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Choice Poetry.

THE BROOK.

"Like thee, O stream! to glide in solitude
Noislessly on, reflecting sun and star,
Unseen by man, and from the great world's jar
Kept evermore aloof, methinks I were good
To live thus lonely through the silences
Of my appointed time." Not wisely said,
Unthinking Quaker! The brook had sped
Its course for ages through the narrow gaps
Of rifted hills and o'er the ready plain,
Or mid the eternal forests, not in vain;
The grass more greenly grew on its brink,
And leveler flow'd richer fruits and flowers,
And of its crystal waters myriads drink,
That else would faint beneath the torrid air.

SOLITUDE.

The ceaseless hum of men, the dusty streets,
Crowded with multitudinous life, the din
Of toil and traffic, and the woe and sin,
The dweller in the populous city meets:
These have I quit to seek the cool recesses
Of the untrodden forest, where, in bowers
Bathed by Nature's hand, inlaid with flowers,
And roof'd with ivy, on the mossy seats
Reclining, I can while away the hours
In sweet converse with old books, or give
My thoughts to God, or fancies fugitive
Indulge, while o'er my radiant showers
Of rarest blossoms the old trees shake down,
And thanks to Him my meditations crown!

RAIN.

Dashing in big drops on the narrow pane,
And making mournful music for the mind,
While plays his interlude the wizard wind,
I hear the ringing of the frequent rain:
How doth its dreamy tone the spirit thrill,
Bringing a sweet forgetfulness of pain,
While busy thoughts cease up the past again,
And fingers mid the pure and beautiful
Visions of early childhood! Sunny faces
Meet us with looks of love, and in the moon
Of the faint wind we hear familiar tones,
And tread again the old familiar places!
Such is thy power, O Rain! the heart to bless,
Willing the soul away from its own wretchedness!

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

Bold men were they, and true, that pilgrim band,
Who plough'd with vent'rous plow the stormy
Seeking a home for hunted Liberty (see,
Amid the ancient forests of a land
Wild, gloomy, vast, magnificently grand! (see
Friends, country, hallow'd homes they left,
Pilgrims for Christ's sake, to a foreign land—
Bound by peril, born with toil, yet free!
Tireless in zeal, devotion, labor, hope,
Constant in faith; in justice how severe!
The' fools deride and bigot-skeptics sneer,
Praise to their names! I feel'd like them to cope,
In evil times, with dark and evil powers,
O, be their faith, their zeal, their courage ours!

Wit and Wisdom.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED BY GRANVILLE M. PEPPER.

A BOOT-JACK, like a sore finger, has to be healed.

Those are the best instructors whose lives speak for them.

"Well, I am glad to get home," is the result of all traveling.

A LADY was dreadfully affronted because a gentleman accosted her as an old friend.

He that cannot forgive others, breaks the bridge over which he must pass himself.

Men are never so likely to discuss a question rightly as when they discuss it freely.

You may always know that a young lady has been at boarding-school by her lack of education.

A YEAR of pleasure passes like a floating breeze, but a moment of misfortune seems an age of pain.

An Irish paper says that among those mortally wounded at Waterloo, was Neddy O'Connell, afterwards Mayor of Dublin.

A LAWYER asked a Dutchman in court what car-marks a certain pig had that was in dispute. "Well, he has no car-marks, except a very short tail," was the reply.

"Society can't go through this gate to the river," politely intimated a fashionably dressed lady. "P'raps so; a load of hay went through this morning," was the horrid reply.

A FOREIGNER was now going on among the Campbellites as to "whether the Bible should be revised or let alone?" We think it is sufficiently "let alone" now.

Thus following signs on Western Row, Cincinnati, bears the impress of originality: "Kalks Krackers Kandies Konpcheekshunnie, Hoalial & Retale, by Ebenezer Alcott."

ARTHUR WARD says that, if it becomes necessary, in order to further present this war, he is willing to shed the last drop of blood running in the veins of all his able-bodied relations.

What a power there is in innocence, whose very helplessness is its safeguard—in whose presence even Passion himself stands abashed, and is worshipping at the very altar he came to despoil!

