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TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, August 2, 1860.

Selected Boetry. FACES IN THE FIRE.

I watch the drowsy night expire, And fancy paints at my desire Her magic pictures in the fire.

An island-farm 'mid seas of corn, Swayed by the wandering breath of morn, The happy spot where I was born.

The picture faded; in its place, Amid the glow I seem to trace The shifting semblance of a face.

Tis now a little childish form,. Red lips for kisses pouted warm, And elf-locks tangled in the storm

'Tis now a grave and gentle maid, At her own beauty half afraid.

Shrinking, yet willing to be stayed. 'Tis now a matron with her boys, Dear centre of domestic joys : I seem to hear the merry noise

Oh, time was young, and life was warm, When first I saw that fairy form. Her dark hair tossing in the storm ;

And fast and free those pulses played, When last I met that gentle maid-When last her hand in mine was laid.

Those locks of jet are turned to grey, And she is strange and far away, That might have been mine own to-day

That might have been mine own, my dear, Through many and many a happy year, That might have sat beside me

Ay, changeless through the changing scene The ghostly whisperings between The dark refrain of " might have been."

The race is o'er I might have run, The deeds are past I might have done

And sere the wreath I might have won. Sunk is the last faint flickering blaze ; The vision of departed days

The pictures with their ruddy light Are changed to dust and ashes white, And I am left alone with night.

Is vanished even as I gaze.

Miscellancons.

Lives of Presidential Candidates.

The New York Mercury, under the head of Our Great Biographical Enterprise," thus amusingly takes the lives of the different presicandidates now before the people for their suffrages. Members of all parties can find something to laugh at in some of them.

LIFE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN. By One who Knows Him.

The subject of our biography was born at Banker Hill on the 4th of July, 1776, and was one of the original signers of the precious ocument which sealed our liberties on that lay. We refer to the Declaration of Indepennce. His father's name was Mr. Lincoln, his ther's Mrs. Lincoln and if he had any ters, they were known as the Misses Lincoln. At the age of two years, young Abraham commenced splitting rails for a living, singing beautiful hymns while so engaged, and displaying all those noble virtues for which he has since been distinguished. When he was about ten years old, Boston suddenly became the hub of the universe, and required so much greasing that cleanly people were obliged to move away. The Lincolus went to Illinois, where Abraham became the ablest lawyer in the State in less than a week, and learned to chew tobacco. His reputation for eloquence was unparalleled; and as a specimen of his wit, we give the following.

Anecdote. On one occasioh Mr. Lincoln was splitting a rail in the parlor of Judge Dougla's residence, when the latter joined him, and thinking to make a good joke about our hero's extreme leanness, remarked:

"Why, Abe, you are a rail yourself." Mr. Lincoln looked up from his work with that sublime glare which has often petrified a world, and gravely responded:

You, sir, are the reverse of a rail." Douglas immediately grasped his hat and the President to explain what Lincoln meant

'Why," replied the President, " the reverse of rail is rail spelt backwards."

Since then, Douglas and Lincoln have been The subject of our biography was defeated by Mr. Douglas for the United States Senate, in 1854, on account of sickness in the family,

and has since been known as "Honest old Abe" to the whole country. He is the a man of unflinching integrity, and though he chews tobacco at present, will not choose the Weed for a companion if elected President.

N. B .- They author of this biography died immediately after penning the above work.

LIFE OF STEPHEN ARNOLD DOUGLAS.

By one who knows him since he was so high. Mr. Douglas was born at Benniugton, Vermount, on the 4th of July, 1776, and demonstrated the utility of squatter sovereignty before he threw off his crinoline. His parents belonged to a noble Scotch family, and when Stephen was two years old, they emigrated with him to Illinois. It was during this journey that he gave vent to a remark which has ice become classical. His father asked him he would have an apple; and on receiving in answer in the affirmative, made a "split" , preparatory to dividing it into two pieces when Mr. Douglas suddenly grasped the whole

"rhe Union must and shall be preserved." This immortal sentence was immediately telegraphed to all the papers in the United States and Canada, and procured the election of Mr. Douglas to the office of judge of good whisky as soon as he arrived in Illinois. When about

pers' Magazine, and finally contributed a series of humorous articles to the editoral columns of the Chicago Times. Just before his election to the Senate last time, an exploit of his gave

birth to this Ancedote.

