

THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

VOL. XVII.—NO. 1.

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

TOWANDA:

Saturday Morning, June 13, 1856.

Selected Poetry.

BENEDICT'S APPEAL TO A BACHELOR.

BY JOHN G. SAGE.

Dear Charles, be persuaded to wed—
For a sensible fellow like you,
It's high time to think of a bed,
And mullins and coffee for two.
So have done with your doubts and delaying—
With soul so adapted to mingle,
No wonder the neighbors are saying
"This singular you should be single!"
Don't say that you have not got time—
That business demands your attention—
There is not the least reason or rhyme
In the wisest excuse you can mention.
Don't tell me about "other fish"
Your duty is done when you buy 'em—
And you never will relish the dish,
Unless you've a woman to fry 'em!
You may dream of poetical fame,
But your wishes may chance to miscarry—
The best way of sending one's name
To posterity, Charles, is to marry!
And here I am willing to own,
After soberly thinking upon it,
I'd very much rather be known
By a beautiful soul than a sonnet!
Then, Charles, bid your doubting good-bye,
And dismiss all fantastic alarms—
I'll be sworn you've a girl in your eye,
'Tis your duty to have in your arms!
Some trim little maiden of twenty,
A beautiful azure-eyed elf,
With virtues and graces in plenty,
And no falling but angel yourself!
Don't search for an "angel" a minute—
For, granting you win in the sequel,
The dove, after all, would be in it,
With a union so very unequal!
The angels, it must be confessed,
In this world are rather uncommon;
And allow me, dear Charles, to suggest
You'll be better content with a woman!
Then there's the economy, dear,
By poetical allegories shown—
If your wife has a grief or a fear,
Half-bid by the laws, is your own!
And as to the joys, by division,
They're nearly quadrupled, 'tis said—
(Though I never could see the addition
Quite plain in the item of bread.)
Then, Charles, be persuaded to wed—
For a sensible fellow like you,
It's high time to think of a bed,
And mullins and coffee for two.
So have done with your doubts and delaying—
With a soul so adapted to mingle,
No wonder the neighbors are saying
"This singular you should be single."

Miscellaneous.

NO CROSS—NO CROWN.

BY CAROLINE LEE HENTZ.

A youth girded himself for the journey of life. A smile was on his lips; a glad bounding pulse betrayed the full, joyous current that gave elasticity to his steps, crimson to his cheeks, and hope and exultation to his heart. He had read of those who had fainted by the wayside; but they had not commenced their pilgrimage with a frame as buoyant, spirits as light-winged, a will as strong, and undaunted as his own.
He was resolved to win the crown of immortality, and he knew that he must climb many a mountain height before he reached the temple where it was enshrined. But what cared he for the distance that intervened?—He had a long, long day before him; the path was green, and the dewiness of early morning garded in the fresh and flowery herbage. The summits of the distant hill-tops were soft and smooth, and blue as the heavens on which they gracefully undulated. Like Obidah, the son of Almon, he seemed to hear the morning song of the "bird of paradise," and the breezes of heaven rustled in his hair. In imagination, he would royally on his brow; and he went on, and on, and on, rejoicing, though as the sun rose higher, the sultriness of advancing day glowed on his cheeks, and he was constrained to push back his moistened locks, and wipe the sweat drops from his fervid forehead.
At length the sun poured down a full tide of brilliant glory, too oppressive to be borne, and the youth staggered and turned his wistful eyes to a grove by the way-side, whose entrance was marked by interlacing vines, wood hedges, and the embrace of a friend. Just as he was about to embrace himself in the leafy coolness, a hand was laid upon his arm, and he saw a stranger, in a pilgrim's garb, standing before him. He wore a countenance of grave sweetness, and his eye beamed with serene and steadfast calm.
"Can you not bear the heat and burden of the day?" said he, and his voice sounded like the low, deep notes of an organ. "Think ye the crown is allotted to the idler in the ways of ease! No, it is the guardian of toil, the price of exertion, the reward of self-assertion, of enthusiasm and unflinching energy. Do you relinquish the prize?"
"No, father, replied the youth; the stranger looked not old, but there was something in his aspect that denoted a divine paternity. No, father, I am faint and weary, and my feet are beginning to blister from the dry and sandy soil of this journey."
"Where?" said the stranger; "the night when to man can work.—Go on, if thy heart is holy, and thy ambition pure. Take bread and staff, and it will support your weary limbs; and your sandals on your feet, and they will protect them from the burning sands. Take this cross on your shoulder and bear it into the gate of the temple. Dear youth, with bleeding flesh and shrinking

frame; for by him who sware by himself, because there is no greater, the crown is only for him who bears the cross and despises the shame."

