The Nebraska Advertiser.

AN INDEPENDENT WEEKLY NEWSPAPER—DEVOTED TO MATTERS OF GENERAL INTEREST TO THE COMMUNITY AT LARGE.

VOLUME I. BROWNVILLE, NEMAHA COUNTY, N. T., SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1856. NUMBER 8.

Nebraska Advertiser

IS EDITED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

R. W. FURNAS,

Second Street, bet. Main and Water,
(Lake's Block,)
BROWNVILLE, N. T.

TERMS:

For one year (invariably in advance), - $2,00
" six months, - - - 1,50

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

One square, (12 lines or less,) one insertion,	$1,00
Each additional insertion,	0,50
One square, one month	2,50
" " three months,	4,00
" " six months,	6,00
" " one year,	10,00
Business Cards of six lines or less one year,	5,00
One Column, one year,	60,00
One-half Column, one year,	35,00
" fourth " " "	20,00
" eighth " " "	10,00
Column, six months,	35,00
" half Column, six months,	20,00
" fourth " " "	10,00
" eighth " " "	8,00
Column, three months,	20,00
" half Column, three months,	13,00
" fourth " " "	10,00
" eighth " " "	6,00
Announcing candidates for office,	5,00

Cash in advance will be required for all advertisements except where actual responsibility is known.

Ten per cent for each change be added to the above rates.

Standing Business Cards of five lines or less, for one year, $5,00.

No advertisements will be considered by the year, unless specified on the manuscript, or previously agreed upon between the parties.

Advertisements not marked on the copy for a specified number of insertions, will be continued until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

All advertisements from strangers or transient persons, to be paid in advance.

The privilege of yearly advertisers will be confined rigidly to their own business; and all advertisements not pertaining thereto, to be paid for extra.

All leaded advertisements charged double the above rates.

Advertisements on the inside exclusively will be charged extra.

BOOK AND FANCY

JOB PRINTING!

Posters, Blanks, Show Bills, Bill Heads, Checks, Labels, Catalogues, Circulars, Bills of Lading.

SHIPPING BILLS, BALL TICKETS,

and every other kind of work that may be called for. Having purchased, in connection with the "Reflector" Office, an extensive and excellent variety of

JOB TYPE

of the latest styles, we are prepared to do any kind of work mentioned in the above Catalogue, with neatness and dispatch.

The Proprietor, who, having had an extensive experience, will give his personal attention to this branch of business, and hopes, in his endeavors to please, both in the excellence of his work, and reasonable charges, to receive a share of the public patronage.

BUSINESS CARDS.

BROWNVILLE.

THOMPSON & BUXTON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
LOT AND LAND AGENTS;
BROWNVILLE, N. T.,
Will attend the Courts of Northern Missouri, Nebraska and Western Iowa.

OSCAR F. LAKE & CO.,
GENERAL
LAND AND LOT AGENTS,
OFFICE on Main, bet. 1st and 2d Sts
Brownville, N. T.

A. S. HOLLADAY, M. D.
SURGEN, PHYSICIAN
And Obstetrician.
BROWNVILLE, N. T.;
Solicits a share of public patronage, in the various branches of his profession, from the citizens of Brownville and vicinity.

B. B. & J. D. N. THOMPSON,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
Dry Goods
Hardware, Queensware, Groceries, and Country Produce.
BROWNVILLE, N. T.

W. HOBLITZELL & CO.,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,
Queensware, Hardware,
Stoves, Furniture,
COUNTRY PRODUCE.
BROWNVILLE, N. T.

R. R. HARDING. G. C. KIMBOUGH R. F. TOOMER.
HARDING, KIMBOUGH & CO.,
Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in
HATS, CAPS & STRAW GOODS,
No 49 Main street, bet. Olive and Pine,
ST. LOUIS, MO.
Particular attention paid to manufacturing our Fine Mole Hats.

MISS MARY W. TURNER,
MILLINER
And Dress Maker.
1st Street, between Main and Water,
BROWNVILLE, N. T.
Bonnets and Trimmings always on hand.

C. W. WHEELER,
ARCHITECT AND BUILDER.
FIRST-ST. BETW. MAIN AND WATER STS.
Brownville, N. T.

T. L. RICKETTS,
CARPENTER AND JOINER,
BROWNVILLE,
NEBRASKA TERRITORY.

JAMES W. GIBSON,
BLACKSMITH,
Second Street, between Main and Nebraska,
BROWNVILLE, N. T.

