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TOWANDA:

Saturday Morning, April 8, 1855.

Selected Poetry.

(From the Evening Post.)
THE SCHOOL-HOUSE.

Hard by the broad and dusty street,
Where maples throw a cooling shade,
And frequent tread of playful feet,
A bare and beaten way is made:
The school-house stands, old and rude,
And there a score of years has stood.

The windows, curtainless and bare,
Are marred off with a broken pane,
Until the shrill autumnal air,
Or winny blast, beat through again;
And the rude benches and the walls
Are rough with uncouth cuts and scrawls.

The till that bubbles sparkling by,
Has not a free, unbroken flow,
Its eddies quaint, mimic mills supply,
And infant raries o'er it go;
And where it slumbers still and wide,
The boys in water skate and slide.

And passing by the half-open door,
You hear the teacher, loud and clear,
Pouring his precepts evermore
Into the young and listening ear.
Patience and hope his words attend,
And to his hearer his sunshine lend.

A plain, contented man is he,
He burns no mean incense to fame;
'Tis his alkali unmoved to be,
Most kindly fatness of blame.
A husbandman in mind's rich soil,
He dreams it proud to delve and toil.

He loved to gaze on coming years,
And watch those boyish spirits climb—
Fruited creatures of his cares and fears—
He saw the fabled amounts of Time;
And thinks, right hopefully, to share
Their triumphs and their honors there.

Now at the golden wane of day,
Enjoyed to hail their labors o'er,
The little lessons, will for play,
Hurst forth, with frolic amounts o'er;
While down their merry, Lethian glide
All thoughts of books and lessons hide.

Deer than all earth's kingly halls,
Thou, north old school house, art to me,
Thy time-worn sides and crumbling walls
Hark! hark! a precious memory
Of that fair past, when life was new,
Of seasons were days, and dreams were true.

Not in high pompous courts of state,
Proud hero's land; 'tis here enshrine;
But where for life's great combats wait
Truth's armies, radiant and divine,
Time's mistiest doubts are wrought,
When the young patriot soul is taught.

Miscellaneous.

TRAVELING IN RUSSIA. A TOUCHING STORY.

It was a stormy evening in the month of November, that a Russian gentleman, called Jaroslov, his wife and their little daughter Helena, and their faithful servant in a heavy traveling chariot and four, driven by two postillions, drew up at the entrance of the little town of Koblitz, which lies on the borders of Russia and Poland. They were returning from their travels in Europe, and as the season had already oversteered the time he had intended to be absent from home, and the weather every day growing worse and worse, he was anxious to press forward with all the speed possible. The four caps of the postillions, the long manes of their horses, and even the rough leather postillions were white with frost, clouds of steam rose from the weary beasts, and the landlord coming up to the door of the chariot, observed that he would not think of proceeding further.

"Not if I were at liberty to follow my own inclinations," said the baron; "but as it is, I am pressed for time, and we must get over another stage to-night."

"It is a long one, sir," said the landlord; "but I trust at least, and you have the forest of Rossa to pass. The road is bad, and I dare say the snow is deep, and the wolves are getting hungry."

"Oh, I am not afraid of wolves," cried the baron; "they would not dare to attack a carriage so early in the year as this. Let us have four good horses and we may be in nine, for it is not more than half-past six."

Well, sir, a wifful man must have his own way. Only hope you may not repent your determination. Horses on directly, Nicholas. But may your honor, and your honor's lady will take something hot, for you will need it before you go to Bologoy.

So a cup of spiced wine was brought for the travelers, and Erick, had a double portion. He wrapped up in a huge fur cloak on a low kind of a box in front, the baron's carriage, though old-fashioned, had been built in England. In a few moments the fresh horses were harnessed, and the postillions cracked their whips, and amidst the thanks and good night of the landlord, the carriage started off.

"It is bitterly cold," said the baroness, as she pulled the cloak more completely around her, and took little Helena on her lap—"it is bitterly cold and a fearful night to travel."

