

restore each thing to its own place. Day after day she trimmed and trained the massive woodbine and ill-shaped rose bushes, until she found a rest for her longing heart—until, once more, they looked as they did then—at that far back period in her life which now seemed every day to be coming nearer, and yet nearer to her.

The extremes of life were fast meeting for her; and that which a short time since had been in the past, by that change which comes so often to the aged, was before her. The husband of her youth, still living, was awaiting her only a little farther on in the pilgrimage of life—not left behind at its beginning. She thought more of meetings than of partings, and sometimes, as she bent over her labor of love, almost fancied she must hear the familiar voice calling to her as of old.

There was too much heart in the work for it to linger long. Again the passers by stopped to admire the lovely cottage and garden, and the whole village of B. recognized in its intellectual and moral growth, the presence of intellect and refined tastes, allied to goodness, in the gardener's son.

Little feet began to walk up and down the trim paths—little hands to pluck "grand-mamma's roses"—when one morning, through the same post office, another letter reached Mrs. Norton.

It was directed in a name and handwriting similar to the one which had come so suddenly a calamity years before. Though she looked at this time through her spectacles she had no difficulty, so indelibly had every character impressed itself upon her memory, in recognizing the writing; and a paler shade overspread her face, while her hands trembled with uncontrollable agitation as she broke the seal.

It read thus—every letter being formed clearly and distinctly, in the same bold, business hand as before—

Mrs. Norton.—Madam.—It is now forty-five years to-day since I cruelly and unjustly deprived you of a little cottage, which had become very much endeared to you. When I left you, you repeated the curse which God has pronounced upon all such as sin. For years I forgot it. Life was very prosperous to me. Everything I touched succeeded. If I ever remembered you or it, it was only to assure myself how strong an impression of fatality may often prove false, and how many different meanings the Bible may be made to have.

But when not a wish in life remained unfulfilled the curse came. I am now an old man; and under all God's heaven there does not live a more hopeless or desolate being. I can think of but one thing remaining for me to do, and that is this act of reparation.

I have been at much pains to inquire you out. I find your son is still living, respected and beloved, a minister of God, while mine,—but no matter. I have made my will, leaving all my property, with the exception of some few annual legacies, to you and your heirs.

This letter will be sent you immediately after my death, by my solicitor, whose card I enclose. By addressing him, your son will immediately be put in possession of my property, and may the curse no longer be a part of it!

JOHN ALDEN.

News of the good fortune which had fallen to their minister, flew quickly around the little village; and perhaps never, was a deeper moral impression produced upon the community, than on the next Sabbath, when a long and eloquent sermon on all remembrance of the past, with its quences were but the first of a long series, and that often upon those who were least guilty, fell the heaviest part of the punishment. Not with ourselves dies the good or the evil of our lives. Each thought, each word, each act, shall live on and on, long after our part in the drama is ended. They are indeed the only legacies we can surely call our own; and beneath them we must, even to the third and fourth generation.

A COUNTRY HOME.

The following tribute to the charms and elevating influence of a rural life is the closing paragraph of the address of Horace Greeley at the fair of the Indiana Agricultural Society:

"As for me long-tossed on the stormiest waves of doubtful conflict and arduous endeavor, I have begun to feel, since the shades of forty years fell upon me, the weary, tempest-driven voyager's longing for land, the wanderer's yearning for the hamlet where, in childhood, he nestled by his mother's knee, and was soothed to sleep on her breast. The sober, down-hill life, dispels many illusions, while it develops or strengthens within us the attachment, perhaps long smothered or overlaid, for that dear but, our home. And so I, in the sober afternoon of life, when its sun, if not high, is still warm, have bought a few acres of land in the broad still country, and, hearing thither my household treasures, have resolved to steal from the city's labors and anxieties at least one day in each week, wherein to revive as a farmer the memories of my childhood's humble home. And already I realize that the experiment cannot cost so much as it is worth. Already I find in that days quiet an antidote and a solace for the feverish, festering cares of the weeks which environ it. Already my brook murmurs a soothing ean-song to my burning, throbbing brain; and my trees, gently stirred by the fresh breezes, whisper to my spirit something of their own quiet strength and patient trust in God. And thus do I faintly realize, but for a brief and fitting day, the scene joy which shall irradiate the farmer's vocation, when a fuller and truer education shall have refined and chastened his animal cravings, and which science shall have endowed him with her treasures, redeeming labor from drudgery while quadrupling its efficiency, and crowning with beauty and plenty our bounteous, beneficent earth.