A. L. COATE,
COUNTY SURVEYOR,
BROWNVILLE, NEMAHA CO.
Nebraska Territory.

E. M. M'COMAS,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON
AND OBSTETRICIAN,
Two Miles from Brownville, on claim near Mr. CUMMINGS: Tenders his professional services to the citizens of Nemaha county.

NUCKOLLS & WHITE,
Rockport, Mo.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,
HARDWARE AND CUTLERY,
Medicines, Dye Stuffs,
Saddlery, Boots & Shoes, Hats & Caps,
QUEENSWARE, STONEWARE, TINWARE,
IRON, NAILS, STOVES, PLOWS &c.
Also Furniture of all kinds, Window Sash, &c
N. B. WE WILL NOT BE UNDERSOLD.

C. V. SNOW,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON,
And Accoucheur,
ROCKPORT, MO,

OLIVER BENNET. WM. B. GARRETT.
JAMES P. FISKE. AUGUSTUS KNIGHT.
OLIVER BENNETT & CO.,
Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in
BOOTS AND SHOES,
NO. 87 MAIN STREET,
(FORMERLY, No. 101, CORNER OF MAIN AND LOCUST.)
ST. LOUIS, MO.

A. D. KIRK,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Land Agent and Notary Public,
Archer, Richardson county, N. T.
Will practice in the Courts of Nebraska, assisted by Harding and Bennett, Nebraska City.

SPRIGMAN & BROWN,
RAILROAD AND STEAMBOAT
AGENTS.
And General Commission Merchants.
No. 46, Public Landing.
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

J. HART & SON
SADDLE & HARNESS
MAKERS,
Oregon, Holt County, Missouri.
Keep constantly on hand all description of Harness, Saddles, Bridles, &c., &c.
N. B. Every article in our shop is manufactured by ourselves, and warranted to give satisfaction.

R. W. FURNAS,
LAND AND LOT AGENT,
INSURANCE AGENT.
AND AGENT FOR
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.
BROWNVILLE, N. T.

E. ESTABROOK,
UNITED STATES
District Attorney,
OMAHA CITY, N. T.
REQUIRED to be in attendance officially upon all the terms of the District and Supreme Court of the Territory, tenders his Professional services to such as need them. He flatters himself that his facilities for gaining a knowledge of the practice in each District, will enable him to give satisfaction to such as entrust their business to his care.
Omaha City, June 7, 1856.

C. P. BAILY. B. P. RANKIN.
BAILY & RANKIN,
BANKERS & LAND AGENTS
OMAHA CITY, N. T.

H. P. BENNETT, J. S. MORTON, R. R. HARDING
BENNET, MORTON & HARDING.
Attorneys at Law,
Nebraska City, N. T., and Glenwood, Ia.
WILL practice in all the Courts of Nebraska and Western Iowa. Particular attention paid to obtaining, locating Land Warrants, and collection of debts.
REFERENCE:
Hon. Lewis Cass, Detroit. } Michigan;
Julius D. Morton, " }
Gov. Joel A. Matteson, Springfield, Ill;
Gov. J. W. Grimes, Iowa City, Iowa;
B. P. Fifiled, St. Louis, Mo.;
Hon. Daniel O. Morton, Toledo, Ohio;
P. A. Sarpy, Bellevue, Nebraska:
Sedgewich & Walker, Chicago, Ill;
Green, Weare & Benton, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

H. WHITTEMORE. R. B. WHITTEMORE. J. F. CARTER
H. & R. B. WHITTEMORE & CO.,
Wholesale Dealers in
Hats, Caps,
BONNETS AND STRAW GOODS.
NO. 143 MAIN STREET,
(First door above the Bank of Missouri.)
St. Louis, Mo.
☞Cash paid for Furs and Deer Skins.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES,
PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES,
French and American Window Glass & Glassware, Spices, Indigo, Madder, Perfumeries, &c.

SPRING STOCK!
CHARLESS, BLOW & CO.
IMPORTERS & WHOLESALE DEALERS.
No. 66 and 67 Main street, St. Louis, Mo.
Are now in receipt of their new Stock, embracing everything in their line.
☞Merchants visiting our City are requested to give us a call, as we are determined to sell for Cash or Prompt Time Paper, as low as any House in the United States.

Poetry.

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

My God! is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to thy feet,
The hour of prayer?

Blest is that tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that hour of solemn eve,
When on the wings of prayer upborne,
The world I leave!

For then a day-spring shines on me,
Brighter than morn's ethereal glow;
And richer dews descend from thee
Than earth can know.

