

# THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

VOLUME XII.

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

NUMBER 47.

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

## TOWANDA:

Saturday Morning, April 29, 1851.

### Selected Poetry.

From the "Portfolio" of the London Leader.  
FETTERING WATER FROM THE WELL.

Early on a sunny morning, when the lark was singing sweet,  
Came, beyond the ancient farm-house, sound of lightly-tipping  
feet.  
"Twas a lovely cottage maiden going, why, let young hearts tell,  
With her homely pitcher laden, fetching water from the well.  
Shadows lay athwart the pathway, all along the quiet lane,  
And the breezes of the morning moved them to and fro again.  
Over the sunshine of the shadow, passed the maiden of the farm,  
With her heart within her, thinking of no ill or harm.  
Pleasant, surely, were her musings, for the sudsing leaves in  
vain,  
Sought to press their brightening image on her every brain.  
Leaves and joyous birds went by, like a dim, half-waking  
dream.  
And her soul was only conscious of life's gladdest summer  
At the old lane's shady turning, lay a well of water bright,  
Singing, soft his halcyons to the gracious morning light,  
Fern leaves, broad and green, beat o'er it where its silver  
ripples fell,  
And the fatted ducks beside it, in the spotted log-house bell,  
Back the water from the shade, dip the pitcher in the  
tub.  
Drew it, with the dripping waters flowing o'er its glazed side  
Down before her arm could place it on her shiny, wavy hair,  
By her side a youth, was standing—Love rejoiced to see the  
fair.  
Till, for remulous emotion trailed upon the morning breeze,  
Gentle words of heart-devotion whispered 'neath the ancient  
trees.  
But the holy, blessed secrets, it became me not to tell;  
Life had met another meaning—fetching water from the well  
Down the rural lane they sauntered. He the burthened pitcher  
bore  
She, with dewy eyes down-looking grew more beautiful than  
When they neared the silent housestead, up he raised the  
pitcher light;  
Like a fitting crown he placed it on her hair of wavylets bright:  
Emblems of the coming burdens that for love of a maid should bear,  
Calling every burden blessed, if his love but lighted there:  
Then, still waving benedictions, farther on he drew,  
While his shadow seem'd a glory that across the pathway grew.  
Now about her household duties silently the maiden went,  
And an ever radiant halo with her daily life was bent.  
Little knew the aged matron, as her feet like music fell, twirl,  
What abundant treasures found she, fetching water from the  
well.

(From Chamber's Edinburgh Journal.)

### THE CHAMBER OF MYSTERY.

An architect of Vienna, having occasion to visit the country house of a nobleman of that city, accepted the hospitable invitation he received, and determined to remain as a guest for several days. The first day was passed in business, and he retired to bed somewhat exhausted, but his thoughts still occupied with the improvements in the house that were contemplated. He could see, however, that the room allotted to him was handsome and comfortable, though not large; and at length he suffered his head to sink upon his pillow with the sigh of satisfaction which he takes leave of the world for the night.

"And draw around a wretched beast  
The curtain of repose."

But when he was just sinking to rest, an uneasy sensation, he knew not of what nature, stole over him. He persuaded himself that the air was close—that he perceived a faint smell, and he lay for some time considering whether he was not suffering from fever. The question was speedily answered, for the bed began to move. Presently it was near the window—so near that he could look out, could see the trees in the garden below, and could observe the outline of a summer house, which had attracted his attention by its classical proportions in the forenoon. He was of course surprised, nay, terrified; but when he stretched towards the window to ascertain that all was real, the scene grew dimmer and dimmer, and at length disappeared. And no wonder for the bed was receding to its old position, and did not stop there. He was presently at the door. He might have touched the panels with his hand. He felt his breath come back, and the air grew more confined. He would have got up to ring for assistance, but persuaded himself that he was too weak, and would fall down before reaching the bell.

