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"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

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TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, October 8, 1857.

Selected Poetry.

SEVENTY-SIX.

BY WILLIAM C. BRAANT.

What heron from the woodland spring,
When, through the fresh-awakened land,
The thrilling cry of freedom rung,
And to the work of warfare strung,
The yeoman's iron hand!

Hills fanned the cry to hills around,
And ocean-mart replied to mart,
And streams whose springs were yet unbound,
Pealed far away the startling sound
Into the forest's heart.

Then marched the brave from rocky steep,
From mountain rivers swift and cold;
The border of the stormy deep,
The vales where gathered waters sleep,
Sent up the strong and bold.

As if the very earth again
Grew quick with God's avenging breath,
And from the sods of grove and glen,
Rose ranks of lion-hearted men,
To battle to the death.

The wife, whose babe first smiled that day,
The fair, fond bride of yesterday,
And aged sire, and matron gray,
Saw the loved warriors baste away,
And deemed it but to grieve.

Already had the strig begun,
Already blood on Concord's plain
Along the springing grass had run,
And blood had flowed at Lexington,
Like looks of April rain.

The death-stain on the vernal sword
Hallowed to freedom all the shore;
In fragrant fell the yoke absorbed—
The feet-steps of a foreign lord
Protruded the soil no more.

Miscellaneous.

How his Hat Troubled Him.

BY HAZEL GREEN, ESQ.

"When I was a young lad, just beginning to think about the girls," said Charley, "I was monstrous pious, and went to meeting every Sunday; but I have since come to the conclusion that I was not so much for the concern I felt for the 'good of my soul,' as it was for the sake of gazing about the room, and thinking to myself which girl was the prettiest, and which one I would rather marry."

"Well, one day I singled out a girl who, I thought, eclipsed all creation for beauty; in fact, I was soon head-over-heels in love with her. But a few moments sufficed for me to form a resolution to see her home, pop the question, and, if possible, to strike a bargain immediately. I was all in a tremble. The sermon seemed a week long, and very uninteresting. Many, no doubt, were praying for their neighbors and their neighbors' children, but with me it was different—I was praying for the meeting to break up."

"At length the meeting did break, and I broke with it—for my hat; but to my surprise and mortification, I could not find it until after the object of my affections had gotten so far the start of me, that it would have required quite an effort to have overtaken her. Besides, there was another consideration—my hat had been under foot, and was so badly soiled that I was rather ashamed to be seen with it on. Taking all these things into consideration, I resolved to wait for the next opportunity."

"From that time I was a changed chap. I could think of nothing but the girl I had seen at meeting, except it was that of persuading the 'governor' to buy me a new suit of Sunday clothes. The old lady sided with me in this particular, and between us both we succeeded in carrying our point. I was rigged out in style—cloth coat, satin vest, cassimere pants, and to crown all, a beaver that cost five dollars. This will fix things, thought I; could I but see her now, I might set her down as mine."

"In a few evenings there was a prayer meeting at 'Union Meeting-house,' and I, with my new fixings, wended my way thither; not, however, until my mother had given me much good advice concerning the management of my new rigging—more particularly my hat, as I had but a short time before got my old one crushed up at meeting."

"I had not been in the meeting-house long, before she whom I most anxiously expected came in and from thence until the services were concluded, I was in a sea of trouble, lest some fellow should cut me out, or something of the kind."

"As soon as the congregation was dismissed, I 'yoked' her, and off we started. When we reached her home the sun was just setting, and so, to be mannerly, her old dad asked me to 'stay all night.' I had no objections, and after supper was over, I told Betty (for that was the girl's name) that I'd like to chat with her a little more. She had no objections, but said we must go to the kitchen, as the old folks didn't like to be disturbed by a light in the 'big room' when they were to bed. To all this I consented, of course, and so we were soon on the very best of terms. I should have been extremely happy but for one cause—the stamp of plenty, in the form of grease, was abundantly impressed upon everything in the room, excepting the chairs upon which we sat, and consequently I was much troubled about my new hat. What should I do with it? I did not want to have grease upon it—no, that would never do! Finally I resolved to keep it on my head, judging that to be the safest place. Being thus relieved of my greatest embarrassment, I went about the work of courting in real earnest."

