

THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

VOL. XVI.—NO. 41.

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

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

TOWANDA:
Saturday Morning, March 22, 1856.

Selected Poetry.

YES, WE MISS THEE AT HOME.

Yes, we miss thee at home; yes, we miss thee,
The hours glide slowly away,
With fond dreams of thee, as thou roamest,
And weary regrets at thy stay.
The freckle circle is broken,
Home pleasures are mingled with pain,
As over the past, we still linger,
And long for thy presence again.
Yes, we miss thee at home, and how lonely
The evenings that once were so gay;
The music has lost half its gladness—
The melody gone from the lay.
Each heart still remembers the absent,
Is with thee, in joy and in care,
In spirit, we wander to meet thee—
In spirit thy pilgrimage share.
Yes, we miss thee at home; yes, we miss thee,
At morning, at noon, and at night;
At morning, we wait thee a blessing;
At evening, a tender good-night.
And, oh! in thy wanderings far distant,
Though joyous where'er thou dost roam,
Doth not memory recall scenes of pleasure
And dreams of the loved ones at home.

Selected Tale.

BEATRICE LANCASTER.

BY MIRIAM F. HAMILTON.

CHAPTER I.

It was late in the afternoon. A long row of girls and boys stood in a regular line before their teacher, in the little red school house, reciting their spelling lesson, while the remainder of the pupils filed in their seats, piled and repiled their books on their desks, and cast restless, eager glances out at the open door, and then at the teacher's face, for it was nearly time for dismissal, and weary of a long afternoon's confinement, the children could hardly wait for the tinkle of the bell—the signal of their release. At last the spelling-class took their seats, the bell sounded, and instantly there was a scene of confusion—boys rushed out of the door, and gave vent to their pent-up spirits in whoops, yells and somersets; and girls more quietly, but not less gaily, ran out into the open air. Soon merry voices died away in the distance, and the teacher was left alone in that just now crowded school-room.

She was a young and striking-looking girl. Her form was erect, her step stately, and her features, though irregular, were pleasing; in her abundant raven hair was wound in a sort of coronal around her head, in a singular but not unbecoming fashion; her complexion was a clear olive, and her mouth firm in its expression, almost unpleasantly so when closed, but when she smiled she was positively beautiful; then her whole countenance changed; her large, lustrous eyes grew soft and tender, and the pride and hauteur that spoke in her every lineament, melting, gave room to a more perfect beauty, disappeared.

Just now one of those beaming smiles lighted up her countenance; she stood by her desk, in her usual erect position, holding a note, yet suspended, in her hand. It had been brought to the school-room during the session, and now that she was alone, she prepared to read it. She seemed in no haste to break the seal. She looked at the bold firm hand-writing, and pressed it to her lips; then, slowly unfolding it, she read:

"For sometime past, Beatrice, I have been unhappy; you have observed it, and to your inquiries as to its cause, I have given false and evasive replies, but I can deceive myself and you no longer. I sought you last night with the determination to tell you all, but I could not utter the words that would, I felt, give you so much pain. But I must do it. What my tongue refused to tell, I must intrust my pen. It is useless to hesitate; the sooner all is known the better for us both. Beatrice, I feel that I have mistaken the nature of my feelings towards you. As God is my witness, when we were betrothed I thought I loved you. I still appreciate your rare loveliness, and better still, your many excellencies of mind and heart; but our affections are beyond our control, and, much as there is admirable about you, I no longer love you. At first I determined never to acquaint you with the change of my sentiments, but I shrink from a lifetime of deceit. I could not at the altar perjure myself by taking those solemn vows, and I knew, too, that you would spurn the offered hand without the heart accompanied it. I have done very wrong in hastily entering upon my engagement without a proper knowledge of my true feelings towards you. I was attracted by your beauty, dazzled by your wit, and attracted by your virtue; I mistook the wealth of emotions I felt for love. But it is better for me to acknowledge my fault, than to conceal a sin in leading you to the altar where my heart is another's. Forgive me and forget me. Farewell, and may you soon find some one more worthy of your love than your betrothed, (if you will still allow me to claim that name)."

