

THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

VOLUME X.

BRADFORD OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER.

NUMBER 4.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, AT TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., BY E. O'MEARA GOODRICH.

TOWANDA:

Wednesday Morning, June 13, 1879.

WE'LL MEET AGAIN.

We'll meet again: how sweet the word—
How soothing to its sound!
Like strains of far-off music heard
On some enchanted ground.

We'll meet again—thus friendship speaks
When those most dear depart.
And in the pleasing prospect seeks
Balm for the bleeding heart.

We'll meet again the lover cries;
And oh! what thought but this
Can e'er assuage the agonies
Of the last parting kiss!

We'll meet again: are accents heard
Beside the dying bed,
When all by grief is stirred,
And bitter tears are shed.

We'll meet again: are words that cheer
While bending o'er the tomb.
For oh! that hope, so bright and dear,
Can pierce its deep, est gloom.

We'll meet again: in tears we meet
Whatever may divide.
Not time, nor death, can *always* keep
The loved ones from our side.

Far in the mansions of the blest,
Secure from care and pain,
In heaven's serene and endless rest
We'll surely meet again.

One Witness.—A Tale of the Law.

BY JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

The beautiful pathway leading across the meadows between the villages of Mill Hill and Hendon, was, on a lovely autumnal Sunday afternoon in the year 1760, somewhat thickly spangled with groups of well-dressed rustics on their way to the church of the latter place. The bells announced that the hour of prayer was drawing nigh, and the chimes from the bell-towers of Hampstead and Highgate, though in a more subdued tone, formed as it were, one harmonious choral offering at the shrine of the living God.

Indistinguishable, as by the simplicity of her dress as by the beauty of her person, Rose Matthews, leading her father, a venerable man, whose locks were blanched by age, and accompanying her youthful and healthful step to the deprecatory of his, bent her way upon the performance of the same pious duty.

The shades of evening were setting in, when the old man and his daughter closed the wicket gate of their cottage, which stood in the midst of a garden at the top of the village. The thick foliage of a neighboring plantation intervened between them and the golden tints of the setting sun; but sufficient of its glory struggled through this obstacle at once to light up the pensive features of the father and to render still more resplendent the clear brunette complexion of his daughter.

They were quickly followed into the cottage by Miles Edwards, a young man of hale and hearty appearance, who was received by Martin Matthews with cordiality, and by Rose with that expression of suppressed pleasure which betokens to all, save one, that the heart and eyes discourse more eloquently than the tongue dares to speak.

"Be seated," said the old man, "be seated, Miles, I wish to speak with you. It was my intention long ago to open my mind to you about Rose. Both she and you have shown such dutiful attention to my wishes that I think it would be wrong longer to object to your marriage. The little share saved by me is just enough for our support, and that little will belong to her at my death, which cannot be far off. Thank God, however, soon it may be. I am prepared to meet it with resignation to His will. Still I should be very sorry that the moment came and Rose remained without the protection of a husband: become that to her as soon as you will, and my blessing be on both."

An announcement so unexpected threw Miles Matthews into a state of joy, and suffused the lovely cheeks of Rose with conscious blushes. The time, however, passed, she became his happy partner, and the fullness of a good and honored age, old Matthews slept beneath the green sward, in the same grave that contained the ashes of his wife.

The early years of the marriage of Miles Edwards and Rose were as prosperous as they were happy, and three children were born to them, and the prospect of the future seemed to promise as unclouded a view as was afforded by a recollection of the past. The small sum left by his wife's father, Miles laid out in stock of a little farm he rented of a man of substance in his immediate vicinity, and by the few first years, his crops were abundant, his cattle thrived, his rent was duly paid, and it was whispered among his neighbors, that Miles Edwards will be one day overlord.

None of those privations and trials which call for the energy of exertion, the exercise of resignation, or the rigor of resolution, had yet occurred; but all were too soon fated to the visit the peaceful home of this affectionate family.

