THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

VOLUME X. "REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER." NUMBER 48.

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

TOWANDA:

Saturday Morning, March 23, 1850.

BLESS GOD FOR RAIN.

BY REV. W. BURLEY.

"Bless God for rain," the good man said,
And wiped away a grateful tear—
That we may have our daily bread,
He drops a shower upon us here.
Our Father, Thou who dwell'st in heaven,
We thank Thee for the pearly shower,
The blessed present Thou hast given
To man and beast and bird and flower.

The dusty earth, with lips apart,
Looked up where rolled an orb of flame,
As though a prayer came from its heart
For rain to come: and lo, it came.
The Indian corn with silken plume,
And flowers with tiny pitchers filled,
Send up their praise of sweet perfume,
For precious drops the clouds distilled.

The modest grass is fresh and green—
The brooklet swells its song again.
Methinks an angel wing is seen
In every cloud that brings us rain,
There is a rainbow in the sky,
Upon the arch where tempests trod;
God wrote it ere the world was dry—
It is the autograph of God.

Up where the heavy thunders rolled,
And clouds on fire were swept along,
The sun rides in a car of gold,
And soaring larks dissolve in song.
The rills that rush from mountains rude,
Flow trickling to the verdant base—
Just like the tears of gratitude
That often stain a good man's face.

Great King of Peace, deign now to bless;
The windows of the sky unbar;
Shower down the rain of righteousness,
And wash away the stain of War;
And let the radiant bow of Love
In beauty mark our moral sky,
Like that fair sign unrolled above,
But not like it to fade and die.

(From Burkhardt's "Legends of Many Nations.")

SEPPI, THE GOATHERD.

A FAIRY TALE OF SWITZERLAND.

The mezereon and the mountain lilies bloomed on the hills and the wall wort on the edge of the meadows, or among the hedges which enclosed the fields and gardens and the Senners, that is the herdsmen and goatherds, of the Puster-valley prepared for departure with their flocks to the beautiful pasture among the Alps. For miles, even before the droves of cattle came in sight could the bells of the herds, and the merry lowing of the cows be heard, for Peter Saibel, the big sennier alone drove more than one hundred cows to the Alps. Slowly and with solemn mein, he headed the procession. In his hand he carried the long staff, and his hat and shoes were adorned with tufts and rosettes of many-colored ribbons.

Close behind him, and, as it were, imitating him in grandeur and pride, followed the beauty of the herd, the queen cow, the victress of the cow fights which frequently take place in the Alps. As a diadem she wore an immense wreath of mountain flowers, and her large bell was suspended from her neck by an embroidered collar. Behind hunted the other cows, all adorned with variegated flowers, with wreaths, bouquets and merry bells; among these, came the keeper of the young cattle with the calves and oxen; and lastly came Seppi, the goatherd, with his numerous flocks. He was a handsome and good boy of about fourteen years, with long blonde curls, a tall, well-formed figure and so kind an expression of face, that every child in the valley was fond of him.

No one, at all the farm-houses which the imposing procession passed, paid him much attention to the vain and stylish senner, who proudly strutted in front of his herd; but young and old had a smile and a friendly nod for Seppi, who looked extremely well in his red vest and clean white shirt collar, and even the boys said to each other: "Just look, what a fine fellow our Seppi is! he will be the smartest man in the valley, when he once gets along in the world, and earns money to dress him still better. But just look at the senner, he like St. Stephen in a cabbage garden!" and all laughed and agreed with the speaker.

When the droves had reached the plains among the Alps and the cattle quietly sought pasture, the herds rested, and Seppi with his goats came near a very large pond. The goatherd was tired of his long walks and stretched himself among the flowers. The sun stood very high, it was cool by the water's side, and a gentle air rippled the waves, and the tall grass by the water's edge and although the day reflected its image back on the surface of the clear water. Seppi always was happy at heart though he was the poorest lad in the whole Puster-thal, but to-day he was especially happy, because spring had returned upon the beautiful green Alps and our boy could again take his herds to pasture on the rich blooming meadows. And for this reason he sang one merry song after the other for the world and all around him delighted.

