

# THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

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“REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER.”

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

TOWANDA:

Saturday Morning, August 4, 1855.

## Selected Poetry.

[From the Dublin Noon.]  
UNDER THE MOON.

Under the moon as the twilight breeze,  
Bubbles the water in pulses of light,  
We stand on the bridge by the sycamore trees,  
And list to the voices that come thro' the night.  
Under the elm row, misty and dark,  
Love's sweet laughter rings from the bank—  
Sprinkled with many a dim red lamp,  
Stretching away through the distance damp,  
Hark! 'mid the foliage blossomed with June,  
Tinkles a serenade under the moon.

Under the moon in the village street,  
Crossing groups in the shadow meet,  
Sated at dusky doorways there,  
Red-lipped maidens taste of the air;  
Whispering now of their lovers' eyes,  
Blue as the beautiful summer skies;  
Whispering now of their fancies sweet,  
As autumn's fruits drop from the tree,  
Till they cadence a tremulous time,  
Soft as their pulses, under the moon.

Under the moon by the cool sea-shore  
The wind walks over its spacious floor,  
Carrying the snowy bosomed sails  
Daintily dipping through azure vales;  
Over the crisp foam bearing along  
The moving mariner's midnight song;  
As, by the rising helm with hands  
Let in the compass lamp he stands,  
Thinking of those he left at noon,  
Said on the green shore under the moon.

Under the moon by the dusty road  
Faded on to the old abbey  
The glistering splendor floating falls  
Over its rammed roof and walls,  
Peering into the casement nook  
Faded with many a brown old book;  
Spirits are they whose pages team,  
With thoughtful ditty and pictured dream,  
Spirits, and whose silence soars  
O'er our own shall slumber under the moon.

[For the Bradford Reporter.]  
THINE NO LONGER.

BY L. W. L.

The blue eye is closed, and thou canst not  
turn away. Calm, pale, and beautiful, thou  
wilt gaze, and thy love grow stronger. The  
lips have pressed their own in baby glee,  
and brought the deep, deep joy. Blessings have  
lingered there, and though the ruby tint is fled,  
still they are thine. But ah, a morning dawn  
in sorrow. They bear thy jewel from thee,  
and green sods have above thy treasured—  
The violet wakes, the lilies bloom, but a sweet,  
faded flower, is—thine no longer.

She pressed the greenward by thy side—  
she warbled by the streamlet—she twined her  
love around thy heart, thy sweet-voiced sister;  
and thy life was beautiful. The step grew  
languid, the tones of music ceased, and where  
the words of tenderness were murmured,  
the chill of death was spread. O! the loneliness  
that came to the hearthstone—the agony that  
wrong thy spirit, and the dreary woe that lay  
upon thy heart!

Thine no longer. The streamlet wandered,  
and the moonlight slept upon her grave.  
Proudly beside thee, stood thy chosen. Thou  
hadst cherished, O, how fondly the words whose  
burning utterance sank deep within thy bosom.  
Thou hadst wept for joy, that thou wert loved,  
and thy heart clings with wild eagerness to the  
form that ever waits thy footsteps. Thine the  
treasured storehouse of his love. Thine the  
bosom that oft hath been thy resting-place—  
Thine the bright fountain, and the deep, holy  
breathings of affection—Thine, only thine—  
But thou art stricken in the freshness and ver-  
dure of thy hopes. Tears, sighs, darkness and  
drear—what are they? Thy heart is crushed,  
thy spirit broken, and a piercing wail sweeps  
over its grave—thine no longer.

They blessed thee at the fireside. They pray-  
ed for thee. They watched thy slumbers, and  
they smiled upon thy dreams. They soothed  
thy weary pain—they cheered thy drooping  
soul, and ever lingered near to guard thee, and  
to fight thy pathway. But time moves hard-  
ly onward. Age lays its furrows on the brow,  
and silver o'er the head. A voiceless, tear-  
ful sorrow fills thy breast, and grief sweeps o'er  
thee. Thou gazest on the stricken forms of  
those who only sought thy joy, and a sorrow-  
ful whisper—thine no longer.

