# Jackson Standard.

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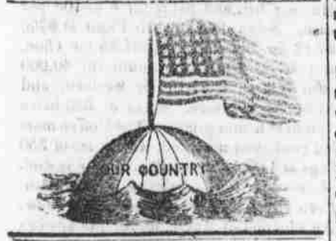


OFFICE IN HOFFMAN'S HALL.

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THOMAS R. MATHEWS,

JACKSON C. H., OHIO.

THURSDAY, NOV. 10, 1853.

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## Select Poetry.

### THE FOREST BURIAL.

BY SIDNEY DYER.

Rest thee loved one; we have laid thee
Where the wild wood maketh sighs;
Tears perfume the bed we made thee,
Where the withered foliage lies,
Distant from thy native dwelling,
We must chant thy requiem;
Few the hearts with sadness swelling;
Few will join the funeral hymn.

On the morrow we must leave thee,
Lonely in the woodland grave,
Where the vine a tomb shall weave thee,
Creeping where the branches wave,
All thy love, let Nature breathe it,
When the vernal hours return;
Write thy name with flowers, and wreathe it,
Round thy holy forest urn.

☞UHLAND gives lovers this sensible advice in these most charming little verses, so fit to the season:

In summer seek a sweetheart out,
In garden, field, or fallow;
The days just then are long enough,
The nights are mild and mellow.

Ere winter the delicious knot
Must be fast tied together:—
No moonlight meetings in the snow
In cold and cutting weather.

## Select Tales.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

### WORSE ENEMIES THEN LIONS AND TIGERS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Bad thoughts are worse enemies than lions and tigers."

WORSE enemies? Yes, wore, a thousand fold! You may keep away from the path of a lion—you may avoid the spring of a tiger; but, if you cherish bad thoughts, a brood of stinging serpents is warmed to life in your bosom.

You hate that Erskine? Well, who is most injured by your hate? You'll make him feel it! He can never know a tithe of the evil consequences you will experience from that bad passion, my friend.—Have you ever heard the old Spanish proverb, "Curses, like chickens, came home to roost?" If so, it were well for you to ponder its meaning.

Perkins is an unhappy man. Why? Is he in extreme poverty? No; his basket and store have been largely increased, year by year. Is he in affliction? No; the finger of death has not yet rested on any of his household treasures. Why, then, is he unhappy? Because enemies to his peace are kept alive in his bosom—enemies that destroy more than lions and tigers. Bad thoughts, you mean. Yes; evil thoughts against his neighbors. Poor man! he is in the strange delusion that all generous thoughts and kind deeds towards others will be so much abstracted from his own enjoyment. He deos not comprehend the meaning involved in the act of lighting a neighbor's candle. Light and warmth are not diminished, but more widely diffused. Perkins would laugh, sneeringly, at the man who spent half an hour in planting a tree, from which he had no hope of gathering fruit. Yet, while the other felt a glow of pleasure in the act, he would be unhappy because a neighbor's tree bore better fruit than his own.

Such a man was Perkins. He rarely smiled, except at some practical joke played off to the annoyance of somebody he did not fancy. Anything like this, he enjoyed amazingly. At home, he was usually a silent, moody sort of man, greatly annoyed by trifles, and more disposed to interfere with his children's sports, than to encourage playfulness and hilarity.—Their noise and restlessness disturbed him. He loved his wife about as well as a man like is capable of loving anything out of himself; but he never studied how to give her pleasure, and was easily fretted, if, through her neglect or forgetfulness, his comfort was interfered with in the slightes degree.

Mr. Perkins had a neighbor named Ehrman who was from some cause, particularly offensive to him; and yet Ehrman was an unobtrusive man, and more inclined to think well than ill of others.—Perhaps this was the very reason why Perkins did not like him—for good and evil are in natural antagonism. It so happened that the pleasant grounds of Perkins and Ehrman lay side by side. This gave the former occasion for much captious and ill-natured observation of his neighbor whose doings were the subject of thought and comment far beyond anything that he imagined.