LOUIS MEREDITH.
Every particle of color forsook Beatrice's cheeks as she read—her lips were white, her hands trembled so violently she could scarcely hold the letter, a death-like faintness stole over her, and she sank into a chair and buried her face in her hands.
"Not a tear, not a moan escaped her," she sat there in silence, motionless as a statue, but in her heart what a whirlwind of emotions was raging! How long she sat there she hardly knew; when at last she looked up, the twilight was deepening, and she rose with a start from her seat. Her countenance bore the traces of her suffering—she looked haggard and wild, the agony of those few hours had changed her so fearfully, but her eyes flashed with a

their usual fire, and her lips were firmly compressed together. She drew herself up proudly, as if she despised herself for her weakness, crushed the letter, which had fallen from her trembling fingers, contemptuously under her foot, and then picked it up with a look of disgust, as if it had been some loathsome thing, and putting on her hat and shawl, she walked out of the room.

She went rapidly on till she reached a low, white cottage; she entered it, and passed quickly through the little sitting-room to her own apartment. Here she took from an inlaid box a package of letters, and adding that she had last received to the number, she hastily collected every memento, however trifling, which had been the gift of Louis Meredith, and placed them secretly together in readiness to return to him. Then carefully arranging her toilet, she returned to the sitting-room. An old lady dressed with scrupulous nicety, was its only occupant; she was quietly knitting. The table was spread for the evening's meal, and she had evidently been waiting for her daughter's return.

"You are late to night, Beatrice," she said, "but I suppose Louis came for you to go to walk. It is so foolish to take such unreasonable hours for his walks. Tea has been waiting this half-hour."
"I am sorry to have kept you waiting, mother," returned her daughter's silvery voice; "but those long walks will trouble you no longer. Louis Meredith and I are parted forever."

The old lady dropped her knitting work in her lap, and looked at her daughter in astonishment; at length she spoke:
"Oh, I see; a lover's quarrel. But you will make it up in a day or two, and be all the happier for it. Well, well—better disagree before than after marriage."
"Mother," said Beatrice, "listen to me. I shall never marry Louis Meredith. Nothing on earth could induce me to do so. As I said we are parted forever; and now let me beg you never again mention his name to me; let the subject never again be alluded to between us—let all be as if we had never known him. Her voice softened. "You will not be sorry, mother dear, to have your Beatrice again all your own?" And she took her parent's shriveled hand fondly between her own.

Mrs. Lancaster was touched by this expression of tenderness; for Beatrice, though a most devoted daughter, in fact the only support of her poor and widowed mother, rarely made any demonstration of her attachment, and this career, slight as it was, filled the mother's heart with joy. She drew her child to her side, and kissed her tenderly, but Beatrice escaped from her embrace, and saying cheerfully, "Are we never going to have supper?" led the way to the table. She talked gaily during the meal, and, though she ate little, succeeded in withdrawing her mother's attention from her want of appetite.
Not the most watchful eye could have detected a shade of sadness in her face or manner that evening; indeed, she was gayer than usual. No wonder that her mother—good, unobtrusive soul—believed that she was happy in her release from the tie that had bound her.

A few evenings had passed, and Beatrice stood in the little sitting-room, dressed for a party. Never had she looked more beautiful than now, in her simple white dress, with its crimson ribbons, and a red rose-bud in her hair. Mrs. Lancaster looked at her in admiration; nor was she alone in her appreciation of her child's loveliness.

She was the belle of the evening at Mrs. Mercer's, and not even the youthful heiress, in honor of whom the party had been made, and to whom Louis Meredith was said to be affianced, could divide the honors of belle-ship with her.
It had been well known throughout the village that Beatrice and Louis had been engaged, and the fact of their separation was equally well understood; but though she was narrowly watched, no look or gesture betrayed that she had been moved by the sundering of the tie.

She was surrounded by admirers; she had a smile for this one, a command for a second, and merry words for others; and, as if attracted by some irresistible charm, Louis Meredith hovered near her—even when talking with his affianced bride, Therese Benedict, he heard every word that fell from Beatrice's lips, and saw her every motion.

