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## TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, January 22, 1857.

### Selected Poetry.

#### THE SONG OF THE SNOW.

My birthplace is the Arctic sky,  
Where reigns the northern bear;  
On wings of wintry blasts I fly,  
Amid the frozen air;  
Though cold my home my heart is warm—  
Through lightning of the cheerless storm,  
'Tis mother of good cheer.  
Emblem of purity, I come  
To teach the human race  
There is above a blissful home,  
Where sin can find no place;  
A home for all the pure in heart,  
From which they never shall depart,  
But see God face to face.  
I come with noiseless step, to spread  
My robe o'er hill and plain—  
To shield the plants (asleep, not dead),  
From winter's icy reign;  
To keep the lily's bulb from harm—  
Protect the snow-drop from the storm,  
And guard the golden grain.  
I come, from loving hearts to press  
Help for the suffering poor;  
The hungry and the naked bless  
With charity's sweet store;  
I come the widow's heart to cheer,  
From orphan's eyes to wipe the tear,  
And bid them weep no more.  
I come, the youthful heart to fill  
With friendship pure and free;  
At my approach their bosoms thrill  
With social melody—  
Hark! how the merry sleigh-bells ring!  
Hark! how the cheerful voices sing!  
The songs of harmless glee!  
The children too, their joy display,  
And cast their toys aside;  
"Oh, father, dear, get up the sleigh,  
Give us and Ma a ride!"  
With rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes,  
They fling me as they onward fly  
And o'er my bosom glide.  
The thrifty yeoman heeds my call  
And bids him to the wood;  
The stately trees before him fall  
Which long in pomp had stood;  
His hearth with fuel well supplied,  
He sits him down in lordly pride,  
Nor fears he cold or flood.  
My mission then is one of love  
To you who dwell below;  
My Father is the God above,  
From whom all blessings flow—  
May He your gracious Father be,  
May you in Heaven his glory see,  
And all his goodness know.

### Selected Tale.

#### RE MORSE.

The tempest is raging wildly around my lonely dwelling. I can hear the mighty waves roar as they rise one upon the other to dash furiously against the rocks, sending showers of spray to mingle with the driving rain which beats against my windows. It is a pitiless night—a night to draw round the fireside with those who are near and dear to one, and together to pray to Heaven out of loving hearts for those who are on the broad seas at such a time. The more wild the scene without, the more strongly do the peace and serenity of home and home affections seem to appeal to the feelings; and truly this is a night to turn thankfully with fond words and looks to the blessed calm of home.  
And how is it with me this night?—the miserable man who sits alone at his cheerless hearth? There are deep lines of care on my brow—my hair is silvery white, and I am not yet fifty years of age. No loving eye watches me, no loving heart beats for me; my lot is as lonely as it is wretched. The widest storm that can rage is calm compared with the storm that rages in my bosom. The death agony of those who are this night tossing on the pathless ocean is as nothing compared with the long life agony of my soul.  
There are terrible voices for me in these waves—wild reproaches, and passionate cries that death is preferable to life—and yet the voice that says so is youthful, and life should be precious to the young. Wild angry eyes seem to be staring at me through the darkness of the storm; and yet those same eyes meet mine lovingly once when I gazed upon her, a little child cradled in my arms. Oh! that I could forget that time—that I could banish from my heart the memory of childish tones of love, childish looks of trust, childish caresses which won from me my misery and beguiled me—wretch though I had been—into happiness for a time. Never again may one ray of peace penetrate my despair; never again may one moment's calm still the tumult in my breast; never again may I meet a trusting glance, a fond word. Alone I live, alone I suffer, and alone I must die, when at last the Springs of life give way under the pressure of this terrible suffering.  
I have somewhere read that "remorse" is the convulsive grasp of the mind on the retreating purities of the past. It is well defined thus; for one of the least endurable forms of suffering which remorse brings to the human heart is that vain yearning for the old days and feelings of innocence which no time, no repentance can ever restore to the once-sin-stained soul.  
I can tell it because I have felt it. I can tell how there have been days when my ceaseless contemplation of my guilt and its consequences has tortured me into paroxysms, after which I almost fancied I had no power of suffering left; and yet when I had laid down exhausted, trusting to gain forgetfulness in that slumber which nothing but exhaustion ever brings to me, and the slumber has come, with its come some voice, some memory, out of the slumber's home, and I, the care-worn man, have started from my sleep, more agonized by

that old memory than by the constantly present agony of brooding over my sin. I have heard my mother's voice at these times, and no spirit of evil could be so terrible to me as the memory of that gentle mother who little dreamed of such a life as this for the child on whom her looks rested with equal love and pride. Would that her care and tenderness had been less! Would that I had died then! Alas! mothers know not when they soothe their infants to rest, and still their murmurs with murmurs of love, how often they are preserving them for trial, for guilt, for unspeakable misery!

