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TOWANDA:

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THE POET BOY.

Beside a sweetly murmuring stream,
At the close of day,
Beneath a lone star's twinkling beam,
A youthful minstrel lay.
His gentle heart was strangely sad,
And wildly ached his head,
For hopes that served to make him glad,
Had with their love-light fled.

Long time he lay as in a dream;
No sound broke on his ear,
Save rippling music from the stream—
Tones to that minstrel dear.
The vesper star, that brightly shone,
Looked down with angel eye,
On this fond, saddened, gentle one,
From the far, deep, blue sky.

And then the welcome Queen of Night—
Her silvery tresses unfurled,
Resplendent in her silvery light,
Rose o'er the sleeping world.
The poet boy's fond soul was filled
With calm, serene delight;
And thus thought he while gazing on
The shining beauties bright:

"Come, disappointments seek my way,
As you have done before;
And troubles, meet me day by day—
I'll persevere the more;
Let obstacles of every kind
Batter my path to fame—
They shall divide not my mind;
I get shall win a name."

Hark! Hark! Loud's the thrilling trumpet sound
A name all fame and far—
Tis his!—that name loud echoed round,
A nation's brightest star.

'Twas perseverance made him great—
He was a dauntless one;
And though he seemed to cope with Fate,
A noble wreath he won.
Genius! though misfortune's mark—
Press on! like him you'll gain
The need desired; for that bright spark
'Twas never given in vain.

HERICK, PA., SEPT. '49. TRAOLAS.

THE DREAM.

I had a dream which was not all a dream.—Byron.

Amongst all the various means by which man and heaven have sought to penetrate into the mysteries of futurity, none have been more generally adopted, or more implicitly relied upon, than divination by dreams; and even now, that the pure light of truth and philosophy has detected the errors of superstition, and pierced the deceptions of the astrologer, still is there a mysterious grandeur, a solemn beauty in those shadowy visions, sent to us in the darkness and stillness of night, that, in defiance of our cooler judgment, we are sometimes loth to believe them merely the vain fancies of an over-heated imagination, disclosed for no purpose but to mock and delude our dormant faculties. Nor do these feelings exist only amongst the weak and ignorant; a belief in the predictions contained in the dreams of sleep, has been upheld by many of our wisest and most learned; and those living, not in the error of the Heathen mythology, nor yet in the almost equal barbarity of Gothic superstition but in the ages of learning and refinement. Mark what Voltaire says, when, after speaking of Terrestrial spirits, and the power of divining in dreams, he expresses his opinion: "That several such divinations have been made upon an occasion when the holy angels, who have the least degree of a composite intellect; have been innumerable in the number of them in several authors. Both ancient and modern, sacred and profane." I could bring forward other authorities as great as that I have just quoted, who have believed, that in moments of impending calamity, dreams have sometimes proved the harbinger of fate and served as a warning of danger; but as I am well aware that this would prove almost endless task, I shall content myself with the grave authority already cited, and venture even in these days of skepticism, to relate the circumstances which gave rise to these revelations, and which induced me to undertake the defence of a system now fast sinking into disrepute and ridicule.

The story I have often heard narrated by an intimate friend of my father; a gentleman of the best judgment and veracity I can rely upon for his confidence. He was an officer in the army, and the circumstances occurred nearly forty years ago, upon his returning with his regiment in England after an absence of long duration. He was obliged to repair to London immediately after his arrival, whence he proposed setting off for the north of England where his family was then residing. After many delays, occasioned by business at the War Office, he concluded his arrangements, and determined to leave town on the third of November. The night preceding his departure arrived, and he fell asleep in excellent health and spirits; but awake from his slumber in the utmost horror, for he had been disturbed by a dream, whose dreadful subject was heightened by a minuteness and circumstantiality seldom to be observed in these "fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train." It was some minutes before he could recollect himself, or feel assured that he was actually in safety; but at length, recalling his weakened energies, he smiled at his vain fears, and once more composed himself to rest. He slept, and again the same vision appeared to him with added terror. He thought he was travelling through a beautiful country, fresh with verdure, and rich in cultivation; when, as he proceeded on, rejoicing in the hilarity which shone around him the prospect became suddenly changed; the green hills and smiling valleys were transformed to a bleak and barren heath; dark clouds obscured the heavens, and night came suddenly on. Presently he reached a building, which had the appearance of a church; but as he approached nearer, proved to be an inn. He entered the gate which led to the house, but found the