An Irishman, who had just landed, said: "The first bit of mate I ever ate in this country was a roasted potato—billed yesterday. And if you don't believe, I can show it to you, for I have it in my pocket."

An archbishop at Sabbath school was asked what our Savior said when he found Judas had betrayed him. The little lad scratched his head a moment or two, and replied, "Several things; he is the Prince of Liberty!" The teacher smiled.

Just before going to bed, two pigs and a fried pie. In less than an hour you will see a snake larger than a shaver, devouring eight blue-haired children, who have just escaped from a monster with serrated eyes and a red-hot overcoat.

"What do you mean, you rascal!" exclaimed an infuriated individual to an impudent youth who had seized him by the nose. "Oh, nothing, only I am going to seek my fortune, and father told me to be sure to seize hold of the first thing that turns up!"

A country girl, coming from the field, was told by her cousin that the "flock-fresh" was a daily blessed by dew. "Well," said she, "it wasn't anybody by that name; but it was Harry Jones that blessed me. I told him that every one in the village would find it out."

An Eastern editor says that a man got himself into trouble by marrying two wives. A Western editor replies by assuring his cotemporary that a good many men in that section have done the same thing by marrying one. A Northern editor retorts that quite a number of his acquaintances find trouble enough by merely promising to marry, without going any farther.

A Balloon Voyage From London.—Hon. R. J. Walker and the Correspondent of the N. Y. Herald on a Scientific Aerial Trip.—What Has Been Seen and Heard, and How Earthly Objects Looked.

[From the New York Herald, October 28.]

LONDON, Oct. 10.

As the Herald's correspondents are wherever grass grows or water runs, why should they not be where birds fly, where the winds of heaven speak eloquently in storms, where lightnings flash and thunders roll, and where meteors play their fantastic tricks?

During the last month Messrs. Coxwell and Glaisher, aeronaut and meteorologist, of the Greenwich Observatory, whose scientific ascents are now so famous, had several consultations with some literary gentlemen, and the result was a determination to make up a party and take a trip around in cloud land.

There were six in all—two Americans. The company comprised the aeronaut, a scientific observer, two literary gentlemen, a distinguished American statesman and a foreign nobleman. The name of the aerial travelers may as well be given:

Henry Coxwell, aeronaut.
James Glaisher.
Count Feusz Schallgotsch.
Hon. Robt. J. Walker.
Pliny Miles.
Nicholas Rowe.

The ascent was a purely private one; but, as it took place in the grounds of Crystal Palace, the visitors that happened to be at this noted exhibition witnessed it. From one to two thousand persons were present. We greatly desired three things: A pleasant day, a South wind, and preparations so early in the day as to enable us to have some six or eight hours of daylight to enable us to travel directly over England, not stopping till we arrived North of the Tiber, and perhaps drop down on the Social Science Congress, now sitting in Edinburgh.

The morning opened rainy, and, as there was only an eight inch gas main, it took nearly eight hours to fill the balloon, thus delaying us till twenty-nine minutes past four.

Being provided with a couple of small hampers filled with creature comforts, and numerous overcoats and traveling blankets, the aerial travelers stepped into the car amid the cheers of their friends. We had two neat flags—one of Great Britain, the other the Stars and Stripes.

As Capt. Coxwell sang out "cast off; let go the ropes," we slowly ascended. Amid the cheers, the novelty and the beauty of the scene, one has no time for personal fears. Instead of our party rising up, the earth seemed to be sinking away from us. The Crystal Palace, with its one or two hundred acres, looked like a gentleman's country residence, with a small lower garden right in front of it.

The wind carried us a little West of North, and directly over London; and, though Sydenham—where we ascended—is seven or eight miles from the metropolis, we soon had the great commercial capital of the world spread out beneath us like a map, and, for once, in an atmosphere as pure and clear as a sunset on Lake Superior.

A complete photograph of London from such a standpoint—what has never yet been taken—would be a curiosity, and would constitute a map of this busy center, "its cares and vast concerns," that would be unrivaled in topographical embellishment. Words are utterly inadequate to give an idea of the grandeur and gorgeous magnificence of the scene.