Slowly as he lay quietly in the high grass, he saw a fog arise on the top of the waters, and become thicker and thicker every moment. Wondering at the phenomenon, and observing a very fairy figure gradually emerging from it as from a close veil. She wore a wreath of water lilies around her long black hair, a golden band rested upon that, and in the midst of a rose glistened a diamond. She was more beautiful than a picture of the Madonna in the forest and as the most beautiful thing Seppi had ever seen.

"Lord, that is like a fairy!" Seppi thought to himself and had a great inclination to run away. But the beautiful lady beckoned him, and said, "Sing that beautiful song again, my boy, for that pleases me rather, and I will richly reward you for it."

"Well," said Seppi to himself, as he lost all fear, "she speaks so kind and so friendly, and I think she is too beautiful to do me any harm, as stupid people say that mermaids are apt to do." And he sung his song again, until the fairy signified that she was obliged to him and had heard enough.

"I will now give you a cup full of gold, and with that you can buy land, hire people and have as big a herd as your senner," she said. "Or perhaps you have another wish, which you want me to fulfil?"

"If you are a water fairy," replied Seppi, confidently, "I would rather that you allowed me your sub-marine dominions; it must be very cool and beautiful beneath the blue waters."

"Give me your hand, then," said the fairy, who guided him across the waters, and Seppi found to his astonishment that his feet remained perfectly dry; in the middle of the pond, she stopped and touched the surface of the water with a small wand of whalebone; and the waves opened, and a large staircase appeared, the steps of which were of pure crystal; the fairy conducted Seppi down the stairs, who wondered, whether down below there he would find such beautiful green mats, and such handsome flowers as above, where the bright sun shone; and gladly would he have jumped down three or four steps at a time, in order to be quickly there. But this was not so easily done, for he seemed to have walked more than an hour already, and still the stairs appeared to have no end.—But every moment the fairy seemed to him more beautiful, he loved her more and more, and it appeared as if all that shone around him, only came from her eyes, which were as blue as the horizon he loved to look upon. Her hand was as white as snow, and her nails looked like painted rose-leaves, her small foot scarcely touched the ground, and lay like a lily in its sandal. Seppi could not cease looking at her, and he felt of a sudden, as if it would be the greatest misfortune that could happen to him, if he were compelled again to separate from her; for in all the world, as far as he had seen it, he had never seen anything as beautiful as the water fairy, and he required no other gift from her than the permission to remain near her as long as she should live. And this he told her in all confidence, and even before they had reached her domains; but though she listened to these words with a kindly smile and gently smoothed his golden hair, she made no reply.

Then Seppi took courage, and said: "Did you not promise me, in payment for my song, to fulfil my dearest wish? Now there will never be anything so dear to me as yourself, and therefore you must go with me to the beautiful green Alps, and always remain there with me."

"I dare not live by the light, or among men, answered the fairy sadly; and I cannot therefore grant you that wish, as much as I might desire to do so. But come first down to my dweling, and you will find many other things worthy of your wish."

"If you dare not return to the light with me, no one shall prevent me from staying down below here with you. And that you may see that I am in earnest in my request, just have the stairs destroyed as soon as we are down, for without you, I don't wish to return to the world."

"Only once in a hundred years, and then only for one day, I may rise above the surface of the waters," said the fairy, "and no one but myself can conduct you back to your home. Therefore consider well what you desire; for I either lead you up this day before the sun goes down, or you must you remain a hundred years here in the depths of the water. And if I even conduct you back, if afterwards you should change your mind, I should lose my life, as many of my sisters have done before me. When the first ray of the sun touches me before the century is past, I shall undergo a fearful transformation, which the greatest magician in the world cannot release me from. Therefore, I pray you, abandon your wish, which you may easily rue afterwards."

