

THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

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"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

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TOWANDA :

Thursday Morning, February 17, 1859.

Selected Poetry.

TO THE SKELETON OF A FOOT.

The following beautiful stanzas, which would not disgrace the pen of a Byron, appear to have been written on seeing the articulated bones of a female foot in the window of a fashionable London bootmaker, to whom they were sent anonymously :

O fleshless fragment of some female form—
Of nature's workmanship the last and best—
Which once with life's mysterious fire was warm ;
What'impious hand disturbed thy place of rest,
And in a glassy shiver thee attired,
Lashed by the many, by the few admired ?
The calm observers of the works of God
In thy anatomy his wonders trace
With purer leisure than when silken shod,
The smiling foot he beheld thy milken shod,
And faithless symmetry, which made him sigh,
Thought from thee now he turns his owls eye.
Let those whose folly seeks to draw a line
Of broad distinction between dust and dust,
Thy plebeian form thy noble cause divine !
They cannot : God immutable and just,
Alike to all heavenly images gave ;
Tis man that makes the monarch and the slave.
Perhaps thou once wert cushioned in high state
Amidst the circle of the drawing-room ;
But no ! the bodies of the proud and great
Are wont to rot in vault and marble tomb,
As if the bones of self-styled noble forms
Should be reserved for better sorts of worms !
Perhaps thou tread'st some humbler walk of life,
And wert from truth and virtue led astray
By one who promised thee the name of wife,
And praised thy symmetry, but to betray
The soul, confiding, innocent, and young,
That readily believed his flattering tongue.
Thy perfect mechanism may have served
Some opera dancer fraught with every grace—
Seen modestly—and with that courage never
Which quickly sears a young and blushing face,
When of submitting to the searching gaze
Of thousand eyes' amidst thousand lights' full blaze.
And where's the soul that o'er thy frame once shed
The "poetry of motion?" Who can tell
Into what realm the immortal part hath fled?
Or if in misery or joy it dwells?
Of it's thought of all its earthly ties
Fades from the memory when the body dies.

Miscellaneous.

[Written for the Reporter.]

GLEANNING FROM OLD TIMES.

EPITAPHS—NO. 11.

A tombstone is a strange place for puns, yet we frequently find them in epitaphs; the following is an example: the name of the chapel in which the tombstone is found is All Hallows, Barking. A very singular name for a church, gentle reader!

"He situs examinis Stocki sub pulvere Truncus.
Quem quantum agnovit pastorem ecclesie fidem,
Ista summa nunc sancta teneat hinc halitus sanctorum
Quo magnas panis dicitur, O Virgineum magistris."

Ty lifeless trunk, (O, reverend Stocke),
Like Aaron's rod, sprouts out again,
For why this work of Pity,
Performed by some, that thy Stocke,
To thy dead corps and sacred urn,
Is but the fruit of this old Stocke."

The next is from All Hallows the Less, in London:

"Jesu, that suffered bitter Passion and Pein,
Have mercy on my soul, John Chammerleyn,
And on my wives' two,
Agnes and Jane also.
The said John deceased the sixth day to say,
In the month of December, the fourth day,
The year of our Lord God reckoned full even,
A thousand, four hundred, fourscore and seven.

The sacred shades of St. Albans, in London, give us the next. Poor Tom, he had to bear the shame of rags when living, and leave when dead, a ragged memory behind him.

"He livest Tom Shortshoes,
Sine Tombe, sine sheets, sine Ribes,
Qui vixit sine Gowne,
Sine Cloake, sine Shift, sine Breeches."

The following inscription on the house where the great fire began, which destroyed a large portion of old London, in the year 1666, may be interesting; it is a kind of an epitaph:

"Here by the permission of Heaven, Hell broke loose upon the spot, and the city, from the malicious hearts of barbaous papists, by the hand of their agent Hubert, who confessed, and on the ruins of this place declared the fact for which he was hanged, viz: that here began the dreadful fire, which is described and perpetuated on and by the neighboring pillar, erected Anno 1660."

The above is interesting from the peculiarity of style. The following epitaph is from the old church of St. Albans in London. This church was erected by King Alfred.

"Here lyeth marionate under this Hepe of Stoa, Syr Harry Weaver Allyrman, and hys Lady Daine Joan, This Worldly Worschipp and Honor With Favor and Fortune, passeth Day by Day, Who may withstand Death's Scorne When Ryth and For he choysteth in Clay, Wherefore to God hertlie we pray, To pardon us of our misdeeds And help us now in our most need."