"If the moon can but break through the clouds, as it is trying to do, we shall have a pleasant ride yet," replied the husband.

"What, Catherine, a Russian, and yet afraid of a little snow?"

"Well, I am glad we came on, too," said the wife, "it is pleasant to think that every-mile we ride, brings us nearer home, and my dear little Nicholas and Frederica."

They were now passing over a wild moor, the wind whistled mournfully round the carriage, driving and blowing the snow before it, for it was snow-

ing heavily. The glare of the lamps cast a kind of a ghastly haze on the immediate neighborhood of the carriage, and seemed to make the distance still darker.

"O, mamma!" cried Helena, "let me come closer to you, it makes me afraid to look out of the window."

"Why, what should you be afraid of my lovely one?"

"One is always afraid in the dark, you know mamma; and then just listen to the wind how it howls!"

The clouds passed off, the moon was walking in brightness, the wheels rolled noiselessly along over the snow, and as far as the eye could see was one glistening sea of white. On passed the carriage.

"What is Erick looking at?" asked the baroness, for the box was so low that its occupant might be seen from the window.

"I cannot tell," said her husband, "but he must have good eyes if he can see anything."

"Hark! what is that?" cried his wife, as a long, low, melancholy howl, different from the wind and yet like it, was heard for a moment and then died away.

"It is wolves," replied the baron, "this cold weather makes them restless."

"There it is again, it is certainly nearer."

"Erick," said his master, letting down the front window, "tell the boys to drive on, we must keep out of the way of the wolves."

"On with you men," shouted Erick; and then in a low voice he said, "I doubt whether we can altogether get out of the way sir."

"How is that?" asked the baron, much alarmed.

"There is a large pack of them, and they are in scent of us."

"There they are, not more than half a mile off?"

"What are we to do?" asked the baron, "I know you are a Centaur man and more used to those things than I am."

"Why sir," said the servant, "if they come up with us we will take no notice of them unless they attack us. As they are very timid creatures the glare of the lamps and the sight of us will keep them off, and in an hour we shall be in. But I would advise you to draw the bullets from your large pistols, and load them with swan shot, as it would be more to the purpose to wound a good many than to kill one or two."

"O, pa!" cried Helena, as the baron took his pistols from the top of his carriage.

"We shall do what we can, my dear child, and God will do the rest for us. There is no great danger from these wolves except in the very depth of winter, and if there were, He who delivered David from the paw of the lion and the paw of the bear, and Daniel from the seven hungry lions, can deliver us also."

"They are coming," said Erick.

The baron looked, and about a hundred yards back, to the right, in the woods, he could just make out a grey mass moving through the trees, and leaping into the carriage track. They did not bow, but bayed fearfully. They moved steadily, but altogether, and were evidently gaining on the carriage. The post boys plied both whip and spur, and the horses themselves, in agony of fear, broke out in a canter, despite the heavy snow.

"Do you think there is any danger, my dear husband?" asked the baroness.

"I cannot tell," said her husband, "they do not seem disposed to attack us yet, but they are certainly savage. It is for the horses we have to fear first."

"Are they gaining on us?"

"A little, but they are not putting out their speed. They could be up with us in a moment if they liked."

Thus the carriage rolled on; for about two minutes Erick never took his eyes off the pack, and the baron thrusting himself out from the left window, watching them carefully.

"Are your pistols loaded, sir?" cried Erick.

"All with swan shot."

"I have two loaded with ball, and two with shot; so we shall do."

The pack was now not more than ten yards behind the carriage; there might be about two hundred in it. At the head was an old, strong, grey-headed wolf. The leader sprang on one of the wheel horses, and at the same time received a bullet through his head from Erick who was prepared for him.

"Now, sir, if you will let me have a piece of string we may be able to make something of it," said Erick.

"A piece of string?" cried his master, "yes here it is, but to what purpose?"

"Why, sir," said he, "wolves are cowardly creatures, as they are always suspecting a trap; so I will just tie the string to this stick, and let it drag behind the carriage. It will keep them off ten minutes."