But Seppi only became more anxious and excited by this reply, and I swore by all he held holy and dear, that he would remain with her as long as he lived. Then suddenly a high portal opened before him, which led to a large saloon, where many elves were playing. A chandelier with more than a hundred branches was suspended form the ceiling, and burned blue, red, green, white, and yellow flames; these made the saloon look as bright as if the sun shone into it, and spread a delicious odor all around. Here, little lake elves, were dancing, yonder small fairies were seated around a little table, eating diminutive sea snails, which were most deliciously prepared.—Another set were amusing themselves by playing featherball, with a ball no bigger than a pea, and adorned with the most beautiful plumes of the humming-bird. Seppi would gladly have joined this play, but wherever he stepped, he drove the little people away, for he might have buried ten of them beneath his foot. And then his figure cast such a large shadow, that the company always sat in the dark, when he approached within a few steps of them, and they begged the fairy to protect them from that fearful giant, of whose thundering voice they were so much afraid.

Now Seppi was very much annoyed that he could not play and gambol with the silly little folks, and that he should appear such a fright to them.—The fairy, who observed that he was annoyed, conducted him to a sofa in the corner, and by a wink commanded her servants to bring all sorts of refreshments to her guest. And in large crystal bowls they brought sweet watermelons and all sorts of beautifully prepared fishes and crabs; in short, every thing they had—and Seppi did full justice to the excellent fare, for he had eaten nothing all day. His master, moreover, was a very close and stingy man, and did not give his servants enough to eat. But although Seppi was very hungry, and had never enjoyed so splendid a table before, yet there was something wanting which even the fairy could not provide for him. There was no bread beneath the water; and although all the viands were excellent, they did not taste right to Seppi, since he had not the "staff of life," to which he had always been used.

"Now you see," said the beautiful fairy, sadly, "that you will miss many things below here, to which you were accustomed in the world above, and which, with all my power, I cannot provide for you. Why, why, would you stay here with me, when you like it so well among mankind, and in the pure Alpine air?"

But Seppi consoled her, and said that he would willingly miss all terrestrial enjoyments, to be allowed to remain with her, and even now he would again leave his home to follow her, if she were to bring him back to the upper world. Then her face beamed with joy and happiness. She now showed the boy her beautiful garden. There, on high espaliers, grew rare flowers of wonderful color, and fruits so large and beautiful, as Seppi had never seen them before. He asked the fairy whether she would permit him to pluck some of these beautiful things, and she replied that everything in her whole kingdom was his as well as her own. Then Seppi wanted to pull a beautiful rose which hung heavy upon the stem, but when he took it into his hand, he found that it was only a work of art, cut from a red jewel, and that the green leaves were made of crysopase. It was the same case with the fruits; the great plums which invited Seppi, were made of sapphire, the apples of rubies, the pears of agate and emerald, in short, all were made of jewels: but though they were beautiful and looked inviting, Seppi could not eat them. Then a shade of discontent passed over his face, for there he had seen happy children at play, and could not join them, or share their joys. He found the ratest fruits but could not eat them; and with the exception of the fairy, no one understood his language, or would reply to him. True, she was always near him, as Seppi had desired, and studied constantly to make him happy; but she could not succeed in it; nay, Seppi even began to be afraid of the wonderful things he saw everywhere around him, and the mysterious power of the fairy filled him with awe.

"I pray you," he said one day to her, "conduct me from the artificial garden, and from the splendid saloon, to some green meadow, where plain simple grass is growing, such as my goats eat: there I will again sing all my songs to you, all these songs you love so well."

