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TOWANDA:

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Selected Poetry.

TIED TO DEATH.

My lady is tied to death!
She has studied the print of the gay velvet rug,
And given her dear, darling possessor a hug,
And from her bay window has watched the fall
Of a ripe medlar from the low, sunny wall;
She's embowered from the sun, she's delicate face,
And viewed in the mirror her elegant lace,
Has looked at an album, a rich bijouterie,
Then restlessly owned herself dead with ennui.
And my lady is tied to death!
Exhausted! It's strange that as day after day
Of her frivolous life passes slowly away,
So aimless and "stylish," so empty and fine,
So free from those duties sometimes called divine—
That she wearies of something, she hardly knows what;
Thinks of not what she is, but of all she is not?
Oh no! all emotions are vulgar, you know,
And my lady's love always been quite *comme il faut*.
Still my lady is tied to death!
Oh woman, false woman, false mother, false wife!
What account can you give of your frivolous life?
Of that life that has passed like a feverish dream,
That life that has not been to be but to seem,
What account will you give in the awful, last day,
When the pomp and the show of the world pass away,
When the Master demands of the talents He's given,
A stewardship rendered on Earth and in Heaven?
Tied to death!
Cast off for a moment your diamonds and lace,
And shine in the light of truly womanly grace;
Look around you and see, with eyes raised to the light,
Strong men and true women who live for the right;
Brave hearts that ne'er falter though distant the goal,
Great lives whose fierce struggles will never be told,
Whose wild straying hearts stem duties control,
Whose only true life is the life of the soul.

Selected Tale.

[From the Atlantic Monthly.]

MY LAST LOVE.

(CONCLUDED.)

The next time, he called a few moments to tell me that his lady visitor, with a friend of theirs, had come, and expressed a wish to make my acquaintance. He promised them that he would call and let me know,—though he hoped I would not come, unless I felt inclined. He was very absent-minded, and went off the moment I asked him where he had left his good spirits. This made me a little cold to him when I called on the ladies, for I found them all sitting after tea out at the door. It was a miserable constrained affair, though we all tried to be civil,—for I could see that both ladies were taking, or trying to take, my measure, and it did not set me at ease in the least. But in the time I had measured them; and as experience had confirmed that first impression, I may as well sketch them here. I protest, in the first place, against any imputation of prejudice or jealousy. I thought much more charitably of them than others did. Mrs. Winslow was one of those pleasant, well bred ladies, who can look at you until you are obliged to look away, contradict you flatly, and say the most grossly impertinent things in the mildest voice and choicest words. A woman of the world, without nobility enough to appreciate a magnanimous thought or action, and were very narrow, shallow views of everything about her, she had still some agreeable traits of character,—much shrewd knowledge of the world, as she saw it, some taste for art, and an excellent judgment in relation to all things appertaining to polite society. I had really some pleasant intercourse with her, although I think she was one of the most insulting persons I ever met. I made a point of never letting her get any advantage of me, and so we got along very well. Whenever she had a chance, she was sure to say something that would mortify or hurt me; and I never failed to repay both principal and interest with a voice and face as smooth as hers. And here let me say that there is no other way of dealing with such people. Self-denial, modest magnanimity, they do not and cannot understand. Never turn them the other cheek, but give a smart slap back again. It will do them good.

The daughter was a very pretty, artificial, silly girl, who might have been very amiable in a different position, and was not fit-natured as it was. I might have liked her very well, if she had not conceived such a wonderful liking for me, and hugged and kissed me as she did. She cooed, too, and I dislike to hear a woman coo; it is sure mark of inferiority. We were quite intimate soon, and Miss Lucy fell into the habit of coming early in the morning to ride with me, and after dinner to sit and sew, and after tea for a walk. She showed me all her heart, apparently, though there was not much of it, and vowed that she scarcely knew how she should exist without me. I let her play at liking me, just as I should have indulged a playful kitten, and tried to say and do something that might improve her for Mr. Ames's sake. I saw now what his skeleton was. He was to marry the poor child, and shrink from it as I should have shrunk from a shallow husband. He used to come with her sometimes, and I must confess that he behaved admirably. I never saw him in the least rude, or ill-natured, or contemptuous towards her, even when she was silliest and tried his patience most severely; and I felt my respect for him increasing every day. As for Mrs. Winslow, she came sometimes to see me, and was very particular to invite me there; but I saw that she watched both me and Mr. Ames, and suspected that she had come to Huntsville for that purpose. She sought every opportunity, too, of making me seem awkward or ignorant before him; and perceived it, I know, and was mortified and annoyed by it, though he left the chastisement entirely to me. Once in a while Cousin Mary and I had a real old-fashioned visit from