A STRONG CLEVERMAN.—The clerical gentleman that lives up on the mountains that divide Berkshire from the river counties, who last year prayed at a school meeting that God would make the hearts of certain individuals as soft as their heads, more recently thanked God, in a public address, that Webster, Clay and Polk were dead; said Webster was a traitor and had gone to a rotten grave, and that Franklin Pierce was a liar. He is a disciple of Henry Wilson, and goes for the new Constitution. And he certainly must have the dyspepsia bad.—Daily Rep.



AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.

V. B. PALMER is the Agent for this paper in the cities of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, and is duly empowered to take advertisements and subscriptions at the same rates as required by us. His receipts will be regarded as payments. His offices are in Scollay's Building, Boston, Tribune Building, New-York, and North-West corner Third and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia.

S. M. PETERS, & Co., are the Agents for the Journal, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions for us at the same rates as required at this office. Their receipts are regarded as payments. Their offices are at 122 Nassau street, New-York, and 10 State Street, Boston.

THANKSGIVING.

During the present week that ancient New England festival of Thanksgiving has been celebrated in many of the States of the Union, and among them in the home of Pilgrims. Although the observance of the day has grown more general, from year to year, yet the manner of its observance is not what it was in the days of "the Fathers." The principle reason for this, is that the homes of New England are not what they were. The ancient families are scattered, our whole people have become cosmopolitans. The day of gathering comes, and there are none to be gathered; instead of a family's being jettled within an area of an hundred miles, the members are scattered over a continent. But there are holy recollections of "Thanksgiving as it was," which must continue at least another generation or two; of that day which was wont to bring around the hearthstone of many a happy home, parent and child, brother and sister and kindred of every degree, to join in expressions of love and joy, and feast with glad and thankful hearts from the bounties of a kind providence. Of its recollections then would we now speak. Oh! how they arise far back in childhood, seeming, almost, to belong to another life. How do visions of the day as it appeared to our youthful mind, rise up before us. The ancient farm house, brown with the storms of many years, upon whose boards no paint was ever seen, with its massive chimney and wide fireplace, within which roared and crackled the cheerful fire, sending a ruddy glow into every nook and corner of the great old room where so many glad hearts were beating. We see too, an ancient dame within the corner, whose locks are bleached like the snow's of the eighty winters that have passed o'er her head. And around are gathered children and grandchildren to the number of fourteen; which number was the same from year to year, unchanged until those whitened locks were piled beneath the coffin's lid, and thus, "Thanksgiving as it was," was to us no more forever. This festival is "the feast of homes." Its recollections, its associations, its anticipations are all of home; events that are, hence, marked by household treasures. It is made the sacred beginning for many a to-be-gathered family; the day when many a youthful pair have established their family altar and begun to ennumerate their household gods. Its recollections are busily thronging the brain of the miner in the wilks of California, and filling the thoughts of voyagers on distant seas, as the recalled tale leads them to say "to-day, my kindred celebrate the old thanksgiving day at home," and a prayer goes up involuntarily—"God bless that home, and the loved ones gathered there." Its anticipations are realized to many, who in feebleness have prayed, "this once more oh! Father grant that I may partake of this feast with my kindred, before I die," like the Redeemer, saying—"with a desire have I desired to eat this passover with you before I suffer;" and like him, when this was over, drinking the cup so long prepared, have passed on to the unseen world. The vacant chair, at many a fireside and table, has called up images that but one short year ago were present, loving and beloved, but who now have joined the innumerable company of those who gather about the throne of God and the Lamb.

Blessings on the day; blessings on its past, with its holy recollections; blessings on its present with its abundance and joy; blessings on its future with its hopes and its anticipations, and may its yearly blessings be perpetual.

