

# THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

VOLUME VII.

"RECORDERS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

NUMBER 66.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, AT TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., BY E. S. GOODRICH & SON.

TOWANDA:

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1847.

[For the Bradford Reporter.]  
The Earth.

BY E. S. MORRISON.

I've oft imagined Earth's enormous form,  
As that of some unique and living thing;  
Her breath, the sweeping and portentous storm;  
Her smile, the general radiance of spring;  
Her blush, the summer; mild look, autumn brown,  
And darling winter—her terrific frown.  
  
Deep-voiced volcanoes, but the different tongues,  
In which she speaks to neighboring orbs of flame:  
A common effort of her mighty lungs;  
Earthquakes, the slight convulsions of her frame;  
Iron and massive rock, her bones, and reins,  
And wandering rivers—but her gushing veins.  
  
Her robe, the grass, with snowy flowers entwined,  
And bathed by the mountains vast, and lone;  
And the broad belt with which her waist's confined,  
The blushing verdure of the torrid zone,  
Diamond's wild diamonds drop of radiant dew,  
And the broad ocean—but her mantle blue.  
  
Her rest, the region of perennial snow;  
Her neck, the arctic circle, bright and fair;  
Her brow, the extreme, and dazzling polar glow;  
The Aurora Borealis—her hair—  
And pompous mountains—her face,  
As neatly incased in drawing of her frame.  
TOWANDA, PA.

[From the New York Observer.]  
Lectures on the Antiquities of Egypt.  
BY MR. GLIDDON.

NUMBER I.

The gentleman, is well known to the American public, as our Consul for several years in Egypt, and who has earnestly devoted a great part of his life, and with distinguished success, to an examination of the wonderful antiquities of that country, delivered the first of his course of lectures, in compliance with the invitation of the New York Historical Society, in Mechanics Hall of this city, on Monday evening last. Mr. Gliddon has just returned from a tour, enriched with a vast amount of information derived from recent explorations and excavations of those most learned and successful in Egyptian Archeology.

In the opening of his Lecture, Mr. Gliddon alluded to his former lectures, and to the fact of their having reached a tenth edition, affording convincing evidence of an increasing public interest in Egyptian Antiquities, and to his recent tour, (as stated in the Prospectus,) recently made to obtain from the Savans of Europe, the invaluable results of their recent examinations and discoveries. The information so long hoarded upon the hieroglyphics of Egypt was now clearly revealed. Those hieroglyphs of the year 1846 were translated, and it was made known to any intelligent man with the aid of the Dictionary and Grammar of Champollion, and the works of De Saacy and Rochette, to read these characters in words and sentences, and understand them. If a language recorded from amid the crumbling ruins of Temples and Monuments, from a Papyrus torn and dried, and covered with the times of Abraham and Moses, a language from the land of Priests, which might not be perfectly clear, it was not known what was said in every word, we were able to know what in such cases was not said. Egypt the land of darkness was no longer dark. That long caluminated and abused people, who, notwithstanding their present demerit and depression, have sent the signs and impressions of their wisdom and greatness through 5000 centuries and the Western Ocean, we now know, as they once were by their hieroglyphs and monuments—we see their laws and manuscripts explained and illuminated, and pictures made so intelligible, that there is no rational possibility of doubt as to their signification. We can read the names of Kings and Dynasties, know their Gods, know, when, and by what King, such Temples were erected. All of importance in relation to the families of the Kings is revealed. The order of the Priesthood are made known. We see the Lecturer, pointing to two monuments, the first, a priest, whose name was upon it, was a priest of Osiris, the god of Ammon.

Mr. Brien, the eminent English Hierologist, alluded to with the whole Pharaonic family, which will be found the names of the Kings of the Grand Admiral, and of the Kings of the Rolls in the time of Joseph, and the representatives now presented to the public, and dating back 3000 years before Christ. We discover the scenes and occupations of every life among the Egyptians; we see their laws and ceremonies; we have their songs and their legends with which they offered prayers to the Gods, and the dirge which sad and weeping company that consigned the body to the earth. We behold the mechanic employed in his work, the warrior, the smith, the painter, even the veterinary surgeon, and the barber, and the youth changing his dress, and shaving in preparation for company. We see some engaged in raising a Colossal, others making brick like the Hebrew slaves. And among these monuments, and in among all the various utensils and ornaments, even the inkstand, jewelry, smelling bottle, and dolls for the play of infancy, are found among them. Every variety, almost of objects found in the tombs of Egypt: pomegranates, nuts, beans, peas, barley, have been found in these tombs, retaining their vegetable life, emblematic of the resurrection of those by whom they were once planted. Even the dead duck, or the beef, exists and attests to the Occidentals, across the ocean of Time, and the Atlantic, that the ancient of Egypt were in common with us the appetites and passions of humanity. We find in many of the monuments, those produced with scientific art, as the obelisk, which were intended to welcome us; and on the side of the obelisk or sarcophagus are represented in hiero-