Raised entirely above the smoke and mist of the earth, the slowly descending sun, wrapped in a slight drapery of clouds through which it gleamed, gave us a gorgeous coloring and picturesque effect that nothing that I have seen on the surface of the earth, in a pretty wide range of travel, has equalled or approached. The only clouds near us were some hovering over the North part of London, but far below us.

The Thames was visible from its picturesque meanderings in Oxfordshire, near its course, close to its mouth in the German Ocean. The little river looked like a silver ribbon stretched in graceful curves in the midst of a variegated carpet.

While over the center of London, Mr. Glaisher declared our perpendicular height to be one mile and three quarters. And, though the sight was gorgeous and beautiful beyond description, the sound was something wonderful. The roar of London was lifted to us through a perpendicular light of over two thousand feet.

The streets and separate houses were distinctly visible, but the people we could not see. Every ship and steamer on the Thames, and in the East and West India docks was distinctly visible; but none of them, at the distance we were placed, displayed any motion.

Everything was a fixture. The Serpentine, the ornamental waters in the parks, and the round drop, apparently, that forms the circular lake of several acres in extent in Kensington Gardens, seemed more like saucers or cups of water than large ponds as they are. Pinnacled spires looked like a green and gold colored diadem.

While looking at a scene so novel, and one seeming so impossible or so contrary to the laws of nature, there is great difficulty in believing one's senses.

The joys and pleasures of life can be measured by sensations and intellectual pleasures, an afternoon trip over London is worth a hundred years of ordinary existence. The highest point we reached

was a trifle over two miles from the earth.

At the height we reached the temperature was not at all unpleasantly cold, though the mercury was about twenty degrees lower than on the surface of the earth at starting.

Mr. Glaisher and Mr. Coxwell both say that, in the higher altitudes, the lungs get a far wider inflation. Some eminent physiologists have expressed a decided opinion of the healthful influence of balloon ascensions to a rare atmosphere, particularly in its effects on the lungs. Prof. Airy says he believes most people would lengthen their lives by an occasional balloon ascension to an altitude of three or four miles.

Our party, without being at all "elevated" with breathing the air of the upper region or of imbibing the extensive champagne views on every side, descended as gently as a feather, coming down upon a mountain top, alighting in a field, near the little village of Pirton, four miles from Hitchin, in Hertfordshire, having been up a little over two hours, and traveled forty-eight miles.

A Strange Story.

The London Morning Post publishes the following on the authority of a Warsaw correspondent of the Sonntag Zeitung:

"All the attempts of the Russian Government to discover the leaders in the Polish revolt having hitherto been in vain, the Russian agents abroad were directed to leave no means untried to discover the names of those persons to whom diplomatic reports from abroad are addressed in Poland. Some time since a Russian spy succeeded in getting possession of a document which Prince Czartoryska had forwarded from London to Warsaw; and on learning the name of the addressee, who was a Catholic priest in a village near Warsaw, this priest, Dodiaki by name, was arrested and brought into the castle at Warsaw. A search made through his house produced nothing compromising, and the priest strenuously denied having any direct or indirect part in the insurrection. The Russian Committee of Safety knew not how to dispose of their captive, for his personality did not seem adapted for a diplomatic agent, and yet the details of the spy were so exact and precise that the man must surely be more than he seemed to be.

"Dodiaki was able, however, to clear himself from all suspicion, and was on the point of obtaining his release, when the agent reported that great consternation reigned among the London committee, on account of the seizure of the priest, as he was the confidant of the secrets of the national government, and possessed important documents. It was endeavored, as threats availed naught, to extract a confession by means of enticing promises. A prebendal stall, with a rich benefice, was held out as a reward. This modified the stern resolution of the hitherto inflexible man. He swore most solemnly on the crucifix to make revelations, yet he stipulated that a confessor should be sent to him previously, who should grant him absolution and release him from the oath he swore to the national government. A priest was soon found. Dodiaki remained alone with the holy father in his cell, and the committee anxiously awaited the moment when the confessor would leave the captive. As nevertheless, the interview lasted too long, an entry was made into the cell, and a horrifying spectacle presented itself to view. Dodiaki lay a corpse upon the ground, and the priest, who was to have granted him absolution, lay near him in the agonies of death. All restoratives were in vain, as the confessor had taken a large dose of prussic acid. This priest, whose name was Czerwinski, always passed for a faithful dependent of the Russians, and had, at an earlier hour given proof of his attachment to the Czar. Their corpses were interred in the castle itself. Dodiaki is said to have played an important part. He looked very simple, and no one would have credited him with those talents which fitted him to act as chief commissioner of the national government.