Then is my strength by thee renewed:
Then are my sins by thee forgiven;
Then dost thou cheer my solitude
With hope of heaven.

No words can tell what sweet relief,
There for my every want I find,
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What peace of mind!

Hushed is each doubt; gone every fear;
My spirit seems in heaven to stay;
And e'en the penitential tear
Is wiped away.

Lord! till I reach you blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be,
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to thee.

AN EVENING REVERIE.

One rainy eve I sat me down, beneath the murky skies,
Where sleepy hogs were grunting, and tobacco sheds arise;
Where bull-frogs sing the loudest, and the lurid vapor shoots—
A thought was running through my mind, and water through my boots;
And as a sudden thunder-clap far in the distance sunk,
Once more I roused up my ideas, and this was the thought I thunk:
Oh, is there not some happy land—a land beyond the seas—
Where pot-pie smokes in boundless lakes, and dumplins grow on trees?
Can gingerbread be found in stacks, and smearkase by the ton?
And when you do a job of work, you get the "ready John?"
Where Nature's lesson may be read in every babbling brook?
Where bumble-bees don't sting a chap, and muley bulls don't hook?
Do people there get milk from cows, as much as from the pumps?
Does cholic ever come about, the measles or the mumps?
Do lovers fear for rival swans, to "run them off the track?"
And do they find the girls at home, and never get the "sack?"
Do husbands bear upon their snouts the mark of finger nails?
Do lambs skip o'er the verdant hills, and wag their woolly tails?
And in that land that's far away, do mad dogs ever bite?
Can "green ones" see the "Elephant" at fifty cents a sight?
Do scents of oysters reach one's nose, upon each passing breeze?
Do people fear for bed-bugs there, or ever dream of fleas?
Do trousers rip without a cause, or brogans ever pinch your corns?
And does the whisky make you "yorked" at half a dozen "horns?"
As if that land were nigh, there came a strange and pleasing smell;
And then upon my list'ning ear the sound of footsteps fell;
At length I heard a deep-toned voice, which seemed to matter "Aye!"
I looked around—it was a goat—it only hollered "Bah!"
My train of thought was broken off—my happy vision fled—
I quickly hustled to my feet, and scampered off to bed.

PRINTERS PROVERBS.

Never inquire thou of the editor the news, for behold it his duty at the appointed time to give it unto thee for five cents.

When thou dost write for his paper, never say unto him—"What thinkest thou of my piece?" for it may be that the truth would offend thee.

It is not fit that thou shoulds ask him who is the author of an article, for his duty requires him to keep such things to himself.

When thou dost enter into his office, take heed unto thyself that thou dost not look at what may be lying open, for it is not meet in the sight of good breeding. Neither examine the proof-sheet, for it is not ready to meet thine eyes, that thou mayest understand it.

Prefer thine own county paper to any other, and subscribe immediately for it and pay in advance, and it will be well with thee and thy little ones.

LEAP YEAR DIALOGUE.—'Miss will you take my arm?'

'Yes, sir, and you too."

'Can't spare but the arm,' replied the old bachelor.

'Then,' replied she, 'I shan't take it, as my motto is, *go the whole hog or nothing.*'

If this world is a free show, what's the price of admittance? Sin, sorrow, a small trifling of sunshine, and a good deal of shadow.

A tailor, in skating, fell through the ice, and declared he would never again leave a hot goose for a cold duck.

Miscellaneous.

A SPEECH BY A DRUNKARD.

We learn from the London (Canada) *Empire*, that a hapless slave of intemperance lately found his way into a temperance meeting, while one of the speakers was expatiating upon the effects of *moral suasion* on drunkards. The poor inebriate broke in upon the speaker, and delivered himself of the following outburst of feeling. Of course we do not cite his words to prove the absolute inutility of moral suasion, for that agency has called even prohibition into existence; but to show that mere moral suasion is of itself inadequate. The inebriate spoke out abruptly, as follows:

Moral suasion to drunkards? its no use, and it's worse than no use. I know it. I tell you I'm one of 'em. I am, I am, and I know."

The whole room was startled into perfect silence. In the pause, the very fire seemed to hold its breath.

I've been a drunkard these ten years. You know it. You've seen me loafing about your streets ten years, and you've had a chance to try your moral suasion. And I an't the only chance, God knows. Yes, and you've tried it, too. You know I used to want to knock you off. You haven't failed to say kind words, and try your suasion. You all try it. The very man that sells me rum, says, when he pours out a glass, "Come, come, Jerry, you'd better not drink any more."

