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TOWANDA:

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Selected Poetry.

OUR HAPPIEST DAYS.

They tell me, love, that you and I
Our happiest days are seeing,
While yet is shut from either's eye
The change that waits on being;
Ah! life, they say, is a weary way,
With less of joy than sorrow,
For where the sunlight falls to-day,
There'll be a shade to-morrow.

If ours be love that will not bear
The test of change and sorrow,
And only deeper channels wear
In passing to each morrow;
Then better were it that to-day
We fervently were praying,
That what we have may pass away
While we the words were saying.

The heart hath depths of bitterness,
As well as depths of pleasure,
And those who love, love not unless
They both of these can measure.
There is a time, and it will come,
When this they may discover,
And woe if either then be dumb
To power that moved the lover!

There are some sports where each will fall,
And each will need sustaining;
And suffering is the lot of all,
And is of God's ordaining;
Then therefore do our hearts unite
In bonds that none can sever,
And strengthen each endeavor!

Then while these happy days we bless,
Let us be glad to be so;
God's mercy never will be less,
Though he should change the showing;
Such be our faith as on we tread,
Each trusting and obeying,
And two who by his hand are led,
And hear what he is saying.

Miscellaneous.

THE WONDERS OF CALIFORNIA.

THE BIG TREE GROVE.

A correspondent of the San Francisco Bulletin has celebrated "Big Tree Grove," in Calaveras county, California:

We arrived at the hotel about sunset, and found a large company already collected, eager to engage in the dance of the evening.—Every preparation had been made by the proprietor, Mr. Haynes, for a grand time. Between the hotel and the base of the Big Tree, a fine spring floor had been laid to dance upon; which with the stump was covered with a large carpet of evergreens, beautifully illuminated with many candles among the boughs. The scene was romantic and beautiful beyond description. Here, fifteen miles from any habitation, where but a few years ago nothing but the howl of the wolf and panther, or the still more fierce whoop of the Indian ever disturbed the long silence of nature, the wilderness now echoed with the sweet note of merry music. All seemed to enjoy the novelty of the occasion, free and unrestrained from the cold formalities of fashionable life. We were somewhat wearied with the fatigues of our journey, but there was

"No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet."

The surface of the stump of the big tree is smooth solid timber, and affords space for thirty-two persons to dance upon, being seven-six feet in circumference. Theatrical performances have been given upon it by the Chapman family in May, 1855; also by the Robinson family in the same year. It was first discovered by some hunters in 1850, whose accounts were considered fabulous until confirmed by actual measurement. This proud monarch of the forest was destroyed by Capt. Hanford, who has since taken a section of fifty feet of the bark to New York and Paris. He has met a just reward for his vandalism by losing a fortune in the enterprise.—It required the labor of five men for twenty-five days to cut the tree down. This was done by boring it with augers, and then sawing the spaces between. It stood so perpendicular that it required a wedge and battering ram to cause it to fall, after it was cut entirely off. Upon its trunk, about one hundred feet from its base, is situated a bar-room and two alleys, extending along its upper surface eighty-one feet affording ample room for two or more airy beds, side by side.

After a short rest, we hastened, the next morning, with much anxiety, to visit all the objects of interest in the Grove. As nearly all the trees have already been described by others, I shall not consume time in noticing them, but only a few incidents connected with these greatest vegetable productions of the earth. At first sight the stranger can hardly realize their massive grandeur—with trunks thirty-six feet circumference, lifting their huge branches three hundred feet towards the heavens. It is only by comparing them with the surrounding pines, which are ten feet in diameter, and then with those half that size, which, in the eastern forest, would be considered very large trees, that any just conception can be formed of their real magnitude.—The "Father of the Forest," who has long since bowed his "head to the dust," is still standing in his ruins. His trunk is over thirty feet in diameter, and can be traced nearly three hundred feet, where it was broken in fragments, by falling on another tree. According to the general taper of other trees, this great progenitor must have been over four hundred feet in length. At the distance of two hundred and fifty feet from the roots, we readily descended through a knot hole in a cavity, at least eight feet in diameter. The view while seated upon the moss covered trunk of the venerable Giant, surrounded by a group of about twenty giant sons and daughters,

form one of the most impressive scenes in the forest. Near the "Father" is the famous "Horse Back Ride," an old fallen trunk, one hundred and fifty feet long, hollowed out by the fires which have in days past, raged in the forest. The cavity is sufficiently large to allow a person to ride through on horseback.—Most of our party, both ladies and gentlemen enjoyed the romance of performing this great novel feat.