In the early bloom of her youthful beauty Rose had attracted the notice of Ambrose Coppin, a son of the farmer of whom Miles Edwards rented his land. He was one of those restless and daring spirits that brook no control, rushed headlong to the gratification of every evil, reckless of the mischief occasioned by it to themselves or others. Spoiled at home whilst a child, he naturally thought his manhood would have the same freedom from restraint, and that whatever he required would be conceded to him.

No sooner did he behold Rose, than, so far as his father would permit, he loved her: loved her at least with passion, for of affection he was incapable. The gentleness of her disposition was so totally at variance with the impetuosity of his, that she shrunk from his advances, and firmly, though modestly, denied his suit. Enraged at the rejection of a lovely cotter's daughter daring to resist, he conceived his station as a son

of a wealthy landowner, placed him far above her—he determined on revenge. A violent brawl, however, in which he became engaged at a village festival, was followed by such serious consequences, had he quitted the country, and went aboard a ship having a "pass," as it was then termed, for trading in the way of the Algerine cruises, and for making reprisals on these ferocious pirates. This event prevented the execution of his threat, at least for a time, and it was not until the period of which we have been recently speaking, that Ambrose found it safe to return home.

It was late in a winter evening when a stranger—in the rough garb of a seaman—made his appearance at the Green Dragon, and taking his place on the "long settle" beside the fire, endeavored to enter into conversation with some peasants who were enjoying a quiet pipe and tankard, and amusing themselves, as most persons do who have no business of their own satisfaction, the affairs of their own neighbors.

The unusual aspect, swarthy complexion and uncouth dress of the stranger, attracted the notice of the rustics, and, as is common on such occasions, rendered them mute; but after a few efforts at pleasantry by their new companion, they soon recovered their loquacity; and from them Ambrose Coppin, for it was he, learned that his father had died early the year before, leaving him sole heir to his property, and that his own absence had caused rival claims to be set up to the estates, which were conducted by an attorney residing in London.

Having gained this information without going to his father's house—for he had a misgiving that he might be alive—he called for the host, whom he questioned as to several matters connected with the little village, and more particularly as to "the Rose of Mill Hill," as Rose Matthews had been named when he was a youth.

"Why, sir?" was the reply, "you must indeed have been long a stranger to these parts, not to know that the Rose has bloomed again and again—she is the mother of three children."

"And who is their father?" asked Ambrose.

"Miles Edwards," was the reply.

"Hell and furies! and has he—he, the one who worked on my father's farm, obtained that which I would have died to have?—I once swore revenge on her; he muttered in an under tone, and now I will have it."

During this short, but violent rally, the rustics stared at each other, and the landlord, leaning forward with both his fists upon the table, and gazing intently in the face of the stranger, said—"And, sure, by your oath, and by what you say, you can be no other than the long lost Ambrose Coppin himself!"

"And who the devil else should I be?" shouted Ambrose; it is Ambrose Coppin he who threw his man ten years ago on Cannonby Green, and dared not come back till now. Yes, I am Ambrose Coppin, ready now to avenge an affront, and hating as I ever have hated."

The landlord, recollecting the altered position of this guest since his father's death, obsequiously suggested that "his honor" had better go into a private room, where he would give an information that was required. This was acceded to, and in a short time Ambrose became acquainted with the courtesies, marriage, and prosperity of Miles Edwards and his handsome wife.

"But, landlord, how do you get on now. They rent you say the Crosslane Farm, and hold it still. My father has been dead now more than eighteen months, and there have been disputes about the property. How has this been managed?"

"In short, sir, I think you will find it to be thus: this attorney who had helped those that claim your estates, gave warning to all tenants not to pay any rents, and I fear from the two last bad crops and a disorder amongst the cattle, it was lucky for Miles Edwards that he had such a notice."

"What then," said Ambrose, almost rising from his chair, and grasping the wrist of his astonished listener, "does he owe near two years' rent, and cannot pay it. A murmur on his cattle, and the two years of bad crops—thank God, thank God!—and the blasphemer clasped his hands in delight."