His profanity was terrible; but the equally terrible earnestness of his speech suffered not even the chairman to reprove him.

"You think a drunkard needs persuading. There's not a drunkard in the country that's worth saving, who doesn't wish, two hours out of three, every day his life, that he could knock off. They've got moral suasion. What they want is help, help, God, God, help, force, force to back it up.

"You've seen me—you see me every day sitting around—loafing. You've thought I've been asleep, thinking of nothing. Outside I've been dead as a heap of ashes—inside I've been a-fire.

When a man's a-going to sell himself to the devil, cool and easy—money down—and wants to drive a sharp bargain, like your rum-sellers, it may do to talk of moral suasion to him.—But when the devil's caught a careless fellow—and's got him tight in his clutches—as he holds us, and we writhing and squirming, then when you come along and think we need moral suasion to get us away, you're fools. And with some of you it's worse than that. Some of you know better, and when you say so, and quote Scripture to it, you're fools. I can see you're making devil's speeches, and I believe the Lord's sharper sighted than I am. If he pays attention to what goes on in a temperance meeting, he'll settle your arguments one of these days. If God ever lets any thing into hell, it will be rum selling. There'll be no law again' that business there, I tell you. The devil knows what'll pay for licensing as well as you. But you go on selling liquor, and talking about moral suasion. Good God, if any body needs it, it is you ministers, who darent preach rum down, and your deacons, who quote Scripture like a devil's concordance.

Can it be possible that professed friends of temperance, but opponents of prohibition, can read this powerful appeal from the drunkard himself, and not deduce the moral?

CRADLE AND ARM CHAIR.

In his Thanksgiving sermon sketched in the Tribune, Henry Ward Beecher said, "No house is complete without two pieces of furniture—the cradle and the old arm chair. No house is full that hath not in it a babe and a grandfather or a grandmother. Life becomes more radiant and perfect when its two extrrmes keep along with it. The two loves who watch the cradle and serve the chair are one. But how different in all their openings and actions. To the child the heart turns with more tenderness of love. To the aged parent, love is borne upon a series of reverence. Through the child you look forward—through the parent backward. In the child you see hopes, joys to come, brave ambition, and a life yet to be drawn forth in all its many-sided experience. Through the silver haired parent you behold the past, life done, its scene enacted, its histories registered. If God calls you to follow your child, you send it to heaven that God may rear it for you, saying, take it, oh, Father, too soon snatched away, and keep it; and keep me till the weariness of life is ended, and I go too.

But when the parent goes, ripe in years, his life blameless, his fruit gathered and garnered, we give his form to earth saying with gratitude, God be thanked that he has so long lived and so well; and God be thanked that he hath now departed,—Go my mother to thy rest, and be sure that I will follow hard after thee, and soon overtake thee."

A "BULLY" CHARGE.

The Knickerbocker is responsible for the following "charge" given by a Justice of the Peace, in a certain Replevin case. The "Charge of the Light Brigade" was a "circumstance," in comparison:

"*Gentlemen of the Jury*: This is an action of replevin, brought by—— against ——, for the purpose of obtaining the canal boat Ocean Wave, No. Two, levied on by said ——, as the property of said ——. I shall charge you as to the mode of construing evidence, namely: If you have reason to believe that any witness in this case has wilfully, maliciously, deliberately and contrary to the peace and dignity of the State of Ohio, sworn to that which is false in a single instance you are bound to believe that he has lied throughout."

Mr, B——, for plantiff, inquired—"What if he be corroborated?"

The Court with much dignity replied: "wait till I am done!"

"And if you should find the afore mentioned witness is corroborated or sustained in any particular by any other witness you are bound to believe that said last named witness lied also, in every particular of his statement! I am also requested to charge you that you find in your verdict the value of the property at issue.

"After some deliberation I have concluded not to do that but will simply say: if you find, in your finding, whatever at that time you may find; on the other hand, gentlemen, if you find, in your finding, that you have not found—you will not have found—in your finding—what you ought to have found. Now gentlemen, you have heard the testimony of the witnesses, the arguments of counsels and *my charge*. Take the case."

