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TOWANDA:

Saturdan Morning, March 8, 1836.

Selected Poetry.

go- The following exquisite lines from BRYANT, copied in the November number of Harper, will have a mournful beauty and pathos for those who have been called to lament the early "loved and lost :"

Oh, we shall mourn him long, and mis-His ready smile, his ready kiss;

The patter of his little feet, Sweet frowns, and stammered phrases sweet.

And graver looks, serene and high, A light of heaven in that young eye; All these will haunt us, till the heart

Shall ache and ache-and tears shall start. The shining arrows waste with rust : But he who now, from sight of men. We hide in earth, shall live again.

Shall break these clouds, a form of light, With nobler mein and clearer sight; And in the eternal glory stand With those who wait at God's right hand

Selected Tale.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Tom Crosby was a Cobbler-or, at least, so his neighbors called him-though he was in fact, one of the best shoemakers in the He often had to turn applicants away empty-handed; for he had more work always on his hands than he could attend to.

Tom's cottage was near the centre of the village, and his little shop was close by it, and lapstone rang out upon the air. Tom was a steady industrious man, and every-body liked He was always kind, always good-natured full of fun and anecdote, and above all else, he was one of those rare persons who dred dollars. spend their leisure moments looking after their own business. Tom was now forty years of and steady, yet he had not accumulated much He owned the small house and the pair of new boots. together with some four acres of land, which lay back of the buildings, upon which he raised a goodly store of fruit and vegeta-

hundred dollars laid safely away in a savings

pretty name, but her husband was determined liffered somewhat from Tom's. He had wantme of Hannah for the first girl; but his bean," (such was the term Mrs. C. used,) were not quite up to the mark. But children were good. They were, in fact, best children in the neighborhood, for eir father took great pains in the formation their characters, and their mother felt no greater pride than to have them appear well. People pointed to Tom Crosby as a pattern

nto his house-and he was growmore and more unhappy every day; for sure to upset his own cup of joy.

ow the truth is, the sweet angel of con-Tom's household, had flown away, and spirit had come in, Mrs. Crosby had the spirit of envy to gain possession oul, and from the moment she let the

n in, her peace of mind was gone. Tom Crosby," she said, after the children one to bed, one evening, "what is the

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sted to insente times the of our manuser containing

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nlly inform the above we pot, and sol nient and con and attention spared to give ch 15, 1855.

RSHOES

living how?" uttered Tom, shaking the from his pipe, and putting it away.

Why-living as we do now. Plodding year after year in this same old train. re, I'm almost fit to go crazy when I

But, Hannah, I thought you used to be face.

And so I did; but what does that signify? se I was happy when I was a child, does we that I should always want to be a her." I used to be happy here when I we were on the road to something I didn't think when you married me, was to live stuck down here in this and that I was to grow old and die with

asting thumpety thump of your old at what would you have Hannah ?" the and asked, with a tone and expression of

hat?" uttered the woman, energetically. -I'd have some higher place in the an a mere cobbler's wife !

Hannah, we were once the happiest now. You only want what you have gether over an hour.

"There it is again, Tom Crosby. Because I would hold my head up a little higher in the world, and be somebody then I am not contented! Mercy on me would you have a soul contented to see everybody else getting up, and me be obliged to dig and burrow here?

"But who is getting up, Hannah?" "Who? Why-there's Sarah Brown, that was-now Sarah Wilkins; just look at her. She was where I was once, but now she has her coach and servants, and dresses in silks and satin. And then look at Thompson, and Cowley, and Nathans. All of 'em building new houses, and keeping their horses and servants. Look at them, I say-and then look

"But, my love, where shall I find money to do such things ?"

"Find it where other folks find it. Shut find money I'd like to know?"

