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Saturday Morning, April 27, 1850.

(For the Bradford Reporter.)

THE UNION.

BY E. NASON.

Columbians, thy country saw freedom unfold,
And not gain'd by purchase with silver or gold,
But blood of brave freemen was shed on the plain,
Defending that Union we now should maintain;
Then cease this vile discord, our councils to mar,
Be aware of ascending with freedom's bright
Beacons of Union be ever unfurl'd, [star,
Give peace to our nation and peace to the world.

Successors of Europe, their forces combine,
To put down Republic as treason and crime,
O'er not Columbians forget their fair fame,
And talk of dividing our Union in twain;
Nash not the ashes of Bonker's bill height,
Where now sleep in union, the good and the great,
Take heed to their warning, take heed to their call—
"United you stand, but divided you fall."

Still onward or southward to freedom grow cold,
And not warm'd by friendship, like patriots of old,
Squadrons of discord usurp reason's place,
And bring on our nation both shame and disgrace.
Find ye freemen, forbid ye brave,
To each lend a hand, his loud country to save,
Be like our fathers, that fourth of July,
To maintain our Union, or fight 'till we die.

Observe now this wrangling, this jargon and strife
Our Union is dearer to freemen than life,
For each lend a hand, his loud country to save,
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have with difficulty been able to invest in the funds
for your wants the paltry sum I mentioned. May
you prosper better than your father, and the bright-
ness of your day make up for the darkness of his
closing scene. God's blessing— His head
sank on the pillow, and falling into a comatose
state, he slept for four or five hours, when his
transition from time to eternity was as gentle as
it was unnoticed.

"For my part, I merely remain here till the
last offices are performed. All his affairs will be
committed to the solicitors, then the fortune and
residence which I looked forward to enjoying as
my own must be left to others."

"Courage, my dear fellow," said I, "there is
no space too great not to allow of the sun's rays en-
livening it—neither is that heart in existence which
hope may not inherit."

The funeral was over, the mansions of the la-
ther relinquished, and St. Clare himself duly forgot-
ten by his friends. The profession, which he be-
fore looked upon as optional in its pursuit, was now
to become his means of existence; and in order to
pursue it with greater comfort to himself, we took
spacious rooms, which enabled us to live to-
gether, in—street, Borough, in the neighborhood
of our hospital. One morning it so happened that I
had something to detain me at home, and St. Clare
proceeded by himself to his studies. From the
brilliant complexion and handsome countenance of
a former day, his appearance had degenerated into
the pale and consumptive look of one about to fol-
low the friend for whom his sable livery of woe was
worn.

"Give me joy, Dudley!—joy, I say, for life is
bright once more!" exclaimed St. Clare, returning
late in the evening, while his face was beaming
with gladness.

"I rejoice to hear it," said I. "What has hap-
pened?"

St. Clare explained. He had met his forgot-
ten mistress of Dawlish. She had introduced him
to her father, with whom she was walking, and
whom he recognized as a Mr. Smith, an eccentric
and wealthy acquaintance of his deceased father's.
Mr. Smith invited him to dinner the next day. To
cut short my story, St. Clare soon received permis-
sion to pay his addresses to the lady he had so
long secretly loved; and Mr. Smith, who had origi-
nally been in trade, and was at once saving and
generous, promised sixteen thousand pounds to the
young couple, on the condition that St. Clare would
follow up his profession. The marriage was to be
concluded immediately after St. Clare had passed
the College of Surgeons, which he expected to do
in six months.

"Dudley, I have an engagement to-day, and
shall not be at home until evening," said St. Clare,
returning from the hospital one morning; "but as
we must dissect the arteries of the neck some what
more minutely before we go up for examination,
I wish you would get a subject. I am told you can
have one within two days by applying to this man,"
giving me the card of an exhumer in the Borough.

"Very well," I returned, setting off.

"Which will you have, sir?" asked a trafficker
in human clay, whose lineaments bespoke the to-
tal absence of human feeling from his heart—"a
lady or a gentleman?"

"Whichever you can procure with least trouble,"
I replied. "When can you bring it to my lodg-
ings?"

"The day after to-morrow, sir."
"Good! What is your price?"

"Why, sir, the market's very high just now, as
there's a terrible rout about these things; so I
must have twelve guineas."

