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TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, November 14, 1861.

Original Poetry.

(For the Bradford Reporter.)

LYNES ON THE SUDDEN DEATH OF A FRIEND.

BY MARRIED FOWLER.

Three happy spirits, clothed in Heaven's own light,
Why hast thou left us, why thy sudden flight?
To drop but for a moment, then to rise
And soar away in triumph to the skies.
Ah! little didst thou know that day was given,
To be the last on earth—thy first in Heaven;
Ah! little didst thou know that morning's ray,
On thee would brighten to eternal day.
Who saw thee struggle to forsake thy cell?
Who saw thee weep, or heard thee say farewell?
Who, when the cloven hands of Nature broke,
Saw thy heart quiver at that bleeding stroke?
Ah, no! 'twas peace—a sweet triumphant peace—
That little didst thou know when angels came,
No more life's rugged path thy feet shall roam,
'Twas Jesus' welcome voice that led thee home.
The work is done, thy mission here is o'er—
Thy Heaven-bound bark hath reached its destined shore,
The breeze hath ceased that spread its flowing sails,
At home at last, bright ones thy spirit hails.
MORNINGTON, PA.

Selected Tale.

Escape from Perote Castle.

A PRISONER'S STATEMENT.

I was one of the unfortunate Texan prisoners confined in the castle of Perote, by order of the treacherous Santa Anna, in the year 1843. This fortified prison, the strongest in Mexico, if not in the world, is a grand, gloomy mass of masonry, situated in a valley between mountains, about a mile north of the town of Perote, through which the stages, carrying mail, pass between the cities of Vera Cruz and Mexico. The castle, as it is called, is built of volcanic stone, which has been so treated by fusion as to be almost impervious to steel. The walls are eight feet thick, and about six feet in height from the bottom of the great moat to the ramparts. This moat, which extends entirely around the great structure, with its angular bastions, is some twenty feet in depth by two hundred in width, and is filled with water, so connected with subterranean passages that it can be flooded in a few minutes. On the outside of the moat is a low wall of masonry, and beyond this again are formidable *chevaux de frise* and a dry ditch, extending to the entire works cover about six acres. Upon the ramparts, which are seventy feet in width and extend the entire circumference of the building, are mounted heavy pieces of artillery, and here sentinels constantly pacing to and fro day and night. The flat roof upon which these cannon rest, is of masonry, fifteen feet thick, which is supported by successive arches, seventy feet long and twenty wide. The interior of these arches contain the workshops, storerooms and cells of the prisoners. They are entered only from inside, through massive doors which have narrow gratings over the top. When the door is closed, the only light and air which reach it, must either come in through the gratings mentioned, or through a loop hole at the top, which, from being some two feet square on the inner side of the wall, gradually narrows down to a slit of some four inches wide on the outside, directly over the door. Fronting these cells or arches, at a distance of sixty feet, is an interior range of square buildings, two stories high, in which are quartered the officers and soldiers of the garrison, with, in many cases, their wives and families, and inside again of this inner range is a theatre court or plaza, five hundred feet square, used for military drill and parade. In the castle of Perote, is almost a city in itself, and originally cost many years of labor and millions of dollars. The modern Bastille alike serves the ambulatory and common justice, and it becomes the abode of a political rival, a State prisoner, a troublesome prisoner of war, and a felon awaiting. Every grade of society, from the very highest to the very lowest, from the man of rank to the filthy vagabond, find their respective homes here; and could the stones of this gloomy structure speak, the dark and cruel deeds and tales of human suffering which they might reveal would shake common humanity to its very center. It was my misfortune, with many other Texan comrades, to be captured or kidnapped by Mexican general, and, after being marched hundreds of miles, and receiving treatment which killed several of my friends, to be imprisoned in one of the cold, dismal cells of this castle of a tyrant. And not only imprisoned, but loaded with irons and degraded to the lowest employment. A chain, weighing twenty pounds, and only some four or five feet long, linked me by the ankle to one of my companions in misery; and thus secured, we were compelled, along with others, to remove to the fifth and last of the castle every morning to the barracks, and after that to pack in the mud and sand, to repair the fortification, from the distance of some thing like a mile, being all the time closely guarded by a file of soldiers on either side of us, and often treated with inhumanity and abuse. At six o'clock in the evening we were formed and counted and locked in our cell, there to remain till six in the morning, passing the night as best we might, with no bed but the cold flag, and no covers but our worn, filthy and ragged clothes and some miserable blankets, which we had among us. Often, completely tired down with the fatigue of the day, I have passed a restless night, sometimes caused by cold, sometimes by want of food, sometimes by cramps and colic, and sometimes, not to mention constant anxieties, and sometimes by the like torments of the companion to whom I was

