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TOWANDA:

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THE DYING CHILD'S APPEAL.

TO HER DRUNKEN FATHER.

Stay, Father, stay! the night is wild;
O! leave not now your dying child:
I feel the icy hand of death,
And shorter, shorter, grows my breath.

Stay, Father, stay! ere morning light
My soul may take its upward flight,
And O! I cannot, cannot, die,
While thou, my Father, art not by.

Stay, Father, stay! my mother's gone,
And you and I are left alone;
And in her start-home on high,
She'll weep that I, alone, should die.

Stay, Father, stay! O, leave this night
The maddening bowl, whose with'ring blight,
Has cast so dark a shade around
The home where joy alone was found.

Stay, Father, stay! alone, alone,
With none to cheer, and none to mourn;
I cannot leave this world of woe,
And to the land of spirits go.

Stay, Father, stay! once more I ask,
O, count it not a heavy task,
To stay with me till life shall end—
My last, my only earthly friend.

LAST DAYS OF COPERNICUS.

It was a still, clear night in the month of May, 1543, the stars shone brightly in the heavens, and the world slept in the little town of Wernica, a canopy of Prussian Poland—all save one man, who watched alone in a solitary chamber, at the summit of a lofty tower. The only furniture of this apartment consisted of a table, a few books, and a lamp. Its occupant was an old man of about seventy, bowed down by years and toil, and now furrowed by anxious thought; but in his eye kindled the fire of genius, and his noble countenance was expressive of gentle kindness, and a calm contemplative disposition. His white hair, parted on his forehead, fell in waving locks upon his shoulders. He wore the ecclesiastical costume of the age and country in which he lived; the long white robe, with a fur collar and double sleeves, which were also lined with fur as far as the elbow. This old man was the great astronomer, Nicholas Copernicus, doctor of philosophy, divinity, and medicine; titular canon of Wernica; and honored professor of Bologna, Rome, &c. Copernicus had just completed his great work "On the Revolutions of the Heavenly Bodies." In the midst of poverty, ridicule and persecution, without any other support than that of his own modest genius, or any instrument save a triangle of wood, he had unveiled heaven to earth, and was now approaching the term of his career just as he had established on a firm basis those discoveries which were destined to change the whole face of astronomical science. On that very day the canon of Wernica had received the last proof sheets of his book, which his disciple Rheticus was getting printed at Nuremberg; and before sending back these final proofs, he wished to verify for the last time the result of his observations. Heaven seemed to have sent him a light expressly fitted for his purpose, and he passed the whole of it in his observatory. When the astronomer saw the stars beginning to pale in the eastern sky, he took the triangular instrument which he had constructed with his own hands out of three pieces of wood, and directed it successively towards the four cardinal points of the horizon. No shadow of a doubt remained, and overpowered by the conviction that he had indeed destroyed an error of the thousand year's duration, and was about to return to the world an imperishable truth, Copernicus knelt in the presence of that glorious volume whose starry characters he had first learned to decipher, and, folding his attenuated hands across his eyes, thanked his Creator for having opened his eyes to understand and read aright these his glorious works. He then returned to the table, and, taking a pen, he wrote on the title page of his book—behold the work of the greatest and most perfect Artizan: the work of God himself! And now the first excitement having passed away, he proceeded, with a collected mind, to write the dedication of his book.

To the Most Holy Father, Pope Paul III: I dedicate my book to your holiness, in order that all the world, whether learned or ignorant, may see that I do not seek to shun examination and the judgment of my superiors. Your authority, and your love for science in general, and for mathematics in particular, will serve to shield me against wicked and malicious slanderers, notwithstanding the proverb which says that there is no remedy against the wounds inflicted by the tongue of calumny, &c.

NICHOLAS COPERNICUS.—O! Thom. Soon the first dawn of day caused the lamp of the astronomer to burn more dimly; he leant his forehead upon the table, and, overcome by fatigue, sank into a peaceful slumber. After sixty years of labor, he in truth needed repose. But his present repose at all events was not destined to be long; for it was bridged by the entrance of an old servant, who, with slow and heavy step, ascended the tower stairs.

