it is,' replied farmer Thriftless; 'but men can plow, and plant, and sow, and reap, and gather into barns, if they are ignorant.' 'True,' said farmer Thrifty, after a fashion; and so can a machine, an automaton, if it has an intelligent head to control and direct its movements. But, no matter, Neighbor Thriftless; I don't urge a liberal education or a college diploma as necessary to success in the art of arts, the noble art of making two blades of grass grow where but one grew before. The man, so honest, hard-fisted, warm-hearted sister of the soil knows about all the particles of earth which go to make up his farm, and of the chemical and geological processes of the earth and of the influence of the sun, rain and dew, and the different kinds of manures most congenial to different soils, the better farmer and the better citizen he will be; for the reason that he will have power, and a high standing in the community, and consequently, an influence for good to himself, his family, his neighborhood, his town, his state and his country. Knowledge is power, neighbor T. 'say what you may fix it.' 'Well now, I never thought of that in such a light,' replied neighbor Thriftless; 'guess there's something to it.' 'That's it, neighbor T. Thinking is just the way to begin in the search after knowledge. Next, begin to read, and for this purpose, perhaps you had better *take the papers.*—[Vt. Watchman.

PLAIN PEOPLE.—Plain men, say, ugly little fellows, have met with tolerable success among the fair. Wilkes's challenge to Lord Townshend is well known: "Your Lordship is one of the handsomest men in the kingdom, and I am one of the ugliest, yet, give me but half an hour's start, and I will enter the lists against you with any woman you may choose to name, because you will only attention, on account of your fine exterior, which I shall double, on account of my plain one." He used to say that a look like half an hour just to talk away the face. He was so exceedingly ugly that a lottery office-keeper once offered him ten guineas not to pass his window while the tickets were drawing, for fear of his bringing ill luck upon the house.

If you wish to make a good-looking girl take to intellectual pursuits, push her down stairs some day, and break her nose. Beauty is a shocking enemy to books, and but no more true to study than it has for wrinkles and row-hide boots. As a general thing, girls don't take to algebra till beauty cease to take to them.

DOG STORY WITH A MORAL.

Dogs have been known to form offensive and defensive alliances with each other, which, like those of the princes of the earth, are liable to abrupt and disagreeable conclusions.

A physician of this city had in his stable a terrier, which formed a league of this kind with an individual of the same stock, belonging to a sugar refiner in the vicinity. The chief end of this alliance, it was observed, was to mutual guard at a corner of the court in which the stable was located, and make battle with anything in the shape of pedestrianism, or any other thing which might happen to pass that way. Now, there lived about a square above the court, a Dutch baker, who possessed a large dog, which regularly attended his master as he went his rounds, with "the staff of life" on his shoulder. This was a quiet, stock, well intentioned animal, for a few months out of the days of his puppyhood. His name was Tom, and we can safely aver that he was a dog of reputation, harboring no evil designs of any kind in his head, which, to tell the truth, was very far from being the case with the two terriers.

Time after time, had the latter assailed and beaten the baker's dog, and no redress could be collected. Attempts, or even messages, to his master, would be laid for for pay, would give a stone at the heels of the two bullies. The people of the neighborhood were too busy engaged in the pursuits of wealth to find, when the Tyrant terrorized in some unknown way, there could appear to be no remedy for This state, in the ordinary course of things, there was every prospect that the friends of the two terriers, in a short space of time, would be reduced to a equal state of life and death.

Months passed away, and the dog no longer in fear and trembling for the evil which he had to undergo, but was as merrant object. So far from it, he had, that he was obliged to leave the baker every morning at the first street, shape his course, and make the circuit of the square to escape the persecution of those two sons of Orpheus.

We have no doubt that this troubled Tom expostulate, for a close observer of dog nature intimate will tell you that if there is anything which a faithful dog takes a pronounced pride in, it is to appear to the best advantage in the eyes of his master. It is but fair to state that the two grands sometimes engaged in terrible conflicts with strange dogs, and that, so far as we can learn, they invariably came off victorious. No doubt these desperate encounters, witnessed from afar, struck additional terror into the heart of Tim.