scarcely a ray of hope, and the only mitigation of our sufferings being in the removal of our heavy chains at night, which we had effected in various ways, but principally by bribing the smith to put in leaden rivets blackened with charcoal, so that we could remove them at pleasure. Our food during this time was scant and poor; and this, together with hard work, loss of rest, exposure, anxiety of mind, and improper treatment, carried some to the hospital, some to the grave, and reduced the rest of us, if not to skeletons, at least to several pounds below our ordinary weight. At length the news reached us of the capture of some two or three hundred more of our countrymen at Mier, and not long after this, fifteen of them, among whom were General Green, Colonel Fisher, and some other officers were brought into the castle and confined in a cell adjoining ours. The force of three days' freedom was allowed them for looking about the castle, and then they were chained together in pairs like ourselves, and put to the same menial and degrading employment. Time passed on and brought us to such misery and so little hope, that at last a few of us took the bold resolve of making our escape if it were possible to be accomplished. Some of our party being carpenters, and occasionally employed in one of the shops, a few chisels were thus secured, and with these it was our first idea to enlarge the loop hole of our cell, and lower ourselves into the moat by means of a rope with which we expected to provide ourselves by getting a small piece at a time, and splicing the parts together. But on making a trial at the loop-hole, we found it so well guarded by iron fastenings let into the hard stones, that with our inferior tools we could do nothing with it, and so we abandoned it altogether, and commenced perforating the solid wall a little to the left. There was a wooden shutter to the loop-hole, and when this was open, as it generally was for the admission of light and air, it completely concealed our secret work; but as an additional precaution against discovery, we hung our blankets up along the wall, and always kept one of our number listening near the door, who never failed to give warning, by a careless look or other signal, of the sudden and unexpected visit of some inspecting officer. The dirt and rubbish that we took from the aperture, we managed to dispose of by first concealing it under some loose stones in our cell, and subsequently carrying it out in our blankets. At first our work of cutting horizontally through the wall was comparatively easy, but the further we progressed the more difficult it became. Only one person at a time could be employed at it, and this mostly in the night. When we had penetrated the wall a few feet, the person laboring in the hole had to crawl in flat, rest on his elbows, and then work with the chisel as best he could, generally by drilling little holes, and prying off pieces of the rock and cement. I was a very fatiguing process, and often the rubbish of a whole day's labor could be carried off in two or three ordinary sized pockets. Still it was something, and hope cheered us with the belief that at least we were so much nearer liberty, and so we toiled on with an unwavering purpose. One thing, for a while, put a complete stop to our operations. Intelligence was brought us that on the 13th of June, Santa Anna's birthday day, we were all to be set free, but when that day had come and gone, leaving us still prisoners, we deeply regretted we had lost any time in relying upon the false promises of a treacherous government, and forthwith renewed our labors with a bitter zeal. By the first of July our excavation was completed, and only a thin shell remained on the outside, which we could remove in a few minutes. Meantime we had secured our rope, fixed our knapsacks for a journey, and by great economy in our rations, saved up food enough to last a couple of weeks. Sixteen of us, among whom was General Green, had resolved to regain our liberty on the night of the Fourth of July, the others, after due consideration, preferring to remain, rather than run the risk of recapture and death, which they believed would be our ultimate fate; but the afternoon of the second being a stormy one, and promising a dark night favorable to our purpose, we resolved to make the attempt at once. As those who wished to escape were confined in three different cells, our first anxiety was to get all these together in the one apartment. This we successfully managed, by inducing the same number of those who were to remain to change places with those who were to leave; and the officer of the guard finding the numbers of each party correct, looked the doors on us without discovering or suspecting our ruse. So far well; but we still had a delicate, difficult and dangerous undertaking to manage. We could not escape from our apartment through the aperture without more or less noise; and as a sentinel was stationed at the door, who would be likely to hear an unusual sound, and who could even look in through the grate by standing on tiptoe, our first proceeding was to properly manage him. We had some spirits, which we had smuggled, and we invited him to drink with us, passing his liquor to him in an eggshell through the grate—an act of kindness on our part which he most highly appreciated that night probably than he did the day following. Next we got some of our party to climb over the door, and others to dance, all of which created sufficient noise to cover our own, and allowed us to proceed with the work on which our liberty depended. We soon succeeded in knocking off the outer shell of our breach; and then to our dismay, I caught almost say horror, discovered that the further end of the aperture was too small to permit the larger of our party to pass through. I do not know that I ever felt worse in my life than I did at the moment of hearing this fact announced. For weeks I had almost lived upon the hope of liberty, and now, when all our working and plotting had brought it within my very grasp as it were, the bare thought that it might prove a failure made my brain reel and all my limbs tremble. If we should not escape that night, we could not hope to