"Master," said he to the canon as he gently touched him upon the shoulder, "the messenger who arrived yesterday from Rheticus is ready to wait on his return, and only waiting for your proof-sheets and letters."

The astronomer rose, made up the packet, which he daily sealed, and then sank back upon his chair, as if wearied by the effort.

"But that is not all," continued the servant; "there are ten poor sick people in the house waiting for you; and besides, you are wanted at Fraunberg, to look after the water-machines, which have stopped working; and also to see the three workmen who have broken their legs in trying to set it going again."

"Poor creatures!" exclaimed Copernicus. "Let my horse be saddled directly."

late effort shaking off the sleep which weighed down his eyelids, the good man hastily descended the stairs of the tower.

The house of Copernicus was, in outward appearance, one of the most unpretending in Wernica: it was composed of a laboratory, in which he prepared medicine for the poor; a little studio, in which this man of genius, skilled in art as in science, painted his own likeness or those of his friends, or traced his recollections of Rome and of Bologna; and lastly, of a small parlor on the ground-floor, which was ever open to all who came to him for remedies, for money, or for food. Over the door an oval aperture had been cut, through which a ray of the mid-day sun daily penetrated, and, resting upon a certain point in the adjoining room, marked the hour of noon. This was the astronomical gnomon of Copernicus, and the only ornament the room contained were some verses written by his own hand, and pasted up over the chimney-piece.

It was in this parlor that the good canon found the ten invalids who had come to claim his assistance; he dressed the wounds of some, administered remedies to others, and one and all he bestowed alms and words of kindness and consolation. Having completed his labors, he hastily swallowed a draught of milk, and was about to set out for Fraunberg, when a horseman, galloping up to the door, handed him a letter. He trembled as he recognized the hand writing of his friend Gysius, Bishop of Culm. "May God have pity on us," wrote this latter, "and avert the blow which threatens thee! Thy enemies and thy rivals combined—those who accuse thee of folly, and those who treat thee as a heretic—have been so successful in exciting against thee the minds of the people of Nuremberg, that men curse thy name in the streets; the priests excommunicate thee from their pulpits; and the university, hearing that thy book was about to appear, has declared its intention to break the printing presses of the publisher, and to destroy the work which thy life has been devoted to. Come and lay the storm; but come quickly, or thou wilt be too late."

Before Copernicus had finished the perusal of this letter he felt back voiceless and powerless into the arms of his faithful servant, and it was some moments before he rallied. When he again looked up, the horseman, who had been charged to escort him back, asked him how soon he would wish to set out.

"I must set out directly," replied the old man in a resigned tone; "but not for Nuremberg or for Culm: the suffering workmen at Fraunberg are expecting me; they may perhaps destroy my work—they cannot stop the stars in their courses!"

An hour later, Copernicus was at Fraunberg. The machine which he had bestowed upon this town, which was built on the summit of a hill, conveyed thither the waters of Bouda, situated at the distance of half a league in the valley below. The inhabitants, instead of suffering, like their fathers, from continued drought, had now only to turn a valve, and plentiful stream flowed into their houses in rich abundance.

This machine had got out of order the preceding day, and the accident had happened very opportunely, because this was the festival of the patron saint of Fraunberg. But at the first glance the canon saw where the evil lay, and in a few hours the water again flowed freely into the town. His first cares, we need not say, had been directed to the unhappy men who received injuries while working in the sluices; he set their fractured limbs, and bound them up with his own hands; then commending them to the care of an attendant, he promised to return on the morrow. But a blow was about to descend upon himself which was destined to crush him to the dust.