Erick was right; the stick was dragged along about the distance of ten feet behind, and for some time the pack kept behind it, and were plainly afraid of it. At last they began to grow bolder, they seemed to have discovered the trick, passed the stick, and were again making up to the carriage.

"They will be upon us in a moment," cried Erick. "When I cry now, sir, be ready to fire upon them from one side, and so I will on the other."

"Very well."

Helena sat with her hand to her mother's, looking up to her face. Her mother looked pale, but very calm: she was evidently praying.

"Now, sir," cried Erick.

Master and servant fired at the same moment, there was a savage yell from the foremost of the fierce pack, and three or four fell.

"Load again," cried Erick; "if this lasts you will want all your pistols soon."

"After they had fired once or twice, the wolves were no longer frightened by the fires and flames,

and they began to surround the coach on every side.

"There is but one thing left," said Erick, we must cut the traces of one of the leaders and turn him off—that will divert them for a little while," and turning to the foreboy he directed him to cut the traces of his horse. The man obeyed, and the terrified animal started off right into the forest, and with a tremendous yell the whole pack rushed after him.

"Thank God for that," exclaimed the baroness. Then we may be safe after all.

"Ay, ma'am, if it pleases Him," replied the servant, "but this relief will not last long, and they will soon be upon us again."

"How far do you imagine we are from the post house now?" eagerly inquired the baron.

"Some half hour," answered Erick, "but they will chase up to the very door. I never know them to be so fierce. Hark! they have got him."

As he spoke, there came a scream, or rather a shriek so horrible in its sound that once heard it could never be forgotten. Helena and her mother exclaimed, "what can it be?"

"It is the poor horse," exclaimed the baron, "they are tearing him to pieces."

A horse shriek is the most horrible of all things.

"Drive on for your lives," shouted Erick, "they will be back presently."

But the snow became deeper, and the road worse, and three horses went out with fangs all supplied the place of four fresh ones. On the right hand the road thinned a little, opening into a glade, in the centre of which was a frozen pond; as the travelers passed it, the wolves appeared dashing up the valley, and the jaws and head of many were sieged in blood.

"We must let another horse go," cried Erick, "or they will be too much for us; but we must take care what we do about. You and I, sir, will fire at once; and then do you, Peter," he added addressing the foremost post boy, "cut the traces of your horse, jump down, and leap up here by me."

This was done, and the pack were again drawn off. The remaining two horses strained their utmost, and the travelers intently listened for any sign of the reappearance of their enemies. The baron spoke to Erick, but received no answer; he seemed taken up by his thoughts. At length the carriage reached the top of the hill, and at the distance of apparently two miles before it, a clear steady light was to be seen.

"Thank God! there is Bologoy," exclaimed Erick. "Now, then, sir, I believe that you are safe."

As he spoke the wolves were again heard in the distance, and though the post light grew lighter and larger every moment, the pack gained on them, and at last surrounded them.

"It must come at last, my dear master," said Erick, "I have served you and your father these twenty years, but I never did you better service than I now intend to do. If we all remain together we shall all be torn to pieces. I shall get down and with my pistols I shall, I trust, be able to keep them at bay a few minutes. You go on with all speed possible, and leave me here. I know you will take care of my wife and child."

"No, Erick," said the baroness, "we will all be saved or all perish together. I could not bear to escape at the price of your blood."

"No, indeed, Erick," said little Helena.

The baron looked at his wife and child, and said nothing.

"Besides, I will try to climb a tree," said Erick, "may be they will give me time. But if I delay a moment longer we shall all be lost together."

"God bless you, Erick," said his master. "God bless you, and he will bless you. If you perish I will look on your wife as a sister and bring up your child as one of my own."

"Thank you, sir," said Erick, firmly.

"Now God be with you all. Fire, sir, two pistols at once!"

And the baron fired; Erick leaped to the ground. On dashed the horses, the pack terrified for a moment, stood still and payed. Almost instantly they heard the report of a pistol, and about a minute after two close together. But they heard no more.

