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

TOWANDA:

Wednesday Morning, Annust 8, 1849.

(For the Bradford Reporter) Fragments from a Portfolio.-No. 4.

YOUTH. "——Ah, happy days!
Who would not wish again to be a boy!—Byzon.

As the loveliest time in the course of the year is when gentle spring is verging into balmy summer. so the happiest period in life is when chilhood and manhood are blended together in joyous youth.-The mind, then, rising above the frivolousness of inlancy, begins to think for itself, and act from the "They may talk of Alpheus and Arethusa," murimpulse of its own reason; and the heart, yet retaining much of the purity and innocence of childhood, feels expanding within itself those energies is as yet, unacquainted with cares that inevitably after the breaking of day.

ous period of life! All nature seems to wear a look Sir ?" of gladness, chiming with the happy feelings of the heart; and pleasures are ever presenting themselves to view.

But this season is not lasting. Ripening manhood brings with it anxieties which serve to repress the flow of gladness, and to break the sweet spell which youths bright dreams have woven. But when the summer time of life has passed, and the autumn of age comes on, with what gratification do we look back upon those felicities of our early years,-This is one of the few pleasures of which the darkest hours of misfortune and sorrow cannot deprive us, and which the tide of time only serves to bright en. When wearied with the world's never ceasing tumult, and sickened with its anxieties and troubles, the thoughts to seek relief, turn and banquet, unsated, upon the pleasures of youth, and the recollections of by-gone years. In fancy, we again press the hand and lips of companions long since in their quiet graves. Again we listen to the sweet tones of a sister, or the tender words of a once-lovcd_mother.

Is there any one who has not at some time, in sunlight, or in sleep, returned to scenes of youthful lovs; and who does not love to include in those dear recollections—though they may start the empassioned tear? There can be no one. The sunny spots which have been passed through often claim a retrospective glance ;-and happy are those whose youthful hours were da kened by no hanging cloud: to such, the retrospect will make each cord in their bosom-however nearly unstrung by laugh, as it comes fresh from the fount of youthful feeling? One that could must indeed be an enemy

I wish that the scathing influences of the world and sorrow are ever linked together in the chain that binds mortals to earth. I would that, like youth, I might ever believe bright things what they seem; for I had rather live in a dream of beauty, joy and affection, than awake to truth and sadness. No wonder that so many long and weary searches have been made for the labled fountain of youth .-If one could be always young and joyous, this earth would be paradise enough, and mortals would not sigh so often for some more happy state.

Herrick, July 25 1849.

A YANKEE BARGAIN.—Old Squire Hopkins was the perfect picture of meekness, and his stuttering seemed the effect of bashtulness rather than inheritant physical defeat. One day a neighbor came to buy a yoke of oxen of him. The price was named and the animals made a very satisfactory appear-

"Are they breachy?" asked the buyer.

"N-n-n-never tr-tr-t-trouble me," was the reply The other paid the price and took the yoke, in a lay or two he came book in a towering passion. "Confound these critters, Squire-there ain't no fence will keep 'em. They'd break through a slun wall, or jump over the moon. What the dickens

made you tell me they wasn't breachy?" "I-I did'nt say n-n-no such thing." "Yes you did. You said they never troubled

"Oh. w-well neighbor," said the Squire, "I d-d-don't let s-such th-ings as-as that ere trouble

The buyer sloped.

EARLY-sown Ryz may be fed with sheep or calres during the month of November, with great benfiel to the stock, and, if the growth is large with deeided benefit to the crop, as a large quantity of herhage, lying on the ground in the winter, renders the crop liable to be "smothered," as it is called, especially if it is covered long with snow. No injury results from feeding rye with sheep or light rattle, any time in winter, except when the ground is so soft that it would be "poached," and the roots of the rye be broken; and there is no food better for such animals. We have often seen a young calf or lamb so improved by grazing on rye, late in the tall and early in winter, that they not only held their own when returned with the rest, but book the lead in thritt and growth. Rye is frequentby for the purpose of being fed by stock, in the touthern part of Ohio and in Kentucky./It is also the best erop for early soiling. It starts early, and may be cut several times before any article is far snough advanced for the purpose.

a dark remembrance:

From the Literary World The Man in the Reservoir.