I was an only child. I have little to say of my earlier life; its history would be merely an account of affection and care lavished by fond parents on an idolized son, the one hope of their proud family, the bearer of their ancient name. These years I may pass over.  
Unclouded sunshine streamed in my path until my mother died. I mourned her as one who sometimes mourn that utterly irreparable loss. Darkness fell upon my home the day she died. My father never held up his head again; and on the day that I became of age—a day often fondly and proudly anticipated by those who never lived to see it—I was an orphan.

I do not mean to offer it as the slightest extenuation, of my crime that I was left alone, unguided, master of a princely fortune, and free to make what use of it I pleased; and it is a position of trial and temptation.  
I believe I passed well through the ordinary trials of such a lot. Dissipation had no charms for me; and whilst I associated with many whose tastes and pursuits were too often of a class to be condemned and shunned, I can still look back on that period of my life without self-reproach.

Amongst my many acquaintances I had one friend—one true friend. We had been at school and college together; we had traveled together, and the tie between us seemed drawn more closely by the fact that he also stood alone in the world. He had lost both his parents in his childhood.  
About three years after my father's death, Henry Mortimer was again going to travel. He wished me to join him, but I declined. "Home seemed to have claims upon my time at the moment, and I resolved to devote myself to the improvement of my estate and the welfare of my tenantry."

One year elapsed and Henry Mortimer wrote to tell me he was married; that he had married an Italian, and intended returning home immediately. His estate was situated in a distant county, and he asked me to go there to overlook the necessary preparations for the reception of his wife and himself at home, and to meet them there on their return.

I gladly repaired to Castle Mortimer at his request. I carefully followed his many directions with regard to beautifying the house for his young bride's reception. I pleased myself by devising various arrangements in the gardens and grounds calculated to please her eye and taste. I superintended the re-furnishing of her private suite of apartments, which Mortimer had desired should be done in the most lavish manner. I was incessantly occupied in his service during the short period that was to elapse before his return, and I have remembered since that time with some little surprise how exclusively my mind was filled with thoughts of him and his wishes, and how few thoughts even of a natural curiosity traveled towards the companion he was bringing with him.

It was on a glorious summer evening that they returned. Mortimer had particularly desired that there should be no demonstration on her arrival from his tenantry, and I awaited their coming alone.

Whilst I am writing these words, the tempest is still roaring round my dwelling—the waves are still furiously dashing against the rocks—the same voice is borne by every blast to my ear—the same strife is raging still in my bosom, and yet I can bow down my head, and I can close my eyes I can lose for a moment the sense of all present things—the warfare of the world without—the torture of the world within; and I can stand as I stood that night, and feel as I felt that night, when my glance first rested on Carlotta Mortimer. I can see still the sunny smile with which she greeted me as her husband's chosen friend. I can hear still her joyous exclamations as she gazed for the first time on the beauties of her English home. I can see still the childlike delight with which she passed from flower to flower whilst she exclaimed with indignation against the false travelers who had spoken of cold England, whose cheerless breath could never tempt forth the fragrance of a flower. I can see the glances with which she turned to her fond husband as he bade her welcome to her home; and I can hear still the words with which he told me that until I also found a life-companion I must make Castle Mortimer my home, and thus complete his happiness.

The influences of that evening are on me now. The red sunsets streaming on the old trees of the park; the breath of summer is whispering among the leaves; the stillness and beauty of the house rest on everything. I linger for one moment in that repose. It is the closing hour of that portion of my life which will bear dwelling upon. From that scene in my memory I turn back to the real scene of the present hour. From that peace and innocence to the guilt and woe which so soon followed.

I did make Castle Mortimer my home. Mortimer was much occupied at first with business matters, and I staid at his earnest request in a strange country to which she would otherwise have been consigned.

I do not intend to dwell upon these months. I do not intend here to detail the steps which insensibly led to frightful crime. I could not do so if I would. I know not now how the purest soul that ever was breathed upon by Heaven became capable of admitting evil. She was very young; she was a child in years and in experience. The purity was the purity of Nature, for she had had little or no religious teaching. She was strangely outwitted, save

where Nature had been her guide. The man whom she had married was singularly ill-calculated to watch over and guard her. Guileless and unsuspecting himself, he knew no suspicion of others. I was to him as a dear and trusted brother, and month after month passed away, and when he was often compelled to leave home on business he congratulated himself on having a brother to leave with Carlotta, who might otherwise have found even Castle Mortimer in its beauty a very solitary home.