glyphs the travels of the soul, not only the life present, but the wanderings and perils of that which is to come; and thus primary Egypt stands, in 1846, revealed to us in her hieroglyphics, her pictures with explanations beneath, her sculpture, and her various wonderful and illustrative memorials. If in any case we do not clearly understand the hieroglyphics, we can know the event to which they refer—the Deity to whom prayers were addressed—the king who reigned—and thus ascertain what the hieroglyphics do not say, if not what they precisely express. And are these things of no interest to modern enlightenment and civilization? Let the premature graves of Champollion and others whose lives have been sacrificed in these discoveries—let the vast sums expended by France in the publication of their great works answer. Cast your eyes on the inscriptions, pass your hand through the leaves of this Dictionary (Champollion's), consider the labor and science at this moment engaged among the learned of Europe in revealing the wonders of this ancient and remarkable people, before you pronounce these things to be of no value. Who could examine the monuments and writings left by this wonderful people without sensibility—a people contemporary with Moses and Abraham, in regard to whom such remarkable events are recorded in the Scriptures—who can look upon their remains and ruins without various and thrilling emotions. Such is the country to which twenty-three years of my life have been devoted. With modern Egypt I must be supposed to be well acquainted. But new light has recently been thrown upon the chronology of Egypt, derived from three new elements, the "Papyrus of Turin," known as the historic canon found in 1824 by Champollion, among other Egyptian records in the museum of that city—the sculpture on the "Ancestral Hall of Carnac," and the "Tablet of Abydos." Monsieur Prisse has with great difficulty and peril secured the "Ancestral Hall of Carnac," (a small chapel by the side of the Temple of Carnac, nine feet long and twelve high, and covered on all sides with hieroglyphics of the ancient Egyptian Kings,) and it now enriches one of the museums of Paris.

The Papyrus of Turin has been deciphered by the labors of Lepsius, aided by Mr. Birch and the Chevalier Bunsen, and is now published, containing a list of the Egyptian Kings from the mystic age to the Ramessides of the nineteenth dynasty, about 14 or 1500 years before Christ. The length of each reign and dynasty are given. It is shown by the learned Baruch to have been the work of a learned Egyptian, derived from a tablet of the time of the first Egyptian records in the museum of that city—the sculpture on the "Ancestral Hall of Carnac," and the "Tablet of Abydos." Monsieur Prisse has with great difficulty and peril secured the "Ancestral Hall of Carnac," (a small chapel by the side of the Temple of Carnac, nine feet long and twelve high, and covered on all sides with hieroglyphics of the ancient Egyptian Kings,) and it now enriches one of the museums of Paris.

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Chevalier Bunsen, whose science as well as eminent virtues, Mr. Gliddon paid a warm tribute, and whose work is not yet published in English, has divided Egyptian History into three grand periods: the OLD, MIDDLE and NEW. The first embraces 1,070 years, the first twelve dynasties of Manetho and during this age, were all the Pyramids and Labyrinth constructed.—The second includes the time of the Hyksos or Shepherd Kings, and the events mentioned in the Scriptural History and the term of 930 years. The third extended from Aames the Founder of the 18th Theban Dynasty to Cambyses 111 years. Add to the advent Christ 325 years, and you have the age of Menes placed before our Saviour 3,643 years. This, it was admitted, differs from the ordinary chronology, but Mr. Gliddon expressed the opinion, that since so great discrepancies exist already in what is termed Biblical Chronologies, the recent discoveries present facts which afford a general element such as has not hitherto been known for chronological inquiries and calculations. Indeed we might reasonably conclude that chronology was no more taught in the Bible than geology—and that the former should be deemed a general science to comprehend the records of all nations before it can attain to accuracy. Some writers carry back the time of Menes still farther—Mr. Henry of Paris is 5,393 years before Christ, and Boeckh of Berlin to 5,702—698 years before our assumed date for the creation. Mr. Gliddon trusted that many difficult matters in chronology would be fully explained in a great forthcoming work by Vened of Geneva, and in the mean time the audience were referred to a recent publication—an essay on Primeval History by the Rev. J. Kenrick of London.