him all alone, either when it was very stormy, or when the ladies were visiting elsewhere. He always came serious and abstracted, and went away in good spirits, and he said that those few hours were the pleasantest he passed. Mrs. Winslow looked on them with an evil eye, I knew, and suspected a great deal of which we were all innocent; for one day, when she had been dining at my house with her daughter, and we were all out in the garden together, I overheard her saying,—

"She is just the person to captivate him, and you mustn't bring yourself into competition with her, Lucy. She can outshine you in conversation, and I know that she is playing a deep game."

"La, ma!" the girl exclaimed. "An old maid, without the least style! and she makes better too, and actually climbs up in a chair to scrub down her closets,—for Edward and I caught her at it one day."

"And did she seem confused?" asked Mrs. Winslow.

"No, indeed! Now I should have died, if he had caught me in such a plight; but she shook down her dress as though it were a matter of course, and they were soon talking about some German stuff,—I don't know what it was,—while I had to amuse myself with the drawings."

"That's the way!" retorted the mother. "You play dummy for her. I wish you had a little more spirit, Lucy. You wouldn't play into the hands of this designing!"

"Nonsense, mamma! She's a real clever, good-natured old thing, and I like her," exclaimed the daughter. "You're so suspicious."

"You're so foolishly secure!" answered mamma. "A man is never certain until after the ceremony; and you don't know Edward Ames, Lucy."

"I know he's got plenty of money, mother, and I know he's real nice and handsome," was the reply; and they walked out of hearing.

I wouldn't have listened even to so much as that, if I could have avoided it; and as soon as I could, I went into the parlor, and sat down to some work, trying to keep down that old trouble, which somehow gathered size like a rolling snowball. I might have known what it was, if I had not closed my eyes resolutely, and said to myself, "The summer will soon be gone, and there will be an end of it all then;" and I winced, as I said it, like one who sees a blow coming.

The summer went by imperceptibly; it was autumn, and still all things remained outwardly as they had been. We went back and forth continually, rode and walked out, sang and read together, and Lucy grew fonder and fonder of me. She could scarcely live out of my presence, and confided to me all her plans when she and Edward should be married,—how much she thought of him, and he of her, all about their courtship, how he declared himself and how she accepted him one soft moonlight night in far Italy, how agitated and distressed he had been when she had a fever, and a thousand other details which swelled that great stone in my heart more and more. But I shut my eyes, until one day when I saw them together. He was listening, intent, and very pale, to something she told him, and, to my surprise, she was pale too, and weeping.

Before she could finish, she broke into a passionate rush of tears, and would have thrown herself at his feet; but he caught her, and she sank down upon his shoulder, and he stooped towards her as he might if he had loved her. Then I knew how I loved him.

I had to bear up a little while, for they were in my house, and I must bid them good-night, and talk idly, so that they should not suspect the wound I had. But I must do something, or go mad; and so I went out to the garden-wall, and struck my hand upon it until the blood ran. The pain of that balanced the terrible pain within a few moments, and I went in to them, calm and smiling. They were sitting on the sofa, he with a perplexed, pale face, and she blushing and radiant. They started up when they saw my hand bandaged, and she was full of sympathy for my hurt. He said but little, though he looked fixedly at my face. I know I must have looked strangely. When they were gone, I went into my chamber and shut the door, when some such feeling as I should have closed the entrance of a tomb behind me forever. I fought myself all that night. My heart was hungry and cried out for blood, and I would promise it none at all. Is there any one who thinks that youth has monopolized all the passion of life, all the rapture, all the wild despair? Let them breast the deep, strong current of middle life.