"After many fine things had been said, and a marriage contract had been partially entered into, I proposed a kiss. You may be sure she

refused, but I insisted. A scuffle ensued, which lasted until she was completely exhausted—Being unable to hold out longer, she turned up her pretty lips and said: "If you must kiss me—here; but don't you ever undertake such a thing again—you brute!"

"I stooped over to perform the operation, when, all of a sudden, I felt an unusual lightness about my head. Before I had time to think whether I was going to faint or not, I heard a kind of splashing about my feet, and casting my eyes downward, I saw—great heavens! what did I see? There lay my five dollar beaver, completely immersed in a filthy compound of dish water, cucumber peels, 'tater' skins, and the Lord knows what besides, that had been accumulated in a tub, under the fascinating cognomen of 'swill!'"

"There was a predicament for you. What should I do? If Betty had observed it, the matter would not have been so bad; but she had not; could I tell her? No! heaven forbid! At first I thought of lifting it out, but imagining the spectacle it would present, my courage failed me. "But then," reasoned I, "she will be sure to see it ere long, and then how she will blush! Already she is looking at me, as if she is wondering why I don't kiss her—perhaps I had better not stay any longer;" and sitting the action to the word I made a leap for the door, and was off like a comet. From thence all was confusion, until I found myself at home—bare-headed—receiving a raking fire from the old man and the old woman at the same time. This is bad enough to think of, but it is not the worst.—There is one thing that now rings in my ears and will continue to do so as long as I live.—It is the last words of Betty. Poor thing, supposing that I had taken offence at her resistance, she called after me as I shot out of the door:

"Oh, Charley, come back! I was only in fun. Come back, do! Oh! Charley!"

Do Right.

A wealthy merchant remarked a few days since that he was fully convinced from his own experience, that the means to achieve success lay in a suit-shall—no right. "When I say success," said he, "I mean not only the accumulation of fortune, but the ability to enjoy it—to live a useful, happy life." What is the use of much wealth if we know that it was obtained by wronging the widow and orphan, by the tricks of trade, selling articles for what they were not, and a thousand modes of unfair dealings? Can a man be happy if he knows he has stripped a poor family of its last dollar, sent a dagger to its very heart, drawn away the final drop of blood, leaving their bodies writhing in throes of untold agony, pinched by hunger and cold, their spirits dejected and gloomy—hope crushed out and despair fast hurrying them on, on to ruin?—Granting that men grow better by doing kindly acts, and feel the better for seeing others do them, how sickening it must be to the true man to know that by false dealing he has curdled the milk of human kindness in one breast, turning it to bitter gall! If wealth comes by such means let it not come at all. Shall an active man, possessed of God-given powers, at his dying hour turn back to his past life and be able only to say: I have done nothing to add to the wealth of the world in gold or silver, or in artistic productions, but have coveted the labors of others, heaped treasures sordidly to myself, foolishly supposing that I might trample down all feelings and sympathies not directly productive of gain? Or shall he rather be able to say that, while I have industriously gathered wealth, I have done it with cheerful looks, kindly words, warm sympathies; I have done it by making things which have added to the comfort of men, by bringing within the reach of the poor great means of present enjoyment, the opening of a brilliant future, by throwing lights of sympathy on the dejected, lifting up the down-fallen, strengthening the weak, infusing in all a fervent belief in the brighter part of their being? Such a life will enable a man to throw off his wealth as a scale, at the last day, bearing away only the imperishable soul which has accumulated strength along with the mass of worldly goods justly and usefully obtained, would you, young man, belong to the latter class, do right. How much better to do right, if you die not worth a farthing, and feel that you have rather added to the good faith in the higher life on earth, than to die while rolling in the luxury, pomp, and pride of ill-gotten gains! Then do right, and if tempted for momentary ease and vanity to abuse your better nature rest assured that both the body and the spirit will suffer in a ratio corresponding to the transgression. There is but one road to happiness and contentment—do right.