Heart wearied and dispirited, Miles Edwards struggled through the miseries attendant on the failure of his crops and other misfortunes—but this accumulation of real due to his landlord returned haunted him. In this state of mind he returned from the fields one evening, and clasping his own true wife to his bosom, exclaimed, "Why, Rose, why did I not follow your advice, and keep the money your father gave as a store for a rainy day?"

"You did right," replied Rose, "to go as you thought best. It was best, as had been proved up to now. Your industry and our trials, have not been wanting to avoid the misfortune that has fallen upon us. Trust to that God who gave us what we have, that he will not forsake us in the hour of need."

"True, Rose; but you have yet to learn the worst of all—Ambrose Coppin has returned, he is now our landlord. You know he once loved you, so far as he could love anything but himself—he threatened you when last you parted, and we both know his bad black heart too well, not to fear he will make us feel his vengeance. Your rent is behind two years, and what are we to do?"

The storm that had so long threatened at length burst over them. Ambrose Coppin had no sooner substantiated his claim, to his late father's property, than he put a distress into the house of Miles Edwards, sold his furniture, farming stock, and all that was upon the land—which just, and only just, sufficed to pay his demand and the law expenses, the unhappy father, his wife, and three children, were turned out of house and home. This was his first effort of revenge; but neither his last nor his greatest as the sequel will show.

Thus torn, Miles was beholden to the kindness of his former neighbors for a lodging for himself and family; one undertaking shelter for him and his wife, and others undertaking the care of his children amongst them, though, indeed, these

were few who dared to show the compassion they felt, for Ambrose was the owner of most of the village tenements. With this assistance and his own industry, in a few months Miles was able to rent a cottage, his principal occupation being that of an agricultural day laborer.

Changed as was his condition, he bore all with fortitude, supported by the devotion and apparent resignation of his wife. Still, however when he would suddenly return, he could perceive that, though she smiled upon him, she had been shedding tears for him and his. She studied to be cheerful and make him so, but it was but too clear to him that all was effort, and that the creature who claimed, and had ever had, his tenderest care, was sinking under the cruel affliction.

The misfortunes that had fallen upon him in his former state, seemed destined to track him in his humble sphere, work became scarce to him through others were employed; from place to place he was discarded without any reason assigned. He had ever borne a good character yet there were whispers abroad that boded him no good; and those who had hitherto assisted him now refused to do so on the score that he could get plenty of work but never remained long in one employ. This went on thus, until poor Miles and his suffering, patient wife were reduced to the last stage of destitution.

Since his accession to the estate, Ambrose Coppin had nightly frequented the parlor of the Green Dragon, nor did he often quit it sober. When in his drunken bouts he was accustomed to boast of his power and once declared he would drive that villain, Miles Edwards from the neighborhood and added he with an oath, "if I can manage that, then that fool who took up with him when he might have shared my means, will be within my reach—and have her I will if I break her flimsy heart, and lose my own life in the attempt!"—Pondering on this scheme he retired to bed, and the next day set about its completion.

At night, Miles returned somewhat late to his desolate home, having wandered about to a distant part of the parish intending to ask for work; but fearing both refusal and insult he had failed to do so. The unhappy couple therefore, consumed a portion of their last remaining loaf, putting by sufficient for their children's morning meal and sought temporary refuge in that which levels all distinctions—sleep.

The sun had not long risen before a long knocking was heard at the cottage door, and two persons claimed admittance. Upon the bolts being replied, Ambrose Coppin and his man, Wilson, (a fit instrument in such hands,) railed thrust themselves in demanding to search the place for some plate said to have been stolen from Coppin's house, the night before. Conscious of innocence, Edwards made no demur but led the way to every place in his homestead, his wife trembling with agony knowing as she did the wickedness of both intruders.

"Ay, master what's this?" said Wilson turning over a sack in a small outbuilding where Miles kept his spade and garden implements, and holding up a silver cream ewer.

"What's this, indeed?" replied his master, "why, part of the property taken from me last night," and turning to Miles, he continued, "Master Edwards, this must be looked into. You have been dismissed from many places, and now we begin to see that the reports about you are true."