Then the fairy sighed, for her kingdom consisted only of the great magic garden, and the beautiful saloon, and she could easily perceive that these two places did not suit her favorite. For not once since had he sung so happily as at the time when he sat last by the side of the lake: and when he now at the request of the fairy, sang one of his old melodies, it had no longer the happy, merry sound as of yore, for Seppi's heart was no more happy: on the contrary, he was sad and languishing. And yet now he was so much better off than at the time when he was but a poor goat-herd, and had to starve in the employ of the avaricious senner.—What then ailed him? As he had wished, he was always daily and hourly, by the beautiful fairy, who nursed and cherished him like a child. He dined every day off fire courses, and from golden dishes; slept on a soft, luxurious bed, and beneath a silken cover. And here in the realms of fairy land, reigned an everlasting spring, and it never became night: but the flowers and fruits were only artificial, and the light was not that of the sun, but of thousands of lamps which hung upon the ceiling of the saloon, and against the chrystal walls, and burned always. In the world above, no one had cared for poor Seppi, who had no parents or relatives, and his goats, at the utmost, used at times to lick his hands with their small lips. Now, the beautiful fairy kissed his forehead, played with his locks, and brought him new and beautiful presents every day. And with all this Seppi became more sorrowful, day after day, and his merry eyes looked dim and sad; he would almost have given his life to pass another hour by the pond, where the fairy had met him, and he was constantly thinking of the clear bright sun, the blue ether, and the high grass, that grew so merrily upon earth, and so fast that he used to see, each morning, the progress it had made during the night. In the fairy's empire every thing was beautiful beyond description, but he never could feel at home; he wanted so many things that he had been used to in this world above—his brown bread, the berries he used to pluck in the forest, even his goats, which were wont to come at his call.

"I really wish," he said to himself, "the fairy would leave me for a moment. I would, just for fun, see whether I could find the chrystal stairs by which I came down here. Only for curiosity—I would not ascend—for I am very well here, and the fairy is so kind to me, and loves me so much."

And just if the fairy could read his thoughts, she said, on the following morning, "Seppi, I must leave you for a few hours! Try and pass your time as best you can. When I come back I expect to give you a joyful surprise." It was her intention to swim as nearly as possible to the surface of the water, and see whether no child approached its neighborhood; then she would coax it to the edge of the lake, and quickly draw it down with her, so that her dear Seppi might have a human being near him to cheer him up again.

Whilst she was thus waiting and hiding herself beneath the water lilies and large leaves that floated upon the pond, so that no rays of the sun could reach her, Seppi was walking about, torn by restlessness and discontent. He wanted to know whether that staircase was still standing, secretly like an evil conscience he stole from the saloon.—And behold, he found the chrystal steps, which he had descended with the fairy about a month ago, as he thought, and his heart beat with joy.

"Why did not the good fairy have these stairs torn down, as I begged of her? then these tempting thoughts would not have entered my head. But I will ascend a little way, to see whether I cannot discover the blue sky through the water," he said, as he ascended higher and higher.

But had not the fairy told him that he could not leave the place alone,—that she must herself conduct him back to the light? True, but perhaps she only meant to frighten him from the attempt; he could not easily convince himself; he wanted to see whether he really could not emerge into the open air, and then he would quietly return to his place, and the fairy should never know anything of this attempt. No, he would never endanger the life of this beautiful and kind friend, as little as he would leave her; for he knew how much she loved him; and that she would weep her dear blue eyes blind, if he were to desert her.

But as he thought so, he had already gained the last steps; and now all his good intentions suddenly were forgotten; he would and must again behold the beautiful green earth and the blue sky—and with all his strength he pressed against the chrystal ceiling, through which he had entered with the fairy as through a door.

The fairy, who as I have above stated, was watching close behind, for a child, now suddenly perceived her faithless favorite; she saw his danger, he would immediately die, if he had left her domains (whether he had gone of his own free will) alone; she saw that the door began to move, by the heavy pushes of Seppi, and forgot her own safety in her anxiety to save him. Quick as lightning she flew to his side, took him by the hand, and she herself opened the portal, so that Seppi in an instant was above the water.

Greedily he breathed the fresh mountain air that wafted across the Alps—but alas! a broad ray of the sun fell like melted gold through the portal upon the poor fairy, and with a dying noise she sighed aloud. Frightened, Seppi, looked around towards her, and she saw how the folds of the green veil she wore turned into green leaves, her feet and golden sandal, changed into roots, and her tall beautiful figure appeared as a reed shrub above the water. And then the waves took Seppi, and carried him playfully to the shore; he rubbed his eyes, stretched out his arms towards the reed, which a few moments before had stood by his side, but which now raised its head in the middle of the pond, and reached its thin, trembling arms languishingly towards the shore. A soft wail and a sigh passed through the reeds, and cut like a bitter reproach, through poor Seppi's soul. He covered his face with his hands, and ran away, so as not to see the sad reed-shrub any more. Thus he finally reached the senner's cottage, which belonged to his master, Peter Saibel. There he found an old man, of whom he inquired for the senner.

