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## TOWANDA:

Saturday Morning, September 13, 1851.

### Selected Poetry.

#### MY LITTLE DAUGHTER'S SHOES.

BY C. J. SPRADY.

Two little rough-worn, stubbed shoes,  
A plain, well-tanned pair;  
With striped stockings thrust within,  
Lie just beside my chair.  
Of every homely fabric they,  
A role in each toe;  
They might have cost, when they were new,  
Some fifty cents or so.  
And yet this little worn-out pair  
Is richer to me,  
Than all the jeweled sandals are,  
Of eastern luxury.  
This mottled leather, cracked with use,  
Is saunter in my sight,  
These little tarnished buttons shine  
With all a diamond's light.  
Search through the wardrobe of the world!  
You shall not find me there.  
So rarely made, so richly wrought,  
So glorious a pair.  
And why? Because they tell of her,  
Now sound asleep above,  
Whose form is moving beauty,  
Whose heart is beating love.  
They tell me that her merry laugh,  
Her rich, whole-hearted glee,  
Her gentleness, her innocence,  
And infant purity.  
They tell me that her wavering steps  
Will long demand my aid;  
For the old road of human life  
Is very roughly laid.  
High hills and swift descents abound,  
And in so rude a way,  
Feet that cannot wear these coverings  
Would surely go astray.  
Sweet little girl! be mine the task  
To help thee to mend!  
To be thy guide, thy counselor,  
Thy playmate and thy friend!  
And when my steps shall faltering grow,  
And thine be firm and strong,  
Thy strength shall lead my tottering age  
In cheerful peace along!

### PREMATURE INTERMENTS, AND THE UNCERTAIN SIGNS OF DEATH.

BY GEORGE WATTERSON.

At the death of Phillip Doddridge, an eminent lawyer of Virginia, who died in the city of Washington, while a member of Congress, it was stated as a reason for retaining his body longer than usual, that on a former occasion, he had narrowly escaped the melancholy fate of being buried alive. He had fallen into a cataleptic condition. His respiration had ceased, his pulse no longer throbbed, his limbs were perfectly rigid, and his face exhibited the sharp outline of death. The family physician and the friends all, with the exception of his wife, believed him to be dead. Mrs. D., however, would not relinquish every hope, and continued to apply from time to time, every remedy she could think of to restore vitality; and finally succeeded in administering a small quantity of brandy, which immediately restored him to life and the command of his limbs. He lived many years afterwards, and was wont to relate, with deep feeling, the painful and horrible sensations he experienced during the period he was supposed to be dead. He said that he was perfectly unable to move his finger, and give the least sign of his being alive, he could hear and was conscious of everything that was going on around him. He heard the announcement that he was dead, and the lamentations of his family, the directions for his shroud and all the usual preparations for his burial. He made desperate efforts to show that he was not dead, but in vain; he could not move a muscle. Even despair and the immediate presence of a late more appalling to humanity than any other earthly terror, could not restore the dormant body to perform the slightest of its functions. At last he heard Mrs. Doddridge call for brandy, with a delight and rapture of love for which the horrors of his situation may easily be imagined. He felt that he was safe. He humorously observed, "that it was as little as brandy could restore him to life, as it had produced his living death." Mr. Doddridge was unfortunately subjected to the intemperate use of ardent spirits, and fit of intemperance had, no doubt, produced the condition from which he was relieved by the perseverance and love of his wife, who administered, at the last moment, the powerful stimulant which restored him to life. Otherwise his fate would have been that of many others, who have been buried before life was extinct.  
Another instance of prevention from the horrors of premature interment occurred in this country, and was related by Mrs. Childs in her Letters from New York. It is an additional proof of strong conviction, affection, and of the necessity of retaining the body where there remains the least doubt of the restoration of life. The uncle of Mrs. Childs was attacked in Boston with the yellow fever, and considered as dead. His affectionate wife, however, would not abandon all hope, but continued with him during his illness, contrary to the remonstrances of her friends, and persisted in refusing to allow his body to be taken from the house for interment. She told me, said Mrs. Childs, "that she never knew how to account for it; but though he was perfectly cold and rigid, and to every appearance dead, there was a powerful impression on her mind that he was not extinct.  
"Two calls at intervals of half an hour had been made with the death-carts, to take away the dead, and the constant cry was as usual on such occasions, 'Bring out the dead'; but her earnest entreaties and tears induced them reluctantly to wait another respect of half an hour. With trembling hands she renewed her efforts to restore

