

# THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

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"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

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## TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, August 12, 1858.

### Selected Poetry.

(From the Masonic Review.)

#### A CUP OF COLD WATER.

BY MRS. SOPHIA H. OLIVER.

On a dusty, beaten road  
South India's burning sky,  
Where on the jungle deep and wild  
The scorching sunbeams lie:  
Where no sweet sound of laughing floods  
Breaks on the solitude,  
Some kind hand from a prostrate tree  
Rath hewed a cistern rude.  
And here, 'tis said a Hindoo comes  
At the first dawn of day,  
And with pure, sparkling water fills  
The trough beside the way.  
No eye to mark, no flattering lip  
To praise the generous deed;  
Enough, to know his hand supplies  
The thirsty traveler's need.  
He knows not whom his act may bless,  
But wends him on his way,  
A sweet stream bubbling in his breast,  
That cheers the toilsome day.  
The love that seeks another's good,  
And asks not man's regard;  
The eternal law of heav'n decrees  
Shall be its own reward.  
Back by the way-worn caravans  
Rath by the cistern rude,  
And low the burning brow and hands  
In the refreshing flood,  
And blessing him, whose love has been  
Like the descending dew;  
Cheer'd by the cool, delicious draught  
Against their path pursue.  
Oh! 'twere essence of the faith  
That Mason lips profess;  
That 'twere found within the heart that prompts  
The hand, to acts that bless.  
And He, who sees each hidden spring  
From which the actions rise,  
Shall own the Hindoo's generous deed  
A worthy sacrifice.

### Original Tale.

#### THE FAITHLESS.

WRITTEN FOR THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

THE FAITHLESS.

In the town of W—, and county of L—,

resided the family of LAMBERT HAZLEHURST,

consisting of the parents and five children;—

four sons and one daughter. Mr. Hazlehurst

was a "tiller of the ground," and the products

of his soil supplied all the necessaries, and many

of the luxuries of life. The sons were named

respectively, Edward, Albert, Jasper L., and

William W. Edward, the eldest, married at

the age of twenty-three, and chose the occupa-

tion of a farmer. Albert, at the age of twenty

embarked for a whaling voyage, and after

three years of toil and hardship, returned to be

met at rest beside a brother long since dead.

Edward Lambert had from early youth shown

a decided preference for study, and his father,

desiring of cultivating his son's love of knowl-

edge, placed him at school, where his talents

and industry won for him the highest honors

of his class, while his kind and obliging man-

ner rendered him a favorite with all. Wil-

son Wallace, the youngest of that band of

brothers, was a well-grown youth of twenty,

and assisted his father in the cultivation of

his farm.

And now that we come to speak of the

daughter and sister, little Ruth, or "Ruthy,"

her parents lovingly called her, we are at a

loss how to proceed. We would not have our

readers suppose her a paragon of grace or

beauty; neither would we wish them to think

her as uncultivated or not possessing those

traits of character which make a lovely woman

loved, we would have you think of Ruth

Hazlehurst as a modest, gentle maiden; too

pure and good herself to suspect deceit in oth-

ers. She had seen the light of seventeen sum-

mers, was small in stature, with a slight, but

perfectly symmetrical figure, light auburn hair,

dark grey eyes, and a face whose chief attrac-

tion was the pretty dimple which always ap-

peared as the attendant of a smile. Very plain

was little Ruth. But no one "knew her but

to love her," and to those gray-headed parents

and many brothers, was she a dear and cher-

ished treasure.

Up to her seventeenth birthday, Ruth had

never journeyed beyond the limits of the town

in which she was born, but had lived rather a

monotonous life at the old farm house, varied

by the occasional visits of distant relatives.—

At the close of a mild September day, while

the parents of our heroine were seated at the

open window, enjoying to the full the delicious

brease as its fanned their brows, a step sound

husband's reading of the letter. It was writ-  
ten by a sister of Mr. H.'s, and contained an  
urgent request from that lady for her brother  
and sister Hazlehurst to permit their daughter  
to come to Laurens, and spend some months  
in the home of her aunt. Mrs. Randolph was  
the only sister of Mr. H., an amiable and ac-  
complished lady, blessed with an excellent hus-  
band and an ample fortune. No child had  
ever gladdened their union, and their love went  
out towards the only daughter of their only  
brother, and prompted the wish to have her  
with them for a season.