These mammoth trees resemble the cedar very much, as is indicated by the bark and leaf, and according to many botanists belong to the family of *Taxodiums*. They have justly been named the *Washington Gigantes*, but according to two of the greatest English botanists, they are classified as an entirely new species, and to gratify English pride and extend the name of Waterloo they named them *Sequoia Wellingtonia*. There are nine-two large trees of this family still standing. They measure from fifteen to thirty feet in diameter, and are from two hundred and seventy feet high.

This pleasant little valley in which the grove is located contains about three hundred acres of land, and in it—aside from the mammoth trees, which will ever make the place classical in the future history of California—there is much to interest and amuse lovers of rural mountain scenery. The elevation being nearly 4,500 feet above the level of the sea, the air is always fresh, cool and invigorating. Through the valley there is a never failing stream of water, gracefully meandering among the trees; and the earth unlike the parched plains below, is always moist and covered with green vegetation all the summer. There are luxuriant groves of young firs, cedars, dogwood, and hazel, with a few scattering yew trees (of which the Indians make bows,) forming together a cooling shade under which the traveler may sport and amuse, protected from the burning rays of the noon-day sun. The stately sugar pines, towering from two to three hundred feet towards the clouds, like the sea, presents a gracefulness of form, and poetry of motion, while rooking their boughs in the breeze, that none could look upon except with interest and delight. Through all the Grove the proprietor, at great expense, has cut fine walks and drives, thus enabling those who do not wish to enjoy the manly sport of climbing logs and leaping brooks and ditches, to enjoy the beautiful scenery upon horseback or quietly riding in their carriages.

A short walk to a little eminence to the right of the hotel gives a view of which grand beyond description. To the east are the peaks of the Sierras, glistening in the eternal snows of winter. Hundreds of feet below, the Stanislaus, swelled by the melting snows of the mountains, rolled rapidly through its winding channel to the great "Father of Waters." While to the south and west are parched and burning plains of the great Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys.

THE FOP DAGUERRETYPE.—The following portraiture is so true to life, that there is no mistaking the character drawn:

"The fop is a complete specimen of an outside philosopher. He is one third collar, one-sixth patent leather, one-fourth walking-stick, and the rest kid gloves and hair. As to his remote ancestry there is some doubt; but is now pretty well settled that he is the son of a tailor's goose. He becomes ecstatic at the smell of new cloth. He is somewhat nervous, and to dream of tailor bills gives him the nightmare. By his hair, one would judge he had been dipped like Achilles; but evident that the goddess must have held him by the head instead of the heels. Nevertheless, such men are useful. If there were no tadpoles there would be no frogs. They are not so entirely to blame for being devoted to externals. Paste diamonds must have a splendid setting to make them sell. Only it seems to be a waste of materials to put five dollars worth of beaver on five cents worth of brains."

GROWTH OF MIND.—We wonder, indeed when we are told that one day we shall be as the angels of God. I apprehend that as great a wonder has been realized already on the earth. I apprehend that the distance between the mind of Newton and of a Hottentot may have been as great as between Newton and an angel. There is another view still more striking. Newton who lifted his calm, sublime eye to the heavens, and read among the planets and stars the great law of material universe, was forty or fifty years before an infant, without one clear perception, and unable to distinguish his nurse's arm from the pillow on which he slept. Howard, too, who, under the strength of all-sacrificing benevolence, explored the depths of human suffering, was, forty years before, an infant, wholly absorbed in himself, grasping at all he saw, and almost breaking his little heart with fits of passion when the ildest toy was withheld. Has not man already traversed as wide a space as separates him from angels?—*Channing.*