TO EXTINGUISH.—An Irishman being on a visit to some of his relatives, a little more polished than himself, was requested on going to bed, to be careful to extinguish the candle; he was obliged to ask the meaning of the word, when he was told it was to put it out. He treasured up the term, and one day he was sitting at home with his wife, enjoying his potatoes and butter-milk, when a pig unconsciously walked in, whereupon he said, (proud of his bit of learning):

"Judy, dear, will you extinguish the pig?"

"Arrah, now, Pat, me honey, what do you mane?"

"Hush, then, you ignorant crathur," replied Pat, "it manes to put him out to be sure."

THE NEED OF SYMPATHY.—No class or condition is exempted from suffering and woe.—None in this world are so situated, as to be beyond the need, at some time of the soothing and solacing influence of an unaffected sympathy. Disease and death are common to all. Who does not know of some friend or neighbor, who tasted the bitterness of losing a beloved child, an endeared wife or a loving parent? Who does not know of some family surrounded by all the comforts, and enjoying all the happiness of life, that had its joys turned mourning?

Farm Life a School of true Manhood.

The men who have left their marks upon the ages in which they have lived, have done a great and noble work for the race, have been with few exceptions, men of noble physical mould. The foundation of their greatness and of their fame was laid in the patient training of their physical powers. Such a man was Washington, and most of the worthies who were associated with him in the struggle for our liberties. Such was Clay and Webster, and many of their contemporaries in our national Senate. Their early days were spent upon a farm, and the thoughts of their declining years were given to the improvement and the cultivation, and the embellishment of their respective homesteads. Ashland and Marshfield will long be scenes of pilgrimage to the husband as well as the patriot.

The whole tendency of farm life is to develop the body healthfully and systematically. The child is not pent up in the narrow back-yard of a city dwelling, nor turned into the thronged and filthy street to pursue his sports. His eyes open first upon green fields and fragrant meadows, and his first foothold out of doors is upon the matted grass beneath the shadowy trees of his rural home. He drinks in health from every breeze, and all the scenes around him call forth that playfulness which performs so important an office in our early training.

And this leads us to speak of the influence of farm life upon the home virtues. No occupation can be more favorable to the cultivation of those qualities which are the charm of the domestic circle. The farmer is much more at home than is possible with any other men. How many there are in our cities, who can only see their families at evening, or on the Sabbath. They live for their business, and this from its location takes them from home early and late. How many from this same cause, forsake housekeeping and huddle into boarding houses and hotels, where the charm and beauty of the family, as God instituted it, are entirely lost, and children fall under a thousand unfriendly influences that would never reach them at home. With the best arrangements wealth can command in the city, it is well impossible to keep children under the influence of their parents, so that they shall have a distinct family character, and bear the moral, as they do the physical image of their progenitors. Parental influence is dissipated amid the varied social influences to which they are subjected from their earliest days.—Then what perplexities harass the man of business in the city—his capital often invested in profitless enterprise, exposed to the degradations of dishonest men, betrayed, cheated, and ruined by knaves and bankrupts. From the very character of his business, he has to trust far more of his available means to the integrity of his fellows than the cultivator.—His debts are often scattered over a wide extent of territory, and collections are not only expensive, but exceedingly uncertain. But his commercial credit depends upon this uncertainty, and he is often compelled to fall back upon nothing, a ruined man.

Ninety-five failures in a hundred, among most business men in the city, tell a sad tale of the perplexity and sorrow, the corroding cares and anguish, of mercantile life. How can a father, goaded with these anxieties, from the beginning to the end of the year, do justice to his children, even if the business allowed him to be with them a part of the time? He is not in a frame of mind to superintend their education and to perform a father's office.

The farm preserves the family in its integrity. The house has in it that charming world, and that before charming thing, the fireside, around which parents and children gather, and where the bright and cheerful blaze upon the hearth is but a true type of the flame of love that glows in every heart. The parents have been drawn together, not by the sordid motives of wealth, or the ambitious desire of social display, but for the personal qualities seen in each other. The glory of the fireside to the husband is that the wife is there; and to the wife that he is there who is the head of the woman, and the band in that home circle.—Here they gather at morning and evening, and at noon. Their board is almost always surrounded with the same circle, and here they spend the long winter evenings together.

