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Poetical.

[From the Louisville Journal.]

BOYHOOD'S YEARS.

I'm dreaming of the years, Will,
When we were boys together.
When o'er life's soft and sunny skies,
There came no wintry weather;
For memory turns full often, Will,
To the joyous days of yore,
Those sunny days of peace and hope,
Which alas! will come no more.

I mind me of the old oaks, Will,
In whose shades we used to play,
And the little attic chamber,
Where we used to kneel and pray,
And then the clear cold brook, Will,
That cast its feathery spray,
Whose limpid wave we used to seek,
From Summer's noontide ray.

Remembrance brings the school-room Will,
Whose walls I've seen decay,
For its spirits once so gay and bright,
Have long since passed away;
With rank and noisome weeds, Will,
Its grounds are covered o'er,
For the little feet that shaped the paths,
Shall press the soil no more,

Ah! I mind me of those scenes, Will,
That checkered our young years,
And often cause, 'mid manhoods strife,
Some fond, regretful tears:
For though 'mid scenes of mirth, Will,
We've quaffed of fiercer joys,
We've known no bliss so unalloyed
As when we both were boys.

Yet 'twere needless to repine, Will,
That youthful days are o'er,
Hope whispers fair in fancy's ear
Of pleasures yet in store.
Ah! but I often think, Will,
The' with future raptures blessed,
Remembrance bright will still incline
To love our boyhood best.

Miscellaneous

[From Godey's Lady Book.

THE ITALIAN SISTERS.

BY HELEN HAMILTON.

PART I.

In a small room in one of the poorer class of lodging-houses of Rome, sat a young and beautiful girl. The glowing loveliness of Italy was hers—the warm yet brilliant complexion, the dark expressive eyes, the wealth of raven hair—all were combined to render her an exquisite specimen of Roman beauty. She was clad in a rich bridal costume, and her dress of snowy satin and costly lace, ornamented with flowers and pearls, contrasted strangely with the aspect of the room she occupied. It was small poorly furnished, and its only ornaments were a few colored drawings of Italian scenery hanging here and there upon the walls, and a large crucifix of ebony and alabaster which stood on a small table draped with colored stuff. An old guitar, with a portfolio of music, lay at the feet of the fair girl, as if she had been trying to while away the time by playing upon the instrument.

She was evidently waiting for some one.—From time to time, as the roll of a coming carriage caught her ear, she sprang up and hastened to the window, but always disappointed, turned away with a look of weariness to resume her seat. At last, after an hour's weary watch, a carriage stopped at the door, footsteps were heard ascending the stairs, the door was pushed open, and a young man entered the room followed by a priest. Uttering an exclamation of joy: the fair girl flew to meet the first, who greeted her with a smile and the words, "Well, dear Nina, have I made you wait long?" pronounced in Italian with a slight English accent.

"Oh, very long, Enorico! I was so tired, but now you are come, I am satisfied," she replied, smiling.

"Does your dress please you?" he asked, attentively surveying her. "I feared it was not handsome enough."

"It is beautiful," she answered, "only too beautiful for me."

Nothing can be too beautiful for the future Lady Lyndon," he whispered, while a rosy blush overspread the fair features of his companion. "But where is Teresa?" he added, glancing around; "is she gone?"

"Yes, and all is secure," was the reply.

"Then come, I am impatient to call you my wife." She placed her hand in his, and he led her to the priest.

And now while the ceremony is proceeding, let us cast a look at the bridegroom.

He was tall and finely formed, with delicately cut features, large deep blue eyes, and a profusion of dark brown hair which wreathed itself in close curls around his head. He was handsomely dressed, and bore in his manner, the trace of his rank, (Lord Lyndon was heir presumptive to an earldom,) yet an expression rested upon his handsome mouth which, though difficult to describe, caused an involuntary feeling of dislike in those who beheld him for the first time.

The ceremony was nearly ended, when the door was suddenly thrown open, and a young girl rushed in, her features, though wan and wasted with recent illness, glowing with excitement, and her whole frame trembling with emotion. "The Holy Virgin be praised!" she exclaimed; "I am not too late to save you, Nina!"