A KENTUCKY GIRL.—When the Steamer *Alida* was sinking from her collision with the *Fashion* on Tuesday night and the passengers in confusion, some preparing to secure a safe retreat from the sinking craft, and some in the water making their way to land, a young girl of about seventeen summers was standing on the guard intently contemplating the scene and looking anxiously to the shore. A young man, in the rush of gallantry, stepped up to her, and remarked, "Miss, if you will put yourself under my protection I will convey you safely to shore." "Thank you," replied the young heroine, "but you need not trouble yourself: I am only waiting for the crowd to get out of the way, when I take care of myself and reach the bank." Soon the crowd cleared the space, and she swam to the opposite bank with apparent ease and without the least perceptible fear.

ANTIQUITY.—Too often a collector of valuables that are worth nothing, and a recollector of all that Time has been glad to forget.

The Quaker's Corn-Crib.

A man had been in the habit of stealing corn from his neighbor, who was a Quaker.—Every night he would go softly to the crib, and fill his bag with the ears which the good old Quaker's toil had placed there. Every morning the old gentleman observed a diminution of his corn pile. This was very annoying and must be stopped—but how? Many an one would have said, "Take gun, conceal yourself, wait till he comes, and fire." Others would have said, "Catch the villain, and have him sent to jail."

But the Quaker was not prepared to enter into any such measures. He wanted to punish the offender and at the same time bring about his reformation, if possible. So he fixed a sort of a trap close to the hole through which the man would thrust his arm in getting the corn.

The wicked neighbor proceeded on his unholy errand at the hour of midnight, with bag in hand. Unsuspectingly he thrust his hand into the crib to seize an ear, when, lo! he found himself unable to withdraw it! In vain he tugged and pulled, and sweated, and alternately cried and cursed. His hand was fast, and every effort to release it only made it the more secure. After a time the tumult in his breast measurably subsided. He gave over his useless struggles, and began to look around him. All was silence and repose. Good men were sleeping comfortably in their beds, while he was compelled to keep a dreary, disgraceful watch through the remainder of that long and tedious night, his hand in constant pain from the pressure of the cramp which held it. His tired limbs, compelled to sustain his weary body, would fain have sunk beneath him, and his heavy eyes would have closed in slumber, but no! there was no rest, no sleep for him. There he must stand and watch the progress of the night, and at once desire and dread the return of morning. Morning came at last, and the Quaker looked out of his window and found that he had "caught a man."

What was to be done? Some one would say, "Go out and give him a good cowhiding just as he stands, and then release him; that'll cure him." But not so said the Quaker.—Such a course would have sent the man away embittered, and muttering curses of revenge. The old man hurried on his clothes, and started at once to the relief and punishment of his prisoner.

"Good morning, friend," said he, as he came in speaking distance. "How does thee do?" The poor culprit made no answer, but burst into tears.

"O be!" said the Quaker, as he proceeded to release him. "I am sorry that thee has got thy hand fast. Thee put it in the wrong place, or it would not have been so." The man looked crest-fallen, and begging forgiveness hastily turned to make his retreat. "Stay," said his persecutor, for he was now becoming soft to the offender, who could have received a blow with a much better grace than the kind words that were falling from the Quaker's lips. "Stay friend, thy bag is not filled. Thee needs corn or thee would not have taken so much pains to get it. Come, let us fill it," and the poor fellow was obliged to stand and hold the bag while the old man filled it, interspersing the exercises with the pleasantest conversation imaginable, all of which were like daggers in the heart of his chagrined and mortified victim. The bag was filled and the string tied, and sufferer hoped soon to be out of the presence of his tormentor, but again his purpose was thwarted.

"Stay," said the Quaker, as the man was about to hurry off, having uttered once more his apologies and thanks. "Stay, Ruth has breakfast ere this; thee must not think of going without breakfast; Ruth is calling."

