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"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

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TOWANDA:

Saturday Morning, October 20, 1855.

Selected Poetry.

BONNIE KITTIE.

BY W. W. POSTICE.

When the sunlight kissed the mountain,
Bonnie Kittie came to bring
Silver water from the fountain,
Where the water-cresses spring.
Shrinking from my love's caresses,
Loose her raven ringlets drooped,
And the streamlet caught her tresses,
As she bled but smiling stooped—
"Kittie!" cried I, "hear thy lover!"
But the laughing maiden fled
To the cottage, through the clover
With its nodding blossoms red—
"Wanton Willie, cease to tarry!"
Said she, as her black eyes smiled,
"Bonnie Kittie may not marry,
Mother needs her darling child."
Kittie's eyes are drowned in sorrow,
From her cheek the rose has fled;
For that mother on the morrow,
In the valley found a bed!
Round her green couch friends are weeping,
Oh, 'twas sad to see them part;
Through the hand that I am keeping
I can feel her beating heart!
Like the night that leaves the mountain,
When the gloom is turned to gold,
Once again beside the fountain,
Bonnie Kittie I entold;
There I spoke my love's beguiling,
But she answered not my strain;
But upon my breast wept, smiling
Like the roses after rain!

Selected Tale.

ORIGIN AND DESTINY.

Among those who aspired to the hand of Laura Woodville, was a young man named Percival, whose father, a poor day-laborer, had, by self-denial through many years, succeeded in giving him an education beyond what was usually acquired at that time by those in the lower walks of life. When sixteen years of age, an attorney of some eminence, who perceived in the lad more than ordinary ability, took him into his office, and raised him to the profession of the law. At the time of which we write, Percival, who was twenty-five years old, had already gained some reputation at the bar, having conducted to a successful issue several very important cases.

Mr. Woodville, to the hand of whose daughter, as has just been said, Percival aspired, was a merchant in rather reduced circumstances, but connected with certain families more distinguished for aristocratic pride than virtue.—This connection was the more valued in consequence of the loss of wealth through disasters in trade, and the inability to keep up those external appearances which dazzle the multitude and extort a homage that is grateful to weak minds.

Laura, a beautiful and highly accomplished girl, was a favorite in all circles, and there were many among the wealthy and fashionable, who for her personal attractions alone, were ready to approach and offer the homage of sycophantic affection. Among these was a young man named Allison, whose family had, in the eyes of Mr. Woodville, everything to render a marriage connection desirable. But Laura never encouraged his advances in the least; for she felt for him a strong internal repulsion.—He was wealthy, accomplished, attractive in person, and connected, both on his father's and mother's side, with some of the oldest, and so-called "best families in the State." These, however, were not, in her eyes, attractions sufficient to induce her to overlook qualities of the heart. Already in her contact with the world had she been made to feel its hollowness and selfish cruelty. For something more than mere fashionable blandishments had her heart begun to yearn. She felt that a true and virtuous friend was a treasure beyond all price.

While this state of mind was in progress, Laura met Henry Percival. A mutual regard was soon developed, which increased until it became a deep and sincere affection. In the meantime Allison, confident from his position, became bolder in his advances, and as a preliminary step, gave Woodville an intimation of his views. The old merchant heard him gladly and yielded a full prosecution of his suit.—But perceiving what was in the mind of the young man, Laura shrunk from him, and met all his advances with a chilling reserve that was not for an instant to be misunderstood.—In the meantime, Percival daily gained new favor in her eyes, and was at length emboldened to declare what was in his heart. With unexpected pleasure Laura referred the young man to her father. As to the issue of the refusal, she had well-grounded fears.

The day that followed this declaration was one of anxious suspense to Laura. She was alone late in the afternoon, when her father came into the room where she was sitting. She saw instantly what was in his mind; there was a cloud on his face, and she knew that he had repudiated her lover.

"Laura," said he gravely, as he sat down by her side, "I was exceedingly surprised and pleased to-day to receive from a young upstart attorney, of whose family no one has ever heard, an offer for your hand, made, as was affirmed, with your consent. Surely this affirmation was not true?"