Thine—what, what is this? Ask the dew-  
drop and the rose-bud where it nestles. Ask  
the joys, and sorrows, and the phantoms of thy  
life's great day-dream. Ask the streamlet and  
the wave, the green leaf and the woodland  
sage. Comes there not the same sad voice  
of change and blight? Then turn thee to the  
changeling azure—the ceaseless lustre of the  
sunlight and the stars! and from the skies a  
note of endless life, and joy, and praise shall  
swell.

TOWANDA, July 1855.

REV. E. H. CHAPIN says “the imperial  
cousin of France won his throne with dice  
made from the bones of the great Napoleon.”

PUNCH says that the “greatest organ  
in the world is the organ of speech in woman;  
and organ, too, without a stop.”

## Miscellaneous.

[From Household Words for May, 1855.  
BACK FROM THE CRIMEA.]

Yesterday was a great day for the great seaport where I live—the day of the landing of the convalescent sick and wounded from the trenches and the battle-fields of the Crimea; a long, long line of wan, pale warriors, tottering to their resting place, the hospital; and those who could not walk, borne after them on litters. This was not the first sight of this kind we have witnessed here, and it will not be the last by many. The deepest feelings of gratitude and commiseration are weakened not one whit within us; but the enthusiasm that requires novelty to re-awaken it has almost died out. No shouting crowds now follow these poor soldiers to the hospital gates; no flags wave from the windows; no cannons roar. We have found out other ways of welcome—there is a subscription-list lying open at the Town Hall, where, you may add your help in supplying books and papers to the invalids; and volunteers, who understand the art and mystery of letter-writing, are plentiful by the sick beds, to send for their disabled occupants a word of comfort homeward. To-day a still more solemn scene took place; the sick and wounded who were too ill to be moved yesterday—no convalescents, but men well nigh death's door—were brought back to their fatherland to die.

The great three-decker lies in the offing that conveyed them from Scutari, watched by us three days with dim eyes—a vast death-ship and floating hospital between decks, and gay with flags and full of life above.

There has been sad work at these dread landings of the wounded; but to-day, at least, were all things fitting and in readiness. The Royal Rampshire sent its hundred men or so to the Dockyard Pier, with litters, almost all its officers were in attendance. A score of hardy seamen, too, were there, contrasting strangely with the slight slim figures of the young militia-men; official people with the fear of the Times before their eyes; surgeons, and dockyard dignitaries. It is cold enough waiting upon harbor piers for steam-tugs, with the wind and tide against them, and a little leap frog does not seem out of place among the gallant Rampshire men; but directly the first puff of smoke is seen above the Bastion, the order is given to “fall in,”—all eyes are directed to the approaching vessel, all hearts beat quickly, all faces lose their smiles.

First, the dark dismal hull, and the decks spread thick with dim white tarpaulins, whose shapes, as they draw nearer, are as of sheets above the dead; and there we are, pale, dead, men are, the worst cases, that would not bear moving underneath, but lie with heaps of blankets over them, and only a prominence observable at heads and feet. The vessel is brought alongside, and four tars descend the narrow plank to bear the sick men, feet foremost. The litters cannot here be used, so bad are these cases; but through the thick canvas of these “cots” great poles are inserted, and shouldering these with difficulty, and keeping in step for the sufferers' sake, which is hard work also, the sailors land their burthen—Sometimes from under the great pile of clothes an ashy-white thin face just shows itself, or rather is shown by chance, for the eyes are lustreless, and express no gleam of interest.—The heavy moustache and the military cap, still worn as bed-gear, contrast most painfully with the dependent, prostrate condition of their wearers. What expression yet remains to some is of a thoughtful cast. They have seen and suffered much these last six months; and want and danger are such teachers as the most careless may not disregard. The bearers are warned of all impediments; and tenderly and skillfully do they lift their heavy burthen, and the “wheeler” start with left foot, and the “leaders” with the right, and so “slow-march” to the hospital. Now, too, must the less dangerous cases be brought from between decks, and transferred from their cots to litters. Each man is dressed in his great coat, and his knapsack lies beside him as though he should presently arise and walk; but it is easy to see there is no walking for him these many weeks, though his eyes are bright with happiness, and he will answer softly if you address his ear; and these, too, are carried to the sick wards to join their less fortunate brethren.

