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## TOWANDA:

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### Fragments from a Portfolio.—No. 3.

TO A LITTLE BIRD.  
[Written at New-Orleans, on the occasion of a little bird coming in at my open window, and sitting upon some looks over the desk on which I was writing.]

Why, ah! why, sweet little warbler,  
Com'st thou here?  
Why hast left the flowery garden  
To make dear  
The tedious moments toil is lending,  
While I'er musty books am bending—  
Perplexity and problems blending  
For my cheer!

Little bird! thou sweetly mind'st me  
Of those hours,  
When I culled, in joyous childhood,  
Spring's bright flowers:  
The lark's first song then field-ward found me,  
And the birds sweet notes spell-bound me  
As the dew above and round me  
Through the bowers.

Ah! to memory thou bring'st,  
Little bird!  
Forgotten strains of warbled music,  
That once stirred  
All my young hearts deepest feeling—  
And again 'tis o'er me stealing,  
And within my breast is swelling  
Every chord!

But why com'st thou to my study—  
Sweet one, why?  
Bear'st thou some love-breathed message?  
—No reply!  
Com'st thou from the leafy wood-land,  
That I loved so well in childhood,  
When the Spring had changed in mild mood  
Earth and sky!

If thou com'st thence, ah, tell me—  
Sonsger, tell!  
Is every thing as when I left it  
Far to dwell!  
Does the brook flow on as lightly—  
Do the wild flowers bloom as brightly,  
And the squirrel skip as sprightly  
In that dell!

Does the bell that used to tinkle  
Tinkle yet!  
And the lambs skip round as playful  
At sun-set!  
Do the robins chirp as sweetly,  
And the swallows soar as fleetly  
While they build their nests so neatly!  
—Silent yet!

Bird! perchance a guardian spirit  
Thou dost come,  
That in some far lovelier country  
Hest thy home.  
Would thou wert—the thought how pleasing!  
Would thou hadst the power of easing  
Life's dull cares—those wants appeasing  
That now roam.

Would thou hadst the power of breathing  
Through the soul,  
Inspiration's blissful numbers,  
Such as stole,  
When Beauty, o'er the harp reclining,  
The spirit-flame all brightly shining,  
Among the chords her fingers twining,  
Sought music's soul!

Thou hast gone, sweet, little warbler,  
Left me—gone!  
Dreary was to thee my study,  
Joyous one.  
Go! wander, warble, bright bird, gladly!  
And I'll to problems once more sadly  
Thinking of thy sweet freedom madly,  
Here—alone.

Herrick, July, 1840.

THE ORIGIN OF CORN.—No researches which have yet been made have been able distinctly to trace the origin of the various species of grain now forming the staple of the agriculturist. There seems, indeed, good reason to believe that no where on the face of the earth do any of them now exist in a wild state with such properties, as they possess under cultivation; unless, indeed, we make an exception of Porria, where that has been found springing spontaneously on spots now remote from human habitations—a remnant in all probability, of the cultivation of former times. No surer indication can be found of the agency of civilized man than the production of corn plants in any part of the civilized world. Some species of cultivated grain, indeed, such as barley, are said to have been proved by experiment to be totally incapable of propagating themselves through a series of years, even under the most favorable circumstances. Thus the very existence of plants of this kind depend on their cultivation, and should that cease but for a short interval, it is scarcely too much to assert that the whole species of grain, with the exception, perhaps, of wheat, in some peculiar circumstances, would perish from the face of the earth.

PRINTER'S PROVERBS.—Never inquire thou of the editor for the news, for behold it is his duty at the appointed time to give it unto thee, without asking. When thou dost write for his paper, never say unto him, "what thinkest thou of my piece?"—for it may be that the truth may offend thee. It is not fit that thou shouldst ask him who is the author of an article, for his duty requires him to keep such things to himself. When thou dost enter into his office, have a care unto thyself that thou dost not look at what may be lying open, for that is not meet in the sight of good breeding. Neither examine thou the proof-sheet, for it is not ready to meet thine eye, that thou mayest understand it.—Prefer the best conducted paper to any other, and subscribe immediately for it, and pay in advance, and it shall be well with thee and thy little ones.