"But other folks have a faculty which I have not," said Tom, in an earnest, argumen- and water. She drank her tea-more than tative tone. "I have found perfect happiness usual—and then arose. But somehow she forin my little shop, and in my neat and comfort- got to clear away the table. She sat down in able home. Health has been secured to us; her chair, and ere long she fell asleep. our children are blessings; plenty was always ours, and no man can dun you or me for debt. Other folks may be happy with their great houses, and their servants, and their parties, but such things are not suited to us. Ah, Tom Crosby's Deed of Magic. Ah, Hannah, you could never be so happy as

you have been were you to have Sarah Wilkin's place. She may like it, but you would not." better than we are, have money enough-"

"And don't we have enough, Hannah?-Don't we have everything we want ?"

"No, we don't. Look at Wilkins. See how his wife dresses, and how proudly she holds from morning till night the merry music of his her head when she goes into meeting. Only just think how she nods at me, but never speaks. I declare, Tom, it's too bad."

"And yet, my love, Mr. Wilkins came to me yesterday, and wanted to borrow a hun-

Mrs. Crosby opened her eyes, but before she could make any reply, somebody rapped at age, and though he had always worked hard the door. Tom answered the summons, and Crosby, what d'ye mean?" the caller was a boy, who had come after a

"Boots!" uttered Mrs. Crosby to herself, after her husband had gone to the shop .--Boots! Mercy! shall I ever escape that debles. Besides this, he had some one or two grading sound?"

This simple scene will show somewhat of him and started upright. bank to serve him on a rainy day.

the state of mind into which Mrs. C. had fallMrs. Crosby was an excellent wife, and one
en. She had not always been thus, though of the best mothers, and no one could have she had always held little ideas of pride which kept the humble cottage looking more neat her husband had never felt. But about two and tidy than she did. The little front room | years previous to the opening of our story, Mr. | never before had she seen Tom Crosby look always presented the same spotless purity of Albert Wilkins had moved into the town, and like that. His pants were of black broadoor and wainscot, and white curtains never he had brought with him for a wife one who cloth, his vest of white satin, his shirt bosom had spot or wrinkle. The kitchen was more had been Hannah's schoolmate in times gone of the finest linen sparkling with diamonds, red, but never dirty, while even the by. Mrs. W. not only made much show of and his dressing-gown of Genoa velvet. ground floor of the woodshed was kept swept her wealth, but she also slighted her old Mr. Crosby went out, and his wife was left and clean. This excellent couple had four friend, and this worked upon the feelings of alone. She had just got out of bed to look and you must come up to the mark. Sir John children. Young Tom was thirteen, and helped his father some in the shop when school envy the wealthy woman, and from this sprung moment she was in bed again. Three stout lid at keep. Willie was ten; Lizzie five, and numberless consequences. It was sometime girls entered the chamber, and approached the Effic only two. Tom named his first child before she really thought of aiming at such bed. Mrs. Crosby had selected a very herself, but the idea gradually came over her, and then she began to reflect upon her hus- asked the foremost one. hat he should be a "young Tom," and the band's position, and she was not long in makwife gave in; but the rest of the children she ing up her mind that he might have been named herself, and we can see that her tastes | wealthy had he tried. It was in vain that dress, and at once arose Tom urged the expense of his children, in vain d to call the second boy Peter, in honor of that he pleaded his own inability, and in vain is grandfather; and then he suggested the that he urged the joys of contentment. The evil spirit had gained possession of his wife's soul, and he could not exorcise it by any arenment or persuasion. Hannah became unhappy and miserable, and even her own children fail-

ed to give her joy. One day Tom was in his shop all alone, and He had come back to his little shop, and with ways happy. An evil genius had crept into ward, he prayed that God would move his wife's heart with sweet content once more .-Hardly had he uttered this prayer, when the had never been happy only when he could door of his shop was opened, and a man enthe those around him happy. The pain or tered. This was no less a personage than John Newton, an old schoolmaster of Tom's upon Newton, an old schoolmaster of Tom's upon whom fortune had smiled most bounteously.-He had lived in a neighboring town-in a large which had for so long a time kept guard and thriving manufacturing village-and had amassed great wealth without marring his heart. He seldom saw Tom now, when he did scontented and unhappy. She had meet him, his greeting was as warm and genial

as ever. "What, Tom!" uttered Newton, as he saw the poor cobbler's gloomy, tearful face: "what is to pay now ?',
"Nothing," was Tom's answer.