These wards are warm and comfortable, with a fire at each end of them. “We have not seen a fire since we left old England,” say many of the sufferers; and medicines are in plenty and attendance good though medical help is still greatly needed; but things were not so at first by any means. Ragged and swarming with vermin (as we are credibly informed) did our poor fellows lie for days; for there was signing and counter-signing to be effected, and the “proper channel” to be quite decided upon, before the official mind could rightly understand the matter and provide clean linen. Let, however, bygone be bygone. Now, we repeat, were there a larger medical staff, (especially in the matter of dressing,) all would be well.

Accompany us, then, with some of the officers from the Royal Rampshire, and bring pen, ink, and paper, and a little writing-case; seat yourself down on one of the deal stools that stand beside each bed, and hear a story of the war,—quite unimportant, without rose-color, flame-color, drum accompaniment, or any such thing—and let the look of each sad recruit be before you when men prate of glory for glory's sake; and believe him as he gasps upon his scanty pallet in the bare white-washed room, without one friend about him, and (but for you) unable to apprise one of his fate, when he affirms that this is Eden, Paradise, Heaven, to what he has endured these six months. Be sure this is the reality of the whole matter—war stripped of its pomp and circumstance.

First is a foot-soldier, wounded by a shell in the knee, who thinks he would like to write to his first-cousin. This first cousin is his only relative, and does not know even of his having volunteered for foreign service; he is not sure

about the direction, but knows that it is somewhere in the county Clare. In the next bed a woe-begone, sad creature answers your question in a hollow, despairing voice: “I have no friends,” he says, and “Let me alone.” The brain of this poor fellow is affected, and we can be of no service to him at present, so pass on. There is a boy of only seventeen, wounded at the battle of the Alma. His face is quite beautiful, round, and healthy-looking. He seems quite happy and contented, and answers cheerfully enough, that he would wish to write to father and mother, and tell them he had lost his leg; such a letter he dictates as would shame a whole army of philosophers:—when he gets used to “those,” he says, pointing to the crutches by his bed's head, he will do well enough.

The next case is one of dysentery. A giant of an Hussar—the skeleton of one at least—all shaggy hair and eyes, with cough, accompanied by moaning would like to let his wife and children know about him; they have not heard since he went out five months ago; they will not see him again in this world, he feels sure, and truly his state is very sad; his attenuated legs find even the weight of bed-clothes insupportable, he can only fetch his breath to speak at intervals; has been deadly ill these six weeks, as far as he could take note of lagging time; would have sent home some money long ago, but that they robbed him in Scutari hospital of all he had—which they cut from around his naked neck where he wore it in a bag; there was some more due to him if he had his rights, and they should have all; they must have wanted it, he knew, through this sad winter. Yes, he was in the great horse-charge that was so famous—borne up by the men around him through the rain of bullets—borne and back again to the Russian guns, and back again, he means, without much thought of danger; there was no time. He does not wish that to be set down in the letter: said it to inform us only. We have written all he wishes; and so, with a “Thank ye,” he sinks back in his bed and groans.

The fifth place has no tenant; its latest occupant was borne out yesterday to a still narrower resting-place.

The sixth is a maimed man; his right arm was shot off at Inkerman; he was in all the previous battles. This man talks freely of the war and without pain in utterance, which most can do (and let it be kept in remembrance by all those making themselves useful to the sick, not to allow their compassion to be sacrificed to curiosity.) The fearfullest thing of a battlefield is the tread upon the bodies of the fallen. The thunder of the guns and the flashes, the trembling of the ground under the horses, seemed as though heaven and earth were coming together; but the stepping on a wounded man—that was the worst; before the fighting, it was not unpleasant, perhaps; and after, it was a dreadful time,—but the fighting itself was enough to flush a man, a great while of excitement and madness; often and often used to think of it, as he lay in bed and on board ship.

