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Selected Poetry.

MARE RUBRUM. BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. Flash out a stream of blood-red wine!-For I would drink to other days; And brighter shall their memory shine, Seen flaming through its crimson blaze. The roses die, the summers fade;

But every ghost of boyhood's dream,

By Nature's magic power is laid

To sleep beneath this blood-red stream It filled the purple grapes that lay And drank the splendors of the sun; There the long summer's cloudless day Is mirrored in the broad Garonne; t pictures still the bacchant shapes That saw their hoarded sunlight shed,-The maidens dancing on the grapes,-Their milk-white ankles splashed with red.

Beneath these waves of crimson lie, In rosy letters prisoned fast, Those flitting shapes that never die, The swift-winged visions of the past. Kiss but the crystal's mystic rim, Each shadow rends its flowery chain, Springs in a bubble from its brim, And walks the chambers of the brain.

Poor Beauty! time and fortune's wrong No form nor feature may withstand .-Thy wrecks are scattered all along, Like emptied sea-shells on the stand ;-Yet, sprinkled with this blushing rain, The dust restores each blooming girl, As if the sea-shells moved again, Their glistening lips of pink and pearl

Here lies the home of school-boy life, With creaking stair and wind-swept hall, And, scarred by many a truant knife, Here rest-their keen vibrations mute-The shout of voices known so well. The ringing laugh, the wailing flute, The chiding of the sharp-tongued bell,

Here, clad in burning robes, are laid Life's blossom joys, untimely shed; And here those cherished forms have strayed We miss awhile, and call them deau What wizard fills the maddening glass What soil the enchanted clusters grew, The buried passions wake and pass In beaded drops of firey dew?

Nay, take the cup of blood-red wine, Our hearts can boast a warmer glow, Filled from a vintage mote divine,-Calmed, but not chilled by winter's snow To-night the palest wave we sip, That wet the bride of Cana's lin .-The wedding wine of Galilee

Miscellancons. THE KREMLIN.

and Novogrod retain but a dim halo of their

center of the city. It is triangular in form, of palaces, churches and towers. This is the it the Apothesis of Chimneys. only general view one gets of the Kremlin, al-

selves. Every one who passes, going in or out, few of them pass through the Red Square, on universally believed to be that of young Demedoes the same, and many an officer, grave citi- their way to and from the Moskva, without trius, the last prince of the race of Rurik, who of those monarchs, and of the subject kingdoms sence of a shirt.

ky, presses through the throng and fall on their knees before the holy picture inside the sanctuary. We press in, among hackmen, beggars, merchants and high officials, all so intent on their manipulations that they do not even see us, and finally reach a niche lighted with silver lamps, before a screen dazzling with gold, silconsiderable distance, the object of their revever and precious stones. A high-born lady in silk and lace and a lousy-bearded serf are kneeling side by side and kissing with passionate devotion the glass cover over a Byzantine mother and child, of dark, mulatto complexion, whose hands and faces alone are visible through their gilded and jewelled mantles. This is the "Iberian Mother of God" - a miraculous pic-

zen or replendent lady descend from the drosh-

ture, which, after working wonders in Georgia and on Mount Athos, has for the last two hundred years been the protectoress of the Mosco-Her aid is invoked by high and low, in all the circumstances of life, and I doubt whether any other shrine in the world is the witness of such general and so much real de-

Once within the Sunday Gate, we see before us the long Krasnoi Ploshad, or Red Square, stretching southward to the bank of the Moskva. Glose on our right towers the gray wall of the Kremlin-for, although on the hill, we are not yet fairly within the sacred citadel-while on the left parallel to it, blinds you in the glare of sunshine, when the is the long, low front of the Gostinnoir Dvor, shadows of clouds soften its piercing colors or Great Bazaar. In the center of the square is a bronze monument to Minim and Pojarski, the Russian heroes, who in 1810 aroused the people, stormed Moscow, and drove out Vladislas of Poland, who had been called to the throne by the Boyards. But for this act the relative destiny of the two powers might have been reversed. The Russians, therefore, deservedly honor the memory of the stordy butcher of Nijni Novogrod, who, like the Roman Ciceronaccio, seems to have been the masterspirit of the Rovolution. He is represented as addresing Pojarski, the General, who sits before him, listening, one hand on his sword. The figures are collosal, and full of fire and vigor. A short distance beyond this monument is a small circular platform of masonry, which is said to have been a throne, or public

