

THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

VOL. XV.—NO. 46.

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

TOWANDA:

Saturday Morning, April 28, 1855.

Selected Poetry.

OUR CHILDHOOD.

By G. D. PRENTICE.

'Tis sad—yet sweet—to listen
To the soft wind's gentle swell,
And think we hear the music
Our childhood knew so well;
To gaze out on the even
And the boundless fields of air,
And feel again our boyhood wish
To roam like an angel there!

There are many dreams of gladness
That cling around the past—
And from the tomb of feeling
Old thoughts come thronging fast—
The forms we loved so dearly,
In the happy days now gone,
The beautiful and lovely,
So fair to look upon!

Those bright and formid maidens,
Who seemed so lovely for bliss,
Too glorious and too heavenly
For such a world as this.

Whose soft, dark eyes seemed swimming
In a sea of liquid light,
And whose locks of golden streamer
O'er brows so sunny bright.

Whose smiles were like the sunshine
In the spring-time of the year—
Like the changeful gleams of April
They followed every year!

They have passed—like hopes—away—
All their loveliness has fled—
Oh! many many a heart is mourning
That they are with the dead.

Like the bright buds of summer
They have fallen from the stem—
Yet oh—it is a lovely death
To fade from earth like them!

And yet—the thought is saddening
To muse on such as they—
And feel that all the beautiful
Are passing fast away!

That the fair ones whom we love
Grow to each loving breast,
Like tendrils of the clinging vine,
Then perish where they rest.

And can we but think of these
In the soft and gentle spring,
When the trees are waving o'er us,
And the flowers are blossoming,
For we know that winter's coming
With his cold and stormy sky—
And the glorious beauty round us
Is blossoming but to die!

Selected Tale.

THE PASTOR'S ELECT.

"Now tell me about it, Weldon. I am so anxious to hear the whole story, and it's such a nice evening for this, too. It is so great a luxury to be all alone with you, that the rain sounds really musical as it drops against the panes." She had pushed a low ottoman to his feet, and throwing herself on this, lifted her sweet face, set in its frame-work of brown, soft hair, to her brother's.

"So you have at last caught me, and intend my confessor—do you, little sis?" smilingly responded the young clergyman, as he turned his eyes from the anthracite blaze, where they had been dreamily fastened for the last half hour, and a beautiful, almost dreamy tenderness seemed to drift into them as they rested on his sister.

"Yes. To think you are really engaged, Weldon! What would your good parishioners say if they knew it, particularly the younger portion of them! I am somewhat apprehensive their daily requests of bouquets and fruits would be sensibly diminished. But about the lady—is she beautiful, Weldon?"

"A woman's first query?" and again that rich smile went like sunlight over the grave but handsome features of the young pastor.—"I am not certain, Hattie, whether an artist would think her so. Her features are not entirely regular, and her cheeks less rosy than your own; but the emotion of her deep, gentle-looking nature look out of her dark blue eyes, and there is a sweet heart-chirography in the smiles that sparkle at times over her small and rather pensive mouth."

"You are drawing a charming Raphael picture, brother mine. She is young, of course?"

"Hardly twenty-one."

"And—no, I need not ask if her mind is well cultivated, for I know your opinions respecting women too well to doubt this. But is she intellectual—in short, a book-worm?"

"Well, something of one. The formation of her head indicates a superior mental organization, but all the faculties are well balanced."

"And—let me see—is she wealthy?"

"Only in the possession of those great jewels which are above all price."

"But her parents—who are they?"

"I never saw but one member of it, and he was a beggar."

"Weldon!" The little fingers that had been playfully braiding themselves with those of the young man's were suddenly withdrawn, and a look of mingled astonishment and displeasure filled her brown eyes as she ejaculated, "Weldon, you are not in earnest?"

"Yes, I am, Hattie. You know I would not jest on such a subject."

"But you took me so greatly by surprise. And—and, the little red lips trembled for a moment, and then the tears brimed over the cheeks, and journeyed down the cheeks."