BURNING CHIMNEYS.—Mr. A. Booth, lecturer on chemistry, in a letter to a contemporary, says: "It ought to be known to every person that the attempt to arrest the progress of a fire in a chimney by any plan of putting a wet blanket or other covering at the top, or by throwing water down it, is but a very remote remedy. The most obvious mode, is to extinguish the fire from the bottom, which may be done by throwing into the fireplace a few handfuls of sulphur, which creates sulphurous acid gas, and which ascending the chimney, will extinguish the flames, as combustion cannot continue in it; or, what is equally effectual, stopping the current of air up the chimney by means of holding a carpet over the whole front of the fireplace."

## The Happy Man.

In walking down Second street on my way to the Arsenal, I found a crack in my boot, and, recollecting the old adage, "a stitch in time saves nine," I popped into the first cobbler's shop I found to get it mended. I had no expectation of meeting with a philosophical cobbler. Pulling off my boot I looked at the man. What an expansive forehead! What an expressive eye. There is truth in physiognomy, exclaimed I to myself. That fellow's brains is not made of green peas! As he was fixing the boot, I thought of a man born with capacities for intellectual pleasure and improvement, "lofly, lordly," wasting his whole existence, pent up a small room, knocking away with his hammer, and bending from morning till night over a lap stone, and a piece of leather. I took another look at the man, and while the glorious sun was rolling in his glorious course, and all nature smiling in her most gorgeous and superb scenery moving the gaze, and filling the beholder with sublime feelings, here, said I to myself, sits a man perpetually straining his eyes to poke a hog's bristle through a little hole. What an employment for a man capable, if properly instructed of measuring the distance to Mercury! It is impossible that he can be happy—he is out of his sphere. Just as he got the thread through the third hole, I spoke to him and said—"Your room is very small; are you happy here?"

"Happy! Yes, as happy as the day is long, and would not exchange situations with the President. I don't interfere with politics, but I know all about them."

"But are you happy in your employment, confined all day in this small room?"

"Yes, certainly. The fact is, half the world don't know how to be happy. I was for a while humbugged about happiness; but, sitting on my stool and reflecting seriously one day, I got the secret.—I thought to be happy you must be rich and great, and I have an inconveniently large house, and more furniture, by far, than necessary, and a table groaning with every thing. But I soon found out all that was stuff. I am happier here with my last and hammer, than thousands with their fine houses and splendid equipage, and have a great deal of enjoyment in looking out of my little cabin, and laughing at the follies of the world."

"They don't see me, and it does them no harm. Between you and me, the world is busy in pursuing me.e shadows; one wants to be rich, another to get into office—never satisfied; but here am I mending old shoes, contented with my lot and situation, and happier by far than a king. Indeed I am thankful that Heaven in its wrath never made me a king, for it is poor business."

By this time my boot was ready, and wishing to prolong the conversation with a man who displayed so much real practical philosophy, I said—

"Have you no distressing cares to vex you, no anxieties, no sleepless nights, no bills to meet, no pangs for yesterday, no fears for to-morrow?"

He started at me a moment and said, "No, none. The only cares which I have are comforts. I have a wife, the best in the world, and two children, which are comforts for any man to enjoy. As to bills I have none to meet. I never buy on credit, and never buy what I do not really need. As for the fear of to-morrow, I have no fears, but trust in a kind and over ruling Providence, believing that sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof, and resignation to Providence to be the truest philosophy."

What a noble fellow, thought I, to mend a crack in a boot! Himself a piece of noble workmanship. I felt inwardly the truth of the saying, "contentment is a kingdom;" and after I left my philosophical cobbler, I thought much about him, and was satisfied that his philosophy was sound, and that mankind in general have yet to learn the secret to be happy. His situation in life is obscure, but

"Honor and Fame from no condition rise,  
Act well your part, there all the honor lies."  
"Contentment is a kingdom." Would that the whole human family realized this sentiment more fully, and practiced many of the maxims of the cobbler—such as never to buy on credit, and never to buy what they do not need, and trust more to our Heavenly Father, who promised to give us what soever we ask in his name.