The bed again moved, and this time it took up a position in the very middle of the fireplace. This was the sheer frenzy of fever, for the fireplace was of course not a fourth part of the size of the bed itself. Yet he saw distinctly the walls of the chimney surrounding him; and he even felt that one of the feet of the bed rested on a dog-fen, so as to disturb its level. But he had no time for more minute observation; for presently the bed emerged from the chimney, began to rise with slow undulations towards the roof; and there it continued to swing, as he imagined, for hours together, till his alarm sank gradually into lassitude, and he fell into a deep though short and unrefreshing slumber.

The next morning the visitor appeared at the breakfast table, pale, weary and dispirited. He was not well. What was the matter? What could be done for him? "Nothing," he replied to all their interrogatories. He had not slept well; but the air would revive him. He would take healthful exercise during the day, and that would be better than medicine. It turned out as he expected. He recovered his spirits; he was delighted with his hosts, and they with him; and he was thankful he had been prevented by shame from mentioning the absurd fancies by which he had been beset during the night. At the usual hour he retired again to bed comfortable in mind and body, but feeling the want of sleep, and looking forward gratefully, by anticipation, to at least eight hours of sound repose.

He did not enjoy one. The same fever, the same fancies, the same inexplicable movements of the bed—these were his portion during the night; and in the morning the same dead eyes, the same colorless cheeks, the same listless attitudes, betrayed to the sympathizing friends that he had passed another wakeful and wretched night. But he still preserved silence as to the details. He was thoroughly ashamed of his absurdity. The impressions of the first night had doubtless remained to scare him on the second. He had gone to bed thinking of his former sufferings, and they had been renewed in his imagination. In this way he accounted for the

continued illusions that had perplexed him; and he determined, at a third trial, to grapple with them manfully, and compel repose by the aid of reason.

All was unavailing; and on the third morning his entertainer, alarmed by his ghastly looks, determined to bring him to explanation.

"You can no longer conceal it," said he; "you have found something disagreeable in the room; and I reprove myself with having allowed you to be put into an apartment which certainly bears a bad name in the house."

"What do you mean by a bad name?" asked the guest.

"I mean that it is famous for its sleepless lodgers, for its waking dreams—and worse than that—There is not a servant in the house who would enter it alone after nightfall for a year's wages."

"That is all very well for the servants; but I know you laugh at these ignorant fancies; and you know me too well to suppose that I would treat them otherwise than with pity and contempt. Tell me at once what you believe; but first listen to a narrative of my adventures," and the guest related to his host at full length the story of his ill-omened nights.

"I cannot tell you what I believe," replied the latter, after musing for some time: "for, in point of fact, I do not know what to believe; but your experience tallies strangely with what I have heard on the subject before from more than one of my friends. I am more perplexed than ever."

It was agreed, however, on the proposal of the architect, that a minute examination of the premises should immediately take place, and the whole family proceeded in a body to the Chamber of Mystery.

The first thing that struck the examiner was, that the chimney was choked up with rubbish, so that no current of air could take place through a channel on which so much depends. Proceeding to the window, he found it heavy and massive, and so completely bedded that no force could raise it. It appeared on inquiry, that this was its original defect; that the servants had at length given up all attempts to move it; and that the wood work had swollen so much, that the whole window, so far as the access of the external air was concerned, was merely a prolongation of the wall. The door was in like manner found to be singularly heavy and close-fitting; and in addition, it was constructed so as to shut spontaneously the moment the person who entered removed his hand. In fact, the room, however elegant in appearance and furniture, was contrived throughout in the most elaborate manner, so as to be as unwholesome as possible. Still this did not account for the illusions with which it was haunted, and the architect ascended to the external roof of the house.

Here he found that the apartment in question was covered by a massive work of tiles, wood, and lime, so as to leave a small garret into which there was no opening, either by door or window. This, in his connection with the other circumstances he has described, proved to be the solution of the mystery; for the mephitic gas engendered in the garret, penetrating through the mouldy woodwork of the antique ceiling, into a place whence it found no egress, and where it could mingle only with foul air, was in reality the nocturnal spectre which haunted the room. The effect of this gas upon the brain, in exciting a temporary delirium, is well known; and in the present instance, the result of what was done to remedy the evil left no doubt.