I have said that I will not detail the steps by which we passed on to destruction. It is enough to say that when Mortimer returned from an absence of unwonted duration, it was to find his home deserted, his wife faithless, his friend a villain.

If I were willing to dwell on the scene and events which immediately ensued, I doubt whether my reader would believe that such things could be. I must hastily mention the mere facts. I will not undergo the torture of analyzing them.

We went abroad, resolved that no trace should be left of our movements. One month, one little month passed away.

Does the reader believe that it was a month of guilty joy, where the voice of conscience was drowned in the tumult of passion? It was a month of most unutterable misery. I speak not of my own sensations. I say not whether my passion would not have silenced my conscience, if her misery had been less intense. But no words could describe the agony of that young creature's mind. Helpless and hopeless, tossed by ceaseless despair, she refused to be comforted; and there were hours during that month when I thought her sufferings must end in loss of reason. She never once reproached me. She never once wished that she had not left her home and husband. On the contrary, she said constantly that she had no right to remain there in her sinful state of feeling. She could not have deceived him although she deserted him. But how pitilessly she would express herself in wonder how so sinful a passion could gain entrance into her soul!—how she would call on Heaven to direct her, and pardon her;—and then, forgetting herself for the moment, she would return to me, weeping bitterly, and implore my pardon for her sorrow.

One month passed away. We were in Italy, and she entrusted my permission to absent herself from me for a few days to revisit a spot known to her in childhood. I did not yield willingly to her request. I cannot now tell all that led me to grant it; she left me accompanied by an old and attached nurse who had brought her up and followed her to England, and whom she had insisted on making the companion of her flight. This woman's presence enabled me to give the desired permission. I knew that she loved her as her own child; I knew that she was safe with her. I bade them return in one week; I could not precisely ascertain their destination, but I fancied it must be Carlotta's early home, and that she would not revisit that with me, although she longed to see it.

She left me—one long gaze—one passionate embrace—and she left me. I never saw her again. The week elapsed, and I received a few blotted lines from her, telling me that she had resolved on leaving me, but she had no courage to say so, lest my entreaties, added to those of her own selfish heart, should ever come her resolution. She said she felt that she was the most sinful and the most miserable of human beings, and that the future must be one of ceaseless prayer for pardon, and that it was only in solitude she dared ask it. She told me not to attempt to seek her. She said it would be useless; that her nurse, Bianca, would remain with her, and I must banish her from my memory. She was dead to me, and all the world.

Nevertheless, I did seek her. I sought her unceasingly for many months. I resolved never to leave the spot where we had parted; I felt as if she could not be very far away. I fancied that a day must come when she would wish to recall me; her clinging nature would make it utterly impossible for her to dwell alone.  
I never found any traces of her. I never ceased my search. I wandered in all directions, and I ever returned to the spot where she had left me, with a vague expectation of finding her there again.

Months passed away, most miserable months, during which I held companionship with no one, and endured mental sufferings which no language can describe. A change came at last.

Be still, my throbbing heart! Why beat so wildly now for those whose pulses were still so long ago? Long years have come and gone since that sunny day in Italy dawned upon me. Why is the glare of its sunshine dazzling my eyes now? Why am I trembling as with the agony of a new sorrow? Why do I again seem to hear the words which told me all? Will the memories of that day and hour never die away as all human things else tend to die?  
I said that my search was ceaseless, that I never relaxed in my efforts, and I said truly. But I believe those whose minds have ever been for a length of time strained to one purpose know that moments of lassitude come when almost unconsciously mind and body give way, and one sinks down in languor until some chord of memory is touched by the dreams which that very languor invites, and one starts again to the full sense of memory, the quick throbbing of the great agony.

Such a pause had come in my search. I was ill. I was weary. I had spent several days in a kind of apathetic repose from which I could not rouse myself. I had no one to watch me, or attempt to rouse me; I had not seen a servant from amongst my own people; I was surrounded by foreigners, and I believe that I was regarded by them as strange even to insanity.  
The day had been oppressively hot, and I had not quitted the house. Evening came on—soft breezes rose from the waters of the glorious bay on which I gazed from the shaded balcony of my room. The villa which I occu-

ped was beautifully situated. I had chosen it for Carlotta, and her presence was still there in the few trifling articles—books and music—which she had used during her short residence there; her voice was ever echoing there; but alas! it came with tears and lamentations, for that room had witnessed little else.