life. She raised his head, rolled his limbs in hot flannel, and placed hot onions on his feet. The dreaded half hour again came round, and renewed her entreaties so desperately that the messengers began to think that gentle force would be required. They accordingly attempted to remove his body against her will, but she threw herself upon it, and clung to it with such force and strength that they could not loosen her grasp.  
"At last by dint of reasoning on the necessity of the case, she promised that if he should show no signs of life before they again came round, she would make no further opposition to the removal. Having gained this respite, she hung the watch upon the bed post, and renewed her efforts, with double zeal. She placed kegs of hot water about him, forced brandy between his teeth, breathed into his nostrils, and held barbs to his nose, but still the body lay motionless and cold. She looked anxiously at the watch; in five minutes the promised half hour would expire, and those dreadful eyes would be passing through the streets. Hopelessness came over her; she dropped the head she had been sustaining; her hand trembled violently, and the barbs which she had been holding was spilled on the pallid face. Accidentally the position of the head had become slightly inclined backwards, and the powerful liquid flowed into the nostrils. Instantly there was a short, quick gasp—a struggle—his eyes opened; and when the death moment came again, they found him sitting up in bed. He is still alive, and has enjoyed usual good health."

Many additional cases are recorded of persons apparently dead, who have been so fortunate as to escape the horrors of premature interment. Among these is the case of the elegant Lady Russell, mentioned by the celebrated Olier of Geneva, and one by Dr. Crichton, physician to the Grand Duke Nicholas, now Emperor of Russia. Lady Russell remained for the space of seven days and nights without any sign of life, and her burial was prevented only by the violent grief of her husband. On the eighth day as the parish bells were ringing for church, Lady Russell suddenly raised her head, and to the amazement and indescribable joy of Lord Russell, told him to get ready to accompany her to church. Her recovery was rapid and complete, and she lived many years afterwards and had several children.

"I knew a girl," said Olier, "twenty-five years old, named Ellen Roy, who narrowly escaped being buried alive. She lived at the distance of two leagues from Geneva. For some years she had been subject to nervous attacks which frequently deprived her of every appearance of life, but after the lapse of a few hours she would recover and resume her occupations as if nothing had happened. On one occasion, however, the suspension of her faculties was so protracted that her friends called in a medical man, who pronounced her dead. She was then sewn up in a close shroud, according to the barbarous custom of the country, and laid upon the bedstead. Among those who called to condole with the parents was a particular friend of the supposed deceased, of her own age. The young woman, anxious to take a last look at her friend, ripped the shroud, and imprinted a kiss upon her cheek. While she was kissing her, she fancied that she felt her breathe. She repeated her caresses, and being shortly assured of the fact that her friend was not dead, she applied her mouth to that of the girl, and in a short time the latter was restored to life, and able to dress herself."

"A young girl," says Dr. Crichton, "in the service of the Princess of —, who had, for some time, kept her bed with a nervous affection, at length to all appearances, was deprived of life. Her face had all the character of death—her body was perfectly cold, and every other symptom of death was manifested. She was removed into another room, and placed in a coffin. On the day fixed for her funeral, hymns, according to the custom of the country, were sung before the door, but at the very moment when they were going to nail down the coffin, a perspiration was seen upon her skin, and, in a few minutes it was succeeded by a convulsive motion in the hands and feet. In a few moments she opened her eyes, and uttered a piercing scream. The faculty were instantly called in, and, in the space of a few days, her health was completely re-established. The account which she gave of her situation is extremely curious. She said, that she appeared to dream that she was dead, but that she was sensible of everything that was passing around her, and distinctly heard her friends bewailing her death; she felt them envelop her in the shroud, and placed her in the coffin. The sensation gave her extreme agony, and she attempted to speak, but her soul was unable to act upon her body. She described her sensations as 'very contradictory, as if she was and was not in her body at one and the same instant. She attempted in vain to move her arms, to open her eyes, or to speak. The agony of her mind was at its height when she heard the funeral hymn, and found that they were about to nail down the lid of the coffin. The horror of being buried alive gave a new impulse to her mind, which resumed its power over the corporeal organization, and produced the effects which excited the notice of those who were about to convey her to a premature grave."