"To save me!" exclaimed Nina, a flush crimsoning her cheek; "from what? I am Lord Lyndon's wife."

"His wife? Oh! foolish girl, did you believe him?" asked the other. "This is an infernal snare, Nina. Look at that man," she continued pointing to the priest, who, pale and trembling, leaned against the wall, "He as one of the lord's servants dressed up to trick you to your destruction. That is the reason why he insisted on a secret marriage, but his valet, more honest than his master, revealed to me the whole plot scarce an hour ago, and I hastened to save you."

"Nina, 'tis false!" exclaimed Lord Lyndon, angrily.

"I am his wife, Teresa; you have been deceived," said Nina, and throwing back her veil, she gazed with a look of confiding fondness into her lover's eyes.

"Read, deluded girl," replied Teresa, placing an open letter in her hand. She glanced over a few lines, an ashy paleness overspread her features, and with a moan of unutterable anguish, she sank fainting in the arms of her sister. "My Lord, your evil purpose is foiled," said Teresa, calmly. "Will it please you, leave me?" and she pointed with a gesture of command to the door. Uttering an exclamation of rage and scorn, he rushed from the room, followed by the pretended priest, and the sisters were left alone.

PART II.

Five years have passed away since the events described in the first part of this tale, and our scene is no longer laid in the little room at Rome, but in the elegant boudoir of a titled lady in London.

The room was richly yet tastefully furnished. The delicate tints of the carpet and the satin-covered furniture harmonized well with the silvery hue of the paper that covered the walls. A few beautiful paintings, one an exquisite Madonna, the rest glowing Italian landscapes, were hung with an artist's care in the best lights, and in a recess stood one perfect statue, a graceful Hebe, from the magical chisel of Canova. Above the mantel piece of Sienna marble, hung one other painting; it was concealed by a curtain of black velvet, on which the words "La Mia Sorella" were embroidered in silver thread.

Seated at a marble table, which was drawn near the centre of the room, was a young and beautiful woman. Her large, black brilliant eyes, and heavy braids of silken hair of that rich bluish black never seen except on a native of Italy, contrasted the dazzling whiteness of her broad and noble brow, and the soft rich tint of her cheek. Her dress of violet satin was cut so as to display the perfect contour of her ivory shoulders, which were farther set off by a berthe of black lace fastened with a diamond star. She was employed looking over the contents of a small port folio covered with crimson velvet, with clasps and corners of gold studded with pearls, and filled with small pieces of paper, all in the same hand writing, and bearing the same signature. A smile curved her beautiful lips, a strange smile for a mouth so lovely; it was cold and bitter, more painful to look upon than a frown. Such was the Marchesa d'Agliano, the most beautiful woman in London. A servant announced "Lord Lyndon," and closing the port folio, she rose to receive him, the smile on her lip giving place to one of welcome. Five years had made but little change in the appearance of Lord Lyndon, except that he was still handsomer than when he won poor Nina's heart, and his manners had won additional grace.—Clasping the offered hand of the Marchesa, he pressed it to his lips before he spoke; then drawing a chair close to hers, he said, "Well, Beatrice, to-day the year of my probation is ended. It is now exactly one year since the day I first told you I loved you; will you give me a definite answer now?"

The Marchesa listened with the same cold and caustic smile playing upon her lips, and when he paused for a reply, without heeding his words she said, "Lord Lyndon I will tell you a little story." The lover looked surprised, but without heeding his astonished looks, she pressed the black heavy braids from his brow, and, after a moment's thought, began. Hitherto the language had been carried on in English, but now she spoke in Italian with a rapidity of enunciation that effectually precluded every attempt at interruption.

"Some years ago, my lord, there lived in Rome two orphan sisters. They were of noble birth, but poor, and they depended on their talents for subsistence. the elder taught drawing, and the younger music. She was very beautiful and very guileless, and the elder watched over her with all a mother's care, for she was the last being who claimed her love.