The seventh bed is occupied by a living being at present, and that is all we can call the shadowy form; the eyes are sunk into the head, and all the features have the sharpness of death. He has ceased to disturb the ward (as he did at first) with coughs and groans, and a few hours will rid them of his presence. We must here mention that the want of a smaller apartment for the reception of those who cannot cease from coughing and expressions of pain, is much felt in all our hospitals here.

In striking contrast to this dying man is his neighbor, the eighth and last patient of the line; he has lost three fingers of his left hand by a cannon ball, and has received a fracture of the leg, but is getting on capitally, and is in the highest spirits. He has no need to tell us he is an Irishman, for he has an accent as broad as from here to Cork; indeed, it is with the greatest difficulty we can understand what he wishes us to write; it takes us five minutes to unravel “respects to inquiring friends,”—(always “respects,” however near may be the relationships) from the mass of r's, which he is pleased to insert amongst that sentence. Russia, as far as he knows, is absolutely good for nothing; except, indeed, he must say, *for grapes and lice*. Amidst a heap of extraneous matter of this sort, he writes to his mother in Tipperary. “Don't let our Patrick, mother, go for a soldier; not that I mind for myself,” he says, pointing to his shattered hand, “but one's enough.”

INTELLIGENCE OF AN ELEPHANT.—The attachment between man and elephant was so great that whenever the former went to his dinner he always left a little ugly black infant under the care of the latter, who watched the child with the greatest tenderness, and prevented it crawling out of sight. One day the elephant was superintending his charge in a spot where some young trees tempted him to browse, and while doing so the swartly young imp rolled into a puddle of yellow clay. The elephant heard a scream, and saw the scrape he had got into by neglecting his trust; he therefore immediately took measures not to be found out by his kind master. Going down to a stream, he charged his mouth with clear water, and taking up the squalling blacky with his trunk on a level with his eyes, he turned him on one side, and sliced his dirty skin all over with a deluge of water. Then turning the child round, he performed a similar operation on the other side, cleansing away with copious showers every speck of mud. When the parents returned, the elephant had just placed the infant in the sun to dry, and looked as grave and attentive over his charge as if nothing had occurred.

THE WAY TO TEST THE QUALITY OF INDIGO.—Pray, Mrs. Jones, will you give me your recipe for telling good indigo?

“Well, yes; you take a paulful or a half paulful of water, you take a paulful or a half paulful of indigo, and you put in a pound or a half a pound of indigo, I really forget which, and then stir it up with a stick, and if it is good indigo it will either sink or swim, and really forget which.”

## An Indian Tiger Hunt.

One of the warmest friends I had Calcutta was Major Heath, of the British Eighteenth. He was celebrated for the number of tigers he had killed, and bore the reputation of being the boldest hunter on the Peninsula.—He often expressed his wish to show me a tiger hunt, but at that time I had no expectation of witnessing the sport. About six months afterwards, however, we met in the Peninsula, and I enjoyed the long wished for opportunity of witnessing the exciting and dangerous amusement.

It was a bright sunny morning when we set toward the thicket, in which after being driven from a surrounding jungle, it was said a magnificent tiger had taken refuge. Our company consisted of the Major, a half dozen brother officers, and myself, mounted upon elephants, with a numerous train of natives on foot, whose business it would be to start the game from its retreat. We were all armed with rifles, and were confident of success: The Major however coolly informed us that we must take our chance of a spring of the animal, who, when forced to abandon his covert, would most likely single out some one of us for his leap. We laughed gaily in reply, and set out.

A long ride through the jungle at last brought us within convenient distance to the thicket, and obeying the Major's instructions, we looked at the state of our rifles, and then gave orders to the native hunters to begin.—Hitherto all had been careless gaiety on our part, but, as the danger began in good earnest our laughter was hushed, and we sat silently waiting the proceeding of our allies on foot.—It was not long that they kept us in suspense. Fairly approaching the thicket, they set up their wild cries, and, finding this ineffectual, they sent their dogs into the covert, urging them forward with shouts, and now and then pricking them with their long spears.