"Well, then, at eleven the evening after to-mor-
row, I shall expect you."

The night passed on, no St. Clare appeared—the
next, still he came not—and eleven on the follow-
ing evening found him yet absent. Surrounded
with books, bones, skulls and other requisites for
surgical study, midnight surprised me, when a gen-
tle tap at the door put my reveries to flight.

"Two men in the street, sir, wish to see you
there."

"Very well," said I, and recollecting the ap-
pointment, I descended, and found the exhumer
and another.

revolting in expression. I went into the closet to
take a glance at the subject, fearing that they might
attempt to deceive me. They had laid it on the
table, and a linen cloth swathed round was the
only covering. I drew aside the corner which con-
cealed the face, and started, for never till that in-
stant, had I seen such a case so near to my ideal
picture of female loveliness, even though the
last touches had been painted by the hand of death.

As the light of the candle fell in the shrouded
figure before me, it composed the very scene that
Rembrandt would have loved to paint, and you, my
reader, to have looked on. Her hair was loose
and motionless, while its whole length, which had
strayed over the neck and shoulders, nestled in a
bosom white as snow whose pure, warm tides
were now at rest forever! One thing struck me
as singular—her rich, dark tresses till held within
them a thin, slight comb. An oath of impatience
from the men I had left in the next room drew me
from my survey.

"Where did you get the subject, my men?" I
inquired, as I put the money into the man's hand;
"Oh, we hadn't it from a town church-yard, sir."
It came up from the country; didn't it, Jim?"

"Yes," replied the man, addressed, and both
moved quickly to depart, while I returned to gaze
on the hapless object I had left, and which af-
forded me a pleasure, so mixed up with that was
horrid, that I sincerely hope it will never fall to my
lot to have a second experience of the same feel-
ing.

To me she was nothing, less than nothing; and
though, from long habit, I had almost brought my-
self to meet with indifference the objects which are
found on the dissecting table, I could not gaze on
one so young, so very fair, without feeling the
springs of pity dissolve within me; and tears, fast
and many, fell on lips restrained not from kissing,
notwithstanding mortality had set its seal upon
them; as yet—

Her eyes were closed beneath the long lashes—
I lifted one lid; the orb beneath was large and blue,
but "soul was wanting there." So great was the
impression her beauty made upon me, that, step-
ping into the next room, I took my materials, and
made a drawing of the placid and unconscious
form so hushed and still. I looked upon it at this
moment, and fancy recalls the deep and unaccount-
able emotions that shook me as I made it. It
must have been an instinctive—But to pro-
ceed: I saw but one finger in my sleep—the lovely
that fell so moist and cold against my face?—
where was it? What light was glimmering through
the windows? It was the break of day. Worn
with fatigue, I had fallen asleep over my drawing,
while the candle had burned out in the socket, and
my head was resting on the inanimate breast which
had been deprived too soon of existence to know
the pure joy of pillowing a fellow-heart it loved—
I arose, and retired to a sleepless couch. In the
evening, while over my modicum of coffee, in
came St. Clare. He appeared haggard and wild,
while over now and then his eyes would gaze
on vacancy, and closing, seemed to shut out some un-
pleasant thoughts that haunted him in ideal reality.

"Well, St. Clare, what has detained you?"

"Death!" said he, solemnly. "The sole re-
maining relative to whom Nature has given any
claim on my affections, is left me now. A mother's
sister, and not a soul is left me now on earth to
love, save Emily and my friend. I feel most un-
accountably oppressed—a dread sense of ill per-
vades me; but let me hope that ill is past."

"Well, think of it no more," I replied, and
changed the conversation. "I have procured a
female subject, beautiful and young; but I feel
more inclined to let it rest and rot amidst its fel-
low clouds of clay, than bare to air a bosom to the
knife. It is well that the living hold a pre-occupancy
of my heart, or such a beautiful form of death—"

"This note has just been left for you, sir, from
Mr. Smith; who requests an immediate answer,"
said my servant, entering. I read aloud its con-
tents:

"Though unknown to you, save by name and
the mention of another, I call upon you as the
friend of one who was my friend, to assist me in
unravelling this horrid mystery. On Tuesday at
two, my dearest Emily went out with the intention
of returning at four. Since that hour, I have been
unable to obtain the slightest information respect-
ing her. I have called in your absence for St. Clare
twice; he was unexpectedly out. Surely I have not
mistaken him! He cannot have filed up the measure
of mankind's deceit, and abused the trust re-
posed in him! Let me pray you, for the love of
Heaven, to give me the least clue that you are
possessed of that may lead to her discovery.
I know not what I have written, but you can un-
derstand its meaning. Yours,
JOHN SMITH."