To me there is something very tender in the quaintness of the above. Many might still pray "hertelie" to be pardoned for their misdeeds.

The singular composition of the following epitaph justifies its insertion here, it was taken from the common burial ground, without the Grimesse Gate, at Leipsic in Upper Saxony, it is written in High German:

STOCK ACCOUNT.
Profit and Loss Account.
A fortunate and a
For Christ's invulner-
prize: to die well. Be purchase and
is the best prize 100,000 Ransom 100,000
Schleibenberg, 7 April, 1677.—Upon the appointed day
of Felix Adam Schleibenberg's death, which shall happen
on the twenty-first of October, Anno 1700, I, Jesus Christ,
promise to pay unto him this my only bill of exchange,
being purchased the value thereof through my merits;
therefore being satisfied with his life and faith, I give him
eternal happiness through grace. JESUS CHRIST.

It is said, that the common people suppose that thalers are meant by the 100,000. But there is no representation of such coin. The reader will have observed that this extraordinary bill of exchange is dated at the time of Schleibenberg's death, and made payable to him

on the day of his death. Some may think the above impious; but I would ask them this question: Have you not heard ministers employ figures in their discourses which, if closely analyzed, would not appear equally impious? Doubtless, the above was written earnestly, and irreverence by no means intended.

I will give the names of a few, who were buried in old St. Pauls, in London. The whole list would be interesting to the curious, but would occupy too much space.

Erkenwaldus, the III, after the Anglo-Saxon invasion of Britan. Selba, king of the eastern Saxons. Ethelred, king of the English, son of king Edgar William, confessor to king Edward.

Simon Barley. John Gandavensis, known as John of Gaunt, son of Edward III. Sir Christopher Wren, employed by Charles II, to lay out the city after the destructive fire of 1666. One epitaph from the Church of St. Sepulchre, in London, and my allotted space is full:

"Milde Childe, Chaste Mayden, and religious Wife;
The Even Crowns the Day, Jan. Essex, Death her Life."

The student of history will derive instruction, as well as amusement, from the perusal of these relics of the past. They are the little index marks on the scale of human progress, marking the gradual ascent of the world in refinement. Sometimes humanity takes great strides. Such a one it took in the age of Augustus. Another, when Constantinople was taken by the Turks in 1454; at the destruction of the Eastern Empire, and the introduction of art and new means of studying antiquity into Italy by the Greeks, who took refuge there. The period of time between the burning of the bull of Pope Leo X, by Luther in Wittemberg, 1520, the treaty of Westphalia, in 1649, is another step. This latter so prodigious, that the eyes of all coming generations will look back to it. In government, we might cite the signing of Magna Charta by King John, 1215, and the passage of the Habeas Corpus Act in the reign of Charles II, May, 1679. These are some of the great events. They are visible even to the superficial student of history. They tell us, perhaps, with the exception of the latter two, very little about social refinement. To take them as our only standard, would be about as foolish, as to judge of the character of the people of the United States from its Congress. We must visit the homes of the people. Be not content with a seat in the Cabinet of a Richelieu or Colbert, but likewise rest beneath the honey-suckle porch of the peasant's cottage. We must look as they looked on life, and most of all on death, ere we stamp their character on them. For example, I have found three minor sources of information with regard to English social history. The drama, citizen life in London, English graveyards and churches. To see how slowly the popular taste was purified, read the old plays from Gammer Gurton's Needle up to the Macbeth of Shakespeare. To trace the progress of household comfort, regard for health, formation of public libraries, peruse the old histories of London. Last, but not least, to get right to the heart of things, go into a great churchyard, remove the decayed leaves and the long grass, bend down and read. While silence is around you read what the dead give you, and surely you will go out again into the ceaseless care and turmoil of life, knowing more of the olden times, and, what is best of all, your heart purified.

FIGHT BETWEEN ELEVEN HUNDRED HORSES.—Southly, in his History of the Peninsula War, relates the following: "Two Spanish regiments which had been quartered in Fuman were cavalry, mounted on fine black long-tailed Andalusian horses. It was impossible to bring off these horses—about 1,000 in number—and Romano was not a man who could order them to be destroyed; he was fond of horses himself, and knew that every man was attached to his beast, which had carried him so far and so faithfully. Their bridles were therefore taken off, and they were turned loose upon the beach. A scene ensued such as was never before witnessed. They became sensible that they were no longer under the restraint of human power.