She always accompanied her when she went to give her lessons, and guarded her with a watchfulness necessary in a land where beauty is almost a curse, but at last she fell sick, and her sister went forth alone to her daily asks. She met, at the house of one of her pupils, a young foreigner; he was capivated by her beauty, and made her proposals, which she spurned with indignation; he then offered her his hand on condition that the marriage should be kept secret; she loved him, and she consented. But the valet of the young man sought out the elder, told her that her sister was about to become the victim of a pretended marriage performed by a false priest, and as a proof of his assertions, showed her a letter which his master had given him to burn, a congratulation from some one as base as himself, on securing so easily the lovely prize. He indicated to her the house where the ceremony was to be performed; she hastened thither, and arrived in time to save her sister; but her heart was broken. Wealth and rank became theirs by the death of a distant relative, but all too late. My lord, look here." And rising from her seat, the lady drew aside the black velvet curtain, and Lord Lyndon looked once more upon the face of Nina. But how changed! The same brilliant eyes and glowing cheeks were there, but the lips that had ever greeted his coming with smiles, wore an expression of deep yet patient sadness, and the very beauty of that fair face seemed like flowers strewed upon a corpse to hide by its loveliness the ravages of death. Lord Lyndon seemed violently agitated, and seizing the arm of the Marchesa, he exclaimed, "In pity, tell me, Beatrice, is she dead?"

She burst into a sardonic laugh. "Listen to this man!" she exclaimed; "he breaks the heart of a girl who truly loved him, and then asks, "Is she dead?" She died in my arms scarce a year from the time you cruelly deceived her. I am her sister; but as you never beheld my face but once, I can pardon you for not recognizing in the Marchesa Beatrice, Teresa d'Agliano the sister of your victim."

He did not seem to hear her, but stood gazing on the portrait, his lip quivering with painful emotion. "Beatrice," he at length said in a deep troubled tone, "I scarcely can hope you will believe my words, yet if ever remorse visited human heart, mine has felt its bitterest pangs. Were Nina living, my hand and heart should be hers; but, alas! I can give you no proofs of the sincerity of what I say. I dare no longer hope you will listen to my suit; I can no longer offer you my hand; I can only plead that you wil pardon the bitter wrong I have inflicted on you, and that you will believe in the truth of my repentance."

"You can then feel remorse, contrition!"—she exclaimed, "you the cold hearted libertine, you, the murderer of my sister! No, I cannot realize such a change."

"Then I must go unpardoned," he said in a low tone.

Beatrice buried her face in her hands for a few moments; when she again raised her head, the scornful expression of her features had given place to one of sadness. "My lord she said, "I beleive you, and in that belief I renounce a project of vengeance treasured ever since my sister's death. The Italian Count who nightly tempted you to the gaming table and to whom you lost such immense sums, was my tool, for I sought to venge my sister by taking from you what I believed every Englishman held dearer than life, money.—Here," she continued, laying her hand upon the little velvet covered portfolio, "lies all your wealth, and thus do I restore it to you."

She opened the portfolio, and, taking out the papers it contained, tore them into atoms; then, turning to Lord Lyndon, she said, "My lord, we part now forever. Farewell."

"Forever! Oh, not forever, Beatrice!" he exclaimed. Your generous forbearance gave me hope; do not crush it at once."

"My lord, farewell," she repeated, extending her hand. He raised it to his lips, and then, with a look of passionate adoration, repeated her last words, "Farewell," and retired. As his last footstep died away, she turned toward the portrait. "Is not this the vengeance that would have gladdened thy heart, my sister?" she murmured.

It may have been the waving of the curtains the flickering of the dying sunlight, but something like a smile flitted over the sad sweet face of Nina's portrait.

"By and By."

There's music enough in these three words for the burden of a song. There's hope wrapped up in them, an articulate beat of the human heart.

By and by!

We heard it as long ago as we can remember, when we made brief but perilous journeys from chair to table, and from table to chair again.

We heard it the other day, when two parted that had been "loving in their lives," one to California, and the other to her lonely home.

Everybody says it some time or other. The little boy whispers it when he dreams of exchanging the little stubbed boots for those like a man.