The fond parents talked long and earnestly  
on the subject, but without deciding. Ruth  
was never absent for any considerable period  
from the home circle, and the thought of separ-  
ating her from them for several months, was  
really a painful one. At last it was settled  
that Ruth herself should decide the matter, and  
if she chose to go they would not object. But  
where, in the meantime, was the object of their  
thoughts? Were you to have looked in at  
the open door of widow Merideth's poor cot-  
tage, you might have seen her sitting at the  
little west window with an open bible on her  
lap, striving to catch the last rays of light  
which came but dimly through the cracked and  
dusty panes, that the heart of that poor lone  
one might be comforted by God's precious prom-  
ises. At a later hour, Ruth might have been  
seen aiding the tremulous hands of age, in dis-  
robing and placing gently on her bed, the bow-  
ed and feeble form. Her mission of love ac-  
complished, Ruth placed on her arm the bas-  
ket in which she had brought some little deli-  
cacies for the widow, and calling her dog to  
her side, bade the old woman good night, and  
took her way home, breathing a prayer of  
thanksgiving to the good God, who had given  
her kind friends and a pleasant home. Ruth  
observed, as she entered the room where her  
parents were sitting, that something had oc-  
curred to disturb their serenity, and anxiously  
inquired the cause. Upon being made ac-  
quainted with her aunt's proposal, she expressed  
surprise, and said she must defer her decision  
for a little time.

The following day she told her parents she  
had concluded to accept the invitation. Accord-  
ingly, three weeks later, Ruth, in company  
with her brother William, set out on her jour-  
ney. The distance was about three hundred  
miles, but by the aid of that mighty agent,  
steam, they were landed in safety at their aunt's  
door at the close of the second day. Ruth  
was delighted with everything about her aunt's  
house, and the weeks, passed in visiting, ram-  
bling or in-door amusements, flew rapidly by.  
Social parties were given by Mrs. Randolph,  
and returned by her neighbors, so that Ruth  
saw much of the people of Laurens, and was  
well pleased to form acquaintances among them.

It was at one of these parties that Ruth first  
met Edgar Winthrop, a bachelor of twenty-  
eight, with a good share of personal attrac-  
tions, and possessing a moderate fortune. He  
was a native of Laurens, and had spent the  
years of his majority abroad; sometimes trav-  
elling in the capacity of agent for some firm  
in an eastern city, but more frequently intent  
on the gratification of his own unalloyed pas-  
sions. He had mingled much in society, was  
versed in the art of saying foolish nothings to  
the vain and foolish fair ones; and with equal  
ease could he win the attention of, and inter-  
est, the wise and virtuous. He was, in short,  
a polished villain. He had returned to his na-  
tive village for the purpose, he said, of visiting  
an aged grand-parent and maiden aunt, who  
resided there, and to look once more upon the  
graves of his parents; but those who knew  
him best, believed it was rather to seek fresh  
pleasures, and carry on new flirtations, that he  
came.

Ruth in her youth and innocence, attracted  
the attention of the heartless Edgar, and im-  
mediately an introduction was sought and gained.  
Rides and promenades succeeded; in all of  
which Edgar and Ruth joined, and in every  
instance Edgar appeared as Ruth's attendant.  
Life began to wear a new aspect to the gentle  
girl. All her life accustomed to give and re-  
ceive sincerity in word and deed, the thought  
of deceit never entered her pure mind, and with  
a joy which only the pure and good may know,  
she believed herself beloved, and yielded in re-  
turn the true and holy affection of her guileless  
heart. And he to whom she gave her young  
heart's affection, was all unworthy of the price-  
less treasure.

At the time of leaving home, Ruth believed  
it would be impossible for her to remain the  
time which her aunt had named, but in the  
enjoyment of her new-found happiness, she  
took but little note of time, and was much sur-  
prised to receive a letter from home, expressing  
a wish for her return. In the early part of  
April, Ruth returned to her parents.