A general conflict ensued, in which, retaining the discipline they had learned, they charged each other in squadrons of ten or twelve together, then closely engaged, striking with their fore feet, and biting and tearing each other with most ferocious rage, and trampling over those who were beaten down, till the shore in the course of an hour, was strewn with the dead and disabled. Part of them had been set free on rising ground at a distance. They no sooner heard the roar of the battle than they came thundering down over the intermediate hedges, and catching the contagious madness, plunged into fight with equal fury. Sublime as the scene was, it was too horrible to be long contemplated, and Romano, in mercy, gave orders to destroy them. But it was found too dangerous to attempt this, and after the boat had quitted the beach, the few horses that remained were still engaged in the dreadful work of mutual destruction."

NATURE AVENGES HERSELF.—What wreck so shocking to behold as the wreck of a dissolute man—the vigor of life exhausted, and yet the first step in a honorable career not yet taken; in himself a lazar-house of disease; dead; but by a heathenish custom of society, not buried! Rogues have had their initials burnt into the palms of their hands; even for murder Cain was only branded in the forehead; but over the whole debauchee or the inebriate, the signatures of infamy are written. How nature brands him with stigma and opprobrium! How she hangs labels all over him to testify her disgust at his existence, and to admonish others to beware of his example! How she loosens all his joints, sends tremors along his muscles, and bends forward his frame as if to bring him on all-fours with kindred brutes, or to degrade him to the reptile's crawling! How she disfigures his countenance, as if intent upon obliterating all traces of her own image, so that she may swear she never made him! How she pours rheum over his eyes, sends foul spirits to inhabit his breath, and shrieks as with a trumpet from every pore of his body, behold a beast!—Horus Mann.

Too Proud to take Advice.

A boy took his uncle down on Long Wharf to see a new ship that lay there. His uncle was an old ship master, and Harry was at some pains to show him round, partly to show him his own knowledge. There was only one sailor on board, and as the visitors passed and re-passed the hatches, "Mind ye, mind ye," he said, "don't fall into the hold, or ye'd never see daylight again."

"There is no danger of my uncle," said Harry proudly, "he knows a ship from stem to stern; and I do too."

As they came down the ladder and walked away, "I was so provoked with that old salt," said he; "he seemed to think we were know-nothing landmen, with not sense enough to keep from pitching into the first danger. I wonder you should thank him for the advice, uncle; I was provoked."

"I should be very sorry to take offence at well meant advice," said the uncle. "Did you ever read about the *Royal George*, Harry?"

"You mean that big ship which foundered one pleasant day in some English harbor, and all on board perished. I know something about it; but tell me more, uncle. How did it happen?"

"It was at Spithead, where the English fleet were at anchor. The *Royal George* was the flagship, and the Admiral Kenpenfel's blue flag floated from the mizzen. She was a fine ship of a hundred guns. She was about ready for sea, when the Lieutenant discovered that the water cock was out of order. It was not thought necessary to haul her into dock for repairs but keel her over until the damaged part was above water and repair her there. Keeling a ship, you know is making her lean over on one side. A gang of men was sent from the Falmouth dockyards to help the ship's carpenters. The larboard guns were run out as far as possible, and the starboard guns in midships, which made the ship keel to the mouth of the water pipe, when a lighter, laden with rum, came along side, and all hands were piped to clear her. Now the port-side of the larboard side was nearly even with the water before the lighter came alongside, and when the men went down to take in her casks, the ship keeled more than ever; besides, the sea had grown rougher since morning, washing the water into the lower deck ports.

The carpenter saw there was danger. He ran to the second lieutenant, who was an officer of the watch and told him the ship must be righted. The lieutenant, angry that the carpenter should dictate him, ordered him back to his work. Growing every instant more convinced of the eminent peril of the ship, the man went a second time to the officer, warning him that all would be lost if the vessel was not righted instantly; but he only got a volley of oaths for his pains. The lieutenant, however, at last ordered the drummer to beat to quarters; but, before the drummer had time to lay hold of his drum, the ship keeled over a little and a little more, and the men began to scramble down the hatchways to put the heavy guns in their proper places. Alas, it was too late. Men may begin their duty too late. After the water was rushing in; she filled rapidly, settled fast, and almost before help or rescue could be thought of, down went the *Royal George*, carrying her admiral, officers, men, and many nobles and strangers on board, to the number of a thousand souls, down, to a watery grave, so awfully sudden, that a few only on the upper deck could save themselves. And to perish on a fair day, in sight of land, surrounded by a fleet of ships, all aggravated the terrible disaster. As an English poet, Cowper, has it:

"It was not in the battle;
No tempest gave the shock,
She sprang no fatal leak;
She ran upon no rock."