From the American Journal of Education.

A RICH ORATORIAL CLIMAX.—The Toledo Blade says that a story is told of an aspiring orator who held forth on the fourth of July, at one of the many celebrations in the "rural districts" in Ohio. His maiden speech duly prepared, and the telling portions committed to memory, he found himself, in a state of thrilling nervousness, before the people. All went on well, and he had, in a measure, recovered his self-command, when he arrived at the great climax of his speech—that portion of it in which he was to allude to "The American Eagle." Proudly he began, and tossed off almost flippantly, "The Eagle, gentleman, that proud bird! the emblem of our liberties, gentlemen, as she stands—when suddenly the rest of his labored simile faded from his memory. Terrified at the discovery, he gasped—he seized, nervously, a tumbler of water, and turned it, by mistake, inside his cravat, and took a fresh start, with a rush of desperation which bid fair to bursting the bonds of his fettered imagination, and soar majestically away on the wings of the apostrophized "bird." The American Eagle! The American Eagle, gentlemen, that proud bird of our liberties, as she stands—standing—as she stands—standing—with great vigor," with one foot on the Alleghenies and the other on the Rocky Mountains, and stretching her broad wings from the Atlantic to the Pacific, shall—stretching her broad wings—with one foot on the Rocky Mountains, and the other on the Alleghenies, shall—shall howl, gentlemen and fellow citizens, in the glorious freedom of—her native air!"

There is an inscription on a tombstone at La Pointe, Lake Superior, which reads as follows:—"John Smith, accidentally shot as a mark of affection by his brother."

Coffee—Its Origin, Culture, &c.

Coffee is believed to be a native of Abyssinia, and came down to us through Arabia, Persia and Turkey. It was carried into the last country by Selim, after his conquest to Egypt, but it was not until 1554 that it was publicly sold in Constantinople. The Turks are forbidden the use of wine, and hence coffee is in great repute, on account of its exhilarating qualities. The city of Constantinople is filled with coffee-houses.

Coffee was introduced into England by a Turkish merchant, named Edwards, whose servant was skillful in preparing it, and who, under the patronage of his master, established the first coffee-house in London, in George Yard, Lombard street. Coffee was then sold for four or five guineas a pound. A duty was soon levied upon it of fourpence a gallon, when made into a beverage.

The cultivation of coffee was introduced from the East into the West Indies, as well as South America, by the Dutch and French.—Coffee trees were also carried from Mocha to Holland, and so late as 1714, a plant was presented to Louis XIV. by the magistrate of Amsterdam, and was placed at Marly, under the care of the well-known Jussieu. A few years afterwards one of the shoots of this very plant was sent Cayenne and Martinique. In these tropical regions the plant flourished extensively, and there is now a large export therefrom. In two centuries Coffee has made its way throughout the whole civilized world. Before the commencement of the eighteenth century it was known, except to some savage tribes in Abyssinia.

Coffee cannot be grown in any countries where the mercury never sinks below 55 deg.—The tree grows to the height of twelve or fifteen feet, with leaves something like that of the common laurel. The blossoms are white, much like those of the jessamine, and they issue from the angles of the leaf stalks. When these flowers fade they are succeeded by the beans or seeds, which when ripe are enclosed in a reddish berry. Every berry contains two of these seeds or beans, which are surrounded by a yellowish glutinous pulp. They are as well known, convex on one side and flat on the other, with a slight furrow in the middle of the flat side. They lie in the berry with the flat sides together.

Coffee plants are set out at regular distances, and flourish best in dry soils. They commence bearing when about two year old. The effect of a coffee plantation in full bloom, is very beautiful. The whole field looks as if it had been visited by a gentle fall of snow. In Arabia, and at the East generally, coffee is much finer flavored than it is in the West Indies and South America. It is gathered with far more care in the former than in the latter section. The Mocha coffee is, undoubtedly, the best in the world. Its superiority is owing to superior climate, soil, and culture. Next in reputation to the Mocha, are the Java and Ceylon coffees; then those of Bourbon, Martinique, and Berbice. The Jamaica and St. Domingo coffees are, comparatively speaking, very poor.