A hoarse growl, or rather scream from the inmost recess of the covert, at this moment, betrayed the position of the game, and convinced us that the monster was rising from his lair. We all stood in expectation, waiting for his deadly spring. But after a momentary rustling in the thicket, all was again still as if the animal had risen to reconnoitre his foe, and convinced of the overpowering number, had sullenly retreated to the most impenetrable part of his fortress. Half an hour succeeded in unavailing attempts to dislodge him, but save a deep growl at times from the centre of his covert, there was no evidence of the monster's neighborhood.

“This will never do,” said the Major at length. “We must search the fellow out.—Hillo—Here you villians! why haven't you begun it before?”

The thicket was of no very great extent, but apparently utterly impenetrable. It was an oversight that the lighting of fires had not been attempted before, but perhaps the native hunters had trusted to their mutual efforts to dislodge the monster. Now however they set about it with alacrity, and in a short time had completely surrounded the royal beast.

A scene of intense interest ensued, which every moment became more exciting. The shouts of the men, the heavy tread of the elephants, the heavy crackling of the ruddy fires, and at intervals the deep growl of the enraged monster, awoke in the mind sensations of strange delight not mingled with a consciousness of imminent danger. As the fires became more fierce, the louder and more frequent growls of the impatient beast warned us that he would soon break from his covert, and forgetting everything but his approaching appearance, we grasped our rifles, keenly fixed our eyes on the thicket, and breathlessly waited his desperate spring. The hunters meanwhile ceased their shouts, the elephants were silently posted in convenient positions, and nothing for a few minutes was heard but the crackling of the fires, and the now quick and angry voice of the infuriated monster, until suddenly a roar was heard; a few short rapid leaps followed in the covert, and instantly the huge beast was seen sailing through the air, his tail streaming out behind, and his very hair bristling upon him in his rage.

Almost simultaneously the Major shouted, “Look out there! Here he is! A quick eye boys, and a steady trigger!”

But before his warning had reached us the tiger had alighted on our elephant, and was clinging within a yard of me to the bleeding side of the beast. For a moment, I confess I was too startled to do anything; but that instant of bewilderment had almost cost me my life. The situation of the monster was such that my companions were fearful of firing lest they should hit myself—while native spearsmen, dreading the despair of the ferocious animal, would not approach near enough to succor me. A second, however, of bewilderment, followed by another cool, clear, and thinking, and I placed my rifle almost at the heart of the monster and fired. But at the very instant a frantic movement on the part of the elephant, jerked the tiger so that he partly slipped off, and I saw with horror that my ball had only grazed the upper part of his head, inflaming him doubly without in the least injuring him. I should have had another rifle, but when I turned to grasp it, I saw that in the frenzied struggle of the elephant to get rid of the opponent, it had fallen upon the ground—I had no weapon left but my hunting knife, and the huge beast was already collecting himself for another spring. My very blood seemed to freeze within me, and a cold icy shiver shot through my frame. Destitute of firearms, despairing of succor, without the least spark of hope, I resolved, notwithstanding, to make a desperate resistance, selling my life as dearly as I could. All this, however, had not occupied a minute, for the monster was just recovering himself for his last spring. But that minute was sufficient. Already I could feel his breath upon me—already I beheld the foam upon his lips. Holding my weapon firmly before me, in expectation of the last mortal struggle, I heard the voice of the Major shouting, “Lie flat—down—down!”

Mechanically obeying the instructions, and casting myself at full length on the cushion, I heard the next moment the sharp crack of the rifle—then another—and a third echoed in the morning air; the vast monster gave a quick, short movement, struggled so frantically as to shake even the gigantic beast on which I rode, and almost instantaneously fell back dead upon the ground. He was a perfect colossal, measured fifteen feet from the tip of his snout to the extremity of the tail. Such was my first “tiger hunt in India.”