I never could quite recollect how that last month went away. I know that I kept myself incessantly occupied, and that I saw them almost daily, without departing from the tone of familiar friendship I had worn throughout, although my heart was full of jealousy and a fast-growing hatred that would not be quelled. Not for a thousand happy hours would I have let them see my humiliation. I was even afraid that already he might suspect it, for his manner was changed. Sometimes he was distant, sometimes sad, and sometimes almost tenderer than a friend.

It got to be October, and I felt that I could not bear such a state of things any longer, and questioned within myself whether I had better not leave home for a while. If I had been alone, it would have been easy; but my cousin Mary was still with me, and I could give no good reason for such a step. Before I had settled upon anything, Lucy came to me in great distress, with a confession that Mr. Ames was somewhat turned against her, and that she was almost heart-broken about it. If she lost him, she must die; for she had so long looked upon him as her husband, and loved him so well, that life would be nothing without him. What should she do? Would I advise her?

I didn't know, until long afterward, that it was a consummate piece of acting, dictated by the mother, and that she was as heartless as it was possible for a young girl to be; and while she lay weeping at my feet, I pitied her, and wondered if, perhaps, there might not be

some spring of generous feeling in her heart, that a happy love would unlock. The next morning I went out alone, for a ride, in a direction where I thought I could not be disturbed. Up hill and down, over roads, pastures, and streams, I tore until the fever within was allayed, and then I stopped to rest, and look upon the beauties of the bright October day. All overhead and around, the sky and patches of water were of that far-looking blue which seems all ready to open upon new and wonderful worlds. Big, bright drops of a night-shower lay asleep in the curled-up leaves, as though the trees had stretched out a million hands to catch them. And such hands! What comparison could match them? Clouds of butterflies, such as sleep among the flowers of Paradise,—forgotten dreams of children, who sleep and smile,—fancies of fairy laureates, strung shining together for some high festival,—anything most rich or unreal, might furnish a type for the foliage that was painted upon the golden blue of that October day. I could almost have forgotten my trouble in the charmed gaze.

"You turn up in strange places, Rachel!" said a voice behind me.

This was what I dreaded; but I swallowed love and fear in one great gulp, and shut my teeth with a resolution of iron. I would not be guilty of the meanness of standing in that child's way, if she were but a fool; so I answered him gayly.

"The same to yourself," as Neighbor Dawkins would say. Why didn't you all go to the lake, as you planned last night?"

"For some good reasons. Were you bewitched, that you stood here so still?" He looked brightly into my face, as he came up.

"No,—but the trees are. Shouldn't you think that Oberon had held high court here over night?"

"And that they had left their wedding-dresses upon the boughs? Yes, they are gay enough! But where have you been these few weeks, that I haven't got speech with you?"

"A pretty question, when you've been at my house almost every day! Where are your senses, man?"

"I know too well where they are," he said. "But I've wanted a good talk with you, face to face,—got with a veil of commonplace people between. You're not yourself among them. I like you best when your spirits are a little ruffled, and your eye kindles, and your lip curls, as it does now,—not when you say, 'No, Sir,' or 'Yes, Ma'am,' and smile as though it were only skin-deep."

I started my horse.

"Let's be going, Jessie," I said. "It's our duty to feel insulted. He accuses your mistress of being deceitful among her friends, and says he likes her when she's cross."

He laughed lightly, and walked along by my side.

"How are the ladies? and when will Miss Lucy come to ride out with me?" I asked, fearing a look into his eyes.

This brought him down. I knew it would. He answered that she was well, and walked along with his head down, quite like another man. At length he looked up, very pale, and put his hand on my bride.

"I want to put a case to you," he said. "Suppose a man to have made some engagement before his mind was mature, and under a strong outside pressure of which he was not aware. When he grows to a better knowledge of the world and himself, and finds that he has been half cheated, and that to keep his word will entail lasting misery and ruin on himself, without really benefitting any one else, is he bound to keep it?"