But Newton was not to be put off thus, and after considerable questioning Tom revealed the secret. He knew if he had a noble friend on earth, John Newton was that friend, and he told all. For some time after he had done, Newton remained thoughtful and silent; but at length a bright gleam rested upon his

"Tom," he said, "Hannah doesn't dream of the thousand and one cares of which she is now free, and to which wealth would subject

" Ay, that's it Jack," the cobbler cried. That's it. She don't know much she has

to enjoy. She's got her head turned." "But I think we can turn it back again."

"We can turn it again. I say. By my oul, Tom, I have never offered money, because I knew you had enough-but I can give you something better now. I will take my wife and children out of the way for awhile, and you shall have the use of my house, plate, servants, dresses and all. Eh? How's that?"

Tom Crosby opened his eyes, and as soon as he could comprehend matters fully, he sat down must be fastened down to their children .town, and you were then only what by the side of his friend, and they talked to- However, poor people can't help it, I sup-

"I say it's no use, Tom, I'd just as lief die

You needn't look surprised, for I mean just what I say. I've got the power and I can use it. I've found the Philosopher's Stone!"

"The what, Tom?" cried Hannah. "The Philosopher's Stone."

" But what's that ?" "Why, it's something that gives the owner cower to be rich right off. If I've a mind to

and I both in a palace, surrounded by riches." Mrs. Crosby was slow to believe this, but at her limbs were weary. ength Tom convinced her. Yet she wanted to see the stone. The cobbler took a small leather bag from his pocket, and from it he drew a round white stone nearly covered with it seem as though we were born for it ?" strange characters. The hieroglyphics upset the point of skepticism in Hannah's mind, and she believed. Shortly afterwards they sat up your little, nasty shop, and go into some down to supper. Mrs. Crosby did not observe business more promising. How do other folk's her husband when he put a suspicious-looking powder into the tea-pot, nor did she notice particularly that her husband drank only milk

> Hannah Crosby awoke and looked around. She was not sure that she was awake. She leaped out upon a soft carpet and rubbed her

"Tom! Tom! For mercy's sake, Tom do wake up !"

Mr. Crosby arose to a sitting posture and "Don't tell me, Tom Crosby. Don't you looked at his wife. They were in a large suppose I know what I should like? I say it room; the floor was covered with a carpet of galls me to think that I'm never going to get above this kind of life. Others, who, are no and flowers; the ceiling painted sumptuously; the furniture of the most costly kind, and the bed itself a very marvel of wondrous extrava-

"For mercy's sake, Tom where are we?" come to bed now."

"Are ye crazy, Tom Crosby? Aren't the

"What have we got to do with the sun By and-by I shall arise and then your servants will come in and help you dress.

"Servants? Help me dress? Why, Tom "Why, you wouldn't expose yourself to your own servants, would ye? Hereafter you

must never get up till your servants come. They'll laugh at you if you do." Shortly afterwards Tom arose, and dressed himself, and spoke to his wife. She looked at

"Tom Crosby, is that you?"
"Who else should it be?"

" Mercy's sake! O Jerusalem!" And no wonder she was astonished, for

"Will your mistress be pleased to arise?"

The poor woman remembered what her husband had said about the servants helping her

on the table. Mrs. Crosby longed to speak to ple were whirled to a noble mansion, which her husband, but she dared not before so many. Her cup was filled with coffee, and she drank It was much stronger than the was used to drinking, but so finely was it fixed that she loved it, and she allowed the girl who waited upon the table to fix her four cups.

After breakfast, Mrs. Crosby was conducted he was weeping. He had just been to the house, and another "scene" had transpired. though all the wealth of all the world must clock was upon the stroke of four in the mornhave been collected and spent in furnishing the ppiness and peace; and yet he was not his hands clasped, and his eyes turned heaven-place. The heavy gilt-framed pictures, and mirrors, the statues, the carpets, the gold and silver ornaments, the servants-all, appeared to her in bewildering profusioa. "We are to have company to supper," said

Mr. Crosby. "Supper? Have we got to eat again before we go to bed ?"