place seemed fastened to the ground, and an hundred times he stumbled over impediments which appeared to lie in his path, the nature of which was prevented by the darkness from discovering. Still with that blindness and obstinacy which usually characterize the dreamer, he continued to advance, until at last, the moon shining out, he found himself standing alone in a church-yard, and casting his eyes upon a grave-stone before him, Colonel B— beheld his own name sculptured on the marble! Struck with surprise, he looked again, but it was no longer there; and, passing through the church-yard, which now offered no obstruction to his steps, he entered the inn. The vision then became confused, and nothing was clearly defined, until he found himself in his chamber. Here a sensation of fear seemed to hang upon him, and he was oppressed by the feeling of intense expectation so often experienced in dreams. Still the church-yard appeared as a prominent feature in the scene. The room seemed surrounded with windows yet all presented the same ghastly appearance, of graves and tomb-stones, gleaming white in the moon shine; which seemed, as he gazed upon them, to gaze beneath his eyes. At last he went to bed, but scarcely had he laid his head upon the pillow, when the door of his chamber opened, and he beheld a figure in whom he recognized the landlord of the inn, advancing towards him with a knife in his hand; followed by another holding a lantern. Agonized by fear, the dreamer strove to shriek for help and mercy, but his tongue, refusing to perform its office, clave to the roof of his mouth. At this crisis his agitation awoke him, and he found himself sitting upright in his bed; cold drops were hanging on his brow, and he trembled as if an ague fit; nor were his feelings much less unpleasant after the first agitation had subsided. The church-yard and the dagger still haunted his imagination; and, as he lay in silent darkness, a thousand fearful tales arose to his remembrance, of travellers who had fallen by the hands of assassins, and others who had strangely disappeared from the highway, and whose fate was shrouded in silence and mystery. In justice to Colonel B's character, which might otherwise suffer in the reader's estimation, from his indulging himself in so little consonant with his reputation as a soldier, I must remind him that, at the period of my narrative, travelling did not possess all the ease and accommodation it now enjoys. Stage-coaches were yet in their infancy; the inns had sometimes a very ill name; the roads were bad, and occasionally frequented by such as scrupled not at saying *Stand to a true man*; so that a long journey was then regarded, as a matter not only of consequence, but even hazardous. In these days of peaceful travelling and "greatest accommodation for man and horse," some ridicule would justly attach itself to him, whose sleep should be disturbed by an approaching journey; but forty years ago, people might have dreamed of being murdered in the road between London and York, without incurring the charge of unreasonable timidity.

To return to my narrative, Colonel B—, rousing himself from these sombre meditations, made a solemn resolution to "dream no more," and falling into a peaceful and undisturbed slumber, he awoke next morning without a trace of the childish feelings which had so lately agitated him. The information he received on arising, however, did not increase his exhilaration; he had determined to make the journey on his own, attended by a faithful servant, but, to his great regret, he found that the man had been taken seriously ill in the course of the night, and was now totally unable to proceed. There was not time to procure another attendant, and he was therefore obliged to advance alone. Colonel B— set off. The loss of his companion at first threw a damp over his spirits, but the beauty of the morning, and the gaiety of the scene, soon resolved his mind to its wonted serenity; and he rode gaily along, enjoying the fresh air and the bright sunshine. He passed the city; and now the appearance of the country, and all the thousand enchantments which even the effulgent and almost lifeless branches of November's rain could give rise to, excited his feelings; and he, who had anticipated his approaching happiness in a journey with the beloved society he had been so long separated from; and it was not until some time after the commencement of his journey, that his thoughts reverted to the dream. He smiled at its recollection, and wondered how he could have been so easily affected; yet notwithstanding the contending, and even strange, with which he now regarded his childish terrors, he yet could not dwell upon the circumstances of the vision, without a certain sensation of awe, nor prevent a secret hope that his lodging for the next night might not border upon a church-yard; nay, he even determined that this should not happen, and that he would cautiously avoid every inn from which a tombstone should be visible. Not that he was by any means superstitious; on the contrary, he knew few people so free from credulity as himself; he only avoided the fulfillment of the dream so far, lest, as was most probable, it should excite a reputation of his resolution, and that he should be sorry for. Having thus formed, and above all, accounted for his resolution, he dismissed the subject from his thoughts, and proceeded as gaily as ever.