BY CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

You may see some of the best society in New York on the top of the Distributing Reservoir any of these fine November mornings. There were two or three carriages in waiting, and half a dozen senatorial-looking mothers with young children, pacing the parapet, as we basked there the other day in the sunshine-now watching the pickerel that glided along the lucid edges of the black pool with. in, and now looking off upon the scene of rich and wonderous variety that spreads alons the two rivers on either side.

mured an idling sophomore, who had found his way thither during recitation hours, "but the Croton in passing over an arm of the sea at Spnytenand capacites which belong to maturer years; but duyvil, and busting to sight again in this truncated pyramid, beats it all hollow. By George, too, the await them, The dawning of the intellect, and bay yonder looks as blue as ever the Ægean Sea those manly virtues which are to give a hue to fu- to Byron's eye, gazing from the Acropolis!-But ture life, sheds a cheering influence around like the the painted foliage on those crags!-the Greeks first light of morning; and the artless expression must have dreamed of such a vegetable phenomewhich yet lends its fascination to the countenance, non in the midst of their gravish olive groves, or is like the star that lingers in the western heavens they never would have supplied the want of it in their landscape by embroidering their marble tem-How swiftly the bright hours fly away at this joy- ples with gay colors. Did you see that pike break,

"Zounds! his silver fin flashed upon the black Acheron, like a restless soul that hoped yet to mount from the pool.n

"The place seems suggestive of fancies to you?" we observe, in reply to the rattle-pate.

"It is, indeed, for I have done up a good deal of anxious thinking within a circle of a few yards, where that fish broke just now."

"A singular place for meditation: the middle of the reservoir!

You look incredulous, sir, but it's a fact. A felow can never te.l until he has tried in what situation his most earnest meditations may be concentrated. I am boring you, though?"

"Not at all. But you seem so familiar with the spot, I wish you could tell me why that ladder leading down to the water is lashed against the stonework in yonder corner?"

"That ladder," said the young man, brightening at the question," why the position, perhaps the very existence of that ladder, resulted from my meditations in the reservoir, at which you smiled just now. Shall I tell you all about them?"

" Pray do." "Well, you have seen the notice forbidding any one to fish in the reservoir. Now, when I read that warning, the spirit of the thing struck me at once, as interring nothing more than that one should not sully the temperance potations of our citizens by steeping bait in it, of any kind; but you probably wantonly check a happy smile, or glad, bursting a touch at the fellows with this kind of tackle. I that never mingle with the infinitude of Nature, chose a moonlight night; and an hour before the though love exhaustless and all-embracing, as we ble night's adventure in the reservoir." edifice was closed to visiters, I secreted myself have? Poor girl, she will be companionless! Alas! within the walls, determined to pass the night on the top. All went as I could wish it. The night might leave to me some of the confiding hopes of proved cloudy, but it was only a variable drift of feeding other harts with love's love she has learned the fautastic style of a famous German namesake, youth, and its ignorance how virtue and vice, joy broken clouds which obscured the moon. I had a walking cane-rod with me which would reach to the margin of the water, and several feet beyond, if necessary. To this was attached the wire, about fifteen inches in length.

> I prowled along the parapet for a considerable time, but not a single fish could I see. The clouds made a flickering light and shade that wholly foiled my steadfast gaze. I was convinced that should they grow thicker, my whole night's adventure cend the sloping wall and get nearer on a level with the fish, for thus alone can I hope to see one? The question had hardly shaped itself in my mind before I had one leg over the iron railing. If you look around you will see now that there are some fissures of the solid masonry. In one of the fissures whence these spring I planted a foot and began my descent. The reservoir was fuller than it is now, and a few strides would have carried me to the margin of the water. Holding on to the cleft plant it below me. In that moment the flap of a pound pike made me look round, and the roots of the weed upon which I partially depended gave way, as I was in the act of turning. Sir, one's sendistinctly heard the bells of Trinity chiming midnight as I rose to the surface the next instant, imam a capital swimmer; and this, naturally, gave me a degree of self-possession. Falling as I had, clamber up the face of the wall anywhere. I hoped that I could. I felt certain at least there was

