

# THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

VOL. XX.—NO. 33.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AT TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., BY E. O'MEARA GOODRICH.

## TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, January 19, 1860.

### Selected Poetry.

#### MOONLIGHT PICTURES.

O, moonlight, making pictures bright  
Upon my parlor wall—  
Thou bringest to me a childish voice,  
A gentle, timid call  
Of one who, with her little face  
Pressed 'gainst the window-pane,  
Would call throughout the twilight time,  
"O, moonlight, come again  
And make bright pictures on my wall!"  
And when the drooping trees  
Were parted by the moaning winds  
That came up from the sea,  
And quivering bars of silver light  
Were moving o'er the wall—  
The shadows of the boughs without,  
And even the blossoms fall—  
She'd try to grasp those shining rays,  
And, in that soft, bright light,  
She looks as now—unseen she walks  
With angels robed in white.  
I almost see her upturned face,  
Her large and wondering eyes,  
A watching now the fleecy clouds  
Go sailing up the skies,  
I almost hear those childish words—  
They soothe my heart's deep pain—  
As clouds go drifting o'er the moon,  
"O, pictures, come again!  
O, whispering winds and sobbing seas,  
I listen—now she's dead;  
Her little voice filled all my heart,  
I heard not what she said.  
O, moonbeams, rest upon the grave  
Where my blue-eyed baby sleeps;  
But come not to the dreary walls,  
Wherein a mother weeps.

### Selected Tale.

#### HOP VILLA.

I had not seen Luke Swinton for thirty years; and so long ago, we were class mates and sworn chums. In the interim, I had been knocked about, the very shuttlecock of fortune, until at last the capricious dame gave me the means of coming home—that is, to England—with the prospect of ending my days there. I said I had not seen Luke Swinton for thirty years, and yet, when he and I accidentally justled each other "on Change," soon after my arrival, there was enough of the old face left for me to recognize it.

"You are Luke Swinton," said I, and held out my hand.

"And you are—?" He looked inquiringly, and his palm slowly extended, touched mine with a doubtful clasp, till he filled up the sentence:

"James Ashdorton."

No want of cordiality when those words fell on his ear. "To think I did not know you," said he. "But thirty years make many changes, and yours had been a roving life, by all accounts. You shall tell me everything by and by."

I shook my head. "Mine would be too long a story in detail, but you may fill it up from the outline. I went away poor; I have not returned rich, though enough to supply a bachelor's wants."

"I am sorry you are a bachelor my dear fellow," said my old mate, eyeing me compassionately. "But there is a bright side to everything, and you can go home with me to dinner without its being necessary to ask permission; moreover, you can give orders for your baggage to be forwarded to Hop Villa, my little place out of town, without fear that your other half will lodge a detainer. Depend on it, I shall not very soon part with you."

"And can you really give me such an invitation without the cognizance of the lady that owns you? Oh, happy Benedict!" continued I laughing, "tell me where I may find such a partner, and I will forthwith join your fraternity."

"Don't talk rashly, James, but rather make all the preparations you need for a long visit and join me two hours hence."

He named the place of meeting. Both were punctual, and we duly arrived at Hop Villa.

I did not expect to see such a lovely domain as that which called my old friend master, and its extent so far exceeded my expectations as did its beauty. "So this is your home?" I asked, my face expressing both surprise and pleasure.

"Yes, all is really mine these boundaries enclose. I see you wonder how it came to be so; but I do not like to begin a long story before dinner, so be patient a little while longer."

We were near the house when we came upon the gardener, who was examining the withered remains of an old hop-vine.

"Is it quite dead, Scott?" inquired my friend.

"Quite, sir. Shall I remove it?"

"I suppose you must, but I feel sorry to give the order. Remember, you procure and plant another in its place immediately. I must not have Hop Villa without one vine."

"I have been wondering," said I, "what induced you to give this charming place the name it bears—if, indeed, you acted as its sponsors."

"Ah, thereby hangs a—or rather the—tale, but wait till after dinner."