"A wuf!" said Harry, shuddering; "and to have it owing to the pride of that foolish lieutenant. Too proud to take the carpenter's advice; that was the worst of all. I suppose you told it to me on that account. I thank you, uncle. Oh, that poor lieutenant. His own life, and the life of thousand others, staked upon his feeling proud. I am sure it makes the bible account of pride awfully true: 'Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall.'"

LEARN ALL YOU CAN.—Somebody has given the following excellent advice, which is worthy of being treasured up by every body:—"Never omit any opportunity to learn all you can.—Sir Walter Scott said, even in a stage coach, he always found somebody to tell him something he did not know before. Conversation is generally more useful for the purpose of knowledge. It is, therefore, a mistake to be morose or silent, when you are among persons whom you think ignorant, for, a little sociability on your part, will draw them out, and they will be able to teach you something, no matter how ordinary their employment. Indeed, some of the most sagacious remarks are made by persons of this description, respecting their peculiar pursuits.

"Hugh Miller, the famous Scotch geologist, owes not a little of his fame to observations made when he was a journeyman stone mason, and worked in a quarry. Socrates well said that there is but one good, which is knowledge, and but one evil, which is ignorance. Every grain of sand helps to make a heap. A gold digger takes the smallest nuggets, and is not fool enough to throw them away because he hopes to find a huge lump some time. So in acquiring knowledge, we should never despise an opportunity, however unpromising. If there is a moment's leisure spend it over a good book or instructive talking with the first person you meet."

A waggish husband recently cured his wife of divil ills in this wise: He kissed the servant girl one morning, and got caught at it.—Mrs. J. was up in an instant. She forgot all her complaints, and the man of the house declares that he has never had to pay a cent for help since.

The "Poison Wind."

A Russian nobleman, who has been traveling in Africa, gives the following account of the Samiel, Simoon or poison Wind, which is such an object of interest and terror to all classes and all nations. He says: "The Samiel is felt in the desert from about the middle of June to the 21st of September. It is experienced with a very violent South-west wind, and on those days when the heat of the sun is most ardent. It is burning; it comes in gusts more or less scorching, of more less duration; each of them, however, even the shortest, exceeds the time that a man could hold his breath. The wind consists in a succession of burning and cool gusts. In the first, there is a double degree of heat and impetuosity. The difference between the hot and cold gusts according to my observation is from 7 to 10 degrees. The highest degree of hot gusts was 73 degrees of Fahrenheit, the temperature in the sun, without the Samiel, having been constantly from 53 to 57 degrees. I thought I could observe that when this wind blows, a yellowish tinge, inclining to be livid, is diffused through the atmosphere; and that, in its most violent periods, the sun becomes of a deep red. Its odor is infectious and sulphurous; it is thick and heavy, and when its heat increases, it almost causes suffocation. It occasions a pretty copious perspiration, partly excited by the uneasiness which one feels, and the difficulty with which one breathes, on account of its fetid quality. This perspiration appears to be more dense and viscous than the natural perspiration; the wind itself deposits anunctious fluid. The better to examine its qualities and its nature, I opened my mouth to inhale it; the palate and throat were instantly parched. It produces the same effect when inhaled through the nostrils, but more slowly.—To preserve one's self from it, and keep the respiration more free, it is usual to wrap up the face with a handkerchief. In passing the tissue, it loses a part of its action and of its destructive principle; and besides, the breath keeps up a degree of humidity, and hinders the burning air from suddenly penetrating into the mouth and lungs. The Arabs therefore, are accustomed, whatever the heat may be, even in the shade, to wrap the whole body, not excepting their head, in their *meskalah*, (cloak), if they desire to sleep. This wind causes, by the rarefaction that attends it, a pretty strong agitation in the blood, and this increased movement soon brings on weakness. It in general, produces on man two effects distinctly characterized. It strikes him mortally with a kind of apoplexy, or causes him a great debility. The corpse of a person so suffocated, has this peculiarity, that in a few days, or even hours, as some Arabs affirm, the limbs separate at the joints, with the slightest effort, so powerful is the action of the poison on the muscular parts, giving an astonishing activity to the progress of putrefaction. Such a corpse is reported contagious. I know nothing as terrible as this wind; I felt it almost continually in the desert, bating some interruptions, one of which was for three days and three nights successively. My interpreter, Mr. Rossel, was struck by it, but escaped death by discharge of blood. That which confirms what I have said of the separation of the limbs, is that having been struck by this air, I was affected for some weeks with an extreme weakness; and whenever the least warm wind blew on me, I felt a great faintness, and perceived in my joints a relaxation of the muscles.