The eyes of the youth seemed gifted with supernatural power, and he beheld what he had not before seen, a cross that must have been borne by the stranger, for the mantle that covered his shoulder was stained with blood, and he pressed his hand against his side as if oppressed with weariness. Constrained by a mysterious, inexplicable power, the youth bowed himself down, and attempted to lift a burden at once so glorified and so accursed, but his trembling hands fell on his sides, unable to overcome its weight. Fear not, I am with thee! said the stranger; and lifting the cross as lightly as if it were a silver thread, he laid it across the shoulder of the youth, and taking his hand with a benign smile he bade him arise and be of good cheer.

"And then," said the youth looking back upon the pilgrim, on whose head the noon day sun fell with a strange glory, "if thou hast borne the cross, where is thy crown?"
The stranger lifted his right hand to Heaven, as he slowly receded from view, and to the dazzled eyes of the youth, his face seemed like the body of heaven in its clearness, and his drapery white and glistening, so as no fuller on earth could whiten it. And he went on, endowed with strength from on high; with the pilgrim's staff in his right hand, and the pilgrim's sandals on his feet, he was enabled to bear the burden of the pilgrim's cross. It is true, his heart and flesh oft-times failed, and his spirit panted under the weary load, while tears gushed from his eyes, and blood trickled from his wounded shoulder. But a voice seemed ever whispering in his ear, "No cross—no crown." And he fixed his eyes on the mountain summit, and toiled upward and onward, pausing only to "drink of the brook by the way." For the shadows began to lengthen, and chillness crept through the air.

"O, God," he once exclaimed, in the extremity of despair, while the cross he had borne seemed bearing down upon him with crushing weight, "my burden is greater than I can bear! Is this rugged path the same I entered this morning, so green and fresh, and blushing with new-born flowers? Is this laden heart the same that then throbbled with such glad pulsations? these weary eyes the same that mocked the dawning sunbeams? Oh, if this be life's journey, why did I enter it? Why were such glorious aspirations given, combined with so much weakness—such longings for immortality, yet such draggings down to earth—such divine ambition bound by such mortal coils? Alas, my spirit is willing, but my flesh is weak."

Who had that seen that crushed and wearied figure, travel soiled, dim and dusty, with pale and tear stained cheek, and dry, quivering lips, and eyes like smoking torches, would have recognized the youth in the morning bloom of his heart and cheek, his hope, and joy and brightness? His knees bend under him—he is about to sink, as many a poor burdened heart has done in life's pilgrimage when thro' the parting mountain shadow he catches a glimpse of the temple which is the goal of his foot-steps, glittering and flashing like the golden glories seen through sunset clouds. He rises and presses onward, and as he remembers the promise of him who had himself borne the cross and despised the shame, who had placed the staff in his hands and bound the sandals to his feet—when he recalls the divine effulgence in which he melted from his sight—the sublime gesture slowly sweeping heavenward, his spirit burns within him, and his failing strength is renewed. He presses onward and upward; the mountain stream dashes across his path, and the cold waters threaten to submerge him, but he plunges in, and they soon roll darkly behind him. The mountain side is whitened by the bones of way-farers, who perished ere they reached the temple goal, now almost gained by him.