While Mr. Douglas and his gigantic opponent, Lincoln, were canvassing the State, they agreed to hold a debate at Quincy, and allow the people to decide which had the strongest claim to their votes. The meeting was a large one, and it did not take long for Douglas to get the better of the argument. Finding the form to his uttermost height, and looking down at the short figure of his arrival, said, very pom-

' Mr. Douglas, I cannot look at you without thinking of a passage of Scripture." "What is that?" asked our hero, good hu-

moredly. "The way of the wicked is short," responded Lincoln, and fainted away.

The crowd applauded tremendously, and Douglas was not to be outdone. Waiting until Lincoln had revived, he quietly said :

"And you remind me, Mr. Lincoln, of another passage." "What is that?" asked Lincoln. "How long! O Lord, how long?" respond-

ed Douglas. He was elected. By way of concluding our biography, we give the following extract from one of Mr.

Douglas' speeches: * Squatter sovereignty gentlemen, [great applause,] is not the right of one man over another man, accorded by the Constitution; but the right of another man over this man, or that man over this man, where

man is willing that man should be his own man, independent of every other man. This, gentlemen, is squatter sovereignty, without mitigation. [Great enthusiasm.]" LIFE OF JOHN BELL.

By an intimate Acquaintance. The honorable John Bell was born on Mason and Dixon's land, of rich but pious parents, and was noted for his ringing voice. His extreme personal beauty suggested that delicions poem, in which the poet asks his

"Did you ever see the beautiful Belt, Brandon."

He spent the earlier years of his life on a plantation, acquiring such fine cultivation, that worthy of attention for a moment. his epistolary efforts are regarded with admiration by the whole world, and no man is considered a good scholar who is not familiar with Bell's letters. As Mr. Bell grew to manhood he gradually eschewed all youthful society, and cultivated "old" gentlemen exclusively, and was noted for his venerable virtues. On one occasion, he won the friendship of a tea-total society of old maids under the following circumstances: Being asked if he believed the use of tobacco to be injurious he promptly repli-

If tobacco is chewed in a certain way, it

will do no harm to any one."
"How is that?" asked an antiquated Miss. "It should be es-chewed," returned the emiment statesman.

In reference to Mr. Bell's public career, they tell the following

Anecdote. As Mr. Bell was going from the Senate chamber to his hotel, after delivering his celebrated speech on the reopening of the slave trade, he was overtaken by a prominent politician from one of the northern States, who saluted him with :

"I say Bell, that was a good speech of yours; but you are always too solemn, and your friends have told you so often." "Well," replied the Senator, "how can a

Bell help sounding solemn when it is tolled so often?" Immediately after this the subject of our memoir was seized with a severe fit of sickness yet even that did not quench his spirit. When

ing, he replied:
"Oh, I feel all sound, like any other Bell." If Mr. Bell is elected to stay at home, he will adorn that position, and write for the Ledger.

the doctor asked him how he felt one morn

LIFE OF BRECKINRIDGE. By a Miner.

The subject of our story was born on the day of his birth, on the Cincinnati platform, and is chiefly noted for his eloquent silence on carpet-bag, went to Washington, and asked all public occasions. Being of a fiery disposition, the Breckenridge coal was appropriately named after him; and it is a question with us whether he is the more noted as a duelist or a fuelist. We can say little more of him than he was born of southern, but honest parents, and has acquired some fame as an artillerist by his management of the celebrated Buchanan which will be discharged on the 4th of March next. Mr. Breckinridge is rather sharp in conversation, as is proved by the following

Anecdote.