However, it so happened, that upon a certain New Year's day, as the doctor and sugar refiner were promenading in the street, they saw the baker coming towards them, with his stock, black dog behind him. The two men, as usual, were sitting at the corners of the mart, on the "qui vive"—the Reeser, whose name was Flame, ensconced on a fire-plug, and the lesser, who was called Smoke, standing under a lamp-post. The name of the court, we had forgotten to state, was Conyed Place, which was somewhat at variance with the character of its guardians, although Relief Alley, a narrow passage directly opposite, was an exception, in far as it is presented with the anomaly, inasmuch as it had often saved Tim, at need, from the teeth of his determined assailants.

Now, said the doctor, 'let us watch the motions of these three dogs.'

'I have often noticed them before,' said the other, 'and the baker's will certainly leave him at the next street.'

But whether it was that the evil had arrived at that pitch at which endurance ceases to be a virtue, even in a dog, or that the day being the first of the year, Tim was determined to begin it, more magnoi, with a new tally, is open to free discussion; we only, as historians, faithfully chronicle the fact, that, with head and tail erect, deviating not a hair's breadth from his pains, Tim sturdily stuck at the Dutchman's heels.

The two tyrants bristled their spines, erected their droop ears, and waited for the moment to pounce upon him. The baker stepped at a customer's door, delivered his bread and passed on; Tim followed; Flame advanced at Smoke, and as was the rule of warfare observed by the belligerents, the latter advanced to commence the onslaught, nothing doubting of victory.

But the instant that he came sufficiently near, Tim, the late meek and gentle disciple of endurance, savagely seized him by the back, and lifting him clear from the ground, shook him in a manner which, however delightful to the doctor, must have been as disagreeable and unexpected to him.

"Served him exactly right," said the sugar refiner, gruffly, while the doctor cried encore (and a quick eye accustomed to read the physiognomies of quadrupeds, might have noticed something of unpleasant surprise in the looks of the chief tyrant. Nevertheless, quickly descending from his post of observation, he boldly advanced to the rescue of his comrade, who was no match for Tim now that his ire was fully awakened.

The beholders were all expectation to see what the baker's dog would do in this emergency. The result was not long in doubt; for as Flame approached, Tim gave Smoke a last severe shake, which effectually settled him for a minute and meeting his chief assailant half-way, grappled him with a fury, which, as he really was the stronger dog of the two, landed him on his back in the kennel in a moment. Smoke, beholding this with increased dismay, fled in inglorious haste through Relief Alley, leaving the field to the two remaining combatants, who fought vigorously for a few moments longer, the one loth to loose his ancient supremacy, and the other determined to provide snug for the contingencies of the future. At length the scale of victory turned—the doctor's dog cried to encourage; and Tim, after fairly conquishing the two redoubtable tyrants, trotted on, like a knight-errant of old to rejoin the baker's banner.

"Now," said the doctor, that dog has learned us a lesson, which the crowned heads of Europe might read with advantage."

"Yes," answered the other; "and he must have premeditated the action, for to my certain knowledge, nothing could have previously induced him to pass that court when your dog or mine was in sight."

"It looks very like the reasoning power, I confess," said the doctor; "but we lose sight your dog back."

The most curious part of the affair now remained, for as Smoke came sigh to Flame, for the purpose, no doubt of comparing injuries, the latter who was licking his wounds, instantly flew upon him, and without paying the least regard to their former relations, inflicted upon him a tremendous mauling.—At this sight, the physician, unwilling to lose his professional gravity in the street, started instanter for his office; while the sugar refiner, which not possessed of so quick a sense of the ludicrous, retreated to the counting-room in a huge smoky building across the way. The alliance was, however dissolved and the two discomfited tyrants were never seen together from that hour.

In this anecdote, for the truth of which we can vouch, we have strikings to displeasure, first, a mutual understanding, resulting in a regular alliance for the purpose of aggressive warfare; next, endeavors, succeeding to chastise your neighbor, on the part of a third dog; then, a table resolution to resist aggression to the last; and, lastly, a violent dissolution of the league, consequent upon the signal defeat of the two kicked tyrants.—[Kridler's Sporting Anecdotes.

The man who flew have a place in life had his wings clipped.

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