escape at all, for it was almost a certainty that our excavation would be discovered the next day from the outside, and a closer watch be kept upon us ever after. The first terrible shock over, however, we went to work as men will work for their lives; and at the end of two hours we had succeeded in enlarging the aperture sufficient, as it was believed, for all to get through; but for fear the largest might get wedged, it was decided that all the others, beginning with the smallest should have the precedence in the order of size. The rope by which we were to lower ourselves into the dry moat, a distance of some thirty feet, having been firmly secured inside, the smallest man entered the breach, feet foremost, and to our almost unbounded joy, passed out in safety. Then one by one we followed and succeeded in rejoining him—tho' so difficult was the undertaking that some of us reached the ground naked with our flesh torn and bleeding, and so slow the process that three hours were consumed in the effort. Two of our number stuck fast, and for a while it was believed they would not get through at all; and one actually had to be drawn back by a rope fastened to his arms by those inside—but he thought of his dear wife and children in Texas, made a second attempt, and was the last but one to rejoin us in the great moat outside of our prison walls. As the sixteenth man touched the earth, the Castle bell tolled the hour of midnight, and the cry of "*Centinel alerta!*" from the watchers on the ramparts, warned us to move silently and with caution. We crossed the moat, ascended its outer wall by narrow stone stairs, climbed over the *chevaux de frise*, passed through the outer ditch and up the outer bank, and at half past twelve, on the morning of the third of July, we stood clear of all that belonged to the gloomy Castle of Perote. But though free from our prison, we were not from the country, and many were the privations, sufferings and perils yet in store for us. We paired off and separated, each couple taking a different course to the mountains, among which we intended to secrete ourselves till the first pursuit and search for us should be over, after which we hoped to be able to make our way out of the country. Eight of us succeeded in our design, and eight were recaptured and returned to our late gloomy abode, with all its attendant misery and degradation. I, alas! was one of the unfortunate latter; and here I remained debilitated in body and crushed in spirit, till the order of Santa Anna, procured through the intercession of the American Minister, General Waddy Thompson, came for our final release. **How to Walk in Comfort—Something About Boots and their Evils.** The bootmaker, ignorant of the relative use and importance of the different parts of the foot, has steadily persisted for centuries, and at this day usually persists in so shaping the shoe that the great toe is forced upon the other toes more or less out of its right line with the heel. Nine civilized people in ten perhaps, have their great toes injured by a course of submission to misshapen boots and shoes so far turned inward, that a line run down in the middle of them from point to ball, if continued, would not fall anywhere in the heel at all, but several inches away outside the body. The necessary consequence raising the body is destroyed; the effort has to be made at a disadvantage, and with pressure; the act of walking loses some of its ease; so that although the boot may be so well adjusted to the spilt shape of the foot as to cause no pain, an honest twenty or thirty mile walk is more than the hampered foot machinery has power to sustain. For this reason, says Dr. Meyer, it is wrong to suppose that because it is easy it is right, or that a cast of the foot, unless it be a healthy one, would make the best last for the shoe it is to wear. Allowance should be made for the gradual return of the great toe to its place, by leaving its place (to some extent at least) vacant for it, and permitting gentle pressure where the joint has been forced into undue projection.—When the shoemaker now takes a customer that he reads very much on one side, he in fact compliments him by the information that he has a healthy and unshattered foot, determined to tread straight. It is precisely because children's feet are only in the first stage of injury, and are more nearly as God made them than as they are destined to be made by the shoemakers, that children especially come into trouble with the shoemakers, or with the parents and guardians who believe rather in shoes than in feet, for "treading on one side." A strong and healthy foot tramples a foolish shoe out as far as possible into the form it ought at first to have had. Even the distorted foot, after the shoemaker has done his work, will often tread over the leather of the inner side of the boot-heel, because of a natural effort of the foot-heel to bring itself into some approach to the right line with the great toe. In a properly made shoe, then, the great toe and the heel have their right relative places furnished for them. And since they are to be in a line together, it must follow that if a well-made pair of boots be placed side by side so that their heels touch, their sides also will touch through the whole space in front of the instep from the place of the ball of the great toe to the very end of it. They will diverge only at the rounded ends, where the great toes round off into the little toes, along whose line, and nowhere else, any possible pointing of the shape of the boot-sole can be got. **Barnum has been sold!** A few days since a countryman appeared at the Museum, and upon admission to the manager, declared he had a great natural curiosity, no less than a "cherry-colored cat." Barnum had seen many cats, but never a cherry-colored one, and readily paid \$25 for the curiosity which was to be delivered the next day. At the appointed time came the countryman and a bag, out of which he produced a cat of the color of a black cherry. Barnum was sold, and relates the joke with great gusto.