This was almost unendurable. This was "heaping coals" with vengeance. In vain the mortified neighbor begged to be excused. In vain he pleaded to be released from what would be to him a punishment ten times more severe than stripes and imprisonment. The Quaker was inexorable, and he was obliged to yield.—Breakfast over, "Now," said the old farmer, as he helped the victim shoulder the bag, "if thee needs any more corn, come in the day-time, and thee shall have it."

With what shame and remorse did that guilty man turn from the dwelling of the pious Quaker! Every-body is ready to say that he never again troubled the Quaker's corn-crib. I have something still better than that to tell you. He at once repented and reformed, and my informant tells me that he afterwards heard him relate in an experience-meeting, the substance of the story I have related, and he attributed his conversion, under God's blessing, to the course the Quaker had pursued, to arrest him in his downward course.

MODEL COURTSHIP.—Robert Hall, the most eloquent of Baptist clergymen "proposed" to and married a servant girl, because he was captivated by the manner in which she put the coals on in replenishing the fire. Abhorring the usual long and tedious process of wooing—that is burning for months with alternations of love and jealousy, if not, Roger De Coverly-like, sighing a life-time for some unrelenting fair one—he brought things instantly to a crisis. "Betty do you love the lord Jesus Christ?" "I hope I do." "Then Betty you must love me," and falling on his knees, he begged her to marry him. And married they were, and lived most happily. What an enormous consumption of "the stuff life is made of," especially of the precious "wee small hours ayant the twal," might be avoided by the general imitation of this example, we leave the statisticians and political economists to calculate.

There are some people, according to Hazlitt, who are governed almost entirely by an instinct of absurdity. From irritability of nerve, the idea that a thing is improper acts as a provocation to it. The dread of something wrong haunts and rivets their attention to it; they lose their self-possession, and are hurried into the very mistakes they are anxious to avoid.

A Lesson to a Scolding Mother.

A little girl who had witnessed the perplexity of her mother on a certain occasion when her fortitude gave way under severe trial, said:

"Mother does God ever fret or scold?" The query was so abrupt and startling it arrested the mother's attention almost with a shock.

"Why, Lizzie, what makes you ask that question?"

"Why God is good—you know you used to call him the Good Man when I was little—and I should like to know if he ever scolded."

"No, child, no."

"Well I'm glad he don't; for scolding always makes me feel so bad, even if it is not me in fault. I don't think I could love God much if he scolded."

The mother felt rebuked before her simple child. Never had she heard as forcible a lecture on the evils of scolding. The words of Lizzie sank deep in her heart, and she turned away from the innocent face of her little one to hide the tears that gathered in her eyes.—Children are quick observers; and Lizzie seeing the effects of her words, hastened to inquire:

"Why do you cry, mother? Was it naughty for me to ask so many questions?"

"No, love, it was all right. I was only thinking how bad I am to scold so much, when my girl could hear and be troubled about it."

"O, no mamma, you are not bad; you are a good mamma; only I wish there were not so many bad things to make you fret and talk like you did just now. It makes me feel away from you so far as if I could not come near you as I can when you smile and are kind, and O, I fear I sometimes shall be put off so far I never can get back again."

"O Lizzie do not say that," said the mother unable to suppress the tears that had been struggling in her eyes. The child wondered what could so affect its parent, but instinctively seeing that it was a case requiring sympathy, she put her little arms about her neck and whispered:

"Mamma dear, I do make you cry? do you love me?"

"O, yes, I love you more than I can tell," replied the parent clasping the child to her bosom. "And I will try never scold again before my little sensitive child."

"O, I am so glad. I can get so near you when you don't scold; and do you know mother, I always want to love you so much."

This was an effectual lesson, and the mother felt the force of that passage of scripture, "Out of the mouths of babes have I ordained strength." She never scolded again.