In the rear of Mr. Breckinridge's private residence is a green sward, on which he is located a pen for hogs. One day, while he was standing by his pen (then empty) with a friend watching the motions of a hog that was luxuriously rooting the sward just before them, one of the negroes came from the house and filled the trough of the pig-pen with swill. The hog heard the gush of the swill, and looked wistfully toward the pen, and then back at the place where he had been rooting, as though undecided what to do about it. Finally, however, the swill prevailed, and, with a decisive grunt, he trotted toward the pen.

Turning to his friend Mr. Breckinridge " If that hog could speak, what line of Bulwer's drama of 'Richeliau 'might he appropri-

ately quote?" The friend didn't know.
"Why," exclaimed Breckinridge," he might truly say : "The pen is mightier than the

That night the friend died of measles. LIFE OF SAMUEL HOUSTON. By a well known author. General Samuel Houston was born at San copy-book, and I need not point out to you with Jacinto, Texas, on the 4th of July, 1776, and

ten years old; he commenced writing for Har- whipped a Mexican baby before he was six mouths old. At the age of three years he electrified the universe thus; Having been taken by his parents to see a foot-race between two noted Indian runners, he turned to his father and asked:

"Why is a patron of foot-races like a philanthropist ?" "I know not, my angel boy," returned the

venerable Houston. "Because," said Samuel, "he is a friend of

human progress." After this, his family compelled him to wear a cold brick on his head; and it is said, that battle going against him, Lincoln drew his even now, while in Washington, he sometimes carries the same article in his hat. At the period when Texas rose in rebellion against the Mexicans, because the latter kept getting up revolutions among themselves every afternoon, Houston was chosen general of the patriots, and completely defeated the revolvers at San Jacinto. In connection with this battle, and by way of illustrating General Houston's great precision of speech, they tell an

Anecdote. Toward the conclusion of the battle of San Jacinto, a Texas ranger dashed frantically into a tent where Houston was asleep, and aroused him with the exclamation of

"General, the day is ours." "You illiterate fellow?" exclaimed the brave old soldier, scowling at the trightened man, "why can't you speak properly? You

should say, "the day is composed of hours." The abashed ranger muttered someting about being a soldier, and knowing nothing about time; whereupon Houston again reprimanded him with :

"Know nothing about time, you scoundrel. There is but one time that American soldiers know nothing about, and that is fly time." The ranger deserted that night.

When General Huston was informed that he had not been nominated by the Charleston Convention, he pressed his hankerchief to his teardimmed eyes, and exclaimed, hurriedly "I accept. Go and tell the people that I accept for their sakes."

Samuel Houston was unanimously nominated for the Presidency by the Washington Monument Convention of this city, and will probably receive votes in every State except The assertion that he should have been nominated as Vice President of the Douglas ticket, on account of his many vices is un-

ORNAMENTAL WOODS .- Boxwood is becomng so scarce, that pieces of suitable sizes for wood engraving cost a considerable price, and and even then it cannot be found of sufficient size for large cuts, and consequently blocks are made up of small pieces, either glued or screwed together. The blocks thus made are objectionable, because two pieces of wood will not always be of the same density or quality, and, as a result, the engraver cuts irregularly in passing over the joinings, unless it be held n very skilful hand; and the joint does not always keep perfectly close, consequently in printing from such a block a white line shows across the picture where the joining occurs. To obviate these difficulties, and to lessen the cost, a method has been contrived of making artificial boxwood and, indeed all ornamental woods artificially. In this process the manufacturer takes some suitable cheap wood-beech, maple pine, or ceder, for instance -add having cut it into proper slices, steeps it in a chemical bath to remove the resin, gum, or other objectionable ingredients. He then dries it until it becomes quite porous, and then in an exhausted vessel he fills the pores, by presure, with the serum of bullock's blood, with morine glue, or with any other suitable liquid cement. When in this state of saturation it is submitted to a crushing pressure, by which the woody fibres are brought as close together as they are in the best boxwood, all the cement being driven out except what is barely sufficient to hold the fibres together in their new position. Each block is then hooped, planed down to an exact type thickness, the surface bleached, and the material is then fit for us. It is stated that by this process a substance possessing all the requisite homogeniety, hardness and absence of pores, is obtained, and of any