MUTUAL FEELING.—"Will you pay me my bill?" said a tailor in Chartres street to a ragged fellow who had got into him about a foot.

"Do you owe anybody anything, sir?" asked the wag.

"No, sir," said the tailor.

"Then you can afford to wait!" and walked off.

A day or two afterwards, the tailor called again. Our wag was not at his wife's end yet; so turning on his creditor, he says—

"Are you in debt to anybody?"

"Yes, sir," says the tailor.

"Well, why the devil don't you pay?"

"Because I can't get the money."

"That's just my case, sir, I'm glad to see you can appreciate my condition—give us your hand!"

## Geology.

It has been suggested, that all the phenomena of the surface of the earth (for to the depth that man penetrates is to be regarded as surface), are occasioned by the oblique and eccentric motions of the earth as a planet, and of its varied reactions in connexion with the forces which produce the motions. The different distance in the perihelion, and aphelion, which "points progress" round the ecliptic in every 20,900 years, is one of the chief causes—the difference of reaction at the two distances being affected by the mobile waters; and the greatest, and therefore most accumulating, being in the hemisphere over which the perihelion is acting. At present, and for 6000 years, the perihelion has been vertical over the southern hemisphere; and to this cause is ascribed the vast preponderance of water in the southern hemisphere and the draining of the northern hemisphere and since that epoch. Another general cause of the variable obliquity of the ecliptic, by which the tropics are at present narrowing at the rate of 52 seconds in a century—a motion which, it is supposed, may be accelerated at times by the other cause, and by the variable disposition of the dry land.

A bat has been found in limestone; opossums in slate; Guinea-pigs, rabbits, rats, and beavers, in limestone; the sloth (one, fourteen feet long.) in South America, and in limestone caves. Bears, dogs, foxes, and wolves, in diluvial soils and caves; hyenas and tigers, in limestone caves, and marl; the teeth of horses, elephants, rhinoceroses, hyenas, bears, wolves, tigers, &c. are found in masses in diluvial soils; oxen, in peat-bogs in several countries; deer and elk, in peat-bogs and marl-pits; (one, six feet high and nine feet long, was found in the Isle of man, in marl, covered with sand, then peat, and then the vegetable soil.) Rhinoceroses are found in every part of Europe and in the arctic circle; the hippopotamus is found in England, France, and Germany.

Elephants, and animals much larger than elephants, called mammoths, have been found in Europe, America, and Siberia. One found near Abington—now at Oxford—is sixteen feet high, and its bones were mixed with those of other large animals: another was found in Siberia, in the ice, quite perfect in its flesh, skin, hair, and eyes, with a long mane and tail of stiff black bristles; others have been found in Hudson's Bay. The gigantic mastodon is found in North America and Siberia. The gigantic tapir—twelve feet high and eighteen feet long—has been found in different parts of Europe. Whales are found in Essex, in London clay, and in Bath limestone.

The fossil or organic remains in strata are always the same kind in similar strata, and generally have characters of simplicity of structure, proportioned to the age or depth of the stratum. According to Kirwan, petrifications, or fossil remains, are found in marl, chalk, limestone, or clay; in sandstone, and rarely in gypsium; never in greese, granite, basalt, or shale; but sometimes in pyrites and ores. They are impregnated with the species of earth in which they are formed. Those in slate or clay are compressed and flattened.

In the oldest limestone are found worms, tubipores, millepores, bellermites, ammonites, nautilus. In argillaceous shales of primary formation are found the same, and corallites, echinuses, fishes, leaves, reeds, palms, &c.

In the lowest secondary sandstone are found the preceding, with orthoceras and pectinites. In the secondary limestone, below coral are found the same, with graptites, ostracites, buccinities, &c.

By MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH.—"Jones, I say Jones," exclaimed Aunt Fanny, purple with excitement, as she bustled into the parlor, holding a paper in her hand—"ain't you a philanthropic man?"