The housekeeper has done much towards procuring a fine aromatic cup of coffee when she procures the best article. There is much yet to be done, though, in order to the greater result, and that much lies in the roasting.—The best berry that Mocha ever produced may be offensive to the taste, if improperly roasted, otherwise much of the fine aroma will be dissipated. The best machines we have seen are hollow cylinders formed of sheet iron, which are made to revolve upon an axis, and which are turned with a crank. The fire should be brisk under the cylinder, and the crank should be continually in action when the roasting process is going on. When the coffee has attained a deep cinnamon color and an oily appearance, and when above all it sends forth a rich aromatic flavor, it should be taken from the fire, well shaken, and suffered to cool. Those who know, add that not more than a half pound of coffee should be roasted at once. In Italy they roast coffee, very frequently in the flasks of glass used for oil, very well it is done in this way. The non-conducting power of the glass is thought to give it an advantage over metal of any kind, and the coffee is thought to be less likely to burn.

Another requisite in order to a good cup of coffee, is to have it roasted and ground just before it is wanted for use, or if not, it should be kept in vessels as nearly air tight as possible.

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF WOMEN.—Purch has thus expressed his distress at the disappearance of women from the face of the earth:

There are no women now-a-days. Instead of women, we have towering edifices of silk, lace and flowers. You see a milliner's advertising van that slides along with a rustling sound, and you are told that it is a woman; but as you cannot approach within several yards of the monster obstruction, you cannot tell what it is, beyond something that looks like an entreshop front put in motion, with all the goods in it exposed for sale. I really believe if any showman would open an exhibition where one could see a woman, such as were in my young days, when they used to be fair, slim, slender, graceful, well proportioned, and everything that was beautiful, instead of the animated wardrobes, unrecognizable bundles of fine clothes, that they now are—I really believe that an enterprising showman like that would realize a large fortune.

A clergyman observing a poor man by the road side breaking stone with pick axe, and kneeling to get at his work better, made the remark, "Ah, John, I wish I could break the stony hearts of my hearers as easily as you are breaking these stones." The man replied, "Perhaps you do not work upon your knees!"

Are our friends the horticulturists aware how much they are indebted to printers? We vot not—but it is a fact, that the Horticultural Society in Scotland was founded by Patrick Neill, a printer.

A gentleman who has a very strong desire to be a funny man, sat down upon a hooped skirt the other day. With a desperation equal to any emergency, he whistled, "I'm setting on the style, Mary."

Interesting To Pork Eaters.

Dr. Dixon, the racy editor of the *Scalpel*, dissects the dietetic qualities of a porker as readily as he slashes into the anatomy of diseased humanity. Either the Doctor is right, or Moses of old is wrong:

"The wisdom of the Jewish law which prohibits the use of pork will soon be acknowledged by all rational beings. That swine are afflicted with scrofula and tubercles, we have repeatedly shown, and every killer of hogs well knows it; the indigestibility of the flesh is acknowledged, and if people were enlightened, the hog would only be raised for his fat alone. This is available in all cases instead of whale and other fish oils—a few excepted for the finer kinds for eating. Mutton and beef, if our farmers even become enlightened, may profitably take the place of the hog, and would add greatly to the health and dignity of the farmers household. Hog husbandry is debasing. The influence of pork eating on the farmer is degrading. Good husbandry would furnish other fats for the farmer say nothing of butter, which the present catalogue of the grasses, cereals, and enlightened irrigation, furnish in abundance. If—and we emphatically aver it a correct criterion—the material and getting up of the family meal classifies the occupant of a household among rational and intellectual beings, then we say that those whose table pork is most frequently found are the least intelligent and most groveling in their views. We know distinctly that the full bearings of what we utter, and precisely how it will be received, nor do we care a farthing for the anathemas that will be hurled at us for the assertion. What notice remains for his elevation, if a human being is taught to look no higher than to such a repast for the nourishment of the body, and to the nearest priest for the welfare of his soul? Now compare this fairly with the new farmer, such as we have often seen him at the family meal—ay, as you may now find him all over our country, with his salt hog, potatoes and sour rye bread, and his miserable husbandry, and thousand excuses for not raising sheep, protecting and feeding his cattle, and changing and cultivating his fowls and seed, and attending carefully to a good vegetable garden. You need but search for his pig-pen, his foul barn yard, his whiskey bottle and tobacco-box, or his nauseous pipe. He will largely defend his favorite luxuries; the hog is his grand exemplar of manners and physiology, his omnivorous animal laboratory that converts the product of the products of his farm into the great staple—pork. Poor Sir Walter Raleigh! we have often shed a tear for your sad fate; but our wicked fancy has often pictured you making an offering to the devil of a hog stuffed with tobacco. The devils, we think, selected a very appropriate judgment when they besought the Saviour to send them into the hogs; it is a great pity that the entire family of swine were not comprized by that same two thousand."