The Leipzig Chirurgical Journal records the following distressing event, as having occurred to an officer of artillery, who was a man of gigantic stature, and robust make. Being mounted on an unmanageable horse, he was thrown from his back, and received a severe contusion of his head, which rendered him insensible. He was successfully trepanned, bled, and other usual means of relief adopted; but he fell gradually into a more and more hopeless condition of stupor, and was finally believed to be dead. The weather being sultry, he was buried with indecent haste, in one of the public cemeteries. He was buried on Thursday, and on Sunday, the grounds, as usual, being thronged with visitors, an intense excitement was produced by the declaration of a peasant, that while he was sitting on the grave of the officer, he had distinctly felt a motion of the earth as if some one was struggling beneath. Of course but little attention was at first

paid to the man's assertion, but his evident terror, and the dogged obstinacy with which he persisted in his story, had at length their natural effect upon the crowd. Implements were hurriedly procured, and the grave, which was very shallow, in a few moments was so far thrown open as to render the head of the occupant visible. He was then apparently dead, but he sat nearly erect in the coffin, the lid of which, in his furious struggles, he had partially uplifted. They conveyed him to the nearest hospital, and there he was pronounced still living, although in a state of asphyxia. In a few hours he was so far revived as to recognize his acquaintances, and in broken accents spoke of his agonies in the grave. It appeared that he had been conscious of life for more than an hour, while buried, before he relapsed into a state of insensibility. The grave, it seems, was filled loosely with a very porous earth, and some air was thus admitted. He heard, he said, the footsteps of those over his head, and endeavored to make himself heard in turn. It was the noise and tumult within the grounds which appeared to awaken him from a deep sleep, but no sooner was he awake than he became fully aware of the horrors of his position. This man would have lived, no doubt, for he was doing well, had it not been for some silly experiments with the galvanic battery, which was applied without any necessity, and he suddenly expired in one of those ecstatic paroxysms which his application is said occasionally to superinduce.

### Connecticut Forever.

A few days ago, a Connecticut broom-maker—a shrewd chap from amongst the staid habits and wooden clogs, school-masters, and other fixers, drove through our streets, heavily laden with corn brooms. He had called at several stores and offered his load, or ever so small a portion of it; but when he told them that he wanted cash, and nothing else, in payment, they had given him to understand they had brooms enough and that he might go farther. At length he drove up to a large wholesale establishment on the west side, and not far from the bridge, and once more offered his wares. "Well," said the merchant, "I want the brooms badly enough but what would you take in pay?" "This was a poser. The pedlar was aching to get rid of his brooms; he despised the very sight of his brooms; but he would sooner sell a single broom for cash than the whole load for any other article—especially any article which he could not at a moment's hesitation, however, he screwed his courage to the sticking point—it required some courage after having lost his chance of selling his load a half dozen times by a similar answer—and frankly told the merchant that he must have cash. Of course the merchant protested that cash was scarce, and that he must purchase, if he purchased at all, with what he had in his store to pay with. He really wanted the brooms, and he did not hesitate to say so, but times were hard, he had notes to pay, and he had goods that must be disposed of."

"So," said he to the man of Connecticut, "unload your brooms, and they select any articles from my store, and you shall have them at cost. The pedlar scratched his head. There was an idea there, as the sequel shows plainly enough. "I tell you what it is," he answered at last, "just say terms for half the load, and cash for 'other half, and I'm your man. Bowed if I don't sell out of Connecticut sinks with all her broom stuff, the next minute."