Miles started at a look of fury at his accuser, and was prepared to strike him down, but his wife sprang forward and seized him by both wrists: "Husband," said she, the tears gushing down her cheeks, "if you are innocent, trust in God who has never yet forsaken us." A livid hue overspread the features of Miles Edwards, as he spoke, or rather screamed: "If, Rose, I am innocent! and this from your tongue!" and staggering forward a few paces, he fell senseless on the floor.

Regardless of the scene that was passing, Coppin and his man continued their search, and discovered several other articles of plate, and under some bushes at the bottom of the garden, found two pick-lock keys.

Scarcely sensible of what was passing, Miles Edwards was conducted before a magistrate, and upon examination, the evidence appearing clear that he had been from home unusually late the night before—that Coppin's door had been opened by pick-lock keys, and property stolen—that the property found in Miles Edwards' outhouse was identical and sworn to, and that the locks could be easily opened by the keys found in his garden—he was committed to Newgate for trial, for an offence the penalty of which was death.

Removed to a jail, he had no time to ponder upon the wicked scheme that, he believed, had been contrived by Coppin for his ruin. The sympathy of his neighbors was aroused for his mourning wife, who, after his short and emphatic appeal to her, had never once doubted his innocence, strong as the presumptions against him were. They aided her as far as their small means would allow and provided such comforts as they could for the unhappy prisoner.

Rose had several interviews with her husband, during his confinement, and strove to assure him that all might be well. "He dares not," said she, "no, he dares not peril his immortal soul by swearing to your guilt. Remember, husband, he can only do so upon the blessed book of eternal life. Be comforted with that."

Worn out and exhausted with grief and fatigue, she had returned one night to the cottage, a few days before that appointed for the trial, when she was surprised by a gentle tapping at the door. Upon opening it she was sickened by the sight of Wilson, who, without noticing her emotion, put to the door, and in an under tone, told her he came with good news.

"What good news can you bring to one whom you are soon to make a widow? What good news to those three wretched helpless children, so soon to be fatherless?"

"Do not grieve, mistress, but listen," resumed

Wilson;—"you know I am one of the two witnesses against your husband. I have done a thing for which my own life is in danger, and my master knows it. I hate him; I fear him. I am determined to make my escape. To-morrow night I enter on board a ship, and shall be kept so secretly that no one will know where I am till I am safe, far away from England."

"But the robbery? what do you know of that?"

"Everything; my master put the plate in the outhouse himself, and the keys in the garden. I followed, and saw him do it."

"Then," said Rose, "as you hope to be saved, I entreat you to stay and say as much, and spare the life of an innocent man."

"I dare not!"

"My accusers, then, shall bring those to my help who will keep you here, and I will swear to all you have said."

"Fool, would you have two witnesses against your husband instead of one? Do you not know that a wife cannot be a witness for or against her husband? And if you could, who would believe that I lied before the justice? Use your sense and you may yet have to thank me for my friendly news. Good night!" Thus saying he gently closed the door after him, and Rose only recovered her self-possession as his retiring footsteps died away upon the ear.

The longer she reflected on the fact so strangely disclosed to her, the more she was bewildered how to act. Were she to accuse Coppin at once of the crime, she would not be believed, and would most likely be deprived of her liberty, and thus rendered unable to assist her husband. Were she to offer herself as a witness, she could not be received; for Wilson had truly told her so. Summoning, therefore, her own remaining courage, she awaited the day when she would have her last interview with her husband before his trial.

Admitted within the walls of the prison, she found her husband in the midst of a reckless, wretched set of men, expecting like him, the issues of life and death—Their coarse talk prevented her for some time from communicating with him; and at length a rival just, uttered by one ruffian, incensed Miles to such a degree, that with his fettered hands he fell him to the ground. A general uproar ensued, and the turnkeys interfering, Miles and his wife were led into a small cell apart from the other prisoners, and there allowed an interview.

Rose having pacified her husband, told him that Wilson would not appear against him. "What," replied he, "will that matter? There will be that wretch Coppin, and his evidence will be enough."

"What! one witness, and such a one? No, no, it cannot be that twelve honest men will kill another on the word of such a wretch as he. But are you sure, Miles, quite sure, that one witness is enough?"