I stopped an instant to press my heart back, and then I answered him.

"A promise is a promise, Mr. Ames. I have thought that a man of honor valued his word more than happiness or life."

He flushed a moment, and then looked down again; and we walked on slowly, without a word, over the stubby ground, and through brooklets and groves and thickets, towards home. If I could only reach there before he spoke again! How could I hold out to do my duty, if I were tempted any further? At last he checked the horse, and putting his hand heavily on mine, looked me full in the face, while his was pale and agitated.

"Rachel!" he said, huskily, "if a man came to you and said, 'I am bound to another; but my heart, my soul, my life are at your feet,' would you turn him away?"

I gazed one long breath of fresh air.

"Do I look like a woman who would take a man's love at second hand?" I said, haughtily. "Women like me must respect the man they marry, Sir."

He dropped his hand, and turned away his head, with a deep drawn breath. I saw him stoop and lift himself again, as though some weight were laid upon his shoulders. I saw the muscles round and ridged upon his clenched hand. "All this for a silly, shallow thing, who knows nothing of the heart she loses!" some tempter whispered, and passionate words of love rushed up and beat hard against my shut teeth. "Get thee behind me!" I muttered, and resolutely started my horse forward.

"Not for her,—but for myself,—for self-respect! The best love in the world shall not buy that!"

He came along beside me, silent, and stepping heavily, and thus we went to the leafy lane that came out near my house. There I stopped; for I felt that this must end now.

"Mr. Ames, you must leave this place, directly," I said, with as much sternness as I could assume. "If you please, I will bid you good-by, now."

"Not see you again, Rachel!" he exclaimed, sharply. "No! not that! Forgive me if I have said too much; but don't send me away!"

He took my hand in both his, and gazed as one might for a sentence of life or death.

"Will you let a woman's strength shame you? I cried, desperately. "I thought you were a man of honor, Mr. Ames. I trusted you entirely, but I will never trust any one again."

He dropped my hand, and drew himself up.

"You are right, Rachel! you are right," he said, after a moment's thought. "No one must trust me, and be disappointed. I have never forgotten that before; please God, I never will again. But must I say farewell here?"

"It is better," I said.

"Good-by, then, dear friend!—dear friend!" he whispered. "If you ever love any better than yourself, you will know how to forgive me."

I felt his kiss on my hand, and felt, rather than saw, his last look, for I dared not to raise my eyes to his; and I knew that he had turned back, and that I had seen the last of him. For one instant I thought I would follow and tell him that he did not suffer alone; but before my horse was half turned, I was myself again.

"Fool!" I said. "If you let the dam down can you push the waters back again? Would that man let anything upon earth stand between him and a woman that loved him? Let him go so. Hell's forget you in six months."

I had to endure a farewell call from Lucy and her mother. Mr. Ames had received a sudden summons home, and they were to accompany him a part of the way. The elder scrutinized me very closely, but I think she got nothing to satisfy her; the younger kissed and shed tears enough for the parting of twin sisters. How I hated her! In a couple of days they were gone, Mr. Ames calling to see me when he knew me to be out, and leaving a civil message only. The house was closed, the faded leaves fell all about the little lawn.

"That play is over, and the curtain dropped," I said to myself, as I took one long look towards the old house, and closed the shutters that opened that way.

You who have suffered some great loss, and stagger for want of strength to walk alone, thank God for work. Nothing like that for bracing up a feeble heart! I worked restlessly from morning till night, and often encroached on what should have been sleep. Hard work, real sniveling labor, was all that would content me; and I found enough of it. To have been a proper heroine, I suppose I should have devoted myself to works of charity, read sentimental poetry, and folded my hands very meekly and ad prettily; but I did no such thing. I ripped up carpets, and scoured paint, and swept down cobwebs, I made sweaters and winter clothing, I dug up and set out trees, and tramped round my fields with the man behind me, to see if the fences needed mending, or if the marshes were properly drained, or the fallow land wanted ploughing. It made me better. All the sickness of my grief passed away, and only the deep-sleeping regret was left like a weight to which my heart soon became accustomed. We can manage trouble much better than we often do, if we only choose to try resolutely.