"And I troubled you too, Hattie?" interposed the young man, as he leaned forward, and caressingly smoothed down the bright hair of his sister.

"Don't look so sorrowful, darling, as though some great evil had chanced me; but listen to what I shall tell you, and then see if your own true and noble heart, unbiassed by social distinctions and prejudices, does not commend my

election. Will you do this, Hattie, if not for my sake, for Him who said that the poor and the rich were alike in His sight?"

Sweet Hattie Marshall! Her one great foible was her pride for her handsome, noble-hearted brother; it was hardly a weakness, for he was all that God had left her of the household over whom the spring daises had long spread their golden covering; and for a moment she had looked with the world's eyes upon his betrothal to the sister of a medicant. But her brother's words had silenced the pride whisps in her heart, for Hattie Marshall had learned of Him who was meek and lowly in spirit.

"I will do as you ask, Weldon. Forgive me if I have done wrong," she whispered, drawing up closer to her brother, and laying her head in its old resting-place against his heart; for very tenderly the brother and sister loved each other.

Weldon Marshall drew his arm around his sister's waist, and then, when the rain moaned and the wind muttered around the windows, and the anthracite fire mingled its ruddy glow with the silver astral light and filled the parsonage sitting-room with a dreamy crimson light, he told a story of the past, and his eyes grew darker, his low, earnest tones full of pathetic eloquence as he told it:—

"It is eight years next month, Hattie, and I was in New York, engaged in my collegiate studies. You see it was three years after our mother's death, and you were at that time with uncle Harvard attending school.

"It was a cold, wild, disagreeable night; and I remember standing at the window of my snug sanctum, and looking out ruefully into the darkness, for I had made an engagement to meet several of my fellow students that evening in a distant portion of the city.

"Dear me, how the wind blows!" I soliloquized, with a very feminine shrug of the shoulders, as I drew the curtains closer. "I've half a mind to throw myself on the lounge, which looks so provokingly comfortable and cosy this evening, and not attempt an encounter with the elements. It's absurd to think they'll expect me such a night as this. In short, I won't tempt an indueenza by showing my face outside the door," was the conclusion of my monologue.

"I remember that I wheeled up the sofa in comfortable proximity with the fire, located the lamp so that the rays fell softly upon the volume I intended to commune with, and I had settled myself for a long, quiet winter's evening.

"But it would not do. My eyes wandered listlessly along the pages; they could not engage my attention. A strange, unaccountable feeling of restlessness and anxiety seemed to possess me. At last I resolutely closed the book, and a few minutes later I was in Broadway, mentally cursing my folly in yielding to a feeling I could not resist.

"Ah, me! looking back through the eight years that lie between that dreary night and the present, how clearly can I see the great Father's love in it all!

"What is it you want here, little boy?" I see him now just as though I had seen him this morning, and the light from the tall window is falling on him just as it fell then, revealing his ragged dress and pale, pinched features, and the cold rain is dripping off his thick, brown curls, just as it did then. It is a strange, mournful picture—the dark night in the background, and the little ragged boy, and all his brilliant lights, and the great store with all its sorts of rare confections, in front. No wonder it touched my heart. The boy started as I laid my hand gently on his shoulder and looked up with his wild, eager, bright eyes into my face.

"Oh, sir!" he said, after a moment's earnest perusal of my features. "I was thinking if I only could carry one of those cakes home to Ellen; she is very sick, and—and (the little fellow's lips quivered) we haven't had anything to eat for two days."

"I did not speak another word; but I caught hold of the child and pulled him after me into the store."

"Hand me down a plate of those cakes," I cried to the astonished clerk, who turned with more than ordinary alacrity to fulfill my request. I drew the boy into a small sitting-room at one end of the establishment. "Now eat these as fast as you can, and then tell me who Ellen is."

"His hungry look, the strange avidity with which he gazed the food, almost wrung tears from my eyes.

"Ellen is my sister—my only sister since the baby died. We are alone now. Last month, just after they buried mother, she grew sick. I s'pose it was because she cried so much; and she's been growing worse all the time."