The door and window were opened, the chimney was cleared, and two openings were made in the roof. During the last mentioned operation, it is worthy of note, that when the tools of the workmen penetrated for the first time into the garret, the mephitic vapor which had such an effect upon one of them, that he must have fallen from the roof had he not been caught hold of by his comrades. After the alterations were made, the architect retired to bed for the fourth time, and enjoyed an excellent sleep, together with a great part of the arrears of the room lost its reputation as a Chamber of Mystery.

Don't You do it.—When you are offered a great bargain, the value of which you know nothing about, but which you are to get at half price, "being it's you," don't you do it.

When a clique of warm friends want you to start a paper to forward a particular set of views, and promise you a large quantity of fortune and fame, to be gained in the undertaking, don't you do it.

When a young lady catches you alone, and lays violent eyes upon you, expressing "pop" in every glance, don't you do it.

When a horse kicks you, and you feel disposed to kick the horse in return, don't you do it.

When a petulant individual politely observes to you—"you had better eat me up, hadn't you?" don't you do it.

When you are shining in very expeditiously round town in search of somebody with something over, who can assist you with a loan, and you are suddenly anticipated by somebody who wants to borrow from you, don't you do it.

Should you happen to catch yourself whistling in a printing office, and the compositors tell you to whistle louder, don't you do it.

On an odd occasion your wife should exclaim to you—"now tumble over the cradle and break your neck, do?" don't you do it.

When you have any business to transact with a modern financier, and he asks you to go and dine with him, don't you do it.

If a man owes you money, and when you present your bill he asks you to call the next day, and meet him in a private apartment of his house, think of the Webster case, and don't you do it.

A star is beautiful; it affords pleasure, not from what it is to do or to give, but simply by being what it is. It benefits the heavens; it has congruity with the mighty space in which it dwells. It has repose; no force disturbs its eternal peace. It has freedom; no obstruction lies between it and infinity.

### The Edible Birds' Nest of China.

Among the various articles exposed for sale to the natives, in the innumerable streets of Canton, the edible birds'-nest deserves especial notice. They owe their celebrity only to the whimsical luxury of the Chinese, and are brought principally from Java and Sumatra, tho' they are found on most of the rocky islands of the Indian Archipelago.

The nest is the habitation of a small swallow, named (from the circumstance of having an edible house) "his rundo esculenta." They are composed of a mucilaginous substance, but as yet have never been analyzed with sufficient accuracy to show the constituents. Externally, they resemble ill-cooked singlass, and are of a white color, inclining to red. Their thickness is little more than that of a silver spoon, and the weight from a quarter to a half ounce.

When dry, they are brittle and wrinkled; the size is nearly that of a goose's egg. Those that are dry, white and clean are the most valuable. They are packed in bundles, with split rattan run through them to preserve their shape. Those procured after the young are fledged are not saleable in China.

The quality of the nest varies according to the situation and extent of the caves, and the time at which they are taken. If procured before the young are fledged, the nests are of the best kind; if they contain eggs only, they are still valuable; but, if the young are in the nests, or have left them, the whole are then nearly worthless, being dark-colored, streaked with blood, and intermixed with feathers and dirt.

These nests are procurable twice every year; the best are found in deep, damp caves, which, if not injured, will continue to produce indefinitely. It was once thought that the caves near the sea-coast were the most productive; but some of the most profitable yet found are situated fifty miles in the interior. This fact seems to be against the opinion that the nests are composed of the spawn of fish, or of beds de mer.

The method of procuring these nests is not unattended with danger. Some of the caves are so precipitous, that no one, but those accustomed to the employment from their youth can obtain the nest, being only approachable by a perpendicular descent of many hundred feet, by ladders of bamboo and rattan, over a sea rolling violently against the rocks. When the mouth of the cave is attained, the perilous task of taking the nests must often be performed by torch-light, by penetrating into recesses of the rock where the slightest slip would be instantly fatal to the adventurers, who see nothing below them but the turbulent surf, making its way into the chasms of the rock—such is the price paid to gratify luxury.