I had but one relapse. It was when I got news of their marriage. I remember the day with a peculiar distinctness; for it was the first snow-storm of the season, and I had been out walking all the afternoon. It was one of those soft, leaden-colored, expectant days, of late autumn or early winter, when one is sure of snow; and I went out on purpose to see it fall among the woods; for it was just upon Christmas, and I longed to see the black ground covered. Brandy by a few flakes snatched down, competing as to where they would alight then a few more followed, thickening and thickening until the whole upper air was alive with them, and the frozen ridges whitened along their backs, and every little stiff blade of grass or rush or dead bush held all it could carry. It was pleasant to see the quiet wonder go on, until the landscape was completely changed,—to walk home *scuffing* the snow from the frozen road as though my feet had ground as I came that way, and see the fences fall, and the hollows dead in level, and the birches bent down with their hair hidden, and the broad arms of the fir-trees leaded, like some cotton-pickers going home heavily laden. Then to see the brassy streak widen in the west and the cold moon hang astonished upon the dead tops of some distant pine trees, was to enjoy a most beautiful picture, with only the cost of a little fatigue.

When I got home, I found among my letters one from Mr. Ames. He could not leave the country without pleading once more for my esteem, he wrote. He had not intended to marry until he could think more calmly of the past; but Lucy's mother had married again very suddenly into a family where her daughter found it not pleasant to follow her. She was poor, without very near relatives now, and friends, on both sides, had urged the marriage. He had told her the state of his feelings, and offered, if she could overlook the want of love to be everything else to her. She should never regret the step, and he prayed me, when I thought of him, to think as leniently as possible. Alas! now I must not think at all.

How I fought that thought,—how I worked by day, and studied deep into the night, filling every hour full to the brim with activity, seems now a feverish dream to me. Such deep thoughts will not be buried out of sight, but lie cold and stiff, until the falling foliage of seasons of labor and experience dillies round them, and moss and herbs venture to grow over their decay, and birds come slowly and curiously to sing a little there. In time, the mound is beautiful with the richness of the growth, but the lord of the manor shudders as he walks that way. For him, it is always haunted.

Thus with me. I knew that the sorrow was doing me good, that it had been needed long, and I tried to profit by it, as the time came when I could think calmly of it all. I thought I had ceased to love him; but the news of her death (for she died in two years) taught me better. I heard of him from others,—that he had been most tender and indulgent to a selfish, heartless woman, who trifled with his best feelings, and almost broke his heart before she went. I heard that he had one child, a poor little blind baby, for whom the mother had neither love nor care, and that he still continued abroad. But from himself I never heard a word. No doubt he had forgotten me as I had always thought he would.

More than two years passed, and spring-time was upon us, when I heard that he had returned to the country, and was to be married shortly to a wealthy, beautiful widow he had found abroad. At first we heard that he was married, and then that he was making great preparations, but would not marry until autumn. Even the bride's dress was described, and the furniture of the house of which she was to be mistress. I had expected some such thing, but it added one more drop of bitterness to the yearning I had for him. It was so hard to think him like any other man!

However, now, as before, I covered up the wound with a smiling face, and went about my business. I had been making extensive improvements on my farm, and kept out all day often, overseeing the laborers. One night, a soft, starlight evening in late May, I came home very tired, and, being quite alone, sat down on the portico to watch the stars and think. I had not been long there, when a man's step came up the avenue, and some person, I could not tell who in the darkness, opened the gate, and came slowly up towards me. I rose, and bade him good-evening.

"Is it you, Rachel?" he said, quite faintly. It was his voice. Thank Heaven for the darkness! The hand I gave him might tremble, but my face should betray nothing. I invited him into the parlor, and rang for lights.

"He's come to see about selling the old house," I thought; there was a report that he would sell it by auction. When the lights came, he looked eagerly at me.

