

# THE BRADFORD REPORTER

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TOWANDA

Saturday Morning, March 28, 1851.

## Selvish Parity.

"HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP."

I tread the church yard's path alone,  
Upseen to shed the gushing tear,  
I read on many a mouldering stone,  
Fond records of the good and dear.  
My soul is well nigh faint with fear,  
Where doubling many weat to sleep,  
And yet what a sweet repose is here—  
"He giveth his beloved sleep."

The world has but a feverish rest,  
To weary pilgrims sometimes given,  
When pleasure's ear has lost its zest,  
And glory's heart earned crown is given,  
Here, softer than the dew of even,  
Fall peaceful on the slumbering dead,  
Asleep to earth, awake to Heaven—  
"He giveth his beloved sleep."

Yes, on the grave's hard pillow lies  
No canting crows, no dreams of woe;  
On earth we close our aching eyes,  
And heavenward all our visions grow,  
The air of Eden round us flows,  
And in their bliss our slumbers sleep,  
God calls His chosen home, and so  
"He giveth his beloved sleep."

Ah! vainly could the human voice,  
In this dull world of sin and folly,  
Tell how the sainted dead rejoice,  
In those high realms where joy is holy—  
Where no dim shade of melancholy  
Beclouds the rest which angels keep,  
"Where peace and bliss united wholly,  
"He giveth his beloved sleep."

## A Humorous Sketch.

Patent Labor-Saving Fluid.

The following humorous account of a Yankee's adventures with a bottle of Washing fluid, is condensed from an article in the Boston Museum.

"Don't make yourself uneasy about the children's dresses, ladies, exclaimed a labor-saving fluid-man. 'I have a few bottles of the patent transparent washing-fluid in my trunk that will in five minutes time, without the least labor or inconvenience in the world, wash, renovate the dress in a manner that is truly astonishing, and bring back the color to a few shades brighter than the original tint.'

A raw-boned Vermont, sitting by our side, and who until this time, kept as silent as a pine slab, here drew up his long neck and exclaimed:—

'Stranger, you'll oblige me much by discontinuing your remarks about your internal washing fluid; for I'm in rather good humor to-day, and I don't wish to be riled. I once purchased a bottle of that stuff, and I've taken an oath to lick the first man that ever offers me another bottle. I could tell you a yarn on that subject, that would bring the tears to your eyes; but of course no man wants to hear a yarn now.'

The Yankee proceeds with his yarn thus. Having on such an application, made a purchase, he proceeds to detail experiment.

'My purchase was on Saturday afternoon, about 1 o'clock, and I took my big black bottle of fluid, put it in my coat pocket and started for home. Now, folks I to myself, my wife always picks up her clothes on Sunday night and does washing Monday morning after breakfast; and so it would be a good joke, for me not to let her know anything about the blessed fluid, but get up Monday morning, while she is asleep, put the clothes in a tub, pour on the fluid, stir 'em up with a stick and hang 'em up to dry.

'Lord! says I to myself, 'I'll do it, by jigger, if I have to get up at two o'clock! So when I gets home I just takes the bottle of fluid out in the wood-shed, and pokes it up on a high shelf among a lot of old beer bottles and blacking boxes, and went whistling around the house just as if nothing had happened.'

'Sunday night I went to market just as usual; and Sunday went to church in the forenoon, and said at home and talked about our future prospects the afternoon; but I kept a keeping still about the fluid, and didn't let on but what I expected she would do the washing next morning just the same as ever. 'But I didn't sleep much that night, I kept a thinking about stirring up that tub of clothes, and getting 'em out to dry before daylight! Once I got into a little doze, and I dreamed I was swimming across a deep river of gushing fluid, and the rocks at the bottom and both sides were all petrified shirts, bosoms and pillar cases, and there was an old washer-woman on the banks of the river who kept stirring on us up with a long pole. I reckon I woke up about five o'clock; for 'twas just about half past daylight and dark, and I could just see the palest streak of light in the world among the clouds around the tops of the green mountains. I turns over and looks at wife and she was sleeping as sound as a dead salmon; so I carefully slid out of bed, hurried on my clothes, and in less than ten minutes, had the old wash-tub filled clear to the top with all of my wife's white clothes, and all I could find of my own. I poured in about a painful and a half of the fluid, and then goes out into the woodshed, takes down the bottle of fluid, walks back to the tub, and pours her all in! Lord! 'twould have done you good to hear it!'

