

THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

VOL. XVII.—NO. 36.

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

TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, February 12, 1857.

Selected Poetry.

THE NAME IN THE SAND.

BY GEORGE D. PRESTICE.

Alone I walked on the ocean strand,
A pearly shell was in my hand,
I stopped and wrote upon the sand
My name, the year and day;
As onward from the spot I passed,
One lingering look behind I cast,
A wave came rolling high and fast,
And washed my line away.
And so, methought, it will quickly be
With every mark on earth from me!
A wave of dark oblivion's sea
Will sweep across the place
Where I have trod the sandy shore
Of time, and he to me no more;
Of me, my day, the name I bore,
To leave no track or trace.

And yet with Him who counts the sands,
And holds the waters in his hands,
I know a lasting record stands,
Inscribed against my name;
Of all this mortal part I was wrought,
Of all this thinking soul has thought,
And from these fleeting moments caught,
For glory and for shame.

Selected Tale.

THE PEASANT'S GOT.

A THRILLING STORY.

On my last voyage to Bristol, the owners of the ship took passage with me. The whole cargo belonged to them, and they not only wished to do some business in England, but they also had a desire to travel some. Besides the three owners, I had four passengers in the cabin. The passage from New-York to England on that occasion was the most severe and stormy I ever made. I have experienced heavier storms; but never such continued hard weather. The old ship was on a strain the whole of the time, and though I ran into Avon without losing a life or important spar, yet she had received much damage. Her mainmast was sprung, her rudder damaged, her timbers strained, and for the last week, the pumps had to be kept going all the time, owners, passengers, officers and all doing their share of work at the brakes.

As soon as we could get the cargo out, the ship was hauled into the dock for repairs, and we found, upon examination, that it would be a week before she could be fit for sea, and if she had all the repairs which she absolutely needed, it would take her nearer two weeks. A contract was made for the job, and one of the owners agreed to stay by and superintend the work. This left me at liberty, and I began to look around for some place to visit. I had heard much of Salisbury Plain. The famous stone hedge was there, and so were three other relics of Roman and British antiquities. Accordingly to the Salisbury Plain I resolved to go. When I went on board the ship to make arrangements with the owners who had remained there, I found one of the passengers just leaving. His name was Nathan Leeman. He was a young man, not more than thirty years of age, and I supposed him from his features and idiom, to be an Englishman. I told him I was going to Salisbury, and he informed me that he was going the same way.

Leeman had been intending to take the stage to Davizes, and then to take some of the cross coaches; but I had resolved to take a horse and travel where, how, and when I pleased, and he liked the plan so well that he went immediately and bought himself a good horse and saddle.

I was about the middle of the forenoon when we set out, and I found that Leeman intended to visit the curiosities with me, and then keep on toward London, by the way of Andover and Chertsey, he having sent his baggage on ahead to Salisbury by the great mail route, which ran many miles out of the way. I found my companion excellent company, and on the way he told me some passages from his own life. He was born in England, but this was the first time he had been in the Kingdom since he was fourteen years of age, and I was led to infer that at the time he ran away from his parents. During the last six years of his residence in the United States he had been engaged in Western land speculations, and he was now independently rich.

We took dinner at Bradford, a large manufacturing town, six miles southeast of Bath, and soon as our horses were rested we set out again. Towards the middle of the afternoon the sky began to grow overcast, and we had promise of a storm. By five o'clock the great clouds were piled up in heavy masses, and it began to thunder. At Westminster we had crossed upon us were about half way between the two places. I was in no particular hurry, and as I had no desire to get wet, I proposed that we should stop at the first place we came to. In a few moments more we came to a point where a small cross-road turned off to the right, and a guide-board said it was five miles to Bedford Inn.