Edgar had left for the West, two weeks pre-  
vious; and when, at parting, Mrs. Randolph  
witnessed the agitation of her niece, a suspi-  
cion of the truth crossed her mind, but as Ruth  
had never mentioned her attachment to her,  
and (an unusual circumstance,) even rumor  
had not reported, it, she dismissed it at once

Winthrop had hinted to Ruth that their en-  
gagement might be a long one, and exacting a  
promise of secrecy from her, as a means of  
maintaining it, suggested that no epistolary  
correspondence be carried on between them.  
This was a sore trial to Ruth; but loving and  
trusting with her whole heart, she assented,  
and burying her love deep in the recesses of her  
heart, went to her duties, none suspecting its  
existence.

The only means which Ruth had of hearing  
from her lover were by means of a friend of a  
correspondent of his. For a time all was well  
—but at length came rumors of fraud and de-  
pravity in various forms. Last of all came the  
tale of a maiden's shame, and in connection  
therewith was breathed the name of Edgar  
Winthrop! Ruth, like the pure, true-hearted  
one she was, believed the loved one an innocent  
and injured man, and waited patiently a  
confirmation of her hopes from his own lips,  
never dreaming of the blight which was to with-  
er her hopes. It came at last; came too,  
when the heart was all unprepared to meet it,  
glowing as it was with love and anticipation.

Oh, ye worldlings! ye prudes! ye who think  
and speak of love as *ideal*, ye should have wit-  
nessed the desolation and despair which its in-  
terruption brought to that devoted heart.—  
When fully convinced of Edgar's unfaithful-  
ness, Ruth wrote him that he must consider  
their engagement at an end, for never would  
she again see or receive aught from one so ut-  
terly unworthy as himself. It may readily be  
supposed that this intelligence caused Edgar no  
grief, for he never loved Ruth, but it wound-  
ed his pride and irritated him to be dismissed  
by her. As none were made acquainted with  
the engagement, so none knew of its termina-  
tion, and poor Ruth locked within her own  
bosom the anguish which threatened to crush  
her, striving to appear with her wonted cheer-  
fulness; but the uprooting of that life which  
had been to her so much of joy, and to which  
she had yielded unhesitatingly, proved too  
much for even her self-control, for the effects  
were visible in shattered nerves and an enfeebled  
frame. Affectionate friends came round  
her, suggesting various remedies, change of  
climate, &c., to all of which Ruth replied that  
she was very well, and smiling faintly, bade  
them dismiss all fears. But the destroyer was  
there, and not until the fair fabric was over-  
thrown would he relinquish his hold.

And Ruth was prostrated. One and all  
wondered as to the nature of that power which  
had so suddenly overwhelmed poor Ruth. But  
the unconscious object claimed their attention,  
and with the exclamations "strange!" "won-  
derful!" they ceased to conjecture. After  
many days of death-like stupor, consciousness  
came slowly back to the tortured and heart-  
sick girl. Though grateful for the loving kind-  
ness of friends, she felt in her inmost soul that  
they did her no kindness in restoring her to a  
consciousness. The anguish of her soul had  
not yet passed, and the bruised and bleeding  
heart yet clung to the earthly love, and refused  
to be comforted.

Time, and the constant care of affectionate  
friends, restored the hue of health to the faded  
cheek, and strength to the feeble frame; but  
happiness dwelt not in the heart made deso-  
late by the blighting of its dearest hopes,  
and Ruth, with all her fortitude and pride,  
was little better than an automaton. It may  
be that her mother, with a woman's keen per-  
ception, devised the secret of her daughter's  
unhappiness, but she never hinted her suspi-  
cions, and Ruth believing the secret known  
only to herself, guarded it with jealous care.

A year had passed. Time, tho' it brought  
not the deep full happiness which she felt in  
loving, and believing herself loved, brought  
peace and quiet; while the removal of her af-  
fection, which she now acknowledged to her-  
self was idolatrous, had taught her to look  
away from earth, and its fleeting joys, to the  
Source of Light and Life, even God, our Fa-  
ther.