'Well,' says I to myself, 'if that's the dirt coming out, it makes a great deal of noise about it any way; and I guess it's doing up the thing handsomely.' So after letting it sit about a minute, I takes up an old broom-handle that was standing near, whallops the things about like a lamb's tail in time, for about three minutes; and then takes

hold of 'em with my hands to sting 'em on the fence. 'But gentlemen you'd better believe I dropped that ere pile of duds mighty sudden; 'twas water wasn't a circumstance to 'em, and afore I could get my hands into a pall of fresh water, I thought my soul I should lose 'em both! For about a minute, I was as mad as a crushed kitten, I finally thought I wouldn't wake my wife with my bawling, but hang out the bilin' duds with the old broom handle and let 'em dreen and dry on the fence; but the playful things never cooked to the last minute, and every time a drop of the peaky fluid splattered on my hands or face, it burnt worse than a half bushel of live coals. I soon got tired of that sport, however, and before I had out on the fence half of what was in the tub, I just washed off my hands and face in some cool rain water, and streaked it off to bed. But I couldn't sleep a wink; my hands pained me so that I had to keep a blowing on 'em to keep from bawling, so says I to my wife, says I—

'Susan, hadn't you better get up and put your clothes to soak?'

'No, no,' says she, rubbing her eyes with her thumb joint and kind of winking, as if she was half asleep. 'Yes, John; I guess I had; but how long have you been awake?'

'Oh, sometimes,' says I, blowing my hands, and digging my legs with my toe-nails all the time to keep from groaning; 'but get up now, Susan, do dear, or you will be late with your breakfast, and I have got to go out to town this morning on important business?'

'If that's the case,' says she, 'I'll certainly hurry.'

'You may depend upon it gentlemen! I was in a mighty uncomfortable fix about that time! I wanted to groan like a dying horse and have something cooling wrap around my fingers; and then again I didn't want to make any noise, 'till wife had seen how nice I had fixed her things. Well, wife she hurried and dressed herself and went out into the kitchen to fill up the tub, and in a few minutes I overheard her say to herself, says she—

'Good Heavens and earth! What does all this I never put these things to soak! John! John! Get up and come here, do!'

'I am under strong impressions, gentlemen, that this customer wasn't very slow in his movements about that time; for in less than forty seconds, I was there, and says I—

'What's the matter, Susan! What's the matter?'

'Why do look here, says she, 'somebody has put all of my best clothes in this tub, and then put something on them which has entirely ruined them.'

'Ha, ha, ha!' says I, 'well Susan, I suppose I might as well own up to the joke at once, for my hands ache so that I can't hold in any longer. It's nothing but washing fluid, it cleans the clothes without any rubbing, and it's well it does, for no pair of hands in this world could stand it to do the rubbing. I got up this morning while you were asleep, and done up the whole washing and hung 'em out on the fence to dry.'

'While I was saying this, wife she took a little stick, and in trying to lift out of the tub one of— or that is one of her garments—by ginge! I the fatal thing burst in two! right through the middle! one half holding on to the stick, and tother falling back into the tub. Although I was suffering from my burnt hands, and was as mad as a Green Mountain catamount, at what the infernal stuff had done, I couldn't keep from laughing at that moment, if I'd a died for it.'

'Wife took a peep at the clothes on the fence—called up the young doctor to dress my hands, and then sat down and had a good crying spell. The doctor hurried in the room, and after seeing wife sitting in the rocking chair crying, and me a walking around the room and groaning like a fall wind in a graveyard, says he—

'In the name of calomel and hot-jalap what's the matter now?'