Hark! Is it music that greets his fainting senses? No, it is the opening of the temple gate, on "golden hinges turning." Hark! not weary pilgrim; one more step, and the goal is won! Thou canst lay down the cross, and the crown is thine! Joy to thee, triumphant traveler! From this mountain height—from the sun-drenched temple, where thy feet are planted, thou canst look back on the rugged path and toilsome ascent, and the fallen crowd. Who that beheld that radiant form, growing with that immortal youth and heavenly joy, with that crowd of seven-fold beams of glory on his brow, would recognize the travel soiled and tear-battered pilgrim, bowing and fainting beneath the crushing burden of life? Gone were the dust-stains from his garments, the tear stains from his cheek, the blood drops from his vesture, and the anguish from his soul. How short the warfare—how enduring the triumph! How brief the toil—how everlasting the rest!
How different the downward to the upward view!

A young maiden sat in her chamber at the twilight hour, there was no one near to witness the shadow on her brow. The breeze sighed through her lattice, and she sighed responsive to its mournful whispers; she was young, but her cheek was pale, and her blue eyes were darkened by a melancholy shade; she was young, but the fragrance had passed from life's flower and the glory from life's dream. She had made herself an idol, and found that his heart was of iron, and its feet of clay; and she gathered up the fallen garlands with which she had crowned it, and crushed them withering to her bosom.

"O, Father in heaven!" she exclaimed in the loneliness and desolation of her heart, "let me not continue life's weary journey thus sorrowing and alone. I have gathered with rash hand the blossoms of love, and they have faded from my grasp, leaving nothing but the print of the thorns. Doom me not to travel a long bleak way, whose darkness appals, and whose coldness chills. O, my Father, one lonely traveler will not be missed in the great thoroughfare of humanity. Here let me rest my burdened heart, and close my weary eyes."
The young mourner bowed her head, and her

tears dropped like the summer rain. Was it the breeze that rustled in the loosened ringlets, or the wing of an angel unseen by mortal eyes? Who is it whispers to her fainting spirit, and bids her rise and go forward on her father's mission? Like Mary, she has been weeping over the grave of her earthly hopes; like Mary, she hears the voice of the master; and she goes forth to meet him. Trembling and faltering, she goes forth obedient to the divine behest; she passes into the shadows of night.—The sun will shine no more for her, but one by one, the stars come out, and hold their silver lamps over the wanderer's path. She had bowed her frail shoulder to the burden of the cross, and the promise of the crown sustains her sinking rest. "Not a golden crown," she cries, "but one of unfading flowers—one leaf embalmed with the breath of immortal love were worth all the gold that paves the streets of the New Jerusalem. Adieu, ye blossoms of earth! Never more shall my hand gather your glowing clusters; your beauty hath turned to ashes, and your fragrance to poisonous exhalations—the rose of Sharon, the lily of the valley, shall replace your perishing bloom."

Like a pale moonbeam the young maiden parted the shadows of night, as her still foot-steps left their print on the dewy grass. Her steps had been as light as the summer breeze, but the burden of the cross pressed her downward, and those who followed could tell that a weary foot had preceded theirs. By and by the moon lifted her angel face above a bed of white fleecy clouds, and mingled her soft, holy light with the inner light dawning in the maiden's soul. Long and lonely was the path she trod—sometimes through woods, dark and dense, impervious to the heavenly rays, where the melancholy notes of the midnight bird alone were heard; over rugged hills and solitary vales, through cold streams and wild dreary wastes she passed, watching for the day-spring on high. Not to the gorgeous temple on the mountain height was her glance uplifted. It was turned to a green field, where still waters smiled—to a bowser where the dove made its nest, and Rose of Sharon bloomed. Exhausted nature rallied, as bathed in morning's rosy light she beheld the borders of the promised land. She pressed forward with panting breath and failing limbs, but fell prostrate beneath the crushing weight she had borne so bravely and enduringly. Poor wanderer! poor forsaken wanderer! hast thou followed thy Master's steps in vain? is there no rest for the tempest-tossed and world-weary spirit?—has God forgotten to be gracious, and are his promises void?

No! One approaches and lifts her drooping form. "His head is wet with dew, and his locks are heavy with the drops of night." Unseen, he has been the companion of her journey, her protector and her guide. He has not forsaken her, who has put her trust in him. Immortal joy thrills through her frame, glows on her cheeks, and beams in her eyes. Her robes are as white as those of the blood-washed elect, and a wreath of unfading roses redolent with divine love, the only crown she sought, encircles her brows. She stands upon the cross, her stepping stone to heaven triumphant, adoring; and looks back upon the clouds rolling behind her, with a smile that illumines their darkness.