A deep crimson flushed the face of Laura, her eyes fell to the floor, and she exhibited signs of strong agitation.

"You may not be aware," continued Mr. Woodville, "that Mr. Allison has been to me with a similar application."
"Mr. Allison?"
"The eyes of Laura were raised quickly from the floor, and her manner exhibited the repugnance she felt."

"I can never look upon Mr. Allison as more than a friend," she said calmly.
"Laura has it indeed come this?" said Mr. Woodville, really disturbed. "Will you disgrace yourself and family by a union with a vulgar upstart from the lower ranks, when an alliance so distinguished as this is offered?—Who is Percival? Where is he from? What is his origin?"

"I regard rather his destiny than his origin," replied the daughter, "for that concerns me far more dearly than the other. I shall have to tread the way my husband goes, and not the way he has come. The past is past. In the future lies my happiness or misery."

"Are you beside yourself?" exclaimed he, rather losing his self-command before the rational calmness of his child.

"No, father," replied Laura, "not beside myself. In the principles that govern Mr. Allison, I have no confidence, and it is a man's principle that determines the path he is to tread in life. On the other hand, I have the fullest confidence in those of Mr. Percival, and know where they will lead him. This is a matter in which I cannot look back to see from whence the person has come; everything depends on a knowledge as to where he is going."

"Do you know," said Mr. Woodville, not giving the words of his child the smallest consideration, "that the father of this fellow, Percival, was a day-laborer in one of Mr. Allison's manufacturing establishments! A mere day-laborer?"

"I have heard as much. Was he not an honest and honorable man?"
"Madness, girl!" ejaculated Mr. Woodville at this question, still further losing his self-control. "Do you think that I am going to see my child, who has the blood of the P—s, and R—s, and W—s in her veins, mingle it with the vile blood of a common laborer? You have been much in error, if, for a moment you have indulged in the idle dream— I positively forbid all intercourse with this man Percival. Do not let disobey me, or the consequence to yourself will be of the saddest kind."

As her father ceased speaking, Laura rose weeping and left the room.
A deep calm succeeded to this sudden storm that had fallen from a summer sky. But it was indicative of a heavy and more devastating storm. Laura communicated to Percival the fact of her painful interview with her father, and at the same time gave him to understand that no change in his views was to be expected, and that to seek to effect a change would only be to place himself in the way of repulse and insult. Both of these the young man had already received.

A few months later, and fully avowing her purpose, Laura left the house of her parents and became the wife of Percival. A step like this is never taken without suffering. Sometimes it is wisely, but oftener unwisely taken, but never without pain. In this case the pain on both sides was severe. Mr. Woodville loved his daughter tenderly, and she felt for her father a more than common attachment. But he was a proud and selfish man. The marriage of Laura not only disappointed and mortified, but made him angry beyond all reason and self-control. In the bitterness of his feelings he vowed never to look upon her nor forgive her. It was all in vain, therefore, that his daughter sought a reconciliation; she met only a stern repulse.

Years went by, and it remained the same. Many times during that long period did Laura approach her old home, but only to be repulsed. At last she was startled and afflicted with the sad news of her mother's death. In the sudden anguish of her feelings she hurried to her father's house. As she stood with others who had gathered around, gazing upon the lifeless form of her dead parent, she became aware that the living one had entered the room, and to all appearance, unconscious of her presence, was standing by her side. A tremor went through her frame. She felt faint and ready to drop to the floor. In this season of deep affliction might he not forgive the past? Hope sprung up within her. In the presence of the dead he could not throw her off. She laid her head gently on his. He turned. Her tearful eyes were lifted in his face. A moment of thrilling suspense! Pride and anger conquered again. Without a sign of recognition, he turned away and left the chamber of death.

Bracing herself up with an intense struggle, Laura pressed her lips to the cold brow of her mother, and then silently retired.
During the time that intervened from his marriage up to this period, Mr. Percival had been gradually rising in the confidence, respect and esteem of this community, and was acquiring wealth through means of a large practice at the bar. As a husband he had proved most kind and affectionate. As a man he was the very soul of honor. All who knew him held him in the highest regard.