The man murmers it, when in life's middle watch, he sees his plans half finished, and his hopes yet in the bud, waving in the cold, late spring.

The old man says it—when he thinks of putting off the mortal for the immortal, to-day for to-morrow.

The weary watch for the morning, and while away the dark with "by and by."

Sometimes it sounds like a song; sometimes there is a sigh or a sob in it. What would'nt the world give to find it in almanacs—set down somewhere, no matter if in the dead of December—to know that it would surely come! But fairy like as it is, fitting like a starbeam over the dewy shadows of years, nobody can spare it, and we look upon the many times these words have beguiled us, the memory of the silver "by and by, as like the sunrise of Ossian, pleasant but mournful to the soul."

"Can you reach them Pertaters?"

Many of our readers have no doubt read the following rich anecdote. It is old, but like good wine, it will bear repetition. Those who have never heard or "read of it," will thank us for reviving it from the oblivion into which it was fast falling:

Several gentlemen of the Massachusetts Legislature, dining at Boston Hotel, one of them asked Mr. M., a gentleman who sat opposite:

"Can you reach the *pertaters*, sir?"

Mr. M., extending his arm towards the dish and satisfied himself that he could reach the "pertaters," and answered—

"Yes sir."

The legislator was taken aback with the unexpected rebuff from the wag, but presently recovering himself he asked.

"Will you stick my fork into one of 'em, then?"

Mr. M took the fork, and very coolly plunged it into a finely cooked potatoe, and *left it there*! The company roared, as they took the joke, and the victim looked more foolish than before; but suddenly an idea struck him and, rising to his feet, he exclaimed, with an air of conscious triumph—

"Now, Mr. M., I will trouble you for the fork."

Mr. M. rose to his feet, and with the most imperturable gravity, pulled the fork out of the potatoe, and returned it, amidst an unconquerable thunder storm of laughter, to the utter discomfiture of the gentleman from B——

Frankness.

Be frank with the world. Frankness is the child of honesty and courage. Say just what you mean to do on every occasion, and take it for granted you mean to do what is right. If a friend asks a favor, you should grant, if it be reasonable; if it is not, tell him plainly why you cannot. You will wrong him and yourself by equivocation of any kind. Never do a wrong thing to make a friend or to keep one; the man who requires you to do so is dearly purchased at a sacrifice. Deal kindly and firmly with all men; you will find it the best policy which wears best. Above all, do not appear to others what you are not. If you have any fault to find with any, tell him, not others, of what you complain. There is no more dangerous experiment than that of undertaking to be one thing to a man's face, and another thing to his back. We should live, speak and act out of doors, as the saying is, and say and do what we are willing should be known and read by men. It is not only best as a matter of principle but as a matter of policy.

A Fine Stream.

A good story is told of a Philadelphia judge, well known for his love of jokes. He had advertised a farm for sale, with a fine stream of water running through it. A few days afterward a gentleman called on him to speak about it.

"Well, Judge," said he, "I have been over that farm you advertised for sale the other day, and find all right except the "fine stream of water you mentioned."

"It runs through the piece of woods in the lower part of the meadow," said the Judge.

"What, that little brook! why it does not hold much more than a spoonful. I am sure if you empty a bowl of water into it, it would overflow. You don't call that a fine stream, do you?

"Why, if it were much finer you couldn't see it at all," said the Judge blandly.

We never have heard whether the gentleman bought the farm, but we rather suspect he didn't.

At the Liquidating Office.

Last week a recent emigrant from the Emerald Island, having heard, no doubt, that pure spirits could only be obtained at the Custom House, paid a visit to the building in Wall street, and on entering at the South door, espied, over an inner door, the words Liquidating Office; and being as some other of his countrymen are, apt to jump at conclusions, he stepped inside:

"Is this the Liquor-dating Office, Sir?" said he.

"Yes, Sir," replied the clerk.

"I'll take a drink of your best brandy," said he throwing down a three cent piece.

"We don't sell drinks, Sir," said the clerk smiling.