I proposed that we should turn into this by-way, and make for Bedford Inn as fast as possible, and my companion readily assented. We had gone a mile when the great drops of rain began to fall; but as good fortune would have it, we espied a small cottage, not more than a mile ahead, through a clump of poplars. We made for this place, and reached it before we were wet. There was a good sized barn on the premises, and a long sheep shed connected with the house. Beneath this shed we drove, and just as we alighted, an old man came out. He told him that we had got caught in a storm, and asked him if he could accommodate us over night. He told us we should have the best of his humble place could afford, and if

we would put up with him that we should be welcome.

As soon as the horses were taken care of, we followed the old man into the house. He was a grey-headed man, certainly on the down hill side of three scores, and his form was bent by hard work. His countenance was naturally kind and benevolent, but there were other marks upon his brow than those of old age. The moment I saw him I knew he had seen much of suffering. It was a neat room to which we were led, a living room, but yet free from dirt and clutter. An old woman was just building a fire for supper, and as we entered she arose from her work.

"Some travelers, wife, caught in a shower," said the old man.

"Surely, gentlemen, you're welcome," the woman said in a tone so mild and free that I knew she spoke only the feelings of her soul.

"It's poor fare that we can give you, but the heart of the giver must e'en make up for that."

I thanked the good people and assured them I would pay them well for all they did for us.

"Speak not of pay," said the woman taking her tea kettle from the hob, and hanging it upon the crane.

"Stop wife," uttered the old man, tremulously. "Let not your heart run away with ye. If the good gentlemen have to spare out of their abundance, it becomes not such sufferers as we to refuse their bounty."

I saw the woman place her apron to her eyes, but she made no reply. The door, close by the fire-place, stood partly open, and I saw in the room beyond, a bed, and I was sure there was some one in it. I asked the old man if he had sickness.

"Yes," he said, with a sad shake of the head. "My poor boy has been sick a long while. He's the only child I have—the only helper on the little farm, and he's been sick all the spring and summer. I've taken care of the sheep, but couldn't last. It's hard, but we don't despair. My good wife—God bless her—shares the trial with me; and I think she takes the biggest share."

"No, no, don't say so," uttered the wife. "No woman could do the work that you do."

"I don't mean to tell too much, Margaret, only you know that you have kept me up."

A call from the sick room took the wife away, and the old man began to tell me, in answer to my questions, some of the peculiarities of the great Plain, for we were on it now; and I found him well informed and intelligent. At length the table was set, the clean white cloth spread, and we were invited to sit up. We had excellent white bread, sweet butter, some fine stewed damsons, and a capital cup of tea. There were no excuses, no apologies—only the food was before us, and we were urged to help ourselves. While we were eating, the rain ceased falling, but the weather was by no means clear, though just as we moved from the table a gleam of golden light shot through the window from the setting sun.

It may have been half an hour after this when it was not more than that—a wagon drove up to the door in which were two men. The old man had just come in from the barn, and it was not so dark but we could see the faces of the men in the wagon. They were middle aged men, one of them habited in a sort of jockey hunting garb, and the other dressed in black clothes, with that peculiar style of hat and cravat which marks the officer. I turned towards our host for the purpose of asking if he knew the new comers, and I saw he was very pale and trembling. A low deep groan escaped him, and in a moment her own wife moved to his side, and put her arm about his neck. She had been trembling, but the groan of her husband seemed to call her to herself.

"Don't fear, John," she softly said. "They can't take away our love, nor our souls. Cheer up. I'll be a support to ye, John, when all else are gone."

A tear rolled down the old man's cheek, but when another started he wiped it away, and having kissed his wife, he arose from his chair. Just then the two men entered. He in the jockey coat came first, and his eyes rested upon Leeman and myself.

"Only some travelers, Mr. Vaughan," said our host.

So Mr. Vaughan turned his gaze elsewhere about the room, and at length it was fixed upon the old man.

"Well," he said, "what about the rent?"

"We haven't a penny of it, yet, sir," answered the host, trembling.

"Not a penny. Then how'll you pay me twenty pounds?"

"Twenty pounds!" murmured the old man, painfully. "Alas, I cannot pay it. You know Walter has been long sick and every penny I could earn has been paid the doctor. You know he was to have earned the rent if he had been well."