EXTRAVAGANT LIVING.—We hear a great deal about the extravagance of the rich; but if the question be closely examined, it will be found that the greatest extravagance is exhibited by the poor. Extravagance is a relative term, and depends on three facts, namely: 1. A man's income; his necessary expenses; and the amount he expends for luxuries, or things not necessary. A man whose income is but ten dollars a week, and whose necessary expenses are nine dollars, would be extravagant should he spend a dime for an unnecessary article; while a man with an income of twenty dollars a week, and only ten dollars expenses, might indulge in several dollars' worth of luxuries, without rendering himself obnoxious to the charge of extravagance; and a millionaire, with an income of a hundred thousand a year, might economically revel in luxury.

The test of frugality is: Does a man live within his income? Does he save something every week? Is he better off every year than he was the year before? If he can answer these questions in the affirmative, he is an economical and thriving man, however small or large his income may be. Of course there are degrees in thrift and economy, in expenditure and extravagance; and the wise man is he who, while sagely providing for the future, with enlightened foresight and amiable prudence, does not permit selfish parsimony and brutal avarice to murder the enjoyment of the present.

IS THE SEED CORN SELECTED?—Now is the time to attend to it. Look out the most forward, thrifty stalks, where there are two or three good ears on each. Let these ripen thoroughly—if practicable, more than the general crop, which should be cut before the stalks are dry, in order to make most of them for fodder. Select only for seed such ears as are entirely filled out at the tips and butts with plump kernels. Let these be kept in a dry place over winter. The old plan of braiding them in trusses, and hanging them up, is by no means a bad one, though some may think it troublesome where fifty or a hundred bushels of seed corn is wanted. It pays just as well, proportionally, to expend time and care for a large amount of seed, as where only a few ears are wanted. Proper care in the selection of the best ears will not only improve quality, but also the quantity of the next crop. And further, a little extra care in ripening and keeping seed dry, may save an extra planting next Spring—perhaps save the loss of a crop.

A friend of Charles Lamb once said to him, "I am about to open a preparatory school for children. What sort of a sign shall I put out?" "The Murder of the Innocents," was the prompt reply.

A gentleman who has a very strong desire to be a funny man, sat down upon a hooped skirt the other day. With a desperation equal to any emergency, he whistled, "I'm setting on the style, Mary."

SANG FROM.—Fred, the prince of wags, was jogging home rather late, and a little "happy" when, passing by a dark alley, a large two-fisted fellow stepped out, seized him by the collar and demanded his money.

"Mo-n-e-y! lumph!" said Fred, "money I've none; but if you will hold on a moment I'll give you my note for thirty days!"

A young lawyer, who had long paid his court to a lady without much advancing his suit, accused her one day of "being insensible to the power of love." "It does not follow," she replied, "that I am so, because I am not to be won by the power of an attorney."—"Forgive me," replied the suitor, "but you remember that all rotaries of cupid are solicitors."

When Franklin was ambassador to the English court, a lady who was about being presented to the king, noticed his exceedingly plain appearance, asked who he was.—On being told that he was Dr. Benjamin Franklin, the American ambassador, she exclaimed, "The North American Ambassador, so shabbily dressed!" "Hush, madam for heaven's sake," whispered a friend, "he is the man who bottled up thunder and lightning."