An hour they were within a hundred yards of the strong log built inn; the pack are close behind them; the post boys cracks his whip; the baron and the whole party shout, and as the carriage dashed up to the door, and a fresh light pours into the road, the wolves turn, and the baron and family are safe.

Of Erick no trace was found. His pistols were discovered next morning, where he had been left, three discharged, one still loaded; it is supposed he had not time to fire it before he was pulled down. I need not tell you how nobly the baron fulfilled his promise to his wife and child.

On the sacred spot now stands a monument, bearing on one side of its pedestal the name and story of Erick, on the other—"Greater love hath no man than—that a man may lay down his own life for his friend."

COOL.—A ludicrous scene occurred at the New England House, Cleveland, during last summer. A gentleman called for a glass of milk and ice, which was promptly brought by the ready waiter and placed before him, of which he took no notice, being busy discussing the merits of a fine steak. A green 'an who happened to sit directly opposite, observed the cooling delicious beverage, reached across, and laying hold of the glass, deliberately sipped the contents. The gentleman observing the movement, and setting back in his chair, looked evenly at the green and exclaimed: "That's cool, decidedly!" The simple looked at the stranger, and with a face brightening with the great thought of being about to communicate a great truth, said—"There's ice in it!"

LAWYER.—"A lawyer," said Lord Brougham, in a facetious mood, "is a gentleman who rescues your estate from your enemies and keeps it himself."

The Eating of Arsenic.

While arsenic, as is well known, is a violent poison. In large doses, it is what in medical language is called an irritant poison, but in very minute doses it is known by professional men to be a tonic and alternative. It is rarely administered as medicine, however, by regular educated practitioners, except perhaps, in homoeopathic practice, and is never used as household medicine by the people of this country. In some parts of Lower Austria, however, and Syria, and especially in the hilly regions towards Hungary, there prevails among the peasantry an extraordinary custom of eating arsenic. The common people obtain it under the name of *Hady*, from itinerant herbalists and pedlars, who bring it from the chimneys of the smelting houses in the mining regions. Large quantities of arsenic are sublimed during the roasting of the ores of lead and copper, and deposited in the long horizontal or inclined chimneys which are attached to the furnaces in which this operation is carried on. The practice is one which appears to be of considerable antiquity, as it is mentioned in a long life, and is even handed down hereditarily from father to son.

It is eaten professedly for one or both of two purposes: First, that the eater may thereby obtain freshness of complexion and plumpness of figure. For this purpose, as will readily be supposed, it is chiefly eaten by the young. Second, that the wind may be improved, so that long and steep hills may be climbed without difficulty of breathing. By the middle aged and old, it is esteemed for this influence, and both results are described as following almost invariably from the use of arsenic.

To improve their appearance, young peasants, of both sexes, have recourse to it, some no doubt from vanity, and others with the view of adding to their charms in the eyes of each other. And it is very remarkable to see how wonderfully well they attain their object; for these young peasants are generally remarkable for blooming complexions, and a full, rounded, healthy appearance. Dr. Von Tschudi gives the following case as having occurred in his practice: "A healthy but pale and thin milk maid, residing in the parish of H—, had a lover whom she wished to attach to herself by a more agreeable exterior. She therefore had recourse to the well known beautifier, and took arsenic several times a week. The desired effect was not long in showing itself, for in a few months she became stout, rosy cheeked, and all that her lover could desire. In order, however, to increase the effect, she incautiously increased the dose of arsenic, and fell a victim to her vanity. She died poisoned—a very painful death!" The number of such fatal cases, especially among young persons, is describe as by no means inconsiderable.

For the second purpose—that of rendering the breathing easier when going up hill—the peasant puts a small fragment of arsenic in his mouth, and lets it dissolve. The effect is astonishing. He ascends hills with facility, which he could not otherwise without the greatest difficulty of breathing.