"I don't know anything about it," returned the landlord doggedly—for Mr. Vaughan owned the little farm, it afterwards appeared. "All I know is, that for two whole years you haven't paid me a penny. You know I told you a month ago that you should have just one month to pay me. That month was last night. Can you pay me?"

"No! No!—O, God knows I can't."

"Then you leave the house."

"When?"

"To-night!"

"You do not mean that. You will not turn us out so quickly as—"

"Out upon your prattling! What do you mean by that? You had notice a month ago. How long a notice do you suppose I give? If you haven't had time in a month to move, then you must look out for the consequences. To-night you move! If you want a slier you may go into the old house at horse-pound."

"But there is no window in it."

"Beggars shouldn't be choosers," remarked Mr. Vaughan. "If it hadn't been for hunting up the officer, I should have been here this morning. But 'tisn't my fault. Now I can

have a good tenant right off, and he wants the house to-morrow. So there is not a word to be said. I shall take your two cows and your sheep, and if they go for more than twenty pounds after taking the expenses, you shall have the balance back."

The poor peasant gazed for a moment half wildly, into the landlord's face, and then sank into a chair, and covered his face with his hands.

"My cows! my sheep!" he groaned, spasmodically. "Oh, kill me, and have done with it!"

"I God's name, Mr. Vaughan," cried the wife, "spare us them. We will leave the cot and will work with all our might and strength until we pay you every farthing, but do not take away our very means of life. My poor boy will surely die! O, you are rich, and we are poor!"

"Nonsense!" uttered the unfeeling man.—"I'm used to such stuff. I make a living by renting my farms, and this farm is the best one I have. A good man can lay up more than ten pounds a year here."

"But we have been sick," urged the woman.

"That isn't my fault. If you are paupers you know where to go to get taken care of.—Now, I don't want another word. Out you go, to-night, unless you pay me twenty pounds, and your cows and sheep go, too."

I was just upon the point of turning to my companion to ask him if he would not help me to make up that sum, for I was determined that the poor folks should not be turned out thus. The woman sunk down, and she, too, had covered her face with her hands. At that moment Nathan Leeman sprang to his feet.—His face was very pale, and for the first time I saw that tears had been running down his cheeks.

"Look ye, sir," he said to Vaughan, "how much do these people owe you?"

"Twenty pounds," returned he, regarding his interlocutor sharply.

"And when did this amount come due in the year?"

"It was just due one month ago. The rent is twelve pounds, but I allowed him four pounds for building a bridge over the river."

"Show me the bill."

The man pulled out a large leather pocket-book, and from it took a bill. It was receipted, Leeman took out his purse, and counted out twenty gold sovereigns.

"I believe that settles the matter, sir," my companion said, exerting all his powers to appear calm.

"Yes, sir," returned Vaughan, gazing first upon the man who had given him the money, to see if he was in earnest, and then turning to the window to see if the gold was pure.

"Yes, sir," he repeated, "this makes it all right."

"Then I suppose we can remain here undisturbed."

"But I have no surety of any pay for the future. A month has already run on an unpaid term."

"It is right you should have your pay surely. Come to-morrow, sir, and I will arrange it with you—only leave us now."

Mr. Vaughan cast one more glance about the room, but without speaking further, he left, and the officer had to follow him, without having done anything to earn a fee. As soon as they were gone the old man started to his feet.

"Sir," he uttered, turning towards Leeman, "what means this? Do you think I can ever pay you back again?"

"Sometime you can," returned my companion.

"Yes—yes, John," said the wife, "sometime we shall surely pay him."

"Alas! when?"

"Any time within a month will answer," said Leeman.

But the old people looked aghast.

"Oh, you have plucked more misery for us, kind sir," cried the old man. "We could have borne to be stripped of our goods by the landlord better than we can bear to rob a noble friend. You must take our stock—our cows and sheep."