Proceeding down the square to its southern extremity, we halt at last before the most astonishing structure our eyes ever beheld. What is it?-a church, a pavilion, or an immense toy? All the colors of a rainbow, all the forms and combinations which straight and curbed lines can produce, are here compounded. It seems to be the product of some ar- in weight from thirty-six tons to a thousand chitectural kaleidoscope, in which the most incongruous thing assumes a certain order and system, for surely such another bewildering pile does not exist. It is not beautiful, for beauty requires at least a suggestion of symetry, and here the idea of proportion or adap- allowed to possess bells. In Austria the same tion is wholly lost. Neither is the effect offensive, because the maze of colors, in which red, green and gold predominate, attracts and cajoles the eye. The purposed incongruity of tongue, though of iron, must be permitted to the building is seen in the minutest details, and ental resemblance in form, it is balanced by a difference in color.

judgment seat, of the early Czars.

This is the cathedral of St. Basil, built du-If Moscow is the Mecca of the Russians, the ring the reign of Ivan the Terrible, who is said Kremlin is its Kaaba. Within its ancient to have been so charmed with the work, that walls is gathered all that is holiest in religion or he caused the eyes of the architect to be blindmost cherished n historical tradition. Kievi ed, to prevent him from ever building another such. The same story, however, is told of vaformer sanctity; their glory lies wholly in the rious buildings, clocks and various pieces of past. The kingdoms of which they were the mechanism, in Europe, and is doubtless false. centers had ceased to exist before the founda- Examining the cathedral more closely, we find tion of Russian power. On the hill of the it to be an agglemeration of towers, no two of Kremlin was first planted that mighty tree | which are alike, either in height, shape, or any whose branches overshadowed continents. The other particular. Some are round, some square, fact that Tartar, Swede and Frenchman have some hexagonal; one ends in a pryamidal laid their axes at its very root, without being spire, another in a cone, and others bulging able to lop off a single bough, though the domes of the most fantastical pattern-twisted whole world awaited its fall, only endears this in spiral bands of yellow and green like an anspot the more to the Russian people and cient Moslem turban, vertically ribbed with strengthens their superstitous faith in the Di- green and silver, checkered with squares of vine protection vouchsafed in it. The Tartar blue and gold, covered with knobbed scales, planted his cresent on its holy spires, and there like a pine cone, or with overlapping leaves of it still glitters, but under the holy cross. Na- crimson, purple, gold and green. Between poleon housed in its ancient palace, and a the bases of these towers galleries are introthousand of his cannon are now piled in the dnced, which again, differs in style and ornacourt-yard. Its very gates are protected by ment as the towers themselves. The interior miracles, and the peasant from a distant prov- walls are covered with a grotesque maze of ince enters them with much the same feeling as painting, consisting of flower-pots, thistles, a Jewish prilgrim enters the long-lost city of roses, vines, birds, beasts and scrollwork, twined together in an extricable confusion as we

The Kremlin hill stands very nearly in the often see in Byzantine capitals and friezes. The interior of the cathedral is no less cuthe longest side facing the Moskva, about a rious than the outside. Every tower enclosmile in circumference and somewhat less than es a chapel, so twelve or fifteen saints here a hundred feet in height. Adjoining on the have their shrines under one roof, yet enjey east is the Kitai Gorod, (Chinese City,) still the tapers, the incense and prayers of their inclosed in its ancient walls. The original worshippers in private, no one interfering with walls of the city were built by Demetrius Don- the other. The chapels, owing to their narrow skoi, in the fourteenth century, and though fre- bases and great height, resemble flues. Their quently repaired, if not wholly rebuilt, since sides are covered with sacred frescoes and all that time, they still retain their ancient charac- manner of ornamental painting on a golden ter. Rising directly from the Moskva, at the ground, and as you look up the diminishing foot of the hill on the southern side, they climb shaft, the colosal face of Christ, the Virgin, or it at either end and crown it on all other sides. the protecting Saint, stares down upon you Thus, when you stand on the opposite bank of from the hollow of the capping dome. The the river, you see before you long, notched central tower is 120 feet high, while the diamwalls, interrupted with picturesque Tartar tow- eter of the chapel inside it cannot be more ers, like an antique frame to the green slope than thirty feet at the base. I cannot better of the hill, whose level tops bear aloft its crown describe this singular structure than by calling