A Girl Suspended From a Bridge.

As an eastward bound boat, loaded with lumber, was passing under the St. James-street bridge, spanning the Oswego Canal, a young girl, belonging on board, took hold of one of the supports and commencing to swing to and fro in a playful manner, apparently unmindful of the rapidity with which the boat was passing from under her. Finding herself suspended between the bridge and the bed of the canal, a watery grave stared her in the face, and she began to scream lustily. A couple of hands jumped from the bridge and swam towards her, where she was dangling like a pendulum, with the momentary expectation of wetting her oroline by a plunge into the canal. Getting fairly under her, the intrepid navigators told her to let herself "drop," and she did "drop"—landing squarely on the head of one of the men, who went to the bottom as though he had been shot out of a coluband. The girl would probably have followed him, but for her hoops, which spread about her like a balloon, and kept her afloat until the other chap came to her assistance, and seizing her by the belt, swam with her to the boat, where she was fished aboard by the aid of a pike pole.—Buffalo Advertiser.

TEA GROWN IN NEW YORK.

In an account of the Fair of the Little Falls Farmer's Club, we find the following:

"We noticed also a China tea plant, raised by M. L. Sanders. Mr. Sanders said that he had already obtained between five and six pounds from his plants, and they were ready to pick again."

The Great Works of the Age.

Many years ago a work was published in Paris, the exact title of which has escaped our recollection, to the best of our belief it was "Wonders of the year 3,000." In this book were humorous illustrations representing the progress of the world up to that period and the marvellous things mankind would be enabled to perform through the aid of machinery, &c. Among other engravings there was one of a huge mortar from which two bombs chained together were issuing. In each bomb two placid Gauls were seated smoking (as was quite natural), and reading the papers as they journeyed rapidly through the air.—Another engraving represented an individual with a locomotive on each foot making seven league strides over the country, and enjoying the scenery with his hands in his pocket. As we have not yet achieved the 30th century, it is hardly wise to predict as impossible the forecasting of the French work, and while the busy inventors of the day have not as yet turned their attention to shooting men through the air in bomb shells, the capitalists and energetic people of the period have taken hold of mighty works calculated to open up commerce and extend the bonds of human brotherhood in a remarkable degree. Railroads, telegraph lines, canals, and stupendous scales, are either projected or going forward with such promptness that there would seem to be no part of the habitable globe to be left untraveled by the feet of men, and no wilderness however savage or forbidding, to be left desolate and uncultivated.

TUNNELING THE ALPS.

"One of the most stupendous works ever undertaken in connection with rail-road building is the tunneling of the Alps, for the purpose of opening communication between Piedmont and Savoy. The tunnel passes beneath what is known as the Prejus ridge, in the vicinity of Mont Cenis, from which it takes its name. It has an average depth of about a mile below the surface, and is to be about eight miles in length. The height is nineteen feet and the width twenty-five. As shafts a mile in depth were out of the question, the tunnel has been worked from the extremities alone. Scientific expedients have been resorted to to supply the workmen with air, which is forced into iron reservoirs, and made useful also in working the boring machines. The mode of operation of these borers is thus described:—Six of them, having an edge in the shape of the letter Z, with the machinery for driving them forward, six reservoirs, containing water which is forced in a constant jet into the hole while the boring is being performed, and a gas apparatus, are mounted on a railroad carriage frame and sent in. The whole works in a heading eleven feet six inches by eleven feet. It drives holes in the rock, varying from two to three feet, in about twenty minutes. These holes can be bored either horizontally, vertically or obliquely. As many as eighty are sometimes driven in the face of the rock, but all are not charged with powder, the object in making most of them being merely to facilitate the breaking up of the rock when the powder explodes in the others. When the holes are bored the machine is drawn back upon the rails to a distance of about fifty yards. Great wooden doors are then shut to guard against injury to the machinery or workmen, and the holes are filled with powder, which is ignited by means of a fuse. There are two blasts every twenty-four hours. It requires a long time to get rid of the foul gases produced by the explosion and to remove the debris—from an hour to four and a half hours—so that but slow progress is made. Not more than five feet of tunneling can be done daily, from each side, at which rate it would take ten years to finish it. But machines are being made which, it is supposed, will expedite the work about one third, so that six years may suffice to see it completed. Its estimated cost is three millions of dollars. The sides of the Mont Cenis tunnel are lined with the excavated stone, and the roof with brick work. The walls are vertical and the roof semi-circular. The lining is carried about a foot below the roadway, and makes a miter joint with the rock, so as to convert it into a natural cavern. A little over a mile, or nearly one-sixth of the tunneling is finished. The tunnel will have a continuous gradient, falling from the Savoy end toward Italy at the rate of one in five hundred. The approaches are rather steep, being about one in fifty on one side and one in forty on the other. The height of the tunnel above the sea is, at its Italian entrance, 4,331 feet."