Starting from his seat with an air of a maniac,
St. Clare abstractedly gazed on empty air, as if to
wait conviction. Too soon it came, and seizing a
light he dashed towards the closet where he knew
the body was to be. For the first time a dark sus-
picion flashed upon me, and taking the other can-
dle I followed. The face had been again covered,
and St. Clare, setting the light upon the table, stood
transfixed—just as we feel the pressure of some
nightmare dream—without the power of drawing
his eyes away, or by dashing aside the veil, to end
this suspense of agony, in the certainty of despair.

Every muscle of his body shook, while his pale
lips could only mutter—"It must be so! it must
be so!" and his finger, pointed to the shrouded
corpse, silently bade me to disclose the truth. Mute,
motionless horror prevailed me throughout; then,
springing from his trance, he tore away the linen
from the features it concealed. One glance sufficed.
True, the last twenty-four hours had robbed
them of much that was lovely, but they were cast
in a mould of such sweet expression that once seen
was to be remembered forever.

With indescribable wildness he flung himself
upon the body, and embracing the pallid clay,
seemed vainly trying to kiss it back to life. I
watched his countenance till it became so pale,
there was only one shade of difference between the

two. In an instant, from the strained glare of his
fixed glance, his eyes relaxed, and a lifeless inas-
sinate expression of nonentity succeeded their for-
mer tension, while with his hand still retaining the
hair of the deceased in his grasp, he sunk upon the
ground.

Assistance was called, and from a state of insen-
sibility he passed into one of depression.
All our efforts to disentangle the locks he had so
warmly loved, from his fingers were in vain—the
locks were, therefore, cut off from the head—
Through all the anguish of his soul he never spoke.
The last words to which his lips gave utterance
were these—"It must be so, it must be so." For
hours he would stare at one object, and his look
was to me so full of horror and reproach I could not
meet it. Suddenly he would turn to the hair, and
fastening his lips upon it, murmur some inarticulate
sounds, and weep with all the bitterness of infant-
ine sorrow.

The reader will remember it so chanced that I
never was introduced to the heroine of my tale;
but all doubt was now removed as to the identity of
the subject for dissection with the unfortunate
Emily Smith. How she came by her death was a
mystery that nothing seemed likely to unravel.

Not the slightest marks of violence could be
found about her person. The arms were certainly
in an unnatural position, being bent with the palms
upward, as if to support a weight, and seemed to
have been somewhat pressed, but this might be ac-
counted for by the packing the body. All besides
were the appearance of quiescent death.

She was opened, and not the slightest trace of
poison presented itself. Immediate search had
been made for the men. They had absconded, and
all apparent means of inquiry seemed hushed with
the victim of science in its grave.

Some years passed: St. Clare was dead; the father
of the unfortunate Emily was no more. Fortune had
thriven with me, and being independent of practice,
I had settled in the west end of London, and mar-
ried the object of my choice. I was soon occupied
with the employments of my profession, and among
the rest that of surgeon to the Dispensary.

Seven years after my first commencement I had
to attend to a poor man who was attacked with
inflammation of the brain. The violence of the
disease had been subdued, but some strange wan-
derings of delirium still haunted him. In a paroxysm
of this sort he one day exclaimed to me, as I was
feeling his pulse; "Cut it off! Cut it off! it says so;
off with it!" Paying no attention to this, I replaced
his arm within the coverlid, but dashing it up
he seized mine, and demanded—"Does it not say
if the right hand offend, then, cut it off!"

"Yes my man, but 'twould be a useful member—
take my advice and keep it on!"

"I will not; it has offended me; aye, damned
me to eternity. It is a murderous right hand!"
But I will not drag the reader through the incoher-
ent ravings of guilty delirium; it suffices to say,
that after some considerable pains I elicited the
following story from him.