Let us now turn back a few steps, and pass though its clustered golden domes are visible through the Kremlin wall by the Spass Vorata, from almost every part of the city. There or Gate of the Redeemer. This is even more was formerly a lake-like moat around the nor- peculiarly sacred than the chapel of the Ibethern side of the hill; but Alexander I. drain- rian Mother. Over the hollow arch hangs a ed and planted it, and it is now a pleasant picture of the Saviour, which looks with benignity upon the Russians, but breathes fire The main entrance is at the north-eastern and thunder upon their foes. The Tartars, so but a few paces distant from that of the Asangle, through a double towered portal called says tradition, have been driven back again sumption, resembles it in its internal structure. the Sunday Gate. As I propose acting as a and again from this gate by miraculous resistvalet de place for my fellow-traveler-readers, I ance, and, though the French entered at last, shall describe to them the notable sights of the all their attempts to blow it up were in vain. Kremlin, in the order in which they met us .- | The other entrance, the Gate of St. Nicholas, We shall not enter, therefore, without pausing has also its picture, but of less sanctity. Here for a moment before this gate, to inspect more the French succeeded in cracking the arch, as far closely a little chapel, or rather shrine, built as the picture-frame, where the rent suddenly the Great. They are covered with dusty, against the wall, between the two arch-ways. stopped. No man dare pass through the Gate mouldering palls of cloth or velvet, each one against the wall, between the two arch-ways. stopped. No man dare pass through the Gate Before the shrine is a platform thronged with of the Redeemer without uncovering his head inscribed with his name. In the midle of the a bare-headed crowd, whose heads are continu- -not even the Emperor. The common Rus- church, in a splendid silver coffin, is the body ally bobbing up and down as they cross them- sians commence at twenty paces off, and very of a boy seven or eight years of age, which is while between them, each resting on a crimson if he can secure to himself a display of the col-

turning toward the gate, bowing and crossing themselves. This is not the only shrine in Moscow whose holiness irradiates a wide circle around it. I have frequently seen men performing their devotions in the market-place or the middle of the street, and, by following the direction of their eyes, have discovered at a

At last we tread the paved court of the Kremlin. Before us rises the tower of Ivan Viliki, whose massive, sturdy walls seem to groan under its load of monster bells. Beyond it are the cathedral of St. Michael, the charch of the Assumption, and the ancient church of the Czars, all covered with tiaras of gilded domes. To the right rises another cluster of of dark-blue, pear-shaped domes, over the house of the Holy Synod, while the new palace (Granovitaya Palata) with its heavy

French front and wings, above which " The light aerial gallery, golden-railed, Burns like a fringe of fire.

fills up the back-ground. The Tartar towers of the Kremlin wall shoot up, on our left, from under the edge of the platform whereon we stand, and away and beyond them glitters the southern part of the wonderful city-a vast semicircle of red, green and gold I know not when this picture is most beautiful-when it and extinguish half its reflecting fires, when evening warps it in a violet mist, re-painting it with sober tints, or when it lies pale and gray, vet sprinkled with points of silver light, under the midnight moon.

At the foot of this tower stands on a granite pedestal the Tzar Kolokol, or Emperor of Bells, whose renown is world-wide. It was cast by order of the Empress Annie in 1730, but was broken seven years afterwards, through the burning of the wooden tower in which it hung. It is a little over twenty-one feet in height, twenty two feet in diameter at the bottomwieghs 120 tons, and the estimate value of silver, copper and gold contained in it is \$2,500,-000. In one of the upper stories of the tower hangs another bell cast more than a century before the Tzar Kolokol, and wighing sixty four tons. Its iron tongue is swung from side to side by the united exertion of three men. It is only rung thrice a year, and when it speaks all other bells are silent. To those who stand near the tower, the vibration of the air is said to be like that which follows the simultaneous discharge of a hundred cannon. In the other story hangs at least forty or fifty bells, varying pounds; some of them are one-third silver .-When they all sound at once, as on Easter morn, the very tower must rock on its foundation. In those parts of Russfa where the Eastern Church is predominant, no other sect is prohibition is extended to the Protestant churches. The sound of the bell is a part of preach false doctrine to half the city.