The merchant hesitated a moment, but finally concluded the chance a good one. He should be getting half the brooms for something that would not sell as readily; as for cost price it was an easy gammon in regard to it. The bargain was struck, the brooms were brought in, the cash for one half of them was paid over.

"Now what will you have for the remainder of your bill?" asked the merchant.  
The pedlar scratched his head again, and this time more vigorously. He walked the floor—whistled—drummed with his fingers on the head of a barrel. By and by his reply came—slowly—deliberately.  
"Ye Providence fellers are cute; you can sell at cost, pretty much all of ye, and make money—I don't see how 'is done. I must be that somebody gets the worst of it. Now I don't know about your goods-barrin' one article and of I take anything else, I may get cheated. So seein' as 'twont make any odds with you I guess I'll take 'noms. I know them like a book, and can swear to what you paid for 'em."

And so saying the pedlar commenced reloading his brooms, and having snugly deposited half of his former load, jumped on his cart with a regular Connecticut grin, and while the merchant was cursing his impudence and his own stupidity, drove in search of another customer.—*Providence Post.*

**AN AFFECTING APPEAL.**—A learned counsellor, in the middle of an affecting appeal in court, on a slender suit, let the following flight of genius:  
"Slander, gentlemen, like a box constrictor of gigantic size, and immeasurable proportions, wraps the coil of its unwieldy body about its unfortunate victim; and heedless of the shrieks of agony that comes from the innocent depths of the victim's soul, loud and reverberating as the mighty thunder that rolls in the heavens, it finally breaks its untidy neck against the iron wheel of public opinion, forcing him to desperation, then to madness, and finally crushing him in the hideous jaws of moral death. Judge give me a chaw of tobacco!"

**AN ANTI-SECESSIONIST.**—A lady in South Carolina says she goes heart and soul for the Union, for if states may separate when they please, after making a bargain of Union, the next thing will be the right of men claiming the right to secede from their wives the moment they disagree or happen to get offended with them.  
One of eminent learning said, that such was would excel in arts must excel in industry.

### The Visitation of Pestilence.

BY GEO. C. COLBY.

Since the Christian Era there have been recorded twenty extensive European pestilences, besides others whose devastations were more local. In the year 283, a pestilence burst upon the Roman Empire, then comprehending the civilized world. It continued for fifteen years, and raged without interruption in every province, in every city, and almost in every family in the empire. During some time five thousand people died daily in the city of Rome. A reference to the register of Alexandria will show that about half the population of that city had perished; and could we venture to extend the analogy to other provinces, we might expect that war, pestilence and famine had consumed, in a few years, a moiety of the human species.

In the middle of the sixth century, Constantinople, the capital of the world was started by the approach of the plague. From the terror at the time it is difficult to determine its origin; but it is supposed to have come from Egypt. Its mortality was indescribable. During three months, five and at length ten thousands died daily in Constantinople. Many cities of the east were left vacant; and in several districts of Italy, the harvest and vintage perished on the ground.

The disease pursued the double path; it spread to the east over Syria, Persia and the Indies, and it penetrated to the west along the coast of Africa, and over the continent of Europe. This pestilence was of such a curious malignity, that it was not abated by the change of season. In time it vanished, but revived, and was not till the end of the calamitous period of fifty-two years that mankind recovered their health, or the air recovered its salutary qualities.

The triple scourge of war, pestilence and famine afflicted the subjects of Justinian; and his reign is made conspicuous by a visible decrease of the human species which has never been repaired, and in some of the fairest countries in the globe.

Another most memorable pestilence was brought by the commerce of Levant to Europe in the fourteenth century. In the imperfect narratives of those days universal distress, the place of its origin, and the degree of its havoc in the east remain unknown. But its mortality in Europe was felt along the borders of the Mediterranean. From its first appearance in the Levant to its close, it ravaged for nearly three years. It was calculated to have destroyed a third part of the population.

In these general devastations, London frequently suffered. But the plague of 1666 had made the deepest impression on the national memory. Though it scarcely passed beyond the limits of the capital, (then, perhaps, not a third of its present size), its mortality was vast and almost exterminating. A large part of the population fled into the country; yet, from the beginning of June to the end of the year, the deaths exclusively by the plague were calculated at sixty-eight thousand.