"No cross—no crown!" From the tongue of angel choirs sounds the motto for the pilgrims in the journey of life. From the bed of pain, the couch of languishment, the dungeon of despair—the brighted heart of youth, and the frozen breast of age, amid disappointment, and sorrow, and agony, this sublime appeal to the immortal spirit struggling for victory or release is uttered; and its echo may be heard in the remotest abodes of suffering humanity. "No cross—no crown." It is the slogan of life, the victor anthem of death, the chorus of eternity.

JOHN B. GOGGIN'S DESCRIPTION OF COLD WATER.—Look at that liquid which has been produced from the distillery of nature. The Eternal Father of us all has brewed it for his children. It has been produced, not in filthy distilleries, but in beautiful, fragrant places. It has been brewed down in your grassy dell, where the deer lingers and the rippling rills sing their wild lullaby; or away upon the mountain tops, where the blazing sun has lighted it up with heavenly fire; or afar off upon the ocean, where showers and storms are born. It sparkles in the ice gem. It makes the graceful frost tissue on which the moonlight plays. It dallies in the cataract; weaves the snow-wreath and the emerald sitting on the mountain peak. It never injures, but always does good. It is blessed always, at evening and at morning. It is ever beneficent and kind.—God makes it glorious. Take and drink.—Take the pure liquid which God, our Father, gave us. Take it as it is—bright, beautiful and blessed.

A GOOD HIT.—Some persons being in conversation the other day, on religious subjects, one of them remarked that a certain clergyman who had been the shepherd of the flock had become so haughty that he did not know some of the members of his own church, because they happened to be poor.

Another observed that he must be a singular shepherd not to know the "sheep" of his own flock.

A little girl about eight years old, who was busy at her play, replied, "Mamma, they ought to do as grandpas used to do with his sheep—paint their noses."

PRETTY GOOD.—An extensive and wealthy lumberman, in a neighboring county, is the father of a hard nut of a boy. Being desirous of reforming him, he offered, as an inducement to give the avails of the lumber from two thousand hemlock logs, provided he would go to school and behave himself for one year. Young hopeful remained silent for some time, listening to the proposition. Finally in reply to his father's interrogation—"What do you say, my son?"—he said, "Call it pine logs, father, and I'll go it."

BURIED ALIVE.

A correspondent of Reynolds's *Miscellany*, who has been for many years a practicing physician, says that he has seen, during the last few months, sundry sketches of persons buried alive; and always feeling deep interest in the subject, from an occurrence that took place some twenty years ago, he sends that journal the following account of it for publication.—He adds, that the narrative is a true one—undoubtedly a true one. It was written out by a near relative of his, and is given in the narrator's own words. It should serve as a warning to those who "hasten to bury their dead out of sight."

I have been subject to epileptic fits from my youth upwards, which, though they did not deprive me of animation in the sight of those about me, completely annihilated my own consciousness. I used to be attacked at all times and seasons, but most commonly about the full of the moon. I generally had a warning of a peculiar nature when these attacks were coming on that it would be difficult to describe.—It was a sensation that to be known must be experienced. My excellent wife, Martha—I mean my first wife, who has been dead now for the best part of forty years—used to say that she always observed an unusual paleness over my complexion, otherwise ruddy, for a day or two before the fit came. Bless her soul! she never let me be one moment out of her sight, from the instant she had a suspicion of my approaching malady. This benevolence on her part was a great means of enabling her to subdue the violence of the fit when it came, for which purpose her experience had pointed out to her several useful applications.

I married again after her decease, because I was oppressed beyond bearing by my loneliness, which none but persons in such a situation—I mean a widower's—can tell. My second wife, whom I have also buried, was not so penetrating in the faculty of observation.—She was a woman of an admirable thrift, and to her economy it was that I owe my preservation in the terrible event that I am about to detail. Had I been interested in lead it would have been all over with me. Willing to save as much money as possible at my funeral, she had my body with all the usual and proper grief attendant on the ceremony, put into a stout wooden coffin, the weight of which was increased by a couple of old hundred weights, placed one at my head, the other at my feet. Thus the thing passed off well, and money was saved to my heirs. I hereby cast no reflection on my dear departed wife's regard for me. I was convinced, as I told her, that her motive was good; and well did it turn out for me that she was so thrifty and considerate. She was a true woman, and was plain in her person—but I wander again from my story.