The Empress Anne seems to have had a foundness for monster castings. Turning to the right, into an adjoining court-yard, we behold a tremendous piece of artillery, familiarly known as the "pocket-piece" of the Czarina, The diameter of the bore is three feet, but it is evident that the gun never could have been used. It was no doubt made for show, from the bronze of captured cannon. In the same court are arranged the spoils of 1812, consisting of nearly one thousand cannon, French and German. They are mostly small field pieces, and hence make but little display and Persian guns, some of which are highly ornamented. occupy the opposite side of the court, and are

much finest of all the trophies here. We will now enter the churches in the palace court. They are but of moderate dimen sions, and very plain, outwardly, except in their crowns of fair-shining golden domes. Undoubtedly they were once painted in the style of the Cathedral of St. Basit, but the rainbow frescoes are now covered with a uniform coat of whitewash. One is therefore all the more puzzled by the pomp and glare of the interior. The walls, the five domes, resting on tall pillars at their interesections, the pillars themselves, everything but the floor, is covered with a coating of flashing gold; the ikonostast or screen before the Holy of Holies, is of gilded silver, and rises to the roof; the altars are of massive silver, and the shrine-pictures are set in a blaze of diamonds, emeralds and rubies. A multitude of saints are painted on the walls, and seem to float in a golden sky. And not saints alone, but-strange to sayclassic philosophers and historians. Thucydides and Plutarch, in company with Sts. Anthony and Jerome! There are said to be 2,-300 figures in this church, which is much more than the number of worshipers who can find place within it. I have been there on Sunday when it was througed, and really there was among the pictures above than among the human beings below. It was a wonderful crowd! I could have picked out the representatives of fifty nations, and facial stamp of three centures The singing was sublime. The choir was unseen, behind the silver screen, and the sweetness and purity of the boy sopranos swelled and sank like a chorus of angels heard through the fitful gusts of a storm. Devotional music nowhere receives such glorious expression as in the Russian churches.

The Cathedral of the Archangel Michael, It is more dimly lighted, however, the gold is not so glaring, and, in place of the army of saints, there are large frescoes of Heaven. Hell, Judgment, &c. On the the floor, arranged in rows, are the sarcophagi of the carly Czars, from Ivan I, to Alexis, father of Peter

was put to death by Boris Gundonoff. The lid of this coffiin is open, and on the inner side is a portrait of the boy, in a frame of massive gold, studded with jewels. The body is wrapped in a cloth of gold, and a cushion covers the face. The attendant priest was about to remove this cushion, when our guides whispered to me, "You are expected to kiss the forehead," and I turned away. These relics are ranked among the holiest in Moscow, and are most devoutly worshiped, although it is by no means certain that they belong to the true Deme-

Close at hand is the House of the Holy Synod, and as we are accompanied by our obliging Consul, Col. Claxton, to whom all doors are open, we are admitted into the Sanctuary where are preserved the robes worn by Russian Patriarchs during the last six hundred out the whole Empire. The robes are of the the N. Y. Tribune. heaviest silk, interwoven with gold and silver thread, and so sown with jewels that they would stand stiff upright with their own richness. The Patriarchs seem to have had an especial fondness for pearls, of which, is some

sented by Col. Claxton, and we ascend the rivers, with their numerous tributaries. (with the exception of the Escurial,) but I sand tons of solid masonry. cannot now recall one in which the highest taste as here. Inlaid floors, of such beautiful design and such precious wood, that you tread lanche of ice rushes to the sea every spring, upon them with regret; capitals, cornices and ceiling-soffits of gold ; walls overlaid with fluted silk; giant candelbra of silver and malachite, and the soft gleam of many-tinted marbles, combine to make this a truly Imperial residence. The grand hall of St. George, all and volume of water-is poured down stream, ornamental carved-work; that of St. Alexand- ly, it is often piled up to the height of from er Nevsky is sumptuous in blue and gold : while in that of St. Elizabeth, the walls are not only overlaid with gold, and the furniture to the massive stone buildings along the noble of massive silver, but in the center of every river front of the city. To resist so prodigious door is a Maltese cross, formed of the largest diamonds! The eye does not tire of this until the proposed bridge should be of the most solwonted splendor, nor does it seem difficult to id and massive description. Their foundations dwell even in such dazzling halls. In a lower are placed in the solid rock; for none of the et, studded with golden eagles. Here the Emperor feasts with his nobles on the day of sake were found impracticable in the case .coronation-the only occasion on which it is Where the force exercised against the piers