THE BEAUTY OF A BLUSH.—Gothie was in company with a mother and her daughter, when the latter, being approved for some fault blushed and burst into tears. He said:—"How beautiful your reproach has made your daughter. The crimson hue and those silvery tears become her better than any ornament of gold and pearls. These may be hung on the neck of a wanton, but these are never seen disconnected with a moral purity. A full blown rose, besprinkled with the purest dew, is not so beautiful as this child blushing beneath her parent's displeasure, and shedding tears of sorrow for her fault. A blush is the sign which nature hangs out to show where chastity and honor dwell."

A French wit said of a man who was exceedingly fat, that nature only made him to show how far the human skin would stretch without breaking.

Are the great death agents throughout the largest portion of the habitable globe. Miasm is Malaria, but Malaria is not Miasm.

Miasm is an emanation from decaying vegetation. Malaria is bad air, whatever may be its source. All impure air is Malaria.

Miasm is so rarified by a sun of ninety degrees, that it rises rapidly above us, and is innocuous. The cool of the morning and evening of the summer time condenses it, and causes it to fall to the surface of the earth, where it is breathed by man, and is the fruitful cause of pestilence, plague and epidemic fevers. Thus the higher persons sleep above the earth, the healthier is the atmosphere.

While as a general rule it is better to sleep in apartments having a window and the fire place open in all seasons, yet, where miasm abounds, evidencing its presence by chills and fever, fever and ague, diarrhoeas, and the like, it is better to sleep with closed windows than to have them open, because men are known to fatten in jails and small prison cells, while the breathing of malaria a single night has originated diseases which, from the violence of the reaction, are scarcely distinguishable from the effects of swallowing corrosive poisons, as witness the National Hotel disease.

But although the air inside of a house is supplied from the outside, yet, if the windows and outside doors are closed it is supplied in such small quantities, through the crevices, that it is at once heated by the indoor air, and carried to the ceiling, where it is above reach.—The difference between the thermometer in our hall and the one out doors, about five o'clock of a summer's morning, is ten degrees.—Hence during the prevalence of miasm, at least in August and September, it is better to close the chamber windows, but let an inner door and the fire place be kept open.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

TAKE CARE OF YOUR THOUGHTS.—Sin begins in the heart. If you keep your thoughts pure your life will be blessedness. The indigence of sinful thoughts and desires produces sinful action. When lust conceived it bringeth forth sin. The pleasurable contemplation of a sinful deed is usually followed by its commission. Never allow yourself to pause and consider the pleasures or profits you might derive from this or that sin. Close your mind against the suggestion at once as you would lock and bolt your doors against a robber. If Eve had not stood parleying with the devil, and admiring the beautiful fruit, the earth might have yet been a paradise. No one becomes a thief, a fornicator, or a murderer at once. The mind must be corrupted. The wicked suggestion must be indulged and revolved in the thoughts until it loses its hideous deformity, and the anticipated gain or pleasure comes to outweigh the evils of the transgression.

Your imagination is apt to print forbidden pleasures in gay and dazzling colors. It is the serpent's charm. Suffer not the intruder to get a lodgment. Meet the enemy at the threshold, and drive it from your heart. As a rule, the more familiar you become with sin, the least hateful it appears; so that the more completely you preserve your mind from unholy and wicked thoughts, the better. Avoid the place where obscenity or blasphemy is heard. Cultivate the society of the virtuous. Read nothing that is unchaste or immoral. Make a covenant with your eyes. Familiarize not your mind with the details of crime. Never harbor malicious or envious thoughts. Direct your thoughts towards pure and holy subjects. Contemplate the character of the spotless and perfect Son of God. Keep your spirit undaunted, your thoughts uncommenced; so shall your life be virtuous. As a man thinketh, so is he. Take care of the thoughts and the actions will take care of themselves.

A French wit said of a man who was exceedingly fat, that nature only made him to show how far the human skin would stretch without breaking.