It was at this time that Ruth was again  
addressed, and by a gentleman of worth; one  
who could appreciate the beauty of a charac-  
ter like hers, and cherish as a sacred thing the  
affection of her noble heart. Ruth felt that  
she did not love him, and grieved over the fact,  
for she respected him for his many virtues, and  
would have done or suffered much for his hap-  
piness. One evening she accepted an invita-  
tion from the gentleman in question to attend  
a social party at the house of a mutual friend.

During the evening, while standing alone,  
and partially hidden from view, engaged in ex-  
amining some pencil sketches, her attention was  
arrested by an unusual bustle at the entrance,  
and farther extremity of the room. As the  
crowd surrounding the entrance parted, the  
well-known form of Edgar Winthrop met her  
astonished vision, and so unlooked for was  
his appearance, and so overwhelming the fact that  
she stood in the same room, and within a few  
paces of the being she once so rapturously lov-  
ed, that she was obliged to summon all her  
forces of mind and body, to maintain any de-  
gree of self-possession. Fortunately she was  
alone, and when her hostess came up, and ad-  
dressing some playful remark to her, bade her

be ready to welcome their strange guest, she  
was able to reply in a tolerably steady voice.  
When they came to lead her forth for the in-  
troduction, it required all Ruth's courage and  
ingenuity to frame an excuse, but she pleaded  
so earnestly to be left alone, that her request  
was granted. Poor Ruth! After having  
striven so long and earnestly to tear from her  
heart the image of the loved, but faithless one,  
and when she thought she had come off con-  
queror, to be thus robbed of her victory! Truly  
did she believe that every sentiment of love  
or respect for the guilty one, had been banish-  
ed from her heart, but one glance at that face  
convinced her of her error, and sent her, in  
deep humility, to her closet, to ask of God  
strength to bear, and not repine.

The sight of him who once possessed her  
love, revealed to her conscious heart, the secret  
of all her coldness to her present suitor; and  
she shuddered to find herself recalling the bliss-  
ful emotions which his coming was wont to call  
forth. At an early hour Ruth left the scene  
of trial, and when alone at home, threw her-  
self in an agony of grief upon her bed, and in  
the loneliness of her deep grief, prayed to be  
delivered from the anguish which was consum-  
ing her. At length she grew calm, had yielded  
to the approach of slumber. She arose the  
following morning, very calm, but her pale, sweet  
face bore traces of the last night's conflict.—  
From that last trial, Ruth came out purified;  
and when three months later, she gave her  
hand to her devoted admirer, she felt that her  
heart could safely trust in him. She could not  
give to him her first pure affection, but she  
gave him what he prizes equally as much;  
the love of a heart chastened and subdued by  
the fiery trials it had borne, and now filled with  
gratitude to the God of mercy, who led her  
from the darkness which surrounded her, into  
marvellous light. And he who won the love  
of faithful hearts, only to cast them from him,  
was killed in a duel, by the brother of a young  
girl, who fell a victim to the seducer's arts.  
Thus perished at the age of thirty-five, one  
who might have been an ornament to society  
and to his sex; an honored and honorable  
man; but who walked after the lusts of the  
flesh, and descended to an unhonored and un-  
hallowed grave.

WALKING.—Of all forms of exercise, walk-  
ing is the most useful, as it brings into play  
the greatest number of muscles, without un-  
natural strain upon any. It also leaves free  
scope to the external senses, while allowing a  
simultaneous occupation of the mind. Another  
advantage is, that it admits of complete  
regulation, both in degree and duration, ac-  
cording to the strength, time, or wishes of each  
individual. Those who have weak lungs or  
heart, must be satisfied with gentle walking,  
and on level ground. Although conducive to  
mental activity, it is often advisable to keep  
the mind free from severe and sustained thought  
when walking. Hence the advantage of a  
companion with whom cheerful conversation  
can be kept up, or of observing surrounding  
objects, whether in town or country, so as to di-  
vert the mind from study and care. The pur-  
suits of natural history are good in this way,  
and hence also the chief hygienic effect of  
shooting and field sports, excitement and di-  
version of mind accompanying the actual exer-  
cise. Those who are engaged, where the dwell-  
ing and place of business are at a distance  
from their place of residence, ought to walk  
at least part of the way, both in the morning  
and afternoon, if confined within doors during  
the day. Literary and professional men ought  
to walk more than they generally do. The  
time is not lost, as the mind will always be re-  
vived to work with greater energy. The brain  
will do as much work in one hour, when there  
is a fine flow of pure oxygenated blood, as in  
double the time when the nervous system is  
exhausted, and the veins congested with dark  
blood. Artificial stimulants may quicken  
thought for a time; but their effect diminish-  
ing by habit, the quantity has to be increased,  
and injury in other ways is done to the system.