His eyes flashed as if he saw her smilingly receiving the attentions offered her, and contrasted her manner towards all with the careless "Good evening" with which she met him; her cheek had not flushed at his greeting; her hand had not trembled in his grasp, and he was piqued by her evident indifference; he was jealous, too, and almost gashed his teeth with rage when he saw her apparently listening with the deepest attention to the half-whispered words of Ralph Mercer, the only son of their host—the wealthiest man in the village.

Louis looked at Beatrice, and then at Therese—the one a poor village school teacher, and the other the wealthy daughter of a distinguished lawyer—and he could not acknowledge how far superior, in beauty, grace and talent, was the humble teacher he had discarded to his affianced bride.

His eyes were opened. He knew that he still loved Beatrice, and that without her money Therese would have been utterly indifferent to him.
He could bear it no longer. He stole as soon as possible, to Beatrice's side, and said a few words of her coquetry and heartlessness.
She turned her large flashing eyes full upon him with a look of contempt.

"Mr. Meredith forgets himself," she replied, coldly; "his opinion is utterly indifferent to me. What right has he to criticize my conduct?"

She waved her hand in token of dismissal; and he left her, with a strange mixture of love and anger in his heart as he saw her again—the centre of a circle of admirers—full of life and animation. The hours flew rapidly, and when at last the gay company departed, Louis

saw, with bitter jealousy, that Ralph Mercer was the devoted attendant of his discarded Beatrice; and he sought his home, angry with himself and the world.

The excitement of the evening was over, and alone in her chamber Beatrice thought of all that had passed. She had triumphed; but alas! what an aching heart had been hidden under that gay exterior!
She had loved Louis Meredith with all the ardor of her passionate, but reserved, nature, and not so easily could she thrust him from her heart. The struggle to appear happy to deceive all about her with a show of indifference, was too much for her. She longed to be away, and right gladly she accepted a lucrative offer to take charge of a school in the large town of Montford, where she might escape the sight of Louis, the reports of his approaching marriage, and the Argus eyes of a whole village.

Mrs. Lancaster made no objections to the proposed removal, and ere long Beatrice and her mother left Langdon forever.

CHAPTER II.

"Is Mr. Irving in?" asked a young man, evidently a stranger, entering the large establishment of Messrs. Irving & Co., the most successful of the many successful merchants in Montford.
"He is, sir," was the reply of the clerk addressed. "Step this way, sir, and I will show you to the counting-room."
Treading his way through boxes and bales of goods, the gentleman followed his guide, and was ushered into the room.

Mr. Irving was seated at his desk, busily engaged in writing. He looked up as the boy approached him, and seeing the stranger, exclaimed:—
"Ah, Meredith, how are you? Take a seat and I will be at your service in a few moments."

He turned again to his desk, and rapidly sealing the letter he had been writing, gave that, with several others, to the boy in waiting, and then turned to the new comer. He looked at him searchingly; then, bursting into a fit of laughter, exclaimed, "What's the matter now? Have you lost your last friend, or have you got a heavy note falling due, and nothing to meet it, hey?"

Meredith shook his head. "Only my old complaint," he said; "a touch of the blue devils, and so I dropped in here to see if you couldn't exorcise them as usual. You are always so happy, notwithstanding you are so busy."

"Notwithstanding!" interrupted Irving— "Because I'm so busy, you might say, and come nearer the truth. Take my advice; go to work yourself, and I'll wager you'll be no more troubled with the blues than I am."

"The remedy is worse than the disease," said Meredith. "Why should I care to make money? You know very well that my poor Therese is much more than I know what to do with. I am left much obliged for your prescription, but must decline following it."
"Well, I won't get offended, like most friends, if you won't take my advice, but I'll prescribe again. This is Mrs. Bigelow's receipt: evening; go with me there, and I'll promise a release from your blue-tormentors for one evening at least."

"A party?" exclaimed Louis, shrugging his shoulders. "That's worse and worse."