After the death of his wife, Mr. Woodville fell into a gloomy state of mind. His business, which had been declining for years, was becoming less and less profitable, and to increase his trouble, he found himself progressing rapidly toward embarrassment if not bankruptcy.—The man whom of all others he had wished to see the husband of his daughter, married a beautiful heiress, and was living in a style of great elegance. He met the brilliant bride occasionally and always with an unpleasant feeling.

One day while walking with a gentleman, they passed Allison, when his companion remarked:—
"If that man does not break his wife's heart within five years, I shall think she has few of woman's best and honest feelings."

"Why do you say that?" asked Woodville, evincing much surprise.
"In the first place," replied the friend, "a man with bad principles is not the one to make a right-minded woman happy. And, in the second place, a man who regards neither virtue or decency in his conduct, is the one to make life wretched."

"But is Allison such a man?"
"He is, to my certain knowledge. I knew him when a boy. We were school-mates. He then gave me evidence of more than ordinary natural depravity; and from the training he has received, that depravity has been encouraged to grow. Since he became a man I have had many opportunities for observing him closely, and I speak deliberately when I say that I hold him in exceedingly low estimation. I am personally cognizant of acts that stamp him as possessing neither honor nor, as I said before, decency, and a very long time will not, probably, elapse, before he will betray all this to the world. Men like him indulge in evil passions and selfish desires, until they lose even common prudence."

"You astonish me," said Woodville, "I cannot credit your words. He belongs to one of the best families."
"So called, but judged by a true standard, I should say one of our worst families."
"Why do you say that?" asked Mr. Woodville, evincing still more surprise.
"The virtues of an individual make his standard of worth. The same is true of families. Decayed wood, covered with shining gold, is not so valuable as sound and polished oak. Nor is a family, raised by wealth, or any external gliding, into a high social position, if not possessed of virtue, half so worthy of confidence and esteem as one of less pretensions, but endowed with honorable principles. The father of Mr. Allison, it is well known, was a gentleman only in the Chesterfieldian sense. A more hollow-hearted man never existed. And the son is like the father only more depraved."

Mr. Woodville was profoundly astonished. All this he might have known from personal observation, had not his eyes been so dazzled with the external brilliancy of the person condemned, as to disqualify them for looking deeper, and perceiving the real character of what was beneath the brilliant gliding. He was astonished, though not entirely convinced. It did not seem possible that any one in the elevated position of Mr. Allison, could be so base as was affirmed.

A few months later and Mr. Woodville was surprised at the announcement that the wife of Mr. Allison had separated herself from him, and returned to her father's home. Various causes were assigned for this act, the most prominent of which was, infidelity. Soon after an application for divorce was laid before the Legislature, with such proofs of ill-treatment and shocking depravity of conduct, as procured an instant release from the marriage contract.

By this time, the proud, angry father, was beginning to see that he had probably committed an error. An emotion of thankfulness that his child was not the wife of Allison arose spontaneously in his breast, but he did not permit it to come into his deliberate thoughts, nor take the form of an uttered sentiment. Steadily the change in his outward circumstances progressed.

He was growing old, and losing the ability to do business on an equality with the younger and more eager merchants around him, who were gradually drawing off his oldest and best customers. Disappointed, lonely, anxious, and depressed in spirits, the conviction that he had committed a great mistake was daily forcing itself more and more upon the mind of Mr. Woodville. When evening came, and he returned to his silent, almost deserted dwelling, his loneliness would deepen into sadness, and then like an unbidden, but not entirely unwelcome guest, the image of Laura would come before his imagination, and her low and tender voice would sound in his ears. But pride and resentment was still in his heart, and after gazing on the pensive, loving child for a time he would seek to expel the vision. She had degraded herself in marriage. Who or what was her husband? A low vulgar fellow, raised a little above the common herd! Such and only such did he esteem him; and whenever he thought of him, his resentment toward Laura came back in full force.