I gazed on the scene before me. I thought of her—of her youth and beauty—of her suffering and self-imposed penance. Oh! how I yearned to see her that night—once to clasp her in my arms—once to implore her forgiveness—once to tell her that the crime was mine only—once to attempt to soothe the agony of her young spirit! I lost myself in thought of her. I covered my face with my hands, and I started when a step beside me roused me.  
Heavens! what did I see? Bianca stood before me, her face streaming with tears, and in her arms she held an infant—a little infant—which opened wide its innocent eyes, and seemed to return the gaze of its most miserable father.

I hardly know now how Bianca told me her tale. I know that from that night I forbade her ever to mention Carlotta's name again. I told her that I could not hear it and live—and live I must for the sake of her child—of our child.  
Carlotta was dead—and her dying words bade Bianca seek me, and bring to my care the infant she was leaving motherless. She would not write. She told Bianca she dared not disturb with earthly passion the calm that she bade her bear me her full and perfect forgiveness; she bade her tell me that she believed Heaven had accepted her repentance, and she bade her charge me to give our child the tenderness and devotion which she had not dared to receive herself.

And so she died—my victim and my idol. That a very terrible time. Alone I had to wrestle with that sorrow—no comfort—no hope on any side. Her image came unbidden before me as she was in her husband's home in England—loved and honored, so happy in her thoughtless innocence. Scene after scene rose up before me in vivid colors, till the fatal day came which changed her from a careless child to a miserable woman. She was before me as she left me—and then imagination saw her in her solitude; suffering mentally and bodily, longing for my presence, yet resolute not to yield to the desire of calling me to her side. Each word that Bianca had uttered seemed to me the token of a scene of suffering and self-denial. She had told me how she longed to place her infant in my arms, and yet how perpetually she forbade Bianca to seek me. She had told me how she wept over the unconscious infant, and I felt that I knew she had sent murmured words of love and tenderness to me through that innocent medium.

I sometimes felt as if I could not look on that child; and then again my whole soul seemed bound up in her, and I vowed to devote my life to her happiness. It seemed the only offering I could make to her wronged mother's memory, and very solemnly I resolved to fulfil the trust she had committed to me.

Then commenced a new period of my existence. I cannot say that at first I ever found anything approaching peace or consolation in the task. I worshipped Carlotta's child, but I never met her unconscious gaze without fancying that there was something reproachful in it. I cradled her in my arms, I surrounded her with my care; she soon welcomed me with a babe's smile, and held out her little arms to me; but although my life was bound up in her life, and I could not endure her to be long out of my sight, I still trembled as I gazed on her, and felt as if in her sweet face I saw all my guilt recorded.

Years passed, and this feeling gradually lessened as my idolatry for my child increased. When she was first laid in my arms—a little infant—how I should have scorned any one who had told me that a day would come when even the memory of Carlotta and her early grave would grow dim in the light of the love that my child would bring to my tortured heart. Yet so it was. There were still hours and days of remembrance when even my child might not soothe me; but they became rarer as she grew older, and my heart clung more and more to her.

She was named Carlotta. Her mother had been beautiful—a fairy child-like beauty which hardly seemed to have attained its height or developed its character when death came to her—but her child was more incomparably beautiful than any painter's or poet's dream. She was more Italian than her mother had been, both in beauty and in character. Her large eyes flashed where the mother's had melted. Her impulses were rapid and vehement, and instantly acted upon, where the mother had turned for advice and support to whomever was nearest to her; gentle and loving in her nature, as her child was impassioned and independent. I often felt, whilst Carlotta grew up beside me, that when the moment came that love entered her soul, it must be a decisive moment for the weal or woe of her whole future life. No emotion could come calmly to her—and so it proved.

My child—my child—would that she had died with her mother!  
Carlotta's infancy and childhood was spent in Italy. I formed my future plan of life when she was brought to me. I had sent instructions to England that my estates should be sold, I had changed my name, resolved that no trace of my existence should remain, and I determined at that time that when Carlotta had passed from her childhood I should return to England and fix our home in some remote place where I never might meet again with any one whom I had known in early life.