"There cannot be a doubt of it."

"Ever, then, Miles, you may yet be saved; he may yet repent, or he may not appear; and it he says nothing, you are free."

The husband mournfully shook his head, but made no reply. Rose, unfeeling, had worn a countenance of intense sorrow, which she vainly endeavored to conceal from him, but when he again looked in her face, it was the very image of calmness. Her eyes no longer darted glances from place to place, as if she saw some object of terror; their lids were partly drooping. Her voice ceased to own the tremulous intonation it had hitherto borne; and her hand as she placed it upon that of her husband, grasped him with a nerve and firmness that amazed him. Suddenly rising from the little bench on which she had been sitting, she paced the cell for a few moments, and then returning, stood opposite to Miles Edwards, and thus addressed him:

"You know, Miles, I never yet offended you through all our marriage days—yes, once I did, when I doubted of your guilt—it was but for a moment, and you have forgotten that. I never asked a favor of you, for you were always too kind had good to ask me, and you must not refuse me. Do not speak, I must be heard—promise that if by any chance, you should escape from death, you will work for our children, and be as both a father and a mother to them, whether I am alive or not?"

"Wife, wife!" cried the agonized Miles, "do not talk of chances; there is none. I must die, and am prepared for it; you must live, and watch over our poor children. But what dreadful thing do you mean—whether you are alive or not! But I promise you all you ask."

His wife no longer able to command her emotion, burst into tears, and flung her arms around his neck.

"Miles," said she, "I feel that I cannot, that I shall not, long outlive your trial. I feel it in my heart's core. But I will be near you as you stand before your judges, and help you, if there be need. Depend on the faith of a wife who never deceived you; she will not fail you in your danger."

The time was now arriving for strangers to quit the prison, and Rose bade her husband good-by, telling him to remember all she had promised.

The doors of the "Justice Hall" were early crowded by persons of the lower orders, anxious for admission into the body of the court. Some, from their downcast eyes, appeared to be but too deeply interested in the fate of those about to appear at the bar; while others seemed bent on enjoyment of the melancholy scene, as a matter of holiday recreation. Amongst the former was an elderly-looking woman, wearing a scarlet cloak, and black bonnet, tied down over the ears, and supporting herself with a cane. She was supposed to be the mother of a young prisoner, whose trial stood first on the list, and whose punishment if his crime were proved, admitted of no mitigation. She was allowed to pass through the crowd, and take her place upon a form immediately facing the dock, the spot where the prisoners stand during their trial; having seated herself, she bent her head forward upon her hands, which were crossed over the head of her

case. From this position she never stirred excepting only when a slight shudder, or a long drawn sigh escaped her.

At the appointed hour, with due solemnity, the king and judges entered the court, preceded by the sheriffs in their laced silk robes, and attended by the lord mayor, and the alderman of the town, in their state attire. The sword of justice having been placed over the chair of the chief magistrate, the judges took their seats upon the bench and the business of the session proceeded.

Several prisoners, among whom was Miles Edwards, having pleaded, the youthful offender, before alluded to, was put upon his trial. The counsel for the prosecution moved the court that he should be detained until the following session, on the ground that, through inadvertence, he had been indicted upon a statute requiring two witnesses to the proof of the offence, whereas, on the present charge, there was but one witness.

At this moment a voice was heard, but from whence it proceeded none had observed, echoing the words, "one witness!" The counsel proceeded with his address, his motion in the course was granted, and the prisoner was removed from the bar.

By this time the old woman in the red cloak had ceased to attract notice. Those interested in the fate of strangers; and those who came from thoughtlessness, could not be expected to sympathize overmuch with a desolate mourner.

The order having been given to put up the prisoner Miles Edwards, he made his appearance at the bar. As the noise of his cumbersome fetters struck on the ear, a thrill of horror ran through a party of his early friends and neighbors: who had placed themselves near the door, to witness to his character, if called upon to do so. Near them also, stood the prosecutor, Ambrose Coppin, on whose brow was visible that malignant hate which so truly characterized his disposition.