I had made a most excellent dinner—of this I have a perfect recollection. Of more than this I can recollect nothing until coming out of my fits, as I suppose—for I quickly imagined, feeling the usual sensations, that I was recovering from one of them. I say that on coming to myself I was surprised to feel pinioned and in utter darkness. I had no space to stir if I would, as I soon found, while I struggled to loosen a sheet or some such thing, in which I was scantily enveloped.—My hand would not reach my head when I attempted to make it do so, by reason of my elbow touching the bottom and my hand the top of the enclosure around me.

It was the attempting to do this, and finding myself naked, except with the aforesaid covering, that struck me that I had been entombed alive. The thought rushed suddenly upon me. My first sensations were those of simple surprise. I was like a child aroused out of a deep sleep, and not sufficiently awake to recognize its attendants. When the truth flashed upon me in all its fearful energy, I never can forget the thrill of horror that struck through me. It was as if a bullet had penetrated my heart, and all the blood in my body had gushed through the wound. Never, never can hell be more terrible than the sensations of that moment.

I lay motionless for a time, petrified with terror. Then a calm dampness burst forth from every part of my body. My horrible doom seemed inevitable; and so strong at length became my impression, so bereft of hope appeared my situation, that I ultimately recovered from it only to plunge in the depth of a calm, resolute despair. As not the faintest ray of hope could penetrate the darkness around my soul, resignation to my fate followed. I began to think of death coolly, and to calculate how long I might survive before famine closed the hour of my existence. I prayed that I might have fortitude to die without repining. Calmly as I then felt, I tried if I could remember how long man could live without food. Thus the tranquility of my despair made me comparatively easy, if contrasted with the situation in which I felt myself afterwards when hope began to glimmer upon me. My days must in the end be numbered. I must die at last—I was only perishing a little sooner than I otherwise must have done. Even from this thought I derived consolation; and I now think life might have closed calmly upon me, if the pangs of hunger had been at all bearable—and I had been told that they are much more so than is commonly believed.

If my memory serves me correctly, this calm state of mind did not last long. Reason soon began to whisper to me that if I had been buried, and the earth closed around my coffin I should not be able to respire, which I could now do with ease. I did not, of course, dream of the vault in which I was placed, but considered at first I had been buried in the earth. The freedom of respiration gave me the idea that after all I was not carried forth for interment, but that I was about to be borne to the grave, and that there I should be suffocated inevitably.

Such is the inconsistency of the human mind that I, who had just now resigned myself to die by famine, imagined this momentary mode of death a hundred times more formidable.—The idea that I was not yet interred increased my anxiety to be heard from without; I call-

ed aloud, and struck the sides and lid of the coffin to no purpose, till I was hoarse and fatigued, but all in vain. A stiller silence reigned around me, amid the unbroken darkness.—I was now steeped in fearful agony. I shrieked with horror. I plunged my nails into my thighs and wounded them. The coffin was soaked in my blood; and, by tearing the wooden sides of my prison with the same maniacal feeling, I lacerated my fingers, and wore the nails to the quick, and soon became motionless from exhaustion. When I was myself once more, I called aloud my wife's name. I prayed, and I fear I blasphemed; for I know not what I said; and I thus continued until my strength again left me, and nature once more sought replenishment in temporary insensibility.

At this time I had a vision of a most indefinable character, if it was one, and not a glance, as I am induced to think it was, between the portals of death into the world of spirits. It was all shapeless and formless.—Images of men, women, often numberless—in a sort of shadowy outline—came before and around me. They seemed as if lifeless from decay. Their featureless heads moved upon trunks hideously vital—in figure-like bodies, which I have seen drawn forth from burned dwellings, each being rather a hideous mishapen mass than human resemblance. Thick darkness and a silence succeeded—the darkness and silence of a too horrible reality.