One day, in passing homeward, Perkins called at a neighbor's, and said to him. "I believe I'll take that yellow rose you wished to sell. I've been thinking since I saw you yesterday, that it will just match the one I have in the oval grass plat by the front door, and produce a very fine effect. Don't you think so? Two dollars is the price you asked."

'It's too late, now, Mr. Perkins," returned the neighbor. 'I sold it to Mr. Erhman, this morning.'

'You did!' The countenance of Perkins changed insantly.

'Yes; I understood you to decline taking it.'

'You didn't understand any such thing!' Mr. Perkins was already partially blind with passion.

'Beg your pardon,' said the neighbor, with very natural indignation. 'I did so understand you. And when Mr Ehrman called this morning and said he would like to have it for the rosey he was making in front of his house, I sold it to him without a thought of your desiring to possess it.'

'He's making a rosey, is he? Humph! that's because I talked of it.'

'I don t know anything about that Mr. Perkins. Though it's my opinion that Mr Ehrman never heard of your intention.'

'Well, I know that he has heared of it He couldn't have helped knowing my purpos, because I spoke of it to half a dozen people. And he knew I wanted this very rose. But, he'll be sorry for crossing my path. Now mark my word for it!'

In this temper, Mr. Perkins turned his steps homeward, his mind so full of bad thoughts, that there was not room for a single good one to find entrance.

'O, Edward,' said Mrs. Perkins, as she met him at the door. There was a smile of welcome on her face, and gladness in her tones, for she had something very pleasant to tell her husband But the moment her eyes rested on his face, her countenance fell, and she remained silent

Not a word of greeting passed the lips of Mr. Perkins, nor did a single harsh line of his rigid features relax Jostling his wife almost rudely, as he passed by her, he went through the house into the garden beyond, with the manner of one who had some desperate purpose to accomplish. Taking up a spade, he returned through the house to the ornamental grass plat in front, where stood a large yellow rose bush, the buds of which were full and almost ready to break into blossom

What is he going to do? Not destroy in an outbreak of selfish passion, this beautiful flower because a neighbor, whom he does not like, has become possessed of one equal in beauty? No; not so bad as that. He knows that transplanting the other rose, at this particular season, will check its growth. It he can't be the owner thereof, he is resolved that his rose shall be far more luxurant, and so means to give it an extra share of culture. His purpose now, is simply to loosen the earth about the roots, so that sun, air and dew may penetrate more freely. This he designs doing daily, and, by all human means, to incite it to a more vigorous growth.

'What are you going to do, papa?—What are you going to do?' asks a sunny-haired child, coming close after her father, who has failed to give her the usual kiss on returning home. She is following him as much for the desired kiss, as from a feeling of curiosity in his movements. A dear, good child she is, and loves her father with all the tenderness of a young and guideless heart.

'Papa! papa!'—her hand is tugging at his garment—'what are you going to do?

'Go back into the house!'

How pale and frightened the dear child looks! No wonder. Was it her fathers' voice—so full of cruel anger? Was that dark, frowning brow, were those evil eyes, the brow and eyes of the parent towards whom her pure heart was gushing over with love? Alas! bad thoughts are worse than lions and tigers. How ruthlessly they destroy the gentle, loving, innocent things born of good affections in the heart. Filial tenderness—where is it now? The lions and tigers have destroyed and driven it far away from the bosom of Mr Perkins.

Frightened, disappointed, unhappy child! Slowly she goes back into the house, tears falling like rain over her cheeks and on her bosom, and her little heart almost bursting whith sobs.

And now, under the excitement of his bad feelings, Mr. Perkins commences digging about his valued rose bush.—There! His unsteady hands have made an unskilful stroke, and the largest and most beautifully headed stem has been parted from the root, and lies a ruin, with all its wealth of bursting buds at his feet! A moment Mr. Perkins stands, as if paralyzed; then, with a bitter imprecation he flings the spade madly from his hands A yell of pain follows instantly. What now? Unhappy man! The enemies he has taken into his bosom have wrought, through him, a further injury. Poor old Neptune! It is scarcely a week since, faithful animal, you plunged into the river and bore safely to the land the dear child, whom her father has just driven away with frowns and angry words; and now your master, who carressed you then with greatful tenderness, has broken your leg with a blow!