HOW THE BOYS FOOLED THE OLD GENTLE-  
MAN.—He was fat and on horse-back. They  
made him believe that a creek he had just  
come to (it was in Alabama) was so deep his  
horse would have to swim it. The Col. slowly  
divested himself of coat, boots, pantaloons and  
drawers. These he nicely tied up in his  
handkerchief and hung them on the horn of  
his saddle, then he remounted, and as he was  
a short fat man, with a pannier of rather in-  
ordinate size, rather inadequate legs, a face  
like a withered apple, and a brown wig, there  
is no doubt he made an interesting picture as  
he strode his steed, with the breeze holding  
gentle dalliance with the extremity of his only  
garment.

Slowly and cautiously the old gentleman  
took the creek. Half a length and the water  
was not fetlock deep. Here the horse stopped  
to drink. A length and a half, and the stream  
was no deeper. Thirty feet farther and a  
decided shoaling.

Here Col. D—reined to.  
"There must," said he, "be an awful deep  
channel between this and the bank—see how  
it runs. We'll dash through here."

A sharp lash made the horse spring the  
watery waste, and another carried the horse  
and rider to the opposite bank.

The creek was nowhere more than a foot  
deep.  
A wild yell from the youngsters announced  
their approbation of the sport as they galloped  
away with the Col. after them imprecating  
ferociously, but they got off and left him grum-  
bling and dressing himself by the roadside.

### Rarey's Great Horse Taming Secret.

First. That he (the horse) is so constitu-  
ted by nature that he will not offer resistance  
to any demand made of him which he fully  
comprehends, if made in a way consistent with  
the laws of nature.

Second. That he has no consciousness of  
his strength, beyond his experience, and can  
be handled according to our will, without force.

Third. That we can, in compliance with  
the laws of his nature, by which he examines  
all things new to him, take any object, how-  
ever frightful, around, over or on him, that  
does not inflict pain, without causing him to  
fear.

The horse, though possessed of some facul-  
ties superior to man's, being deficient in rea-  
soning powers, has no knowledge of right or  
wrong, of free will and independent govern-  
ment, and knows not of any imposition these  
impositions may be. Consequently, he cannot  
come to any decision as to what he should or  
should not do, because he has not the reason-  
ing faculties of man to argue the justice of the  
thing demanded of him. If he had taken in-  
to consideration his superior strength, he would  
be useless to a man as a servant.

Every one that has ever paid any attention  
to the horse has noticed his natural inclina-  
tion to smell everything which to him looks  
new and frightful. This is his strange mode  
of examining everything. And when he is  
frightened at anything, though he looks at it  
sharply, he seems to have no confidence in this  
optical examination alone, but must touch it  
with his nose before he is entirely satisfied;  
and as soon as this is done, all is right.

We might very naturally suppose, from the  
fact of the horse's applying his nose to every-  
thing new to him, that he always does so for  
the purpose of smelling these objects. But I  
believe that it is as much or more for the  
purpose of feeling, and that he makes use of his  
nose or muzzle (as it is sometimes called) as  
we would of our hands; because it is the only  
organ by which he can touch or feel any-  
thing with much susceptibility.

We know, from experience, that if a horse  
sees and smells a robe a short distance from  
him, he is very much frightened, (unless he is  
used to it) until he touches or feels it with his  
nose; which is positive proof that feeling is  
the controlling sense in this case.