If, as I suspected, I slept about this time from weakness, it was but to awake again to a more fearful consciousness of my dreadful situation. Fresh, but vain efforts to make myself heard were reiterated as far as my strength would allow. I found with great difficulty I could turn on my side, and then over. I tried, by lifting my back, and by a violent strain, to burst open the coffin lid, but the screws resisted my utmost strength. I could not, besides, draw up my knees, sufficiently high to afford a tenth part of the purchase I should otherwise have made to bear upon it. I had no help but to return again to the position of the dead, and reluctantly gain a little agonizing repose from my exertions. I was conscious how weak my efforts had made me, yet I resolved to repeat them.

While thus at rest—if inactive torture could be denominated rest—I wept like a child, when I thought of the sunshine and blue skies and fresh air which I should never enjoy; how living beings thronged the streets, and thousands round me were joyous or busy while I was doomed to perish in tortures.—Why was my fate differently marked out to that of others? I had no monstrous crimes to repent of. Hundreds of criminal men were in the full revelry of life. I fancied I heard the toll of a bell. Breathless, I listened. It was a clock striking the hour. The sound was new life to me.

"I am not inhaled, at least!" such were my thoughts. "Interment will take place; my coffin will be moved. I shall easily make myself heard then."

Men may fancy how they would find themselves under similar circumstances, and on the like trying occasion; but it is seldom a correct judgment can be previously formed on such matters. It was only at intervals that I was so fearfully maddened by my dreadful situation, as to lose the power of rational reflection, or so overcome as to be debarred the faculty of memory. Stretched in a position where my changes consisted only of a turn on my side upon hard boards, the soreness of my limbs was excruciatingly painful. When I drew up my feet a few inches, my knees pressed the cover, so that the slight shift of possibility brought no relief. My impatience of the restraint in which I was kept, began at length to drive me well nigh to madness. I was fevered. My temples burned and throbed, my tongue became dry, light flashed across my eyes, and my brain whirled round.

I am certain that my existence was preserved solely by the diminished strength and subsequent feebleness which I experienced, and which, from its rendering me insensible to the increasing exacerbation of my brain's heat, allowed nature to resume her wonted temperament. But alas! this was only that I might revive to encounter once more irremediable horror. Who could depict the frenzy, the unspeakable anguish of such a situation! I thought my eyes would start from my head.—Burning tears flowed down my cheeks. My heart was swollen almost to bursting. I became restless in feeling without finding space for a fancied relief in a change of position.—In my mental anguish, at times, however, I forgot my motionless bodily suffering, my rack of irremovable agony.

How many hours I lay in this state of active and passive torture I cannot tell. My thirst, however, soon became intolerable.—My mouth seemed full of hot ashes. I heard again the hollow sound of a clock bell, of no small magnitude judging from its deep intonation. No prany which I had hitherto observed in my prison let in light, though I well knew there must be some fissure for fresh air, for the continuance of life so far. How else had I existed?

It was night, perhaps, when I first came to myself in my prison of six dark boards. I groped in vain for every part of their wooden surface which I could reach. I could find no chink, could see no ray. Again I heard the hollow knell, which tended to increase my fearful agony. Oh! what were my feelings? For a long time after this I lay steeped in my sufferings—or at least for a long time as it seemed to me. My head was bruised all over—my limbs were excessively sore—the skin rubbed off in many places with my struggling—my eyes aching with pain. I sought relief by turning on my right side—I had never before turned but on my left—when I felt under me a hard substance, which I had not before perceived. I grasped it with some difficulty, and soon found it was a knot from the coffin plank which had been forced inwards in all probability after I was placed there, I saw also a dim light through a hole, just behind where my chin came. I put my head to it, and found it covered with coarse cloth, which I easily imagined was the lining of my coffin. I soon

contrived to force my finger through this cloth, though not without considerable difficulty.—Faint enough was the light it revealed, but it was a noon-day sun of joy to me. By an uneasy strain of my neck, I could see obliquely through the opening, but everything was confused in my brain. My sight was cloudy, heavy, and thick. I at first could scarcely see there was light, but could distinguish no object.