As he crossed the square, while passing through the town on his return home, he perceived amidst the crowd a company of strolling players acting upon a temporary stage. The theatre represented an astronomical observatory, filled with all sorts of ridiculous instruments—in the midst stood an old man, whose dress and bearing, were in exact imitation of those of Copernicus. The resemblance was so striking that he paused, stupefied with astonishment. Behind the merry Andrew, whose business it was thus to hold up the great man to public derision, there stood a personage whose horns and cloven foot designated him as a representation of Satan, and who caused the pseudo Copernicus to act and speak, as though he had been an automaton, by means of two strings fastened to his ears—which were no other than asses ears of considerable dimensions. The parody was composed of several scenes. In the first, the astronomer gave himself to Satan, burnt a copy of the Bible, and trampled a crucifix under foot; in the second, he explained his system, by juggling with apples in guise of planets, whilst his head was trampled into a likeness of the sun by means of rollers of lead; in the third, he became a charlatan, a vendor of pomatum and quack medicines—he spoke dog Latin to the passers-by; sold them water he had drawn from his own well, at an exorbitant price; and became intoxicated himself with excellent wine, in such capricious draughts of which did indulge that he finally disappeared under the table; in the fourth and closing act he was again dragged forth to view as one accused of God and man; and the devil dragging him down to the infernal regions amidst a cloud of sulphurous smoke, declared his intention of punishing him for having caused the earth to turn on its axis, by condemning him to remain with his head downwards through out eternity.

When Copernicus thus beheld the treasured discoveries of his whole life held up to the derision of an ignorant multitude, his entitled faith branded as impiety, and his self-denying benevolence ridiculed as the quackery of a charlatan, his noble spirit was at first utterly overwhelmed, and the most fearful doubts of himself rushed upon his mind. At first he hoped that the Fraunbergians, the children of his adoption, to whose comfort and happiness he had devoted himself for fifty years, would

cut short the disgraceful scene. But alas! he saw his defenders welcomed with applause by those on whom he had conferred so many benefits. The trial was too much for his failing strength; and worn out by the emotions and fatigue of the preceding night, and by the labors of the morning, he sank exhausted to the ground. Then, for the first time, did the ungrateful multitude recognize their benefactor, the name of Copernicus flew from lip to lip—they heard that he had come that very morning to the town in order to relieve their distress—in a moment the current of popular feeling was changed, their ingratitude was quickly changed to remorse, the crowd dispersed the actors, and crowded anxiously round the stonemason. He had only strength left to call for a litter, and was conveyed back to Wernica in a dying state. He lingered, however, still for five days of trial and anxiety, during which the lamp of genius and of faith still shed its halo around the dying man. On the day succeeding his visit to Fraunberg, a letter from Rheticus confirmed the sinister predictions of the bishop of Culm: thrice had the students of the university made an attempt to invade the printing office, whence the truth was about to issue forth. "Even this very morning," wrote his friend, "a set of men tried to set fire to it. I have assembled all our friends within the building, and we never quit our posts either day or night, guarding the entrance and keeping guard over the workmen—the printers perform their work with one hand, whilst they hold a pistol in the other. If we can stand out for two days, thy book is saved; for let only ten copies be struck off, and nothing will any longer be able to destroy it. But if either to-day or to-morrow our enemies should succeed in gaining the upper hand..." Rheticus left the sentence unfinished, but Copernicus supplied the want—he knew how much depended upon this moment. On the third day another message made his appearance, and he, too, was the bearer of evil tidings: "A compositor, gained over by our enemies, has delivered into their hands the manuscript of the book, and it has been burned in the public square. Happily the impression was complete, and we are now putting it into the press..."

Such was the suspense in which the great Copernicus passed the closing days of his existence! Life was ebbing fast, and the torpor of death had already begun to steal over his faculties, when a horseman galloping up to the door in breathless haste, and springing from his horse, hastened into the house of the dying astronomer. A volume, whose leaves were still damp, was treasured in his bosom: it was the *chef-d'œuvre* of Copernicus: this messenger was the bore of victory.