"I am the senner," replied the other.

"But what has become of Peter Saibel?" asked Seppi in astonishment.

"Why youngster, you must have been drinking," replied the old man; "the Saibel owned this senner's hut long before me, and has been dead this eighty years. My father used to tell me the story about him, and about a young lad, and that both of them had disappeared on the very same day, and that it was just on the day when the cattle were driven out for the first time in the spring,—Peter's body was found by some of the mountaineers: but he had always been a loose character, and stayed, perhaps, too late at the tavern; then he probably crossed a Harsch (frozen snow drift between the mountains) and was lost. But the young lad, the goatherd, was never heard of again."

At first Seppi thought that the old man was crazy, but a young maiden came in, who seemed to assert all that her father said. Eighty years then had passed, and this long time had seemed to him, whilst in the fairy's dominions, scarcely as many days. If he had only had a little more patience, a century would have been passed, and the beautiful fairy might have brought him back to the Alps without losing her life in the attempt!

And now all joy for him was at an end, for he could, indeed, no longer look up on the clear blue sky, with a pure heart and a clear conscience; for had he not become stained with guilt—did not the death of the beautiful fairy rest upon his mind? He no longer found joy in contemplating the mountains, and the vallies, or in the bright sunshine: all the day long he lay by the side of the lake, and listened to the sad sighing of the reeds. Nay, he even once passed a night there in order that he might be near as possible to the fairy. He then dreamed that he saw her again floating upon the water, as he had first beheld her, wrapped in a thin green veil of fog, and that she again, in all her beauty and loveliness, offered him her hand to conduct him down to her submarine palace. And he hastily arose to walk towards her, but no kind hand now held him above the water; he sunk—and the cool waves closed over him. For a moment the mirror of the lake trembled and shook, and then it again became quiet and calm as before.

Seppi never again rose from the waters; and to this day a soft sighing and murmuring is heard through the reeds that grow in solitary lakes and ponds; and that is the endless sorrow of the poor transformed fairy, for her lost favorite.

"ZE NAME OV ZE STREET."—A Frenchman stopped a lad in the street to make some inquiries of his whereabouts.

"Mon fren, what is ze name of zis street?"

"Well, who said 'twas?"

"What you call him, zis street?"

"Of course we do."

"Pardonnez! I have not the name vat you call him."

"Yes. Watts we call it."

"How you call ze name of zis street?"

"Watts,street, I told yer."

"Zis street."

"Watts street, old feller, and don't yer go to make game o'me."

"Sacre! I ask you one, two, tree, several times, olin, vill you tell me ze name ov ze dam street—eh?"

"Watts street. I tole yer. Yer drunk, aint yer?"

"Mon little fren, vere you lif, eh?"

"Shall we take a *bus* up Broad-way?" said a young New Yorker, who was showing his country cousin the wonders of that great city.

"O, dear! no!" said the frightened girl; "I would not do that—*in the street.*"

A Cure for Sparking.

Some months since, a joyous, courageous woman, residing in this city, the daughter of highly respectable parents, found herself unintentionally detained at the house of a neighbor one evening; and before she was aware of the fact, scarcely, night had set in. The distance to her own home was but a few blocks, however, and as she expected a little gathering of ladies and gentlemen that evening at her father's, she determined upon returning home unattended, and bidding her friends good night, she hurried along upon the walk towards her residence, into which her family had quite recently removed from another part of the city.

Upon turning the first corner, she was suddenly started by the approach of a well dressed young man, who accosted her with a "good evening," and offered his services to escort her home! Being alarmed, for an instant, she would have avoided the stranger, but as he advanced to her side, she ventured to turn toward him, and a glance satisfied her—she recognised the young gentleman as a familiar acquaintance. Disguising her voice, and replying in a timid tone, she accepted the proffered gallantry, determined at once to administer a lesson to her young friend which he should not forget. The conversation which passed was brief, the beau suspecting nothing, as he was not aware that the family had changed their quarters, tripped along at the young lady's side, apparently well-pleased with his companion. In a few minutes they halted before a modest brick house, in a retired street, at the west end and the lady relinquished her attendant's arm.