"It isn't like an ordinary party," persisted his friend, "where you go to be stilled in a crowd, and cram yourself with delicacies. It is an unceremonious assemblage of agreeable people, drawn together by a desire to meet each other in part, but I must confess the most powerful magnet is Bigelow's niece—the loveliest creature you ever beheld."
"A belle!" sneered Meredith; "I detest the whole tribes of empty-headed coquettes."
"It's plain you haven't seen the belle of Montford," rejoined Irving. "You've read Bianca, haven't you?"

"Yes, I have, and it surely was a glorious work."
"Well, our belle wrote that."
"Indeed!" said Meredith, with a start, and a look of animation that made his fine but impassive features doubly beautiful; then relapsing into his old manner, he said, "A belle! From all ink-bedecked dames, good Lord, deliver us!"

"I see you are determined not to be pleased with anything," said his companion. "But I'll defy you to resist our belle and blue, if you can see her. Will you go to the party or not? Say yes or no, Louis, for I must dismiss you rather unceremoniously, as I have a business engagement at four, and it lacks only a quarter of that hour."

"Yes, then," yawned Louis, as he slowly sauntered off.
Mrs. Bigelow's splendid parlors were a blaze of light as the two gentlemen entered, that evening, and paid their respects to their hostess. At a little distance from her stood a young and queenly-looking girl, talking gaily with a knot of gentlemen; she was richly attired, and her robe of rose colored silk contrasted well with her clear olive complexion. She did not observe the new comers till they had joined the group around her; then, with easy elegance, she welcomed Mr. Irving, and bowed with much grace to Mr. Meredith on his introduction to Miss Lancaster.

For once Louis Meredith was startled out of his usual apathy. "Beatrice," trembled on his lips; for it was she, more lovely, if possible, than when he had seen her five years before. Could it be that she was the author of that wonderful book that had thrilled the hearts of a nation? He could hardly believe the evidence of his own senses, and, bewildered by his emotions, he stood almost speechless for several moments. Then recovering himself, he was again the polished man of the world.

Beatrice, neither by word nor look betrayed her recollection of him, and he did not venture to recall the past. She treated him with easy politeness, and he half rebelled at the power she had over him, yet unaxed to resist her fascinations, was as constant an attendant

upon her as her shadow during the whole evening.

His friends rallied him on his surrender to the belle and the blue, and Louis said but little in reply; but from that time he was a constant visitor at Mrs. Bigelow's, where Beatrice, since the death of her mother, had resided. With Mrs. Bigelow he soon became a favorite, but Beatrice, though studiously polite, was equally cold; yet, notwithstanding all her coldness, Louis was more madly in love with her than ever.

Week after week he lingered in Montford, and at every opportunity he was at her side. She appeared utterly unconscious of his devotion, and by her manner, effectually prevented his uttering any expressions of affection. He longed to, yet dared not, learn his fate, and in alternations of hope and fear passed his time.

At last, he could not bear it any longer; he resolved to know the worst, and went one afternoon to see her, with the determination to offer his hand and heart. Fortune favored him; she was alone in the library, and he was shown there at once. She was sitting with her head a little turned aside, as he entered, but he saw the blood rush to her cheeks and her eyes sparkle, as he half started forward to meet him; then resuming her old stately manner, she received him with dignity, and sank into her seat. He had seen and hoped much from her emotion.

"Beatrice!" he exclaimed, unable to restrain himself, "thank God, I see you once more alone. How I have longed for this opportunity. Nay, Beatrice," he said, as she was about to speak, "you must hear me. I love you with my whole heart and soul—with a love such as no other can offer you. Will you be mine?"

She looked at him coldly.
"Mr. Meredith has, doubtless, been misinformed," she said; "my uncle is wealthy, but I am not his heiress."

"Cruel as your words are, I deserve them," he said, "for my dastardly conduct long ago. But hear me: I was young, proud and poor; daily stung by my poverty—cramped by it, struggling vainly to overcome the obstacles it placed in my way. Just then my evil genius threw Therese in my path. Her evident partiality for me flattered me, her wealth dazzled me, and in an unlucky moment, I yielded to temptation, and secured her but lost you. No sooner was it done than I regretted it. Even then had you treated me less proudly, less contemptuously, I would have resigned her and claimed you; but I felt you would have none of me, and blindly I was led on to a marriage without love. I never ceased to love you, Beatrice; even when my wife's arms were twisted round me, and her voice whispering tender words in my ear, your form would glide between us, and I cursed the fate that had taken you from me. But yet I was a kind husband to Therese—so she and all the world said. I paid her all the attention due her. I gave her all but my heart, and that was always yours."