"To be sure I am Fanny," replied Uncle Dick, as he raised his eyes and peered over his spectacles at his excited partner—"what under the sun is up now?"

"What's up now?" almost shrieked his spouse, "why look here?" And she thrust the paper into his face, at the same time pointing with her right hand forefinger to a paragraph—"read that and weep!"

"Well, what of it?" asked Uncle Dick as he ran his eyes over it.

"Oh! you inhuman wretch—you hard hearted sinner! I thought you was a man with a little cream of human kindness in you."

"Why Fanny, I certainly believe you are going crazy!"

"Going crazy?" she echoed; and isn't it enough to drive one mad when such rascally things are taking place every day, and the cowardly men dare not stop them. Oh, I do wish I was a woman!"

"But what is in the paper to make you set so queer?"

"Can't you read? Don't it say there:—Women and children starving to death by Morse's Telegraph—Fatal spread of the Cholera by Electric Telegraph—Two hundred and fifty dying a day in New Orleans by Magnetic Telegraph—Horrible Riot in New York and twenty-seven lives lost by Telegraph—Terrible fire in Boston by Telegraph—Welsh's circus blown down and one life lost by Electric Magnetic Telegraph—And yet you men sit with folded arms, and never raise a finger to stay the progress of this inhuman, all devastating, and devouring monster. I wish I was a man!" And Aunt Fanny flew out of the room, leaving Uncle Dick wrapped up in astonishment.

HORRIBLE DEATH.—The following verdict was given by an eastern coroner—"We believe firmly that the deceased came to his death, by falling from the top of the mainmast to the bulwarks—fell overboard and drowned—washed ashore and frozen to death—and then carried to the watch house and eaten by rats."

A chap was asked what kind of a gal he preferred for a wife; "One," he said, "that isn't prodigal—but frugal—frugal, and suited to his conjugal taste."

## Alligators.

A letter from the "North State," in the Providence Journal, gives several interesting anecdotes of the alligator and his habits. We make room for an extract from the letter:

The alligator sometimes reaches the length of eighteen feet, though seldom more than twelve or fourteen. He is a powerful reptile, though on the land his bodily movements are necessarily so slow that there is little danger from him when his presence is known, even were he courageous. But he is a coward, and either on land or water, when attacked and pursued is very anxious to make his escape. In circumventing his prey, he moves as stealthily as the midnight assassin, or places himself in a position to secure his victim as it passes unsuspectingly almost in contact with his enormous jaws, or within reach of his long and powerful tail, which he wields with as much dexterity as an elephant wields his trunk and with which he can strike, when on land, nearly as powerful a blow. The weapon is as long as the head and body combined; and it is said he can brandish it with much dexterity and power, that when on the land and "wide awake," he will parry with it, with all the skill of a fencing master, the most powerful and well directed blow aimed at any part of his body or head.

Being covered with a coat of mail absolutely impenetrable to buck shot or rifle ball, it requires a practised marksman to cause him to "bite the dust." In the water he floats like a rotten log, with naught visible but his skull and a portion of his under jaw; there is no vulnerable mark but the eye, unless, by bare possibility, the monster may present for a moment his yawning chasm of a mouth—one or the other is your only chance. The only one I ever saw killed was by a rifle ball in the eye. I have known a full grown alligator to sport near the shore and suffer himself to be amused with volleys of rifle balls from amateur sportsmen for half a day, and then move off leisurely and in triumph without a wound as evidence of the conflict. On the land the sportsman has two additional marks—one under each shoulder—but though a shot there may bring the game it is not certain to prove fatal.

It is said that an alligator will not approach a man who faces him boldly. To this effect is the following narrative, which may be relied on as true. A widow and an only son resided together on the bank of New River, much frequented by alligators in the summer and autumn. I have seen them there in droves of more than a dozen at a time. In a bend of the river near the residence of the widow and her son was an extensive flat. For some purpose the young man wished to wade on a considerable distance from the shore. Taking a glance up and down, he discovered nothing in the form of an alligator, and ventured forth. Having progressed some hundred and fifty yards he looked up, and to his dismay saw one of the monsters at a considerable distance slowly and stealthily moving towards him. Here was a dilemma. He was satisfied that when he turned to flee his terrible enemy would pursue, and that to reach the shore before him was impossible.