Be Firm.—Let the winds blow, and the waves of society beat and frown upon you, I will, but keep your soul in rectitude, and it will be as firm as a rock. Plant yourself upon principle, and bid defiance to misfortune. If gossip with her poisoned tongue, meddles with your good name—if her disciples, who infest every town and hamlet, make you disgrace the burden of their song, heed them not. It is their bread and meat to slander. Treat their ill words as you would treat the hissing of a serpent, or the oozing of many insects. Carry yourself erect; and by the serenity of your countenance, and the purity of your life, give the lie to all who would berate and belittle you. Why be afraid of any man? Why cower and tremble in the presence of the rich? Why “crook the pregnant hinges of the knee, that thrift may follow fawning?” No, friend, fear them not. Build up your character with holy principles, and if your path be not strewn with flowers, let it be beautiful with the light of divine life, and you will leave behind you a noble example, which will be to the world a perennial flower whose leaves will be a healing to the nations, and its fragrance a panacea to the soul.

A FUNNY CASE OF HIVING BEES.—A chap in Louisiana recently took a notion for a bath in an inviting stream, which flowed through a field he was engaged in plowing, and divesting himself of his clothes for the purpose, hung his unmentionables upon the limb of a locust tree, hard by. He had luxuriated for some half an hour, and swam back to his starting point, when he perceived a bevy of young damsels approaching with their flower baskets. He scampered up the bank and into his breeches, but alas! unhappy fellow, not soon enough. They were occupied. A small colony of bees were in possession. He reports that he got home—but how, he knows not. “Thinks he ran”—knows he hauled—and is sure the girls laughed. His friends found in his pantaloon a number of dead bees—some angry ones—and the biggest half of a very sore youth.

A friend from the country on telling Foot of an extensive funeral of an attorney, the wit replied:—  
“Do you bury your attorneys?”  
“Yes, to be sure we do—how else?”  
“O! we never do that in London.”  
“No!” said the other, much surprised; “how do you manage?”  
“When the patient happens to die, we lay him out in a room over night by himself, lock the door, throw open the sash, and in the morning he is entirely off.”

“Indeed!” said the other, in amazement.  
“Why that we cannot tell; all we know is ‘there's a strong smell of brimstone in the room the next morning.’”

OUR COUNTRY, GREAT BY NATURE, GREAT IN ART.—The greatest cataract in the world, is the Falls of Niagara, where the waters accumulate from the great upper lakes, forming a densely contracted and plunged over the rocks, in two columns, to the depth of one hundred and sixty feet.

The greatest cave in the world is the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky, where one can make a voyage on the waters of a subterranean river, and catch fish without eyes.

The greatest river in the world is the Mississippi, 4,000, miles in length. Its name is derived from an Indian word, meaning the “Father of waters.”

The greatest valley in the world is the valley of the Mississippi. It contains 500,000 square miles, and is one of the most prolific regions on the globe.

The largest lake in the world is the Lake of Superior, four hundred and thirty miles in length.

The greatest natural bridge in the world is that over Cedar Creek in Virginia. It extends across a chasm eight feet in width, and two hundred and fifty feet deep, at the bottom of which a creek flows.

The greatest solid mass of iron in the world is the mountain of Missouri. It is three hundred and fifty feet high, two miles in circuit.

The largest railroad in the world is the Central Railroad of Illinois, which is seven hundred and thirty-one miles long—cost fifteen millions of dollars.

The greatest number of miles of railroad, in proportion to its surface, of any country in the world—is in Massachusetts, which has over one mile to each square mile of its area.

The greatest number of clocks manufactured in the world, is turned out by the small State of Connecticut.

The largest number of whale ships in the world, are sent out by Nantucket and New Bedford.

The greatest grain port in the world is Chicago.

The largest aqueduct in the world is the Croton aqueduct in New-York. It is forty and a half miles long, and cost twelve and a half millions of dollars.—*Bridgeton Chronicle*.

“She has breastworks and knees,” said Ike, describing the new ship Merrimack to Mrs. Partington, and he looked up at her roughly.

“What is that, Isaac?” said the old lady, looking up from a profound contemplation of Dudley Leavitt's almanac. She had not caught all the remark.

“She has breastworks and knees,” repeated Ike, smiling.