During the reading of the indictment, and other preliminaries, the prisoner cast an anxious look to every part of the court, as if in search of some one. The one for whom he sought met not his eyes, and he wrung his hands in agony of despair. In a few moments he became more composed, and nodded to such friends as he saw around. His eye fell upon Coppin, but the latter shrank back amidst the crowd.

At length the prosecutor's counsel rose, and after stating the circumstances before released, observed that there were but two witnesses for examination against the prisoner. Much notice was excited in the court by another repetition of the words uttered by counsel; "two witnesses!" was repeated in a tone of hysterical laughter, which seemed to come from the place directly under the dock. Order was, however, soon restored, the judge having intimated, that upon another interruption, they should direct the court to be cleared.

The learned advocate proceeded in his address, intimating an intention to call the witness, Thomas Wilson, before he examined the prosecutor, the only other witness for reasons which, he said would obviously appear in the course of examination.

The cries having twice required Thomas Wilson to come forward, and no answer being returned, a manifestation of satisfaction burst from the prisoner's friends. This irregularity was soon subdued, and they were duly admonished by the judge. His lordship, leaning forward, inquired of the counsel if he thought he had sufficient evidence without Wilson; and having been answered in the affirmative, he desired Ambrose Coppin to be called.

"Ambrose Coppin, come forward to be sworn," cried the officer of the court.

"Here," exclaimed a voice at the rear of the prisoner's witnesses; and presently their prosecutor was seeing elbowing his way amongst them. He had nearly arrived at the foot of the witness-box, and was stretching out his hand to grasp the Gospels, when at that moment the woman in the red cloak rose from her seat, let fall her stick, and stepping forward a few paces, exclaimed with a frantic shriek—

"Do not touch that blessed book, and lose your soul forever!"

Amazement was depicted on every countenance; when, in another second, a loud report was heard, and Ambrose Coppin, the "one witness" against Miles Edwards, tumbled on his face a mangled corpse.

Flung away the pistol with which she had done the deed, and throwing aside the bonnet and cloak that had hitherto concealed her, the woman sprang forward and clambering up the dock, disclosed to the astonished gaze of the prisoner, the features of his wife. She threw her arms round his neck, crying—

"I said I would be near you; I said I would help you. You are saved, you are saved!"

Her grasp became relaxed, and she fell back, in a swoon, into the arms of an attendant turnkey.

Needless were it to state the confusion that prevailed in court at this appalling tragedy; nor will it be difficult to guess the sequel of the tale. Miles Edwards was acquitted, there being no living testimony against him. The notoriety of the offence committed by his wife rendered her guilt easy of proof and the court being then sitting, the due progress of law was prepared—she was next day tried and convicted—and within four and twenty hours afterwards being still as she had remained, excepting only during her trial, in a state of utter insensibility, she died a felon's death. Miles Edwards was liberated from jail, but his mind was overcast—his reason had fled. He roamed the earth a few years, a wandering beggar and a babbling maniac.

THE RISING GENERATION.—"Father," said an urchin, the other day, of seven summers and eight winters, "let's go to How's and roll tea pips!" "Roll, boy! what do you know about rolling?" "Me know about it! Why, I can roll your dander eyes off in ten minutes!"

Isn't it rather an odd fact in natural history, that the *fish* water is caught when it rains the *herd*

ON EARLY RISING.—The laborer and artisan commence their work at a very early hour. The countryman rises with the sun. The tradesman expects his young men to assist in the opening of the shop at eight. The city man of business makes a point of being in his office at nine or ten. The killer, or the pleasure hunter, or the man of *bon*, breakfasts at five or eleven. We may give each person from six to eight hours rest; as a matter of fact, the later we go to bed the more rest we require.