And now the sun began to decline, and evening to close in; Colonel B— watched the bright orb as it set behind the distant hills; and then, having lingered till the last streak of gold disappeared from the horizon, he quickened his pace towards a village which appeared at a little distance, and where, his horse being fatigued, he hoped to obtain quarters for the night. The shades of evening were falling thick around him as he entered the village; the chill blast of a November night moaned through the trees, it was a lonely place, and the Colonel began to doubt, from its wretchedness of appearance, if it could afford accommodation for himself and his horse. At length he thought he could distinguish a sign-post in the distance; he quickened his

pace, and soon became convinced that he was approaching some house of entertainment; but as he came nearer, a slight turning in the road disclosed to him another object; he started, and, for a few moments, felt more than he liked to own, even to himself. "Was it possible? No it could not be; the twilight had deceived him;" but a few paces convinced him that it was no delusion, for exactly opposite his intended lodging stood the village church, with its usual accompaniment of graves and tombstones. His immediate impulse was to pass the house without further hesitation; but, recovering from his surprise, he now began to reason with himself upon the folly and impropriety of suffering his imagination to be so acted upon as to refuse the shelter which was thus afforded to him, and which the situation of his horse rendered almost necessary; while by proceeding he risked the chance of being benighted in a part of the country entirely unknown to him; and what motive could he assign for acting thus? A dream forsooth! A nightmare occasioned by a disturbed mind, or a hearty supper! No, an officer in the British army would not allow himself to be led astray by every turn of a disempered fancy; he would enter the inn.

By the time this manly resolution was adopted, Colonel B. had arrived at the place of destination; where, having examined the house, his determination began to waver. It was situated quite at the extremity of the village, and rather apart from any other habitation; and, whether it was really so, or that the disempered state of his nerves influenced his judgment, he knew not, but it certainly appeared him that the place wore an aspect of seclusion and gloom very unlike the air of cheerful comfort which usually characterizes an inn. "It is a mean looking place," said he, "and the accommodations will be wretched."

He looked again at the church-yard, and became every moment more strongly convinced of the bad accommodations of its opposite neighbor. "It was a miserable place; he doubted indeed if he should be able to obtain a bed there; it was evidently little more than a common hedge ale-house; and it would only be putting them to inconvenience should he attempt to stop." He was startled in his meditations by a dismal sound, harsh and discordant. "A murderer hanging in chains, perhaps." No, it was only the creaking of the sign-post over his head, as the wind impelled it upon its rusty hinge. The owner of the house now came forward; a ferocious looking person, with an expression of sullen malignity in his countenance; looked as if he had not been shaved for a month, and his manners, if not decidedly uncivil, were so disagreeable and abrupt, that if the traveller's resolution had before been to falter, the sight of the inn-keeper soon overthrew it entirely; and, having inquired the distance of the nearest town, which he found to be very trifling, Colonel B. gave the spur to his jailed horse, and the church-yard, the gloomy inn, and the ferocious inn-keeper, were soon left behind.

Fate now seemed determined to atone for her former unpropitious treatment; after riding about half a mile, the traveller reached a town whose cheerful appearance afforded a contrast the most striking to the lonely village he had just quitted. The inn, a pleasant looking place, stood surrounded by other houses, and nothing like a church-yard was to be discerned. Rejoicing in his good fortune, Colonel B. dismounted, and entered the house; he was conducted into a room whose naturally pleasant aspect was now heightened by the blaze of a cheerful fire; the attendants were civil, the supper excellent, and as he enjoyed the luxury of his present situation, he bled the friendly waiter, which, by exciting his apprehensions, however unnecessary, had induced him to exchange a bad lodging for one so full of comfort and convenience.