'O, Edward, Edward! That was a cruel act!' said his wife, in a rebuking voice. The unexpected repulse and harsh temper of her husband had soured her feelings, and now she was moved by a hard and accusing spirit. 'Thus have you rewarded the noble saviour of our child!'

'Peace, woman!' was his angry retort; and as he spoke, he passed hurriedly into the house. A moment after he returned with a loaded gun in his hand. There was a loud rifle crack. All is still! With that sharp report the poor dog's yells of anguish died on the air, for a leaden messenger of death had entered his generous heart. Not in anger was the deadly weapon aimed; but in sorrow and stern mercy. Ah, what an anguish of regret was at the heart of Mr. Perkins! How bitter was the sorrow that overwhelmed him like a flood. The enemies he had admitted into his bosom have already done a sad work of destruction.

What gloomy shadows rested on the household of Mr. Perkins at the going down of that evening's sun. Usually, as the curtains of darkness were drawn slowly over the jewelled sky, heart-rays blending with the clear lamplight made all within his dwelling brighter even than when daylight was abroad. But there were no heart rays to go forth on that evening; and the lamp burned low and feeble, unable to disperse the enshrouding darkness that fell on every spirit like a pall.

For more than half the night, Mr. Perkins lay awake, striving in vain to steep his senses in forgetfulness—striving in vain to banish thoughts that deeply disturbed him with their unwelcome presence. Much as he suffered from self condemnation—much as he blamed himself for the unkind spirit he had displayed towards his family—he did not in the least softe towards Mr Ehrman, whom he regarded as the real cause of all the unhappy events of the previous day. It was perfectly plain to him that this 'miserable fellow,' as he mentally called Ehrman, had heard of his desire to possess the yellow rose, and meanly anticipated him in its possession.

'I'll never forgive him for that act, as long as I live," he mentally exclaimed more than twenty times, as he moved restlessly, on his pillow through the night 'He's the cause of all that has happened, and I'll make him repent of it, ere he's three months older.'

Perkins had suffered the sun to go down upon his wrath, and when it arose in the clear blue heavens, the fires burned as fiercely as ever. Still were the enemies cherished, that had already destroyed so much—those bad thoughts which, quickly exciting kindred purposes, produce evil actions.

How silent and gloomy—we might almost say sullen—passed the morning meal, usually a season of pleasant intercourse. Sleep, alas! had not calmed the elements which bad thoughts had lashed into unwonted disturbance. The child was still grieving for the death of the noble animal she had loved since light first dawned on her opening mind; the mother grieved also for this, while pain from other causes oppressed and saddened her feelings. The father was angry with himself for his half-insane conduct, but more angry with his neighbor Ehrman as the cause And all this unhappiness arose in consequence of letting a few bad thoughts come into the mind! In truth, the moralist was right when he said, "Bad thoughts are worse enemies than lions and tigers.'

Forth from his shadowed dwelling went Mr. Perkins No loving kiss or tender words were left behind him, as a blessing through the day for the loved and the loving.

Who is that entering through the gate? Not Mr Ehram, surely? Yes; it is the neighbor against whom Mr. Perkins has permitted himself to cherish so many bad thoughts and angry feelings. There is a manly unconsciousness of wrong in his face, and a pleasant smile, that tells of kind and neighborly feelings, about his lips. It is in the heart of Mr Perkins to insult him with words of bitter denunciation But a certain self-respect and regard for appearances, restrain him. The most that he accords is a cold and repulsive civility, which the other seems not to notice.

"I did not know," Mr. Ehrman says, "until I went over to Mr. Grant's last evening, that you had expressed a desire to have the yellow rose he offers for sale.—When Mr. Grant told me of this, I at once declined taking it, and have called in this morning to say so. It will match the one you have in the other end of that oval grass plat, beautifully; and make a finer effect than anything I could produce with it. Don't think it will be any disappointment to me, Mr. Perkins; my heart is no way set upon it. Indeed, at the very time I was buying it from Grant, I half regretted that you were not the purchaser instead of myself; for I saw, at a glance, that it was just a match for yours, and was the only thing your beautiful oval wanted to balance the arrangement of flowers, and make the effect perfect. So, consider, the rose as your own. As I come home this evening, I shall stop to admire it in its right position. Good morning!"