"But not yet," resumed Leeman. "I have another way. Listen: Once you had a boy—a wild, reckless, wayward child."

"Yes," murmured the old man.

"And what became of him?"

For some moments the father was silent, but at length said:—

"Alas! he fled from home some years ago. One night—we lived then far off here in Northamptonshire—my boy joined with a lot of other youths, most of them were older than himself, and went into the yard of Sir Thomas Boyle and carried away two deer. He was detected, and to escape punishment, he fled, and I have not seen him since. But Sir Thomas would not have punished him, for he told me so afterwards."

"And tell me, John Leeman, did you never hear from that boy?"

"Never," answered the old man.

As soon as I heard my companion pronounce the old man's name, the truth flashed upon me in an instant; and I was not alone in my conviction. The quick ear of the mother had caught the spark of hope and love. At that moment the fire upon the hearth blazed up, and as the light poured out into the room, my companion's face was fully revealed. The woman arose, and walked towards him. She laid her hand upon his head, and tremblingly she whispered:—

"For the love of Heaven don't deceive me. But speak to me—let me call you Nathan—Nathan Leeman!"

"And I would answer, for that is my name," spoke the young man, starting up.

"And what would you call me?" the woman gasped.

"My mother!"

The fire gleamed more brightly upon the hearth, and I saw that aged woman upon the bosom of her lost boy. And then I saw the father totter up and join them—and I heard murmured words of blessing and of joy. I arose and slipped out of the room and went to

the barn; when I got there I took out my handkerchief and wiped the tears from my cheeks.

It was an hour before I returned, and then I found all calm and serene, save that the mother was still weeping, for the head of her returned boy was still resting upon her shoulders, and her arm was about his neck. Nathan arose as I entered, and with a smile he bade me be seated.

"You know all, as well as I can tell you," said he. "When we first stopped here I had no idea of finding my parents here; for when I went away sixteen years ago, I left them in Kingstrove, upon the Ken. I knew them, of course, but I wished to see if they would know me. But from fourteen to thirty is a changing period. I think God sent me here," he added in a low tone, "for only think what curious circumstances have combined to send here."

It did truly seem as though some power higher than our own had brought this all about. But at all events, there was a higher power thought of that night beneath the peasant's cot, for God was praised again and again.

On the following morning I resumed my journey alone, but had to promise that I would surely call on my return. I went to Salisbury, from thence to Winchester, and thence to Portsmouth, to see the great ships of war. I returned to the cot in eight days, and spent a night there. Money possessed some strong charms, for it had not only given the poor peasant a sure home for the rest of his life, but it had brought health to the sick boy. An experienced physician from Salisbury had visited him and he was able to be about. I remained long enough to know that an earthly heaven had grown up in that cot. Nathan Leeman said to me that he had over a hundred thousand dollars, and that he should take his parents and brother to some luxurious home, when he could find one suited to his taste.

That was some years ago. I have received some letters from Leeman since, and he is settled down in the suburbs of Bradford, on the banks of the Avon, where he has bought a large share in several of the celebrated cloth factories in that place, and I am under solemn promise to visit him if I ever land in England again.

THE TWO ROADS.—It was New Year's night. An aged man was standing at a window. He mournfully raised his eyes towards the deep blue sky, where the stars floated like white lilies on the surface of a clear calm lake. Then he cast them on the earth, where few more helpless beings than himself were moving towards their inevitable goal—the tomb. Already he had passed sixty of the stages which lead to it, and he had brought from his journey nothing but errors and remorse. His health was destroyed, his mind unfurnished, his heart sorrowful, and his old age devoid of comfort.

The days of his youth rose up in a vision before him, and he recalled the solemn moment when his father had placed him at the entrance of two roads, one leading into a peaceful, sunny land, covered with a fertile harvest, and resounding with soft, sweet songs; while the other conducted the wanderer into a deep, dark cave whence there was no issue, where poison flowed instead of water, and where the serpents hissed and crawled.