see a rat drowned in a half-filled hogshead? how man there periahing; of me in my lasty manhood he swime round and round; and after vainly trying in the sharp vigor of my dawning prime, with fac-MEMORY.—Memory would play a very traitor's the sides again and again with his paws, fixes his ulties illimitable, with senses all alest, battling there Part, if she should treasure up the ills we meet eyes upon the upper rim, as if he would look him with physical obstacles which men like myself had yeast, being made without floor, will keep longer,

ed thus his dying agonies, when a cruel urchin of I would not perish thus; and I grew strong in insoeight or ten. Boys are horribly cruel, sir; boys, lence of self-trust. I laughed aloud as I dashed the women and savages. All childlike things are om- sluggish water from side to side. Then came an el: cruel from want of thought, and from perverse emotion of pity for myself-wild, wild regret; of ingenuity, although by instinct each of these is so sorrow, oh, infinite, for a fate so desolate, a doom tender. You may not have observed it, but a sav- so dreary, so heart-sickening. You may laugh at age is as tender to its own young as a boy is to a the contradiction if you will, sir, but I felt that I favorite puppy— the same boy that will torture a could sacrifice my own life on the instant to redeem kinen out of existence. I thought then, I say, of another fellow creature from such a place of horror, the rat drowning in a half filled cask of water, and from an end so piteous. My soul and my vital lifting his gaze out of the vessel as he grew more spirit seemed in that desperate moment to be sepand more desperate, and I flung myself on my arating; while one, in parting, grieved over the back, and floating thus, my eyes upon the face of deplorable fate of the other. the moon.

"The moon is well enough in her way, howon every side of him. (The young man smiled my soul within me. bitterly as he said this, and shuddered once or twice before he went on, musingly!) The last time I had the torpidity that precedes dissolution to the strong noted the planet with any emotion she was on the swimmer, who, sinking from exhaustion, must add wane. Mary was with me: I had brought her out a bubble to the wave as he suffocates beneath the here one morning to look at the top of the Reser-element which now denied his mastery? If it voir. She said little of the scene, but as we talked were:so, how fortunate was it that my floating rod of our old and childish loves, I saw that its fresh at that moment attracted my attention, as it dashed leatures were incorporating themselves with ten- through the water by me. I saw on the instant that der memories of the past, and I was content. There a fish had entangled himself in the wire noose.

phere, she pointed to the waning planet, discernible like a faint gash in the welkin, and wondered Strange girl! did she mean to rebuke my joyous The brazen butt, which, every time the fish soundmood, as if we had no right to be happy while Nanew themselves, dear Mary," said I, encouragingly; and there is one that will ever keep tryste alike to the spot. with thee and Nature through all seasons, if thou will but be true to one of us, and remain as now a child of Nature! A tear sprang to her eye, and then on which the small end of my rod rested when I tentive to the poor and the sick, or who has a betsearching her pocket for her card-case, she remembered an engagement to be present at Miss Law- him from the slip-noose, however; but standing son's opening of Fall bonnets, at two o'clock! And upon the ledge, handled the rod in a workman-like yet, dear wild, wayward Mary, I thought of her now! You have probably outlived this sort of thing, sir; but I, looking at the moon, as I floated have told you, barely reached from the railing to who is able, of whatever age or sex, should enupturned to her yellow light, thought of the loved the water. It was a heavy, strong brass rod which gage habitually and daily in some kind of work.being whose tears I knew would flow when she I had borrowed in the Spirit of the Times office; heard of my singular fate, at once so grotesque, yet and when I discovered that the fish at the end of melancholy to awfulness. And how often we have the wire made a strong enough knot to prevent me talked, too, of that Carian shepherd who spent his from drawing my tackle away from the railing pepsia, gout and rheumatism, ye know not the Nancy blushed beautifully red, and protested in damp nights upon the hills, gazing, as I do, on the around which it twined itself as I threw, why, as blessings, the pleasure of this! No one who has turn that she could not and would not do that. She lustrous planet! Who will revel with her amid those old superstitions? Who from our own unlegended woods will envoke their yet undetected, haunting assistance. The ladder which attracted your nospirits? Who peer with her in prying scrutiny into tice is, as you see lashed to the iron railing in the Nature's laws, and challenge the whispers of Poeknow the common way of taking pike with a a slip- try from the voiceless throat of Matter? Who for fear of similar accidents, they have companionless forever-save in the exciting stages of some brisk flitration. She will live hereafter by though strongly tempted to "work it up" after from me; and then, Pygmalion-like, grow fond of prefer that the reader should have it in its Amerithe images she has herself endowed with semblance can simplicity. of divinity, until they seem to breathe back the mystery the soul can truly catch from only one.