MANY FACTS IN SMALL COMPASS .- The number of languages spoken is 4,064. The number of men is about equal to the number of women. The average of human life is 33 years One quarter die before the age of 7; half before the age of 17. To every 1,000 persons, 1 only reached 100 years. To every 100, 6 reach 75 years, and not more than 1 in 500 will reach 80 years. There are on the earth 1,000,000,000 of inhabitants. Of them 33,-333,333 die every year : 91,824 die every day 7.780 every hour; and 60 per minute, or 1 every second. These losses are about balanced by an equal number of births. The married are longer lived than the single, and above all, those who observe a sober and industrious conduct. Tall men live longer than short ones. Women have more chances of life previous to the age of fifty years than men, but few ever after. The number of marriages are in the proportion of 76 to 100. Marriages are more frequent after the equinoxes-that is, during the months of June and December. Those born in spring are generally more robust than others Births and deaths are more frequently by night than by day. Number of men capable of bearing arms is one fourth of the population.

A Quakeress, being jealous of her husband, watched his movements, and one morning actually discovered the truant hugging and kissing the pretty servant girl. Broadbrim was not long in discovering the face of his wife as she peeped through the half open door, and rising with all the coolness of a general, thus addressed her: "Betsey, thee had better quit peeping, or thee will cause disturbance in

ADVICE.—The world, my son, is but a large what very little wisdom it is ruled.

Educational Department.

Editors of Educational publications to whom this copy of the Reporter is sent, will please to exchange or return this to the editors of the educational column, C. R. COBURN,

OLIVER S. DEAN.

The following was received from one of our live teachers,-we hope to have more. Will the teachers exercise their thinking powers on this and send us an answer :

When from a perfect cube its root is substracted, why is the remainder a multiple of H. K.

[From the Educational Herald for July] Elocution and the Arts of Speech.

NUMBER FIVE.

In a most interesting work entitled the Theory and Practice of Teaching," which was published by Mr. David P Page, Principal of the state normal school at Albany, N. Y., I find the following: "Every teacher should be a good reader. Not more than one in every hundred among teachers can be called a good reader. To be able to read well implies a quick perception of the meaning, as well as a proper enunciation of the words .-It is a branch but poorly taught in our schools. Many of the older pupils get above reading be-fore they have learned to read well; and unfortunately, many of our teachers cannot awaken an interest in the subject, because very likely they cannot read any better than their scholars. It would be interesting to ascertain how large a portion of our youth leave the schools without acquiring the power readily to take the sense of any common paragraph which they may attempt to read. I am in-clined to think the number is not small — Since writing the above," says Mr. Page in a foot note, "my eye has fallen upon the fol lowing, from the second Annual Report of the Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education. I have devoted, says Mr. Mann, especial pains to learn with some degree of numercial accuracy, how far the reading in our schools is an exercise of the mind in thinking and feeling, and how far it is a barren action of the organs of speech upon the atmosphere. My information is derived chiefly from the written statements of the school committees tion, the surging and splashing of the furious order, the surface of the lake seemed to have of the different towns, gentlemen who are certainly exempt from all temptation to disparage | tinetly heard. Daylight came at last. A cold the schools they superintend. The result is that more than eleven twelfths of all the children in the reading classes in our schools do not understand the meaning of the words they read; that they do not master the sense of their reading lessons; and that the ideas and