He looked towards the sky, and cried out, in his anguish:—"O, youth, return! O, my father, place me on e more at the crossway of life, that I may choose the better road!" But the days of his youth had passed away, and his parents were with the departed. He saw wandering lights float over dark marshes, and then disappear. "Such," he said, "we are the days of my wasted life!" He saw a star shoot from heaven, and vanish in darkness toward the church-yard. "Behold an emblem of myself!" he exclaimed; and the sharp arrows of unavailing remorse struck him to the heart.

Then he remembered his early companions, who had entered life with him, but who, having trod the paths of virtue and industry, were now happy and honored on this New Year's night. The clock in the high church-tower struck, and the sound falling on his ear recalled the many tokens of the love of his parents for him, their erring son; the lessons they had taught him; the prayers they had offered up in his behalf. Overwhelmed with shame and grief, he dared no longer look towards that heaven where they dwelt. His darkened eyes dropped tears, and with one despairing effort he cried aloud, "Come back, my early days! Come back!"

And his youth did return; for all this had been but a dream, visiting his slumbers on New Year's night. He was still young; his errors only were no dream. He thanked God fervently that time was still his own; that he had not yet entered the deep, dark cavern, but that he was free to tread the road leading to the peaceful land where sunny harvests wave.

Ye who still live on the threshold of life, doubting which path to choose, remember that when years shall be passed, and your feet shall stumble on the dark mountain, you will cry bitterly, but cry in vain, "O, youth, return! O, give me back my early days!"—Richter.

TOUCHING A RAW PLACE.—A Justice of the Peace, meeting a minister mounted on a fine horse, peevishly asked him why he did not ride on a donkey or ass, in imitation of his humble Master? "One important reason," returned the minister, "that at this time they are scarce, having been transformed by an all-wise Providence, into magistrates."

J. P. incontinently left.

Julia.—Now Alfred dear, I must leave you. I am about to shut myself out from the world.

Alfred.—Why, in the name of madness, Julia, you are not thinking of retiring into a convent?

Julia.—No, dear, don't alarm yourself. I am only going to put on my new crinoline dress.

An Arkansas Joke.

An Arkansas correspondent of the New Orleans Picayune tells the following good one:—

In early times, in a county not far off, those country dram-shops were common, as they were all over the State, where the boys met every Saturday evening to shoot for whiskey and get drunk; and cool off with a fight or two. On one of these occasions a big strapping six-footer full of "bust head" and Dutch courage, having been beat at the mark by another, slapped his fists together, and swore he was "spilling for a fight," and could whip any man who could beat him shooting.

This was not noticed by the man for whom it was intended. That of course, made him braver and madder. He roared out:—

"I kin whip any blink-eyed sucker who kin beat me shooting—whoopee!"

The man aimed at still said nothing.

Six-footer here biled over—so he walked right up to him, shook his fists in his face, and said:—

"You kin shoot, kin you? but you dar'n't to fight me—I'm a unanimous horse! Whoopee!"

The man addressed still said nothing.

Six-footer roared again the louder, and said he must have a fight if he had 'to buy it.'

"Look 'ere! Sliekengoesy, you'll give me a far fight I'll give you a cow and calf."

Sliekem deliberately began to strip. Says he, "if that's anything to be made I'm in."

Six-footer turned a little pale—couldn't back down now—struck a ring—pitched in, and Six-footer got most confoundedly and soundly thrashed. Rose, shook the dirt off and swore he wouldn't pay, "for 'twarn't in the bargain he was to be swolloped."

Sliekem said, "I'll sue you."

"Sue away!" said Six-footer; and mounted his bear-skin and rode off.

Sliekem went to the county seat, saw a lawyer, and told him his case; lawyer told him it was a good case, and he would gain it for him; told him to make out an account "for labor done," and sue before a justice of the peace. He did so; justice of the peace gave judgment for plaintiff, and ordered the constable to drive the cow and calf to him. Here it rested. The defendant was heard to say:—

"Well, I reckon that mout be law, but my losing that cow and calf all come o' my not kivering all the pints in the trade, I 'spose!"