Eat again. Why-you wouldn't go without your supper? Our friends, who have heard

About 9 o'clock Mr. Newton and wife ar

rived, and with them came three couples more, all in the secret. "Isn't that Effie crying ?" uttered Mrs. Cros

by, as the distinct wailing of a child sounded upon the air.

"John," spoke Mr. Crosby, to one of the servants, "go and tell the nurse to stop that "No, no," cried the startled woman-the

mother starting up now-" I'll go myself .-Poor, dear thing. She shall see mama, so she But Tom sprang forward and caught hi

wife by the arm: "For heaven's sake !" he whispered in her

ear, "you'll ruin us. Don't let such things "But how can I, Tom ?" My soul, how can

I? Only think-our own little Effic-only a baby. Tom, I-" "Mrs. Crosby," spoke Mrs Newton, who saw the turn affairs had taken, "will you allow me," taking her by the arm and leading her to a seat, " you have a child, have you? Ah, an infant!

How I pity poor people who have to attend to their own children. Such plagues. Don't you think so ?" Mrs. Crosby said yes; but she knew she

spoke falsely. "What a miserable idea that is," continued Mrs. Newton, "which supposes that mothers pose ?"

And yet Mrs. Crosby heard her little darling sob and cry, and her heart seemed racking Hannah. You only want back that as live so. What's the use of poking along with pain; but she dared not interfere now.

At length supper was announced. It was

"Well, Hannah, you shan't live so any more. | eleven o'clock. Mrs. Crosby ate considerable cake and confectionery, and at the end she had to drink wine with five different persons. Her position was painful because it was so unnatural Not one moment of peace and comfort could she find, but instead, thereof, it was one continual scene of trial and trouble. But bedtime came-at two o'clock-and for awhile the martyr felt relieved. But it was only for a moment, can wake up to-morrow morning with you for upon finding herself alone with her husband, she remembered that her head ached, and that

> "By the powers, Hannah," uttered Tom, "isn't this nice? 'Taint much like cobbling boots and shoes, is it? O, how fine! Doesn't

The wife was silent for some moments, but she spoke at length, and in a low, subdued "Tom, where is little Effie ?"

"With the nurse, to be sure." "O, do go and bring her here to me. Dothat's a good-" "-sh! Somebody may hear you Hannah

You know what Mrs. Newton said to to-night. She's the next richest to us of anybody in the country." The poor woman laid her head upon the pil-

low with a groan.
"Isn't it nice?" uttered Tom, in a chuckling tone. "By the big hokey, Hannah, only think how we'll live."

"But 'twont be always like this, Tom ?" "No, no-rather guess 'twont. Why we haven't begun yet. Just wait till folks get acquainted with us and begin to come from the cities to see us. And then when we begin to give our great parties. Won't it be nice ?"

But Hannah made no reply, and ere long, she fell asleep; but she did not rest.

On the next morning, Tom was up and off before his wife awoke. The first of consciousness she felt was a rough shaking by the shoul-"Why in our palace to be sure. Don't you der, and on looking up, she saw her servants. remember what I told you last night? But She arose at their bidding, but she had not been long on her feet when she sank back, for her head ached, her limbs were weary. But she finally allowed herself to be dressed, and soon afterwards, she met her husband at the breakfast table. She looked at the face of the marble-cased clock on the mantle, and saw that it was eleven o'clock. She was upon the point of speaking to her husband about it, but the presence of the servants prevented.

After breakfast, when Mrs. Crosby thought

of going to bed again, she received an invitation to visit Mrs. Newton. " I can't," she said.