And ere Mr. Perkins can frame an answer, or give it utterance, the kind, generous, unselfish neighbor, against whom he had so cautiously indulged evil thoughts and envious feelings, is beyond the reach of his voice.

Reader, we have nothing further to relate. We close abruptly, and leave our story and its lessons with you. "Bad thoughts are worse enemies than lions and tigers." We pray you beware of them.

### HEALTH INSURANCE.

A thin, cadaverous looking German about fifty years of age, entered the office of a Health Insurance Company in Indiana, a few days ago, says the Daily Courier, and inquired:

'Is the man in vot insures the peeples helts?'

The agent politely answered, 'I attend to that business sir.'

'Vell, I vants mine helts inshured; vot you charge?'

'Different prices,' answered the agent 'from three dollars to ten dollars a year; pay ten dollars a week in case of sickness.'

'Vell,' said Mynheer, 'I vants ten dollars vort.'

The agent inquired the state of his health.

'Vell, I ish sick all the time. I'se shust out te ped two or three hours a day, and te doctor says he can t do nothing more that ish goot for me.'

'If that's the state of your health,' returned the agent we can't insure it.—We only insure persons who are in good health.'

At this Mynheer bristled up in great anger

'You must tink I'm a fool! Vot you tink I come pay you ten dollars for to shure my helt, ven I vos well?'

### NEWSPAPER READERS.

If subscribers to journals, like church members, in "stopping their paper, be required to produce an editorial certificate before they could subscribe for another, they would be some curious developements—as, for example: We certify that A. B. stopped his paper because the editor refused to allow him six columns for a personal vindication which concerned nobody but himself We certify that C. D refuses the paper because the editor did not publish the obituary notice of a relative which was never sent to him, but which he ought to have detected in some of his exchange papers. We certify that E. F. wishes to transfer his patronage to another paper because, having taken this paper six years without paying a cent he felt himself insulted by having a bill sent to him by way of reminder. We certify that B. B., in his own opinion, is a poet of the first water; but the editor, unfortunately, differing from him in his opinion, is regarded by him wholly unqualified for his office. We certify that I. J. has stopped his paper, because the editor had the temerity to express an opinion on a certain matter, without having previously ascertained the opinion of this particular subscriber.—*Londonderry Standard.*

'THE Russia sailors,' says Mr. St. John are merely peasants, enlisted for the naval service just as they might be for the military The great majority are from inland districts, and catch their first view of the sea at Cronstadt or Sebastopol—the only two Russian naval ports. These men never become sailors in any proper sense of the term. In fact, no Russian has any *metier* for the sea: but they are drilled into a sort of mechanical discipline, in which every man has a certain duty allotted to him, and which he is obliged to perform in a prescribed series of posturings. The Russian sailor is a lazy, boorish oaf. He works out his watch on deck, and eats or sleeps out his watch below. He is dressed in a stiff, square-cut uniform, and wears huge boots, and is altogether a most unfit animal for working a ship. It is indeed lucky for him that he is seldom called upon to do it. In the winter, the ship are laid up and the sailors sent to barracks; in the summer they venture out on small cruises, but make it possible, some place of shelter on the first approach of blowy weather.'

GOOD.—We overheard a queer thing from a little fellow about six years of age a short time ago: The subject of Wedding cake had been introduced into the conversation in which the father was taking a part "Father," said the little fellow, after having apparently reflected intently on something "I shan't send you any of my wedding cake when I get married." "Why so?" was the inquiry.—"Because," said the little fellow, "you didn't send me any of yours."

FEEDING HORSES.—Having two horses to feed, I tried the two following methods: First, I took a grist to the mills consisting of half oats, for feed Counting the toll of the mill, waste, and loss of time, it cost one-seventh of the grist I save all this now by soaking the feed in water for about two hours, with just about as much water as will cover it, which makes it greatly increased in bulk, and the horses thrive just as well on it as on ground feed.—*Indian Farmer.*

*A person* looking over the catalogue of professional gentleman of the bar, with his pencil wrote against the name of one who was of the bustling order:—"Has been accused of possessing talents." Another seeing it, immediately wrote under:—He has been tried and acquitted."