magnificence, except those occupied by the even rubble work, would have proved but tem Emperor himself, in which the furniture is very plain and servicable. In some of these rooms we found everything topsy-turvy. Officers were busy in taking an inventory of the furniture, even to the smallest article, in order that a stop may be put to the wholesale, plunder which has been carried on in the imperial household, since the death of Peter the Great. The dishonesty of Russian officials is a matter of universal notroriety, and Alexander II. is doing his part to check and punish it. He has not been the slightest sufferer. During the coronation, 40,000 lamps were brought for the illumination of the Kremlin, and now, not one is to be found! Thousands of vards of crimson cloth, furnished on the same occosion, have disappeared, and enormous charges appear in the bills, for articles which were never bought at all. All Moscow is now laughing over one of these discoveries, which is to amusing not to tell, although I may offend strict ideas of propriety in relating it. In the suite of the Empress were fifty chosen Ladies of Honor, who of course were lodged and entertained at the imperial expense. When the bills came to be settled it was found that, in furnishing the bed-chambers of these fifty ladies, 4,500 utensils of a useful character had been purchas-

ed, or no less than ninety apiece. A part of the ancient Palace of the Czars -all that was left by fire and Frenchmenforms the rear wing of the building. It is very much in style of the Cathedral of St. Basil; irregular, fantastic, and covered with a painted tangle of scrolls, vines, flowers and birds. The apartments of the Czarina and children, the private chapel, audience-room, and terema or inclosed balcony, are still quite less diversity of visage, costume and character perfect. From the latter, it is said, Napoleon watched the progress of the fire, the night after his arrival in Moscow. On the ancient tables stand the treasure chests of Czar Alexis -five large boxes of massive gold, covered with inscriptions in the Slavonian character .-If such were the chests, what must have been the treasure? But really, before one gets through with the Kremlin, gold and jewels become druge. You still delight in their blaze and beauty, but you cease to be impressed by their value.

This warns me that the words, too, in which I have been endeavoring to describe these things, may at last lose their color and force from sheer repetition. I shall therefore barely mention the last and perhaps the most interesting sights of all-the Treasury. I know no historical museum in Europe of such magni-

of Siberia, Poland, Kazan, Novgorod and the Crimea. In another case is the sceptre of Poland, broken in the center, and the Constithe feet of Alexander I.'s portait. There are also, the litter of Charles XII. taken at Pultava the heavy jack-boots of Peter the Great; the jeweled horse-trappings of Catharni II., her questrian portrait in male attire (and a galant, dashing, strapping cavalier she is !) the helmet of Michael Romanoff-curiously enough with an Arabic sentence over the brow-and a superb collection of arms, armor, military trappings, golden and silver vessels, and antique jewelry. A lower room contains the imperial coaches and sheds, for two centuries back.

Can you wonder now, even after the little I have found room to say, that the Kremlin years, as well as the silver jars containing the sacred oil, used for solemn sacraments through is looked upon by the Russian people with fond and faithful veneration?—Buyard Taylor to instrument otherwise perfect; so if all the

The Victoria Iron Bridge.

The Victoria Bridge is, without exception, the greatest work of the kind in the world .instances, the embroidered figures are entirely For gigantic proportions and vast length and composed. In strong contrast to these daz- strength there is nothing to compare with it zling vestments are the coarse brown hat and in either ancient or modern times. The entire mantle of the Patriarch Nichon. The holy bridge, with its approaches, is only about sixty oil is preserved in thirty-three jars, which, as yards short of two miles. It is five times longwell as the larger vessels used in preparing it, er than the Britannia across the Menia Straits, are of massive silver. About two sallons a seven and a half times longer than Waterloo vear are neccessary to supply Russia. The Bridge, and more than ten times longer than council Hall of the Holy Synod is in the same the new Chelsea Bridge across the Thames ! building. It is evidently the ancient place of The Victoria has not less than twenty-four assembly-a long low room, with sacred fre-spans of 242 feet each, and one great central scoes on a golden ground, and raised seats span-itself an immense bridge-of 330 feet. along the wall for the principal personages. The road is carried within iron tubes 60 feet Let us now turn from the sacred to the secu- above the level of the St. Lawrence, which lar sights of the Kremlin, although some of the runs beneath a speed of about ten miles an latter are not less sacred to Russian eyes. The hour, and in winter brings down the ice of palace doors open to the special permit pre some two thousand miles of lakes and upper broad, noble staircase. The plain exterior of weight of iron in the tubes will be upwards of the building gives no hint of the splendors ten thousand tons, supported on massive stone within. I have seen all the palaces of Europe piers which contain some six, some eight thou-