"Aye, yer vagabond spalpeen, it is only gintlemen you sell it to. You wouldn't sell it to a poor laboring man like me. I'll remember yea on election day."—and Pat disappeared mad.

Something about the Snaik.

It is our friend of the Bunkum Flagstaff who sends us the following from Silver Lake, the locality of the "grate sarpint!" The letter was evidently penned in much haste, and under a good deal of excitement, and the initials are so blotted that we can only decipher what seems like "Wags-....," in very straggling characters, at the end. The internal evidence of its authenticity is much stronger:

"Joe Gilman has just brought over startling news from Snaik-town. It has been seen *again!* Yes—the wriptile is thair. The snaik will be kort and egzibited ol over the ked'ntry at 25 sents. A stok kumpeny has bene formt to spekilate on the grate Monster of the depe—also onto the chances of catching the same. The sheers are all taken, but the snaik aint. The money is all paid in, but the old whaler's line is not all played out yet.—The object was saw yisterday on the bottem of the Laik, with a mair made on his back a comin' of her hare, and the harts of the stokholders bete hi—also the shares sell higher.—The kumpeny hev bilt a high observatory and highered watchmen to "observ the snaik of snaiks," and keep their eyes onto him ween scene. The watchman stand on the top of the observatory, being selected from there fellow-citizens for there superior hite; and the aloresade being bilt at least fifty feet hi; and the above are pade a hi salery, wich elevated posishun nabels them to gane an unobstructed view of the broad expanse of water, and make affidavies of seein the snaik, which dubbels the value of the stok—it is a capital stok.—He has bene seen every day twicet, and on "one occashun only," 3 times. On transfer days it will be vizzibel durin' biznus hours, (by order of the board.) The observatory is furnisht with quizzin glasis and a tulleskope. It is thot that the observatory is sufficien ly conspikous to attrac the notis of the snaik.—And sum peepel as is too poor to by sheers sez if he duz twig the preperation maid to ketch him he will di of laffing, and his skin stuf' immejately!" There will be a *Consolidated United States Snake Company* before long.

[*Knickerbocker.*

Rather did him.

A merchant in a town near Boston, had a customer, more dreaded than desired, who was always ready to taste early fruit without buying any, eat raisins by the handful, dip into the sugar barrel for big lumps, and fill his snuff box out of the jar on the counter, under the pretence of taking a pinch. This game got to be insufferable. He had a barrel of choice apple sauce in his store, a fact which our sponge discovered, who seated himself upon it, and when the storekeepers eyes were turned he would dip into the barrel and scoop out a handfull at a time, and take it down at a gulp. The dealer had seen the whole by means of a looking-glass which reflected the store, and he resolved upon a plan to fix him.

"John," said he to his young man, giving him a wink, "why didn't you throw that apple sauce away?"

Without waiting for John's answer, the sponge broke in with,

"Why what's the matter with it? It's first rate I think"

"Yes," said the store-keeper, it *was*, but a cat and four kittens were drowned in it last night!"

The victim looked pale and moved toward the door. He felt as if he was an injured man and silently vowed not to patronize that store any more.

Stopping Newspapers.

A certain man hit his toe against a pebble and fell headlong to the ground. He was vexed, and under he influence of anger and self sufficiency, he kicked mother earth right saucily. With imperturbable gravity he looked to see the earth itself dissolved, and come to naught. But the earth remained, and only his poor foot was injured in the encounter. This is the way of man. An article in a newspaper touches him in a weak spot and he immediately stops his paper. With great self complacency he looks to see the crash, when the object of his spleen shall cease to be. Poor fool he has only hit his own toe against the world that does not perceptibly feel the shock, and injures to any extent none but himself.

A Bad Promise Better Broken than kept.

My friend Richard, says an Eastern correspondent, was a inveterate chewer of tabacco. To break himself of the habit, he took up another, which was that of making a pledge about once a month that he would never chew another piece. He broke his pledge just as often as he made it. The last time I had seen him he told me he had broken off for good, but now, as I met him, he was taking another chew.

"Why, Richards," said I, "you told me you had given up that habit, but I see you are at it again."