"At last she died, and left me all her wealth. I was free, and instantly my heart turned to you. I then sought for you everywhere, and at last I have found you."
"God be praised that you are poor, so that I may prove my disinterested attachment to you. I offer you my heart, hand and fortune. I offer you a love that has increased in fervor every year. Be mine, my Beatrice—my wife."

He took her hand as he spoke; she withdrew it instantly.

"Louis Meredith," she said, "I give you credit for rare candor. Few would confess that they sold themselves for money—but how dare you offer me the wages of your shame?" Her eyes flashed fire; "Never, sir, will I become the wife of a dastard, such as you declared yourself; you have your answer."

She turned to leave the room, but he prevented her.
"Beatrice," he said, "I know you well! I forgive you your cruel words, for it is your pride forbade you to show any regret at our separation. In your heart of hearts you love me even now, when with bitter words in your pride you send me from you. Your eyes sparkled at my coming; Beatrice; your heart beat for me when your resolute will stifled its voice. Oh! do not, my Beatrice, for such a hollow triumph, prepare a lifetime of misery for yourself and me."

She drew up her tall figure to its full height.
"Yes, Louis Meredith, I did love you once," she said, "though I blush to own it; I loved you for what I thought you were—a noble and true man. It was the ideal, not the real man that I loved. Thanks to you, you opened my eyes—long since I ceased to love you. And you could flatter yourself that you had power to move me! No, sir, your coming could neither bring the blood to my cheek, quicken my pulses, or make my heart beat. I did start at your entrance, but it was because I expected momentarily the entrance of him whom I do love with my whole heart—my affianced husband—whose step I hear even now approaching. Remain, if you choose, and I will show you a man, such as you must become ere you win the heart of a true woman. Forgive me, if I have been too harsh, but learn this lesson, that he who sells himself for money, sinks below the level of a man, and forfeits all claims to be treated as such."

Without a word Louis Meredith bowed and withdrew, a sadder if not a wiser man, as the betrothed of Beatrice entered the apartment.

A few weeks later, in those spacious parlors, surrounded by her friends, Beatrice gave her hand where she had long since given her heart. Never had she looked so lovely as now, when, with a holy confidence, she trusted her happiness to the keeping of the man of her choice, and never during a long life of mingled prosperity and adversity did she have occasion to regret it.

Their love was founded on a rock, and though the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, it fell not, for it rested on the sure foundation of trust in each other and in God.

An Arkansas Legislator.

A member elect of the lower chamber of the Legislature of Arkansas, was persecuted by some wags in the neighborhood, that if he did not reach the State House at ten o'clock on the day of assembling, he could not be sworn, and would lose his seat. He immediately mounted, with hunting frock, rifle and bowie knife, and spurred till he got to the capitol, where he hitched his nag. A crowd was in the chamber of the lower house, on the ground floor, waiting about, with their hats on, and smoking segars. These he passed, ran up stairs into the Senate Chamber, set his rifle against the wall, and bawled out:—
"Strangers, what's the man that swears me in?" at the same time taking out his credentials.

"Walk this way," said the clerk, who was at the moment inquiring a Prince, and he was sworn without inquiry.

When the teller came to count noses, he found there was one Senator too many present. The mistake was soon discovered, and the huntsman was informed that he did not belong there.

"Fool who, with your corn bread?" he roared; "you can't flunk this child, no how you can fix it—I'm elected to this 'ere Legislatur', and I'll go in all banks and eternal improvements, and if there's any of your oratory gentlemen wants to get skinned, just say the word, and I'll light upon you like a nigger on a wood-chuck. My constituents sent me here, and if you want to floor this two-legged animal, hop on just as soon as like, for though I'm from the back country, I'm a little smarter than any quadruped you can turn out of this 'ere drove!"