ANCIENT STRUCTURES. — Nineveh was fifteen miles long, nine wide, and forty miles round, with a wall 100 feet high, and thick enough for three chariots abreast. Babylon was sixty miles within the walls, which were 75 feet thick and 300 feet high, with 100 brazen gates. The Temple of Diana at Ephesus, according to Pliny, required 220 years to complete it, and was supported by 127 pillars, 60 feet high, having been raised by as many kings. The largest of the pyramids is 481 feet high, and 653 on the sides. Its base covers eleven acres. The stones are about 30 feet in length, and there are 208 layers. It employed 300,000 men in building it. The Labyrinth of Egypt contained 300 chambers and twelve halls. Thebes, in Egypt, contains ruins 27 miles in circumference, and had 100 gates. Carthage was 25 miles around. Athens was 25 miles round, and contained 250,000 citizens and 400,000 slaves. The Temple of Delphos was so rich in donations that it was plundered of £100,000, and Nero carried 200 statues away from it. The walls of Rome were 13 miles round.

JOHN BUNYAN'S FLUTE.—The flute with which John Bunyan beguiled the tediousness of his captive hours, is now in the possession of Mr. Howells, tailor, Gainsborough. In appearance it does not look unlike the leg of a stool—out of which it is said that Bunyan, while in prison manufactured it. When the turnkey, attracted by the sound of music, entered his cell to ascertain, if possible, the cause of the harmony, the flute was replaced in the stool, and by this means detection was avoided.—*Lincolnshire (Eng.) Times.*

BOUND TO RUN HIM.—A young man was well nigh being ruined by a legacy left him a few years since by his father. It was 25,000 dollars, and the career he ran in Chicago, the fastest town in America, made him a pauper, and a miserable broken down loafer, who was, from a liberal sowing of wild oats, reaping a most abundant crop of repentance. In this mood and tense it was announced to him that a deceased uncle had just left him 30,000 dollars. "Oh dear," was his exclamation, "have I got to go through all this again? It'll kill me, just as sure as shooting. It's no use to fight against fate, they're bound to ruin me!"

The fellow who dammed up the Mississippi with a chip, has been sent for to cure the cancer at the tropic.

The Parsimmon county debating club out west, are debating the question: Which is the proudest—a girl with her first beau, or a woman with her first baby?

THE BOY OF THE TIMES.

We like an active boy, says the *Southren Organ*, one who has the impulse of the age—the steam-engine—in him. A lazy, plodding, snail-paced chap might have got along in the world fifty years ago, but he won't do for these times. We live in an age of quick ideas: men think quickly, speak quickly, eat, sleep, court, marry, die, quickly, and slow coaches are not tolerated. "Go ahead if you burst your boiler," is the motto of the age; and he succeeds the best in every line of business who has the most of do or die in him.

Strive, boys to catch the spirit of the times; be up and dressed always, not gaping and rubbing your eyes as if you were half asleep, but wide awake, whatever may turn up—and you may be somebody before you die.

Think, plan, reflect as much as you please, before you act; but think quickly and closely, and when you have fixed your eyes upon an object, spring to the mark at once.

But above all things be honest. If you intend to be an artist, carve it in the wood, chisel it in the marble; if a merchant, write it in your day-book and spread it in capitals in your ledger. Let honesty of purpose be your guiding star.

OCEANIC MOUNTAINS.

The portion of our globe that is covered with water is now just beginning to be made familiar to us. The persons who have been foremost and most instrumental in searching out the causes of the various phenomena of the sea, that are so well known and so little understood, are our countrymen, Professor Bache and Lieutenant Maury. The former, in a lecture which he lately delivered upon the subject, says that the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean is traversed by a range of mountains, similar to the chain running some distance back from the coast, and the Gulf Stream pursues its way over the tops of these ridges, and evidently bears some intimate relation to them. In the gorges of these mountains are found strips of cold water, from the north, and water is found even so far down as latitude 29 degrees south only 30 degrees of temperature. These cold streams run in exactly an opposite direction to the warmer currents, which prevail in the Gulf Stream, that is to say, they run from north-east to south-west. Professor Bache could not pretend to say in what manner this knowledge of the differences in temperature may be made available for commercial or other purposes.

ONE THAT NEVER THANKED GOD.

In the days when German rationalism began to send its floods of ruinous infidelity over the old German land, one of those humanly *illuminated* worshippers of reason instead of God in Christ, came in his journeyings to the humble house of an old-fashioned, sturdy German farmer, who, with a firm devotion, held fast to the faith and piety of his ancestors. The conceited, unbelieving *illuminatus* had, every-where among the villagers, met the ancient, child-like faith and religious devotion. As usual, he had been talking glibly to his grave host, of the folly of the old Bible faith, the nonsense of prayer, and a thousand similar topics of the infidel philosophers of the hour. When they sat down to their evening meal, the host reverently returned thanks to God, the giver of all good, for the food before them.—When they began to eat, the guest remarked:

"You are very pious still, in this region; I believe every body here yet prays?"

