

Of all the institutions which elevate the character, and improve the condition of man, there are none to be compared with the Sabbath. The observance of this sacred day, is at once the command of religion, and the dictate of reason, and in proportion as it is obeyed, are the virtues of society and man promoted, vices diminished, and happiness extended. New England boasts, and she has a right to boast of the character of her people—of their sobriety, industry, order, domestic habits, and diffused information; and these blessings are mainly owing to her religious institutions—to the piety which erected churches—the munificence which has supported them—the wisdom and eloquence which have been, and we trust will long be heard in them. If, indeed, this life was the termination of man's existence; if the sepulchre, to which the immutable decree of *dust to dust, and ashes to ashes consigns him*, were his final home, even then should he welcome the day, which gives to the weary rest; summons the thoughtless to reflection; imparts instruction to the young; consolation to the afflicted spirit; and guides the grateful aspirations of the children of God, to the footstool of his throne. It were enough to say that we are mortal—but the argument is irresistible, when we remember our *immortality*.

Polish Heroism—At the storming of Warsaw the principal battery was defended by only two battalions, but with such bravery as history can hardly parallel.

When it was evident that it could no longer hold out, several privates of the artillery seated themselves on powder barrels and blew themselves up. But the conduct of Gen. Sowinski was truly heroic; having lost one foot, he was, at his earnest request, seated on a chair, and placed on the altar of the desperately defended church, where he continued to give orders until the last of his comrades were cut down, when drawing forth two pistols, he with one, shot a Russian who was rushing upon him, and with the exclamation—“So dies a Polish General!”—fired the other through his own heart.—*Athenaeum*.

THE SCOTTISH THISTLE.

This ancient emblem of Scottish pugnacity, with its motto, *Nemo me impune bressit*, is represented of various species in royal bearing, coats, and coats of armour; so that there is some difficulty in saying which is the genuine original thistle. The origin of the national badge itself is thus handed down by tradition:—

“When the Danes invaded Scotland, it was deemed unwise to attack an enemy in the pitch darkness of night, instead of a pitched battle by day; but on one occasion the invaders resolved to avail themselves of this stratagem, and in order to prevent their trap from being heard, they marched bare-footed. They had thus neared the Scottish force unobserved, when a Dane unluckily stepped with his naked foot upon a sharp prickly thistle, and instinctively uttered a cry of pain, which discovered the assault to the Scots, who ran to their arms, and defeated the enemy with a terrible slaughter. The thistle was immediately adopted as the insignia of Scotland.”—*Herald*.

Useful Member of Society.—The Missouri Republican gives the following off-hand description of a candidate for Congress: “We have not much to say of Master Birch—his history may be packed in a nutshell: he has been an editor of a paper, without readers; an advertising attorney without clients; a country candidate without voters; and a politician, without knowledge or principle.”

This same master Birch made a stump speech against the protective system, in which he said: “A tariff is a cartel plenipotentiary, and a cartel is a writing or agreement between belligerents!!”

The editor of the Republican thinks his style a little too aldeberontophosphorophorochronohyphthological for common folks.

A dog blown up.—The Extra News Letter gave a curious account of a canine explosion, that took place in a “neighboring state,” a place where a great many singular things happen. A man having been long troubled by the repeated intrusions of the dog of a neighboring storekeeper, at length resolved to rid himself of the nuisance by his own ingenuity, as his remonstrances with the owner were likely to prove unavailing. He accordingly procured a cylinder of tin, half an inch in diameter, and about three inches in length, this he nearly filled with powder, and placed on the top a small piece of touch wood, enveloped the tube in a piece of fat pork, and threw it in the street. Poor Jowler seized and swallowed the dainty morsel; and thus, primed and loaded, returned to his master's store which was well filled with gentlemen and ladies cheapening goods, where he soon exploded! With a tremendous report (says the editor) which shook the whole building, and alarmed all the citizens in the neighborhood, poor Jowler was blown into ten thousand atoms, which were equally distributed in every part of the shop! The ladies were covered with the bleeding fragments of the dog; and one of them had her cheek terribly scratched by the claws which were attached to one of his hind legs, as it whizzed like a double headed shot past her ear. A portion of the spine struck Mr. Smith, the owner in the forehead, and laid him sprawling. His clerk rushed to the door, his clothes and features bespattered with blood, and screamed “fire!” and “murder!” right manfully. The ladies joined in the chorus, bells were set a ringing, and the people rapidly assembled, and gazed with horror and consternation on this unparalleled scene of blood and carnage.