"It's just ten years to-morrow since I was dis-
charged from four months' imprisonment in the
house of correction. I was then just twenty. In
the same place I met a gang of resurrection men,
and they said what a jolly life they led, plenty of
money and all that, when one of 'em told me the
rest what they did, and if so be 'twould they could
split he'd tell 'em. Well after making me take an
oath (I tremble now to think of it) that I wouldn't
tell, they let me into it. This was to kidnap all
the greenhorns, that didn't know their way about
town, and carry them to a house the gang had in
—alley, near Blackfriars, where they were to be
enfocated, and sold to you doctors for cutting up.
Well, it took a long time to bring my mind to such
a thing, but they persuaded me we were all des-
tined to go to heaven or hell, before we were born,
and that our actions had nothing to do with it. So
I agreed, when the time came round, to enter the
gang.

On the day we were let loose there were four of
us loitering near the coach stand in — street. A
gentleman was walking up and down before an
inn, looking at his watch every now and then, and
casting his eyes round to see if a coach was com-
ing which he seemed to expect. Presently he
met some one who knew him, and I saw him
take a letter and read it, and then say to the other,
"I can't come this instant, because I expect a friend
in half an hour, and must wait for her; but stay;
I can write a note, and put her off, when he stepped
inside the inn, and came out in ten minutes,
with a note in his hand. One of us had been a
servant in a cutting-up house in the Borough, and
knew him all over; stepping up, he asked if he
could carry the note for him? The other was in a
hurry, and said, yes, giving him half a crown to
take it into the Borough, and then got into the coach
and drove off. Instead of going with it, he had
learn't to read and breaking the note open, found
some one was coming to meet the gentleman by
half-past two. "I'll tell ye what, my boys," says
he, "here's a fish come to our net without looking
for it, so we'll have her first." Shortly after, up
comes the coach with a lady in it, meanwhile,
one of our gang had got another coach belonging
to us for the purpose, which was in waiting; so the
villain tells her the gentleman had been obliged to
go somewhere else, but he was an old servant, and
if she would get into his coach, he would drive
her to the house where the gentleman was waiting
to receive her. She, never suspecting, got in, and
was driven off to the slaughter-house, as we called
it. She entered by a back yard, and frightened by
the dark, dirty way and lonely looking rooms, and
not seeing him she expected, she attempted to run
off, but that was of no use; and taking her to a
room for the purpose, in the middle of the house,
where no one could hear her screaming, she was
locked up for the night. Well, I was uncommon
struck with her beautiful looks, and begged very
hard to let her go—they said it would not do, be-
cause as how they would all be found out. So she
she must the next order they had for a corpse—

That very night came an order, and they swore I
should have the killing of her, for being spoony
enough to beg her life. I swore I would not do it;
but they said if I didn't they would send me in-
stead, and frightened at their threats, I agreed.

In the room where she slept was a bed, with a
sliding top to let down and another the person who
was lying beneath, while the chain which let down
was fastened in the room above. They had given
her a small lamp in order to look at her through a
hole, that they might see what she was about—
After locking the door inside (for they left the key
there to keep her easy, while it was bolted on the
out) and looking to see there was no one in the
room, nor any other door she knelt by the bed-side,
said her prayers and then laid down in her clothes.
This was at ten—they watched her till twelve—
She was sleeping soundly but crying too, they said,
when they took me up into the room above, and
with a drawn knife at my throat insisted on my
letting go the chain which was to another her be-
neath, I did it! Oh, I did it—hark I starting up,
"don't you hear the rustling of the clothes? a stifled
cry! No, all is quiet! She is done for; take
her and sell her!" and from that he fell into his
old raving manner once more.

The next day he was again lucid, and pulling
from his bosom an old purse, he said—"I managed
to get these things without their knowledge." It
contained a ring with a locked engraved "E. S." and
the silver plate of a dog's collar with the name of
"Emily on it." "That," he remarked, "came
from a little Spaniel which we sold."

I had made a finished miniature from the rough
drawing taken on the first evening of my seeing
Emily Smith. This had set in the lid of a snuff-
box, and anxious to see if he would recognise it, I
silently placed the snuff-box in his hand. His
mind but barely took time to comprehend and
know the face, when flinging it from him with a
loud cry, his spirit took its flight to final judgment;
and I vowed from that day a renunciation of the
scalpel forever.