I must say I felt very forlorn, in comparison with my friend, when I saw the joyous greeting he received from a handsome matron and half a dozen boys and girls, varying from six to eighteen. In spite of his not-in-glibrous expression of face, when he informed me that these formed only a portion of his "responsibilities," for one olive branch was at college, and the youngest tendrils of his household vine would come in with the desert, one might see his home deserved the name. It was pleasant to receive a sort of reflected edition of all their cordiality, and I felt my heart

warm in return, although I knew their welcome was more for Luke's sake, not from personal friendship towards me.

"Scott is just grubbing out the old hop-vine, Nelly," said my friend to his wife.

This remark called forth quite a chorus of regretful expressions, and made me ask for information as to the cause of such universal interest.

"Patience, James," said Swinton; "and dinner," said a servant at the same moment; so I was fain to marshal my hostess to the dining-room, and endure uncomplainingly several jocular remarks on the subject of "hops," which were evidently generally understood, though I could not comprehend their meaning.

Much as I admired my host's charming family, I felt glad when he and I had the dining-room to myself, with the prospect of an unrestrained chat.

"My wife was a very fall-in-love-with-able person, seven-and-twenty years ago," said Luke, after the door had closed upon that lady.

"You need not tell me what she was old fellow," I replied; "she is charming still, and I would soon let her know my opinion if she were a widow."

"Thank you I have no wish to test your sincerity in the mode you so feelingly hint at. But, take my word for it, in those by-gone days Nelly would have been bad to match. I was intended for the church as you are aware, and went to college with that profession in view; but during my first vacation, I met Nelly at a Christmas party, and she changed everything."

"Did Nelly object to parsons, then?"

"No; but her father did. The old man was very rich, and had amassed his wealth by trade; so he was determined to have a merchant, and no other for a son-in-law. Nelly was dutiful—though she owned regard for me—and would enter no engagement unapproved by her father. So the end was, that I never went back to Cambridge, but entered the old merchant's office as a clerk."

"Very chivalrous, I am sure; but I presume you would have resigned crowns as well as a mitre—in prospective—to win Nelly?"

"Say as you will, it requires some self-denial to give up such fair prospects as I had, and take to plodding and quill-driving, with no very definite notice of any reward. Old Stanley—Nelly's father—would only say that if through my own unaided efforts I should win a good position in the mercantile world, he would not refuse me when I asked for his daughter. In the meanwhile, I was allowed free communication with my beloved, and we were both young enough to wait a few years; for I was only twenty when we met first, and she was twelve months younger."

"For three years I toiled like a galley slave in my new vocation. Old Stanley sniled approvingly, and advanced me fairly enough; but still there was an awful hill to climb before I should dare to say a word about eloping with Nelly, or, indeed, before circumstances would permit me to marry without pecuniary aid from her father. My whole capital amounted to £3,000; it was a legacy from a maiden aunt of mine; and many times during these three probationary years had been tempted to speculate with it, in the hope of taking fortune by storm, as it were, instead of winning it bit by bit."

"I cannot fancy you a speculator, Luke," said I, "though I always considered you a particular wide-awake individual. Do you remember your school nick-name, 'All Eyes'?"

"To be sure I do, and I deserved it. Still as you say, I am not naturally speculative. I make the most of things in a regular way of business, but run no needless risk. Above all, I hold that he who endangers a pound more than he actually possesses, commits a breach of the command. 'Thou shalt not steal.' Yet I have speculated desperately; and it is of my own gambling transactions I am going to speak. I had made such satisfactory progress under old Stanley's tuition that at length he proposed I should invest my little capital, and become his partner to the amount above named. Well do I remember leaving home on the morning of the day on which he made this proposition. As I passed through the gate which led into the shrubbery—you recollect the place, James, for you spent many a jovial day at our house when we were lads—I was attracted by the beautiful appearance of a hop-vine which twined lightly around a sapling hard by. I had watched its growth, and now, as its flowers trembled in the soft wind, I paused to admire it, before I passed on my way. Before I returned in the evening I had made arrangements to become a partner in the house of Stanley & Co., and my little capital was, I may say, in my hands, ready to reinvest."