'Nothing particular,' says I, 'only I've burnt up all the clothes in the house and both of my hands, with a bottle of thunderin' washing-fluid that I was experimenting with.'

'The doctor looked at my hands, and says he—

'Where's the bottle?'

'Out on the door-step,' says I.

'The doctor went and looked at the bottle, and then went out into the woodshed and took a peep at the old beer-bottles and blacking-box, and after swearing a pile to himself, came back into the kitchen, and says he—

'Well, you have immortalized yourself, and no mistake, and you shall be known hereafter as the Washer-Fluid Experimentor.'

'Why,' says he, 'your bottle of washing fluid stands on the shelf where you put it, I suppose, and you have used a quart and a half of the best quality of oil of nitre, that I've had on hand these six months.'

'Gentlemen, I'm a man that don't use profane language only in extreme cases, but if I didn't make the atmosphere in that room blue for a few moments, then I was because I didn't know how I went and smashed up the uncorked fluid bottle, and swore eternal enmity to everything of the kind, and we've always washed our clothes in the 'old way ever since; and if a man ever offers me a bottle of the infernal stuff again he has got to be a smarter man than I am or take a thrashing.'

By the time our loquacious Vermonted had finished his very interesting washing-fluid story, our stage had arrived at Vienna, where, as good luck would have it, part of our passengers left, including all of the children, and the dealer in patent transparent washing-fluid, so that during the remainder part of the trip, we had a very lively and pleasant time.

Women Addressed, Sec. 29.

Mr. Downing, writing from Bedford, thus describes the above princely abode, in a late number of the Horticulturalist:—

'I received in London a note from the Duke of Bedford, which led me, while I was in Bedfordshire, to make a visit to Woburn Abbey. This is considered one of the most complete estates and establishments in the Kingdom. It is fully equal to Chatsworth, but in another way. Chatsworth is semi-continental, or rather it is the concentration of every thing that European art can do, to embellish and render beautiful a great country residence. Woburn Abbey is thoroughly English; that is, it does not aim at beauty, so much as grandeur, of extent, and substantial completeness, united with the most systematic and thorough administration of the whole. Besides this, it interested me much as the home for exactly three centuries, of a family which has adorned its high stations, by the highest virtues, and by an especial devotion to the interests of the soil. The present Duke of Bedford is one of the largest and most successful farmers in England, and his father, the late Duke, was not only an enthusiastic agriculturist, but the greatest encyclopaedist and botanist of his day; whose works, both practical and literary, made their mark upon the age.'

The Woburn estate consists of about 30,000 acres of land. You enter the approach through a singularly high avenue of evergreens, composed of a belt perhaps 100 feet broad, sloping down like an amphitheatre of foliage, from tall Norway spruces and pines in the back ground, to rich hollies and Portugal laurels in front. This continues perhaps half a mile, and then you leave it, and wind through an open park, spacious and grand—for a couple of miles—till you reach the Abbey. This is not a building in an antique style, but a grand and massive pile in the classical manner, built about the middle of the last century on the site of the old Abbey. I have said this place seemed to me essentially English. The first sight of the house is peculiarly so. It is built of Portland stone, and has that mossy discolored look which gathers about even modern buildings in this damp climate, and which we in America know nothing of, under our clear and bright skies—where the freshness of stone remains unsoftened almost any length of time.

Woburn Abbey is a large palace, and containing as it does, the accumulated luxuries of art, refinement, and comforts of so old and wealthy a family—(with an income of nearly a million of our money) you will not be surprised when I say that we have nothing with which to compare it. Indeed, I believe Woburn is considered the most complete house in England, and that is saying a good deal, when you remember that there are 20,000 private houses in Great Britain, larger than our President's house.