CALIFORNIA POETRY.—When from my room I chanced to stray to spend an hour at close of day, I ever find the place most dear, where some friend treats to lager beer.—*Sacramento Age.*

Ah! yes, my friend, of city life, sure such a treat cures such a strife; but better than such a dose far, are pleasures of a fine cigar.—*Placer Herald.*

Such pleasure may suit baser minds, but with the good no pleasure finds; yet one the purest joy of life, is making love to one's own wife.—*Volcano Ledger.*

Most wise your choice, my worthy friend in Hymen's joys your cares to end; but we, tho' tired of single life, can't boast of having our own wife, and so when 'neath our cares we faint, we fly to kiss some gal that ain't—yet.—*Napa Reporter.*

That "lager beer" will bile provoke, while "fine Havanas" end in smokes. To court one's wife is better far, than lager beer or vile cigar. Kisses, the dew of Love's young morn, break on the lips as soon as born. These all are ought to that greatest joy—the first proud glance at your first-born boy.—*Evening Ledger.*

'Tis true a boy's a wished for blessing, but then suppose the first's a girl! A dear sweet child with ways caressing, and pouting lips and flaxen curl, with dimple cheeks and laughing eye, to come and bid "papa" good bye! So whether boy or whether 'tother, embrace the babe and then the mother!—*San Francisco Globe.*

ANECDOTE OF SHUTER.—As Shuter, the celebrated comedian was once travelling to the north of England, the coach was stopped by a highwayman, on Finchley Common. His only companion in the journey was an old gentleman, who, to save his money, pretended to be asleep. But Shuter resolved to be even with him. Accordingly, when the highwayman presented his pistol, and demanded Shuter to deliver his money, or he was a dead man; "Money!" returned he, with an idiotic shrug, and a countenance inexpressibly vacant; "Oh, Lud, sir, they never trust me with any; for nuncle, here, always pays for me, turpikes and all, your honor!" Upon which the highwayman gave him a few hearty curses for his stupidity, aroused the old gentleman, and robbed him of every shilling; whilst Shuter heartily enjoyed the joke.

There are a very few original thinkers in the world, or ever have been; the greatest of those who are called philosophers, have adopted the opinions of some who went before them, and so having chosen their respective guides, they maintain with zeal what they have thus imbibed.

A venerable young gentleman, four years old, recently threw his maternal relative into a fit of admiration by the following speech:—"I like all kinds of cakes—pound cake, sponge cake, and jelly cake, but I don't like stomach ache."

We paint our lives in fresco. The soft and facile plaster of the moment hardens under every stroke of the brush into eternal rock.

MANUFACTURE OF THE CELEBRATED RUSSIAN LEATHER.

In the production of the well-known Russian leather, the hides to be tanned—whether wet or dry—are first laid to soak for three days and nights, in a solution of potash, to which some quicklime is added. The potash used is made of the common elm, which is said to be preferable to any other, if not essential; it is not purified, so that is of a brown color, and of earthy appearance. About four hundred and thirty-two pounds of this and seventy-two pounds of lime, serve for one hundred skins. As they have no other way of ascertaining the degree of causticity of the alkali but by its effect on the tongue, when they find it weak, they let the skins lie longer in the solution. When the skins are taken out, they are carried to the river and left under water for a day and a night. Next, two and a half gallons of dog's ordure is boiled in as much water as is enough to soak fifty skins; but in the winter time, when the ordure is frozen, twice that quantity is found necessary. The skins are put into this solution when it is about as hot as the hand can bear, and in this they remain one day and one night. The skins are then sewed up so as to leave no hole; in short, so as to be water tight. About one-third of what the skin will contain is then filled up with the leaves and small twigs chopped together of the plant called bearberry, which is brought from the environs of Solikamskaga, and the skin is then filled up with water.

Thus filled, they are laid one on the other in a large trough, and heavy stones upon them to press the infusion through the pores of the skin about four hours—the filling up being repeated ten times successively, with the same water. They are then taken to the river and washed, and are ready for the dyeing—the whitest skins being laid aside for the red and yellow leather. The skins are softened after dyeing, by being harassed with a knife, the point of which curves upwards.