From the first projection of the Victoria possible magnificence is so subservient to good Bridge, the difficulties of executing such a work across a wide river, down which an avawas pronounced almost insurmountable by those best acquainted with the locality. The ice of two thousand miles of inland lakes and upper rivers, besides their tributaries-many of which exceed the Thames in length, depth, in white and gold, is literally incrusted with and in the neighborhood of Montreal, especialforty to fifty feet, placing the surrounding country under water, and doing severe damage a pressure, it was necessary that the piers of story is the banqueting-hall, hung with crimson artificial methods of obtaining foundations, suggested by some critical engineer for cheapness was likely to be so great, it was felt that timber The dwelling rooms are fitted up with equal ice breakers, timber or cast iron pulling, or porary expedients. The two centre piers are eighteen feet wide, and the remaining twentytwo piers fifteen feet. To arrest and break the ice, an inclined plain, composed of great blocks of stone, was added to the up-river side of each pier-each block weighing from seven to ten tons, and the whole clamped together

> AMERICAN CHILDREN .- American children we are sorry to be obliged to say it,) are not s a general rule, well behaved. They are rude and disrespectful, if not disobeident. They inspire terror rather than love in the breasts of strangers and all persons who seek quiet and ike order. In our drawing-rooms, on board our steamers, in our railway-cars and stage oaches, they usually contrive to make themselves generally and particularly 'disagreeable by their familiarity, forwardness, and pertness. Young America" can not brook restraint, has no conception of superiority, and reverences nothing. His ideas of equality admit neitheir limitation or qualification. He is born with a full comprehension of his own individual rights, but is slow in learning his social duties. Through whose fault comes this state of things? American boys and girls have naturally as much good sense and good nature as those of any other nation, and, when well trained, no children are more courteons and agreeable. The fault lies in their education. In the days of our grandtathers, children were taught manners at school-a rather rude backwoods sort of manners, it is true, but better than the no manners at all of the present day. We must blame parents in this matter rather than their children. If you would have your children grow up beloved and respected by their elders as well as their cotemporaries, teach them good manners in their childhood. The young sovereign should first learn to obey, that he may be the better fitted to command in his turn .- How to Behave.

AN HONEST BENDICT .- He loved his wife in a plain, straightforward fashion; and as he was never lavishly tender to her before company, there is the greatest reason to believe that he was neither savage nor silent to her when alone; for some married folks will keep their love, like their jewelry, for the eyes of the world, thinking it too fine and too precious to wear every day at their fireside.

THE INCONVENIENCES OF POVERTY.-What ficence, although there may be others more wrigglings and strugglings, and heart-burnings, technically complete. Here, crowns and thrones are every day acted and endured to stand well are as plenty as mineralogical specimeus else- with the world-that is, to stand without a where. In one hall are the jeweled thrones of hole in our hat, or a damuing rent in our small-Ivan III., Boris Gudonoff, Michael Romanoff, clothes! The modern man is wonderfully spi-Peter the Great and his brother, and of Poland ritualized by this philosophy-so much so, that cushion, on its separate pillar, are the crowns lar, he is almost wholly unconscious of the ab-

EVIL OF A BAD TEMPER.-A bad temper is a curse to to the possessor, and its influe most deadly wherever it is found. It is allied tution of that ill-fated country lies in a box at to martyrdom to be obliged to live with one of a complaining temper. To hear one eternal round of complaint and murmuring to have every pleasant thought scared away by their evil spirit, is a sore trial. It is like the sting of a scropion-a perpetual mettel, destroying your peace, rendering life a burden. Its influence is deadly; and the purest and sweetest atmosphere is contaminated into a deadly miasma wherever this evil genius prevails. It has been said truly, that while we had not ought to let the bad temper of others influence us, it would be as unreasonable to spread a blister upon the skin, and not expect it to draw as to think of a family not suffering because of the bad temper of any of its inmates. One members of a church, neighborhood, and family do not cultivate a kind and affectionate temper there will be discord and every evil work.