THE PROCESS OF SUGAR REFINING.—By the introduction of machinery and steam the old system of purifying and refining sugar with animal albumen, in the form of bullock's blood, which formed a new source of deterioration in the sugar, has been superseded. The raw sugar from the West and East Indies is chiefly imported in cases; from Jamaica, St. Domingo and St. Croix, in hogsheads; from Manila and Mauritius, in double sacks, plaited or woven from the leaves of reeds. The quality varies in degrees, from white Havana to the dark brown, moist and sticky. The more coarsely granular, the harder, drier and whiter, the greater is the value of the sugar. The first operation of the refiner after removing the sugar from the hogsheads, boxes, &c., is dissolving the sugar in a pan by means of steam passing through a perforated pipe in the bottom of the pan. The color is then extracted from the solution by means of chemical and mechanical means, when it is passed to what is known as the vacuum pans, heated by steam, for the purpose of being boiled. By this means the liquor is so concentrated that the sugar is only held in solution by the high temperature, so on cooling a rapid crystallization takes place, which produces that uniform fine grain, such as is required in loaf sugar. The syrup, after boiling sufficiently, is poured into the moulds, which are of the funnel or sugar-loaf form, for the purpose of assisting the separation of the mother liquor. The syrup or liquor which runs from the mould is again boiled, from which the lower grades of sugar is produced. The syrup coming from this second process is sold for molasses. The production of molasses is about one-fifth from each hogshead. To produce fine grain or irregular conglomeration of crystals, the liquor must be poured into the moulds at a certain temperature, just when the crystals have begun to form, and as the liquor leaves the vacuum-pan at too low a temperature, for the purpose, it is heated up in a vessel, furnished with a false bottom for the admission of steam, and then cooled to the granulating point in vessels capable of holding the entire quantity of liquor boiled in a day. As the temperature falls, the formation of crystals of too large a size is prevented by stirring. The larger the bulk of syrup the slower is the cooling, and the more regular the crystallization.

ECONOMY OF THE ARTS.—The horseshoe nails dropped in the streets, carefully collected, reappear in the form of swords and guns. The clippings of tinker's shops, mixed with the pairings of horses hoofs, or cast-off woolen garments, appear afterwards in the form of dyes of the brightest blue, in the dress of courtly dames. The bones of dead animals yield the chief constituents of lucifer matches—phosphorus. The dregs of port wine, carefully rejected by the port wine drinker in decanting his favorite beverage, are taken by him in the form of Seidlitz powders. The washings of coal gas reappear carefully preserved in the ladies' smelling bottle as an ammoniacal salt.

ADVERSITY EXASPERATES FOOLS, DEJECTS COURAGE, DRAWS OUT THE FACULTIES OF THE WISE AND INGENUOUS, PUTS THE MODEST TO THE NECESSITY OF TRYING THEIR SKILL, AWES THE OPULENT, AND MAKES THE IDLE INDUSTRIOUS. Much may be said in favor of adversity; but the worst of it is it has no friend.

TIME SUBSERVES ALL USES, BUT WE DO NOT ALWAYS KNOW HOW TO REGULATE IT. Light as a feather—weighty as a stone—brief as a moment—tedious as ages—we are variously affected by it.

TIME AND AIR.—Time, like air, is invisible, and must be estimated by its uses and effects.

From Talleyrand's Aphorisms.

Our welcome of a stranger depends upon the hole he bears—upon the coat he wears; our farewell upon the spirit he has displayed in the interview.

There is so great a charm in friendship, that there is even a kind of pleasure in acknowledging oneself duped by the sentiment it inspires.

Unbounded modesty is nothing more than unavowed vanity; the too humble obeisance is sometimes a disguised impertinence.

The reputation of a man is like his shadow—gigantic when it precedes him, and pigmy in its proportions when it follows.

Beauty, devoid of grace, is a mere hook without the bait.