"Am I much changed?" I said, with a half-bitter smile.

"Not so much as I," he answered, sighing and looking down;—he seemed to be in deep thought for a moment.

He was much changed. His hair was turning gray; his face was thin, with a subdued expression I had never expected to see him wear. He must have suffered greatly; and, as I looked, my heart began to melt. That would not do; and besides, what was the need of pity, when he had consoled himself? I asked some ordinary question about his journey, and led him into a conversation on foreign travel.

The evening passed away, as it might with two strangers, and he rose to go, with a grave face and manner as cold as mine,—for I had been very cold. I followed him to the door, and asked how long he stayed at Huntsville.

Only a part of the next day, he said; his child could not be left any longer; but he wished very much to see me, and so had contrived to get a few days.

"Indeed!" I said. "You honor me. Your Huntsville friends are greatly expected to be remembered so long."

"They have not done me justice, then," he said quietly. "I seem to have the warmest recollection of any. Good-night, Miss Mead. I shall not be likely to see you again."

He gave me his hand, but it was very cold, and I let it slip as coldly from mine. He went down the gravel-walk slowly and heavily, and he certainly sighed as he closed the gate.—Could I give him up thus? "Down pride! You have held sway long enough! I must part more kindly, or die!" I ran down the gravel-walk and overtook him in the avenue. He stopped as I came up, and turned to meet me.

"Forgive me," I said, breathlessly. "I could not part with old friends so, after wishing so much for them."

He took both my hands in his. "Have you wished for me, Rachel?" he said, tenderly.—"I thought you would scarcely have treated a stranger with so little kindness."

"I was afraid to be warmer," I said.

"A friend of what?" he asked.

"My mouth was unsealed. Are you to be married?" I asked.

"I have no such expectation," he answered. "And are not engaged to any one?"

"To nothing but an old love, dear! Was that why you were afraid to show yourself to me?"

"Yes!" I answered, making no resistance to the arm that was put gently round me. He was mine now, I knew, as I felt the strong heart beating fast against my own.

"Rachel," he whispered, "the only woman I ever did or ever can love, will you send me away again?"

A faithful minister of the Gospel being one day engaged in visiting some members of his flock, came to the door of a house where his gentle tapping could not be heard for the noise of contention within. After waiting a little, he opened the door and walked in, saying with an authoritative voice, "I should like to know who is the head of this house." "Weed, Sir," said the husband and father, "if ye sit down a wee, we'll be able to tell ye for we're just tryin' to settle that point!"—*Dean Kinsley's Reminiscences.*

"The last number of the *Kirkcubright* has a good anecdote of a man who rarely failed to go to bed intoxicated and disturb his wife during the whole night. Upon his being charged by a friend that he never went to bed sober, he indignantly denied the charge, and gave the incident of one particular night in proof:

Pretty soon after I got into bed, my wife said, "Why, husband, what is the matter with you? You act strangely!"

"There's nothing the matter with me," said I. "Nothing at all."

"I am sure there is," said she, "you don't act natural at all. Shan't I get up and get something for you?"

And up she got, lighted a candle, and came to the bedside to look at me, shading the light with her hand.

"I knew there was something strange about you," said she, "why I *are* sober!"

"Now this is a fact, and my wife will swear to it, so don't you slander me any more by saying that I haven't been to bed sober in six months, cause I have."

How the Lion WOOED HIS BRIDE.—Let us first sketch the story of the lion's life—beginning with his marriage, which takes place towards the end of January. He has first to seek his wife, but as the males are more abundant than the females, who are often out off in infancy, it is not rare to find a young lady pestered by the addresses of three or four gallants who quarrel with the acerbity of jealous lovers. If one of them does not succeed in disabling or driving away the other, madam, impatient and dissatisfied, leads them into the presence of an old lion, whose roars she has appreciated at a distance. The lovers fly at him with the temerity of youth and exasperation. The old fellow receives them with calm assurance, breaks the neck of the first with his terrible jaws, smashes the leg of the second, and tears out the eye of the third. No sooner is the day won and the field clear, than the lion tosses his mane in the air as he roars, and then crouches by the side of the lady, who, as a reward for his courage, licks his wounds caressingly.