"And there is nobody to take care of her now but you, my little fellow?"

"Nobody but me—the money mother left is all gone, you see, sir, and though I sometimes earn a sixpence by selling papers or cleaning sidewalks, I couldn't leave Nelly for the last week, she grew so much worse. O, sir, how good these taste! I can't thank you, but I want to."

"Well, you needn't, my boy. I want no other thanks than your enjoyment of them."

"But mayn't I take the rest home to Nelly? She'll be frightened I'm gone so long. O, sir, if you'd only go with me!"

"I'll come and see you and Nelly to-morrow."

"I said, 'if you'll tell me where you live, and now while you are eating the remainder of your cakes, I'll get something that Nelly will like better.'"

"I procured a basket which I saw well stocked with a variety of fruits and confections most likely to tempt the appetite of an invalid, and adding to these all the money I had with me, I returned to the child.

"Go home to Nelly with these as fast as you can," I said, "and tell her that I will come to see her to-morrow morning. Now be a man, my little boy, and take good care of sister Ellen, till then."

"And are all these for her?" said the child, as his large, wondering bright eyes roamed over the basket. "And she has been moaning in her sleep after an orange for a whole week—O, sir, we will pray God to bless you for all

this; and He will, for mother used to say He would hold those in everlasting remembrance who forgot not the widow and the orphan," and tears of gratitude and delight were showering fast down the little fellow's face as we parted.

"The next morning, Hattie, I received that letter which summoned me to my father's dying bedside. I had, of course, no time to fulfill my engagements with the little orphans, in whom I had become so greatly interested; indeed, the mournful circumstances which drew me once more to the home of my childhood, banished them from my mind.

"If you will look down to that time, my little sister, you will remember that April was weaving her green carpets over the meadows before we parted, and I returned to the city to complete my studies, and then to enter that service in which, before my father's dying bed, I had solemnly pledged myself to spend all the life that God should grant me.

"I had forgotten the name of the boy's residence, but I know that I made several attempts to discover it after my return to the city, all of which proved ineffectual.

"It was the sunset of a bright day in the early May time, and even the great city looked fairer for the sunshine that plated the houses with gold, and swept in golden flakes and dimples along the pavements up which I was passing with some fellow students to supper.

"Now, Marshall, remember to call for us in time, for the lecture commences at seven, and it will certainly be crowded," called out one of my companions, as we reached the corner where our paths diverged.

"I bowed my assent and adieu, and was hurrying forward, when my coat was suddenly grasped, and an eager but timid voice said,—

"Please, sir, is your name Marshall?"

"I turned and looked at the speaker. It was a little girl, apparently about ten years of age; her long curls falling in a bright, tangled mass about her small, sorrowful-looking face, while her large blue eyes were fastened with a kind of panting eagerness upon my own.

"Yes, that is my name. And what do you want with me, my little girl?" I queried, greatly surprised at this singular encounter.

"O, sir, do you remember a little boy whom you met one evening last winter, who told he had a sister Nell, and—?" The mystery was at once cleared up.

"Yes, yes, I remember it all," I interrupted. "And you are Nelly, I suppose?" and I surveyed the child with enchanted interest. Her ragged garments, her pale, mournful face, bore a very legible history—a history of sharp poverty and bitter suffering.

"O, sir, I am so glad—so very glad, sir!" and the light that broke into the little care-worn face was beautiful to behold. "I was almost sure it must be you when the gentleman called your name, and looked just as Willy said you did. O, sir, I have looked, and watched, and waited for you so many days, that I had almost given up hoping."

"Poor child! I have been out of town, or I would have come to you as I promised. But where is Willy now? and what do you want with me?" I was well nigh ashamed after the latter question was asked, her poverty answered it so plainly.