NUMBER II.

In the commencement of his second Lecture, Mr. Gliddon alluded to the vast and varied avenues, which through the efforts of the learned of Europe, were opening to the new light recently thrown upon antiquity and by means of which, a prospective way might be opened to the Historian of the progress of Nations.—For the first time in this city, he had now the honor of presenting the new elements of Egyptian Archeology—the great and recent discoveries by which we had become acquainted with the writings and thoughts of the Ancient Egyptians. The interpretation of the inscriptions on the Rosetta stone constituted the starting point of hieroglyphical discovery. This stone, which was discovered by a French officer in 1799 and which by the fortunes of war, on the capture of the "Egyptienne," a French vessel, in the harbor of Alexandria in 1802, fell into the hands of the British, and was deposited in the British Museum, was incomparably the most important monument of Antiquity—it afforded the most important Text that ever fell into the hands of the Disciple of Ancient Egyptian Learning. It was a piece of Basalt about three feet long and two feet five inches broad, mutilated at the top and one side, and bearing three inscriptions—the first, the ancient hieroglyphic—the second, the *enchorial* or demotic or popular Egyptian, and the third,

the ancient Greek. It is an edict promulgated on the coronation of Ptolemy Epiphanes which occurred at Memphis 198 years B. C. Mr. Gliddon proceeded to explain how through the instrumentality of the Rosetta stone, we had in the course of twenty years, come to a knowledge of all the ancient writings and inscriptions of Egypt. By the labors of Professor Porson and Dr. Heyne, the Greek inscription of this inscription it was found ordered "that the present decrees shall be engraved on a stele, what modifications of opinion on Egyptian inquiries have been introduced by the labors of Lepsius, Bunsen, Birch, and others; among whom I must specially mention Maurice Swartz, who has just published the first half of the first volume of his great work on ancient Egypt, some idea of the extent of which may be derived from the fact that the part published contains 2182 quarto pages, a monument of research and learning at which the builder of the great pyramid might lift his astonished head.

The few Egyptian words preserved by Greek writers derive explanation from hieroglyphical research. Aristides (A. D. 120) mentions the difficulty of marking in Greek the Egyptian pronunciation of the name of the god Canopus, because the sound turned round as it were in a circle. But the roots of this word are *Cahi*, country, and *Noub*, gold. The name of the god was *Nabei*, golden, and the city (the now lost Canopus at the mouth of the Nile) was called after him *Cahi Noub*. This explains the word *Club*, xxx. 5, which answers to *Cahi Noub*, or Golden City.

It is a question of interest whether we have any documents or inscriptions as far back as the reign of Menes, the founder of the first Egyptian dynasty. The only instances in which his name occurs are in the hieroglyphics on the Rasmesium, and in the hieratic characters on the papyrus of Turin, on a gold necklace and earrings belonging to Dr. Abbott, of Cairo, and on a sarcophagus and sarcasium in of hard stone, in sacred character. (i. e. hieroglyphical) in writing of the country (i. e. encorial or demotic) and in Greek letters. It was found that groups of characters in the demotic and Hieroglyphical inscriptions corresponded in their number to the oft repeated name Ptolemy in the Greek, and these characters in hieroglyphics were enclosed by an oval line, which it is now well understood, always circumscribes the name of a King. The central character of this oval (which contained eight characters) (and called by Champollion a *cartouche*) is a recumbent lioness, called by the Egyptians *Labou*, which Dr. Young first suggested was used phonetically answering to the letter J, and that the three preceding characters must be P T O and the four succeeding ones M E I S, thus discovering the Phonetic value of the signs and supplying the key to great subsequent discoveries.

In 1822 and 1824 Champollion more fully developed and more clearly demonstrated that if the language of hieroglyphics was originally entirely pictorial or ideographic, it became, in order to represent foreign objects or names, *phonetic* or made a sign to represent a sound. We learn from Clement of Alexandria that in 196 A. D. pictorial signs were used so that Greek could be translated in hieroglyphical characters—that is they caught the sounds of the Greek and gave a pictorial representation of these sounds. In all hieroglyphics the reading is in the direction towards which the head of the animals introduced, point.