All the mills in this village, excepting those supplied with steam power, have been stopped two days of the present week, in consequence of a breakage in the canal. But for the timely observation of a watchman in the yard of the Perkins Mills, where the break occurred, the damage would have been very serious; as it was, it amounted to little beyond the consequent detention.

THE CEDARS OF Lebanon have diminished from a forest to a sacred grove, guarded by a priest and protected by a superstition. The prophecy of Isaiah has long since been fulfilled, and "the Lebanon is turned into a fruitful field, and the rest of his forest are few, that a child may write them." The cedars of Lebanon scarcely occupy a space equal to two acres of ground. But Lebanon is a fruitful field; its malberry tree yields its luscious fruit, and its more useful leaves, with graceful luxuriance; and in its valleys, the harvests wave spontaneously in autumn, upon his assailants.—Providence Journal.

WHAT MAY BE HAD FOR THREE DOLLARS.—AN EXCELLENT OPPORTUNITY.—Arrangements have been made by which the Home Journal (which is \$2 year) and the N. Y. Musical World and Times, [which is \$3 a year] will both be furnished for three dollars, to all who subscribe or renew their subscriptions before the first day of January, 1854. These papers are leading journals of their kind. The Home Journal is so well known that any description of it would be superfluous. It is enough to say, that, in addition to the articles of its editors (MORRIS & WILLIS) it is enriched by the contributions of the most brilliant pens now at work on either side of the Atlantic. It is, in brief, a superior Family Newspaper. The Musical World and Times gives over two hundred pages of choice, new music, annually, which would cost at the Stores some 30 dollars; and the editor (RICHARD STORRS WILLIS) furnishes the best possible musical instruction and criticisms on music and musicians. It also gives a vast amount of useful and interesting musical information, furnished by Lowell Mason, Thos. Hastings, Root, Bradbury and others, just what teachers, scholars, clergymen, organists and singers need; while FANNY FERN contributes one of her best original articles every week. Both papers, containing all this literature, music, amusement and instruction, are furnished for the small sum of three dollars. Address either MORRIS & WILLIS, Publishers of the Home Journal; or DYER & WILLIS, Publishers of the Musical World and Times, New York.

A DOG'S TASTE FOR RAILWAY TRAVELING.—We have received from a correspondent who has recently visited Ireland, a somewhat curious instance of the case of a dog, which is in the habit of traveling by railway, for which he appears to have a free pass. The writer states that, having a particular friend engaged on the Dublin and Drogheda Railway, he traveled a good deal on it during his stay in Dublin. One passenger, a dog of the Scotch terrier breed, which answered to the name of "Jack," particularly attracted his attention. On inquiry, the engine driver stated that the dog gets upon the engine at pleasure, and leaves it the same. Some times he will go on at Dublin and go to Drogheda; get off there, wait for another train, and then proceed to Belfast, where he will take up his quarters for the night. At other times he will travel to all the intermediate stations. (Should he happen to miss one train, he strolls about the station like any other passenger, until the next comes up, and then starts again. He is well known by the officials at all the stations, who seem amused with his mode of living, and allow no one to molest him. Occasionally he will exhibit a little special attachment by traveling all day with one engine driver.

Manchester (Eng) Guardian.

THE FALL RIVER RAILROAD COLLISION.—The N. Y. Courier says: "Mr. Luke Damon, express agent was in the car next to the last, and was accompanied by his wife. When the train stopped he knew that there was danger from the train behind, and he stepped upon the rear platform of the car he was in to see what measures were taken to prevent collision. He saw the conductor running back with a lantern, and supposed all would be well. In another minute he saw the hind train, and as his experienced eye told him there was abundant opportunity to place himself beyond the reach of danger, he could not leave his wife in the car, and springing to my side under the impulse of a moment called up on her to leave the car, but his better judgment instantly prevailed; he knew that if the passengers attempted to escape, they would be crushed and he explained that a collision would instantly occur, but that all must keep firm. His voice was obeyed, in a moment the crash took place, most of the seats were torn from their places, but in that crowded car not one passenger was injured. A lady in the rear car was thrown down and trampled upon by the passengers, who were fortunate enough to leave the rear car before the locomotive struck it."