He had not even a club to defend himself with, and he was at once satisfied that the most serve the reptile for a meal unless he could save himself by a stratagem. His measures were quickly taken. He turned and waded deliberately toward the shore, but neither fast enough nor far enough to fatigue himself much. He then stopped and turned suddenly round, and saw that the alligator, which stopped also, had considerably lessened the distance between them. A second trial, and a third, produced a similar result. And so short was the distance now between himself and his deadly foe, that he was satisfied that to make a fourth attempt to escape would prove fatal. But he now was within half of the house; and his only chance of life was his rifle, which, like every Carolinian, he kept primed and loaded. With the energy of despair he called for his mother to bring him his gun.

She responded to his call, but on arriving at the water's edge, and seeing the terrible situation of her son, terror almost deprived her of the power of action. Rallying, however, after a while, she moved on through the water, and placed the rifle in his hands. And here now were mother and son both exposed to the same danger. Life or death hung on the skill of the son as a marksman. Realizing the great importance of well braced nerves, a steady hand, and a good aim, he paused till all agitation had passed away; and then, with the same confidence as though in his favorite sport he was about to bring down a squirrel in grove, he raised his rifle—click—a sharp report—and—he was saved! The bell entered the eye of the monster, and when the smoke cleared away, he was floating on the water in the agonies of death.

The alligator has been so frequently described that no description of mine is necessary. He is no beauty, and the only mark of the *best monde* there is about him is, that he is so intolerably scented up with musk that it is disagreeable to approach him. His lank jaws and huge cavern of a mouth give him a disgusting and frightful appearance; while his entire corpulence, besides his apologies for legs and the monstrous appendage of a tail, are by no means calculated to make you look on him with feelings of complacency. But he is as his Creator formed him, and therefore a right and proper alligator.

TOWN.—Some of our contemporaries have been trying to see how tough stories they could tell, but the Maine Farmer "takes the rag off the bush." "It tells a crowder of a chap in Cobbeesconceedom, who took a bill of camphene by mistake for gin, but whose life was saved by a most ingenious process. After the stomach pump, and all thought of means of restoration had been tried in vain, the grocer's clerk simply ran a wick down the patient's throat, touched a blaze to it, and burned out the camphene. Instant restoration was the consequence."

"Charley, what makes your eyes so red?"

"Why the fact of it is Jim, I use strong glasses."

## SMALL BEASTS.

Despite not the day of small things. This sentence contains wisdom and Philosophy as well as scripture. It is very easy and natural to sneer at small beginnings, and humble means but it is not always wise to do so. It is better to commence on a humble scale and come out in good style at last than to suffer a severe collapse after an extensive and ridiculous flourish.—Some men will do better with a capital of sixpence than they would if half the fortune of Astor had been given them to commence with. We have heard it told of a man worth his millions, that he commenced by selling fruit at a street stall. We have seen the boys at school roll a handful of snow upon the ground, till, by its accumulated matter it became so bulky that a dozen could scarcely move it. Sands make the mountains. Moments make the year, drops make the ocean; and so little endeavors, tamely, unceasingly put forth make the great men in the world's history.

We say, then don't despise the day of small things. If you have an undertaking to accomplish or a good thing to bring about, begin accordingly to your means, and never be discouraged because you cannot make so magnificent a commencement as you could wish. Old King John, the Frenchman five hundred years ago took it into his head to found a library; and he began with—what do you suppose?—ten volumes. But he knew what he was about; for that library—the Royal Library of Paris—is now the most magnificent public library in the world, and contains 700,000 volumes.

A whole one day came frolicking into the harbor of Nantucket, a short time after the first settlement of that island and as for many hours it continued there the enterprising inhabitants, were induced to contrive and prepare a large barbed iron with a strong cord attached with which they finally succeeded in securing this aquatic monster. A small matter truly; but it was the commencement of a business which has added millions to the wealth of the people.—The incipient introduction to an enterprise which nearly three quarters of a century ago extorted a noble tribute of admiration from Edmund Burke, on the floor of the British Parliament.