To get an idea of it, you must imagine a square mass, about which, externally—especially on the side facing the park, there is little to impress you—only the appearance of large size and air of simple dignity. Imagine this quadrangular pile three stories high on the garden or rear, and over two hundred feet in length, on each side. The drawing-room floor, though in the second story, is therefore exactly on a level with the garden and pleasure grounds in the rear, and the whole of this large door is occupied with a succession of seats of superb ornaments—drawing rooms, picture galleries, music room, library, etc.—presenting and recalling, and seating out in and among the delicious scenery of the pleasure grounds, in the most agreeable manner. There is a noble library with 20,000 volumes—(among other things the original copy of the three Gospels, by Canova) and a sort of wide corridor running all round the quadrangle—filled with cabinets of natural history, works of art, &c.—and forming the most interesting in-door walk in dull weather. Pictures by the great masters, especially portraits, these rooms are very rich, and among other things I noticed casts in plaster of all the celebrated animals that were reared by the late Duke.

Now, imagine the quadrangle continued in the rear on one side next the sculpture gallery through a colonnade, like a series of buildings, including riding-house, tennis court, etc., a quarter of a mile, to the stables, which are of themselves larger than most country-houses; imagine hot houses, and conservatories almost without number, connected with the house by covered passages, so as to combine the utmost comfort and beauty; imagine an airy consisting of a cottage and the grounds about it fenced, and filled with all manner of birds of brilliant and beautiful plumage; imagine a large dairy, fitted up in the Chinese style, with a fountain in the middle, and the richest porcelain, vessels for milk and butter; imagine a private garden of bowers and trellis work, embosomed in creepers, which belongs especially to the Duchess, and you have a kind of sketchy outline of the immediate accessories of Woburn Abbey.

The occupy the space of a little village in them selves; but you would gather no idea of the luxury and comfort they afford, did you for a moment forget that the whole is managed with that order and system which are no where to be found so perfect as in England. I must add, to give you another idea of the establishment, that a hundred beds are made up daily for the family and household alone, exclusive of guests. The pleasure grounds which surround three sides of the house, and upon which these rooms open, are so beautiful and complete that you must permit me to dwell upon them a little. They consist of a series of different gardens, merging one into the other, so as to produce a delightful variety, and covering a space of many acres, about which I walked in so bewildered a state of delight, that I am quite unable to say how large they are. I know, however, that they contain an avenue of arcamies backed by another of Cedar cedars in the most luxuriant growth—each line upwards of a thousand feet long. A fine spe-

cialties of the latter, two twenty-five or thirty feet high, adorned my attention, and there was another twenty-five of the beautiful Norfolk Island pine, growing in the open ground, with the shelter of a glazed frame in winter. These pleasure grounds, however, interested me most in that portion called the American garden—several acres of sloping velvet turf, thickly dotted with groups of rhododendrons, azaleas, &c.; forming the richest masses of the dark green foliage that it is possible to conceive. In the months of May and June, when these are in full bloom, this must be a scene of almost dazzling brilliancy. The soil for them had all been formed artificially, and consisted of a mixture of peat and white sand, in which the rhododendrons and kalmia seemed to thrive admirably.

The park is the richest in large evergreens of any that I have ever seen. The pleasing taste of the former Duke has produced at the present moment, after a growth of fifty or sixty years, the most superb results. The cedars of Lebanon—the most sublime and venerable of all trees, and the grandest of all evergreens, both of the palm—though all this has been planted and there were known to arboriculturists half a century ago, are here in the greatest perfection—including holms and Portugal laurels, which one is accustomed to think of as shrubs, with great trunks like timber trees, and magnificent heads of glossy foliage. A grand old silver fir has a straight trunk eighty feet high, and a tower of leaves could spend weeks here without extracting the arboricultural interest of the park alone, which is sure to be long or twelve miles round.

A very picturesque morass in the park, enclosed and forming a little scene by itself, is called the Thornery. It is an abrupt piece of ground covered with a wild looking copse of old thorns, dogwoods, and antique oak; and threaded by walks in every direction. In the centre is a complete little cottage, with the nearest kitchen, little parlour, and furniture inside, and a sort of fairy flower garden outside.