"O, sir, Willy is sick, very sick; and his face looks so white and strange lately, I fear he is going home to mother, sometimes. You see I got better after you sent me the cakes and oranges, and Willy bought me some medicine with the money you gave us, and we paid the rent three months, so the woman let us stay there. But one day, about a month ago, Willy was out all day in the cold rain selling papers, and he's so altered now you'd hardly know him. But he's wanted to see you so badly, and he talks about it all the time in his sleep, and for the last two or three days he's grown almost wild about it, and so I've been out keeping watch for you till day; and I couldn't bear to go home at night for Willy would spring up in the bed, and cry out so loud, 'Nelly, have you seen him?' and when I shook my head, he would lie down with such a look, that I would go off in one corner, and cry all alone, it made my heart ache so to see it. But now Willy will be so glad! O, please, sir, won't you go and see him?"

"I see Hattie that your eyes are growing moist with tears; and if you could have heard the simple, but touching pathos with which that child told that sad story, you would have answered as I did, 'Yes, Nelly, I will go now.'"

"Willy, Willy, I've brought him! I've brought him!" The little hand that had guided me so carefully up the dilapidated stairs, was withdrawn as the little girl broke into that old attic chamber, her eager joyful tones making the bare walls ring again—I've brought him! I've brought him!"

The dying daylight looked with a sweet, solemn smile into the room, whose entire destitution one glance revealed to me. I had not time for another, for a child's head was lifted from a miserable mattress in one corner. I came forward, a pair of attenuated arms were stretched out, and those large burning eyes fastened a moment on my face as though life or death rested on their testimony.

"Yes, yes, I knew you would come at last," and the little old arms were wrapped around my neck. "O, I have watched, and prayed, and hoped so long, and it seemed as if you would never come; but I knew you would to-day, for last night mamma came to me, looking so beautiful, with the flowers woven all around her head, and a white robe flowing down her feet, and she smiled so sweetly, and said, 'My little Willy, he will come to you to-morrow; and his coming will be a signal, for then, I too, shall come for you.'"

My tears were falling fast on the boy's brown curls; but a sharp pang reached my heart as he spoke these words. "No, no, Willy, you were only dreaming," I said, as I lifted up my head and looked at him anxiously. One glance into the rigid face told me enough—the mother had come for her child.

"Bend down, quick," murmured the boy's

white lips. "Nelly will be alone when I leave her; for there's nobody to take care of her, you see, and I want to give her to you. You are so kind and good, I know you will take care of her and never let her suffer; and mamma and I will look down from our home in heaven and bless you for it all, and may be we shall come some time to take you to us. You will promise me this, won't you?—quick, for I cannot see you" and his glazing eyes wandered over my face.

"Yes, Willy, I promise it to God, your mother in heaven, and to you," I answered, solemnly.

"Nelly, you have heard what he said—he will take care of you. Kiss me once more, little sister. There, there, mother has come for me. Good-bye!" The little cold fingers sought our hands and drew them together—a smile wandered over the stark, rigid face, and the last light of that May-day looked into that bare attic, where the beautiful clay was lying on the cold mattress.

"O, sir, is he dead?" questioned the little girl, with her large, pathetic eyes wandering from the dead face, to my own.

"My looks answered her, for my lips could not."

"Willy, Willy, come back, come back to me!" she cried out in a voice whose exceeding anguish will haunt my heart till it has grown cold as the one that then lay beneath me, and little Ellen Evans lay senseless as her brother, in my arms.

"Two days later, in a pleasant part of the cemetery, the May violets were turned aside and a child's coffin laid beneath them.

"For nine spring times have they laid their crimson mantle over his bright head, and the shadow of a marble monument has fallen softly over them. Upon this is sculptured a beautiful child, and an angel with outspread wings is bending over him and pointing upward. Underneath is graven, 'His mother came for him at twilight.'"

"It was with me a subject of much perplexity where to place the lovely child, whom I always felt that Providence had especially confided to my care. I was all on earth she had to love; and as time brought its soothing balm to her heart, the whole affection of her deep, warm nature was poured on me, and even then, with the exception of yourself, she lay close within the foldings of her heart.