## Original.

[FOR THE JACKSON STANDARD.]

### AMERICAN EDUCATION.

No. 7.

NO System of public education is, or can be, efficient in its operations or effectual in its results, unless it provides ample funds for tuition purposes.—Until this is done, and until school houses are built, and teachers provided, all other arrangements in the premises, are of little or no account. What, let us inquire, are the essential elements of a school?—It is essential that besides scholars there must be a Teacher, a school house with suitable furniture and proper books, and apparatus for furnishing instruction. Let us make an estimate of the expenses necessary to be entertained per annum for education, for instance, in the single State of Ohio, and the same rule, or principle, ill of course apply, all over the Union.

There are in round numbers in our State, at least ten thousand school districts, and consequently, this number of Teachers and school houses are needed, exclusive of the additional number that must be necessary in towns and cities—To say nothing of the cost of school houses, fuel, repairs, books, apparatus &c, which must be considerable, the wages of teachers alone, estimating the salary of each at even the small sum of three hundred dollars a year, would be three millions of dollars! On the supposition that the number of male and female teachers were the same, and allowing four hundred dollars per annum for the former and two hundred for the latter, and the result in the aggregate is the same—a sum of three millions of dollars in a year for tuition purposes alone in the single State of Ohio, and applied exclusively for the elementary education obtained in her Common Schools, where nineteen twentieths of her citizens, begin and end their education. This may seem a large sum; but when we consider that the money spent in the same State yearly for tobacco and whiskey exceeds even five times this amount, with what face can we plead our poverty or inability to raise it! Large as this sum may appear, it will be found barely adequate for the purpose of carrying out the system proposed. Will any one say that an average compensation of three hundred dollars per annum is too much for the services of a good teacher? One thing is certain, he cannot be obtained for less. No man should teach unless he has been professionally educated for the business; and can it be imagined that a professional man having incurred the expenses of a professional education, will spend his time in a laborious employment for less than three hundred dollars a year? Can teachers do with less? Would a lawyer or a doctor labor for less, especially where a maximum of pay is fixed? Generally speaking none but an incompetent drone or a man that would attempt it, and his services would be dear at even three hundred cents; for the irreparable injury he might inflict on the minds of his pupils, defies any computation in money.

Instructors of youth feel that talents and professional skill are property, for which, when used for the benefit of others, they deserve to be paid, and in so doing, they but think and feel as human beings. Good education like all other valuable productions of human industry, has its natural price which is fixed by uncontrollable principles and the only alternative for community, is to have it on these terms or not at all. It is a law admitting as few exceptions as any other, that the quality of the workman, and consequently of the work, bears a direct and proportionate relation to the magnitude of the pay. The thermometer is not more obedient to atmospheric temperature, than the goodness of education to the accompanying pay, or rates of tuition. The preposterous attempt to put intellectual and manual labor on the same footing as to wages, has caused the training of immortal mind to be undertaken for less pay than would command the services of carman in the streets, or knights of the blacking brush in the hotels; and while ev[illegible] hostlers, barbers, stage drivers and shoeblacks (though all of them necessary and honorable callings in their respective spheres) are better paid even by the bestowment of honors as well as money, than the teacher; and while the labor of his mind, and the sweat of his brain, are more scantily remunerated than the manual labor and brow-sweat of a slave, or menial, we need not be surprised that we have bad teachers and ignorant youth.