"Any person would suppose that under such circumstances, I should be too much absorbed in meditation on my commercial prospects to notice small external objects. But such was not the case. As usual I was 'all eyes,' and when I reached the little shrubbery gate, I noticed that the plant, which in the morning looked so beautiful, was now sunken, and appeared as though scorched and withered. Curious to know the cause, I went immediately to the library, and took down a work which would, I thought, enlighten me. In it I found a description of what is termed the hop-blight; and, on comparing my own experience with it, I could scarcely doubt that my favorite plant had been thus suddenly struck with disease. Still I was not quite satisfied; so I consulted the gardener, who happened to be at work on the lawn. He shook his head when he saw the vine. 'It is the blight sure enough,' said he. 'Very few hops will there be this year. It comes this way, and covers a great extent of country all at once, just as though a flame had passed over it.'

"Then you think," said I, "the crop will be spoiled?"

"Not a bit of doubt of that, sir."

"That will do; thank you." I felt very anxious to know what had spoiled my vine so suddenly.

"The man returned to his work, and I never waiting for dinner hurried back to town, to purchase every packet of hops I could lay my hands on. It was a desperate game, for I risked every thing I possessed, but no more. Hops were then particularly cheap, for the preceding year had been one of remarkable plenty, and a few hours before I began to buy there was as good a prospect for the coming season. Thanks to my being 'all eyes,' I was first in the field. I made no confidant—I did not even tell Nelly what I was doing. When old Stanley alluded to the partnership, I asked quietly permission to reconsider the matter. His face told me that he deemed me a fool, for his offer was certainly a thing to jump at, and he informed Nelly in my presence, and with a perceptible sneer, that I was considering whether a partnership with him would or would not be advisable. The dear girl herself seemed almost hurt about it; but I whispered to her that she must trust me entirely, and she no more. Nelly had wonderful faith in my infallibility then. It would have been a great comfort to me to tell her all about that venture of mine, for I grew quite haggard with keeping it to myself. And how I watched the solitary plant! If I saw the least signs of amendment in its appearance, I trembled; and the more the leaves dropped, the more did my spirits rise. I was like a fellow by the sick bed of one from which he expects a rich legacy. You see I not only embarked my cash, but all my future prospects, in this one venture. If I lost the money, I knew I should be sure to lose Nelly also. The successful speculator is fabled as a shrewd man, and his fellows talk of his talent for business; the unlucky one is stigmatized as a gambler and a madman."

"My anxiety did not last long. The certainty of a failure in the crops of hops became known, and there was an outcry in the market. Nobody knew where all the hops were gone to. The brewers, calculating on diminished prices, had but few in hand, when the blight came, and now they eagerly sought to increase their stock. You will guess how I held back, and then sent in my precious commodity in small quantities, and how my capital quadrupled by the transaction."

"I see it all now," I interrupted; "you—"

"Stop, and let me finish. Don't be rude and spoil my story; it is nearly done. When I had parted with my last parcel of hops, and found myself the possessor of twelve instead of three thousand pounds, I marched boldly into old Stanley's office."

"I want to speak to you about the partnership you were good enough to propose," said I.

"So you think of trusting your fortune in the concern?"

"Not exactly the amount first proposed."

"I quite enjoyed the misunderstanding, for I saw he thought I only wished to venture a part of my cash, since he told me I had better retain the whole, as he should object to having anything to do with a very trading matter."

"You are under a mistake, Mr. Stanley," I answered. "I wish to add a larger, not a smaller amount to the capital of the firm. I have nine thousand pounds, the result of my first mercantile venture, to add to the three I possessed a short time back; and then I told him all. I wish you could have seen the old fellow's face. It was not the money he cared for, after all, but of the fact of having proved himself wide awake. He said—and he could not imagine a great compliment—Swinton you deserve to be my son-in-law."

"I went home with him that day, and after dinner, when Nelly—she had no mother—was going to withdraw, he said:

"Take Swinton with you and fix the wedding day."

"And so she did like a dear, dutiful daughter, as she always was. Old Stanley behaved handsomely. This pretty home of ours was his wedding present, and cost more than all my fortune. I need not say now why it is called Hop Villa, and when I tell you that the old vine we lamented the death of, to-day is a veritable scion of the one which laid the foundation of my happiness, you will not wonder at our regret at losing it."