All this may be considered the ornamental portion of Woburn, and I have endeavored to raise such a picture of it in your mind as would most interest your readers. But you must remember that farming is the pride of Woburn, and that farming is here a matter of immense importance, involving the outlay of immense capital, and a personal interest and systematic attention which seem almost like managing the affairs of state. About half mile from the house is the farm—(the most complete group of farm buildings, perhaps, in the world, where the in-coming harvest makes a figure only equalled by the accommodations to receive it. Besides these, there are mills and workshops of all kinds, and on the outskirts of the park a whole settlement of farm cottages. I can only give you an idea of the attention bestowed on details, and the interest taken in the comfort of the immediate tenants, by resorting to figures, and telling you that the present Duke has expended £70,000, (\$550,000) within the past five years; in the farm cottages on this estate, which are model cottages, combining the utmost comfort for dwellings of this class, with so much of architectural taste as to be banishing to our dwellings of this size, and all to be expended.

'Of course, a large part of this estate is let out to tenants, but still a large tract is managed by the Duke himself, who pays more than 40,000 acres weekly throughout the year. The farming is very thorough; and the effects of draining and improving the land have been very striking. About fifty miles of drain have been laid in this estate alone, and I will not venture to say that the English agriculture is not to be gathered from this that English agriculture is not a mere recreation, and that even with the assistance of the most competent and skillful agents, the Duke of a nobleman, with the immense estate and agricultural tastes of the Duke of Bedford, is one of constant occupation and active employment. Besides this estate, he has another in Cambridgeshire, called the "Bedford Level"—a vast prairie of some 18,000 acres reclaimed from the sea, and kept dry by the constant action of steam-engines, but which is very productive, and is, perhaps, the most profitable farm-land in the kingdom.

JENNY LIND AND THE BLIND BOY.—A poor blind boy, who is highly gifted with musical talent, and who resides in the northern part of the state of Mississippi, had expressed such great anxiety to hear Jenny Lind sing, that his friends raised a subscription to send him to this city to gratify his wish.

On arriving here, he accidentally took lodgings in the same hotel with Mr. Kyle, the celebrated flautist. One evening, Mr. Kyle, hearing some very wild and sweet flute notes, listened for some time in surprise, and when the sounds died away, he said to himself, 'What fellow thinks he can play so well? I'll just show him what I can do.' Taking up his flute, he played the air—"The East River of Sunday"—with variations.

The blind boy listened with breathless delight and following the sound, he came to the door of Mr. Kyle, and stood there until the last note ceased. With a feeling of surprise he could not restrain he knocked at the door.

'Come in,' said Kyle, and recognizing the flute, he said, 'what do you want, sir?'

'I am blind,' said the boy, 'and have been drawn hither by your sweet music. Do tell me who you are.'

'I am but a poor musician,' said Kyle, 'and am travelling with Jenny Lind, as flautist.'

'You are!' exclaimed the blind boy; 'Oh! sir, do take me to hear Jenny Lind! I have come a long way to hear her sing, but the price of tickets is so high, that I am too poor to buy one: Can't you take me to hear her, sir?' he continued with great feeling. 'I have heard she is so good, so generous, so pretty, and sings so sweetly, that I shall never be happy until I hear her.'

Mr. Kyle felt deeply for the boy, and promised that he would take him to hear the lovely Swedenborg, Accordingly, he took the blind boy that night, and seated him in a chair behind the scenes. The sweet songs of the Nightingale affected the poor lad

deeply, and produced upon him varied sensations. Recalling the saying, "Home, Sweet Home!" he smiled and sang, "On her evening she was attracted by the sound of the boy's sobbing, and enquired who he was. Mr. Kyle then told her the history of the lad in a few words, which much interested her, and sending for him the next day, the poor boy left the generous songstress one hundred dollars richer than when he reached the city.—New Orleans Delta.