"But," urged the husband, "we must go. Sir John is one of the most important men in the country. We are in for it, Hannah, and we must stick it out. Remember, you have

urged it."
"But—but, Tom, I didn't expect—" "Didn't expect what? Did you suppose that those who had wealth and high station enjoyed the same ease and quiet that the peaceful cobbler owned? By the powers, Hannah, you

musn't fail now. You filled your own station well-but you have got a new one to fill now,

" Sir John ?" "Yes." " Sir" John had a very noble sound, and that was a little calming to the poor woman's feelings. However, at four o'clock the carriage was at the door, and when Mrs. Crosby saw it, she forgot her pains for awhile. The horses were coal black, and harnessed almost At breakfast half a dozen servants waited wholly in silver. Away the aristocratic cou-Mrs. Newton had engaged for the occasion, the

real owner of which was introduced to Mrs. C. as a 'friend.' The rest of the day, and the night, were passed just about the same as on the previous day, and Mrs. Crosby had an opportunity to see that all rich people must live alike. She clock was upon the stroke of four in the morning when she reached her own mansion. She went to bed wretched and unhappy. She had been laughed at by the servants for her awkwardness-she had been sneered at by a young, consumptive miss, because she could not play cuchre, and the whole company had giggled at out behind." her funny remarks touching some butter which

chanced to be on the table. On the next morning-or towards noonwhen she awoke, she found her servants about her as before. She asked them to send her husband to her; but they could not think of such a thing. She simply sprang out of bed and caught a chair, and told them to disobey her if they dared. They left the chamber, and shortly afterwards, Tom Crosby made his ap-

"Tom," the wife groaned, "I can't stand this-indeed I can't."

"Why, Hannah, are ye crazy ?--Would ye give up all your wealth? "No, no, I'd like to keep the money, but-

but-O, my head !" "Keep the money: And what would you keep it for? We had money enough before for the station we then held; and all you used to want was to make a show like Mrs. Wilkins. Surely you wouldn't go back into your old home, and have to take care of your own children, and do your own cooking, and find your

own eggs in the hay, and have the fuss of your

own husband, and have to go to bed every night at nine or ten o'clock. Why, you're crazy, Hannah." "And is it that stone that keeps us here Tom ?"

"Yes. But you you see I've guarded against any such danger, for I've put the Philosopher's Stone in a place where nobody'll ever think of looking for it."

"Where is it, Tom?" "I've hung the bag right up our chimney,

"That is a good place," said Mrs. C.; and after this, she proceeded to dress herself, making her husband wait till she had finished, so that "them pesky sarvants wouldn't come nigh her any more.

Breakfast was eaten, as usual, and after awhile, three ladies called, and sent up their At length supper was announced. It was cards. Mrs. Crosby would have refused, but vidual had got a habit of swearing."

her husband overcame her objections. So the ladies called in, and Mrs. C. was once more

on nettles."

At five o'clock, they left, and shortly afterwards, Mrs. Crosby stole away to her chamber. Tom had been watching her, and he stole after her, and watched her movements through the key-hole. She first threw herself upon the bed, and there she lay some time. Next, she arose and went to the fire place. She removed the gaudy screen, and then reached up and took down the little leathern bag. She took out the stone and placed it upon the hearth .-Within the fire place stood a pair of small silver andirons, and with one of these Mrs. C. deliberately smashed the stone to atoms. With a peculiar chuckle Tom hastened below, and attended himself to preparing his wife's tea .-The meal to be eaten was denominated dinner. but when Mrs. Crosby came down, she distinct ly said 'supper !

She could out but little, but she drank freely of the tea, and within half an hour afterwards, she felt so sleepy that she could not ade. Entering one of these doors, I beheld keep her eyes opened, and she went to bed. de- such a sight as few men, thank God, have spite her husband's urgent arguments to the contrary. Of course she was not long in falling asleep, and she slept soundly too.

"Tom! Tom!" cried Mrs. Crosby, when she awoke. "Tom! Tom! For mercy's sake look. The sun was shining brightly in at the little vine clad window, and the old cat was purring cosily upon the foot of the bed. The enraptured woman turned her eyes to the little packed as close as they could be stowed, some crib that stood by the bedside, and there laid

her darling Effie fast asleep.
"Goodness gracious!" said Tom, starting up, "somebody's stolen our stone! Our magic

stone is gone !" "Ho, ho! "Twas I that did it!" the wife shouted, leaping from her bed, and dancing about on the painted floor.