"How anxious she will be lest the Coroner shall have discovered any of her notes in my pocket! "I felt chilly as the last reflection crossed my mind, partly at the thought of the Coroner, partly at the idea of Mary being unwillingly compelled to and seeing a large pond at some distance from R.'s wear mourning for me, in case of such a disclosure would be thrown away. Why should I not des- of our engagement. It is a provoking thing for a girl of nineteen to have to go into mourning for a

deceased lover at the beginning of her second Win-

ter in the Metropolis!

"The water, though, with my motionless position, must have had something to do with my chilhalf dozen weeds growing here and there amid the liness. I see, sir, you think that I tell my story with great levity; but indeed, indeed, I should grow delirious did I venture to hold steadily to the awfulness of my feelings the greater part of night. I think indeed I must have been most of the time hysterical with horror, for the vibrating emotions I above, I telt round with one foot for a place to have recapitulated did pass through my brain even as I have detailed them. But as I now became calm in thought, I summoned up again some resolution of action. I will begin at that corner (said I.) and swim round the whole enclosure. I will ses are shapened in deadly peril; as I live now, I swim slowly, and again feel the sides of the tank with my feet. If die I must, let me perish at least from well-directed though exhausting effort, not mersed in the stone cauldron, where I must swim sink from more bootless weariness in sustaining for my life. Heaven only could tell how long! I myself till the morning shall bring relief. The sides of the place seemed to grow higher as I now kept my watery course between them. It was not alto-I of course had pitched out some distance from the gether a dead pull. I had some variety of emotion sloping parapet. A few strokes brought me to the in making my circuit. When I swam in the shadedge. I really was not certain but that I could ow, it locked to me more cheerful beyond in the

When I swam in the moonlight, I had the hope some spot where I might get hold with my hands, of making some discovery when I should again even if I did not ultimately ascend it. I tried the reach the shadow. I turned several times on my nearest spot. The inclination of the wall was so back to rest just where those wavy lines would vertical, that it did not even rest me to lean against | meet. The stars looked viciously bright to me it. I felt with my hands and my feet. Surely, I from the bottom of that wall; there was such a thought, there must be some fissure like those in company of them; they were so glad in their luswhich that ill-omened weed had found a place for trious revelry; and had such space to move in. I its root!-There was none. My fingers became was alone, sad to despair, in a strange element, sore in busying themselves with the harsh and in- prisoned, and a solitary gazer upon their mocking hospitable stones. My feet slipped from the smooth chorus. And yet there was nothing else with and slimy masonry benea h the water; and several | which I could communion! I turned upon my times my face came in rude contact with the wall, breast and struck out almost frantically, once more when my foothold gave way on the instant that I | The stars were forgotten, the moon, the very world seemed to have found some diminutive rocky cleet of which I as yet formed a part-my poor Mary upon which I could stay myselt. Sir, did you ever herself was forgotten. I thought only of the strong with upon one day of life, to cloud all others with self out of his watery prison. I thought of the mistorough together for my undoing. The Element and is said to be much better than any previously erable vermin, thought of him as I had often watch could never have willed this thing. I could not and in use.

" And then I prayed !"