The evening passed rapidly away, by means of the usual amusements of a solitary night at an inn; eating and yawning, and, at ten o'clock, the bell ordered to be shown to his apartment. As he looked round the pleasant chamber to which he was conducted, his mind again reverted to the lonely inn, and its appearance of desolation and misery; but although acknowledging the superiority of the quarters he had chosen, he yet could scarcely help blushing as the events of the day passed in review before him. In his present state of ease and security, his spirits exhilarated, and his limbs at rest, he marvelled that his mind could have been so disturbed, or his actions controlled, by a cause so trivial and childish; and the result of these, his calm meditations, was a secret resolution of never disclosing the circumstance to a single human being.

He now began to prepare himself for bed, while he was engaged his attention was attracted by the moon, which, shining in all the lustre of a clear aperture of the window curtain. Attracted by its beauty, Colonel B. approached the window to take a more distinct view of the fair planet; when, drawing aside the intervening shade he stood transfixed in shuddering horror, for a cemetery lay before him, where the moon was gleaming white upon graves and tombstones, with a brilliancy which rendered every object as clear as if he had beheld it in open day light! For a few moments he felt completely unversed; the dream was again before him, and he dwelt upon its strange fulfillment, until his blood seemed curdling in his veins; and he turned from the window unable to endure the ghastly prospect it presented to his view. The loneliness of his situation, the church-yard, all seemed accomplished, all but the dreadful conclusion of the vision; he looked around him in gloomy despondency, till overcome by the horrors his imagination conjured up, he resolved to leave the house, and had actually quitted his chamber for that purpose, preferring every alternative to passing the night in his present situation, when the order and quiet which seemed to reign throughout the building only disturbed at intervals by the laughter of some loiterers at the bar, once more recalled him to the absurdity of his apprehensions; and chiding himself for his cowardice, the Colonel returned to his

room, with a full determination of driving the dream from his remembrance, and sleeping in peace.—As a proof of his assumed courage, he now advanced boldly to the window, gazed with a steady eye upon the scene without, admired the moon, made a few observations upon the effects of light and shade, and ended by whistling a tune most perseveringly, from beginning to end. Still he did not neglect taking every precaution in power against the possibility of surprise; he fastened his door carefully, examined every part of the room, and having prepared his pistols, laid them by the side of his bed. But notwithstanding the firmness of his resolution he could not think of actually lying down without a slight feeling of awe; nay, he had at one time, half determined to pass the night in an arm-chair; which idea however he abandoned as too unreasonable to be indulged; and shortly after retired to bed, leaving the light still burning. Overcome by fatigue, Col. B. soon fell asleep, but his slumbers were broken and uneasy, and from these he was at length awaked abruptly by a noise which sounded close to, it not actually, within his chamber.—The agitated state of his mind which all his philosophy had not quite succeeded in calming, rendered every accidental sound a subject of apprehension and he listened attentively, but all was again silent and he concluded that the disturbance which in the confusion of his thoughts, on awakening, he fancied so near, had, in reality, arisen from the departure of some of the guests. His slumber appeared to have been of some continuance, for the light was now expiring and its faint gleam, as the blue flames rose and fell in the socket, mingled unpleasantly with the broad light of the moon. He was summing up energy to arise and extinguish it, when he was again startled by the sound which had awoke him. The lamp had given its last faint struggle, like a troubled soul clinging to life it was about to leave forever, when another light mingled with the pale moonshine and the traveller now perceived that it glimmered through a door which had been so carefully concealed that it had entirely escaped his observation, but which was now opening slowly and cautiously. Doubting if he were not still under the influence of a dream Colonel B. fixed his eyes upon the aperture, which continued gradually to widen, and he soon became aware that it was no longer the sole inhabitant of the chamber; the light, however, would not permit him to discover the number of his adversaries; and, being ignorant how many he had to cope with, he committed himself to the protection of Heaven, and placing his hand upon one of his pistols, remained perfectly still, awaiting the approach of his murderers with firmness and resolution. They passed, and whispered together for a few moments; and then, with slow and noiseless steps, drew near the bed. There were two men; and the former as they approached bidding the other "Hold up the lantern." The Colonel perceived its dim light gleaming upon a knife which he held in his hand. They were now within a few paces of the bed and on the event of that moment depended the fate of the Colonel; he felt that it did so; and, rousing every energy to his assistance, he raised the pistol with a firm hand, when, in the next instant, his antagonist lay weltering in his blood. The other immediately flew! and Colonel B., springing from the bed found that his aim had been surely taken, the bullet having penetrated the heart of the assassin. In this man he recognized the landlord of the inn—Thus the dream was, in every respect, accomplished; and by attending to the mysterious warning it conveyed, the traveller and escaped a dreadful fate and had executed a just retribution upon the murderers.