Why are printer's bills like faith? Because they are the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen.

An Interesting Ship's Company.—The Providence Journal relates the following anecdote:—Some dozen or fourteen years ago, a brig arrived at Liverpool from Boston. The captain went to the Custom House with his papers, to enter his vessel. From these papers the Collector ascertained that her name was the Mary Scudder; that she was owned and freighted by Messrs. Horace Scudder & Co. of Boston, and consigned to Silas B. Scudder supercargo on board—that her crew consisted of Isaiah Scudder, Master, George W. Scudder, first mate, Enoch Scudder, second mate, Zerubbabel Scudder, Jonathan Scudder, Samuel Scudder, Josiah Scudder, Ezra Scudder, seamen, Hanibal Scudder, cook, Cato Scudder, steward, Isaiah Scudder, Jr., boy, Mrs. Elizabeth Scudder, and two little infant Scudders, passengers. “For mercy's sake,” exclaimed the astonished collector throwing down his pen, “are there any more Scudders left in—New England, or have you brought them with you?”

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6. Serve God; attend his worship; and endeavor to set an example of piety, charity, and sobriety to all around you.

7. Love your country, respect your rulers; treat with kindness your fellow apprentices; let your greatness be usefulness to mankind.

8. Get all you can by honest industry; and none extravagantly; and provide largely for old age.

9. In a word think much; act circumstantly, and live usefully.

“I would take a newspaper if I could find time to read it.” This is the excuse which many people make against taking a newspaper. Nonsense! There is a mechanic in this village, who has no other way of supporting himself and a large family, than his own hands, who takes a periodical paper. The subscription price and postage of which amounts to *nineteen dollars and fifty cents*. We hope some of our wealthy neighbours will keep their countenance. Besides reading all these papers weekly—and one more which a friend gives him—he finds time to read as much more in scientific and other useful books. He does a good day's work each day; and we venture to say, labours as many hours in the course of a week, as any of those who cannot *find time to read a single paper*. He does not sit down after doing his day's labour and toast his shins and suck his fingers.

[*Belfast (Me.) Republican Journal.*]

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LITTLE ROCK, (A. T.) Sept. 10.—A specimen of Epsom Salts. (Sulphate of Magnesia,) found by Mr. Benj. Kellogg, and tested by Dr. Sprague, of this town, has been left with us for the inspection of the curious. It was found in a crystalline form attached to slate; so common in this Territory, and united with a small portion of black earthy matter. When separated from this, it is perfectly pure and very beautiful. We understand it is found in great abundance.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

From the Juvenile Souvenir.

SPUNK AND PERIL.

There is a story, and which I believe is a fact, of two boys going to a juddaw's nest from a hole under the belty window in the towns of All-Saints' Church, Derby.

As it was impossible to reach it standing and equally impossible to reach that height from without, they resolved to put a plank through the window; and while the heavier boy secured its balance by sitting on the end within, the lighter boy was to fix himself on the opposite end, and from that position to reach the object of their desire. So far the scheme answered. The little fellow took the nest, and finding in it five fledged young birds, and

announced the news to his companion.—“Five, are there?” replied he; then I'll have three.” “Nay” exclaimed the other indignantly, “You shall not,” still maintained the boy in the inside; “you shall not.” “Promise me three, or I'll drop you!” “Drop me, if you please,” replied the little hero, “but I'll promise you no more than 2; upon which his companion slipped off the plank. Uptilted the end, and down went the boy, upwards of a hundred feet to the ground. The little fellow, at the moment of his fall, was holding his prize by their legs, three in one hand and two in the other; and they finding themselves descending fluttered out their pinions instinctively. The boy, too, had on a carter's frock, secured round the neck, which filling with air from beneath, buoyed him up like a balloon, and he descended smoothly to the ground; when, looking up, he exclaimed to his companion, “Now you shall have none!” and ran away, sound in every limb, to the astonishment of the inhabitants, who, with inconceivable horror, had witnessed his descent.

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