"By no means," said the good old Christian, "all do not pray and give thanks; I know of an exception; I have a pig in my sty that never thanks God before eating."

ANGELS IN PETTICOATS.—A funny correspondent of the *Portland Transcript*, says:

"I have recently gin up all idea of women folks, and come back to parlitikal life. I am more at home in this line than in huntin' the fair sects.—Aingills in petticots an' "kiss me quicks" is pretty to look at, I gin in, but darn 'em, they are slippery as eels, and when you fish for 'em and get a bite, you some how or other find yourself at the wrong end of the line, they've cotched you! An' when you've stufied 'em with peanuts, candy, and doggertypes, they will throw you away as they would a cold tater. Leastwise, that's bin my experience. But I've done with 'em now. The Queen of Sheber, the sleepin' beauty, Kleopatry's needle, Pompey's piller, an' Lot's wife, with a steam engine to help 'em' couldn't tempt me. The very sight of a bonnet riles me all over."

NOT HIS MOTHER.

There was a pine coffin borne through the drifting snows. At the grave's verge the lid was thrown back, and the face of the sleeper was revealed. It was a face marked with time and care—there was not a line of beauty in it; it was the countenance of a poor, plain, old woman. And yet I heard bitter sobs and choking sighs not far from my elbow, and looking up I saw the children of the deceased approaching to take the last look at a face which was dear and beautiful to them. The affections never yet clung to an object without investing it with a degree of loveliness, and was there ever a kind, gentle mother, who was not beautiful in her children's estimation!

The hair which is tucked away under the muslin cap, may be thickly threaded with silver—the forehead may be furrowed, and the eye lustreless, still it is associated in the mind of the child, with a love which never slumbered, and a gentleness which nothing could ruffle.

How carelessly the sexton tramped around the grave, treading the fresh earth in among the new fallen snow! It was not his mother he was burrying—you could see that at a glance—it was a poor, plain old woman; almost a pauper. The cords rattled, and the clods afterward rumbled. Heaven comfort the motherless, in such an hour as that!

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

The saddest story that we ever read was that of a little child in Switzerland, a pet boy, just as yours is, reader, whom his mother, one bright morning, rigged out in a beautiful jacket all shining with gilt and buttons, and gay as a mother's love could make it, and then permitted him to go out to play. He had scarcely stepped from the door of the "Swiss Cottage," when an enormous eagle scooped him from the earth and bore him to its nest, high up among the mountains, and yet in sight of the house of which he was the joy. There he was killed and devoured, the eyrie being at a point which was literally inaccessible to man, so that no relief could be afforded. In tearing the child to pieces, the eagle so placed his gay jacket in the nest that it became a fixture there, and whenever the wind blew it would flutter, and the sun would shine upon its lovely trimmings and ornaments. For years it was visible from the low lands, long after the eagles had abandoned the nest. What a sight it must have been to the parents of the victim.

A friend of ours thus eulogizes his musical attainments: "I know two tunes—the one is Auld Lang Syne, the other isn't; I always sing the latter."

Voltaire defined a physisian as an unfortunate gentleman, expected every day to perform a miracle; namely, to reconcile health with intemperance.

Old Joe Bartlett honestly says—"To see an old man with one foot in the grave and the other quivering on the brink, laughing at morals and ridiculing religion, is the most detestable picture of human depravity which the heart can conceive, or the imagination point."

It is the distinguishing characteristic of merit, to be ever active in laudable persuits.

There is a meaning in all things. Even virtue itself hath its limit, beyond which it ceases to be virtue.

If men wish to be held in esteem, they must associate with those only who are estimable.

If you would have a thing kept secret never tell it to any one; and if you would not have a thing known of you, never do it.

The happiest man in the world is the man with just wealth enough to keep him in spirits and just children enough to make him industrious.

When you get into a fit of passion just walk out into the air, you may speak your mind to the winds without hurting any one or proclaiming yourself a simpleton.

Punch, sometime since, said a lady's bonnet was a "pretender to the crown." It is "pretty much the same" yet only it has an addition, this Spring, of a pigeon tail attached, widely spread out over the neck and shoulders.

Justice may be defined as that virtue which impels us to give every person what is his due.—*Goldsmith.*

A public office is a guest which receives the best usage from them who never invited it.—*Thomas Fuller.*

No degree of knowledge attainable by man is able to set him above the want of hourly assistance.—*Dr. Johnson.*