A large portion of this mortality might probably have been prevented by due precaution and the early enjoyment of medical science. The closeness of the streets, the crowding of the people, and the habitual disregard for ventilation, must have fostered this dreadful disease. But they cannot account for its origin, for its direction, its virulence. These were independent of man.

It has been remarked as extraordinary that the Mosaic law, which has so many regulations on the prevention and treatment of disease, should have made no provisions against the plague. And the two-fold reason has been assigned, that the ravages of the disease were so rapid as to render all precaution useless; and that human sagacity must be the best guide in a disease whose coming depend on such a variety of circumstances. The more probable reason appears to me, its being regarded as a direct weapon of divine judgment; against whose power, the law, of course, afforded no means of countering. We observe that Moses spoke of it as the direct equivalent to slaughter; "lest he smite us with pestilence and the sword." The divine displeasure, on the numbering of the people by David, was expressed by giving him his choice of three months' before an invader, or three days pestilence. It conveys an intense conception of the horrors of pestilence; that even the word of inspiration should regard its three days to be equal to three months' slaughter by the rage of man, or seven years of famine—both the deepest trials of mere national endurance. The King chooses pestilence as the most rapid and exclusive action of divine wrath.

And David said: Let us now fall into the hands of the Lord. "So the Lord sent a pestilence upon Israel, from the morning even to the (time appointed), an iller died of the people, even from Dan to Beersheba, ninety thousand men. 2d Sam. xvi. Another remarkable circumstance is that no plague ever appeared to have produced a moral reform. Instead of a natural awe of Heaven, it seems to have been signaled by the excess—by the fiercer crimes, and more reckless carousals of despair. Rebellion, murder, and the frantic indulgence of every passion or appetite, have in general characterized the progress of mortality. They obliterate the special propitiations of Athens from the era of the plague. "Let us eat and drink for tomorrow we die," is the strong expression used by Isaiah to represent the just mad festivity of a city about to be stormed, and despairing of resistance; the words used by St. Paul to express the condition of man hopeless of immortality, were evidently the popular impulse in the majority of instances—perhaps all. The plague was simply a punishment—the scourge and not the teacher.

**FEMALE LOQUACITY.**—Jean Paul says that a lady, if she wants to give the word "halt," to her troops, would do it somewhat after this wise: "You soldiers, all of you, now mind, I order you as soon as I have finished speaking, to stand still, every one of you, on the spot where you happen to be; don't you hear me? halt, I say, all of you!"

### Danger of Electroceering.

The Picyone replicates in the possession of a live Yankee as a correspondent, who having wandered as far south as Louisiana peddling notions, has settled down somewhere in the Caddo country, or some other undiscovered region of the State, and there concluded to run for Congress. The following extract of a letter to the editor of the Picyone, describing one of his electroceering tours, is a specimen of the luck he had in this delightful business.

"Well I put up with a first-rate, good natured fellow that I met at a billiard table. I went in and was introduced to his wife, a fine fat woman, who looked as though she lived on laffin; her face was so full of fun. After awhile—after we'd talked about my gal, and the garden, and about the weather, and so on—in came three or four children, laffin and skipping as merry as crickets. There warn't no candle lit, but I could see they were fine looking fellows, and I started for my saddle bags, in which I had put a lot of candy for the children as I went along. 'Come here,' said I, 'you little rogues, come along here, and tell me what your names is;' the oldest then come up to me and says he:

"My name is Peter Smith, sir."  
"And what's your name, sir?" said I.  
"Bob Smith, sir."  
The next said his name was Bill Smith, and the fourth said his name was Tommy Smith. Well I gave 'em some sugar candy, and old Miss Smith looked on but didn't say much. "Why," says I, "Miss Smith, I wouldn't take a good deal for them four boys, if I had 'em, they're so beautiful and sprightly."  
"No," says she laffin, "I set a good deal of store by 'em, but we spoil 'em too much."  
"Oh no," says I, "they're ral' well behaved children, and by gracious, says I, pretending to be startled by a sudden idea of a striking resemblance between them boys and their father, and I looked at Mr. Smith, "I never did see nothing equal to it," said I—"your eyes, mouth, forehead, a perfect picture of you, sir," says I, lappin' the oldest on the pate. I thought Miss Smith would have died a laffin at that; her arms fell down by her side, and her head fell back, and she shook the hull house laffin.