The Egyptian hieroglyphics were found sculptured on monuments—also in what was termed the plain style, cut as in bas-relief, or written on manuscript—and in a third form called *Linear*, in use prior to the 18th dynasty. The *Hieratic* or sacerdotal character was introduced at the commencement of that dynasty, and the *Demotic* or *enchorial* was found in use some 700 years before the Christian era. Indeed, it is reckoned, that some 3000 years elapsed after the existence of the *Linear* mode before it was merged in the sacerdotal. After explaining with some particularity and minuteness the hieroglyphic method of writing, the learned Lecturer observed, that the Coptic language, in which the Christian Liturgies of Egypt were written, was derived from the languages of various nations, (Arabs, Greeks, Lybians, Persians, Romans,) and shed but a very partial light upon the ancient hieroglyphical writings. Many of its current words were imposed upon a partial foundation of the ancient sacred tongue spoken when the hieroglyphics were invented. This sacred tongue was not in popular use during the Pharaonic dominion, but preserved by the Priests. In this ancient sacred tongue, and the hieratic, derived from it, all the hieroglyphics are written. The few roots of this most ancient language of Egypt, like those of the Arabic and Hebrew, it was suggested were resolvable into Sanscrit. The craniological researches of Dr. Morton confirm the opinion of the Asiatic origin of the Ancient Egyptians and in the ancient language of Egypt (which appears to have consisted of not more than 500 roots,) 400 may be traced to Asia. And what is curious is, that these were expressed by 15 articulations, the same with the original alphabetic sounds of the Greek and Hebrew.

Philology and History go together. The antique genealogy of words sheds light upon the very cradle and consecrates the history of nations. The History of Languages is in an important sense the History of Nations—marking their homes, their families, and leaving on the quicksand of their varying changes some indications and impressions of their character and progress. Who that has thus followed out the early philology and the earliest indications of language has not observed the network which is thrown over them where history is silent, where Time has crumbled the most of monuments to the dust; and who does not feel that his only guide in these obscure regions must be comparative philology and etymology? During the last four years, the cabinet of Cloz Bey; the four latter being of uncertain origin. Contemporaneous monuments commence with the 3d dynasty, 250 years later than Menes. At this period (3400

years, according to Bunsen, before Christ) the alphabet of fifteen characters was used, and we infer that writing was known in the time of Menes. In the fourth dynasty we find the sign of the reed and the inkstand, and this was before the time of Abraham.

Near the conclusion of his lecture, Mr. Gliddon paid a just tribute to Lepsius, (whom he left a few months ago,) who after exploring Egypt, and penetrating Africa as far as the 13th parallel of north latitude, has returned to Berlin with 1300 magnificent drawings, and innumerable sketches, besides 500 papyri and two ship loads of sculptured specimens and other memorials and relics of antiquity. He has acted under the patronage of the King of Prussia, and in examining and arranging these treasures, and in publishing his works, he has the labors of a life before him. Allusion was also made to the arrow-headed inscriptions on the ancient Persian monuments, the deciphering of the names of Darius and Artaxerxes—of Cyrus and Nabuchodonosar, amid the ruins of Nineveh and Babylon—of the Queen of Sheba, and to the Biblical discoveries of *Lancé* and the Carthian resuscitations of *De Saacy*, and the Chinese indications of the distinguished *Fauther*. Even the Tomb of Alexander—the Great had been discovered at Alexandria—that city, memorable as founded by Alexander, visited by Cæsar, and taken in our day by Napoleon.

**THE ORIGIN OF DREAMS—A FABLE.**—When Prometheus had animated his plastic image with a spark of heavenly fire, and formed a man, Jupiter was displeased and said, "This man of thin shall die daily, and be one-half his life-time before there, without sense or thought, till he depart forever." And, when evening came, the new-created mortal bowed down his head and sank to sleep. But once the muses, Jupiter's gentle daughters, found him slumbering, and gazed on the closed eyes of the lifeless one with love and compassion. "Poor being!" said they; "lovely and youthful as Apollo! Must he, then, whenever he seeks rest, thus bid farewell to earth and heaven, and lie shrouded in the dark night of the shades?"

"Let us," said Calliope, the boldest of the sisters, "pierce his darkness, and present him gifts, and give him a more beautiful ether and glimpses of Olympus, till our stern father allows him to enjoy again the light of day."

