Our Children.

As it floats upon the breeze As the voice of feathered songster, As it warbles from the trees :

As the fragrance of the roses,

- As the singing of the brooklet, As it murmurs through the vale : As the song of birds at even,
- With their soft and pensive wall As the glory of the morning, When the sun dispels the gloom As the beauty of the landscape.
- When it's clad in early bloom ; As the beauty of the diamond When it sparkles in the light, -Are the voices of our children, As they sweetly say, "Good-night!"

An Old Man's New Year's Song.

I will not stir abroad to-day. But find at home what cheer I may Old men like me are out of date Who wants to see a grizzled pate? If silver hairs were locks of gold, I might be as I was of old For then my dead would all be here And that would make a happy Year

The old man now, the young man then Are we the same, or different men ? One sits at home with slippered feet ; The other braves the driving sleet; His light heart saits itself with wine It will not warm this heart of mine : One sees the bridal, one the bier, And each, in his own way, the Year

Where are the friends I used to know-Ned, Fred-not many years ago, Whose glass clinked mine amid the din "Dead rhymes with Ned," the Ma

self among the Masters dead : Alack! and drear, and fear, and tear— Methinks all sad words rhyme with Year

Some one, perhaps, will care for me When I no longer hear or see. I hope my little man of ten, When he shall take my place with men, Will think about me in the grave-If only for the gifts I gave-And say, "If father was but here. It would be such a happy Year

Peace, old man, peace! and cease

Which does the merry season wrong. You have the sweetness of regret-The friendships you remember yet; You have what time will not destroy-The love of your remembering boy : These surely are enough to cheer The morning of the saddest Year

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If they had known what pain their field form, words gave me, I don't believe they would have spoken them; but they know Mr. Warrer not my feelings, and why should they? They had never suffered like me, and they realized nothing of the crushed spirit that was battling against the cold cruelity of their sneers.

"'Poor Luke!' murmured Judith; and when the boy looked into her face, he found that she was weeping.

"'At length,' he continued, after he

treated here, but yet I cannot help, at times, thinking of the scenes through which I have passed. I can see the sweet face of my mother as she breathed THE COOK'S BOY. Our ship was lying in Gibraltar har-bor. The day had been a remarkably pleasant one, and hundreds of people from the shore had been on board to

wear; but it was the suffering of the heart. I went to school part of the year; but I wasn't like the other school-boys. I was a poor-house child, and they shunned me. If they had done no more than this I should have hear contacts at the saw them thus, but she dared than this I should have hear contacts at the saw them thus, but she dared was to the saw the saw them thus, but she dared than this I should have hear contacts at the saw them thus, but she dared then the saw them thus, but she dared then the saw them thus, but she dared the saw the saw them thus, but she dared the saw the saw them thus, but she dared the saw the saw them thus, but she dared the saw the saw them thus, but she dared the saw the saw them thus, but she dared the saw the saw them thus, but she dared the saw the saw the saw them thus, but she dared the saw the than this, I should have been content; not forbid it; public opinion was too but they taunted me with my misfortune, and made light of my orphanage.

"We anchored in the Hoogly, and Mr. Warren went to Calcutta. He took Luke Winship with him; and from that morning till to-day, I saw him not again.
Shipmates, you noticed that man with
whom I was talking on the quarter-deck
this afternoon, didn't you?"

"Yes," we all returned.
"And you noticed that splendid

looking woman by his side?"
"Yes, yes,"
"Well," resumed old Ben, as he "At length, he continued, after he had wiped his eyes, 'an old farmer took me from the almshouse, and set brushed away a tear from his bronzed me at work upon his farm. At first I felt very thankful, but soon found that I was worse off than before; for I was ill treated, and I had to work like a lilt reated, and I had to work like a since we parted at the gangway of the old ship 'Hunter,' but he knew me the old ship 'Hunter,' but he knew me the I was worse off than before; for I was ill treated, and I had to work like a dog. The farmer's wife was a hardhearted woman, and she often beat me. That was worse than all the rest, for I never deserved it, nor did I openly complain. I staid with the man over four years; but matters grew worse and worse, and often, when I went up to my little hed in the garret of the 'Ben,' said he, as he shook me by the on shore and visit him to-morrow. 'Ben,' said he, as he shook me by the to my little bed in the garret of the to my little bed in the garret of the barn, did I pray that I might die before I awoke again. But I lived on, and I lived only to suffer. At length I resolved that I would bear it no longer.