"Do you think so, Col. Jones?" says she, and she looked towards Mr. Smith, and I thought she'd go off in a fit.  
"Yes," says I, "I do really think so."  
"Ha, ha, ha—how-w!" says Mr. Smith, kinder half laffin, "you've too hard on me now, with your oaks."

"I ain't jokin' at all," says I, "they're handsome children, and they do look wonderfully like you."  
"Just then a gal brought in a light, and I'll be danged if the little brats didn't turn out to be multitudes, every one of 'em, and their hair was as curly as the blackest niggers. Mr. and Mrs. Smith never had any children, and they sort of petted them little niggers as play things. I never felt so awkward as I did when I see how things stood. If I hadn't kissed the little nasty things, I could have got over it; but kissing on 'em showed that I was in earnest, (tho' I was abt soopin' on 'em all the time) how to get out of the scrape I didn't know. Mrs. Smith luffed so hard when she see how confused I was, that she almost suffocated. A luff while afterwards, there was a whole family of relations arrived from the city, and turned the matter off; but next morning I could see Mr. Smith did not like the remembrance of what I said, and I don't believe he'll vote for me when the election comes on. I spect Miss Smith kept the old fellow under that joke for some time."

**FEMALE BEAUTY.**—The following is rather finely drawn:—The beauty of a female figure consists in its being gentle serpentine. Modesty, luxuriance, fullness and buoyancy; arising as if to meet; a falling as if to retire; spirit softness, apprehension, self possession, a claim on protection, a superiority to insult, a sparkling something entrained to gentle proportions and harmonious movement, should all be found in that charming mixture of the spiritual and material. Mind and body are not to be separated where real beauty exists. Should there be no great intellect, there will be intellectual instinct, a grace and address, a naturally wise amiableness. Should intellect unite with these, there is nothing on earth so powerful, except the spirit whom it shall call master.

**READERS.**—Readers may be divided into four classes. The first may be compared to an hour glass, their reading "being as the sand"; it runs in, and it runs out, and leaves not a vestige behind.—A second class resembles a sponge, which imbibes everything, and returns it nearly in the same state, only a little dirtier. A third class is like a jelly-bag, which allows all that is put to pass away, and retains only the refuse and the dregs. The fourth class may be compared to the slave in the diamond mines in Golconda, who casting aside all that is worthless, preserves only the pure gem.—*Coleridge.*

**DEMONS.**—During the reign of Louis XIV, a man appeared in France who bore such a strong resemblance to the King as to excite general remark. The rumor having reached the King's ears; he became curious to see the man who looked so much like himself, and sent a messenger to invite him to the palace. The man appeared, and the resemblance was so striking that the King was surprised, and he inquired of the man if his mother had not been in France some thirty years previous. No the man replied; but added that his father had.

**HERMANS.**—If you wish to get good bargains buy of people that advertise. The increased amount of custom which a jollicious system of advertising always brings to a store, enables the proprietors to sell at smaller profits than those who can afford to who have an accidental customer now and then.

### Interesting Facts in Chemistry.

By looking down on the top of a wax candle a little cup full of melted wax may be seen just round the wick. The cool air keeps the outside hard, so that a rim is formed which prevents the melted wax from running down the side. The wax in the little cup goes through the wick to be burned, just as oil does in the wick of a lamp. It goes up through the little passages in the cotton wick, because very small channels, or pores, have the power in themselves of sucking up liquids. The power is called capillary attraction.

When the candle is blown out a smoke arises from the wick. If a bit of lighted paper be held in this smoke, the candle will light again without touching the flame to the wick. This shows that the melted wax sucked up through the wick is turned into vapor, which burns and communicates fire to the wick.