With that, she opened the door of the little bedroom, where, in the cot bed lay young Tom and Willie, and in the truckle bed Lizzie was sleeping. Tom was up by this time, and he professed

to be greatly alarmed. " Alas! Our wealth is gone!" "Then let it go !" retorted Hannah. "For

my part, I've had enough of it. O, Tom, doesn't this place look grand?" "But how long will it be before you will

be moaning after carriages and silks once more ?"

" Never! never!" At this moment Effie waked up, and gave a ery of joy as she saw "mamma." Mrs. Crosby, as soon as she could collect her senses, began to think she had only been dreaming, but when she heard Tom and Willie talking about the new school, and saw how the dust had collected about the windows, she feared it was, after all, a reality. But by and by, she heard a bell ring, and when she found it was really Sunday she knew that her past expe-

rience had been a substantial thing of real life,

for it was on Wednesday that she had first

seen the magic stone. And then her headache

and other bodily pain yet remained to admonish her of the misery she had suffered. It was over two years before Mrs. Crosby discovered the secret of that three days' experience she had in "high life," and even then discovered it by accidentally overhearing a cooversation been her husband and Mr. Newton. Until then she had firmly believed that she owed the experience to a deed of magic. She now realized the many blessings she enjoyed,

DISCONCERTING AN ORATOR.—It is an astonng thing how little a matter will sometimes disconcert a man who is accustomed to speak in public, and to have his thoughts about him. and ready at command on almost all occa-

and no more gave way to discontent.

"I was once opening a speech from the stump," said a distinguished western political orator to us recently, "and was just beginning to warm with my subject, when a remarkably clear and deliberate voice spoke out behind me,

Guess he wouldn't talk quite so hifalutinatin' if he knew that his trowsers wast bu'st clean

"From that moment I couldn't 'get on.'-The people in front began to laugh, and there was a loud roar in my rear, and I dared not reverse my position from fear of having a new audience of my condition. I made, or rather invented an excuse for delay, and sat down .-The malicious scoundrel!" continued the orator, "it was only a mean trick, after all. There was nothing under heaven the matter with my unmentionables !"

JUVENILE EXULTATION.—The other day small boy came tearing round a corner, with his rags fluttering in the wind, his face smeared with molasses and a shingle flourishing in his hand, while he was shouting to another boy about the size of a peper-box, who stood nearly a quarter of a mile down the street: 'O, Bill! Bill! get as many boys as ever you can, and as many shingles as ever you can, and come up the street, round the corner, as soon as you can, for there's a great big large hogsit of 'lasses busted on the pavement-busted all to smash !"

No Change.-Of a person who was a sordid miser, it was told Mr. Curran that he had set out from Cork to Dublin with one shirt and a guinea. "Yes," said Mr. Curran, "and I will answer for it, he will change neither of them till he returns."

A CHICAGO BROKER famous for his shrewdness, took a trip by railroad the other day, and sat down at the end of the last car, because he considered the use of money worth something while the conductor was coming

A parishoner inquired of his pastor the neaning of this line of Scripture. clothed with curses as with a garment." signifies," said the divine, "that the indi- cheap medicine. Mirthfulness is a philosophy not