For a little while I placed her in the country among simple people whose curiosity would be readily appeased; for I was exceedingly desirous that the world should never become cognizant of the part I had borne in her life history. I read well her sensitive nature, and I knew there might come a time in her later life when it would cause her much annoyance if the world knew our secret.

After much deliberation I resolved to confide Ellen's history to Mrs. Whittlesey, the lady with whom I boarded, and in whom I placed entire confidence.

"She listened with intense interest, and her womanly sympathies were at once enlisted in behalf of my protegee. Besides this, she was a widow and childless; and though by no means wealthy, her circumstances were such that she could surround Ellen with everything necessary to her well being and happiness.

"She proposed to adopt her in the place of the children God had taken from her; and to this proposition I joyfully assented, for there the religious, social and home atmosphere would be all that I wished to be about my Ellen.

"I was anxious too, that she should no longer be dependent on me—for I thought, even then, a time might come when I should ask her a question whose answer I would have in no wise regulated by her gratitude for the past.

"You have often, little sister, heard me speak of Ellen Evans, Mrs. Whittlesey's adopted daughter; but you little dreamed that I had such a great personal interest in all that pertained to her.

"Her character and person have developed with more than all that rare loveliness which her childhood had promised. The sister that I shall bring you, Hattie, is an elegant, accomplished, talented woman, and more than that,"—and the young clergyman's eyes grew lustrous with the almost holy light that beamed out from their darkness—"My Ellen has the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is above all price.

"And now, my Hattie, you have heard her history, will you not welcome her to your heart?"

"I guessed well the pang which the knowledge of my engagement would give you; for as brother and sister has seldom loved, do we love each other, and I know it must seem like bringing another to take your place. But my Ellen is very gentle, and she will never come between us. She knows too, the story of our orphaned youth and of our affection for each other; and even now her heart goes out with great love after you. 'Tell her all,' she said to me at the last interview, 'and tell her that without her consent, I dare not become your wife.'" When I return to her, and her questioning eyes ask me if I have obtained it, may I tell her you are ready to love and welcome her to our home?"

And Hattie Marshall lifted her brow, tear-filled eyes to her brother's face, and answered,—"Tell her, Weldon, that my heart is waiting to come by her side."—Ladies Repository.

A FORMIDABLE UNDERTAKING.—A contemporary ruts the tobacco question into the following shape:—"Suppose a tobacco-chewer is addicted to the habit of chewing tobacco fifty years of his life, and that each day of that time he consumes two inches of solid plug, it amounts to six thousand four hundred and seventy-five feet, making nearly one mile and a quarter in length of solid tobacco, half an inch thick, and two inches broad. Now what would the young beginner think, if he had the whole amount stretched out before, and were told that to chew it would be one of the exercises of his life—and also, that it would tax his income to the amount of two thousand and ninety-four dollars?"

A Little German Story.

A countryman one day returning from the city, took home with him five of the finest peaches one could possibly desire to see, and as his children had never beheld the fruit before, they rejoiced over them exceedingly, calling them fine apples, with rosy cheeks, and soft plum like skins. The father divided them among his four children, and retained one for their mother. In the evening, ere the children retired to their chamber, their father questioned them by asking:

"How did you like the rosy apples?"

"Very much, indeed, dear father," said the eldest boy; "it is a beautiful fruit, so acid, and yet so nice and soft to the taste; I have carefully preserved the stone that I may cultivate a tree."

"Right and bravely done," said the father; "that speaks well for you regarding the future with care, as is becoming in a young husbandman."

"I have eaten mine and thrown the stone away," said the youngest, "besides which, mother gave me half of hers. Oh! it tasted so sweet and melting in my mouth."

"Indeed," answered the father, "thou hast not been prudent. However, it was very natural and child-like, and displays wisdom enough for your years."

"I have picked up the stone," said the second son, "which my little brother threw away, cracked it, and eaten the kernel; it was sweet to the taste, but my peach I have sold for so much money, that when I go to the city I can buy twelve of them."