Thus it went on, until twelve years from the time of Laura's marriage had passed away, and in that long period the father had seen her face but once, and then it was in the presence of the dead. Frequently, in the first year of that time had she sought a reconciliation; but repulsed on each occasion, she had ceased to make approaches. As to her husband, so entirely did Mr. Woodville reject him that he cast out of his mind his very likeness, and not meeting him, ceased actually to remember his features, so that if he had encountered him in the street he would not have known him. He could, and had said, that he "didn't know him." Of his rising reputation and social standing he knew but little; for his very name being an offence, he rejected it on the first utterance, and pushed aside rather than looked at any information regarding him.

At last the external affairs of Mr. Woodville became desperate. His business actually died out, so that the expense of conducting it being more than the proceeds, he closed up his mercantile history, and retired on a meagre property, scarcely sufficient to meet his wants.—But scarcely had this change taken place, when a claim on the only piece of real estate, which he held, was made on the allegation of a defective title. On consulting a lawyer he was alarmed to find that the claim had a plausible basis, and that the chances were against him. When the case was brought up, Mr. Woodville appeared in court, and with trembling anxiety watched the progress of the trial. The claim was apparently a fair one, and yet not really just. On the side of the prosecution was a subtle, ingenious and eloquent lawyer in whose hands his counsel was little more than a child. And he saw with despair that all chances were against him. The loss of this remnant of property would leave him utterly destitute. After a vigorous argument on the one side, and a feeble rejoinder on the other, the case was about being submitted, when a new advocate appeared on the side of the defence. He was unknown to Mr. Woodville. On rising in court there was a profound silence.

He began by saying that he had something to say in the case ere it closed, and as he had studied it carefully and weighed with due deliberation all the evidence which had appeared, he was satisfied that he could show why the prosecution should not obtain a favorable decision.

In surprise Mr. Woodville bent forward to listen. The lawyer was tall in person; dignified in manner, and spoke with a peculiar musical intonation and eloquent flow of language that marked him as possessing, both talents and education of a high order. In a few minutes he was perfectly absorbed in his argument. It was clear and strong in every part, and tore into very tatters the subtle chain of reasoning presented by the opposing counsel. For an hour he occupied the attention of the court. On closing his speech he immediately retired. The decision was in Mr. Woodville's favor.

"Who is that?" he asked, turning to a gentleman who sat beside him, as the strange advocate left the floor.
The man looked at him in surprise.
"Not know him?" said he.
Mr. Woodville shook his head.
"His name is Percival."

Mr. Woodville turned his face partly away to conceal the sudden flush that went over it. After the decision in his favor had been given, and he had returned home wondering at what had just occurred, he sat musing alone, when there came a light tapping as if from the hand of a child at the door. Opening it, he found a boy there not over five or six years of age, with golden hair falling over his shoulders, and bright blue eyes raised to his own.
"Grandpa," said the child, looking earnestly into his face.

For a moment the old man stood and trembled. Then stooping down, he took the child in his arms, and hugged it with a sudden emotion to his heart, while the long sealed fountain of his feelings gushed forth again, and tears came from the lids that were tightly shut to repress them.
"Father!" the eyes were quickly unclosed, there was now another present.
"My child!" came tremblingly from his lips, and Laura flung herself upon his bosom.

How changed to the eyes of Mr. Woodville was all, after this. When he met Mr. Percival he was even more surprised than in the court room at his manly dignity of character, his refinement and enlarged intelligence. And when he went abroad, and perceived what he never before allowed himself to see, the high estimation in which he was held by all the community, he was still further affected with wonder.

In less than a year after this reconciliation, Mr. Percival was chosen to a high office in the State; and within that time Mr. Allison was detected in a criminal conspiracy to defraud, and left the Commonwealth to escape punishment.

So much for origin and destiny. Laura was right; it concerns a maiden far more to know whether her lover is going than whence he came; for she has to journey with him in the former and not the latter way.