> Gossiping .- If you wish to cultivate a gosiping, meddling censorious spirit in your children, be sure when they come home from church, a visit, or any other place where you do not accompany them, to question them concerning what everybody said and did; and if you find anything in this to censure, always do it in their hearing. You may rest as sured, if you pursue a course of this kind, they will not return to you unladen with intelligence; and rather than it should be uninteresting, they will by degress learn to embellish, in such a manner as shall not fail to call forth remarks and expressions from you. You will, by this course, render the spirit of curiosity, which is so early visible in children, and which, if rightly directed, may be the instrument of enriching and enlarging their minds-a vehicle of mischiel which will serve only to narrow them !

WHO THE DEUCE WAS IT .- Brown tells us a Vemont story, which he says, is as authenticate as the best the Post anecdotes, and certainly nothing more can be required. A respectable gentleman in Windsor county many years ago, had an ambition to represent his town in the State Legislature. Though a man of good character and every way able enough for the office he sought, he happened, as Aunt Peggy used to say to have "a great many winning ways to make folks hate him," and was in fact the most unpopular man in town. Going to Squire X., an influential man who happened to be friendly to him, he laid his case before him, and asking his influence, saying that he didn't expect help without paying for it, and declaring that if he could get X's influence he was sure to be elected. The Squire " put in his best jumps" for his man, but when the ballot-box was turned, another man was declared elected. The disappointed candidate called out to know how the votes stood, and learned that he had just got three votes! "But I don't understand it," said he, turning to the Squire, with a chop fallen countenance. "Nor I either," said the Squire, " I put in my vote, you put in another, but who the d-l put in the third is more than I can imagine !"-Boston Post.

A LORD THEY NEVER HEARD OF .- In 1774. Dr. Webster was a popular preacher of the Kirk of Scotland, in Edinburg. Business brought him to London, and one day, passing the House of Lords, his curiosity induced him to make an effort te step in and see them .-None were admitted without an order, except noblemen's servants. Webster being ignorant of this rule, requested admittance. Lord do you belong to ?" said the doorkeeper. The Lord Jehovah," replied Webster. "The Lord Jehovah," repeated the doorkeeper; "I have kept here seven years, but I have never heard of such a Lord. Jack," said he to his fellow keeper on the front steps, "here's a chap who says he belongs to the Lord Jehovah; do you know such as a Lord." "Never heard of him," says Jack. "But," says Webster willing to keep up the illusion, "there is such a Lord." 'Pass 'em in," said Jack, "I spose it's some poor Scotch Lord."

Exposing a Parson. - A minister was one Sabbath examing a Sunday-school in catechism before the congregation. The usual question was put to the first girl, a strapper, who usually assisted her father, who was a publican, in waiting upon customers.

"What it your name?"

No reply.

"What is your name?" he repeated. "None of your fun, Mr. Minister," said the girl ; you know my name well enough. Don't you say when you come to our house on a

night, " Bet, bring me some more ale ?" The congregation forgetting the sacredness of the place, were in a broad grin, and the parson looked daggers.

THE EXAMPLE OF THE HANGMAN .- Death would indeed be punishment, could it only be administered by the executioner; but as God has made it the draught for all men-the inevitable cup to be drained to the dregs by all who live, since there is not one man privilged to pass it-is not that a strange punishment for the deepest wickedness of guilt, if the same evil must at the last foreclose the life of the

A beautiful thought, uttered by a child four years old, about the comet, is worthy of note. Standing on the portico of the elegant mansion on "Maple Grove Farm," on one of the bright evenings of this week, he said to me he thought "the comet God's railroad car, in which. He went riding through the sky!"

Ir is an old saying that Time waits for no man-but the fair sex would have us believe that he is gallant enough to wait for the la-

"Paws for a reply," as the cat said, when scratching the dog for barking at her.