THE HOOSIC TUNNEL.

The Hoosic Mountain, lying between the Connecticut and the Hudson rivers, in Massachusetts, can bear no comparison with the Alps or the Pyrenees; and yet the tunnel on the Troy and Greenfield road falls little, if at all, short of either the Mont Cenis, or the international tunnel of the Aldrides. Like those, it cannot be worked by the ordinary method of sinking shafts, on account of the height of the mountain, but has to be opened from either end. It is 44 miles in length, and its internal dimensions are 14 by 18 feet. The material through which it is cut is mica slate. In 1854 the State of Massachusetts authorized a loan of its credit to the company for the execution of the work to two millions of dollars, the bonds to be delivered monthly, at the rate of fifty dollars for every lineal foot excavated."

TELEGRAPHS IN ASIA.

The great capitals of Asia are being woven into this network of telegraphs. Madras, Bombay, Calcutta, Singapore,

Cochin China, Canton, Peking, Japan

and the Aleutian Isles are to be drawn close to the commercial centers of Europe and America. The island of Java had sixteen hundred miles of telegraph in operation in 1853, and had fourteen offices open; the business done for the year amounted to 12,817 dispatches.—"This is civilization being spread thro' the remotest and most benighted regions of the earth, by the aid of machinery, &c. Among other engravings there was one of a huge mortar from which two bombs chained together were issuing. In each bomb two placid Gauls were seated smoking (as was quite natural), and reading the papers as they journeyed rapidly through the air.—Another engraving represented an individual with a locomotive on each foot making seven league strides over the country, and enjoying the scenery with his hands in his pocket. As we have not yet achieved the 30th century, it is hardly wise to predict as impossible the forecasting of the French work, and while the busy inventors of the day have not as yet turned their attention to shooting men through the air in bomb shells, the capitalists and energetic people of the period have taken hold of mighty works calculated to open up commerce and extend the bonds of human brotherhood in a remarkable degree. Railroads, telegraph lines, canals, and stupendous scales, are either projected or going forward with such promptness that there would seem to be no part of the habitable globe to be left untraveled by the feet of men, and no wilderness however savage or forbidding, to be left desolate and uncultivated."

Eventful History of a Soldier Woman.

Mrs. Frances Louisa Clayton called at the Provost-Marshal's office, in this city, Thursday, with letters from officers, to procure a pass to her home in Minnesota. Mrs. Clayton enlisted as a private with her husband, in a Minnesota regiment, some two years since. She was in Rosecrans' army, did full duty as a soldier nearly a year before her sex was discovered. While in the army, the better to conceal her sex, she learned to drink, smoke, chew and swear with the best, or worst of the soldiers. She stood guard, went on picket duty, in rain and storm, and fought on the field with the rest, and was considered a good fighting man.

At the battle of Stone River, while making a charge her husband was instantly killed by a ball, just five paces in front of her, in the front rank. She charged over his body with the rear line, driving the rebels with the bayonet; but was soon struck with a ball in the hip, and conveyed to the hospital, where her sex was, of course, discovered. On recovering sufficiently to travel, she was discharged on the 23d of January last, and sent North. On the way between Nashville and Louisville, a guerrilla party attacked the train, and robbed her of her papers, money, &c. After reaching home and recovering from her wounds, Mrs. Clayton started for the army again, to recover the papers belonging to her husband; but was turned back at Louisville and ordered home. By mistake her pass carried her to Kalamazoo instead of Chicago, and she was compelled to apply to the Provost Marshal there, who sent her through this way.