PROPOSED DISCUSSION OF A PROHIBITORY LIQUOR LAW.—The Corresponding Secretary of the Mass. Temperance Committee, Dr. Jewett, proposes to discuss with the "Boston Union Association," (the Liquor Dealers) through any agent they may choose to employ, the following questions:

"Is it right and just to prohibit by law the traffic in intoxicating liquors, except for medicinal purposes and the useful arts?"

"Have we good reason to expect the general enforcement of the law, now on the statute book of Massachusetts, generally denominated the anti-liquor law, if it should be perpetuated?"

"What influence may we expect from the law if enforced, on the social, moral and pecuniary interests of the citizens of this State?"

"He proposes to discuss these questions in a series of articles to be published simultaneously in the columns of the 'Chronicle,' the organ of the 'Union Association,' and the Mass. 'Life Boat,' the organ of the Temperance Committee.

ARREST OF THE SUPPOSED HIGHWAYMEN.—Officers Merewether and Jabez C. Potter, arrested yesterday, two men supposed to have been concerned in the robbery of Mr. Grover, on Monday evening. Their names are Jeremiah McGill and Jeremiah Faley. The former has been in the State Prison. McGill had a revolver upon him, with five barrels loaded and one discharged, and \$19 in money, of which \$15 were on the American Bank. The money taken from Mr. Grover was on that bank. A few days ago he had not money to pay his board, and he gave no account of the manner in which he came into possession of the money found upon him. They had both changed their clothes since the robbery, but the officers found the clothes which they wore the day before, which correspond with those noticed by Mr. Grover upon his assailants.—Providence Journal.

WE WERE TOO POOR TO PAY.—Yes, it was a lovely spot—that village graveyard; such one, I fancy, as inspired the "Elgy in a Country Church-yard." There was less pomp and show than in our city burial places but what of that? As Jeremy Taylor says, "We cannot deceive God and nature, for a coffin is a coffin, though it be covered with a sumptuous pall." So a grave is a grave, though it be piled over with sculptured marble. Then that little girl! How her image comes up before me—binding over her brothers grave. I marked her when we entered, and was soon drawn towards to spot where she was kneeling. I approached cautiously; there was something so sacred in the picture of a child weeping at a new-made grave, that I feared my presence might break the rapture of her mournful musings. I know not how long I might have stood, apparently raising the rude grave-stones, had not the child raised her eyes and timidly said: "Our Willie sleeps here. We're too poor to get a tomb-stone; so we and the angel's know where he lies, and mother says that's enough." "Are you not afraid to be here alone?" I asked. "Oh, no, mother is sick and couldn't come, so she said I must come and see if the violets were in bloom yet."

"How old was your brother?" I asked. "He was only seven years old? and he was so good and had such beautiful eyes; but he couldn't see a bit!"

"Indeed! Was he blind?" "You see he was sick a long time; yet his eyes were blue and bright as blue skies with stars in 'em, and we did not know he was getting blind, till one day I brought him a pretty rose and he asked:

"Is it a white rose, Dora?" "Can't you see it darling?" asked mother. "No, I can't see anything. I wish you would open the window, it is so dark."

"Then we knew that poor little Willie was blind; but he lived a long time after that, and used to put his dear little hand on our faces to feel if we were crying, and tell us not to cry, for he could see God and heaven and the angels. 'Then never mind, mother and Dora' he'd say, 'I'll see you too when you go away from this dark place.'"

"So one day he closed his eyes and fell asleep, and mother said he was asleep in Jesus. Then we brought him here and buried him; and though we're too poor to get a tomb-stone, yet we can plant flowers on his little grave, and nobody'll trouble them I know, when they learn that our little Willie sleeps here."

DON'T GIVE IT UP.—The Editor of an Albany paper tells the following story, and draws a moral from it which young men should remember. A little fellow, who put on a pair of skates for the first time, paid the usual penalty. Having hurt himself somewhat by the fall which he received, his brother advised him to "give it up." "No I shan't give it up," was the reply of the little fellow. "And so at it he went, with an energy and determination that bade defiance to all apparent impossibilities. In twenty years from this time that little fellow, if he lives, will have made his mark somewhere. A boy who will not "give up" a difficult job, but who will do it because he feels conscious that he can do it, has the ring of the true metal of manhood in his composition.