Again we say despise not small beginnings, nor look with supercilious contempt upon every thing which appears insignificant and trifling. Trifles are not so plenty in this world as many of us imagine. A Philosopher has observed that wars, involving mischief to great nations, have arisen from a ministerial despatch being written in a fit or digestion!

When Alexander Pope received his present of Turkey figs, he little thought that a twig from the basket was to be the means of introducing the weeping willow into England and America. So this world made up of and governed by trifles, at first too small to attract notice; and the wise man will not only cultivate sharp eyes, but attentive habits, making the most and the best of everything and despising nothing small, but small souls.

ADVICE TO YOUNG LADIES.—Trust not to uncertain riches, but prepare yourself for any emergency in life. Learn to work and not be dependent upon servants to make bread, sweep your floors, and darn your stockings. Above all thing do not esteem too lightly those honorable young men who sustain themselves and their parents by the work of their own hands while you care for and receive into your company; those idle, lazy popinjays, who never lift a finger to help themselves, as long as they can keep body and soul together and get sufficient to live in fashion.

Young women remember this, and instead of sounding the purses of your lovers, and examining the cuts of their coats look into their hearts and habits. Mark, if they have trades and can depend upon themselves; see if they have minds which will lead them to look above a butterfly existence.

Talk not of the beautiful white skin and the soft delicate hand—the fine appearance of the young gentleman. Let not those foolish considerations engross your thoughts.

TWO IN A BED.—Two lads coming home one night rather late and rather doozy, who occupied the same room but different beds, made, owing to the darkness and confusion of the senses, a slight mistake. In short, Ned's bed had the honor of receiving in two friends—Charley getting in on one side and his companion rolling in on the other.

"I say, Ned," cried Charley touching somebody's calf, there's a fellow in my bed!"

"Wonderful coincidence!" exclaimed Ned, feeling a strange elbow in the region of his ribs "there's somebody in my bed, too!"

"Is there, though?" cried Charley. "Let's kick 'em out!"

"Agreed," said Ned.

And accordingly the two friends began to kick. In about a minute and a half Ned was sprawling on the floor: Charley was left in possession of the bed. For a moment after the lull all was silent.

"I say, Ned," cried Charley.

"What?" asked Ned, sulkily.

"I've kicked my fellow out."

"You are luckier than I am then," said Ned, "for mine has kicked me out into the middle of the floor!"

WASHINGTON AND VERNON.—When the admiral was attacking Porto Bello, with his six ships on fire is described on the occasion he observed a fine young man in appearance, who with the most intrepid courage attended with the most perfect calmness, was always in that part of the ship which was most engaged. After the firing had ceased he sent his captain to request he would attend upon him which he immediately obeyed; and the admiral entering into conversation discovered by his answers and observations, that he possessed more abilities than usually fall to the lot of mankind in general. Upon his asking his name the young man told him it was George Washington; and the admiral, on his return home strongly recommended him to the attention of the admiralty. This great man when he built his house in America but forgot to his first benefactor, named it "Mount Vernon," and at this moment it is so called.

THE LION'S LEAP.—Once when I was travelling in Nemagoo-land, I observed a spot which was impinged with at least twenty spoons of marks of the lion's paw; and as I pointed them out, a Nemagoo chief told me that a lion had been practicing his leap. On demanding an explanation, he said that if a lion sprang at an animal, and missed it by leaping short he would always go back to where he sprang from and practice the leap, so as to be successful on another occasion; and he then related to me the following anecdote, stating that he was an eye-witness to this incident.