The parent shook his head reprovingly, saying, "Beware, my boy, of avarice. Prudence is all very well, but such conduct as yours is unchildlike and unnatural. Heaven guard thee, my child, from the fate of a miser. And you, Edmund?" asked the father, turning to his third son, who frankly replied,

"I have given my peach to the son of our neighbor, the sick George, who had the fever. He would not take it, so I left it on his bed, and have just come away."

"Now," said the father, "who has done the best with his peach?"

"Brother Edmund!" the three exclaimed aloud; "brother Edmund!"

Edmund was still and silent; and the mother kissed him with tears of joy in her eyes.

A GOOD APPETITE.—Deacon Wiggins, of the land of steady habits, was not only a good man in his way, but a good liver, and withal, a great lover of order at his table. Mrs. Deacon Wiggins was a notable housekeeper, and famous for her pumpkin pies, and other dainties. It was the custom of this worthy couple, on gathering their numerous family around the table to bow themselves before the great Giver of mercies, while the good deacon invoked a blessing. Thus glided away the peaceful days, weeks and years of their earthly pilgrimage.—But their sense of propriety, unwrought though it was with the very elements of their existence, was destined to receive a shock! A distant relative of theirs, who was innocent of any familiarity with religious ceremonies, and ignorant of the conventionalism of refined society, on making them a short visit, was invited to partake of a substantial dinner with the deacon's family. On seating himself at the table, he at once pitched into the good things before him, thereby giving a practical illustration of the passage of scripture, "whatsoever thing hands find to do, that do with all thy might." The Deacon, amazed at so flagrant an act of irreverence, raised his head and mildly observed, "friend Jonathan, I have generally something to say, before we commence eating."

"Have you?" exclaimed the incorrigible Jonathan—"then go ahead, old fellow, all you can say won't spoil my appetite!"

AGE OF OYSTERS.—It is said that a London oysterman can tell the ages of his stock to a nicety, though it is not by looking in its mouth. It bears its years upon its back. Everybody who has handled an oyster shell must have observed that it seemed as if composed of successive layers or plates overlapping each other. These are technically termed "shoots," and each of them makes a year's growth; so that, by counting them, we can determine at a glance the year when the creature came into the world. Up to the time of its maturity the shoots are regular and successive; but after that time they become irregular, and are piled one over another, so that the shell becomes more and more thickened and bulky. Judging from the great thickness to which some oyster shells have attained, this mollusc is capable, if left to its natural changes unmolested, of obtaining a patriarchal longevity.

SETTLING AN ARGUMENT.—Two argumentative characters were one day cruelly boring a third party with a prosy discussion upon the philosophical correctness of Pope's famous axiom, which asserts that "whatever is, is right." The debate had been spun to every length imaginable, embracing illustrations, "pro and con," derived from the numerous "ills that flesh is heir to," and the bountifulness of a benignant Providence, when the individual who was patiently listening to the disputants brought the argument to a close by exclaiming, "Tom, you say that Pope is correct?" "Of course, sir," said Tom, glad to find a new contestant in the arena; "and I will show you—'" Wait a minute," interrupted his interlocuter, "and tell me, if 'whatever is, is right,' how you come to have a left hand?"

SEVEN FOOLS.—The angry man—who sets his own house on fire; in order that he may burn his neighbor's. The envious man—who cannot enjoy life because others do. The robber—who, for the consideration of a few dollars, gives the world liberty to hang him.—hypocondriac—whose highest happiness consists in rendering himself miserable. The jealous man—who poisons his own banquet and then eats of it. The miser—who starves himself to death in order that his heir may feast. The slanderer—who tells tales for the sake of giving his enemy an opportunity of proving him a liar.