impossible to say; but surely it is an evil, gratuitous, widely prevalent and threatening the most alarming consequences." Other testimony equally competent and credible might be adduced in confirmation of schools. The question then naturally arises; how comes it to pass that so few comparatively endeavor to cultivate the organs of speech that they may become good readers, or to acquire just action and a graceful manner of delivery? How comes it that so many spend years of ceaseless toil in laying up stores of erudition to become it may be, acute logicians, misty metaphysicians or profound theologians, while the art of elocution, by which these ac-

feelings intended to be conveyed and excited

in the reader's mind by the author, still rests

How extraordinary that students will labor so strenuously in the cultivation of their mental powers that they may be prepared to promote the general interests of society, or more important still, to instruct mankind in the great concerns of eternity, and yet neglect the powers of speech and action, such mighty accessories for securing the attention, and thus more readily for conveying instruction to the

It would be easy to show that among the Greeks and Romans, and other polished nations of antiquity, a very different estimate of timated. In that imperishable work the Inwealthy and influential classes were trained to graceful and decorous deportment, in view of making them public speakers. Mothers were expected to exercise and maintain a constant supervision in these matters. Cornelia the mother of the Gracchi, materially contributed to secure the oratorical renown of her son's in forming with sedulous care their infant speech by precept and example.

It was regarded as a false and pernicious meaner qualifications might be employed in elementary instruction; for it was rightly judged that the greatest skill and care were requisite in forming the voice and demeanor of their embryo orators, and that vicious habits either of utterance or gesture contracted at was soon startled by that awe-inspiring sound that early period, remained fixed for life or of escaping steam. In an instant a faint glimwere only to be overcome by arduous struggles long continued.

In teaching children to read, how few are qualified to correct either natural impediments speech or bad habits acquired by imitation of the defects of others. These impediments whether arising from defects in the organization or from a careless and imperfect use of the voice, such as stammering, lisping, hurried and primary departments of our schools, for the of which burst up near where I was standing

admit of no remedy or as not coming within their province; and thus they shelter their in capacity.

It is devoutly to be wished that all the teachers in the primary departments of our schools were such as Quintilian recommends; such as the wise among the Greeks and Romans would approve. But do we not in this respect act in direct contravention of our ac-

knowledged practical acumen? Truly it is to be hoped that the good sense of the community will ere long fully recognise the advantage of employing and competently rewarding teachers trained to form to the expression of melody and agreeable intonation, the earliest efforts of the infant voice.

Scenes in Sandwich Island---Another Volcano at work.

A correspondent of the Alta California gives the following incidents of a visit to the volcano Kilane-not the celebrated Mauna Loa-in the Sandwich Islands, thirty-six miles from

Those who have stereotyped ideas of volcanoes, as obtained in childhood from picture books and geographies, will be sadly disappointed when they come to stand upon the brink of Kilauea. It is unlike any other crater-an anomaly in nature. It is a vast pit in the midst of a plain—one of nature's great safety- were sitting on a high bank at lunch. I had valves. It is elevated 4,500 feet above the level of the sea; and in approaching it, the ascent is so gradual as to be impercepitible .-It is very remarkable that, during the great eruptions on Mauna Loa, (thirty miles distant) this crater remained almost quiescent; and now that the eruption has about ceased, its

action seems to increase every day.