Solved that I would bear it no longer. One dark, stormy night I secured a few crusts of bread, and after the folks had

As the old boatswain's mate closed

A London Fog.

If we may judge from a London let-Our ship was lying in Gibraltar harbor. The day had been a remarkably pleasant one, and hundreds of people from the shore had been on board to examine our specimen of Uncle Sant harbor. The day had been on board to examine our specimen of Uncle Sant harborn of old coesan's hardy sons collected been at the topgallant forecastle, while the pallied cheek and aunken eyes of may have been "piped down," as harby sons collected been at the topgallant forecastle, while the promise that I would ever be neath the topgallant forecastle, while we have the pallied cheek and aunken eyes of the sant harborn of old coesan's hardy sons collected been at the topgallant forecastle, while the promise maste, had been quite sober and thoughtful during the latter part of the afternoon; and upon being asked the eccasion of it, he said that he had seen something that bronght to his mind a way from the other side of the galley, where where was a yarn on the tapis, and collecting about the old mate, we wavited its delivery. He knocked the sakes from his pipe, put it in his poech; and then charging his mouth with a generous piece of tobacco, he commended; and this is the yarn he spun;—"He knocked the sakes from his pipe, put it in his poech; and the charging his mouth with a generous piece of tobacco, he commended; and this is the yarn he spun;—"He knocked the was here the old mate, where is Judith? "What on earth are you doing if the same of Adam Warren, who was one of the owners, had taken passage, and the canals. To have the same of the sweets of the surface of the palled to the was a for the cold mate, we have the hand and and and said: "You burnt my town for several years—and people and have here hand and hand said: "You burnt my town for several years—and people and have here hand and hand said: "You burnt my town for several years—and people and the put had been where hand and hand said: "You burnt my town for several years—and people and the hand send that he had seen the polling hand the said of the will and the had seen the pall

Cannibalism in Feejee. Australian papers state that their latest news from Feejee was to the effect that the rebellious tribes of mountaineers in Feejee had not yet been suppressed by King Cakobu's troops. On the Ba coast there have been some sharp fights. In one of these, which occurred on the 19th of July, near Na Cuta, a mountain town, two white planters, Philip Jack, of the Bariver, and Gresham, of Raki Raki, were killed by the rebels, and four other settlers were wounded. The Feejee Times, in an account of this fight, says there were several natives killed and wounded on the Government side, and a great number also on the Kal Colos (the mountaineers). The forces had to make their attack up a steep thill.

Awaiting them, the Kal Colos lay
safely enseened until the troops approached, when a front and flank fire
was opened on them by the mountainwas opened on them by the mountain-eers; and then the opposing forces met in a hand-to-hand encounter, in which bayonets, axes and clubs did deadly work. The struggle was too hot to last

ong, however, and the Kal Colos threw away their weapons and everything they had and ran for their lives. Two or three whites, with a number of natives, followed them up toward Na Cula, shot several in the chase, and three in the town, which the Kal Colos set fire to beore the Government party reached it.
Three natives of the Government force had been shot a day or two be-fore, and taken to the town to be cooked and eaten. Their heads were found stuck upon sticks, and their bones retried, I stole out from the barn and retired, I stole out from the barn and ran away. For nearly a fortnight I traveled on, and although I reached the city of New York; but even there I dared not remain, so I went down to the wharves to see if I could not get some chance on board some ship. I found this ship was on the point of sailing. I told my story to Captain Flaton, and he took me on board. I am well treated here, but yet I cannot help, at across one of these two, wounded in the leg, and took sweet revenge for the Na Lotu man who had been driven out of his home some years past by this man and his tribe. Na Lotu spat on his hand and said: "You burnt my town, did you?" and then made a blow