“Breastworks and knees!” said Mrs. Partington impressively, with a face that had a whole moral code written upon it; “and how do you know that?”

“I saw 'em,” returned he, “and put my hand on 'em.”

“Well,” said she, raising her finger like a guide-post, “you must not let me hear such a thing from you again. Such shameless conduct is without a parable in one so young, and I am almost ready to believe in all they say of the moral turpitude of youth.”

She looked anxiously at Ike, who was sitting on his legs and rocking too and fro.  
“It was the new ship I was talking about,” said he, grinning at her mistake.  
“Oh!” said she, “was that all? Well, the lesson may be laid away in your mind till you need it.”

Be Firm.—Let the winds blow, and the waves of society beat and frown upon you, I will, but keep your soul in rectitude, and it will be as firm as a rock. Plant yourself upon principle, and bid defiance to misfortune. If gossip with her poisoned tongue, meddles with your good name—if her disciples, who infest every town and hamlet, make you disgrace the burden of their song, heed them not. It is their bread and meat to slander. Treat their ill words as you would treat the hissing of a serpent, or the oozing of many insects. Carry yourself erect; and by the serenity of your countenance, and the purity of your life, give the lie to all who would berate and belittle you. Why be afraid of any man? Why cower and tremble in the presence of the rich? Why “crook the pregnant hinges of the knee, that thrift may follow fawning?” No, friend, fear them not. Build up your character with holy principles, and if your path be not strewn with flowers, let it be beautiful with the light of divine life, and you will leave behind you a noble example, which will be to the world a perennial flower whose leaves will be a healing to the nations, and its fragrance a panacea to the soul.

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CHRONOLOGICAL RECORD.—The following memorandum of the commencement and conclusion of certain wars and Indian hostilities may be found useful:—  
War of 1812, commenced June 18, 1812, ended Feb. 17, 1815.  
War, Seminole, commenced Nov. 20, 1817, ended Oct. 31, 1818.  
War, Black Hawk, commenced April 26, 1832, ended Sept. 21, 1832.  
War, Florida, commenced Dec. 28, 1835, ended Aug. 14, 1842.  
Creek disturbance commenced May 5, 1836, ended Sept. 30, 1837.  
Southern (Arkansas) frontier disturbances, 1836; no actual war, no fighting; not entitled.  
New York (Canada) frontier disturbance, 1838–39; no war, no fighting.  
Mexican War, commenced April 24, 1846, ended July 4, 1848.

ENERGY.—See how that fellow works! No obstacle too great for him to surmount; no ocean too wide for him to leap; no mountain too high for him to scale. He will make a star in the world and no mistake. Such are the men who build our railroads, dig up the mountains in California, and enrich the universe. There is nothing gained by idleness and sloth. This is a world of action; and to make money, gain a reputation, and exert a happy influence, men must be active, persevering and energetic. They must not quail at shadows, run from lions, or attempt to dodge the lightning. Go forward zealously in whatever you undertake, and we will risk you anywhere, and through life. Men who faint and quail are laughing-stock to angels, devils, and true men.

EVIL REPORTS.—The longer I live, the more I feel the importance of adhering to the rule, which I have laid down for myself in such matters:—  
1. To hear as little as possible of whatever is to the prejudice of others.  
2. To believe nothing of the kind till I am absolutely forced to it.  
3. Never to drink the spirit of one who circulates an ill report.  
4. Always to moderate, as far as I can, the unkindness expressed towards others.  
5. Always to believe that if the other side was heard, a very different account would be given to the matter.

LITTLE THORNS.—The sweetest and most clinging affection often shaken by the slightest breath of unkindness, as the delicate tendrils of the vine are agitated by the faintest air that blows in summer. An unkind word from one beloved, often draws the blood from many a heart which would defy the battle-axe of hatred, or the keenest edge of vindictive satire. Nay, the shade, the gloom of the face, familiar and dear, awakens grief and pain. These are the little thorns which, though men of rougher forms make their way through them without feeling much, extremely incommode persons of a refined turn, in their journey through life, and make their traveling irksome and unpleasant.