When the candle is lighted, the heat of the burning vapor keeps on melting more wax, and that is sucked up within the flame, where it is turned into vapor and burned; and this process is continued until the wax is used up, and the candle gone, or burned up, as it is termed.

Notwithstanding the flame of the candle looks flat, it is both round and hollow, and runs up to a point. It is drawn up by the hot air. Hot air always rises, and that is the way smoke is taken up a chimney. It goes up with the current of heated air. The bright flame of a heated candle is often no thicker than a sheet of paper; it does not even touch the wick. That the flame is hollow may be seen by taking a piece of white paper and holding it for a second or two down under the candle flame keeping the flame steady. When the black from the smoke has been rubbed off, it will be seen that the paper is scorched in the shape of a ring, while inside of the rings only soiled, and scarcely singed at all.

Inside of this hollow flame is the vapor spoken of just now. By putting one end of a bent tube into the middle of the flame, and the other end into a bottle, the vapor or gas from the candle will mix with the air in the bottle. If fire be set to this mixture of air and gas, it will explode with a report. The flame of a candle, then, is a little shining case, with gas inside of it, and air on the outside, so that the case of flame is between the gas and the air. The gas keeps going into the flame to burn, and when the candle burns properly, none of it passes out through the flame; and none of the air gets through the flame to the gas. The greatest heat of the candle is in the case of flame.

A candle will not burn without air. If it has not enough of air it goes out or burns badly, so that some of the vapor inside of the flame comes out in form of smoke. A candle smokes because the wick is so long that in burning it makes too much fuel or vapor, in proportion to the air that can get to it, consequently some of the vapor must escape in the form of smoke.

The smoke that comes out of a candle is what burns and makes the light. This smoke is a cloud of small dust or bits of charcoal or carbon. These are made in the flame, and burned by it, and while burning make the flame bright. They are burned the moment they are made, and the flame goes on making more of them, and that is how the flame keeps bright.

**MARRIAGE.**—Leigh Hunt concludes an *essay on marriage* as follows:—There is no one thing more lovely in this life, more full of the divinest courtesies, than when a young maiden, from her past life from her happy childhood, when she rambled over field and more around her home; when a mother anticipated her wants and soothed her little cares; when brothers and sisters grew from merry playmates to loving, trustful friends; from the Christmas gatherings and romps, the summers festivals in bowser or garden; from the rooms sanctified by the death of relatives; from the holy and secure backgrounds of her childhood, looks out into a dark and unilluminated future, away from all that, and yet unuttered, undaunted, leans her fair cheek upon her lover's breast, and whispers, "Dear heart! I cannot see, but I believe. The past was beautiful, but the future I can trust—with thee?"

**THE FAIR SEX.**—Woman is a very nice and a very complicated machine. Her springs are infinitely delicate, and differ from those of a man as the works of a repearing watch do from that of a town clock. Look at her body—how delicately formed. Observe her understanding—how subtle and acute. But look into her heart—there is the watchwork, composed of parts so minute in themselves, and so wonderfully combined, that they must be seen by a microscopic eye, to be clearly comprehended. The perception of woman is as quick as lightning. Her penetration is intuition—I had almost said instinct. Spirit in conversation depends upon fancy, and women out over the world talk better than men.

**SUFFERING.**—"There is great want about all Christians who have not suffered. Some flowers must be broken or bruised before they omit any fragrance. All wounds of Christ sent out sweetness—all the sorrows of Christians do the same. Compend for an afflicted brother, a bruised reed—one like the son of man. To me there is something sacred and sweet in all suffering; it is so much akin to the man of sorrows."

**WHAT THE SCOTCH LADY WANTED.**—A Scotch lady entered a store in Boston, and inquired for a table cloth of damask pattern. "We have some pretty broad," was the reply of the astonished salesman; "but none quite so broad as that." The lady explained that damask was the Scotch term for checkered pattern.

**OUR ENEMIES WITHIN.**—Beyond all doubt, the worst of our enemies are those we carry about with us, in our own hearts. Adam fell in Paradise, Lucifer in heaven, while Lot continued righteous among the inhabitants of Sodom.