"I prayed-why or wherefore I no not. It was everyou may look at her; but her appearance is, not from tear—it could not have been in hope. to say the least of it, peculiar to a man floating on. The days of miracle are passed, and there was no his back in the centre of a stone tank, with a dead natural law by whose Providential interposition I wall of some fifteen or twenty feet rising squarely could be saved. I did not pray: it prayed of itself,

"Was the calmness that I now felt torpidity?was a rich golden haze upon the landscape, and as The rod quivered, plunged, and came to the surmy own spirits rose amid the volupiuous atmos- face, and rippled the water as it shot in arrowy flight from side to side of the tank. At last, driven toward the south-east corner of the reservoir, the how long it would be before the leaves would fall! small end seemed to have got foul somewhere. ed, was thrown up to the moon, now sank by its ture, withering in her pomp, and the sickly moon own weight, showing that the other end must be wasting in the blaze of noontide, were there to re- fast. But the cornered fish, evidently anchored mind us of the gone-forever? "They will all re- somewhere by that short wire, floundered several times to the surface before I thought of striking out

"The water is low and tolerably clear. You may see the very ledge there, sir, in yonder corner, secured that pike with my hands. I did not take manner, as I flung that pound pickerel over the iron railing upon the top of the parapet. The rod, as 1 you can at once see, I had but little difficulty in other one in the corresponding corner of the other compartment of the tank ever since my remarka-

We give the above singular relation verbatim as heard from the lips of our chance acquaintance; and

TROUT FISHING.—We have a friend who is a somewhat noted practical joker, residing in a pleasant country residence near the ocean. Some time since he had a visit from Professor-, of poetic memory. The Professor is a keen trout fisherman. residence, he inquired-

"Can you fish for trout, in that pond?"

"Oh, yes," said R, "as well as not." " Possible !-- where's your rod?"

"I have none; I'm no fisherman. But if you want to try, we'll go over to S-, and get tackle, and you may try your hand at it to-morrow"

It was thereupon agreed to so, and the day was passed by the worthy Professor in preparations for

The next morning early, R. drove him over to the pond, and he whipped it all round to windward and leeward, and finally walked in up to his waist. and threw his flies most skilfully, but never raised a fin. At length, as the sun grew intolerably hot he turned to R., who lay under a tree solacing himself with a book and cigar, and exclaimed-

"I don't believe there is a trout in your pond." "I don't know that there is," replied R., imperturbably.

"Why, you told me there was."

"Oh, no," said R., leisurely turning and lighting mother eigar, " you asked me if you could fish for trout here, and I said you could as well as not. I've seen folks do it ofien, but I never knew of one being caught here."

The result might be anticipated, R. walked home and the Professor drove the horses; nor did R. venure within reach of the Professor's rod until after dinner .- Journal of Commerce.

"Napoleon Alexis Dobbs, come up here, and say your lesson. What makes boys grow?

"It is the rain, sir."

"Why do not men grow!" "Because they carry an umbrella, which keeps off the rain." "What makes a young man and woman fall

"Because one of them has a heart of steel, and nother has a heart of flint, and when they comes

together, they strike fire and that is love." To Make Yeast.-To two middling sized boiled potatoes, add a pint of holling water and two table spoonfuls of brown sprar. One pint of het water should be arphed to every half pint of the compound. Hot water is better in warm weather. This

Thoughts on Labor.

Who can estimate the value of labor? Go, ye wine-bibbers, gluttons, idlers, ye lazy men and women of this world; go to the humble cottage of the laboring class and witness their contentment and cheerfulness, their good health and virtuous lite, and learn a lesson if you will. Go, too, ye city idlers, we men who are too proud to be seen even with gloves on, sawing a stick of wood; ye women, lovers of fineries and fashions, who say long prayers in the morning, and yet are too proud o make a loaf of bread; go, we say, and learn wisdom of the humble country people who obey daily the injunction, Man must work. We are proud and thankful that we have parent

who taught us early the importance of labor; a father, who labors annually as many weeks and days as there are in the year; and who rises early, lives frugally, and attends personally to his own affairs, and who is as industrious and honest a man as can elsewhere be found; a mother, too, we have, who loves her children too well to trust them to hirelings, who cannot have that sympathy for them that a parent should have—an interest which none but a mother feels. Even in the matter of preparing food, can we reasonably expect a hired person will feel a proper interest in making it of the best possible quality for husband and children No: none but a wife or a mother can feel that interest. She must at least oversee the matter herself. So it has been with our mother from the day of her marriage up; and she has given birth to. and raised eleven children, six sons and five daughters, all enjoying good health. Did she ever dance Polkas and Waltz? Not one whit; she was married almost too young for that; and if she had not been, her parents were too sensible to encourage or allow such foolish practices. Is she thought anything the less of for not knowing how to dance? Find if you can a mother of eleven children, who has read the Bible more, who understands it better, or one who is more kind and atter, or one who is more kind and attentive to the poor and the sick, or who has a better name among all who know her-we should be glad to see such a one, if such can be found.