Then the goddesses who grace Olympus touched the sleeping mortal—the sublime muse of Poetry with her trump, the deity of Music with her flute, Thalia with her magic wand, Urania with her globe, Erato with her lyre, even Melpomene with her dagger, and the others. Of a sudden the dead corpse warmed into life, for the God of Dreams came and created around him a new heaven and a new earth, and gave them to him; bold and graceful shapes played around him, and he rose and stood among them; fruits changed to buds, and buds to blossoms, yet continued fruits, and the youth itself grew younger; the earth loosed her steadfastness, and the mountain-tops bowed to the breeze of sunset; a rose-thorn, in the shape of Melpomene's dagger, grazed his breast and the blood-drops were changed into roses, white or red; and the sighs of a flute inspired even happiness with longing desire, and breathed from distant skies into his inmost heart. The slumbering mortal smiled and wept in rapture.—Then Apollo marked him with his rays, lest the mortal should look on the immortals.

**A FEAT.**—Not long since, some half dozen of the Congoes brought here in the "Pose," while engaged in clearing away brush on a farm on Bushrod Island, started an enormous snake. As if apprized of the Congo predicament for snake meat, his snakishness went off at full speed for the covert of his house, but the Congoes, as determined to have him as he was to get away, raised a deafening yell and started in chase. The snake run in the direction of the house, in the vicinity of which there was a large bug-a-bug hill, which had been long abandoned by its builders. The snake reached this mound and had succeeded in getting one-half its length in a hole in its side, when one of the Congoes, to whose feet hunger and hope and a desire for a delicious repast had given wings, reached the place. Quick as lightning the Congo seized him by the tail, and a severe struggle and trial of strength ensued, the snake trying with all his might to pull his person in, and the Congo trying with all his might to pull the snakes person out. They were pretty nearly balanced, and the struggle would have lasted some time, had not a cutlass been brought to the contest. The snake was despatched, and, when measured, was found to be fourteen feet long. It was of the *boa* species. The mound which he attempted to enter was afterwards dug down, and it was found to contain one hundred and fifty snake's eggs, measuring one bushel and a half. They were without doubt, the eggs of the snake which was killed. We need not say it was a high day for the Congoes. It was indeed to them a feast of fat things.

**FATHER'S CARE FOR HIS SON.**—Beautiful and becoming in the eyes of the paternal God is the unwearied attachments of the parent to his child! Alas! how little does the unthinking spirit of youth know of the extent of its devotedness. There sits the forward, fretful and indolent boy. The care that keeps perpetual watch over his moral and physical safety, his misnames unjust restriction. The foresight that denies itself many a comfort to provide for his future wants, he denounces as a sordid avarice. He turns from his father's face in coldness or in anger. Boy! boy! the cloud upon that toil worn brow has been placed there by anxiety, not for self, but for an impatient, peevish son, whose pillow he would gladly strew with roses, though thorns should thicken round his own. Even at the moment when his arm is raised to inflict chastisement on thy folly, thou shouldst bend and bless thy parent. The heart loathes the hand that corrects thy errors; and not for worlds would he use the rod of reproof, did he not perceive the necessity of crushing his own feeling, to save thee from thyself.

## The Death of Duroc.

BY T. J. HEADLEY.

Napoleon's greatest misfortune, that which wounded him deepest, was the death of his friend Duroc. As he made a last effort to break the enemy's ranks, and rode again to the advanced posts to direct the movements of his army, one of his escorts was suddenly struck dead by his side. Turning to Duroc, he said, "Duroc, fate is determined to have one of us to-day." Soon after, as he was riding with his suite in a rapid trot along the road, a cannon ball smote a tree beside him, and glancing struck Gen. Kirgenear dead, and tore out the entrails of Duroc. Napoleon was ahead at the time, and his suite four abreast, behind him.—"The cloud of dust their rapid movements raised around them, prevented him from knowing at first who was struck. But when it was told that Kirgenear was killed and Duroc wounded, he dismounted and gazed long and sternly on the battery from which the shot had been fired; then turned towards the cottage into which the wounded marshal had been carried.