Who that has had a dollar or two at home in bills, and has heard of a broken bank, has not felt anxious until he has ascertained that the little board is not lost by the failure of the institution? We heard a good story of a fellow who related his experience in the matter when the "Shant Bank" failed. "As soon as I heard of it," says he, "my heart jumped right up into my mouth. Now, thinks I, I suppose I've got my bills on that 'ere bank! I'm a goner, that's a fact. So you see I on coat and put for home as fast as my legs could carry me—run all the way, and got to 'ere there I looked and found other! I felt some easier!"—True Rag.

A COURAGEOUS BOY.—Yesterday evening, a boy named William Martin, about nine years old, and his sister, were walking down Fifth-street, near the railway depot, to their homes, when a large ferocious dog jumped out upon them, biting the little girl on the arm. The boy attempting to drive him away, the dog let go his hold of the little girl and caught the boy by the leg. The boy screamed, and drawing a pen-knife from his pocket, cut the dog's throat. The animal soon rolled over on the pavement and died. The children were severely but not dangerously wounded.—Cincinnati Gazette Nov. 12.

A CARD.—The undersigned would tender his grateful acknowledgements to those hands engaged in No. 1 Carding Room of the Dwight Co. who recently testified their respect and good will on the occasion of his leaving that room, by the present of a valuable Ring, Book and Inkstand. These tokens will ever be cherished and treasured as a memento of the "praiseworthy respect ever shown him by those who have so freely expressed the generous feelings by the bestowal of this valuable gift.

MOSES F. FOSTER.

Mr. and Mrs. L. V. H. Crosby's Concert last evening, was fully and fashionably attended, which gave evidence of the high appreciation in which these artists are held by the "inhabitants" of Chicopee. By the solicitation of many of the citizens, Mr. Crosby will give one more and his last concert this evening, on which occasion he will introduce an entire change of programme.

As Mr. C. leaves next week for Washington, where he is to sing an engagement of four weeks at the great Metropolitan Fair, his friends will do well to avail themselves of this opportunity. Go early if you want a good seat.

In Maine they have invented a new kind of brick, which is hollow, and floats. It is said to be very convenient for gentlemen who are in the habit of carrying the article in their hats.

CENSURE.—He who would acquire fame, must not show himself afraid of censure. The dread of censure is the death of genius.—Egeria.

SLEEPING CARS.—New cars have just been built for the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad Company, intended to be used as ladies' sleeping cars. They are furnished with patent spring seats.

OLD BREAD.—We recently saw one of Bond's crackers in a perfect state of preservation, that is forty years old. Mr. Charles Butler of Newburyport, then in the employ of Bond at Wilmington, baked the cracker, and has retained possession of it ever since.—Newburyport Union.

While the city marshal of bangor, Me., was engaged destroying a quantity of liquor that had been seized, some one in the crowd inquired, "why was not this sold for three hundred pence and given to the poor?" A voice from the distance replied, "The poor have had enough of it; let it go!"

STARBUCK IN CHINA.—To the horrors of a civil war now devastating China, have been added those of a terrible famine which prevails in some provinces. The Imperial Pekin Gazette, a paper which in this case would rather conceal than exaggerate the truth, states that in the province of Shantung the corpses literally strew the fields.

By direction of the Postmaster General, mails from San Francisco are hereafter to be made up for Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, instead of being sent to New York as at present.

Vermont is supposed to have suffered damages of from two to three hundred thousand dollars by the late freshet.

THE COMET IN CHINA.—A letter from Shanghai, in the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser, dated Aug. 29, says:

"A comet has been visible near our western horizon for the last few nights. The Chinese look upon it as a sign of ominous portend, boding ill to the fortunes of the present dynasty. Their name for this phenomenon is broom star, and they are easily persuaded to give it a latitude of significance sufficient to make it predict the sweeping of the Tartars from the Empire. The length of its tail measured by a sextant is 3 degrees 48 minutes. Its direction is perpendicular to the horizon."