[From the Louisville Journal.]
SPRING.
BY J. R. BARRICK.

The winter winds and storms are past,
The early blasts are blown,
The voice of spring is heard at last,
In blithe and joyous tone;
The little streams, from frost set free,
With gladdening music sing;
The south wind comes with songs of glee,
To welcome in the Spring.

The heart of earth its foliage wide
Unfolds like summer's rose;
Through wood and stream a quickening tide
Of life and beauty flows;
The light of May is on the sky,
Its sunshine on the wing,
While winter's shades and shadows fly
To welcome in the Spring.

The flowers are gently springing up
On hillside and on lawn,
The daisy and the buttercup
Breathe in the balm of morn;
The rills and brooks soft answer make
To birds on soaring wing,
The mingling strains of nature wake
To welcome in the Spring.

I list me to the cheering song
Of robin and the wren,
The mocking bird and juncop through
Of warblers in the glen;
The winds and zephyrs too rejoice,
While every living thing
On earth outpours a grateful voice
To welcome in the Spring.

A Mending Story.
One winter evening a country storekeeper in the
Green Mountain State was about closing his door
for the night, and while standing in the snow out-
side, putting up the window shutters, saw through
the glass a lounging, worthless fellow within, grab
a pound of fresh butter from the shelf, and con-
cealed it in his hat.

The act was no sooner detected than the reverce
was hit upon, and a very few minutes found the
Green Mountain storekeeper at once including his
appetite for fat to the fullest extent, and paying
off the thief with a facetious sort of torture, for
which he would have gained a premium from the
old innkeeper.

"I say, Seth!" said the storekeeper, coming in
and closing the door after him, slapping his hand
over his shoulders, and stamping the snow off his
feet.

Seth had his hand on the door, and his hat upon
his head, and the roll of butter in his hat, anxious
to make his exit as soon as possible.

"I say, Seth, sit down; I reckon now on such
an eternal night as this, a little something warm
wouldn't hurt a fellow."

Seth felt very uncertain, he had the butter and
was exceedingly anxious to be off, but the tempta-
tion of something warm sadly interfered with his
resolution to go. This hesitation however, was
soon settled by the right owner of the butter taking
Seth by the shoulders and planting him in a seat
close to the stove, where he was in such a manner
cornered in by the boxes and barrels, that while
the grocer stood before him there was no possibi-
lity of getting out, and right in this very place sure
enough, the store keeper sat down.

"Seth, we'll have a little warm Santa Cruz,"
said the grocer, as he opened the stove door, and
stuffed in as many sticks as the place would admit,
"without it you'd freeze going home such a night
as this."

Seth already felt the butter settling down closer
to his hair, and he jumped up declaring he must
go.

"Not till you have had something warm, Seth:
come, I've got a story to tell you too; sit down,
now, and Seth was again pushed into his seat by
his cunning tormentor.

"Oh! it's in darned hot here," said the petty
thief, attempting to rise.

"Sit down—don't be in such a plaguy hurry,"
retorted the grocer, pushing him back in his chair.
"But I've got the cows to fodder, and the wood to
split, I must be going," said the persecuted chap.

"But you mustn't tear yourself away, Seth, in
this manner. Sit down, let the cows take care of
themselves, and keep yourself cool; you appear
to be a little fligey," said the roguish grocer, with
a wicked leer.

The next thing was the production of two smok-
ing glasses of hot rum toddy, the very sight of
which, in Seth's present situation, would have made
the hair stand erect upon his head, had it not been
well oiled and kept down by the butter.

"Seth, I'll give you a toast, now, and you can
butter it yourself," said the grocer, with an air of
such consummate simplicity, that poor Seth be-
lieved himself unsuspected. "Seth, here's—here's
a Christmas goose, well roasted, eh? I tell you,
it's the greatest eating in creation. And Seth don't
you never use hog's fat, or common cooking butter,
to baiste it with—come, take your butter—I mean
Seth, take your toddy."