After the nests are obtained, they are separated from feathers and dirt, and carefully dried and packed, and are then fit for the market. The Chinese, who are the only people that purchase them for their own use, bring them in junks to this market, where they command extravagant prices; the best, or white kind often worth four thousand dollars per peck, (a Chinese weight, equal to 133½ lbs. avoirdupois), which is nearly twice their weight in silver. The middle kind is worth from twelve to eighteen hundred, and the worst, or those procured after fledging, one hundred and fifty to two hundred dollars per peck. The majority of the best kind are sent to Peking for the use of the court.

It appears, therefore, that this curious dish is only an article of expensive luxury among the Chinese; the Japanese do not use it at all, and how the former people acquired the habit of indulging in it, is only less singular than their persevering in it.

They consider the edible's nest as a great stimulant, tonic, and aphrodisiac; but its best quality, perhaps, is its being perfectly harmless. The labor bestowed to render it fit for the table; every feather, stick, or impurity of any kind, is carefully removed; and then, after undergoing many washings and preparations, it is made into a soft, delicious jelly. The sale of birds'-nests is a monopoly with all the governments in whose dominions they are found. About two hundred and fifty thousand pecul, at a value of one million four hundred thousand dollars, are annually brought to Canton. These come from the islands of Java, Sumatra, Manasar, and those of the Sooloo group. Java alone sends about thirty thousand pounds, mostly of the first quality, estimated at seventy thousand dollars.

I am indebted for much information on this curious article of commerce, to the captain of a Java ship, a very well informed man, trading regularly to China, who had large quantities on board, and whose wife, a native of that country, to satisfy my curiosity, prepared a dinner, including the bird's nest and the sea-slug, both of which I partook of, and found them very palatable.—Bernard's Voyage to China.

The Tides.—Tides are the regular rising and falling of the water of the ocean. They occur about every twelve and a half hours. For six hours the water gradually rises, and flows from east towards the west, entering the mouths of rivers, and driving back the waters towards their sources; then it seems to rest for about a quarter of an hour after which it begins to flow back again, from west to east, and after another pause of about fifteen minutes the sea rises and flows against the shore, and thus it continues ebbing and flowing twice every twenty-five hours.

Philosophers account for these regular agitations of the waters of the ocean by the influence of the sun and moon, but chiefly of the moon. The common theory is, that the moon by her attractions, raises the water toward her, and that, as the power of this attraction diminishes, as the distance from her increases, the water on that side of the earth, consequently rises on that side, and as the body of the earth is attracted more than the waters of the opposite side from the moon are, it therefore moves towards the moon, and leaves the water on the side behind, so that they appear to rise as tides at the same time of those on the side next the moon.

The true ingredients of conversation are truth, good sense, humor and wit.

### Victims to Science.

Horace Bastillet had been gifted by Providence with good health, powerful intellect, and amiable disposition, and many other perfections, accompanied by one single drawback. He had a distorted spine and crooked limbs, the consciousness of which defects prevented him from rushing into the gayety and vain dissipation which so often ensue youth. Forsaking the flowery path of love and pleasure, he steadily pursued the rough, uphill road of diligent, persevering study. He wrought with ardor, and already success crowned his efforts.—Doubtless bitter regrets sometimes troubled him to show the constituents. Externally, they resemble ill-cooked singlass, and are of a white color, inclining to red. Their thickness is little more than that of a silver spoon, and the weight from a quarter to a half ounce.

One day a surgeon of high repute met Horace, and said to him—"I can repair the wrong which nature has done you: profit by the late discoveries of science, and be at the same time a great and handsome man." Horace consented. During some months he retired from society, and when he re-appeared, his most intimate friends could scarcely recognize him. "Yes," said he, "it is myself: this tall, straight, well-made man is your friend Horace Castillet. Behold the miracle which science has wrought! This metamorphosis has cost me cruel suffering. For months I lay stretched on a species of rack, and endured the tortures of a prisoner in the Inquisition. But I bore them all, and here I am, a new creature. Now, my gay comrades, lead me whither you will; let me taste the pleasures of the world without any longer having to fear its railery."