The dangers of this wind is guarded against by inhaling the fumes of good vinegar, and covering the face with the handkerchief. I asked the Arabs if lying down on the ground was a preservative against it; they assured me it was not. I should be inclined myself to think it prejudicial."

WISDOM IN LOVE-MAKING.—I know that men naturally shrink from the attempt to obtain companions who are their superiors; but they will find a really intelligent woman, who possess the most desirable qualities, are uniformly modest, and hold their charms in modest estimation. What such women most admire in men is gallantry; not the gallantry of courts and fops, boldness, courage, devotion, decision, and refined civility. A man's bearing wins ten superior women where his boots and brains wins one. If a man stands before a woman with respect for himself and fearlessness of her, his suit is half won. Therefore, never be afraid of a woman. Women are the most harmless and agreeable creatures in the world to a man who shows that he has got a man's soul in him. If you have not got the spirit in you to come up to a test like this, you have not got that in you which most pleases a high-souled woman, and you will be obliged to content yourself with a simple girl, who in a quiet way is endeavoring to attract and fasten you.

But don't be in a hurry about the matter. Don't get into a feverish longing about marriage. It isn't creditable to you. Especially don't imagine any disappointment in love which takes place before you are twenty-one years old will be of any material damage to you. The truth is, that before a man is twenty-five years old he does not know what he wants himself. So don't be in a hurry. The more of a man you become, the more masculine you become capable of exhibiting in your association with women, the better wife you will obtain; and one year's possession of the heart and hand of a really noble specimen of her sex, is worth nine hundred and nine-nine year's possession of a sweet creature with but two ideas in her head, and nothing new to say about either of them. "Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay." So don't be in a hurry I say again. You don't want a wife now, and you have not the slightest idea of the kind of a wife you will want by and by. Go into female society if you can find that which will improve, but not otherwise. You can spend your time better. Seek the society of good men. That is often more accessible to you than the other, and it is through that mostly that you will find your way to good female society.

HOW IT STRENGTHENED HIM.—A student of one of our State colleges had a barrel of ale deposited in his room—contrary, of course, to the rule and usage. He received a summons to appear before the President who said: "Sir, I am informed that you have a barrel of ale in your room."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, what explanation can you make?"

"Why, the fact is, sir, that my physician advises me to try a little each day as a tonic; and not wishing to stop at the various places where the beverage is retailed, I concluded to have a barrel taken to my room."

"Indeed; and have you derived any benefit from the use of it?"

"Ah, yes, sir; when the barrel was first taken to my room, two days since, I could scarcely lift it; and now I can carry it with the greatest ease." The witty student was discharged with a special reprimand.

A DOCTOR UP TOWN gave the following prescription for a sick lady a few days ago: "A new bonnet, a cashmere shawl, and a pair of gaiter boots?" The lady recovered immediately.

JONES says he hates to see women buying furniture at auction. The prettiest of them look ugly—their countenances are so *for-bidden*.

SELF DEFLECTIONS.—It is a fact as true as the sun shines, that nine tenths of all the miseries which humanity is groaning under are self-inflicted. People are terribly bent on making themselves miserable. They go out in cold stormy weather thinly clad, with no care to their feet, when they know the result of their imprudence may bring fever and perhaps consumption; they will venture on the railroad and get smashed, when they are continually reminded to "look out for the engine when the bell rings;" they eat hot suppers late at night and imbibe bad liquors when they are perfectly aware of the execrable feelings that must follow, and, in short, expose themselves to all sorts of evil consequences, which a little caution and forethought, in a majority of cases, could have prevented. The common saying, that one must live twice to know to live once, is quite true.

A SPEAKER enlarging upon the rascality of the devil, got off the following:
"I tell you that the devil is an old liar; for when I was about getting religion, he told me that if I did get religion I could not go into gay company, and lie and cheat, or any such thing, but I have found him out to be a great liar."