"Yes," he replied, "I have gone to chewing and *left off lying*.

Rainy Days.

All the world, excepting umbrella makers and venders, make wry faces and growl upon rainy days. Should they? Rainy days make the grass blades greener and stouter; they give life to the forests shade, and fill the wheat heads and the ears of corn. They fill cisterns, make good jobs for street contractors, creates a demand for double soled boots and India-rubbers, and delight young ducks. They induce married men to stay at home of nights instead of going down town after tea; and they subdue old bachelors into a desire for matrimony and the "comforts of a home.'

Clevelander

A Gal's Waist.

A School-boy Down East who was noted among his play fellows for his frolicks with the girls, wrs reading aloud in the Old Testament, when coming to the phrase "making the *waist* places glad," he was asked by the pedagogue what it meant. The youngster paused—scratched his head—but could give no answer, when up jumped a more precious urchin, and cried out:

"I know what it means master, it means hugging the the gals, for Tom Ross is always hugging 'em around the waist, it makes 'em so glad as can be."

☞A good anecdote is told of an old Methodist preacher, who rode a circuit a few years ago—while going to one of his appointments, he met an old acquaintance who was one of the magistrates of the county. He asked the minister why he did not do as the Saviour did—ride on an ass. "Because," said the divine, "the people have taken them all to make magistrates of."

☞"Nimrod, can you tell me who was the first man?" "Yes, sir; his name was Adam—Adam—somebody. His father wasn't nobody, and he never had a mother—on account of the scarcity of women, I 'spose, and shin plaster bank-smashing."

The Lilly and the Rose.

Tell me, ye graceful daughters of the dark, rough earth, who gave to you your beautiful forms? for, truly, by exquisite fingers ye must have been formed. What little spirits ascended from your unfolded blossoms? and what delight did ye feel, as the genii were rocking themselves upon your leaves?

Say to me, quiet flowers, how did they distribute among themselves their joyous task, and beckon to each other, whilst they so skillfully spun, and variously adorned and embroidered your delicate texture?

But ye are silent happy children, and enjoy your existence. Well then, the instructing fable shall relate to me that of which your mouth is silent.

As once the earth stood as a naked rock, behold a friendly band of nymphs bear down to it the virgin soil, and kind ge it stood ready to deck the bare rock with flowers. Variously they distributed among themselves the task. Soon beneath the snow, and in the cold, short grass, began modest Humility, and wove the self concealing violet. Hope stepped forth close after her, and filled with cooling fragrance the little cup of the refreshing hyacinth. Then came, since these succeeded so well, a proud, glittering train, of many colored beauties.

The tulip raised its head; the narcissus looked around with languishing eye Many other genii and nymphs were busy in manifold ways, and adorned the earth, exulting in their beautiful forms. And, lo! when a large part of their work, with its glory and their delight in it, had faded away, Venus spoke to the gracious also:

"Why do ye tarry ye sisters of gracefulness? Up, and weave from your charms, too, a mortal, visible flower."

They descended to the earth, and Agiria, the grace of innocence formed the lily. Thalia and Euphrosyne wore with sisterly hand the flower of joy and love the virgin rose.—Many flowers of the field and garden envy each other The lily and the rose envied none, and were envied of all. Sister like, they bloom together upon the same field of Flora, and adorn each other; for sister graces have woven them conjointly.—*From the German.*

Woman's Influence.

A woman, in many instances, has her husband's fortune in her power, because she may or she may not conform to his circumstances. This is her first duty, and it ought to be her pride. No passion for luxury or display ought to tempt her for a moment to deviate in the least degree from this line of conduct. She will find her respectability in it. Any other course is wretchedness itself, and inevitably leads to ruin.

Nothing can be more miserable than to struggle to keep up appearances. If it could succeed, it would cost more than it is worth; as it never can, its failure involves the deepest mortification. Some of the sublimest exhibition of human virtue have been made by women who have precipitated suddenly from wealth and splendor to absolute want.