CORAL REEFS.—The coral reefs of the Pacific Ocean are of amazing extent, and a new continent is in process of formation. All the labor is accomplished by zoophytes—insects; and if we wish to form some conception of their doings, we have but to remember that the coral formations of the Pacific occupy an area of four or five thousand miles, and to imagine what a picture the ocean would present were it suddenly drained. We should walk amid huge mounds which had been caused and capped with the stone these animals had secreted. Prodigious cones would rise from the ground, all towering to the same altitude, reflecting the light of the sun from their white summits with dazzling intensity. Here and there we should see a huge platform, once a large island, whose peaks as they sank were clothed in coral, and then prolonged upwards until they rose before us like the columns of some huge temple which had been commenced by the Anaxians of an antediluvian world. Champollion has said of the Egyptian edifices, that they seem to have been designed by men fifty feet high. Here, wandering among these strange monuments, we might fancy that beings one hundred yards in stature had been planting the pillars of some colossal city they had never lived to complete. The builders were worms, and the quarry whence they dug their masonry was the crystal wave.

BLIND PEOPLE.—Stanley, the organist, and many blind musicians, have been the best musicians of their time; and a schoolmistress in England could discover that two boys were playing in a distant corner of the room instead of studying, although a person using his eyes could not detect the slightest sound. Prof. Sanderson, who was blind, could in a few moments, tell how many persons were in a mixed company, and of each sex. A blind French lady could dance in figure dances, sew, and thread her own needle. A blind man in Derbyshire, England, has actually been a surveyor and planner of roads, his ear guiding him to the distance as accurately as the eye of others; and the late Justice Fielding, who was blind, on walking into a room for the first time, after speaking a few words, said "this room is about twenty-two feet long, eighteen wide, and twelve high," all of which was revealed to him with accuracy through the medium of his ear.

There are three things that never become rusty—the money of the benevolent, the shoes of the butcher's horse, and a woman's tongue.

Three things not easily done—to ally thirst with fire, to dry wet with water, to please all in every thing that is done.

Three things of short continuation—a lady's love, a chip fire, and a brook's flood.

Three things that ought never to be from home—the cat, the chimney, and the housewife.

Three things in the peacock—the garb of an angel, the walk of a thief, and the voice of the devil.

Three things it is unwise to boast of—the flavor of thy ale, the beauty of thy wife, and the contents of thy purse.

Three miseries of a man's house—a smoky chimney, a dripping roof, and a scolding wife.

THE USE OF SNAILS.—In the provinces of France where the vine is cultivated, snails of large size abound. They are gathered by the peasants, put in small pens for a few days, salt water thrown on them to cause them to discharge whatever their stomach may contain, then boiled, taken out of the shell, and eaten with a sauce. They are considered a luxury by the vine dressers.

Cataract on the eye is cured by applying a drop of clear water taken from the live snail, by piercing which might be formed the tail of the small shell with a pin. This application has the effect of eating off the substance that grows over the sight of the eye. A relative of mine was thus cured; the sight was totally eclipsed of one eye. By applying this water two or three times a day for some time, say two or three months, the sight was restored and remained good. This was prescribed by a physician as a last resort.

A LAWYER'S OPINION OF LAW.—A learned judge being once asked how he would act if a man owed him ten pounds and refused to pay him, replied:—"Rather than bring an action, with its costs and uncertainty, I would give him a receipt in full of all demands—yes, and I would send him moreover, five pounds to cover all possible costs."

UNAVOIDABLE INCIDENTS.—An editor "out west," (of course) said that he hoped to be able to present a marriage and a death as original matter for his columns, but unfortunately, a hawk broke up the wedding, and the doctor got sick, so the patient recovered.

A young lady recently from a boarding school, being asked if she would take some more cabbage, replied: "By no means, madame—gastronomical satiety admonishes me that I have arrived at the ultimate of culinary deglutination consistent with the code of Esculapius."

LAVISH, a French Chemist, asserts that if tea is ground like coffee, before hot water is poured upon it, it will yield nearly double the amount of exhilarating qualities.

A debating society away down East is discussing the following question:—"If a man builds a corn crib, does that give him a right to crib corn?"

"It's a very solemn thing to get married," said aunt Bethany.

"Yes, but it's a great deal more solemn not to," said her niece.

A person being asked what was meant by the realities of life, answered, "Real estate, money, and—a real good dinner." That person was a materialist, head and heels.