Some years after this, the accomplice, who had escaped, was brought to justice, and hanged, for a murder committed by himself and his master, many years before in the same house. At his death, he made an open confession, not only of the crime for which he suffered, but also of his having assisted his master in his attempt to assassinate Colonel B., from the commission of which act they had been so mysteriously and so providentially prevented. The traveller himself reached home in safety, though in a maze of gratitude and wonder; and from that night, continued, as may be easily supposed, to the end of his days, a devout believer in dreams and visions of all species and descriptions.

HUMAN NATURE.—Bad as may be the nature of man still the honor for noble deeds, the respect for virtue, the abhorrence for that which is ignoble or base will ever influence bodies of men when acting on first impulses. When the traitor has performed his part—when the end is gained for which he has been employed; those whom he has most benefited will cast him from them, and the very men who had lured him to the deed, will spurn him as if his touch were contagious, as in his very presence breathed infamy.

There is a man up the country who always pays for his paper in advance. He has never had a sick day in his life—never got any corns, or toothache—his potatoes never rot—the weevil never eats his wheat—the frosts never kills his corn in the night, and his wife never scolds. Reader, have you paid the printer in advance?

BORN AT HOME.—"I shall be at home next Sunday night," a young lady remarked as she followed her maid to the door, who seemed to be somewhat wavering in his attachment.

"So shall I," was the reply.

"Let young people remember, that their good temper will gain them more esteem and happiness than the genius and talents of all the bad men that ever existed."

There is a man down east who has such a good temper that he hires himself out in summer to keep people cool.

EVOCATION.—"A toast drank at a late celebration was—"Woman! she requires no eulogy—she speaks for herself!"

OCTOBER.
BY THE LATE WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK,
BORN, yet beautiful to view,
Month of my heart! thou dawnest here,
With sad and faded leaves to strew
The Summer's melody o'er,
The moaning of thy winds I hear,
As the red sunset dies afar,
And bars of purple clouds appear,
Obscuring every western star.

Thou solemn month! I hear thy voice;
It tells my soul of other days,
When but to live was to rejoice,
When earth was lovely to my gaze!
Oh, visions bright—Oh, blessed hours,
Where are their living pictures now!
I ask my spirit's wearied powers—
I ask my pain and fevered brow!

I look to Nature, and behold
My life's dim embers fastly ebbing,
In hours of crimson and of gold—
The year's dead honors on the ground:
And, sighing with the winds, I feel
While their low plaintive tones reveal
Of life and human destiny.

When Spring's delightful moments shone,
They came in zephyrs from the West,
They bore the wood-lark's melting tone,
They stirred the blue lake's glassy breast;
Through Summer, fainting in the heat,
They lingered in the forest shade;
But changed and strengthened now, they beat
In storm, o'er mountain, glen, and glade.

How like those transports of the breast
When life is fresh and joy is new,
Soft as the balmy downy nest
And transient all as they are true!
They stir the leaves in that bright wreath,
Which Hope about her forehead twines,
Till grief's hot sigh around it breathe,
Then Pleasure's lip its smile resigns.