Freemasons in Turkey.

Although freemasonry has for more than thirty years been generally supposed to exist among the Mahomedans, and traces of it were found in Turkey by the Russian officers after the campaign of 1826, yet they were too slight to prove the fact; and it is only within the last few years that it was sufficiently demonstrated by a German freemason chancing to pass through Belgrade where he discovered a masonic lodge, to which he was invited, and where he received a hospitable reception.—It appears now to prove beyond all doubt that the Turkish brothers who exercise their masonic duties under the name of dervishes, are to all intents and purposes the same as our freemasons, with but very little difference in their customs and ceremonies, and make use of exactly the same signs, words, and grips to recognize each other. The Turkish freemasons appear to be in a more elevated state of civilization than is usual amongst the Orientals generally; and their views of religion are far higher than those imposed by Islamism. They reject polygamy, contenting themselves with one single wife, and at the masonic banquets the women appear unveiled—a striking proof of the mutual confidence the masonic brothers place in each other.

The Belgrade Lodge, called Alikotsch is composed of about 70 members. The Master of the Lodge, whose name is Djani Ismael Zsholak Mohammed Saede, is at this time, Grand Master of all the lodges in European Turkey, and is directly connected with all those of the whole of the Ottoman Empire, Arabia and Persia, in which latter the freemasons amount to more than 50,000 members. In Constantinople there are no less than nine lodges, the most numerous and important of which is that of dancing dervishes, called Sirkedshi Tecker. The Turkish freemasons wear, as a symbol of brotherhood, besides a small brown shawl, embroidered with mystical figures, a flat, polished, twelve-cornered piece of white marble with reddish brown spots, about two inches in diameter, suspended by a white silken cord round the neck. These spots represent spots of blood, and are symbolic of the death of Ali, the founder of the order in Turkey, who was barbarously put to death by the then Sultan, for refusing to reveal the secrets. The above mentioned Djani Ismael, Grand Master of the Lodge of Belgrade, a venerable Turk of the old school, is honorary member of the lodge of "Baldwin under the Lime-tree," at Leipsic, several members of which lodge have received diplomas from the Alikotsch at Belgrade.

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How insignificant are the works of man compared with nature! A line 27,600 feet long did not reach the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean.—London Mining Journal.

RETAINING A DEAD BODY FOR DEBT.—Quite a curious case came before the Police Court yesterday morning. The story, as told to us, is as follows: Some weeks since a gentleman of this city died. A metallic coffin was ordered for the corpse, and in the absence of his friends, the coffin containing the body was placed in one of the vaults at the cemetery belonging to a gentleman residing in the city. The body had remained some thirty days, we are told, when the undertaker who furnished the coffin and placed the body there, was ordered to remove it. He took it away and buried it. The friends of the deceased came on shortly afterward and demanded the body, which the undertaker refused to give up unless the expenses (amounting to \$140.) which he had incurred, were paid. He refused to tell them where the coffin and body were buried unless his just dues were paid, or he was secured from loss—which we think was a just and lawful demand. The friends of the deceased however, did not pay the debt, and arrested the undertaker for unlawfully detaining the dead body, and he was confined during Friday night. Yesterday morning the parties appeared before Justice Drullard, and the complaint was made. The undertaker was held to answer before the next Court of Oyer and Terminer in this city and give bail to appear. The parties are all most respectable, and considerable feeling was manifested. We have the above from officers connected with the affair. The arrest was made by Officer James Cowen. Since then the undertaker has obtained a warrant against the friends of the deceased for false imprisonment.—Buffalo Republic.

GALLS ON HORSES.—A strong solution of alum with some whiskey mixed in it, is said to be a most excellent remedy for the galled shoulders of horses. Apply it three times a day until the wound is healed.

SOW GOOD.—"Whatever a man soweth that shall he also reap," says the Scripture. If you wish cockle, chaff, weeds, and poor wheat, then sow such, and you have the promise of God, that you shall also reap such.