Duroc was grand marshal of the palace and a bosom friend of the Emperor. Of a noble and generous character, of unshaken integrity and patriotism, and firm as steel in the hour of danger, he was beloved by all who knew him. There was a gentleness about him and purity of feeling in the life of a ramp could never destroy. Napoleon loved him—for through all the changes of his tumultuous life, he had ever found his affection and truth the same—and it was with an anxious heart and sad countenance he entered the lowly cottage where he lay.—His eyes were filled with tears as he asked if there was hope. When told that there was none, he advanced to the bedside without saying a word. The dying marshal seized him by the hand and said, "My whole life has been consecrated to your service, and now my only regret is, that I can no longer be useful to you." "Duroc!" replied Napoleon, with a voice choked with grief, "there is another life—there you will await me, and we shall meet again." "Yes, sir," replied the fainting sufferer, "but thirty years shall pass away, when you will have triumphed over your enemies, and realized all the hopes of our country. I have endeavored to be an honest man; I have nothing with which to reproach myself." He then added, with faltering voice, "I have a daughter—your Majesty will be a father to her." Napoleon grasped his right hand, and sitting down by the bedside, and leaning his head on his left hand, remained with closed eyes a quarter of an hour in profound silence.

Duroc first spoke. Seeing how deeply Bonaparte was moved, he exclaimed, "Ah! sire, leave me; this spectacle pains you." The stricken Emperor rose, and leaning on the arms of his equestrian Marshal Saut, he left the apartment, saying in heart-breaking tones as he went, "Farewell then my friend!" The hot pursuit he had directed a moment before was forgotten—victories, trophies, prisoners and all, sunk into utter worthlessness, and as at the battle of Austerlitz, when Lannes was brought to him mortally wounded, he forgot even his army, and the great interests at stake. He ordered his tent to be pitched near the cottage in which his friend was dying, and entering it, passed the night alone in inconceivable grief. The Imperial Guard formed their protecting squares, as usual, around him, and the fierce tumult of battle gave way to one of the most touching scenes in history. Twilight was deepening over the field, and the heavy tread of the ranks going to bivouacs, and the low rumbling of artillery wagon in the distance, and all the subdued, yet confused sounds of a mighty host about sinking to repose, rose on the evening air, imparting still greater solemnity to the hour. Napoleon, with his great coat wrapped about him, his elbows on his knees, and his forehead resting on his hands, sat apart from all, buried in the profoundest melancholy. His most intimate friends dare not approach him, and his favorite officers stood in groups at a distance, gazing anxiously on that silent tent. But immense consequences were hanging on the movements of the next morning—a powerful enemy was near, with their array yet unbroken—and they at length ventured to approach and ask for orders. But the broken-hearted chief, who only shook his head, exclaiming, "Everything tomorrow!" and still kept his mournful attitude. Oh, how overwhelming was the grief that could so master that stern heart! The magnificent spectacle of the day that had passed, the glorious victory he had won, were remembered no more, and he saw only his dying friend before him. No sob escaped him, but silent and motionless he sat, his pallid face buried in his hands, and his noble heart wrung with agony. Darkness drew her curtain over the scene, and the stars came out one after another upon the sky, and at length the moon rose above the hills, bathing in her soft beams the tented host, while the flames from burning villages in the distance, shed a lurid light through the gloom—and all was "sad, mournful, yet sublime. There was a dark cottage, with the sentinels at the door, in which Duroc lay dying, and there, too, was the solitary tent of Napoleon, and within the bowed form of the Emperor. Around it, at a distance, stood the squares of the old Guard, and nearer by a silent group of chiefs, and over all lay the moonlight. These brave soldiers filled with grief to see their beloved chief borne down with such sorrow, stood for a long time silent and tearful. At length to break the mournful silence, and to express the sympathy they might not speak, the bands struck up a requiem for the dying marshal. The melancholy strains arose and fell in prolonged echoes over the field, and swept in softened cadences on the ear of the fainting warrior—but still Napoleon moved not. They then changed the measure to a triumphant strain, and the thrilling trumpet breathed forth the most joyous notes, till the heavens rung with the melody. Such bursts of music had welcomed Napoleon as he returned flushed with victory, till his eyes kindled in exultation; but now they fell on a dull and listless ear. It ceased, and again the

mournful requiem filled all the air. But nothing could arouse him from his agonizing reflections—his friend lay dying, and the heart he loved more than his life, was throbbing its last pulsations.

What a theme for a painter, and what an eulogy on Napoleon was that scene. That noble heart, which the enemy of the world could not shake—not the terrors of a battle-field move from its calm repose—nor even the hatred and insults of his, at last victorious, enemies humble—here sunk in the moment of victory before the tide of affection. What military chief has ever mourned thus on the field of victory, and what soldiers ever loved a leader so?