After this admirable harangue, he put his bowie knife between his teeth and took up his rifle with "Come here, old Suke! stand by me!" at the same time pointing to the Chairman, who, however, had seen such people before. After some expostulation, the man was persuaded that he belonged to the lower chamber, upon which he sheathed his knife, flung his gun on his shoulder, and with a profound cough, remarked—"Gentlemen, I beg your pardon; but if I didn't think that lower room was a grogery, may I be shot!"

FOOT-PRINTS OF REPTILES IN THE COAL STRATA OF PENNSYLVANIA.—At the October meeting of the Boston Society of Natural History, Professor Wyman read an article on the foot-prints recently discovered in the coal strata of Pennsylvania. The Boston *Traveler* says:—"Prof. Jeffrey Wyman read a part of a memoir on the foot-prints discovered by Prof. Henry D. Rogers in the Carboniferous Strata of Pennsylvania. (Vide proceedings of the meeting of April 4th, 1855.) He gave an analysis of the anatomical characters by which reptiles and fishes are distinguished from each other, and attempted to demonstrate that, although there are but few characters which taken by themselves, are of absolute value, yet when the combinations of characters which exist in any given instance, are considered, there can be but little room for doubt, as to the true Zoological affinities.
There exist no known forms of recent or ossile reptiles or fishes which, where all their osteological details are known, cannot be referred unequivocally to one of these classes. A comparison of the Ichthyoid Reptiles and Saurid Fishes shows, that although it is through them that the two classes approach nearest to each other, yet there are no forms so completely intermediate as to bridge over the space that separates them.

He made comparisons between the form and structure of reptiles and the fins of fishes, showing that although they resemble each other as regards their functions, yet morphologically, they are always distinct. There is no known fish, recent or fossil, the pectoral or ventral fins of which could produce a series of tracks like those discovered in the coal strata of Pennsylvania by Mr. Lea and Professor Rogers.

Although among Lophoid fishes the pectoral fins are used for locomotion on the shores, yet they in every instance conform to the fish type—are fins and not feet. An analogous condition of things is found among cetacean and marine saurians, where the limbs serve the purpose of paddles, and may be compared to fins, yet morphologically they can be referred only to the mammalian or reptilian types.
Prof. Wyman therefore thought that, in the present state of knowledge, there was no ground for denying that all the quadruped tracks found in the coal formations were made by reptiles."

A PERSISTENT ILLUSTRATION.—A country girl, several of whose sisters had married badly was about, herself, to take the noose.

"How dare you to get married," asked a cousin of hers, "after having before you the unfortunate example of your sisters?"

"A fudge for the example of my sisters," exclaimed the girl, with spirit—"I choose to make trial myself. Did you ever see a parcel of pigs running to a trough of hot swill? The first one sticks in his nose, gets it scalded, and then draws back and squeals. The second burns his nose, and stands squealing in the same manner. The third follows suit, and he squeals too. But still it makes no difference with those behind. They never take warning of those before; but all, in turn, thrust in their noses, just as if the first hadn't got burnt or squealed at all. So it is with girls in regard to matrimony—and now, cousin, I hope you're satisfied."

An Eastern Editor announces the death of a lady of his acquaintance, and touchingly adds—"In her decease the sick have lost an invaluable friend. Long will she seem to stand at their bedside, as she was wont, with the balm of consolation in one hand and a cup of rhubarb in the other."

Hoops knock well on beer barrels, but when worn around the persons of beautiful girls we can't say we like them. If the dear creatures contemplate bursting, it is right, otherwise the fashion is a hollow one.

"Jesus Wept."

Among the lovely traits exhibited in the character of Jesus Christ, none shine forth in greater splendor, than his sympathy for suffering humanity. In his pilgrimage here on earth, he frequently came in contact with objects in distress, which touched his heart with feelings of compassion.

Behold him approach the tomb where his friend Lazarus was laid, and as he hears the lamentations of the bereaved relatives and weeping friends, "He groaned in the spirit, and was troubled." And as he hears them mourning as those who "would not be comforted," his heart was made full to overflowing, and his tears mingled with those around him. "Jesus Wept."