Just one question more before we join the ladies, Swinton. Was this your only gambling transaction?"

"Really and truly yes. Remember I ran the risk of losing my money to win a home and a bride; and, having gained these, I would endanger them for money only, thank you."

"True, you need not enlarge upon it. Now let us go to the mistress of Hop Villa."—*Chamber's Journal.*

A MEDICAL OPINION.—We need for our dwellings more ventilation and less heat; we need more outdoor exercise, more sunlight, more manly, athletic and rude sports; we need more amusements, more holidays, more frolic, and noisier, boisterous mirth. Our infants need better nourishment than colorless mothers can ever furnish, purer milk than distilleries can manufacture; our children need more romping and less study. Our old men need more quiet and earlier relaxation from the labors of life. All men, both young and old, need less medicine and more good counsel. Our cities need cleansing, paving and draining. The Asiatic cholera, the yellow fever, the plague, and many other fearful epidemics are called the offspring of our art, and fellow-citizens upbraid us with the feebleness and inefficiency of our resources in staying their fatal progress. When will they learn that although we do not fail to cure these maladies, the more precious secret of prevention is in our possession and has been for these many years?—*Dr. Hamilton.*

CURIOUS.—A little plant is found upon the prairie of Texas, called the "compass flower," which, under all circumstances of climate, changes of weather, rain, frost or sunshine, invariably turns its leaf and flower toward the north, thus affording an unerring guide to the traveler, who, unaided by the needle, seeks to explore those vast plains alone.

**Facts about the Body.**

There are about two hundred bones in the human body, exclusive of the teeth. These bones are composed of animal and earthy materials, the former predominating in youth and the latter in old age, rendering the bones brittle. The most important of these bones is the spine which is composed of twenty-four small bones, called the vertebrae, one on top of the other, curiously hooked together and fastened by elastic ligaments, forming a pillar by which the human body is supported.

The bones are moved by the muscles, of which there are more than 500. The red meat or beef, the fat being excluded, is the muscular fabric of the ox. There are two sets of muscles, one to draw the bones one way, and another to draw them back again. We cannot better describe the muscles than comparing them to fine elastic thread bound up in their cases of skin. Many muscles terminate in tendons, which are stout cords, such as may be seen traversing the back of the hand, just without the skin, and which can be observed to move when the hand is open or shut. Every motion we make, even the involuntary one of breathing, is performed through the agency of muscles.

In adults there are fifteen quarts of blood, each weighing about two pounds. This blood is of two kinds, arterial and venous. The first is the pure blood, as it leaves the heart to nourish the frame, and is of a bright vermilion color. The last is the blood as it runs to the heart loaded with the impurities of the body, to be there refined, and is of a purple hue. Every pulsation of the heart sends out two ounces of arterial blood, and as there are 70 to 80 beats in a minute, a hoghead of blood passes through the heart every hour.—In fevers the pulsations are accelerated and consequently death ensues if the fever is not checked.

The stomach is a boiler, if we may use such a figure, which drives the human engine. Two sets of muscles, crossing each other, turn the food over and over, churning it up in the gastric juice till it has been reduced to the consistency of thin paste. This process requires from two to four hours.

Emerging from the stomach the food enters the small intestines, where it is mixed with the bile, and pancreatic juices, and converted into chyle. These small intestines are twenty-four feet long, closely packed of course, and surrounded through their whole length with small tubes which are like sockets, and drawing off the chyle, empty into a large tube named the thoracic duct, which runs up the back and discharges the contents into the jugular vein, whence it passes to the heart to assist in forming the arterial blood.

The lungs are two bags connected with the open air by the windpipe, which branches into innumerable small tubes, all over the inside of the lungs, each terminating in a minute air cell. The outer surface of these air cells is full of small capillaries, infinitely small veins, a thin membrane only dividing the air from the blood.