My fortune was very large. I knew that I could surround Carlotta with every luxury that taste could command, and after the interval of many years I trusted to be able to make a home for her in our own country, unquestioned by any one as to our family or friends.  
I followed this plan. Carlotta was just sixteen when we took possession of our home in the South of England. Wealth can do all things except bring peace to the soul, and I installed my child as mistress of my home. I

wearied myself in devising what I could procure or add to its already faultless arrangements, to make it more worthy of her whom I loved so much.

It was with fear and trembling that I again entered into society, from which I had been so long excluded. I felt confident of remaining unrecognized, even if I were to meet any acquaintance of former years. I knew that Mortimer lived; but I also knew that he was a broken-hearted man, and seldom or never left his desolate home.  
Carlotta entered eagerly into the society which was open to her, and as the heiress of a very large fortune, and endowed with rare beauty and talent, she was much sought, and speedily surrounded by those who would fain have been encouraged to try and win her.

I have said that I knew Carlotta's love would come as an overwhelming passion. Does my reader think that I have already recorded sin and sorrow enough to fill one life? I am now approaching the most terrible crisis of my life, the most fearful result of my sin.  
The tempest is raging still—that young voice is heard above the storm. How can I live amongst such memories?  
Carlotta loved. She was sought in marriage by the heir to an earldom. Little cared she for the wealth and honors that were laid at her feet, but she loved him with all the passion of her nature, and he seemed to me to merit her love; but he had still to be tried.

He came to ask my child from me. I could not promise her hand until I had revealed her history, and I told him my tale.  
He was proud of his name and family, an unswayed name, an ancient family. He seemed stunned at my disclosure. I awaited his decision with apparent calmness, but I felt that my child's life would hang upon it.  
He left me, his proposals withdrawn. I could not blame him. I only requested him not to see my child again, to leave to me the task of telling her to stifle her love in its birth. He promised, and he left me.

I sought Carlotta, and I bade her banish him from her mind. I told her he was unworthy of her; I was obliged to speak vaguely—I told her that his proposals were withdrawn.  
She gazed at me in wonder, and she required me to tell her what had passed between her lover and myself. I answered her hesitatingly, and she sprang from her place, and standing before me with flashing eyes she told me that she never could believe that he had acted in any way unworthily of her, and that she would submit to no mystery on a subject which involved her whole happiness.

I asked her if the stranger whom she had only known for a few weeks were more to be trusted than the father who had tended her whole life. She wept passionately, but she said she knew there was a mystery, and she insisted on knowing it.  
I did my best to calm her. I had ill-considered my task; I knew not what to say. I spoke of the pride of his family; I spoke of their ancient and unswayed name. Suddenly she broke from me, and entreated that I would leave her alone for a time; she said she could learn to hear it better in solitude; so I left her, little thinking what her purpose was.

I had never mentioned Bianca from the time that I said she brought my child to my arms; but she had never left her, and had been to the happy child as she had been to the unhappy mother, a faithful and attached friend.  
Something in my hesitating attempts to explain what I dared not explain to Carlotta—something in my allusion to a proud and unswayed name and ancestry had excited her quick notice. Bianca was a garrulous old woman, as most Italian nurses are; and as I spoke, my child must have recalled hints and words unheeded before, spoken by her old nurse, which, taken in connection with what I said, made her inquire of herself for the first time what her family was—why we had no family ties as other people had.

Quick suspicion aroused, she sought Bianca, and as I heard afterwards, insisted in her most vehement manner on knowing all that her nurse could tell of her family. Bianca is now terrified; but Carlotta knew how to gain her ends. She coaxed and she threatened; she felt assured that there was some mystery, though of what nature she never could have guessed;—and she was confirmed in her resolution to learn what it was by Bianca's evident embarrassment and terror lest she should come to me.

I sat alone in my room for an hour after I had left Carlotta. I felt anxious and miserable. I knew not how inquiries were to be set at rest. I should have foreseen such a wretched state of things; I should never have brought her to England. These were my thoughts when the door opened and Carlotta stood before me.

She was pale as death, her eyes distended and fixed, and her lips colorless.  
I must draw a veil on the scene which followed. Could it be my gentle Carlotta's child who overwhelmed her wretched father with wild passionate reproaches—who asked him, with heart-rending cries, why he had not let her die in infancy—why he had nurtured her with care, and mocked her with tenderness, that she might only live to learn her shame, and have her heart broken? Could it be my gentle Carlotta's child who spoke thus, and under whose torrent of agony and reproach I bound myself down, a crushed and miserable wretch, where hitherto—blessed in her ignorance—I had been a loved and honored father?