Here we have a striking illustration of "God manifested in the flesh." He was susceptible of being "touched with the feelings of our infirmities," and his yearning soul flowed out in sacred tears for the suffering and distressed.

Is it any wonder those who gazed upon the affecting scene, cried out, "Behold how he loved him." Although the stoical philosopher might dare pronounce it *weakness* in the Son of God to weep; yet the compassionate Jesus thought it not a shame to suffer his benevolent heart to be touched by feelings of pity, and give vent to his pent-up sorrow, by a gushing of tears.

And this is the affection he bears all his friends on earth. Although their hearts may be wrung by bitter anguish; yet there is one dear friend, who shares their grief, and commiserates their suffering.

Have you experienced the loss of friends? Has death entered the domestic circle, and claimed some loved object for his own? Have you felt your heart-strings snapping asunder, as the dear idol of your heart has been torn away by the grim destroyer? Have you wept, and do you still weep for the departed? Then indeed you are acquainted with grief, and you have tasted the "wormwood and the gall" of life's fluctuating water. But amid this general desolation of thy soul, suffer one reflection to quell the raging billows of thy troubled heart—Jesus, there above is thy friend, he looks down in tender compassion upon thy distress, and feels deeper solicitude in all thy trials.
Dry up thy tears, thou child of sorrow, for Jesus has gone to prepare a place for thee—Soon shalt thou quit this "low ground of sin and sorrow," to reign with him above. There shall he "wipe away all tears from thine eyes, and there shall no more death, neither sorrow nor crying." There shall you bask in the smiles of thy Redeemer, and enjoy Heaven's unsullied bliss, for ever and ever.

ECONOMY OF FUEL.—A correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger gives some account of a simple apparatus for warming houses, lately set up in New York on the premises of Mr. Hecker, which, if correct, throws grates, stoves, furnaces, &c. into the shade. The writer says:—"He now warms his whole premises, consisting of a block of three houses, with out-houses and stables, at a weekly expense for coal of three dollars and fifty cents, thereby warming the whole with hot vapor, produced from two barrels of water, which lasts a week. The same when arrived at its highest elevation, is there condensed and returns again as water to the small reservoir below where it again forms vapor, to ascend for the warming process. The same premises before cost sixty dollars per week, for the necessary quantities of coal then consumed. The new apparatus costs but little, and is capable of being set up in all dwelling houses, and manufactories, &c. The proprietor is quite free to exhibit and explain his great improvement, to all persons who desire to visit and see its operation, &c. It produces a very pleasant and healthful heat."

DON'T BE DISCOURAGED.—It is a fine remark of Fenelon, "Bear with yourself in correcting faults as you would with others." We can not do all at once. But by constant giving away of little faults, and cultivating humble virtues, we shall grow towards perfection. This simple rule—not to be discouraged at slow progress, but to persevere, overcoming evil habits one by one, such as sloth, negligence, or bad temper; and adding one excellence after another—to faith, virtue; and to virtue, knowledge; and to knowledge, temperance; and to temperance, patience; and to patience, godliness; and to godliness, brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness, charity—will conduct the slowest Christian at last to high religious attainments.

CAN'T TELL THE DIFFERENCE.—A loafer got hold of a green persimmon which (before they are ripened by the frost) are said to be the most bitter and pucker fruit known.—He took the persimmon outside the garden and commenced upon it by seizing a generous mouthful of the fruit which appeared to be in a state to frizzle his lips and tongue most provokingly.

"How do you like?" enquired the owner of the garden who had been watching him.
"The saliva was oozing from the corner of the fellow's mouth and he was able only to reply:—
"How do I look, Nabor? am I whisin' or singin'?"

"Halloo Steward!" exclaimed a fellow in one of the steamboats, after having retired to bed. "Here, massa," "Bring me the way-bill." "What for, massa?" "I want to see if these bed bugs put down their names for this berth before I did; if not, I want 'em turned out."

India Rubber Ladders don't answer as well as was supposed. There is a drawback connected with them, you can climb all day without getting up any.

To what color does a flogging change a boy? It makes him yell O!