But to get back to our subject. Every person If, possible, every man, woman and child should actually till the ground-enough at least to raise their own bread out of it. Oh, ye idlers with dys not leave, until she kissed him. Of course, Miss health and can possibly get at the face of the earth, never neit done such a thing, and never would inmaking my way up the face of the wall with such should lose the opportunity of digging it, and rais- till she was married-so flow he had it. The aling corn and wheat, flowers and fruit,

happy if he is not allowed to fly and sing, nor can marching off. She watched him to the

"But it is untashionable to work," says one. It is fashionable, very fashionable, we know, to be hand!" lazy-above work. It is fashionable to make labor half-starved and naked often, and everywhere greatly overlooked. Let then, all the fashionable people go on as they best can without work; they are welcome to their reward, which is sure to

Observe, too the dignity of labor! is it not glorious to improve and beautify our mother earth, in whose bosom all must at last repose! Who would not "deck her universal face in pleasant green?" Labor, too, in arts and mechanics is noble, honora ble, useful, and often beautiful; but followed exclusively, it is neither so satisfying or healthful as labor on the soil. Every mechanic and artisan should, if possible, practice it a great part of the time. And this kind of labor is also more certain to pay. The mechanic must trust more to men: the farmer to God.

There is one very unpleasant thing about labor as practiced at the present day. It is almost every where overlooked. Very generally it is the case that labor does the work, and wealth gets the pay. Irishmen do the hard digging; rich railroad companies get the money.

If every man and woman would work a little moderately, and just enough for health, work enough would be done, and no one would have to work much, nor could sickness hardly find a place among workers. Work is one of the greatest things in the world to cure people with. Little more would be needed with the great majority of patients than to get them into a regular system of labor. To be sure there are hard cases enough that cannot be cured, but not without work. How hydra-headed dyspepsia is driven off if we can get a man long enough to hew and split wood, and dig the ground. If he be weak; he must not go on and persevere. Then he will come out right in the end. What an appetite, too, will he have; and how sound will be his sleep at night. If with other good habits, he labors, he will not long be to cause a ripple. troubled with dreams and nightmares, and he will understand to a demonstration, that "hunger is the best sance."

MEXICAN MILEMEN. - One of the curiousities of Mexico, is the manner of selling milk. instead of the next white wooden vessel, of the spouted tin waking dreams shed upon the heart, so far from can, with the different measures hung upon it, and rendering the real in life more tame, induces conthe rattling bell cart, or an old home-spun negro. packing it about on his crowned head, we have the animals themselves driven from door to door of the experience; while imagination, ever seeking the different regular customers where they are killed solid basis of truth to rest upon, magnifies our at a regular stand where transient patrons are supplied by milking it in o the versels in which they tional charm the joys that fall to our lot. take it home. Besides a drove of cows, with the calves all muzzled, running ane bleating after them there is also a gang of goals and asses driver along so that people may suit themselves as to quality and price as also their different testes, for which there is no accounting.