So great was our anxiety to descend into the crater, that the hours of darkness seemed unusually long. Frequently we would get up from our bed of fern leaves, and peering through the carkness from our doorless huts, watch the red fountains of fire bursting up from the chasm below, and breaking in chains of light. A great lurid mass of cloud hung perpetually over the fiery lake. The wind, blowing literally through the crater, howled and shrieked in an unearthly manner Above the voice of the midnight blast could be heard occasional explosions, and distant rumbling sounds like those we heard on Mauna Loa, while, during intervals of cessawaves in the ever troubled lake could be disrainy, cheerless day dawned upon us. But this could not damp our ardor. After a good breakfast, away we started-all hands-leaving our hut and contents to take care of themselves. Descending the precipitous sides, on the southern side of the crater, great caution must be exercised. Reaching the floor, we found it composed of swelling masses of black, in his intention, never having yet reached the brittle lava, of a comparatively recent forma-place of their destination. It would hardly tion. We walked over this, taking the preseem that the combined efforts of all persons seem that the combined efforts of all persons caution to carry a good sized stick, with which engaged could have accomplished more in deto test the thickness of the crust. Here and feating the true objects of reading. How the cause of this deficiency is to be apportioned many of them weighing more than a hundred among the legal supervisors of the schools, tons, which had evidently been thrown from

parents, teachers, authors of text-books, it is the crater. Within a quarter of a mile of the burning lake is the entrance to a great cave, which my guide says is probably a mile long. We enter ed through a very narrow aperture, around which lay loose heaps of fire-scarred stones .this statement, conceding the neglect into Lighting our candles, we passed on, exploring which the study of elocution has fallen in our in this direction and that, until we had gone dignified seats of learning and in our public perhaps half a mile, and yet we did not find the end of this remarkable cave. In some place it is narrow, and in others widens out into vast chambers. In some places we had to crawl where the roof was only two or three feet high, and in others the roof would be ten or twenty feet above our heads. Hanging from this roof, we found some choice specimens of fine black metallic lava, in the shape of stalactites, while stalagmites of the same material were found on the floor. After being in that quisitions can be made available is altogether dreary chamber three hours, we emerged into the daylight just as our candles were used up. Earthquakes are frequent here, and a slight shock might be sufficient to roll a huge rock against the apertue, and seal us up hermetically in that dark cavern.

Suddenly we came to a high bank, and looking down we beheld the lake of fire beneath us about seventy-five feet. This lake is something more than a mile in circumference. There, in full view, were real waves of liquid fire, of a bright red color, splnttering and splashing like ocean waves. A little island of hard lava stands in the middle of the lake against the black sides of which the waves of fire dashed the importance of the arts of speech was es- with tremendous fury, and breaking on its jagged cliffs they would cast their red spray high stitutes of Oratory, "Quintilian tells us with what care and vigilance the children of the walls of red fire, glowing with fearful intensity. walls of red fire, glowing with fearful intensity. We were standing on the windward bank, with purity and accuracy of pronunciation, and a a strong cold wind blowing down, yet the heat was so intense that we could only look a minute at a time, and then turn away to catch the refreshing influence of the cool breeze. In addition to the hideous roaring and hissing of the lake, we heard, at short intervals, sounds much resembling that of a steamer blowing off steam -only infinitely louder-and ominous growlings of pent up forces struggling in subterranean caverns, at which the very earth seemed opinion that teachers of mean capacities or to tremble. Occasionally, large masses of the cooled lava on the edge of the lake became detached, and falling into the boiling cauldron were instantly reduced to a liquid state.

After a few minutes' silence, disturbed only by an occasional hissing and murmuring, mering of red, like a sheet of lightning shot but from under the overhanging brink where I was standing, and ran across the lake. This was the signal for a change in the whole pro gramme. Immediately the whole lake became of a bright red color, and four fountains burst up in different portions of the lake.

My eyes followed these with amazement, a one after another they cast up great quantities indistinct utterance, drawling, constrained and of a pure vermillion-colored liquid. These were offensive tones of voice, the teachers in the followed by two others in rapid succession, one

most part regarded as natural defects which | Running back I cowered under the upper banks and witnessed the grandest pyrotechnical display of which it is possible to form any conceion. These six fountains threw up jets from thirty to fifty feet high. The fountain, from the spray of which I so hastily retreated, made large deposits of molten lava on the bank where I had been standing, and when it ceased I procured some very good specimens. This red liquid matter, when cool, is a solid, brilliant black substance, much resembling pitch. After this sublime display, a short period of inactivity ensued, as before, and then the waves of fire commenced to roll and dash against the little island as when we first saw it. . A continual boiling, bubbling, and spluttering is kept up around the edges of this mighty cauldron, precisely like the boiling of a pot. This crater has probably been in action, more or less, from time immemorial. Native tradition says that it has probably been burning from the time of chaos until now.