The impure portion of venous blood is carbonic acid, which, having a stronger affinity for air than for blood, passes through this membrane to a gaseous state, combines with the air in the air cells, and is expelled with the next respiration. Meanwhile the oxygen of the air unites with the blood, and becomes mixed; then passing into the heart, being purified by chyle, it is forced through the body as life-giving and arterial blood.

The skin serves an important purpose in carrying off impurities of the system. It is traversed by capillaries of the body. It is also perforated with countless perspiration tubes, the united length of which amounts to twenty-eight miles, and which drains away from three to four pounds of waste matter every twenty-four hours or five-eighths of all the body discharges.

The nerves are another curious feature of the animal economy. They are, however, but little understood. They act as feelers to tell the wants of the body, and also as conductors to will the muscles to act. They branch out from the brain and spine over the whole frame in infinitely fine fibres, like branches or twigs to trees.

Fox Lox.—There is often a good deal of wisdom in the old nursery tales—but it is surprising how easily we forget as we grow up the lessons they inculcate.

A correspondent has sent us one of these, which we lay before our readers as applicable in a peculiar manner to the present time.—Some of our readers will probably cut it out for columns for the amusement of their children; others will preserve it for the instruction of riper years. The crafty Fox who played upon the fears of the poultry, and by that means decoyed them into his den, is a type of what is attempted to be done at this moment under our own eyes.

Once upon a time Chicken-Little strayed into a gentleman's garden, where she had no business to be. While she was scratching under a rose-bush a rose-leaf fell on her tail, which frightened her so much that she ran with all her might to Hen-Pen. "Oh, Hen-Pen," said she, "the sky is falling!" "Why, Chicken-Little," said Hen-Pen, "how do you know it?" "Oh," said Chicken-Little, "I saw it with my eyes, I heard it with my ears, and a piece of it fell on my tail!" "You don't say so!" said Hen-Pen. "It's run!" So away they ran to Duck-Lock. "Oh, Duck-Lock," says Hen-Pen, "the sky is falling!" "Why, Hen-Pen," says Duck-Lock, "how do you know it?" "Chicken-Little told me!" "Chicken-Little, how do you know it?" "Oh, I saw it with my eyes, I heard it with my ears, and a piece of it fell on my tail!" "Oh! let's run as fast as we can!" says Duck-Lock. So away they ran till they came to Goose-Loose. "Oh, Goose-Loose!" said Duck-Lock, "the sky is falling!" "Why, Duck," says Goose-Loose, "who told you so?" "Hen-Pen told me!" "Hen-Pen, who told you?" "Chicken-Little told me!" "Chicken-Little, how do you know it?" "Oh, I saw it with my eyes, I heard it with my ears, and a piece of it fell on my tail!" "Oh, come,

let's run!" says Goose-Loose. So away they ran till they came to Turkey-Lurkey. "Oh, Turkey-Lurkey," said Goose-Loose, "the sky is falling!" "Why, Goose-Loose, you don't say so!" says Turkey-Lurkey. "Who told you?" "Duck-Lock told me!" "Why, Duck-Luck, who told you?" "Hen-Pen told me!" "Hen-Pen, who told you?" "Chicken-Little, who told you?" "Oh, I saw it with my eyes, I heard it with my ears, and a part of it fell on my tail!" "Oh, come," says Turkey-Lurkey, "let's be off, as fast as we can go!" So they ran on till they came to Fox-Lox. "Oh, Fox-Lox," says Turkey-Lurkey, "the sky is falling!" "Why, Turkey-Lurkey," says Fox-Lox, "is it possible! Who told you so?" "Goose-Loose told me!" "Goose-Loose, who told you?" "Duck-Lock told me!" "Duck-Luck, who told you?" "Hen-Pen told me!" "Hen-Pen, who told you?" "Chicken-Little told me!" "Chicken-Little, who told you?" "Oh, I saw it with my eyes, I heard it with my ears, and a piece of it fell on my tail!" "Oh, dreadful!" says Fox-Lox, "Come all of you into my den as quick as you can!" So he ran in first, and as Turkey-Lurkey followed him in he turned round, seized by the neck, bit off his head, and threw his head on one side of the door and his body on the other. Next came Goose-Loose, and Fox-Lox bit off his head, threw it on one side, and his body on the other. Then came Duck-Luck. Fox-Lox treated him the same way. Then came Hen-Pen. Fox-Lox treated her the same way too! Last of all came Chicken-Little. Fox-Lox snapped at her and gobbled her up at one mouthful. So that was the end of them. And all this came from nothing but the foolish fright of Chicken-Little!