A DESTRUCTIVE WEAPON.—It seems a paradox, but it is nevertheless a fact, that the more deadly and destructive war is made, the greater economy of human life; the more certain the missile, the fewer the number on the death roll. Gunpowder with musketry and cannon destroyed the use of defensive armor, yet battles are gained with less loss of life than in the days of the long-bow, cross-bow, and the deadly hand-to-hand encounter.

These considerations must be our excuse, on the ground of humanity and true patriotism, for calling most forcibly the attention of Government to a very important implement of warfare. We do so the more earnestly, as we believe it will afford us a means of improving our coast defenses.

The failure of the Lancaster shell makes it doubtful, if we succeed in manufacturing rifle cannon, whether they could be applied to anything but the propulsion of round shot. To increase the deadly nature of our round shot, with the same instrument, we divided our shot into parts, or contrived to burst it into fragments among our adversaries. Seeing that we cannot rifle our cannon, because of the mass of metal we have to deal with, Sir Charles Shaw, the author of the invention which we now propose to describe, proposes to divide our cannon itself as well as the shot. He replaces the field piece, cannon or howitzer, by a row of rifle-barrels, twenty-five in number. These are accurately placed on the same level, each barrel diverging slightly from the central, and so that the volley of rifle bullets discharged by barrels will cover a width of about five yards at a distance of eight hundred yards. Sir Charles Shaw's rifle battery is indeed a reproduction of Fieschi's infernal machine, placed on wheels, and made far lighter and more manageable than a light brass-nine-pounder gun.

This implement, therefore, may be regarded as a rifle cannon divided into twenty-five portions, as destructive as grape or canister shot at five hundred yards; the Sirapnell shell at eight hundred yards; with its deadly aim extended as far as the rifle can reach. Conceive a battery of horse artillery, with four of Sir C. Shaw's infernal machines substituted for their guns. The rifle battery is equal in effect to twenty-five rifles deliberately aimed, not from a man's shoulder, but from a fixed rest. It is no exaggeration, therefore, to regard our rifle battery, manned by three riflemen, as a fair equivalent for a company of soldiers firing from the ranks.—London News.

UNIVERSALITY OF THE IDEA OF RELIGION.—If there be in man's heart a sentiment which is unknown to all other human beings, and which always manifests itself, whatever may be his position, is it not likely that this sentiment is a fundamental law of his nature?

Such is, in our opinion, the religious sentiment. Savage hordes, barbarous tribes, nations enjoying the full force of the social state, those which are languishing in the decrepitude of civilization—all demonstrate the power of this indestructible sentiment.

It triumphs over all interests. The savage to whom fishing or the arduous chase furnishes an insufficient subsistence, consecrates to his Fetish a portion of that precarious support.—The warlike colony lays down its arms to unite at the foot of the altar. Free nations interrupt their deliberations to invoke their gods in temples. Despots grant their slaves days of intermission for the same purpose.

The passions, as well as interest are submissive. When suppliants embrace the knees of sacred statues, vengeance is hushed, hatred is calmed, man imposes silence upon his most imperious desires. Pleasure is interdicted, love abjured, and he precipitates himself upon suffering and death.

This sentiment is, however, associated with all our needs and all our desires. The citizen invokes the Deity in favor of his country; the lover separated from the object of his love, confides her to the superintending care of Providence. The prisoner's prayer pierces the walls of his dungeon; the tyrant upon his throne is disquieted, harassed by invisible power; he can scarcely reassure himself in imagining them mercenary.—Constant de la Religion.

DEATH OF THE RIGHTFOUS.—I one me on the sea shore, said the eastern poet Sadi, a pious man, who had been attacked by a tiger, and was horribly mutilated. He was dying and suffering in dreadful agonies. Nevertheless, his features were calm and serene, and his physical pain seemed to be vanquished by the purity of his soul. "Great God!" said he, "I think thee, that I am only suffering from the fangs of a tiger and not from remorse."

A RECENT traveler gives an account of a very curious mode of trying titles to land, as practised in Hindoostan. It seems that contesting parties, in certain cases of appeal, dig two holes in the disputed piece of ground, in one of which the lawyer on either side puts one of his feet. Their positions being thus arranged, they are expected to remain there until one of them becomes tired, or is obliged to give out from being stung by the insects; in which case the client of the exhausted advocate is defeated. A contemporary remarks, that the case is somewhat different in this country—as, here, the lawyers dig the pit, and the clients put their feet into it.

A DEWY east editor has got such a cold in his head, that the water freezes on his face when he undertakes to wash it.

WHY is an overloaded gun like an office-holder? Because it kicks mightily when discharged.