I was passing near the end of the craggy hill, from which jutted out a smooth rock, some twelve feet high, when I perceived a number of zebras galloping round it, which they were obliged to do, as the rock beyond was quite steep. A lion was creeping towards the rock to catch the male zebra which brought up the rear of the herd. The lion sprang and missed his mark; he fell short with only his head over the edge of the rock and the zebra galloped away, switching his tail in the air. Although the object of his pursuit was gone the lion tried the leap on the rock a second and third time till he succeeded. During this, two more lions came up and joined the first lion. They seemed to be talking for they roared a great deal to each other; and then the first lion led them round again and again. He then made another grand leap, to show what he and they must do another time. The chief thought they talked loud enough, but I thought it was well to be off or they might have some talk about me.—[Marryat's Scenes in Africa.]

SHOE PRICES.—The following sketch of a factory where 1000 bushels of shoes are made annually, at Vienna Village, Kennebec Co., is from the Maine Farmer:

The logs are sawed into blocks of suitable length for the pegs and the ends are planed smooth.—Grooves are then cut on the ends of these blocks, crossing each other at right angles and these form the points of the pegs. They are then separated by splitting the blocks—a knife being introduced between each row of points corresponding with the grooving. All these operations performed by the machinery with utmost precision and celerity.—The pegs are then bleached, dried and prepared for market. Mr. Thos. C. Norris, the proprietor of the factory, informed us that since September last he had sent 127 bushels of shoe pegs and pins for cabinet work, to Manchester, England. He has further orders from the same place.

TO DISTINGUISH THE AGE OF POULTRY.—There are various ways of deciding the age of poultry. If the bottom of the breast bone, which extends down between the legs, is soft and gives easily, it is a sign of youth; if stiff, the poultry is old. If young, the legs are lighter, and the feet do not look so hard, stiff, and worn.

There is more deception in geese than in any other kind of poultry. The above remarks are applied to them; but they are other signs more infallible. In a young goose, the cavity under the wings is very tender; it is a bad sign, if you cannot, with very little trouble, push your finger directly into the flesh. There is another means by which you may decide whether a goose be tender, if it be frozen or not. Pass the head of a pin along the breast or sides, and if the goose be young, the skin will rip like fine paper under a knife. The web between the toes, when young, is tender and transparent; when old, coarser and harder.

QUESTIONS BY A SOBERIT.—Over a certain river there is a bridge, and at the end of a house of judicature, with four judges, who passed the following law? Whoever passes over the bridge must first take an oath and swear where he was going and what his business. If he swears falsely he shall be hanged upon the gallows. Now a certain man taking his oath, swore that he was going to be hanged upon the gallows, and that was his business, and no other. "Now," said the judge, "if we let this man go free he swears a lie, and by the law he ought to be hanged, while if we hang him he tells the truth, and by the same law he ought to go free." How shall they proceed with this man according to this law or what will be a just verdict?

Let him go and hang himself of course, if that is his business.

LAW OF NATURE.—If the laws of nature on the one hand, are invincible opponents, on the other they are irresistible auxiliaries; and it will not harm us if we regard them in each of these characters and consider the great importance of them to mankind. 1. In showing us how to avoid attempting impossibilities. 2. In securing us from important mistakes in attempting what is in view. 3. In enabling us to accomplish our ends in the easiest, shortest, most economical and most effectual manner. 4. In inducing us to attempt and enabling us to accomplish objects which but for such knowledge we should never have thought of undertaking.

KILLING POULTRY.—The best method of killing fowls is to cut their heads off at a single blow with a sharp axe; and hang them up and allow them to bleed freely. By this process they never know what hurts them, or endure pain for a second.—Wringing the necks of poultry is almost as shocking as nailing their feet to planks for the purpose of fattening them, and follows in the same barbarous category.—[American Agriculturist.]

TO DRESS RICE.—A lady recommends the following plan: "Soak the rice in cold salt and water for seven hours—have ready a stew-pan with boiling water, throw in the rice and let it boil briskly for ten minutes; then pour it in a colander, cover it up hot by the fire for a few minutes, and then serve. The grains are double the usual size, and quite distinct from each other."

THE LANE THAT HAS NO TURNING.—Q. What lane do the ladies like best to walk in?  
A. Mouseline de laine.

Q. What lane do the ladies like best to walk out of?  
A. Maiden lane.