The quantity of repose necessary for each person depends, of course, much upon their age, sex, and state of health; but, on an average, and with healthy people, seven to eight hours are indispensable. Contrast the health of the late and early riser; the difference is detectable in a man's face. Late hours make a man look as though he had lived half as long again; his face shows deep and strongly marked furrows; and his look is relaxed; his eyes look vascular, and the lids look red and heavy. The next day always betrays a man who was up late the overnight. The early riser inspires the healthier portion of the atmosphere, and thereby is a great gainer (for the life he breathes a noxious one.) he secures a better appetite, also, and is better able to digest what he eats. The late riser comes down stairs as though he had been washing his face with warm water (a very bad habit when in constant practice; ever shaving had better be executed in cold water—the face readily becomes accustomed to it, and it is much more refreshing than when warm; a good razor will do its duty with cold as well as with warm water.)

The face of the man just out of bed, after the day has begun for several hours, or half over it, appears puffed and *swollen*, which, as it encounters the sharper air of daylight, or exchanges with that of the living room, or passage of street for his sleeping chamber, assumes a sharpness and thinness of feature indicative of distress—the shiver completes the tell tale.

A portion of the world live and are awake every hour in the twenty-four.

Let any man undertake a role or a walk from five till eight on a summer's morning, and contrast the same with a similar stroll or adventure after breakfast, and depend upon it, if health be the object, and the beauty of nature be appreciated, he will give the preference to the former.

It is a healthy sign when a man can wake on the instant, at the slightest signal, and can jump out of bed as he would plunge into a river. The refreshing re-creation awakens him up, and he feels as strong as a young lion; whereas, the heavy sleeper, the late man, if awake suddenly finds himself petulant and annoyed, and then requires, if it be important he should get up, some ten minutes to yawn and stretch himself. He may be compared to the siminal bather who stands on the bank of the stream fearing to venture in.

THE UZZ OR LIGHT.—Light is necessary to life; the world was a dead chaos before its creation, and must disorder would again be the consequence of its annihilation. Every charm which spreads itself over this rolling globe, is directly dependent upon luminous power. Colors, and often, probably, forms, are the result of light, certainly the consequence of solar radiations. We know much of the mysterious influence of this great agent, but we know nothing of the principle itself. The solar beam has been tortured through prismatic glasses and natural crystals. Every chemical agent has been tried upon it, every electrical force in the most extended scale brought to bear upon its operations, with a view to the discovery of the most refined of earthly agencies; but it has passed through every trial without revealing its secrets, and even the effects which it produces in its path are unexplained problems still to tax the intellect of man.—Hunt's Poetry of Science.

QUICK IN HER APPLICATION.—"It amazes me, ministers don't write better sermons—I am sick of the dull prosy affairs," said a lady in the presence of a parson.

"But it is no easy matter, my good woman, to write good sermons," suggested the minister.

"Yes," rejoined the lady, "but you are so long about it; I could write one in half the time, if I only had the text."

"Oh, if a text is all you want," said the parson, "I will furnish that." Take this one from Solomon—It is better to dwell in a corner of a house top, than with a brawling woman in a wide house."

"Do you mean me, sir?" enquired the lady quickly.

"Oh, my good woman," was the grave response, "you will never make a good sermonizer, you are too soon in your application."

NOVEL READING.—"No young, unmarried woman," says Jeremy Lewis, "ought to be permitted to read a novel of any description. Had I a daughter with a heart of ice, and a face as grim as the lion's head on an antique knocker, she should never pore upon a tale of love to make that ice smoke or induce her to believe that her face was as good as her neighbor's. Nature teaches us to sin soon enough in all conscience, without our needing the bellows of imagination to inflate the lung per nature." Such sentiments from a novel-writer must be allowed to come with considerable weight inasmuch as they are an direct opposite to his interest—young ladies constituting a very proportion of the whole number of the readers of fiction.

GOOD HUMAN.—Good humor is the clear, blue sky of the soul, on which every star of talent will shine more clearly, and the sun of genius encounter no vapors in his passage. It is the most exquisite beauty of a fine face—a redeeming grace in a homely one. It is like the green in the landscape—harmonizing with every color, mellowing the glories of the bright, and softening the hue of the dark; or, like a flute in a full concert of instruments, a sound not at first discovered by the ear, yet filling up the breaks in the concord with its deep melody.