If the name of Horace Castillet is unspoken among those of great men, if it is now sunk in oblivion, shall we not blame for this the science which he so much lauded? Deeply did the young man drink of this world's poisoned springs. Farewell to study, fame, and glory! Aop perhaps might never have composed his Fables had orthopaedia been invented in his time. Horace Castillet lost not only his talents, but a large legacy destined for him by an uncle, in order to make amends for his natural defects. His uncle, seeing him no longer deformed in body and upright in mind, chose another heir. After having spent the best years of his life in idleness and dissipation, Horace is now poor, hopeless and miserable. He said lately to one of his few remaining friends—"I was ignorant of the treasure I possessed. I have acted like the traveler who should throw away his property in order to walk more lightly across a plain!"

The surgeon had another deformed patient, a very clever work-mechanic, whose talents made him rich and happy. When he was perfectly cured, and about to return to his workshop, the conscription seized him, finding him fit to serve the State. He was sent to Africa, and perished there in battle.

A gentleman who had the reputation of being an original thinker, could not speak without a painful stutter; a skillful operator restored to him the free use of his tongue, and the world, to his astonishment, discovered that he was little better than a fool.—Hesitation had given a sort of originality to his discourse. He had time to reflect before he spoke.—Stopping short in the middle of a sentence had occasionally a happy effect, and a half-spoken word seemed to imply more than it expressed. But when the flow of his language was no longer restrained, he began to listen to his own commonplace declamation with a complacency which assuredly was not shared by his auditors.

One fine day a poor blind man was seated on the Pont-Royal in Paris, waiting for alms. The passers-by were bestowing their money liberally, when a handsome carriage stopped near the mendicant, and a celebrated oculist stepped out. He went up to the blind man, examined his eye-balls, and said—"come with me I will restore your sight." The beggar obeyed; the operation was successful; and the journals of the day were filled with praise of the doctor's skill and philanthropy. The ex blind man subsisted for some time on a small sum of money which his benefactor had given him; and when it was spent, he returned to his former post on the Pont-Royal. Scarcely, however, had he resumed his usual appeal, when a policeman laid his hand on him, and ordered him to desist, on pain of being taken up.

"You mistake," said the medicant, producing a paper; "here is my legal license to beg, granted by the magistrates."

"Stuff!" cried the official; "this license is for a blind man, and you seem to enjoy excellent sight." Our hero, in despair, ran to the oculist's house, intending to seek compensation for the doubtful benefit conferred on him; but the man of science had gone on a tour through Germany, and the aggrieved patient found himself compelled to adopt the hard alternative of working for his support, and abandoning the easy life of a professed beggar.

Some years since there appeared on the boards of a Parisian theatre an excellent and much applauded comic actor, named Samuel. Like many a winner before him, he fell deeply in love with a beautiful girl, and wrote to offer her his hand, heart, and his yearly salary of 8000 francs. A flat refusal was returned. Poor Samuel rivalled his comrade, the head tragedian of the company, in his dolorous expressions of despair: but when he had cooled down, he despatched a friend, a trusty envoy, with a commission to try and soften the hard-hearted beauty. Alas, it was in vain!

"She does not like you," said the candid ambassador; "she says you are ugly; that your eyes frighten her; and besides, she is about to be married to a young man whom she loves."

Fresh exclamations of despair from Samuel. "Come," said his friend, after musing for a while, "if this marriage be, as I suspect, all a sham, you may have her yet."

"Explain yourself!"

"You know that, not to mince the matter, you have a frightful squint!"

"I know it."

"Science will remove that defect by an easy and almost painless operation."

No sooner said than done. Samuel underwent the operation for strabismus, and it succeeded perfectly. His eyes were now straight and handsome; but the marriage, after all, was no sham—the lady became another's, and poor Samuel was forced to seek for consolation in the exercise of his profession. He was to appear in his best character; the curtain rose, and lo! his squint!

"Samuel!" Where is Samuel? "We want Samuel!" was vociferated from pit and gallery.

When silence was partly restored, the actor advanced to the footlights, and said—"Here I am, gentlemen; I am Samuel!"