"Will you come in?" whispered the lady softly.

"Thank you," was the reply; and his fair companion opened the front door. Closing it carefully, they found themselves in the entry, in total darkness.

"Wait a moment," said the young lady, and be perfectly quiet. I will return instantly," and with these words she ascended the stairs which led to the parlors of the house.

The first thought of the young man, as she retired, was to open the front door, and "vamoose"—for he suspected all was not as he first anticipated.

He returned to the door; it was fast. He fumbled for the latch, or lock, or whatever secured it, it was not to be found; and an instant afterwards he heard footsteps approaching in the dark. His heart thumped against his ribs, and he began to wish himself safely out of door again; he was quickly re-assured by the encouraging whisper of the new made acquaintance, who approached him, apparently with the greatest caution.

"Hush!" she said, "all is safe. Be quiet now a moment—remove your boots from your feet—I will return in an instant."

Our hero was content; and drawing off his boots, he secured them together, and held them in his hand to await the return of his lady friend, who again ascended the front stairs.

Entering the parlor a moment afterwards, the female rogue found some young female friends, with their brothers and beaux present, to whom she quickly and briefly communicated the adventure.

"I've got him in the entry, down stairs," she said. "Put out the lights, keep perfectly still, don't betray the slightest sound, and I will show you some very fine sport in a moment."

The lights were removed, the party arranged themselves around the room—the bulk of the company knew the victim intimately—and again the lady descended the stairs, and approached her friend.

"Softly, now," taking the hand which was unoccupied with the boots, "softly. All is quiet up stairs—all is arranged—and she led her gallant shyly along up the stairway. His boots dangled against the railing—"sh!" exclaimed the fair one, "for pity's sake, make no noise, or all is lost."

The beau moved on, grasped the boots more firmly, by his side, nor dreamed of aught save bliss! Least of all did he expect the existence of a rent in his stocking; but he was a bachelor, and this was but a trifle.

They entered the parlor. All was silence and darkness. The lady closed the door behind them, and led her companion into the centre of the room. Not a breath was heard, and little did the gentleman suppose that he was at that moment surrounded by a dozen of his acquaintances.

"Remain here one moment," said the girl, "I'll get a light—"

The gallant raised the soft hand which had conducted him thus far towards—he knew not what—and ventured to press upon it a kiss: but it was dexterously withdrawn at the "very nick of time," and his lips came in queer contact with his own fingers!

"Wait a moment," added his fair inamorata, leaving him quickly—and then, passing a door at the farthe extremity of the room, she disappeared.

A minute had scarcely elapsed, but it seemed a month to the little party, who were nearly choking with suppressed merriment—it was an age to the victim. But gentle footsteps were heard again; the beau gazed anxiously towards the direction of the door; it opened with a single movement, a blaze of light gushed into the parlor, and behind he beheld the face of an old and familiar acquaintance!

"Ladies and gentlemen," she said, "*this is Mr. Smith!*"

Such a "ha, ha!" as went up from that coterie at that moment, was seldom heard in the neighborhood before or since! Poor Smith stood for a moment not exactly paralyzed—that would be a faint term of expression; he was frozen—actually *statue*-ized in his tracks, and he hugged his boots to his side, coughed, sneezed, choked, then grinned, a ghastly smile!

As soon as the paroxysms of laughter was over, the lady brought forward a chair, and placing it before the victim, said:

"Pray be seated Mr Smith!"

He turned upon his tormentor a lock of comical recognition, and like Falstaff, his wits coming quickly to his relief he replied—

"Did you think, Cally, *I did not know you?*"

Another roar followed this remark, and the company were soon on good terms.

It was the first and last effort at picking up an acquaintance, and it proved a cure to "sparking" with him. Within six months he made ample apology for his error by making Miss Cally—Mrs. Smith.—*Flag of Our Union.*

EVIL COMPANY.—The following beautiful allegory, is translated from the German:

Sophonious, a wise teacher, would not suffer even his grown up sons and daughters to associate with those whose conduct was not pure and upright.