It is a prevailing opinion among horsemen  
generally that the sense of smell is the govern-  
ing sense of the horse; and Foucher, as well  
as others, has, with that view, got up receipts  
of strong smelling oils, &c., to tame the horse,  
sometimes using the chestnut of his legs, which  
they dry, grind into powder, and blow into his  
nostrils, sometimes using the oil of rhodium,  
originally, &c., that are noted for their strong  
smell; and sometimes they scent the hand  
with the sweat from under the arm, or some-  
times blow their breath into his nostrils, &c.;  
all of which, as far as the scent goes, have no  
effect whatever in gentling the horse, or con-  
veying any idea to his mind; though the acts  
that accompany these efforts—handling him,  
touching him about the nose and head, and  
patting him, as they direct you should, after  
administering the articles, may have a great  
effect, which they mistake to be the effects of  
the ingredients used.

Now reader, can you or any one else give  
me a single reason how scent can convey any  
idea to the horse's mind of what we want him  
to do? If not, then of course strong scents  
of any kind are of no avail in taming the un-  
broken horse.

In order to obtain perfect obedience from  
any horse, we must first have him fear us, for  
our motto is, *fear, love and obey*; and we must  
have the fulfillment of the first two before we  
can expect the latter; for it is by our philoso-  
phy of creating fear, love and confidence, that  
we govern to our will every kind of horse  
whatever. I should not want, for myself,  
more than half or three quarters of an hour  
to handle any colt and have him running about  
in the stable after me; though I would advise  
a new beginner to take more time and not be  
in too much of a hurry. When you have en-  
tered the stable, stand still, and let your horse  
look at you for a minute or two, and as soon  
as he is settled in one place, approach him  
slowly, with your arms stationary, your right  
hand hanging by your side, holding the whip  
as directed, and the left bent to the elbow,  
with the hand projecting. As you approach  
him, go not too near his head or crop, so as  
not to make him move either backward or for-  
ward, step a little to the right or left, very  
cautiously; this will keep him in one place.  
As you get very near him, draw a little to his  
shoulder and stop a few seconds. If you are  
very near him, he will turn his head and smell  
your hand, not that he has any preference for  
your hand, but because that is projecting, and  
is the nearest portion of your body to the horse.  
This all colts will do, and they will smell your  
naked hand just as quickly as they will of  
anything that you can put in it, and with just  
as good an effect, however much some men  
may have preached the doctrine of taming hor-  
ses by giving the animals the scent of articles  
from the hand. I have already made it ap-  
pear that that notion is a mistake.

As soon as he touches his nose to your hand,  
caress him as before directed, always with a  
very soft light hand, merely touching the horse,  
always rubbing the way the hair lies, so that  
your hand will pass along as smoothly as pos-  
sible. As you stand by his side, you may find  
it more convenient to rub his neck or the side  
of his head, which will answer the same pur-  
pose as rubbing his forehead. Favor every  
inclination of the horse to touch or smell you  
with his nose. Always follow each touch or  
communication of this kind with the most ten-  
der and affectionate caresses, accompanied  
with a kind look and pleasant word of some  
sort, such as "Ho! my little boy, ho! my  
little boy!" "Pretty boy!" "Nice lady!" or  
something of the kind, constantly repeating  
the same words, with the same kind, steady  
tone of voice; for the horse soon learns to  
read the expression of the face and the voice,  
and will know as well when fear, love, or an-

ger prevails as you know your own feelings;  
two of which—fear and anger—a good horse-  
man should never feel.

If your horse, instead of being wild, seems  
to be of a stubborn or mulish disposition; if  
he lays back his ears as you approach him, or  
turns his heels to kick you, he has not that re-  
gard or fear of man that he should have to  
enable you to handle him quickly and easily;  
and it might be well to give him a few sharp  
cuts with the whip about the legs, pretty close  
to the body. It will crack keenly as it plies  
around his legs, and the crack of the whip will  
affect him as much as the stroke; besides, one  
sharp cut about the legs will affect him more  
than two or three over his back, the skin on  
the inner part of his legs or about the flank  
being thinner and more tender than on his  
back. But do not whip him much.