"Out with the impostor!" was the cry, and such a tumult arose, that the unlucky actor was forced to fly from the stage. He lost the grotesque expression, the comic mask, which used to set the house in a roar; he could no longer appear in his favorite characters. The operation for strabismus had changed his destiny; he was unfitted for the tragedy, and was forced, after a time, to take the most insignificant parts, which barely afforded him a scanty subsistence.

From Blackwood's Magazine.  
The Rescued Criminal.

A great number of persons who know the celebrated Dr. B., a professor of the College of Surgeons, have often heard him relate the following anecdote:

One day that he procured the bodies of two criminals, who had been hanged, for the purpose of anatomy, not being able to find the key of the dissecting room at the moment the two subjects were brought, he ordered them to be deposited in an apartment contiguous to his bed-room.

During the evening Dr. B. wrote and read as usual previous to retiring to rest. The clock had just struck one, and all the family slept soundly, when all at once, a dull sound proceeded from the room containing the bodies.

Thinking that perhaps the cat had been shut up there by mistake, he went to see what could be the cause of the unexpected noise. What was his astonishment, or rather his horror, on discovering that the sack which contained the bodies was torn asunder; and, on going nearer, he found that one of the bodies was missing!

The doors and windows had been fastened with the greatest care, and it appeared impossible that the body could have been stolen. The good doctor appeared rather nervous on remarking this, and it was not without uneasy sensations that he began to look about him, when to his horror and amazement he perceived that the missing body was sitting upright in the corner.

Poor Dr. B., at this unexpected apparition became transfixed with terror, which was increased by observing the dead and sunken eyes of the corpse fixed upon him—which ever way he moved those dreadful eyes still followed him.

The worthy doctor, more dead than alive, now began to beat a quick, retreat without, however, losing sight of the object of his terror; he retreated step by step, one hand holding the candle, the other extended in search of the door, which he at length gained; but there is no escape, the spectre has risen and followed him, whose livid features added to the vastness of the hour and the stillness of the night, seems to conspire to deprive the poor doctor of the little courage he has left; his strength fails, the candle falls from his hand and the terrible scene is now complete darkness.

The good doctor has, however, gained his apartment, and thrown himself on his bed—but the fearful spectre has still followed him, it has caught him, seizes hold of his feet with both hands. At this climax of terror the doctor loudly exclaimed, "whoever you are, leave me!" At this moment the spectre let go his hold, and moaned feebly these words—"Pity, good hangman! have pity on me!"

The doctor now discovered the mystery, and regained life by little by little. He explained to the criminal who had so narrowly escaped death, who he was and prepared to call up some of the family.

"Do not, then, wish to destroy me?" exclaimed the criminal. "If I am discovered, my adventure will become public, and I shall be brought to the scaffold a second time. In the name of humanity, save me from death!"

The good doctor then rose and produced a light; he muffled his unexpected visitor in an old dressing gown; and having made him take some restorative cordial, testified a desire to know what crime brought him to the scaffold. He was a deserter.

The good doctor did not well know what means to employ to save the poor creature. He could not keep him in his house, and to turn him out would be to expose him to certain death. The only way, then, was to get him to the country; so having made him dress in some old clothes which the doctor selected from his wardrobe, he left town early, accompanied by his protégé, whom he re-recognized as an assistant in a difficult case upon which he had been called in.

When they had got into the open country the wretched creature threw himself at the feet of his benefactor and liberator, to whom he swore an eternal gratitude; and the generous doctor having relieved his wants by a small sum of money, the grateful creature left him with many blessings and prayers for happiness.

About twelve years after this occurrence, Dr. B. had occasion to visit Amsterdam. Having gone one day to the bank, he was accosted by a well dressed man—one who had been pointed out to him as one of the most opulent merchants of that city.

The merchant asked him politely if he were not Dr. B., of London, and on his answering in the affirmative, pressed him to dine at his house; which the worthy doctor accepted. On arriving at the

merchant's house, he was shown to an elegant apartment, where a most charming woman and two lovely children welcomed him in the most friendly manner; which reception surprised him the more, coming from persons he had never seen before.