This mode has one advantage; the milk that in thus sold is milk

nons to destroy each other, because they have imagined that brute force is the strongest power to prevent aggression, and punish crime. They have fought with their hands and shed each other's blood because they have not been acquainted with their moral contributions, and the potent, inflames, which ideas and kindness have in subdiling and governing each other. Ignorant of the laws of their nature, and superiority of mental over physical power in the government of the paintible, and the subjugations of the will, they have taken each other's lives instead of making each other happy. Let ignorance be removed by knowledge; let the understanding be enlightened, and the superior attributes of the soul unfolded, and the barbarous practice of trying to establish justice by martial power, and enforcing obedience at the price of life will cease to exist. Ignorance is the mother of war. Let the mother be renewed and the child will soon follow. Ignorance is the scourge that infects the world; it paralyzes everything in man, his heart and his intellect: it closes up the way of virtue by concealing it from his views; by leaving him unacquainted with his duties and with his means of happiness. Knowledge, on the other hand, is the greatest blessing which can be bestowed on sociey, and will raise society to a position becoming its liguity and help to realize its appointed destiny. The only royal road to happiness is knowledgewhich enables a man to know who and what he is physically, and how his physical nature should be regulated to realize health and longevity, and how it should be subordinated to the higher purposes of his spiritual being : that knowledge which opens springs of pleasure from every portion of the eternal world-from the insect, the rade earth, the flower, the star, from man, and all the chain of organized creatures-that knowledge which enables nim to look outward on the vast universe, its at-

Knowledge.-Men have made swords and can-

SPLITTING THE DIFFERENCE .-- A nice young gentleman, not a thousand miles from this, after a long and assidous courtship, found himself, one bright evening, the betrothed of a pretty girl, the very pink of modesty. One night he was about to take his departure, and after lingering about the door for some time in a fidget of anxiety declared and protested to Miss Nancy, that he could not and would tercation and debate became deep and exciting, It would seem that nothing short of work could until the betrothed buffed outright, and declared if make him contented with life. A bird cannot be he couldn't kiss her he couldn't have her-and was a man or woman be really contented and happy saw "the fat was in the fire," unless something was without an opportunity of tilling our mother earth. done, "come back, then," said she coaxingly, "Fif split the difference with you-you may squeeze my

tractions, revolutions, and mysteries; or inwardly

into the immeasurable depths of his own conscious.

ness, its capacities of hoping, doubting, aspiring

and imagining.

PROPERTY.—They speak of po sy as a gift from divine hand. Oh! no! It is but the drapery with which an impassioned heart alive to beauty and exalted sentiment, decks its thoughts.

The appreciation of the soul, of beauty, goodness and the thousand harmonies of nature, is in truth the fountain-head of all poetic inspiration. When sorrow care, distrust or any evil passion has thrown a cloud upon the soul's own brightness, song is hushed; or if it 'tis heard it comes mingled with' with the wail of mourning-it speaks not the heavenly strains of joy, echoes of the universal anthem of nature, but tones of disappointment, of wretchedness and woe.

REALITY.-The very rainbow hues of fancy that have so oft delighted many hours of revery, will concentrate themselves upon a phantom, till aff life like it becomes, it can deceive even cleanest reason. But, as in nature, it needs no hurricane to dissinate the clouds however denrely gathered.-So with the gathered mists of fancy-it needs on' storm of passion, but time, alone is necessary to dispel illusions, and show their foundation is nother ingness. Then all those hopes so brightly beautiful, that rested on illusion for a basis, must wither. How many such joyless lessons the heart must be taught are it will learn to value everything by the just measures of reality.

LIFE.—Thou hast entered life, and cannot be exempt from difficulties, many and pamful, perhaps. Pleasures and pain go hand in hand through life.-Since then, we may not avoid, it were better to nerve the mind to meet the ills of life, and with open arms embrace all pleasures as they pass. To quote a beautiful simile: "Trials in life are to fast; if he feels a little worse at first, let him go the mind as rocks in the bosom of the waters." Brighter and purer does the stream fall which pass. es over a rocky bed, than when on clayey bottom it quietly gides alone without uneveness enough it

> THE IDEAL -Is it tille to waste time and thoughts in reveries! Will converse with the ideal world unfit the mind to enter upon life's sterner duties? No! Such oftentimes, on the contrary, give moments of great happiness. The pleasures which tentment, by making us readily pass over, and regard as petty annoyances, the discomfort we may every pleasure, and so invests with many an addi-

> Solution. One cannot be happy alone—the dream of retirement from social life is, at best, but a pleasing fancy which serves to cover up the reality of gloom and desolation that are the legitimate offspring of an isolated existence.

Knock down arguments are oftentimes preductive of evil, as they become so fist ical.