The quantity of arsenic with which the eater begins is about half a grain. They continue to take this quantity two or three times a week, in the morning fasting, until they become habituated to it. They then cautiously increase the dose as the quantity previously taken seems to diminish in its effects. "The peasant R—," says Dr. Von Tschudi, "a hale man of sixty, who enjoys capital health at present, takes for every dose a piece of about two grains in weight. For about forty years he has continued the habit, which he inherited from his father, and which he will transmit to his children."

No symptoms of illness or chronic poisoning are observable in any of these arsenic eaters, when the dose is carefully adapted to the constitution and habit of body of the person using it. But if from any cause the arsenic be left off for a time, symptoms of disease occur which resemble those of slight arsenical poisoning; especially a feeling of discomfort arises, great indifference to everything around, anxiety about his own person, deranged digestion, loss of appetite, a feeling of overloading the stomach, increase of saliva, burning from the stomach up to the throat, pain in the bowels, constipation, and especially oppression in breathing.—From these symptoms there only one speedy mode of relief—immediate return to arsenic eating!

This custom does not amount to a passion, like opium eating in the East, betel-chewing in India, or coca chewing in Peru. The arsenic is not taken as a direct pleasure-giver, or happiness bestower, but the practice once begun, creates a craving, as the other practices do, and becomes a necessity of life.—Blackwood.

WHAT IS DIRT?—Old Dr. Cooper of South Carolina, use to say to his students: Don't be afraid of a little dirt; gentlemen. What is dirt? Why, nothing at all offensive, when chemically viewed. Rub a little alkali upon that "dirty grease spot" upon your coat, and it undergoes a chemical change and becomes soap. Now rub it with a little water and it disappears; it is neither grease, soap, water nor dirt. That is not a very odorous pile of dirt; you observe there. Well, scatter a little gypsum over it and 'tis no longer dirt. Every thing you call dirt is worthy your notice as students of chemistry analyze it! It will separate into very clean elements. Dirt makes corn; corn makes bread and meat, and that makes a very sweet young lady that I saw one of you kissing last night. So, after all, you were kissing dirt—particularly if she whitened her skin with chalk or Fuller's earth. There is no telling, gentlemen, what is dirt. Though I may say rubbing such stuff upon the beautiful skin of a young lady is a dirty practice. "Pearl powder, I think, is made of Bismuth—nothing but dirt."

"'Tis strange," muttered a young man as he staggered home from a supper party, "how evil communications corrupt good manners. I've been among tumbler all the evening and now I'm a tumbler myself."

American Travel.

Henry Clay was a man of great resolution and considerable daring. Traveling in early manhood, in public conveyance in a South-Eastern State, he once found himself in the company of three other persons, consisting of a young lady and gentleman, her husband, and an individual muffled in a cloak, whose countenance was concealed, and who appeared to be indulging in a tea-steele with Merphens. Suddenly a big, brawny Kentuckian, got into the coach smoking a cigar, and frowned fiercely around, as much as to say: "I'm half horse, half alligator, the yellor flower of the forest, all brimstone but the head and ears, and that's aqua fortis." In fact he looked as savage as meat eat, and pulled forth huge volumes of smoke, without reference to the company within, especially of the lady, who manifested certain timid symptoms of annoyance. Presently, after some whispering, the gentleman with her, in the politest accent, requested the stranger not to smoke, as it annoyed his companion. The fellow answered: "I reckon I've paid for my place. I'll smoke as much as I please, and all hell shall stop me, no how." With that, he rolled his eyes round as fiercely as a rat fleasake. It was evident he had no objections to a quarrel, and that if it occurred it was likely to lead to a deadly struggle. The young man who had spoken to him sprang back and was silent.