She quitted the room, trembling with her wild passion, maddened by her anguish.  
Reader—I saw her once again. That same night heavy steps and slow, approached my door. I had never moved during the hours which had elapsed since she left me. I heard those steps—I heard whispering voices—I heard Bianca shriek—I heard the word "drowned."  
Power came with my agony, and I rushed to the door. I threw it open whilst they were

consulting together how they dared reveal his loss to the devoted father. I saw her. The flashing eyes were closed now; the masses of raven hair hung wet and heavy around her form, her quick pulse never beat again!

My second victim—my second idol!  
Long years have passed since that awful night. I have chosen my home far from these scenes. It is a solitary dwelling upon a wild sea-shore.

I have suffered here alone. I shall die here alone. Rage on, fierce tempest!—dash on, wild waves! Ye are very terrible in your might and fury; but more terrible still is the might of the guilty man's remorse.

The Evening Post tells the following of a Thrifty Parson:—

"A donation party was given the other day to a clergyman in one of our New England villages, and among the articles he received was a superb 'tile' from the Gemin of the place. The parson, much pleased with the hat, ventured to ask the donor what such a hat ought to be worth? 'That is an eight dollar hat,' was the reply. The parson turned it over again, renewed his thanks to the hatter and remarked that it was 'very fine, very fine indeed,' and so they parted.

The next day the parson wended his way to the hatters store, and after the customary salutation, took him aside, observed that he was not accustomed to wear hats worth eight dollars; that a four dollar hat was good enough for him—a plenty. He concluded by proposing to exchange the hat he had received for a four dollar one, and to 'take the balance in money.'—Fact."

"Widow Mourful, what on airth are you thinking about?"

"Nothing else in this world but my departed husband. He was such a devoted man, always bringing home his little kindnesses to me. I could't help thinking just now, when I heard Mrs. Brown's sassaes sizzling, what poor Mr. Mourful used to do to me. He knewed I was fond of sassaes, and he hardly eversom-dever come home in his life without bringing me a sassaes in his pocket. He was fond of eggs himself, and would occasionally fetch a few of them for himself. But he was always sure to lay a sassaes on the table. Never laid his eggs there—never think of 'em; and sometimes I'd ask, 'Simon, where's your eggs?'—Just as like as not he'd been a sittin' on 'em."—Boston Post.

Cool.—While at Windsor I took cold, and was laid up with a fever. I had been in bed three days, when my landlady came into my room.

"Well, Captain, how do you find yourself by this time?"

"Oh, I am little better, thank you," I replied.

"Well, I am glad of it, because I want to whitewash your room, and if the color man stops to do it to-morrow he'll be charging us another quarter of a dollar."

"But I am not able to leave my room."

"Well, then, I'll speak to him; I dare say he won't mind your being in bed while he whitewashes."

Gentility is neither in birth, wealth, manner nor fashion—but in the mind. A high sense of honor, a determination never to take a mean advantage of another, and an adherence to truth, delicacy and politeness toward those with whom we have dealings are its essential characteristics.

A gentleman on the cars asked the man who came to collect the passage money, if there was any danger of being blown up, as the steam made such a horrid noise. "Not the least," said the collector, "unless you refuse to pay your fare."

A man was lately killed on the railroad, a crowd collected and a by-stander remarked—

"In the midst of life we are in death."

An Irish looker-on, mistaking the last word for debt, instantly exclaimed—

"Ye may well say that, for he owed me two dollars."

Mrs. Partington says the only way to prevent steamboat explosions is to "make the engineers life their water on shore." In her opinion all the bustin' is done by cooking the steam on board.

Teacher.—How many kind of axes are there? Boy.—Broad axe, narrow axe, post axe, axe of the legislature, axing price, and axe of the Apostles. Teacher.—Good! go to the head of your class.

A stick of phosphorus placed in a dry phial, will afford light enough to discern objects in its immediate vicinity, and will last for a twelvemonth. The phial should be kept in a cold place, where there is no great current of air.

It is said that a yankee baby will crawl out of his cradle, take a survey of it, invent an improvement, and apply for a patent before he is six months old.

Life is the jailor of the soul in this filthy prison, and its only deliverer is death—what we call life is a journey to death, and what we call death is a passport to life.

The next question to be debated by the Farmers' Club is, "Can good bread be raised by wind, if the wind be east?"

A FRENCH BELL.—Paddy has a rival across the English Channel. In speaking of the war, &c., the Paris Constitutional says, "We see everywhere in France the terrible hand of Providence."