"Dear father," said the gentle Eulalia to him one day, when he forbade her, in company with her brother, to visit the volatile Lucinda, "dear father, you must think us very childish, if you imagine we should be exposed to any danger by it."

The father took in silence a dead coal from the hearth, and reaching it to his daughter, "It will not burn you, my child, take."

Eulalia did so, and behold her beautiful white hand was soiled and blackened, and as it chanced her white dress also.

"We cannot be too careful in handling coals," said Eulalia, in vexation.

"Yes, truly," said her father, "you see, my child, that coals, even if they do not burn, blacken. So it is with the company of the vicious.

IS HE ALIVE?—Some years ago, a chap arrived in Augusta, Maine, with one of those curiosities, an Egyptian Mummy, which he desired to exhibit. It was requisite then, that before the exhibition, permission should be obtained from the Judge of some of the inferior courts. Accordingly the showman proceeded to the court house, where some court was in session, and applied to the Judge for a license.

"What is it?" asked the Judge.

"An Egyptian Mummy, may it please the court—more than three thousand years old," said the showman.

"Three thousand years old," exclaimed the Judge, jumping to his feet, "and is the critter alive?"

The question caused some merriment at the expense of the Judge.

THE MYSTERY OF THE CROSS.—O how full of mystery is the death of Christ! Why must the only begotten Son of God, the brightness of his glory, the express image of his person, became incarnate, suffer and die? O mystery of mysteries! An incarnate God, a suffering Christ and Saviour! How fearful and terrible must the divine the law be, since the *assumption* of its penalty, involved such sufferings—filled heaven and earth with darkness. How sad sin must be, since it could only be expiated by a such a sacrifice. The cross not only points up to the mysterious heights of divine love, but down to the mysterious depths of sin in the human heart. It stands forth equally the exponent of a mysteriously gracious Deity, and of a mysteriously depraved and lost humanity.—*Ch. Sex.*

SELF-RELIANCE.—The success of individuals in life is greatly owing to their early learning to depend upon their own resources. Money, or the or the expectation of it by inheritance, has ruined more men than the want of it ever did. Teach young men to rely upon their own efforts, to be frugal and industrious, and you have furnished them with a productive capital which no man can ever wrest from them.

COULDN'T ALLOW IT.—A gentleman tells us a good story of one of his domestics: Having employed a new female servant, he sat down in the parlor, the evening after, to "a civil game of whist" with his wife and a couple of neighbors. The next morning "my lady," "the help," observed that "the card-playing must be put a stop to, or she should be obliged to leave—she didn't approve of the practice, and *never allowed it* in families where she lived!"

A PARAPHRASE.—"Go it while your young for when you get old you can't."

"Make sundry evolutions with thy perambulators, while the sanguinous fluid of juvenility, rushes warmly through the arterial structure of the physical organization; for when the coral congelation of many hybernal seasons, has silvered the capillarious integument of thy cranium, the ultimathule of thy farther advancement will have been reached."

AWFUL.—Two friends met at the Art Union Room a few days since, when the following colloquy occurred:

"Harry, how many tickets have you this year?"

"One—only one."

"Only one!" exclaimed the first speaker: "why did you not take more?"

"Because to tell the truth, I was afraid I should draw some of those abominable pictures."

MATHEMATICAL MEASURE.—Two Polkas make one flirtation.

Three flirtation make one squeeze of the hand.
Four squeezes make one kiss.
Five kisses make one moonlight meeting.
Two moonlight meetings make one Wedding.
Two Weddings make four fools.

A NEW STRIKE.—"I ain't goin' to be called a Printer's devil any longer—no more I ain't," exclaimed our imp, the other day, in a terrible pucker.

"We'll, what shall we call you?"

"Call me a typographical spirit of evil, if you like—that's all."

GRACE GREENWOOD'S PROPHECY.—She said of an old mill which had gone to decay, the water having dried away in its stream—"It wasn't worth a dam."