Clay felt his gallantry aroused. He considered for a moment whether he should interere; but experience a natural reluctance to draw upon himself the brutal violence of his gigantic adversary. In that lawless country, he knew his life might be sacrificed unavenged. He knew himself physically unequal to the contest, and thought, after all, it was not his business, Quixotically to take up another man's quarrel. Feeling pity for the insulted, and disgust towards the insulted, he determined to take it no notice; when, very quickly indeed, the cloaked figure in the corner assumed an upright position, and the mantle was enfolded to fall from it without effort or excitement. The small, but sinewy frame of a man, plainly dressed in a high-buttoned frock coat, with nothing remarkable about his appearance, was seen, and a pair of bright gray eyes sought the fierce optics of the ferocious Kentuckian. Without a word, he passed his hand under his collar at the back of his neck, and deliberately pulled forth a long—extremely long—and glittering knife from its sheath in that singular place—"Stranger," he said, "my name is James Bowie, well known in Arkansas and Louisiana, and if you don't put that cigar out of the window in a quarter of a minute, I'll put this knife through your bowels, as sure as death."

Clay will never forget in his life the expression of Bowie's eyes at that moment. The predominant impression made upon him was the certainty of the threat being fulfilled, and apparently the same conviction impressed itself ere long upon the offender. During two or three seconds his eyes met those of Bowie. He was the weaker, and he quailed. With a curse, he tore the cigar from between his teeth, flung it, scowling, but downward, out of the coach window. Upon this Col. Bowie, as deliberately replaced his long knife in its scabbard, and without saying a word to any one, refolded his cloak around him, and did not utter another syllable to the end of the journey.

HOPFULNESS AND HEALTH.—The influence of hope on mental vigor and physical health has never received sufficient attention from the physician or metaphysicians. There is no emotion more conducive to success and happiness in life and none whose effect is more favorable to longevity. Dr. Alcott makes the following soundly philosophical remarks on the influence of hope, from which we may infer the importance of cultivating its organ in the brain.

Hope moderately indulged, communicates a mild but delightful sensation to the whole region of the heart, and elevates and strengthens both mind and body. What we call valour, or nervous energy is, through every part of the system. The result is a state of things approximating more nearly to what is usually called perfect health, than anything known. It preserves the mind from violent emotions, agitations or depressions and enables us to exercise its noblest power with a tranquil vigor. It tends to keep the body in a regular and proper discharge of its varied functions, without the least sensation of difficulty or embarrassment. In these circumstances," says Dr. Cogan, "in his excellent Treatise on the Passions," respiration is free and easy, neither requiring conscious exertion, nor even a thought.—The action of the heart and arteries, with subsequent circulation of the blood, is regular and placid, neither too rapid nor too indolent; neither labored or oppressed. Perspiration is neither deficient nor too excessive. Aliments are sought with a proper appetite, enjoyed with a high relish, and digested with ease and facility. Every secretion and excretion is properly performed.—The body is free from pain, stiffness, oppression, every species of uneasiness, and a certain vivacity and vigor, not to be described reign through the system.

WOMAN'S BEAUTY.—It is not the smile of her pretty face, nor the tint of her complexion, nor the beauty and symmetry of her person, nor the costly dress or decoration that compose woman's loveliness. Nor is it the enchanting glance of her eye with which she darts such lustre on the man she deems worthy of friendship, that constitutes her beauty. It is her pleasing disposition, her chaste conversation, the sensibility and purity of her thoughts, her affable and open disposition, her sympathy with those in adversity, her comforting and relieving the afflicted in distress, and, above all, the humbleness of her soul, that constitutes the true loveliness of woman.

"How many men we meet who might be something, and how few are!"

The Bible.

The older we grow, the more we find the Bible to be a very sensible book. There are some very shrewd rules in it for the guidance of our conduct; and when we neglect them, we are pretty sure to find ourselves in trouble. There is one passage like this, viz: "He who diggeth a pit for another, shall fall therein." How many times in our life have we known this warning to prove true? We remember one of the e just now.

A gentleman thought he missed money from his money drawer. That drawer was in the table on which he wrote his letters. To detect and punish the supposed thief—he placed a loaded pistol in that drawer, and in such a position that on opening the drawer in the usual manner the pistol would be discharged. To escape a discharge, it was necessary to open only an inch or so, and remove the pistol from the connection with a string.