SOME PLOUGHING.—When we lived in Maine said Uncle Ezra, I helped to break up a new piece of ground; we got the wood off in the winter, and early in the spring we began to ploughing out. It was so consarned rocky that we had to get forty yoke of oxen to one plough, we did faith, and I held the plough more'n a week—I thought I should die. It e'umost killed me, I vow. Why one day I was holdin', and the plow hit a stump which measured just nine feet and a half through—hard and sound white oak. The plough hit it, and I was going, straight through the stump, when I happened to think it might snap together again, so I threw my feet out, and had no sooner done so than it snapped together taking a smart hold of the seat of my pantaloons. Of course I was tight, but I held on the plow handles, and though the teamsters did all they could, that team of eighty oxen couldn't tear my pantaloons, nor cause me to let go my grip. At last, though after letting the cattle breathe, they gave another strong pull all together, and the old stump came out with the quickest. It had monstrous long roots too, let me tell you. My wife made the cloth for them pantaloons, and I ain't worn any other kind since.

The only reply made to this was, "I shod have thought it would have come hard on your suspenders."

"Powerful hard!"

A VERDANT GROOMSMAN.—On no occasion do people seem more prone to commit blunders than at a wedding. The following incident actually happened in a neighboring town. In the midst of witnesses, the clergyman had just completed the ceremony which binds, in the silver bonds of wedlock, two willing hearts, and stretched forth his hands to implore the blessing of heaven on the union. At this point, the groomsmen seeing the hands, reached out, supposed it was the signal for him to surrender the marriage fee, which was burning in his pocket. Accordingly just as the clergyman closed his eyes in prayer, he felt the pressure of two sweet half dollars upon his palms. The good man hesitated, appalled by the ludicrousness of his situation, but coolly deposited the money in his pockets, and proceeded with his devotions.

A SAFE MAN TO INSURE.—By a steamboat explosion on a Western river, a passenger was thrown hurt into the water, and at once struck out lustily for the shore, blowing like a porpoise all the while. He reached the bank almost exhausted, and was caught by a bystander and drawn out panting. "Well, old fellow," said his friend, "had a hard time, eh?" "Ye-yes, pre-pretty hard, considerin'." Wasn't doing it for myself, though; was a workin' for one o' them insurance offices in New York. Got a policy on my life, and I wanted to save them. I didn't care."

A humorous old man fell in with an ignorant and rather impertinent young minister, who proceeded to inform the gentleman, in very positive terms, that he would never reach heaven unless he was born again, and added, "I have experienced that change, and now feel no anxiety." "And have you been born again?" said his companion. "Yes, I trust I have." "Well," said the old gentleman, eyeing him very attentively, "I shouldn't think it would hurt you to be born once more."

BROODING OVER TROUBLES.—Man doubles all the evils of his fate by pondering over them; a scratch becomes a wound, a slight an injury, a jest an insult, a small peril a great danger, and a slight sickness often ends in death-brooding apprehensions.

COULDN'T HOLD OUT.—A girl who had become tired of single blessedness, wrote to her intended, thus:

"Dear Jim, come rite off if you're cumin' at all; Ed. Keiderman is insistin' that I shall have him, and he hugs and kisses me so continually that I can't hold out much longer."

AMERICAN WINES.—The American grape

crop is becoming something of an institution in our country. In the Great West, especially in Ohio and Missouri, thousands of acres are set apart for the cultivation of the vine, and large quantities of wine are now manufactured annually. It has been demonstrated by numerous experiments, that our native grapes produce wine fully as good as the best imported from abroad, and so well aware are the people of Ohio and Missouri of this fact, that most of them prefer their own to the best imported brands. No crop, we have been informed, yields a more profitable return for the care and labor expended upon it, than the grape.

One acre produces about four hundred gallons of juice, and the wine sells at a higher price, the demand for it being greater than the supply. This very circumstance, however, has led to its adulteration in some cases, as liquids have been sold for the pure native juice of the grape which were but mixtures of logwood, caramel, and a little native wine, to impart its peculiar aroma to the whole. It is greatly to be regretted that any wine manufacturer should do such a thing; but for all this there are a number of Ohio brands much prized by those who have quaffed the juice of the grape in sunny France, on the banks of the Rhine and Douro. The brands of Mr. Yeatman, of Cincinnati, and some others, have very high reputation in the market.