Then a man's fortunes are in a manner in the hands of his wife, inasmuch as his own power of exertion depends on her. His moral strength is inconceivably increased by her sympathy, her council, her aid. She can aid him immensely by relieving him of every care which she is capable of taking upon herself. His own employments are such as to require his whole time and his whole mind.

A good wife will never suffer her husband's attention to be distracted by details which her own time and talents are adequate. If she be prompted by true affection and good sense, she will perceive when his spirits are borne down and overwhelmed; she, of all human beings, can best minister to his needs. For the sick soul her nursing is as sovereign as it is for corporeal ills.

If it be weary, in her assiduity it finds repose and refreshment If it be harrassed or worn to a morbid irritability, her gentle tones steal over it with a soothing more potent than the most exquisite music. If every enterprise be dead, her patience and fortitude have the power to rekindle them in the heart, and he again goes forth to renew the encounter with the toils and troubles of life.

Yankee Scientifics.

Mr Eliphalet Studdis, a real live Yankee from Connecticut, in exhibiting his "Patent Back-action Spanker," thus scientifically describes it:

"In being attached to a baby of any age, it (the spanker,) watches over it like a mother; makes it hush when it becomes naughty, obliges it to desist from swallowing thimbles, chalk, marbles, and three-cent pieces, pins, or any other food unsuited to the stomach; compels it to go to sleep, when it doesn't want to, and if somewhat older, it sees that it keeps its hands off the sugar-bowl and jam pots, besides making it keep its hands clean, and all by the power of its back action."

Advice Gratis.

Always tell the truth, when it will answer your purpose—don't snore in Church—mark your hogs, so that you won't knock their brains out in mistake—be content as long as your mouth is full—remember the poor devils whom fortune has frowned upon—hug and kiss the pretty girls—if they'll let you—don't rob your neighbor's hen roosts—never pick an editor's pocket, nor entertain an idea that he's going to treat—kick dull care to the deuce—and be *sure* to take the "*Eaton Democrat*," and don't move "out West" before you pay for it. Here endeth the first lesson.

He liked his seat.—The way a man refers every problem, great or small, to himself and his own convenience, for a solution, is often amusing. One of this sort of people had ensconced himself in a seat in a railway car, next the stove, where, for hour, he sat toasting his feet, and basking in the genial heat of the grate, scarcely large enough for the comfort of the passengers who occupied seats remote from the anthracite. By and by, up comes a gentleman with a lady, and says in the blandest manner: "Wouldn't you like to exchange seats with this lady?"

"No, thank'e," said the old fellow, with an awkward bow; "no, thank'e—I'm bleeged to you—but I like this smazin' well."

☞A Yankee pedlar once called at a house and wanted to sell his commodities, as usual. Finding that he could not trade with the women, he turned to a boy standing by, and asked him if he did not want to buy a "Fortune-teller."

The boys 'granny' spoke up and said,

"Lor sakes, no! he don't want that, he's got more in his head now than I wish he had.'

"Then I've got just the article he needs," said the pedlar, and he handed out a *fine comb.*

☞Fun is the frying pan of sorrow. The flabbid spirits come out of it "Done brown."

Pen, Paste & Scissors.

☞The Soldier's *Back* pay—The lash.

☞The great saint, Interest, rules the world alone.

☞Never make money at the expense of your reputation.

☞Take no physic when you are well, lest you die to be better.

☞Be generous to those who hold different opinions from yourself.

☞Truth is like a torch, the more it is shaken, the more it shines.

☞*Punch* says poverty must be a woman—it is so fond of pinching a person.

☞A wise man knows his own ignorance; a fool thinks he knows everything.

☞A table of contents—a dinner table. A table of discontents—a gambling table.

☞"*A-las*, I am no more," as Miss Susan Moore remarked after taking the bridal vow.

☞What is knowledge? To be away from home when people come to borrow books and umbrellas.

☞An Irishman down East warns the public not to trust his wife, because he was never married to her.

☞If you want your neighbors to "know who you are," give a party and don't invite the folks who live next door.

☞A writer in one of the western papers on School discipline, says: "Without a liberal use of the rod, it is impossible to make boys *smart*."