She is a very tall, masculine looking woman, bronzed by exposure to the weather, and attracted universal attention by her masculine stride in walking, erect and soldierly carriage, and generally outre appearance. Some soldiers following her rather too familiarly, Thursday evening, she drew a revolver and promptly scattered the crowd. She was recognized as an old acquaintance by the keeper of an eating house on Monroe street, who knew her before her marriage, and knew of her disappearance when her husband enlisted, and who provided shelter for her Thursday night.—Grand Rapids Eagle.

Political Preachers.

Let us commend to the prayerful consideration of Political Preachers, the following opinions of Dr. Adam Clarke, whose "Commentaries" are standard authority in the Methodist Episcopal Church: Political preachers neither convert souls nor build up believers on their most holy faith. One may pique himself on his loyalty, the other on his liberality and popular notions of government; but, in sight of the great Head of the Church, the first is a sounding brass and the second a tinkling cymbal. When preachers of the gospel become parties in party politics, religion mourns, the church is unedified, and political disputes agitate even the faithful of the land. Such preachers, no matter which side they take, are no longer messengers of glad tidings, but the seedsmen of confusion and wasters of the heritage of Christ. And the views of a layman as distinguished as Edward Burke should also possess some influence: "Politics and the pulpit are terms that have little agreement. No sound ought to be heard in the church but the healing voice of Christian charity. The cause of civil liberty and civil government gains as little as that of religion by this confusion of duties. Those who quit their proper character to assume what does not belong to them are, for the greater part, ignorant both of the character they leave and of the character they assume. Wholly unacquainted with the world in which they are so fond of meddling, and inexperienced in all its affairs, on which they pronounce with so much confidence, they have nothing of politics but the passions they excite."

Ladies the Best Company.

It is better for you to pass an evening in a lady's company, even though the conversation is slow, and you know the girl's song by heart, than in a club, tavern or the pit of a theater. All amusements of youth to which virtuous women are not admitted, rely on it, are deleterious in their nature. All men who avoid female society have dull perceptions and are stupid, or have gross tastes, and revolt against what is pure. Your club swaggers, who are sucking the butts of billiard, cues all night, call female society insipid to a yoke; beauty has no charms for a blind man; music does not please a poor beast who does not know one tune from another. One of the great benefits a man may derive from woman's society is, that he is bound to be respectful to them. The habit is of great good to your moral man, depend upon it. Our education makes of us the most eminently selfish men in the world. We fight for ourselves, we push for ourselves, we yawn for ourselves, we light our pipes and say we won't go out; we prefer ourselves, and our ease; and the greatest good that comes to a man from a woman's society is, that he is bound to think of somebody to whom he is bound to be constantly attentive and respectful."

THE HEAVY RISE IN GOLD.

The heavy rise in gold, and consequent advance of all commodities in all needful family supplies, have stimulated a demand on the part of the various tradesmen and artisans throughout the North for a corresponding advance of wages.

THE NEW HAMPSHIRE GAZETTE.

The New Hampshire Gazette, published at Portsmouth, completed the one hundred and seventh year of its publication with the issue of Oct. 1st. The Gazette was started in 1756, and is the oldest newspaper in America.

THE ALLENTOWN DEMOCRAT.

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Losing a Seat in Congress.

"Sir, bring me a plain dinner," said a melancholy looking individual to a waiter at one of the principal hotels in Philadelphia. The dinner was brought and devoured, and thus addressed him: "You are the landlord?" "Yes!" "You do a good business here?" "Yes!" (in astonishment) "And make, probably, ten dollars a day clear?" "Yes!" "Then I am safe. I cannot pay you for what I have consumed; I have been out of employment seven months, but have engaged to go to work to-morrow. I have been without food four or five weeks when I entered your place. I will pay you in a week."

THE LOVE OF CHANGE.