The railroad laborers have broken ground for the junction of the Norwich and Worcester, with the New London and Willimantic road.

For whipping his daughter, aged 19 years, on Sunday's "Oliver Twist" of Palmer, has been sent to the house of correction for ninety days.

The peach originally was a poisonous almond. Its fleshy parts were then used to poison arrows, and it was for this purpose introduced into Persia; the transplanting and cultivation, however, not only removed its poisonous qualities, but produced the delicious fruit we now enjoy.

SUGAR CROPS.—The Sugar crops on the Louisiana plantations are remarkably good this season. One-third of the planters have already commenced rolling, and a hoghead and a half of sugar is made.

PREMIUM ON BABIES.—We find in the papers the following:

"At the late Georgia State Fair a premium was offered for the best-looking native baby, and it was taken by a promising daughter of Robert Glover. Next year the premium for the same article will be \$50. The competition will be brisk, and we may soon expect an improved stock."

SIGNIFICANT FACT.—During the prevalence of the Yellow-Fever in New-Orleans last summer, which swept away so many thousands of the inhabitants of that devoted city, it has been ascertained that only seven members of the Order of the Sons of Temperance fell victims to the plague. This simple fact speaks louder than words for the value of "total abstinence."

PROFITS OF CHARLATANISM.—The Box girls having rapped a large fortune out of the pockets of the people, have purchased a fine place in Harmonia, N. Y. and retired to private life. If spiritualism is a humbug, they have found it a profitable one at least.

THE MORTALITY AMONG THE OFFICERS OF THE ARMY.—Thirty-one of the nine hundred officers of the United States army have died since the 1st of January last. This, in time of peace, is a very large per centage of deaths, proving beyond question the hazardous nature of the services they are at all times called to render to their country.

GOSE TO LIBERIA.—An old bachelor named James Wardlaw, a man of large wealth, who lately deceased near Lexington, Kentucky, in his will left \$100,000 to different relatives; \$10,000 to the Home Missionary Society; and to his slaves, all young, of good habits, and valuable in a slave State, gave liberty, on condition that they would enjoy it in Liberia, allowing them means to reach that new Republic, and also to subsist upon for some time after their arrival. They all accepted, and started for Baltimore a few days since, whence they will embark in November.

A MODERN CINCINNATUS.—In a long pleasant conversation recently with a distinguished friend, whose mind is rich with the recollections of the past, we gathered many incidents, not the least interesting of which was the following:—At the session of the South Carolina Legislature in 1814, the members were perplexed for a suitable man to elect for Governor. The difficulty did not arise from any scarcity of candidates, for then, as now, men were ambitious, but from a want of the right sort of men. The matter became worse as the time wore on, and the election of some objectionable candidate seemed inevitable. One day, however, as several of them were conversing upon the matter, Judge O'Neill, then a young man, and present by invitation, said: "Gentlemen, why not elect General David R. Williams?" "David R. Williams' he's our man—he's the man!" they all exclaimed as they began to scatter to tell the news. The day of election came on, and Gen. Williams was elected by a large vote. A messenger was at once dispatched with a carefully prepared letter to inform the General of his election, requesting his acceptance, and hoping he would name the day on which he would take the oath of office. After a long hard ride, the messenger stopped at the General's residence, in Marlborough District, we believe, and inquired if he was in. He was told that Mr. Williams was over at his plantation. The gentleman said he would ride over, as he had a note to deliver to him in his own possession. When about half way, he met a fine-looking man, dressed in plain homespun, and driving a team of mules. Am I on the road to the plantation of General Williams?" asked the messenger. "Yes, sir, it is about a mile further on," was the reply. "Is the General at home?" "No, sir." Where is he?" "I am General Williams." "You, General David R. Williams." "I am the man." "Don't deceive me. I have an important letter for General Williams. If that is your name, said the doubting messenger, "here it is," handing the letter to the General. Mr. Williams opened the letter, and found, to his utter astonishment, that, without his knowledge or consent, he had been elected Governor of South Carolina. He took the messenger home, and entertained him for the night, preparing a note in the mean time accepting the appointment, and naming a time on which he would be in Columbia. The messenger returned. On the appointed day, a few minutes before 12, a man dressed in homespun, and on horseback, rode into town; hitching his animal to a tree, he made his way to the capitol, where he found a brilliant concourse of people. But few knew him personally; still there was something commanding about him. He took his seat in the vacant chair; and when the clock in front of the Speaker had struck the hour of twelve the General arose, and delivered the most masterly speech that had ever been delivered there. The farmer-statesman entirely electrified the assembly. He made an excellent Governor. This thing conveys a beautiful idea: Here was a farmer elected; he accepted, and from the plow went to the Governor's office to preside, in a stormy crisis, over the destiny of a sovereign State. Long live his memory.—Wilmington (N. C.) Dem. Free Press.