The spark of life so nearly extinguished, seemed to be rekindled for a moment in the breast of the dying man: he raised himself in his bed, grasped the book with his feeble hand, and glanced at its contents with his dim expiring eye. A smile lighted up his features; the book fell from his grasp; and, clasping his hands together, he exclaimed, "Lord! let thy servant now depart in peace!" Hardly had he uttered these words, before his spirit fled from earth to return to the God who gave it. It was the morning of the 23d May—day had not yet dawned—heaven was still lighted up with stars—the earth was fragrant with flowers—all ardent seemed to sympathize with the great revealer of her laws—and soon the sun, rising above the horizon, shed his earliest and purest ray upon the still, cold brow of the departed, and seemed in his turn to say, "The king of creation gives thee the kiss of peace, for thou hast been the first to replace him on his throne."

Persecution followed Copernicus even in the grave. The court of Rome replied to his delicacy by condemning his book; but the book was the instrument of its own revenge by enlightening the court of Rome herself, which at last recognized, although too late, the faith and the genius of the astronomer of Wernica. Prussia, with the indignation of a conqueror, has converted the observatory of Copernicus into a prison, and is now allowing his dwelling house to crumble into ruin. But Poland, his native land, has collected some of her last dollars, to raise a monument to his memory at Cracow, and to erect a statue of him in Warsaw. This statue is from the hand of the great sculptor Thorwaldsen.—*Chamberlain's Edinburgh Journal.*

VALUABLE DREAMS.—Sir William Johnson obtained from Hendrick nearly one hundred thousand acres of choice land, now lying chiefly in Herkimer county, N. Y., north of the Mohawk, in the following manner: The Sachem being at the Baronet's house, saw a richly embroidered coat coveted it. The next morning he said to Sir William: "Brother, me dream last night."

"Indeed!" answered Sir William, "what did my real brother dream?"

"Me dream that coat be mine."

"It is yours," said the shrewd Baronet.

Not long after Sir William visited the Sachem, and he too had a dream.

"Brother," he said, "I dreamed last night."

"What did my pale face brother dream?" asked Hendrick.

"I dreamed that this tract of land was mine, describing a square bounded on the South by the Mohawk on the east by Canada Creek, and North and West by objects equally well known."

Hendrick was astonished. He saw the exactness of the request, but was not to be outdone in generosity. He sat thoughtfully for a moment and said—

THE PAIR OF GLOVES.

A RUSSIAN ROMANCE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

The crying iniquities of the letters de cachet, the abuse of which, it is now needless to dwell on, were not peculiar to France, but may be traced throughout Europe, disguised under various forms and names. In England, the *house of the Tower* of London; in Russia, the fortress of Spandau; in Spain, the castle of Pampeluna; in Russia, it was represented by Siberia. The following well authenticated fact, the last scenes of which have been under our very eyes, may be deemed interesting, as a matter of comparison.

No night is more striking than a review of St. Petersburg, under the balconies of the marble palace or in the Place of the Admiralty. The bronzed faces of the soldiers, the unmoved sternness of their aspect, the automaton-like precision of their costumes, as varied as the different races that wear them—here the Tcherkeses, in oriental uniform—there the royal guardsmen with their silver breast-plates, in the midst of which shines a golden sun—then the dragoons, in black helmets, and the Don Cossacks, with their long lances; and most remarkable of all, the imposing figure of the Emperor towering above the rest, and surrounded by his staff, consisting of the most high-born nobles, and the finest men of the Empire—all combine to form an unparalleled scene, baffling all description, and the characteristics of which are as difficult for the imagination to picture to itself, as for the pen to describe.

The military ceremony is held in St. Petersburg every year, on Easter Sunday. It took place as usual in 1848, and would have presented no peculiar feature to speculate upon, had not the Emperor, during the whole time of the parade, appeared in company with a little old man, dressed in a white coat, turned up with red, yellow breeches, white buckles in his shoes, three covered hat, and white sargel, who followed him about with a look of bewilderment, mixed with sadness.

The sight of a costume belonging to the time of Catharine II. of course excited the greatest surprise and gave rise to a thousand conjectures. The truth however, was soon made known; and we will repeat, in the fewest possible words the mournful tale of the old man with the white plume, as we heard it related on the spot.