MISLUCKED CONFERENCE.—Jones is in general a good husband and a domestic man. Occasionally, however, his convivial tastes betray him into excesses which have subjected him more than once to the discipline of Mrs. Jones. A few nights since he was invited to participate with a few friends of Florence's by way of celebrating a piece of good luck which had fallen one of his neighbors. He did not participate, and to his bitter astonishment, when he rose to take his leave, at the door he was short about the way, he found the largest brick in his hat he had ever seen. Indeed, he was heard to remark colloquially, 'I thank Mr. Jones, you were never quite so light before.'

He reached his home finally, but by a route which was anything but the shortest distance between two poles, not, however, without having experienced very considerable anxiety about the respiration which awaited him from Mrs. Jones. He was in luck that night, was Mr. Jones, baring always his primal transgression; he got into his house, found his way into his chamber without waking a creature, not even a mouse. After closing his door he cautiously peeped, to give thanks for the "conspicuous infidelity" which secured to Mrs. Jones the sound and refreshing slumbers, which he wished her to enjoy. He proceeded to remove his impediments with as much dispatch and quiet as circumstances would permit, and in the course of time sought the vacant place beside his slumbering consort. A refreshing moment, and congratulating himself that he was in bed, and that he was in bed, and that his wife did not know how long he had been there, it occurred to him that if he did not change his position Mrs. Jones might detect from his breath that he had been indulging. To prevent such a catastrophe, he resolved to turn over. He had about half accomplished his purpose, and was now obliged to use the idiomatic language of Mr. Jones himself, from whom we receive this chapter of domestic trials—'when Mrs. Jones scratched right up in the bed, and said she in tones that scraped the marrow all out of my bones, said she, "Jones, you needn't turn over, your drunk sleep through."—New York Evening Post.

An old edition of Morse's Geograpy says:—Albany has four hundred dwelling-houses and two thousand four hundred inhabitants, all standing within their gable ends to the street.

SCANDAL.—Dr. Johnson being once in company with some scandal-mongers, one of them having accused an absent friend of resorting to rouge, he observed: "This is perhaps all, much better for the Duke himself, who pays more than 40,000 acres weekly throughout the year. The farming is very thorough; and the effects of draining and improving the land have been very striking. About fifty miles of drain have been laid in this estate alone, and I will not venture to say that the English agriculture is not to be gathered from this that English agriculture is not a mere recreation, and that even with the assistance of the most competent and skillful agents, the Duke of a nobleman, with the immense estate and agricultural tastes of the Duke of Bedford, is one of constant occupation and active employment. Besides this estate, he has another in Cambridgeshire, called the "Bedford Level"—a vast prairie of some 18,000 acres reclaimed from the sea, and kept dry by the constant action of steam-engines, but which is very productive, and is, perhaps, the most profitable farm-land in the kingdom.

A HAPPY MAN.—An eastern scilph, being sorely afflicted with ennui, was advised that an exchange of whiffs with a man who was perfectly happy, would cure him. After a long search, he discovered such a man, but was informed that the happy fellow had no shirt.

A COLD.—Do you know what it is," said Lamb, "to succumb under an insurmountable daymare?—an indisposition to anything, or to be anything—a total deadness of intellect—a suspension of vitality—a total indifference to locality—a numb, moribund condition of the intellect—no affection at all over an ox-like indifference to passing events—a mind stupor—a brainy defiance to the sculler of a thrashing conscience—with total irresolution to submit to any one's processes."

An enthusiastic individual in the pit of the St. Charles theatre, New Orleans, who vociferously encored Jenny Lind in the "Last Rose of Summer," for the third time, finding his "call" not responded to, rushed out and made his way down among the quadron flower-girls on St. Charles street, asking: "Have you got the last rose of summer?—where is the last rose of summer? I'll give five—five ten dollars for the last rose of summer."