SOONER THAN A YEAR AFTER THIS RECONCILIATION, MR. PERCIVAL WAS CHOSEN TO A HIGH OFFICE IN THE STATE; AND WITHIN THAT TIME MR. ALLISON WAS DETECTED IN A CRIMINAL CONSPIRACY TO DEFRAUD, AND LEFT THE COMMONWEALTH TO ESCAPE PUNISHMENT.

SO MUCH FOR ORIGIN AND DESTINY. LAURA WAS RIGHT; IT CONCERNS A MAIDEN FAR MORE TO KNOW WHETHER HER LOVER IS GOING THAN WHENCE HE CAME; FOR SHE HAS TO JOURNEY WITH HIM IN THE FORMER AND NOT THE LATTER WAY.

HOW THEY CATCH CODFISH.

Codfish are caught with large hooks, and are taken from the bottom. Each fisherman has a strong line of from sixty to seventy fathoms in length, to which is attached a lead of a cylindrical shape, weighing about five pounds. This, of course, is the sinker. From this proceeds the "penant," which is a cord about twice the size, and is about three feet in length. To the lower end of the penant, and attached to it by a small copper swivel, is the "craft," which is a small stout cord about two-and-a-half feet in length, having three stripes of whalebone laid around it at the middle, where it is attached to the swivel of the penant.—The whole is serried or wound with tarred twine. On each end of the craft is a smaller swivel, into which the gauging of the hooks is attached. The whalebone serves to keep the hooks about a foot apart, so there is little danger of their becoming entangled with each other.

The men arrange themselves on the leeward side of the deck, throw over their leads, and unroll their lines till the lead rests on the bottom. The line is then drawn up so that the hook will be on the bottom with the down pitch of the vessel, and with nippers drawn on their fingers to keep the line from cutting them, they lean over the bulwarks, patiently awaiting a bite, which is known by a slight jerk.

They then give a sudden pull, in order to hook him, stand back and haul in the long line, haul over hand, until the fish is hauled up to the surface, when he is taken on deck, unhooked, and thrown into a square box, which each man has fastened by his side, called a "kid." The hooks are then baited and thrown over again, and the fisherman, while the line is running, picks up the fish caught and cuts out his tongue.

Towards night the fish are counted out from the kids, each one separately, and thrown into a large kid near the main hatch, called the "dressing kid." They are counted aloud as they are thrown along, and each man is required to keep his own account, and report to the skipper at night, who keeps a separate account for each man on the log-book. The dressing gang, consisting of a "throater," a "header," a "splitter," and a "salter," now commence dressing down. After passing through the hands of the first three they assume somewhat the shape seen in the market. They are then passed down between decks to the salter, who puts them up in kechies or layers, laying the first tier on the bottom of the hold and building up with alternate layers of salt and fish till the kechies reached the desired height.—The decks are then washed down, sails taken in, and the vessel anchored for the night.

A witty gentleman of this city, speaking of a friend who was prostrated by illness, remarked that "he could hardly recover, since his constitution was all gone."
"If his constitution is all gone," said a bystander, "I do not see how he lives at all."
"Oh," responded the wag, "he lives on the by-laws."—Buffalo Exp.

The Gulf Stream.

It is believed by many that the waters of the Gulf Stream are nothing more or less than the waters of the river Amazon. The great father of waters is bedded more than 1,000 miles immediately under the equator, and all its tributary streams, for many thousand miles, are constantly pouring their hot water into this great reservoir of water. As those waters are gathered under the burning sun of the equator, they are extremely warm; far more than the waters of the Atlantic under the equator. The great body of heated water shoots out into the Atlantic more than a hundred miles, in the face of the eternal trade winds.

The Amazon is sixty miles wide; after being bedded in its irresistible course, it curves off to the left, and scuds off before the strong trade winds till out of their reach. Driven along with great force, it takes its course round the great bay formed by the two continents of North and South America. Dashing along the northern coast of South America, and passing to the leeward of the West India Islands it leaves the shore of Cuba and proceeds along the shores of Florida, the capes of Virginia, and the South coast of North America, and passing along the shores of Newfoundland, ends its mission among the icebergs which float out of the northern ocean. Cut off the Gulf Stream, and it would not be many years before the North Atlantic would be filled with icebergs, and the port of New York would cease to be the centre of American commerce.