THE HORSE.—In the report of the speeches at the recent exhibition of horses in Springfield, we have not seen that any one of the speakers alluded to historical matters, respecting that noble and useful animal, or gave any statistics in regard to horses in this country.

The first horses brought into any part of the territory at present embraced in the United States, were landed in Florida by Cabeza de Vaca, 1527, forty-two in number, all of which perished, or were otherwise killed. The next importation was also brought to Florida by De Soto, in 1539. In 1608, the French introduced the horse into Canada. In 1609, the English landed at Jamestown, in Virginia, having seven horses with them. In 1629, Francis Higginson imported horses, and other domestic animals, in the Colony of Massachusetts Bay. In 1625, New York, received imported horses into her possession of considerable numbers in horses.

According to the census returns for 1850, there were 4,335,358 horses in the United States exclusive of those in cities, which were not returned. The four and a-half millions of these animals in the United States, constitute a proportion of one to five of the inhabitants. New York has one horse to seven persons; Pennsylvania one to six and six-tenths; Ohio one to four; Kentucky one to three free inhabitants. In Ohio, and the New States of the No. W. West the increase of horses has kept pace with that of the population.

The number of horses in the United States is more than three times as large as that in Great Britain. A recent report in France shows that there are in that country 3,200,000 horses. This number constantly augments in the same proportion as the human race, and maintains itself uniformly at the ratio of eight per cent. Somewhat between an eighth and a tenth of the whole number die every year. The supply does not answer the demand; and the Government intervened, many years ago, in order the better to mount the cavalry arm of the military service. There is still a deficit, and a decree of the Emperor orders the trial of new experiments, in furtherance of the object. There is nothing interesting in the mode prescribed, beyond the fact of this additional effort to improve the effective means of the army.—Boston Transcript.

TO MY WATCH (Lying, stopped, on the Desk.) BY REV. C. T. BROOKS.

Familiar time-piece—thou whose tick Hath cheer'd for me full many a night Still chiming with my pulse—now quick And loud—now low, and slow, and light.

Dear monitor and friend, when thick And throbbing memories throng'd my brain, Thy fluttering beat so loud and quick, Would soothe as if it shared my pain.

But hush! it is now thy faithful tick, That with each mood such chiming made; Methinks thou too art crazed and sick, And thou, too, on thy back art laid.

And should that tick be heard no more, And silent darkness be thy doom, Thy beat, my heart, shall soon be o'er, Hush! in the dark and silent tomb.

And when (time ended) I shall stand In judgment for eternity, May mercy veil, with pitying hand, The record thou shalt bear 'gainst me! Next Advent.

ANECDOTES OF CHILDREN. The last number of the Knickerbocker offers a batch of the shrewd and naive sayings of these little Philosophers. The following are a specimen which will find some interested readers in every family.

There were several persons in a house where there was a young child, some two or three days old; among them a little bright-eyed boy, of some four summers. When the grand-mother soon after came in, with the babe in her arms, he was particularly pleased with it, kissed it, and evinced every symptom of delight; asked his aunt where she got it, and was told she bought it of Dr. Adams; then asked how much she gave for it. She told him she paid ten dollars. He then stood by her lap, on which the child was lying asleep, his eyes beaming with intense satisfaction. The babe soon awoke, and squaled vociferously. Instantly his countenance fell; and, with almost dignified respect to his beautiful face, he turned around, and said: "Aunt, if I was you, I'd take it back to Dr. Adams, and get my ten dollars!—making such a noise as this!"