The character of a school depends mainly upon the character of its teacher; so that whatever is done to elevate the character of teachers, at the same time, and in the same degree, elevates the character of the schools which they teach.—A school is what its teacher is. If he is a man of ability, he will turn the poorest and humblest elements to account; if he is incapable, the best and most prolific, will remain sterile and unfruitful in his hands. Why do we not fit teachers by professional training; why not educate them for their business as we educate physicians, lawyers, or mechanics, that is with direct reference to the particular vocation in which they engage? We require skill in all whom we employ to do the slightest mechanical labor for us.—We would not buy a coat, or a hat of one who would undertake to make it without a previous apprenticeship. We do not even send an *old shoe* to be mended, except to a workman of whose skill we are satisfied, or in whose ability we have good reason for placing confidence. We would not trust a man to drive our horses or cattle, unless he had some experience as a teamster. Do we think less of our children than of our cattle? I repeat the question; *do we think less of our children than of our cattle?* Do we require skill and experience in a man to drive our *team* and do we commit the education of our children to raw apprentices, and untrained novices, who know little or nothing of the difficult task assigned them?—Shall we trust the susceptive hearts and tender minds of our youth to the care of those who know comparatively nothing of that "complicated harp of a thousand trembling strings? Can they, can those rude hands finish the workmanship of the Almighty? Never did the eye of Heaven take cognizance of a more glaring and pernicious error than that which commits the education of the young to incompetent teachers. Its parallel is not to be found in the annals of human folly, and certainly its equal does not excite in the records of human misfortunes A moments reflection on the subject exists an astonishment which no language can express. Surely it is folly, it is madness, it is downright cruelty to jeopard the intellectual and moral, the present and it may be the eternal well being of our children, by subjecting them to the empiricism of cheap and worthless teachers We want for this arduous, this responsible, this sublime employment, a good and competent teacher, cost what it may

*An Examiner.*

☞A new traveller to the Dead Sea, M DeSanley, gives an entire fresh description of this famous water. He affirms that, so far from finding it as most persons have represented it was "a splendid lake glittering in the sunshine, with its blue waves gently breaking on the sands of the softest beach." He also saw a flock of wild ducks sporting on its waters, and observed beautiful insects on the gravelly beach. M. DeSanley also remarks, that every tradition compels the traveller to regard the Holy Scriptures as nothing connected with them is changed even the name, and the memory of human transaction has alone been lost.

### THE PARSON AND TAYLOR.

A SHREWD gentleman of the shears and goose, having occasion to leave his shop a few moments stepped to his desk turned the key, and put it in his pocket. His minister being present said:—"You need not have taken the trouble to lock your desk, for I shall stay here while you are gone." "That is the very reason why I lock it," replied the tailor, "for there is money in it."

☞I know that there is one God in heaven the father of all humanity, and heaven is therefore one. I know that there is one sun in the sky which gives light to all the world. As there is unity in God, and unity in the light, so is there unity in the principles of freedom. Wherever it is broken, wherever a shadow is cast upon the sunny rays of the sun of liberty, there is always danger for the principles everywhere in the world—*Kossuth.*

WHITE BLACKBIRD.—Mr E. Shepard has shown us (says the Detroit Tribune) a bird which was shot out of a flock of blackbirds in every thing but color; it breasts, sides, and part of the back are white, while the rest of the body and head are black It is certainly a rare specimen of amalgamation.

Why are tell-tale women like German watches? Do you give it up? Because they are "repeaters." The youth who sent us this has been given up by his physicians. It produce a rush of blood to his head, which threatens to be fatal

CLEVER FELLOWS.—People that every body cheats. In buying beef steaks the seldom get more than fourteen ounces to the pound while they never get a dollar changed without getting three shillings in part payment.

Sin is never at a stay; if we do not retreat from it we shall advance in it and the further on we go, the more we have to come back

The lightsome countenance of a lie giveth then an inward decking to the house where it lodged, as proudest palaces have cause to envy the gilding

DEPRAVITY.—Why is a legislater most blasphemous man? Because he can't take his seat without an oath

## SERENADE.

I'd offer thee this hand of mine,
If I could love thee less.
But hearts as warm and pure as thine,
Should never know distress;
My fortune is too hard for thee,
It would cheer thy dearest joy,
I'd rather weep to see thee free
Than win thee to destroy.

I leave thee in thy happiness,
As one too pure to love,
As one I look on but to bless,
As wretchedly I rove,
But Oh! as fortunes cup I drink,
All bitter though it be,
How sweet 'twill be for me to think,
It has no drop for thee.