"The love of change"—A soldier once broke into, soon gone, and is the same with a resolution. A resolution, unbroken, is hard as gold; once change it, and it is thrown, as it were, into so many coppers, and rapidly melts away.

BAD COMPANY IS LIKE A NAIL DRIVEN INTO A POST.

Bad company is like a nail driven into a post, which, after the first or second blow, may be drawn out with little difficulty, but being once driven up to the head, the pinners cannot take hold to draw it out—it can only be done by the destruction of the wood.

HOW TO LIVE.—To act with common sense, according to the moment, is the best wisdom I know; and the best philosophy, to do one's duties, take the world as it comes, submit respectfully to one's lot, bless the goodness that has given us so much happiness with it, whatever it is, and despise afflictions.

SELLING LIQUOR BY THE SUCK.

A novel mode to get liquor to the army, has just been discovered near Washington. A woman who sports gaiter panta-breasts filled, not with lactical juices, but with whisky, passes around the camps and cries "ten cents a suck." From these the soldiers, like babies, quaff copious draughts.

READERS.—Coleridge classifies readers as follows:—"1. Spongers, who absorb all they read, and return it nearly in the same state, only a little dirtied." 2. Sand-glasses, who retain nothing, and are content to get through a book for the sake of getting through the time." 3. Strain-bags, who retain merely the dregs of what they read. 4. Moral diamonds, equally rare and profitable, who profit by what they read, and enable others to profit by it also."

CULIVERT'S DOMESTIC PEACE.

To those scenes of domestic peace, which pure religion created and adorned, the thoughts of the youngest member of the family will cling in after years; they will become a kind of hallowed ground in his memory; they will exert a restraining and sanctifying power; and thus we may expect to see the promise fulfilled:—Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

PASSAGE IN A PARSON'S BY-HOG RAPHY.

Among other things presented to Rev. N. T. Allen, of Jewett City, at a donation party, was a hog weighing two hundred and twenty pounds. It was suspended upon a stout hickory pole, and borne through the house upon the shoulders of two stalwart men, much to the amusement of the assembled company. Upon each side of the animal was fixed a card, with the significant, if not classic sentence, "Whole hog or nothing."

MENTAL ECONOMY.—The ear and the eye are the mind's receivers; but the tongue is only busy in expending the treasure received. If, therefore, the revenues of the mind be uttered as fast, or faster, than they are received, it must needs be bare, and can never lay up for purchase. But if the receiver take in still without utterance, the mind may soon grow a burden to itself, and unprofitable to others. I will not lay up too much and utter nothing, lest I become otiose; nor spend much and store up little, lest I be prodigal and poor.—Bishop Hall.

CRINOLINE VICES UNDEVELOPED.

A letter from Africa relates that while the writer and another lady were enjoying a walk near their new home, they became conversant that their movements were watched by a native, who, wherever they went, followed them, scrutinizing their every motion, but always at a proper distance, and with the most respectful silence. An interpretation was afterwards arrived at, when they learned that the native had reported abroad how he had followed the strange ladies, and was surprised that they should "wear their umbrellas under their clothes."

DIFFICULTIES.—Wait not for your difficulties to cease; there is no soldier's glory to be won on peaceful fields, no sailor's daring to be shown on sunny seas, no trust or friendship to be proved when all goes well. Faith, patience, heroic love, devout courage, gentleness, are not to be formed when there are no doubts, no pains, no irritations, no difficulties. The highly-favored are they who amid tribulations are patient, amid rebuffs are meek, amid chastisements are resigned, amid pains are courageous, amid provocations are gentle, amid enemies are full of love, amid doubts hold fast the faith, amid sorrows find joy in God.

LITTLE THINGS.—Springs are little things, but they are sources of large streams; a beam is a little thing, but governs the course of a ship; a bridge bit is a little thing, but sees its use and power; nails and pegs are little things, but they hold the large parts of large buildings together; a word, a look, a frown—all are little things, but powerful for good and evil. Think of this, and mind the little things. Pay that little debt—the promised—redeem it; if it is a shilling, hand it over; you know not what important event hangs upon it. Keep your word sacred; keep it to the children; they will mark it sooner than any one else, and the effect will probably be as lasting as life. Mind the little things.