Every day, for three days, we spent several hours sitting upon the bank, and watching all the varied changes and wonderful movements of this lake. Changes are taking place continually. The lower banks are growing and decreasing continually. The work of demolition and reconstruction is always going on. The most wonderful and, to us, mysterious phenomenon we witnessed was on the second day of turned my face in the direction of the wind, to avoid the intense heat of the lake. I was startled by a noise like the rushing together of vast. bodies of water. The natives jumped up instantly, and raising an unearthly shout, scampered off in an opposite direction. Turning toward the lake, I beheld a scene which I shall never forget. I, too, had to run off some distance to escape the great heat. The whole surface of the lake was in a state of the wildest commotion. Wave clashed on wave, and all was confusion. Tremendous billows of fire rolled from every side of the lake; and meeting inflerce conflict around the island in the center broke with fury over its black sides .-Then, after reaching again, they rushed to the onset once more, with increased force, and, meeting together, shot up into the air perhaps one hundred feet-one vast spiral body of red liquid lava, which finally combed over and fell in graceful spray back into the lake again .-When things had been restored to their usual fallen at least ten feet.

Secret of Greatness .- It was a noble and beautiful answer of Queen Victoria that she gave an African Prince, who sent an embassage with costly presents, and asked her in return to tell him the secret of England's greatness and England's glory. The beloved Queen sent him, not the number of her fleet, not the number of her armies, not the account of her boundless merchandise, not the details of her inexhaustible wealth; she did not, like Hezekiah, in an evil hour, show the ambassador her diamonds and her rich ornaments, but, handing him a beautifully bound copy of the Bible, she said, "Tell the Prince that this the secret of England's greatness .- British Work-

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT .- When the summer of youth is slowly wasting away into the nightfall of age, and the shadows of past years grow deeper and deeper, as if life were on its lose, it is pleasant to look back through the vista of time upon the sorrows and felicities of earlier years. If we have a home to shelter and hearts to rejoice with us, and friends have been gathered together by our firesides, then the rough places of our wayfaring will have been worn and smoothed away in the twilight of life, while the sunny spots we have passed through will grow brighter and more beautiful. Happy indeed are those whose intercourse with the world has not changed the tone of their holier feeling, or broken those musical chords of the heart, whose vibrations are so melodious, so touching in the evening of

SHUN AFFECTATION .- there is nothing more beautiful in the young than simplicity of character. It is honest frank and attractive .-How different is affectation! The simple 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 hurried it from sight utterly. Be yourself then, young friend !

ANECDOTE OF MATTHEWS .- This celebrated comedian stepped into an auction room one night on his way home.

"Who bids more?" called aloud the anctioneer. "I bid more," cried a voice from the far end of the crowd. "And pray, sir, what do you bid ?" cried the auctioneer in a tone of contempt. " I bid you good night." said Matthews, and bolted. The auction room in a

ARGUMENT -- with fools, passion, vociferation or violence; with politicans a majority; with kings, the sword; with fanatics, denuciation; with men of sense, a sound reason.

As the rays of the sun notwithstanding their velocity, injure not the eye by reason of their minuteness, so the attacks of envy, notwithstanding their number, ought not to wound our virtue, by reason of their insignificance.

Love is the light of the soul, as the sun is the light of day.

Unsuccessful attempts at reform only strengthen despotism; as he that struggles tightens those cords he does not succeed in

A little boy seeing a drunken man prostrate before the door of a grocery, opened the door, and putting in his head said to the proprietor, "See here, sir, your sign has fallen