"Little Eddy, on his way to school, frequently loitered by a small stream which he was obliged to pass, to witness the gambols of his playmates while bathing; the water being of sufficient depth in some places, that purpose. Fearing some accident might befall him, his mother had told him never to venture near, and in strong terms, not to go into the water. One day, however, being overcome by temptation, and the urgent solicitation of the boys older than himself, he yielded to their importunities and his own wishes; and for an hour entered into their aquatic sports right heartily. But as ill-luck would have it, while dressing himself, by some mismanagement, he put on his little shirt wrong-side out, entirely unnoticed by him at the time; but the quick eye of his mother saw it, and divined the reason at once. Before retiring for the night, it was customary for the little boy to kneel by her side and repeat his little prayer.—While on his knees, she took the opportunity to reprove him for disobeying her commands.

"Edmund, how is it that the buttons are on the inside of your shirt-collar?" "I don't know; isn't that the way mother?" "No, my son; you have disobeyed me, I am sorry to see; you have been in swimming; else how could you have turned your shirt?"

"The little boy felt that his mother had spoken the truth, and was for a moment silent. However, the satisfactory explanation, as he thought, soon occurred. With triumphant look and bold voice he replied:—

"Mother, I—I—guess I turned it getting over the fence."

Willie's father is a clergyman, and temperate in all things; so Willie had never seen at man chewing the "vile weed" until he was about three years old, when Mr. ———, holding his little son by his dimpled hand, stood in the street for a moment, to speak to an acquaintance. Willie was all eyes, as he could not comprehend the conversation; and seeing the heavy bearded individual occasionally put a pinch of "fine cut" into his mouth; was considerably puzzled and astonished. At last, he could stand it no longer. "Pa," said he anxiously, "does that man chew hair, so as to make it grow out over his face?"

Eddy was up for exhibition one afternoon, and was being catechized before his admiring friends:—

"Who was put into the fiery furnace?" asked his father. "Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego," was the answer; after some assistance— "Who put them in?"

"Eddy's face brightened this time, and with all the boldness of one who was sure that he was right; he cried out:—

"Little Johnny Green!"

"Ella's mamma had allowed her to walk up and down before the door; with strict injunctions never to go alone off the walk into the street. This piece of flagging was her reward, and she often looked with longing eyes beyond talked with her mamma by side-by-side, and Ella asked her little girl, "Oh," said Ella, "I think her soul has gone right straight off the side walk."

"By the way, the same little girl, who had not been accustomed to grates, being one where there was no poker near the chimney corner, very soon reasoned out the analogy use of it; to sharpen the shovel and tongs of a steel you know."

"I heard a story lately about the 'litle folk,' that will please E.—and yourself, I am sure. A two year old boy was taken by his mother, who lives hereabouts, to a church for the first time. When the organ commenced playing, the youngster listened for some time; and then, turning to his mother, asked in a loud voice, 'Ma! ma! where's the monkey?—I don't see the monkey!'"

A judge once reprimanded a lawyer for bringing several small suits into court, remarking that it would have been better for the parties, had he persuaded his client to an arbitration of some two or three honest men.

"Please your Honor," said the lawyer, "we did not wish to trouble honest men with them."

TO MY WATCH (Lying, stopped, on the Desk.) BY REV. C. T. BROOKS.

Familiar time-piece—thou whose tick Hath cheer'd for me full many a night Still chiming with my pulse—now quick And loud—now low, and slow, and light.

Dear monitor and friend, when thick And throbbing memories throng'd my brain, Thy fluttering beat so loud and quick, Would soothe as if it shared my pain.

But hush! it is now thy faithful tick, That with each mood such chiming made; Methinks thou too art crazed and sick, And thou, too, on thy back art laid.

And should that tick be heard no more, And silent darkness be thy doom, Thy beat, my heart, shall soon be o'er, Hush! in the dark and silent tomb.

And when (time ended) I shall stand In judgment for eternity, May mercy veil, with pitying hand, The record thou shalt bear 'gainst me! Next Advent.

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