After he had thus prepared the drawer, for the detection and punishment of the thief, he went out to attend to some business which occupied several hours. He came back, revolving in his mind some difficulties he had encountered in adjusting this business. Entirely forgetting his trap, he unlocked and pulled open violently the drawer, and shot himself through the body. It was a spring pistol, of great power and the wound was mortal.

We have also learned of instances where men have placed spring guns on their lands, to protect the fruit from depredation, and, in their hurry, forgetting the trap, have themselves received the charge.

As we grow old, we discover that many things which, to our youthful temerity and ignorance seemed foolish were indeed, of the utmost importance. And we may be assured, that the only neglected Book, wherein we have the assurance of immortal life, contains not only the rules by which it may be obtained in a blessed eternity, but also the very best rules of sanctity, and comfort, and enjoyment of our lives. He who lives without taking the Bible for a guide, is like one who is walking on the edge of a precipice fast asleep.

DIGNITY DOWN.—"Rev. W. T.," writes J. D. W., of Indiana, "is a large man, of dignified bearing, and when preaching, extremely sensitive to any disturbance, a slight impropriety on the part of the congregation being quite sufficient to throw him out of the track. He had, some years ago, in connection with his pastorate, a small congregation in the country, to which he preached semi-occasionally, at a private house. The incident here recorded happened at this place, when a small but select audience was listening to one T.—a really animated and sensible sermon. As the preacher waxed warm, he observed some mysterious movement among the female gender, which attracted his attention away from the sermon. It grew more observable, until he discovered the hoaxes collecting some live coals upon a shovel, and preparing to march with them to an adjoining room. It was late in the afternoon, and by some clerical instinct he thought the old woman was about to prepare his supper. He could stand that.

"Stop, sister, stop!" said he; "I shall not remain to supper, and you need not trouble yourself to prepare any for me."

"I ain't a gait," said the old lady, in reply; "there's a woman here got the coals, and we're jest a bitin' some yards for her!"

"Wasn't there just at that time, but I could discover no difficulty in believing that all the sarak was very speedily taken out of that sermon."

"Ha! ha! ha! Down with the tyrant! Death to the Spaniard!" shouted like, as he rushed into the kitchen, brandishing Paul's old artillery sword that had hung so long on the wall. He struck an attitude and then struck the upright portion of the stove lumen till at rung with the blow, and Mrs. Partington, with amazement on her countenance and the glass lamp in her hand, stood looking at him. Ike had been reading the thrilling tale of the "Black Avenger, or the Pirate of the Spanish Main," and his "it reflects," as Sir Hugh Evans might say, were absorbed by the horrible:

"Don't Isaac, dear," said Mrs. Partington, and she spoke in a gentle, but firm tone, "you are very scarily, and it don't look well to see a young boy acting so. It comes, I know, of reading them yellow cupboard books. You should read good ones, and if you won't read that again I will let you have my big bible, King James' version, with the beautiful pictures. I declare, I don't know what I shall do with you if you carry on so, I am afraid I shall have to send you to a geological cemetery to get the old sarak out of you!" [Boston Post.

57—The following anecdote is told by the Chicago Journal of Governor Reynolds, whom they called the "Old Ranger" in Illinois, when for the first time in his life he visited the seat-board as a Representative to Congress from the back settlements.

Upon reaching Baltimore, the Governor rose early in the morning and paid a visit to the shipping at the docks, when the tide was full, and again at noon, when it was at ebb—and not satisfied with the sudden change that had taken place, again in the evening, when the tide was in.

Heretofore he had resolved to keep everything to himself, and go in pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, on his own hook—but now his astonishment broke over his bounds, and as he returned to his hotel, the old Ranger remarked that "this was the coarsest country he ever seen in his life—two fadkets in one day—and nary a drop of rain."

BLEEDING AT THE NOSE.—Dr. Negler, a French Surgeon, says that the simple elevation of a person's arm will stop bleeding at the nose. He explains the fact physically, and declares it a positive remedy. It is certainly easy of trial.

SEVERE.—"God has destroyed all my hopes by giving me a sympathizing friend."

"How?" inquired a sympathizing friend.

"By realizing them!"