the make was constanted to the Bankley of the Bankley and the was incarcerated is still pointed out. He sold windows are guarded to 17 the properties of the was incarcerated is still pointed to 18 sold windows are guarded to 17 the properties of the was incarcerated is still pointed to 18 sold windows are guarded to 17 the properties of the was incarcerated is still pointed to 18 sold windows are guarded to 17 the properties of the was incarcerated is still pointed to 18 sold windows are guarded to 17 the properties of the was incarcerated to 18 the properties of the was incarcerated is still pointed to 18 sold windows are guarded to 17 the make years I have been hoping to do the was incarcerated is still pointed to 18 sold windows are guarded to 17 the midst of a small garden is a stage part of the was an infant and the prevent presents on the properties of the was an infant and the prevent presents on the properties of the prevent presents of the prevent prevents of the pre

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The New Year.

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The Heys.

The tired mother, when night-fall comes, can not help drawing a long sigh at the sight of her boys' torn jackets and trowsers; and her aching head may whirl as with gleeful shouts they come trooping into the room in rough-and-tumble fashion. But with that loving tenderness does she not only endure all their noise, but sympathizin their sports, if she be a true mother. Somewhat such feelings as these which are put into verse she bears in her heart:

icart:

"Boys will be boys'—but not for long;
Ah, could we bear about us
This thought—how very soon our boys
Will learn to do without us!

"How soon but tall and deep-voiced mer
Will gravely call us 'Mother;
Or we be stretching empty hands
From this world to the other!

"More gently we should child the hoise,

More gently we should chide the noise, And when night quells the racket, Stitch in but loving thoughts and prayers While mending pants and jacket?"

NO. 2.

relented.

One day Sim Brown, the Concord peddler, drove up to Davis' store, but Davis wanted to buy nothing.

"Can't I sell you a clock? I've got

ones."
"I havn't got the money."
"Drat the money! I'll take a fair exchange of anything."
Davis scratched his head, whereat

brightening up. "What kind of a watch?"
"Tain't, of course, a very good one,

Davis went to the door and whistled and called:
"Watch! Watch! Here, old fellow

childs had been before, had obtained possession of those mines, and fixed the rate there also.

Public opinion and the press condemned the firm severely for the united monopoly and extortion; but as its members realized \$5,000,000 or \$6,000,000 by the transaction, any laceration their feelings might have undergone was hastily healed.

James Rothschild, chief of the Paris branch, having married his niece, the daughter of Solomon, and Anselm, the head of the Frankfort house, having married his cousin, Nathan's eldest daughter, Nathan conceived the idea of perpetuating the name and [power of the house by such consanguineous connections—common from the earliest time with Hebrew families. With this view he called in 1836 a congress of the members of the household at Frankfort tense politic part of the proper tense proper tens

They all favored it, and as an introduction to the settled connubial policy, Nathan's eldest son, Lionel, was united to his cousin Charlotte, the eldest daughter of Charles Rothschild. Nathan was overjoyed at the adoption of his matrimonial system; but on the very day of the nuptials, June 15, he fell alarmingly ill—he was suffering from a carbuncle when he quitted London—and died in less than six weeks, in the fifty-ninth year of his age. His mind wandered at the close. He imagined, as had been his habit, that he was hunted, for his life; and the last words he is reported to have uttered were, !'He is trying to kill me!" and "Quick, quick! give me the gold!"

Rapldity of Thought in Dreaming,
A very remarkable circumstance, and an important point in analogy, is to be found in the extreme rapidity with which the mental operations are performed, or rather with which the material changes on which ideas depend are excited in the hemispherical ganglis. It would appear as if a whole series of acts, that would really occupy a long space of time, pass ideally through the mind in an instant. We have in dreams no true perception of the lapse of time—a strange property of mind—for if such be also its property when entered into the eternal, disembodied state, time will appear to us eternity. The relations of space, as well as time, are annihilated, so that while almost an eternity is compressed into a moment,