My senses, however, seemed to sharpen as new hopes arose. I closed my eyes for a minute together, and then opened them, to restore their almost worn out power of vision. At length I could distinguish that immediately opposite to me there was a small window crossed by massy iron bars, thro' which the light I saw streamed in upon me like joy into the soul of misery.

I now cried with delight. I thought I was among men again, for the pitchy darkness around me was dispersed. I forgot for a moment my sufferings. Even the fearful question, how should I get free from my durance before famine destroyed me, was a long time absent from my mind, and did not recur until I could look through the fissure no longer, from the giddiness caused by a too earnest fixeness of gaze.

I soon concluded, from the massy stones on each side of the opening, and the strength of the bars, that I was in a church vault; and this was confirmed when I came to distinguish the ends of two or three coffins which partly interposed between me and light. I watched the window until the light began to grow dim, with feelings no language can describe, "no tongue tell. As the gloom of night approached, my heart began to beat fainter, and my former agonies returned with tenfold weight, notwithstanding which, I imagine I must have slept some. I was sensible of a noise like the grating of a heavy door upon its hinges, when I revived or awoke—I cannot say which—and I saw the light of a candle stream across the fissure in my coffin. I called out—"For the love of your soul, release me! I am buried alive!"

The light vanished in a moment; fear seemed to have palsied the hand that held it, for I heard a rough voice desire the holder of it to return.
"If there's any one here he's soldered up. Tom, hand me the light. The dead never speak. Jim the Snatcher is not to be scared by rotten flesh."
Again I called as loud as I could—"I am buried alive, save me!"
"Tom, bring the axe!" cried the undaunted body snatcher; "the voice comes from this box. The undertaker made too great haste, I suppose."

In a few minutes I was sitting upright in my coffin.
Ever afterwards I cherished a strong regard for resurrection men, who never asked a guinea of me in vain.

KISSING.—The Rev. Sidney Smith once said in writing of kissing: "We are in favor of a certain amount of shyness when a kiss is proposed, but it should not be continued too long; and when the fair one gives it, let it be administered with warmth and energy. Let there be some soul in it. If she close her eyes and sigh deeply after it, the effect is greater. She should be careful not to slobber a kiss, but give it as a humming bird runs his bill into a honey-suckle—deep, but delicate. There is much virtue in a kiss, when well delivered. We have had the memory of one we received in our youth which lasted us forty years, and we believe it will be one of the last things we will think of when we die."

SEVEN FOOLS.—1. The envious man—who sends away his mutton because the person next to him is eating venison.

2. The jealous man—who sleeps in his bed with stinging nettles, and then greets his neighbor.

3. The proud man—who gets wet through sooner than ride in the carriage of an inferior.

4. The litigious man—who goes to law in the hope of ruining his opponent, and gets ruined himself.

5. The extravagant man—who buys a herring, and takes a cab to carry it home.

6. The angry man—who learns the ophicleide, because he is annoyed by the playing of his neighbor's piano.

7. The ostentatious man, who illumines the outside of his house most brilliantly, and sits in the inside in the dark.

DINNER OF A ROMAN EPICURE.—A dinner given by Vitellius to his brother, had, says Suetonius, portions of seven thousand most choice birds in one dish, and of two thousand equally choice fishes in another. There stood in the centre a dish, called, from its enormous size, Minerva's becker; and of what composed, think ye? Of the livers of sacri, the brains of pheasants and peacocks, the tongues of parrots and the bellies of lamprey eels, brought from Carpathia and the remotest parts of Spain in ships of war sent out expressly for that purpose.

"Good mind to pinch you, Sal," said an awkward Jerseyman on his first visit to his rustic flame. "What do you want to pinch me for, Zekiel?" "Golly, 'cause I love you so." "Now, go long, Zeke, you great hateful!" I should think you might be big enough to feel ridiculous."

Men are like bugles—the more brass they contain, the farther you can hear them. Women are like tulips—the more modest and retired they appear, the better you love them.

People turn up their noses at this world, as if they were in the habit of keeping company with a better one.

Why is the new French baby like the tail of a herring? Because it is the last of the *bonapartes*.