☞"Insults," says a modern philosopher, "are like counterfeit money, we can't hinder their being offered, but we are not compelled to take them."

☞An exchange paper quotes from Paul's writings, "Owe no man anything," and then adds, "We fear some of our subscribers never read Paul's epistles."

☞A gentleman, seeing the town crier of Bristol one market day standing unemployed, asked him the reason. "Oh," said he, "can't cry to-day; my wife is dead!"

☞An Irishman giving his testimony in one of our courts, a few days since, in a riot case, said, "Be jabers, the first man I saw coming at me when I got up, was two brickbats!"

☞Dobbs, the portrait painter, says that everything should be in character. For instance, search warrants should be printed on *tracing-paper*, and wedding-notices on *foolscap*.

☞A gentleman rode up to a public house in the country, and asked:—"Who is master of this house?" "I am, sir," replied the landlord; my wife has been dead about three weeks."

☞A friend of the lamented Hoon, on whom the punster's mantle seems to have fallen, says of him: "Poor Hood—died of pure generosity—to gratify the undertaker, who wished to *urn a lively Hood*."

☞"My dear madam," said a doctor to his patient, "I am truly gratified to see you in life. At my last visit, you know, I said that you had but six hours to live?" "Yes, doctor, you did; but I did not take the dose you left me."

☞Lawyers, according to Martial, are men 'who eat their words and anger.' Their words are very costly although intrinsically they often resemble the darkey's account which 'didn't amount to any particular sum.'

☞"Do you mean to challenge the jury?" whispered a lawyer to his Irish client in California." "Yis, be jabers," was the answer; "if they don't acquit me, I mane to challenge every spalpeen of 'em; I wants ye to give 'em a hint of it, too."

Cool.—Swiggett, of the *Connersville* Telegraph, says:

If we have offended any man in the short but brilliant course of our public career, let that man send us a new hat, and say nothing more about it.

☞'Isaac, my dear son,' said Mrs. Partington, recently, 'being's you have good larnen, and know all about the course on human events, can't you tell me if Sebaster Pool, about whom the papers talk so much now-a-days, is any relation to Bill Poole, who was killed in New York.

☞Let every body eat potatoes instead of bread a while. They can be cooked and dressed up in a hundred different ways. They will be plenty and cheap. Try it, and the flour will prove a dead loss to speculators packers, and storers for high prices.

☞A good joke was played off at Toledo, Ohio, the other day, by the telegraph operator, in sending to the hotels and depots about town, to inquire for a trunk marked L. E. Fant.—After a close search by the baggage masters, clerks, &c., all came to the conclusion that the *Elephant* always takes his trunk with him.

☞The following is the opinion the Indianapolis State Journal, the leading fusion sheet in Indiana has of Lewis D. Campbell:

We do not distrust his political integrity, though we do not admire his ability so greatly as the *Gazette* seems to do. We thought him a greater man while we *heard of* him, than we did when we *heard* him.

☞The Rev. Mr. Smithkins, who, by the way, has a holy horror of grammar and orthography, thus describes the "departure" of a "saint:" "When I *arrove* at the house of my *deceased* friend, he was *perspiting* his last. I stood by his bedside and said, as he was too far gone to speak, 'brother, if you feel happy now, *jiet* squeeze my hand,' and he *squeze* it."

A Distinction without a Difference. By Mr. William Sykes, (his first appearance in any column:)

If fellows break into a house,
To bone the cash they needs,
And gets off safely with the swag,
'Tis said the thief succeeds!
If bankers does the self same thing,
Upon a larger scale,
And they gets safely a'l the swag,
'Tis said the bankers fail!

☞"Of all things," says the Dublin University Magazine, "avoid a vulgar whisker. This is of various kinds: A short, scrubby, indomitable red whisker is a vulgar whisker; a weak, fuzzy, white, moth-eaten, mouldy whisker is a vulgar whisker; a twisting, twining, sentimental, corkscrew of a whisker; a big, black bluff, brutal looking whisker is a vulgar whisker; a mathematical, methodical, master of artistical diagram of a whisker is a vulgar whisker. Whatever is not any of these will do."