WHERE MOSQUITOES COME FROM.—These  
pests of summer proceed from the animalcules,  
commonly called "wiggle-tail." If a bowl of  
water is placed in the summer's sun for a few  
days, a number of "wiggle-tails" will be vis-  
ible, and they will increase in size till they  
reach three-sixteenths of an inch in length, re-  
maining longer at the surface as they approach  
maturity, as if seeming to live on influences  
derived from the two elements of air and water.  
Finally, they will assume a chrysalis form, and  
by an increased specific gravity sink to the  
bottom of the bowl. A few hours only will  
elapse, when a short black furze or hair will  
grow out on every side of each till it assumes  
the form of a minute caterpillar. Its specific  
gravity being thus counteracted, it will readily  
float to the surface, and be waited to the side  
of the bowl by the slightest breath of air. In a  
short time a fly will be hatched and escape,  
leaving its tiny house upon the surface of the  
water.

Any one who has had a cistern in the yard  
has doubtless observed the same effect, every  
summer, although he may be ignorant of the  
beautiful and simple process of development.—  
If a pitcher of cistern or other water contain-  
ing these animalcules is placed in a close room  
over night, from which all mosquitoes have  
previously been excluded, enough mosquitoes  
will breed from it during the night to give any  
satisfactory amount of trouble. In fact, standing  
by a shallow, half stagnant pool on a sum-  
mer's day the full development of any number  
of "wiggle-tails" to the mosquito state can be  
witnessed, and the origin of these disturbers  
of night's slumbers thus fully ascertained.—  
*Scientific American.*

THE BEST PHILOSOPHY.—The propriety of  
cultivating feelings of benevolence towards our  
fellow creatures is seldom denied in theory,  
however frequently the duty may be omitted  
in practice. It has been recommended by the  
eloquence of heathen philosophers, and enforced  
by some extraordinary examples of heathen  
philanthropy; but as the foundations on which  
they built their beautiful theories of virtue  
were narrow and confined, the superstructure  
was frail and perishable, and never was the  
true foundation discovered, till brought to  
light by Jesus Christ. He first taught how  
the obstacles to benevolence were to be re-  
moved by conquering that pride, self-love, and  
vain-glory which had, till then, constituted a  
part of the catalogue of human virtues. He  
first taught the universality of its extent, by  
connecting it with the love of the common  
Father and Benefactor of all, and made the  
love of our fellow-creatures the test and crite-  
rion of our love to the Creator, while from true  
devotion to the Supreme Being, he thought  
that benevolence to man must necessarily  
flow. He likewise taught that upon all who  
were convinced of these truths, and were  
anxious to fulfill the divine commandments,  
divine assistance would be bestowed. He alone  
enabled virtue by the assurances of an eternal  
reward.

MARRIAGE ON SHORT ACQUAINTANCE.—There  
is not a city, there is scarcely a township, which  
does not number among its inhabitants women  
who have married on very short acquaintance,  
only to be abused, deserted, and left a burden  
and a life-long sorrow to their families in  
which they were born and reared, and which  
they most imprudently and improperly desert-  
ed, to share the fortunes of relative strangers.  
If young ladies could realize how grossly in-  
delicate as well as culpably reckless such mar-  
riages appear in the eyes of the observing,  
they surely would forbear. A year's thorough  
acquaintance, with the most circumstantial ac-  
counts, from disinterested and reliable witness-  
es, of the antecedents from childhood, are the  
very least guarantees which any woman who  
realizes what marriage is, will require of a  
stranger. Even then, if her parents are not  
fully satisfied, as well as herself, she should  
still hesitate. Marriage is an undertaking in  
which no delay can be so hazardous as undue  
precipitation.

Nothing so much vexes a physician as  
to be sent for in great haste, and to find, af-  
ter his arrival, that nothing, or next to noth-  
ing, is the matter with his patient. We re-  
member an "urgent case" of this kind, re-  
corded of an eminent English surgeon:

He had been sent for by a gentleman who  
had just received a slight wound, and gave his  
servant orders to go home with all haste im-  
aginable, and fetch a certain plaster. The pa-  
tient, turning a little pale, said:

"Heavens! sir, I hope there is no danger!"  
"Indeed there is!" answered the surgeon;  
"for if the fellow doesn't run like a race-horse,  
the wound will be healed before he can possi-  
bly get back."

Melvin, the comedian, was a Ben Hur at  
and found of a game at whist. One day he  
brought a bottle of choice brandy into the  
green room, with his name and direction writ-  
ten on the