MINISTERING ANGELS.—The beautiful have gone, with their bloom, from the gaze of human eyes. Soft eyes that made it spring time in our hearts are seen no more. We have loved the light of many a smile that has faded from us now, and in our hearts have lingered sweet singing voices, that now are hushed in the silence of death.

Seats are left vacant in our earthly homes, which none again can fill. Kindred and friends, loved ones, have passed away, one by one.—Our hearts are left desolate. We are lonely without them.

They have passed, with their love, away to the land from whence they can never return. Shall we never see them again! Memory turns with lingering regret to recall their smile, and the loved tones of their dear familiar voices. In fancy they are often by our side, but their home is on a brighter shore. They visit us in dreams, flitting over our memory like shadows o'er the streams of moon-lit waters.

When the heart is wrung with anguish, and the weary soul is bowed with grief, do they not come and whisper thoughts of comfort and hope? Yes! sweet memory brings them to us, and the love we bear them lifts the heart from earthly aspirations, and we long to see them in that better land.

They hover around us, the ethereal, dear departed ones, the loving and the loved, they watch with eyes that slumber not. When gentle dreams are wandering to the angel land, in whispers wakes the hushing sweet of that bright, happy choir, revealing many a tale of hope, and bliss, and tenderness, and love. They tell of sunny realms never viewed by mortal eye, of forms arrayed in fableless beauty, and sound for lofty anthems to their great Creator's praise in sweet seraphic numbers. And this bright vision of the blest dissolves the tumult of life's jarring scenes; they fade in air, and then we glory in the thought that we are heirs of immortality.

And why is it that we regard with such deep reverence and love, those bright celestial beings of another sphere? Ah! it is because they take an interest in our welfare, and joy over our success in the great battle of life; they are not purely selfish in their happiness, but fain would have us share it with them.

An Irishman was going along the road, when an angry bull rushed down upon him, and with his horns tossed him over a fence. The Irishman, recovering from his fall, upon seeing the animal pawing and tearing up the ground, as is the custom of the animal when irritated whereupon Pat, smiling at him, said, "If it was not for your blowing and scraping, and your humble apologies, you brute, fairs I should think you had thrown me over this fence on purpose!"

GOOD ADVICE.—If the poorhouse has any terror for you, never buy what you don't need. Before you pay three cents for a jewsharpsee if you can't make just as pleasant a noise by whistling, for such nature furnishes the machinery. And before you pay seven dollars for a figured vest, young man, find out whether your lady love would not be just as glad to see you in a plain one that cost half the money.—If she wouldn't let her crack her own walnuts and buy her own clothes.

Boys and girls here is a word for you get out of bed early in the morning—sing dance and jump till your eyes are fairly open, do up your clothes and morning work with a will, and then get off to school with a tight heart and clear head, and you will be happy all day. The active boy makes the active man, and the slow, moping, listless, lazy man was once the boy who grumbled when he had a lesson to learn. Wake up then, and off to school.

A gentleman thought he'd like something painted in the hall of a new house, and chose the Israelites passing over the Red Sea. He engaged an Irishman for the job, who went to work and painted the hall red. Gentleman enters: "Nice colors, H, but where are the Israelites?" "Oh, they've passed over."

Why is the Mediterranean the dirtiest of seas? Because it is the least tidy.

**From Japan.**

The following extract from a letter published in the London *Illustrated News*, relates to matters of domestic economy in Japan, not usually mentioned by correspondents:

The fruit season is over. Appricots, peaches, nectarines, pears, apples and loquats, are the luxuries we are plentifully supplied with; but when I tell you that the Japanese have a partiality for unripe fruit, you can imagine how few we eat, since all are as hard as bullets, and for love or money we could not purchase a ripe specimen of any of them. We stew them, and thus manage to have a treat. This season is—no wonder—a deadly one to the natives: Unripe fruit is not eaten with impunity; so the cholera comes in to claim its victims. During the last two months as many as twenty persons per diem have died at this place.