**WOMEN.**—Women are better than men.—What sacrifices are they not capable of making; how abiding in their love! In their affections; how abiding in their love! They enchant us by their beauty, and charm us by their conversation. They add grace and a softer coloring to life, and assist us to bear with its asperities. In our youth they are our instructors, in sorrow our comforters; in sickness the sweet benefactors of our misery. Whatever is rough in us they refine. Whatever of ruggedness there is in our nature they polish or remove. They are the only divinites on earth. Alas, that so many of them are fallen victims! But who is it that makes them so? Who is it that takes advantage of their weakness, when that weakness should be their best claim to protection? Let him answer who abuses them.

Among the various beautiful traits of their beautiful natures, that of maternal love should be noticed with peculiar admiration. I have heard of women haters, and am told that such a class of beings do exist. But surely they who hold the sex lightly, and who are accustomed to speak to them in terms of reproach, can never have been spectators of the watchful tenderness, the anxious solicitude, displayed in a thousand touching incidents, of a mother for a child.

They can never have witnessed the self-sacrificing devotion to her offspring, her patient and ever cheerful performance of the many laborious offices of educational training, or their tongues would falter in the utterance of one word of detraction.

**CHANGE OF SCENE.**—It is too common an opinion that change of scene is the best restorative of an unhappy mind. With some temperaments it may succeed, but surely not with all; and yet, how universally is the remedy suggested for almost every species of mental ailment, notwithstanding it being so seldom productive of the effects attributed to it. What lasting amelioration or our condition can be rationally expected from yielding to what is but the mere impulse of the moment—a sensation of restlessness, arising from desire to escape from ourselves and our own thoughts, which is mistaken for an aversion to the places and objects that have been the unconscious witnesses of our sufferings. From whatever source our uncomfortable feelings may arise, they would, perhaps, be alleviated or subdued, by a little firmness or determination on our part; and this, if we chose, could be easily unaccounted to our aid at home, instead of setting out on our travels to seek for consolation we know not where. And to the really unhappy, alas! to imagine that a deep and heart-felt grief can either be eradicated, or even assuaged, by change of place or scene, is but to mock a sorrow, the intensity of which we are incapable of comprehending.

**SACREDNESS OF TEARS.**—There is a sacredness in tears. They are not the mark of weakness, but of power. They speak more eloquently than ten thousand tongues. They are the messengers of overwhelming grief, of deep contrition and of unexpressed love. Oh! speak not harshly of the stricken one—weeping in silence! Break not the deep solemnity by rude laughter, or intrusive footsteps. Scoff not if the stern heart of manhood is sometimes melted to tears of sympathy—they are what help to elevate him above the brute. I love to see tears of affection. They are painful tokens, but awful pleasure! If there were none on earth to shed a tear for me, I should be loth to live; and if no one might weep over my grave, I could never live in peace.—*Dr. Johnson.*

**ELEGANT EXTRACT.**—The light of the lamp was dying away in the socket, the midnight clock struck heavily aloft, and its brazen tones sounded loudly on the frozen air. It was the hour disembodied spirits walk, and when murderers, like the stealthy wolf, prowled for their prey. The lonely watcher shuddered as he heard a slight noise at the door. Big drops stood on his pale brow—the door opened gently, and in came—a strange cat.

**CHARITY.**—A clergyman addressed his people a few Sabbaths since as follows:—"I said to you, my dear hearers, on the day when we last lifted a collection, that philanthropy was the love of our species. From the amount obtained at that time, I fear that you understood me to say specie. I trust your contributions of to-day will serve to show that you are no longer laboring under that mistake."

A Countryman took his seat at a hotel table opposite a gentleman who was indulging in a bottle of wine. Supposing the wine to be common property, our unsophisticated country friend helped himself to it, with the other gentleman's glass.

"That's cool!" exclaimed the owner of the wine, indignantly.

"Yes," replied the other, "I should think there was ice in it!"

**FENNY THINGS.**—A nose so sharp that it cuts acquaintance. A stocking so coarsely knit that the ankles protrude. Pantaloons so large that they are taken for shirts. Men so wise that the wisdom of Solomon is foolishness to them.

**AMBIGUOUS.**—Your honor was right and I was wrong, as your honor is very apt to be," said a distinguished counsellor in Court the other day to the presiding judge.