Potemkin was at once the most singular and the most lucky man of the age he lived in. When an ensign in the body-guard he had the good fortune to be noticed by the Empress, in whose service he drew his sword, in the time of the revolution that occasioned the death of Peter III. He was handsome, enterprising, and ambitious; he became her favorite, and completely subjugated the strong-minded woman, whom the Orloffs had frightened but had not endeavored to subdue.

Potemkin never loved Catharine II. not was he long beloved of her. Being drawn together rather by the sympathy of mutual genius than by any tender feelings, they were reciprocally unfaithful to each other. Potemkin, like the true spoiled child of fortune, tired of his easy conquests over the fragile dames at court, had grown skeptic in matters of love, and only believed in gallantry. A Polish lady undertook his conversion. The Princess Zoumowski was pretty, graceful, and capricious, a complete coquette, full of wit and frivolity; and was, in short, like the Countess Veronoff, d'Asselkeff, of our times, the sovereign arbiter of fashion, and the divinity of Russian society. She inspired the favorite with a violent passion, to which she herself appeared not wholly insensible.

But just at the very moment when Potemkin thought himself certain of his triumph, the princess suddenly changed her mind, and became distant, reserved, and cold. It was observed that this change had taken place ever since the fire at the principal theatre, where her life had been in danger, had she not been rescued by the heroic efforts of a young Major, who, on hearing her screams had rushed into the burning house, and thanks to good luck, and devoted courage, had borne her from the box, already encircled in flames.

Potemkin in despair of his non-success, became desirous of ascertaining at least the cause of the ruff he had to bear; and from that day the Princess Zoumowski became the object of an incessant, though covert, espionage. Not the slightest clue, however, could be found to the secret of her coldness; and Potemkin, half beginning to recover from his fears, attributed it to one of those caprices as frequent as they are transitory among women of her stamp, when a circumstance, apparently insignificant in itself, directed his suspicion in another quarter.

On the 28th of March, 1771, the Empress dressed in the national costume, which she wore as much from coquetry as in compliance with the distrust manifested by the Russians for all foreign innovations, and attended by the Princess Zoumowski and Potemkin, had taken her place at one of the windows of the Hermitage, under which the toy of grand and the four Regiments of Probovski were about to defile along the quay of the Court. When the second battalion of this fine regiment of infantry appeared in sight on the bridge of Troist, the princess leaped over the balcony, and her eyes seemed to be wandering in search of some one; then either designately or by accident, she fell out of her gloves. A young officer, whose eyes had been fixed in the direction of the palace, saw the glove drop from the princess' hand and without acknowledging his gaze, or breaking from the ranks, adroitly received it on the point of his sword, presented it to his lips, and stealthily hid it beneath the buttons of his uniform.

The princess blushed, Potemkin leaped toward her.

"That officer," said he, in a hollow voice, "has become enriched by one of your gloves. To whom pray, do you devote the other?"

"To you, Count, if you are gallant enough to attach the least value to such a trifle," was the reply.

"Give it me, then." So saying Potemkin retired. On the evening of that same day, a field-jar and a couple of Cossacks made their appearance in Galernai, at Major Tchezhelofski's. The officer turned pale on beholding them, for such visits boded no good.

"Follow me!" said the field-jar. "Whither?"

"That's a secret."

"By whose order?"

"Look."

"Will the journey be long?"

"Perhaps."

"Allow me to take a bag of roubles and some papers."

"Neither roubles nor papers—nothing!"

"Very well, sir, I will follow you," said the major, pale with emotion, "but permit me, at least, to give a last embrace to my mother, who is sleeping just by, in conscious security, and who will wake in tears and sorrow. For mercy's sake grant me but one single moment."

"It is impossible! The orders are positive.—Set in!"

And the iron field-jar pointed to one of those little covered carts, called "telegues," which stand very high from the ground, and are provided with only one wooden seat. All resistance was vain and would have been punished with the utmost severity. The Major stepped into the telegue in silence, and the horse, of true Ukrainian breed—light and swift as the wind—had presently borne them past Tassli Orloff, and left the watch towers, the blue domes, and the golden spires of the chandel behind them. The snow was falling in heavy flakes and drifting around the silent travelers. For a moment the major, felt half inclined to strangle his morose companion when he should happen to fall asleep; but the iron eye of the field-jar were never once closed during the whole of the night. They now reached Pochejeroki. The major ventured to ask whether they had come to the end of their journey.