Alas, for Time, and Death, and Care,
What gloom about our way they bring!
Like clouds in Autumn's gusty air,
The burial-pageant of the Spring:
The dreams that each successive year
Seemed bathed in hues of brighter pride,
At last like withered leaves appear,
And sleep in darkness side by side!

THE HUNGARIAN PEASANTRY.—There are few countries in which the hamlets are so cheerful in appearance as those of Hungary: the houses are externally of the most scrupulous cleanliness; the whitewash is continually renewed, and the window-frames are generally painted in bright green.—The doors are set deeply into the walls to throw off the rain, which in those mountain districts pours down like an avalanche; and the receding arches being neatly formed, give a quaint and comfortable look to the dwelling. A peep into the interior is equally promising; the white or chintz curtains at the windows, the coverings of the beds, and the cooking utensils are all bright and cleanly looking, but I never ventured on a closer examination; having received a hint of caution not to be disregarded, in seeing the maternal or paternal care with which members of the same family, seated on the sunny side of their cottages, relieved each other after the Spanish, of certain uncomfortable colonists: The habits of the German peasantry in these villages may generally be distinguished from those of the native Hungarians, from their converting the enclosures of their cottages into gardens, where gourdies spread their golden fruit and broad green leaves over the fences, which are formed of wicker or wicker-work; and dahlias, sun-flowers, and other gay-colored blossoms flaunt in the sunshine, interspersed with vegetables and fruit-trees; while the yards of their neighbors are reserved as respectable for their agricultural implements; a small plot of ground beneath the windows being, however, in almost every case, appropriated to a crop of tobacco, which produces a very pretty effect with its long rich leaves, and white lily like blossoms. Although a considerable quantity of tobacco, and that of very fine quality, is grown in Hungary, it is entirely in the hands of the peasants, and its culture demands too much care, and yields too small a return, to render it an object of speculation to the nobles, who, with their hemp, corn, and particularly wood, realize a greater profit at a less expense of labor and outlay.—*The City of the Magyar.*

NOT BAD.—Dow, Jr., in allusion to the exclusion of many would-be-church-goers, from the sanctuary, by reason of the high pew-rents in our fashionable churches, characteristically remarks:—"There is a high duty upon the fashionable waters of divine grace; and you have to pay at least a penny a piece for sipping at the bread of life.—To go church in any tolerable kind of style costs a heap a year; and I know very well that the reason why a majority of you go to Belzebub is, because you can't afford to go to Heaven at the present exorbitant prices!"

THE TIME TO READ.—How often do we hear men excuse themselves for subscribing to a paper or periodical, by saying they have no time to read. When we hear a man thus excuse himself, we conclude he has never found time to confer any substantial advantage either upon his family, his country or himself. To hear a freeman thus excuse himself, is truly humiliating and we can form no other opinion than that such a man is of little importance to society.

LITTLE KINDNESS.—Small acts of kindness! how pleasant and desirable do they make life!—Every dark object is made light by them, and every tear of sorrow is brushed away. When the heart is sad and despondency sits at the entrance of the soul, a trifling kindness drives despair away, and makes the path cheerful and pleasant.

A PROPHETIC SONG.—"Won't you sing a song, sir!" said a lady to her lover as they were alone one evening. The lover soon commenced the popular air, "I won't go home till morning." And sure enough he did't."

CONFIDENCE.—Dobbs says he has one of the most obedient boys in the world. All he has to do, is to tell him to do so he please, and he does it without saying a word.

Men are like beggars; the more brass they contain the further you can hear them. Ladies are like violets, the modest and retiring—they appear the better you love them.