Before the course of the Gulf Stream was known, ships from Europe to New York, in winter, used to sail first to Charleston, S. C., then coast it down to the Hudson. The voyage used to occupy them from six to eight months. The Nantucket fishermen were the first to discover the course of the Gulf Stream, and while English captains were taking six months to reach New York, they were making the run sometimes in one month. Vessels running north of this stream in winter get their sails and rigging frozen so that it is scarcely possible to make any headway. By running into the stream they thaw out, for the water is always warm, and is known by this, and its intense deep blue color. It is provided as a reservoir of heat by the Great Governor of Worlds, to accomplish his grand purposes. It is the influence of this stream which renders the climate of Britain so genial. Were it diverted to break upon the coasts of Spain only, the island of Britain would soon become a bleak, cold and inhospitable region, with a climate as cold and a winter as long as Labrador; and Erin would cease to be named the Emerald Isle, for her fields would be covered with snow during eight months in the year, instead of green herbage. It appears from the geological evidences, that the Gulf Stream, at one period, did not break upon the shores of Britain, and it was then as cold as Iceland. Up on such harmonies of nature's operations, directed by an All-Wise Creator, do men and nations depend.—Scientific American.

Long John and the Landlady.—An Epigram.
BY QUIN SABB.

John—tall, and a wag—was slipping his tea,
When his landlady, rather uncivilly free,
Accosted him thus—"Sir, a man of your metre
Must be, I should think, a very large eater!"
"May, nay," quoth the wag, "it is not as you say,
For a little, with me, goes a very long way!"

BEAUTY OF SARAH.—The sacred historian clearly intimates that the sex were still endowed, as before the Flood, with a wonderful power of retaining their beauty, and Sarah's personal charms were unimpaired at what we should now consider a very advanced age.—Even on the plain of Canaan, where under the shadow of the oak Ozgyes, Abraham had pitched his tent, "the fame of his wife's beauty," says Josephus, "was greatly talked of," and she was in her ninetieth year when, on the occasion of Abraham's second visit to Egypt, she made so dangerous an impression on King Abimelech. This incident serves to illustrate how little security was then enjoyed by the highest rank. An Arabian emir, or prince, traveling with a powerful retinue, is afraid to acknowledge himself the husband of a beautiful woman, lest on some specious pretext, he should be put to death, and his wife seized by the reigning despot. His apprehensions were in part realized, and Sarah, as soon as she had set foot in Egypt, was carried off from the midst of her family, in defiance alike of the usages of hospitality and the common laws of society. Such was the boasted virtue of patriarchal times!—History of Woman, by S. W. Fallow.

AN IRISHMAN ON ARRIVING IN AMERICA took a fancy to the Yankee girls, and wrote to his wife as follows: "Dear Norah, these melancholy lines are to inform you that I died yesterday, and I hope you are enjoying the same blessing. I recommend you to marry Jimmy O'Rourke, and take good care of the children. From your affectionate husband till death."

A friend may be often found and lost, but an old friend can never be found, and nature has provided that he cannot easily be lost.

Anybody who supposes that locking a girl in a back room, will prevent her from knowing what love means, might as well undertake to keep strawberries from blushing in June, by whispering in their ears about that snow we had last winter.

Whatever a man soweth that shall he also reap," says the Scripture. If you wish cockle, chaff, weeds, and poor wheat, then sow such, and you have the promise of God, that you shall also reap such.

A strong solution of alum with some whiskey mixed in it, is said to be a most excellent remedy for the galled shoulders of horses. Apply it three times a day until the wound is healed.

Freemasons in Turkey.

The Gulf Stream.

Greatest Depths of Mines.

How They Catch Codfish.

Long John and the Landlady.—An Epigram.

Beauty of Sarah.

A friend may be often found and lost.

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