"Not yet," replied the field-jar.

They changed horses and went on. Nystarka and Ponnusko were left behind, as at each place the major, whose anxiety waxed more and more intense in proportion to the distance, questioned his conductor, laconically, and still received as his only answer, that terrible reply, "Not yet."

On crossing the forest of Vologda, the telegue was surrounded by a band of famished wolves, that excoriated during forty winters, but without exciting the slightest notice on the part of the field-jar—such episodes being of frequent occurrence in journeys of this kind, where the traveller has an even chance of being devoured by wild beasts, frozen alive, or buried in a tomb of snow, that closes forever above its victims. Nothing can be more dreary than the interminable succession of white plains, the desolation of which is only broken, at rare intervals, by an Asiatic looking monastery, a hut made of bamboes twisted together on a gigantic rock, hollowed out by the hands of time.

Seven days were spent in unspeakable suffering, the major was half dead with exhaustion, when the telegue halted on the border of an arid steppe, where here and there, were sprinkled about twenty wretched huts, more fit to serve as dens for wild beasts than as human habitations.

"This is your destination," said the field-jar.

The Major's fate became livid. "No, it is not possible!" cried he, convulsively wringing the hand of his sinister companion, "you cannot leave me here, alone, in this desolate spot! What have I done! What is my crime! Why was I carried off in this mysterious fashion! I am the victim of some inconceivable—some horrible error! Oh! for pity's sake take me back to St. Petersburg, and all I possess, all that my family possesses, shall be yours."

"I cannot," answered the field-jar.

And then drawing from his pocket in his cloak, a small paper, he presented it to Major Tchezhelowski, adding: "There is what Gen. Potemkin bade me give you when we parted."

It was the other glove of the Princess Zoumowski.

The major started; his deep emotion caused the blood to rush into his face; and a fond recollection awakening the courage that had almost failed him, under so trying a circumstance, he replied, "Very well, sir: tell Gen. Potemkin that I value his present far more than I dread Siberia; and that he has given happiness enough to support me during the period of my exile."

The field-jar bowed, cracked his whip, and off the vehicle flew; whilst the unfortunate exile watched its disappearance, with much the same feeling as the wanderer, lost in a labyrinth of catacombs, would witness his feeble lamp flickering, and about to be extinguished, or perceive the thread that was to guide him back to light and life, and daily stepped asunder. Seventy years passed by—seventy years were dragged through, amidst hardships, dangers and privations of every kind.—You even in that iron time, that most desolate latitude, years flew rapidly over the exile's head—for it is astonishing how time seems abridged by the sameness of the life one leads.

Chance at length caused the unhappy victim to be discovered, in 1842, by an officer under government, who was sent on a mission to Tobolsk. Having learned his story, he caused it to be immediately reported to Gen. Tchezhelofski who related it forthwith to the Emperor. The injustice had been secret, the repatriation was open and signal. The exile, now a centenarian, was taken from the job that he had built with his own hands in Siberia; he was brought to St. Petersburg, and the Emperor in the presence of the twelve regiments assembled on the place of the admiralty; addressed him in the following noble language: "Be assured, sir, that had I sooner known of your misfortunes, they should long since have ceased. Remain in St. Petersburg; a pension of 4000 roubles is henceforth secured to you: it is Russia that gives it."

Major Tchezhelofski has religiously preserved the uniform he wore in the eighteenth century. Notwithstanding his advanced age, nearly a hundred and seven years, he may be seen walking about on the Nevski Parade, with a figure still erect, and a mildly serene countenance, looking with the greatest surprise on the changes that seventy years have effected in society, and talking with a degree of enthusiasm that the snows of age have not yet frozen, of Catharine II., the Prince de Ligne, Count Segré and Alexis Orloff, as if all these personages were still to be found in the Hall of Hermitage, in the garden of the Tour de la Paix.