He who cannot feel friendship is alike incapable of love. Let a woman beware of the man who owns that he loves no one but herself.

The Count de Coigny possesses wit and talent, but his conversation is fatiguing, because his memory is equally exact in quoting the date of the death of Alexander the Great, and that of the Princess de Guemenee's poodle.

To contradict and argue with a total stranger, is like knocking at a gate to ascertain if there is any one within.

The love of glory can only create a hero; the contempt of it creates a great man.

The errors of great men, and the good deeds of reprobrates, should not be reckoned in our estimates of their respective characters.

It is sometimes quite enough for a man to feign ignorance of that which he knows, to gain the reputation of knowing that of which he is ignorant.

Both erudition and agriculture ought to be encouraged by government; wit and manufactures will come of themselves.

Too much sensibility creates unhappiness; too much insensibility creates crime.

It is an attribute of true philosophy, never to force the progress of truth and reason, but to wait till the dawn of light; meanwhile, the philosopher may wander into hidden paths, but he will never depart from the main track.

A generous man will place the benefits he confers beneath his feet—those he receives, nearest his heart.

If you wish to appear agreeable in society, you must consent to be taught many things which you know already.

To succeed in the world, it is much more necessary to possess the penetration to discover who is a fool, than to discover who is a clever man.

Experience teaches us indulgence; the wisest man is he who doubts his own judgment with regard to the motives which actuate his fellow-men.

There are many vices which do not deprive us of friends; there are many virtues which prevent our having any.

Nothing succeeds so well as success. The "point of honor" can often be made to produce, by means of vanity, as many good deeds as virtue.

More evil truths are discovered by the corruption of the heart than by the penetration of the mind.

Schematic wranglers are like a child's top, noisy and agitated when whipped, quiet and motionless when left alone.

The rich man despises those who flatter him too much, and hates those who do not flatter him at all.

ENIGMA.—Nine-tenths of the miseries and vices of mankind proceed from indolence and idleness. Persons who have naturally active minds—whose "quick thoughts like lightning are alive"—are most perniciously affected by the evils of sloth. The favored sons of genius, endowed with great original powers, were not made for repose; indolence will quickly "freeze the genial current of the soul," and if left idle long, they perish from inaction, like a scimitar corroded and destroyed by rust. But the active occupation of our faculties is a safeguard against these great evils, vice, penury and desponding gloom. Says Colton, "ennui has made more gamblers than avarice, more drunkards than thirst, and more suicides than despair." If we would be both useful and happy, we must keep ourselves industriously and virtuously employed. Old Dumbiedikes was wise in charging his son to "be eye sticking in a tree when he had nothing else to do."

Count de Caylus, a French nobleman, being born to wealth and princely idleness, turned his attention to engraving, and made many fine copies of antique gems. One of the nobility demanded from him a reason for this procedure, and was told by the industrious Count, "I engrave, that I may not hang myself."

PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE.—The present time is for occupation; the past for contemplation; the future for anticipation. "Some," says Fuseli, "confine their views to the present; some extend it to futurity. The butterfly round the meadows; the eagle crosses the seas."

MAKING CANNON.—An Irishman being asked if he knew how cannons are made, replied: "Av course I do; they make a long hole and thin pour brass around it."

AN EDITOR OUT WEST CALLS ON MILDENS TO TAKE COURAGE, BECAUSE THE CENSUS SHOWS THAT THERE ARE HALF A MILLION MORE THAN WOMEN IN THE UNITED STATES.

POETRY.—It is the gift of poetry to hallow every place in which it moves; to breathe perfume nature an odor more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning.

BEAUTIFUL SMILE.—Horace Mann compared the death of an infant to a bird struck down by a fowler in the midst of his morning song by a fowler in the midst of his morning song by a fowler in the midst of his morning song.

HAPPINESS IS A PERFUME THAT ONE CANNOT SHED OVER ANOTHER WITHOUT A FEW DROPS FALLING ON ONE'S SELF.