The scenery of Japan is perfection; mountains, valleys, lakes, rivers, and all the requisites for variety in beauty; forests, terraced hills, with unceasing vegetation—in fact, all that the artist seeks, is to be met with in all loveliness; but there the fascination of a Japanese exile ends. This is the bright side of our picture; but have we not beautiful spots at home? So for scenery, the tourist will not come so far as Japan; and he will regret it if he does.

The Japanese are ruled by two Emperors—one to govern their eternal welfare, a second to look after their temporal bentitude. He has princes to rule the provinces, who pay him homag yearly, and appoints governors when they are deemed necessary. These princes or governors are all watched and spied upon by other appointed officers, and if they do wrong they are reported at Jeddo. The consequence is self-murder, or disappearance. All ranks are under the authority of these great men, and they, in their turn, have to pay homage—generally in a pecuniary manner—i. e., they give of their salaries, gains, or incomes, a very decent slice to win the great man's protection. Thus their coffers are well filled.

The priests, having done their duty to their secular lords, take care to look out for themselves—Judging by appearances, the succeed, for they are fat and jolly; they have daily services—at daybreak, at noon, and vesper—the ladies seem more devout than do they men.—The faithful throw some coins on the matings which the priest's wife, scrupulously not at, picks up and pockets.

The princes are an important class, act as Government newspapers to spread the Emperors' orders over the land. They have excellent lungs, and are rarely troubled with bronchitis. They like champagne and all good things.—Their religion (Buddhism) is in form still strikingly resembling the one they banished two centuries ago. American and Roman Catholic missionaries are here already.

DROWNING THE SQUIRREL.—When I was about six years old, one morning, going to school, a ground squirrel ran into his hole in the ground before me, as they like to dig holes in some open place, where they can put out their head to see if any danger is near. I thought, now I will have fine fun. As there was a stream of water just at hand, I determined to pour water into the hole until it would be full, and force the little animal up, so that I might kill it. I got a trough beside a sugar maple, used for catching sap, and was soon pouring the water it on the squirrel. I could hear it struggle to get up, and said, "Ah, my fellow, I will soon have you out now."

Just then I heard a voice behind me "Well, my boy, what have you got there?" I turned, and saw one of my neighbors, a good old man with long white locks, that had seen sixty winters. "Why," said I, "I have a ground squirrel in here, and I am going to drown him out."

Said he, "Jonathan, when I was a little boy more than fifty years ago, I was engaged one day just as you are, drowning a ground squirrel, and an old man came along and said to me, 'You are a little boy; now if you was down in a narrow hole like that, and I should come and pour water down upon you to drown you, would you not think I was cruel? God made the little squirrel, and life is as sweet to it as you, and why will you torture to death a little innocent creature that God has made?' Said he, 'I have never forgotten that, and never shall. I never have killed any harmless creature for fun since. Now, my dear boy, I want you to remember this while you live, and when tempted to kill any poor little innocent animal or bird, think of this, and mind God don't allow us to kill his pretty little creatures for fun.'

More than forty years have since passed, and I never forgot what the good man said, nor have I ever killed the least animal for fun since that advice was first given, and it has not lost its influence yet. How many little creatures it has saved from being tortured to death I cannot tell, but I have no doubt a great number; and I believe my whole life has been influenced by it."

"I do not think madam that any man of the least sense would approve your conduct," said an indignant husband. "Sir," retorted his better half, "how can you judge what any man of the least sense would do."

A loafer happened in one of the printing offices at Boston, a day or two ago, and asked "what's the news?"

"Two dollars a year in advance," was the reply. He subscribed.

A traveler says that if he were asked to describe the first sensations of a camel-ride, he would say: "Take a music stool, and having wound it up as high as it would go, put it in a cart without springs, get on top, and next drive the cart transversely across a ploughed field, and you will then form some notion of the terror and uncertainty you would experience the first time you mounted a camel."