SEVERE.—A quaint old gent not a hundred miles from here, who is withal one of our energetic, stirring men, had a man at work in his garden who, quite the reverse, "Mr. Jones," said he to him, one morning, "did you ever see a small?" "Certainly," said Jones. "Then," said the old boy, "you must have met him for you could never overtake him."

RETRIBUTION.—Belvidere.—"It seems cruel to kill so many animals for fur; thirty-six poor squirrels put to death to make muffs for us?" Emily.—"Yes, it is cruel. Why don't the monsters take their skins off without killing them?"

Battle of Hohenlinden.  
The Austrian, in four massive columns, plunged into the gloomy wilderness, designing to meet in the open plain of Hohenlinden, the central column marching along the high road, while those of either side made their way through amid the trees as they best could.

This morning it came about nine o'clock upon Hohenlinden, and attempted to debouch into the plain; when Grouchy fell upon it with such fury that it was forced back into the woods. In a moment the old forest was alive with echoes, and its gloomy recesses illuminated with the blaze of artillery. Grouchy, Grojean and Ney, put forth incredible efforts to keep this immense force from deploying into the open field. The two former struggled with the energy of desperation to hold their ground; and although the soldiers could not see the enemy's lines, the storm was so thick, yet they aimed at the flashes that issued from the woods, and thus the two armies fought, the trees were cut in two, like reeds, by the artillery, and fell with a crash on the Austrian columns, while the fallen snow turned red with flowing blood. In the meantime, Richepanse, who had been sent by a circuitous route with a single division to attack the enemy's rear, had accomplished his mission. Though his division had been cut in two, and irregularly separated by the Austrian left wing, the brave General continued to advance, and with only three hundred men, fell boldly on forty thousand Austrians. As soon as Moreau heard the sound of his cannon through the forest, and the alarm it spread among the enemy's ranks, he ordered Ney, and Grouchy, then orthodoxly, the broken Austrian column was rolled back in disorder, and utterly routed. Campbell, the post stood in a tower, and gazed on this terrible scene, and in the midst of the fight composed it so that striking duds which is known as the English language is spoken.

The depths of the forest swallowed the struggling hosts from sight, but there issued forth from its bosom shouts and yells mingled with that thunder of cannon, and all the confusion and noise of battle. The Austrians were utterly routed, and the frightened cavalry went plunging through the crowd of fugitives into the woods—the artillery men cut their traces, and leaving their guns behind mounted their horses and galloped away—and that magnificent column, as if rent by some violent explosion, was huddled in shattered fragments on every side. For miles, the white ground was sprinkled with dead bodies, and when the battle left the forest, and the pine trees stood calm and silent in the Wintry night, piercing cries and groans issued out of the gloom in every direction—sufferer answered sufferer as he lay and writhed on the cold snow.—Twenty thousand men were scattered there amid the trees. While broken carriages and wagons, spread a perfect wreck around.

Sir Asley Cooper relates a witty reply made by an Irish to a Scotch Surgeon. The former asserted that cancer never occurred in women, who had ever been mothers. The latter denied this, and mentioned the case of a lady who had twice been the mother of twins, and yet had cancer afterwards. To this apparently conclusive evidence, the Irishman replied, "Ay, by my son, but don't you know that's an exception to the general rule? Where's the cancer in cancer following Gemini?—it always does."

AN IRISHMAN'S BELIEF.—A gentleman employing an Irishman, wished to know of what religion he was, and one day asked him: "Well, Paddy, what is your belief?" "Is it my belief, your honor? Well, I owe Mistress Cromlish five dollars for rent, and it's her belief I'll never pay her, and faith that's my belief too!"

Adversity exparates fools, dejects cowards, drives out the faculty of the wise, and injudicious, puts the modest to the necessity of trying their skill, awes the opulent, and makes the idle industrious. The chief source of human discontent is to be looked for, not in the real; but in our fictitious wants; not in the demands of nature, but in the artificial cravings of desire.

An empty pocket is a great gulf between hope and success, as impossible as that which divided Lazarus from his friend, the millionaire.