The soil and the climate of several of our States are very favorable for the cultivation of the grape, and we think that not many years hence, the importation of foreign wines will cease entirely.

In Missouri, a whole county is chiefly devoted to the raising of grapes, with the sole view of manufacturing them into wine; while a company has been formed there, with a large capital, to manufacture, bottle, store and sell it. The wine made in Missouri is quite equal to the best in Ohio. The vine-yards around Cincinnati are extending rapidly every year. One horticulturist alone, as we learn from a cotemporary, sold one million of cuttings the present season.

Whenever a plentiful supply of good pure native wine is obtained, it will supersede distilled wine and malted liquors—beverages which are now too commonly used.

LOST LEGGAGE.—People in the United States are rather careless of their lives when traveling, but they are a great deal more careless of their luggage. Every railroad company has a depository, in which are placed all the trunks, boxes, carpet bags, and parcels that are not claimed by passengers, and these accumulate with surprising rapidity. Under the law of New York, all such unclaimed articles may be sold when they have remained on hand more than a year, and the New York Central Railroad Company announces such a sale to take place at Albany, on the 18th of August. They advertise a list of no less than two thousand one hundred and six articles that had accumulated during the years of 1852, 1853, 1854, and 1855. In these are comprised trunks, boxes, chests, hand boxes, hat boxes, bags, bundles, and packages of these every size and description. About one-half of these are not marked in any way, while others are only marked imperfectly by initials or ciphers. The aggregate value of these articles and their contents must be many thousand dollars. On all the railroads of the United States there must be annually some hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of personal property lost or abandoned in this way.

NATURE THE TEACHER.—Hugh Miller says in his last great work, "The Testimony of the Rocks" etc., that there is scarcely an architectural ornament of the Gothic or Grecian styles, which may not be found as fossils existing in the rocks. The Illudendron, says Mr. Miller, was sculptured into gracefully arranged rows of pointed and closely lubricated leaves, similar to those into which Roman architects fretted the torsos of the Corinthian order. The Sigillaria were fluted columns, ornately carved in the line of the channeled flutes; the Lepidodendra bore, according to their species, sculptured scales or lozenges, or egg-hollows, set in a frame, and relieved into knobs and furrows; all of them furnishing examples of a delicate diaper work, like that so admired in our more ornate Gothic buildings such as Westminster Abbey, or Canterbury and Winchester Cathedrals, only greatly more exquisite in their design and finish. No one can raise from the perusal of Mr. Miller's volume, without feeling convinced that it is one of the most interesting and erudite contributions to scientific literature of modern times.

SIMPLICITY.—Our life is frittered away by detail. Simplify, simplify, simplify! I say let your affairs be as two or three, and not a hundred, or a thousand; instead of a million count a half dozen, and keep your accounts on your thumb nail. In the midst of this chopping sea of civilized life, such are the clouds, and storms, and quicksands, and thousand and one items to be allowed for, that a man has to live, if he would not founder and go to the bottom, and not make his perch at all, by dead reckoning, and must be a great calculator, indeed, who succeeds. Simplify, simplify. Instead of three meals a day, if it be necessary, eat but one; instead of a hundred dishes, five; and reduce other things in proportion. Our life is like a German confederacy, made up of petty States, with its boundary forever fluctuating so that a German cannot tell how it is bounded at any moment. Our nation itself, with all so-called internal improvements, which, by the way, are all external and superficial, is just such an unwieldy and overgrowing establishment cluttered with furniture, and tripped up by its own traps—ruined by want of calculation and worthy aim, as the million house-holds in the land; and the only cure for it, as for them, is a rigid economy, a stern and more than Spartan simplicity of life, and elevation of purpose. It lives too fast.—*Essex.*