Poor Seth now began to smoke, as well as me!,
and his mouth was hermetically sealed up, as
though he had been born dumb. Streak after streak
of the butter came pouring from under his hat, and
his handkerchiefs were already soaked with the
greasy overflow. Talking away, as if nothing was
the matter, the grocer kept stuffing the wood into
the stove, while poor Seth sat bolt upright, with his
back against the counter, and his knees almost
touching the red furnace below.

"Plaguy cold night, this," said the grocer—
"Why, Seth, you seem to perspire as if you were
warm! Why don't you take your hat off! Here,
let me put your hat away?"

"No, no! no! no! no! no! no! no! no! no! no! no!
No, I must go; let me out; I ain't well; let me go."

A greasy catarrh was now pouring down the
poor man's face and neck and soaking into his
very boots, so that he was literally in a bath of
oil.

"Well good night, Seth," said the humerous
Yermonter, "if you will go?" and adding, as he
darted out of the door, "I say, Seth, I reckon the
fun I've had out of you is worth a nippence, so I
shan't charge you for that pound of butter in your
hat."

Young Men.
What are you doing for the improvement of
your minds? Are you aware that you are on the
great railway of time, rushing and whirling past
the station of youth? The world is all before you
—it is yours—God gives you a lease of it!—You
see the philosophers, the statesmen, and the teach-
ers of the present time—are there places to be fill-
ed! What mean those telegraph posts and wires?
Those cars and boats! those fast printing presses!
They are monuments of genius—the genius of man
now passing away. Up—bestir yourselves, with a
firm purpose and a stern resolve to penetrate still
farther into the arena of nature, and open to human
gaze mysteries unrevealed from the foundation of
the world. Prove the nobility of your nature, by
deeper divings into scientific research, by a higher
flight of genius, and by a wider range of thought.
Shall the mind of the succeeding age be charged
with effeminacy or imbecility? These questions
we cannot answer. Young men—their answer de-
pends upon you. We see what has been done in
fifty years—we are staggered by the sight, and ex-
claim—how slight a prospect of such a vision in
the future! Who are to be the men of eminence
in the age before us? Not you who are lounging
there on the sidewalks, or in the streets—not you
who are spending your time with boisterous com-
panions, repeating unmeaning gibes and senseless
jokes—not you who are wasting the midnight oil
over Eugene Sue and Paul de Kock—not you who
frequent the bowling saloons and bar-rooms. No—
you must pass through a different discipline; you
must bend down the untried energies of your ar-
dent souls to the persevering, unremitting and la-
borious study. You must acquire an intimate and
thorough acquaintance with the world, discover the
hidden intricacies of human character, and acquaint
yourselves with the operation of natural laws. You
must bring truth from chaos to the golden sunlight
of order and system. This has been the work of
the mighty minds of the last century.

Say you that you have no time for this? that
your hours are those of toil? that the workshop,
the counter, and the mill demand your time? So
they do—but that toil will indurate mind as well as
body. It is the Union of manual and mental toil,
that makes the iron men who grasp the mighty
things of the universe. You indulge, then, a little
whim. The mind can be revolving wondrous things,
while the hands are in motion. In your leisure,
even if it be in the silent hours of night, feed the
immortal mind with food worthy of it, and the
hours of toil will be cheered by the light of intel-
lect. The mighty mind of Franklin gave birth to
sublime imaginings, even while at the compositor's
case, and the pressman's lever. Learn to think—
think deeply that you may act wisely.

"I say Cully," cried two disputing darkeys, ap-
pearing for a decision to a sable umpire, "which
word is right, fly-zactly or de-zactly?"

The sable umpire reflected a moment, and then,
with a look of deep wisdom, said: "I can't tell
pre-zactly."

Experimental Philosophy is said to be asking a
young lady to marry you. Looking indifferent and
saying you were only in fun when she refuses you
is natural philosophy. Committing suicide under
like circumstances, is moral philosophy.

We recently heard a good story of two persons
engaged to fight a duel. After the first fire, one of
the seconds proposed that they should shake hands
and make up. The other second said that he saw
no necessity for that, for their hands had been
shaking ever since they began.

They are as fond of titles in the East as we are
in the West. Among his other high-sounding
titles, the King of Ava has that of "Lord of Two-
four Umbrellas." This looks as if he had prepared
himself for a long reign.