But now my dreams are sadly o'er,
Fate bids them all depart,
And I must leave my native shore,
In brokenness of heart;
But oh! dear one when far away,
I'll know no joys again,
I would not that one thought on me,
Should give thy bosom pain.

## Domestic Miscellang

A PRIME MINISTER.—A minister that gives four O'ster suppers a week.

☞If you doubt whether you should kiss a girl, give her the benefit of the doubt, and "go in."

☞There is a man in Pittsburgh so mean, that he wishes his landlord to reduce the price of his boarding because he has had two teeth extracted.

☞A young man in Washington, D. C., lately gave his wife a whipping because she wouldn t say her prayers.

☞What piece of carpentry becomes a gem as soon as finished? A-gate.

It is said that whiskey is a sure cure for the bite of a rattlesnake. What will cure the bite of whiskey? Death!

The young lady who "fell *dead*—in love with a young man,' revived on being asked to name the day.

☞There are two reasons why we don't trust a man; one because we don't know him, and the other because we do.

There is a skipper, in New York, who has been so often across the Atlantic that he knows every wave by sight.

☞A gentleman, just married, telling Foote he had that morning laid out three thousand pounds, in jewels, for his dear wife, "She is truly your *dear* wife,' replied the wit.

FINANCIAL PHYSIC.—It is proposed to establish an altogether new method of inquiry into the public health. The following are some of the interrogatories recommended to be addressed to the patient:

"How are the funds?"

"I came to see the consols."

"Put out your neck.'

"Are your dividends all right?"

"Have you any pain about your bonds?"

"Any uneasiness in reference to your foreign securities?"

"What is the state of your corn market?"

"Allow me to examine your shares."

"Let me feel your your script.'

"Have you any sinking in your mines?"

"Any tightness at the bank!'

"How is your discount.'

"Have you any appetite for speculations?"—*Punch*

☞There is a captain in the navy, residing in the city of N. York, who writes two hands—he he cannot read himself, and the other no one else can.

☞Never despair in adversity. Work and persevere When a wheel is going around, the bottom must turn up—sometimes.

Fine natures are like poems—a glance at the first few line suffices for a guess into the beauty that waits you if you read on.—*Bulwer.*

☞There is an old lady in Virginia who believes it to be a Bible doctrine that for seven years before the end of the world, no children are to be born; and that gives her comfort, for at every fresh birth she hears of, she says to herself, "well, the seven years at least have not begun.'

"How are you, Smith?' says Jones.

"Smith pretends not to know him, and replies hesitatingly -

"Sir, you have got the advantage of me.'

"Yes," retorted Jones, "I suppose everybody has that's got common sense."

Smith looks unhappy.

"Father," said little Teddy, "how can the sea run when it is all tide?'

"It don't run, my child," replied the father, "it sees still."

"How can it set when it has no bottom?'

Teddy was led out of doors by the hair of the head.

☞Fights are easily got up. All that is required are three participants, two blockheads, and a pint of new rum.

☞Never deal with a pettifogger. If he saves you from a rogue, it is only that he may have the pleasure of skinning you himself.

☞Mrs. Harris says the last time she went to England, she crossed "the Bay of Bisquins," and became so sea-sick that the doctors confined her to "a regiment" of toast and water for three weeks.—Now the old Lady must have suffered.

STREET COLLOQUY.—"Good morning Mr. Smith, on the sick list to-day.'

"Yes, sir, got the ague.'

"Do you ever shake?"

"Yes, shake like thunder."

"When do you shake again?"

"Can't say when; shake every day.—Why do you ask?"

"Oh, nothing in particular, only I thought if you shook bad, I'd like to stand by and see if you wouldn t shake the fifteen dollars out of your pocket which you owed me so long.

Mr. Smith sloped.

☞"Woman s heart is always open to misfortune,' as the lady said when she bought wet goods at half price.

"All flesh is grass,' says the scriptures. This fact was fully demonstrated in the mind of our 'Devil' when the cow chased him up street the other day. No doubt she mistook him for a bundle of badly cured fodder.

☞He that blows the coals in quarrels he has nothing to do with, has no right to complain if the sparks fly in his face.—*Franklin.*