On reaching the capital, his first care had been to write his will. It consisted of the following words:

"I request, as a last favor, that I may be buried with the gloves that will be found fastened to my neck, by a black ribbon."

Colors.—In these, the ancients certainly far exceeded the moderns. Sir Humphrey Davy made many efforts to analyze the celebrated Tyrian purple of the East; but these efforts were without success. He declared he could not discover of what it was composed. The Naples yellow, too, though less known, was much used, and the art of making it is now entirely gone. The Tyrian purple is the color of many houses of Pompeii, and they look as fresh as if just painted.

The colors of Tisian are equally as vivid and beautiful as when first laid on by the great artist, whilst those of Sir Joshua Reynolds already look chalky and dead. And Sir Joshua himself confessed, after making it the study of his life, that he had never been able to discover how Raphael and the other great artists had been able to preserve the beauty and brightness of their paintings. But if we marvel at these artists, three centuries back, what shall we say of those paintings found in the tombs of Egypt, more than two thousand years old, and yet kept fresh and bright, though buried for that time beneath the ground, in the damp, dark caves of the East!

The very wife of Solomon is found there, just as she was painted on the eve of departure from her father's home, to share the throne of Judah, and not only the color of her garments were preserved, but the bloom is still on her cheeks and lips, and the lustre in her eye is even as it then was. The paintings, too, date as far back as the time of Moses; a portrait supposed to be that of the Nile, the king who drove the Israelites into the Red Sea, has the colors of it preserved perfectly.

OSTRICH HUNTING.—A favorite method adopted by the wild bushman of taking ostrich and other game, is to clothe himself in the bird's skin, in which he stalks about the plain, imitating the gait and motions of the ostrich, until within range, where he seals his fate with a poisoned arrow. These arrows consist of a slender reed with a sharp hook, and a feather, thoroughly poisoned. When a Bushman finds an ostrich's nest, and the partridge birds away, he encloses himself in it, and on the return of the old bird secures the pair. By these means are obtained the majority of the plumes which grace the heads of the fashionable world.

VICE.—He who yields himself to vice must inevitably suffer. If the human law does not convict and punish him, the moral law, which will have obedience, will follow him to his doom.—Every crime is committed for a purpose, with some idea of future personal pleasure; and just as surely as God governs the universe, so surely does a crime, although concealed, destroy the happiness of the future. No matter how deeply laid have been the plans of the criminal, or how desperately executed, detection pursues him like a bloodhound, and tracks him to his fate.

WHAT THE END WILL BE.—When I see a boy angry with his parents, disobedient and obstinate, determined to pursue his own course, to his own master—setting at naught the experience of age, and disregarding their admonitions and reproaches—unless his course of conduct is changed, I need not inquire, "What will his end be?" He not only disobey his parents and insults his friends, but he disregards the voice of God, and in pursuing the path which leads directly down to the gates of death and woe.

An Irishman with his family landed at Philadelphia, and was assisted on shore by a negro who spoke to Patrick in Irish. The latter taking the black fellow for one of his own countrymen, asked how long he had been in America. "About four months," was the reply.

The chop-fallen Irishman turned to his wife and exclaimed, "But four months in this country, and almost as black as jet!"

Mr. Willis speaks of a handsome girl whom he met in an omnibus in New York, as one of the temples at the corners of whose mouth were so deep, and so turned in like inverted commas, that her lips looked like a quotation? We should like to make an extract from them.—*Post.*

A young fellow eating some Cheshire cheese full of skippers one night at a tavern exclaimed— "Now I have done as much as Sampson. For I have slain my thousands and tens of thousands." "Yes," said another, "and with the same weapon—the jaw bone of an ass."

TOAST BY A SCHOOLMASTER.—The fair daughters of America—May they add virtue to beauty, subtract envy from friendship, multiply amiable accomplishments by sweetness of temper, divide time by sociability and economy, and reduce scandal to its lowest denomination.

BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.—It has been said of Washington, that "God caused him to be childish, in order that the nation might call him Father."

HEARSAY is a liar, and those who believe it are fools.