When two adult lions are the rivals, the encounter is more serious. An Arab, perched in a tree one night, saw a lioness followed by a tawny lion with a full grown mane; she lay down at the foot of the tree, the lion stopped on his path and seemed to listen. The Arab then heard the distant growling of a lion, which was instantly replied to by the lioness under the tree. This made her husband roar furiously. The distant lion was heard approaching, and as he came nearer the lioness roared louder, which seemed to agitate her husband, for he marched toward her as if to force her to be silent, and then sprang back to his old post, roaring defiance at his distant rival. This continued for about an hour, when a black lion made his appearance on the plain. The lioness arose as if to go towards him; but her husband, guessing her intention, bounded toward his rival. The two crouched and sprang upon each other, rolling on the grass in the embrace of death. Their bones cracked, their flesh was torn, the cries of rage and agony rent the air, and all this time the lioness crouched and wagged her tail slowly in sign of satisfaction.—When the combat ended, and both warriors were stretched on the plain, she arose, smelt them, satisfied herself that they were dead, and trotted off quite regardless of the uncomplimentary epitaph.

This, Gerard tells us, is an example of the conjugal fidelity of midday; whereas the lion never quits his wife unless forced, and is quite a pattern of conjugal attentions.—*Westminster Review.*

SHEN AFFECTION.—There is nothing more beautiful in the young than simplicity of character. It is honest, frank and attractive. How different is affectation! The simple minded are always natural. They are at the same time original. The affected are never natural. And as for originality, if they ever had it, they have crushed it out, and buried it from sight utterly. Be yourself then, young friend! To attempt to be anybody else is worse than folly. It is an impossibility to attain it. It is contemptible to try. But suppose you could succeed in imitating the greatest man that ever figured in history, would that make you any the greater? By no means. You would always suffer in comparison with the imitated one, and be thought of only as a shadow of a substance—the echo of a real sound—the counterfeit of a pure coin! Dr. Johnson aptly considered the heartless imitator (for such is he who affects the character of another) to be the Empress of Russia, when she had done the freakish thing of erecting a palace of ice. It was splendid and conspicuous while it lasted; but the sun soon melted it, and caused its attractions to dissolve into common water, while the humblest stone cottage stood firm and unharmed. Let the fabric, though ever so humble, be at least real. Avoid affecting the character of another, however grand.—Build your own. Be what God intended you to be,—yourself, and not somebody else. Shun affectation.

The Rochester Democrat says it has heard of a little incident which goes to show that Judge Knox, the new Justice of the Supreme Court in that district, is not only a jurist of distinction, but a war of the first water. During the trial of Fee the murderer, at Lyons recently, the Court room was frequently crowded to excess, so that at times members of the bar encroached a little upon the sacred precincts of the bench. On one of these occasions a well known legal gentleman of Rochester found himself urged by the "force of circumstances" into a position directly behind the seat occupied by Judge Knox, and deeming it necessary to say something by way of apology, remarked facetiously to that functionary—"I'm here by grace alone." "Exactly," said his Honor, "but I'm here by election!"

CAUSE OF BLUESHES.—A LUCID DESCRIPTION.—A writer in the *American Medical Gazette* furnishes the reason why young ladies blush when spoken to about their lovers: The mind communicates with the central ganglion; the latter, by reflex action through the brain and facial nerve, to the organic nerves, in the face, with which its branches innosculate.

Melancholy is another name for thought. We care not how imaginative a man may be, let him eat two pickled pigs feet and he will feel as inanimate as a sack of coals. What we often think is mind is half the time gristle.

A sweet girl is a sort of divinity to whom even the scriptures do not forbid us to render "lip-service."

The following notice is posted at a railway station: "Travellers should be careful to deliver their baggage to proper persons, as a gentleman a few days since entrusted his wife to a stranger, and has not heard of her since."

Many a sweetly fashioned mouth has been disfigured and made hideous by the fiery tongue within it.