After dinner, the merchant having taken him into his counting room, seized his hand, and having pressed it with a triply warmth, said to him—"Do you recollect me?"

"No," said the doctor.

"Well, then, I remember you well, and your features will never be obliterated from my memory—for to you I owe my life. Do you not remember the poor deserter? On leaving you I went to Holland. Writing a good hand, and being a good accountant, I soon obtained a situation as clerk in a merchant's office. My good conduct and zeal gained for me the confidence of my employer and the affections of his daughter. When he retired from business, I succeeded him, and became his son-in-law; but without you, without your care, without your generous assistance, I should not have lived to enjoy so much happiness. Generous as you consider henceforth my house, my fortune, and myself, as wholly yours."

The kind doctor was affected even to tears; and both these happy beings participated in the most delighted expression of their feelings, which were soon shared by the merchant's interesting family, who came to join them.

Miscellaneous.

Dip the Mississippi dry with a teaspoon—twist your heel into the toe of your boot—make post-masters perform their promises—send up fishing-boats with balloons and fish for stars—get astride a gossamer and chase a comet—when a rain storm is coming down like the cataraet of Niagara, remember where you left your umbrella—choke a mosquito with a brick bat—in short, prove every thing lithento considered impossible to be feasible—but never attempt to coax a woman to say she will, when she has made up her mind to say she won't.

There is an admirable partition of qualities between the sexes, which the author of our being has distributed to each, with a wisdom that challenges our unbounded admiration. Man is strong—woman is beautiful. Man is daring and confident—woman is diffident and unassuming. Man is great in action—woman suffering. Man shines abroad—woman at home. Man talks to convince—woman to persuade and please. Man has a rugged heart—woman a soft and tender one. Man prevents misery—woman relieves. Man has science—woman taste.

Low Birth.—Many of our greatest men have sprung from the humblest origin, as the lark, whose nest is on the ground, soars nearest to heaven. Narrow circumstances are the most powerful stimulants to mental expansion, and the early frowns of fortune the best security for her final smile. A nobleman who painted remarkably well for an amateur, showing one of his pictures to Poussin, the latter exclaimed—"Your lordship only requires a little poverty to make you a complete artist."

An exchange paper speaking of a subscriber who had taken the paper for a number of years, and then refused to pay for it says: "He would steal a passage to Heaven in a secret corner of a streak of lightning, and smuggle gold from the streets of New Jerusalem to buy stamps of half penny cigars."

Mrs. Partington lately visited New York, where she saw the Rochester rappings at a hotel. The man was rapping away at the bar and there were all kinds of spirits behind the counter.

Carrying politeness to excess, is said to be raising your hat to bow to a young lady in the street, and allowing a couple of dirty collars and a pair of socks to fall out upon the sidewalk.

A young gentleman, in describing the effects of his first walk, says he thought he was ascending on a band of music. For fifteen minutes he appeared to be swimming in a sea of rose-leaves, with a blue angel. This soon changed, he says, to a delirium of peacock feathers, in which his brain got so much mixed up with the low-necked rocks, musk and melody, that he has fed on flutes ever since.

Blunt things sometimes cut best. It is no recommendation of a paper-knife that it is very sharp.—So it is not always the keenest wit that are most effective in life or conversation.

An Irish gentleman having a small picture-room, several persons desired to see it at the same time. "Faith, gentlemen," said he, "if you all go in, it will not hold ye."

There are two difficulties in life: men are disposed to spend more than they can afford, and to indulge more than they can endure.

Toast.—A Dutchman being called upon for a toast, said "Here is to do heroes who die, bleed, and die in do patles of Punter Hill—of whom I am one!" Drink standing!

NOTES FOR AERONAUTS.—Take care that the companions of your aerial voyage are good natured fellows, as the worst thing that can happen to people in a balloon is to fall out.

JUDICIOUS INVESTMENT.—A certain enterprising capitalist bought the Vestiges of Creation, because he had heard it contained some deep speculations.

Some slandering bachelor says it is much joy, when you first get married, but it is more joy after a year or so.

It is with old bachelors as with old wood. It is hard to get them started, but when they do take flame, they burn prodigiously.