Treatment of Cows.
These amiable and peaceful animals, should be treated at all times with the greatest kindness.—Milkers and others having the care and management are often chargeable for much of the difficulty they encounter in the prosecution of their respective vocations, to their own indolence; in attempting to correct bad habits by violent remedies, which serves only to confine the evil, and not ungenerously become the course of others that no assiduity of attention is capable of overcoming or modifying. Many a valuable animal has been ruined by harsh treatment, especially during the first season after dropping their first calf, when they are particularly timid, and should, consequently be approached and managed with the most gentle care. It sometimes happens that a degree of intermixture or excretion of the udder, occasioned either by an undue secretion of milk, or the action of the calf's jaws while sucking, produces restlessness, and renders the operation of milking one of great difficulty; but under such circumstances the kindest treatment should be adopted, and no beating or flagellation, however light, allowed. Great care should also be taken to ascertain, if possible, the cause or origin of the evil. Animals naturally disposed to gentleness, may, under such circumstances be utterly ruined in a few weeks. Fastening up the head, twisting the nose, and perhaps no less objectionable and certainly no less cruel practice of compelling the animal to stand on three legs during the operation of milking—all of which are recommended by some,—should never be practiced until all other resorts of a more gentle and modifying character have failed.

In milking great care should be used not to excite fear or occasion pain. The following article, which we copy from one of our eastern exchanges, contains several valuable suggestions, and should be perused and pondered by every one who has the management of cows.

"Having milked more or less every season since I was a 'wee-bit boy,' says the writer, 'and having seen it done so poorly as to injure the cow, I propose to give a few rules for it, which I have learned from my own and others' experience.

1. Have you got a stool to sit on.
2. Have your finger nails pared short and smooth.
3. Sit down and clean the bag, and wet the teats with the first stream of milking.
4. Then set the pail under, and milking as fast as you can conveniently—the faster the better. A cow will give more milk when milked fast, than when milked slow.
5. Milk as though the teats were full to the last, otherwise it makes them slow to 'strip' in a little while.
6. Never cold or strike a cow for running about the yard or kicking. It generally does more hurt than good.
7. If she runs about, have patience—talk kindly to her, and tie her up, as a last resort, till she is not afraid.
8. If she kicks, sit forward far enough for your knee to come forward of her leg, and she cannot easily hurt you or spill the milk.
9. If she switches her tail, in "fly time," fasten it by parting the hair, and tying it round her leg.—Use a string, if the hair is not long enough.
10. If she holds up her milk, but with your hands. What else does a call but for but to make the mother give down her milk!

We have only to remark in conclusion, that by following the above rules, much trouble and perplexity will be avoided, and the most refractory animal rendered in a short time perfectly quiet and docile.

NAPOLEON'S HEART.—When Bonaparte died, it is well known that his heart was extracted, with the design of being preserved. The British physician, who had charge of the wondrous organ, had deposited it in a silver basin, among water, and retired to rest, leaving two tapers burning beside it in his chamber. He often confesses to his friends, while narrating the particulars, that he felt very nervously anxious as to the custody, of such a deposit, and though he declined, he did not sleep. While lying thus, awake, he heard, during the silence of the night, first, a rustling noise, then a plunge among the water in the basin, and then the sound of an object falling, with a rebound, on the floor—all occurring with the quickness of thought. Dr. A. sprang from his bed, and the cause of the intrusion upon his repose was explained—it was an enormous Normandy rat dragging the heart of Napoleon to his hole. A few moments more, and that which had been too vast in its ambition to be satisfied with the sovereignty of continental Europe, would have been found in a more degraded position than the dust of Caesar stopping a beer-barrel—it would have been devoured as the supper of a rat! "To such vile uses must we come at last!"

When a crowd of gentlemen standing on a corner, see a party of ladies coming, they should never stand aside to let them pass, as it will be considered impolite; but by permitting the ladies to walk around them they will get an opportunity of staring them in the face, which is an evidence of gentility.

Nearly all the suicides in this country are by foreigners. Yankees rarely make way with themselves—far nearly every one thinks he has a chance of becoming President, and at any rate, his curiosity prompts him to live on just to see what he will come to.

OBSTINACY.—Dobbs says he has one of the most obedient boys in the world. All he has to do, is to tell him to do so he please, and he does it without saying a word.

Men are like beggars; the more brass they contain the further you can hear them. Ladies are like violets, the modest and retiring—they appear the better you love them.