Appearance of the Hospital at Sebastopo

Of all the pictures of the horrors of war

which have ever been presented to the world, the hospital at Sebastopol presents the most horrible, heartrending, and revolting. It cannot be described, and the imagination of a Fuseh could not conceive anything at all like unto it. How the poor human body can be mutilated and yet hold its soul within, when every limb is shattered, and every vein and artery is pouring out the life stream, one might study here at every step, and at the same time wonder how little will kill. The building used as a hospital is one of the noble piles inside the dockyard wall, and is situate in the centre of the row at right angles to the line of the Redan. The whole row was peculiarly exposed to the action of shot and shell bounding over the Redan, and to the missiles directed at the Barrack Battery, and it bears in sides roof, windows and doors, frequent and distinctive proofs of the severity of the cannonever witnessed. In a long low room, supported by square pillars, arched at the top, and dimly lighted through shattered and unglazed window frames, lay the wounded Russians, who had been abandoped to our mercies by their general. The wounded, did I say ?-No, but the dead, the rotten and festering corpses of the soldiers, who were left to die in their extreme agony, untended, uncared for, on the floor, others on wretched tressels and bedsteads, or pallets of straw, sopped and saturated with blood, which oozed and trickled through upon the floor, mingled with the droppings of corruption. With the roar of exploding fortresses in their ears, with shells and the transfer the second of th shot pouring through the roof and sides of the rooms in which they lay, with the crackling and hissing of fire around them, these poor fellows, who had served their loving friend and master, the Czar but too well, were consigned to their terrible fate. Many might have been saved by ordinary care. Many lay, yet alive, with maggots crawling about in their wounds Many, nearly mad by the scene around them, or seeking to escape from it in their extremest agony, had rolled away under the beds, and glared out on the heartstricken spectator, oh! with such looks! Many with legs and arms broken and twisted, the jagged splinters sticking through the raw flesh, implored aid, water, food or pity; or deprived of speech by the approach of death, or by dreadful injuries in the head or trunk, pointed to the lethal spot .-Many seemed bent alone on making their peace with Heaven. The attitudes of some were so hideously fantastic as to appal and root one to the ground by a sort of dreadful fascination. Could that bloody mass of clothing and white bones ever have been a human being, or that burnt black mass of flesh have ever had a human soul? It was fearful to think what the answer must be. The bodies of numbers of men were swellen and bloated to an incredible degree, and the features distended to a gigantic size, with eyes protruding from the sockets, and the blackened tongue lolling out of the had set upon it in the death rattle, made one shudder and reel round. In the midst of one of these "chambers of horror"-for there were many of them-were found some dead and some living English soldiers, and among them the poor Captain Vaugh, of the 90th, who has since suc umbed to his wounds. I confess it was impossible for me to stand the sight, which horrified our most experienced surgeons; the deadly, clammy stench, the smell of gangrened wounds, corrupted blood, rotting flesh, were intolerable and odious beyond endurance .-But what must have the wounded felt who were obliged to endure all this, and who passed away without a hand to give them a cup of water, or a voice to say kindly word to them? Most of these men were wounded on Saturday-many perhaps on the Friday before-indeed it is impossible to say how long they might have been there. In the hurry of their retreat the Muscovites seem to have carried in dead men to get them out out of the way, and to have put them upon pallets in horrid mockery. So that their retreat was secured the enemy cared but little for their wounded. On Monday only did they receive those whom we sent to them during a brief armistice for the purpose, which was, I believe, sought by ourselves, as our overcrowded hospitals could not contain and our overworked surgeon could not attend

FEMALE "WEAKNE S."-This complaint is very very prevalent just now. It shows itself in desires for hundred dollar shawls, and those nice looking young men who peddle tape and wear their hair curled. This sort of weakness comes on about the age of eighteen, and is very apt to terminate fatally-to a husband's peace and pocket-book. Cure-spend less money for bonnets, and more for books. In other words, put something in the head as well as on it.

A country parson had a singular peculiarity of expression, always using the phrase "flatter myself" instead of "I believe." Having occasion to exhort his congregation during a revival, he "flattered himself" that more than half of them would be eternally d-d!

Marriage resembles a pair of shears, so oined that they cannot be separated; often moving in opposite directions, yet always punishing any one who comes between them.

It is a bad sign when a preacher tries to drive home his logic by thumping the desk violently with his clenched hand. His argu-

A little girl, visiting Niagara with her father and seeing the foam at the foot of the of the falls, exclaimed, "Pa, how much soap it must take to make so many suds !"

Always laugh while you can-it is a well understood. It is the sunny side of existence.