(From Peterson's Magazine.)
THE LEGION OF HONOR.
BY JAMES H. DANA.
"And you are willing he should go?"
"Why not," answered the young wife enthusiastically. "I should despise myself, Adele, if I were not willing to give my husband to my country. France needs all her sons in this extremity. I thank God I have Henri to offer on her altar."
Her sister shrugged her shoulders. "You always were romantic, my dear," she said. "For my part, if I had a handsome husband, a splendid estate in Normandy, a hotel in Paris, diamonds, cashmere, equipages, servants as you have, I should not be willing to risk them so lightly. Suppose Henri is killed. You will be a widow, and for a time at least, can enjoy none of these things."
"Oh! Adele, how can you talk so? Has not the good father Lacroix been telling us, ever since we were children, that the curse of modern times was its materialistic view of life? That to eat, drink, and be merry seemed to be the whole purpose of existence? The luxury had corroded national virtue? That the day of heroism had passed? How often has my heart swelled against these imputations, for I will not believe that human nature has sunk so low! No, I have often told him, the diviner parts of our race have not all died out. We are still capable, we women, of making sacrifices, brothers, sons, still capable of dying for it. I could, myself, if the occasion called for it, I hope, a second Joan of Arc. I never loved Henri half so well as since he came home, the other day, and told me, that in this crisis of France's fate, he had determined to offer her his sword, and, if necessary, his life. We can die but once. What more glorious than to die in a holy cause!" And the young wife looked sublime as she spoke it.
Natalie had been married but a year or two. Her beauty, accomplishments, and amiability had won for her, at eighteen, the heart of the young de Tankerville, the greatest match of the season. Passionately attached to each other, they spent the hours continually together; they read, they did every thing in company. The life they led was more like an idyl than like a life in modern society and in Paris. In the midst of this dream of bliss came the news of the retreat from Moscow.—All Europe rose against France. The Emperor, beaten back from Dresden to Leipzig, and from Leipzig to the Rhine, was making a last desperate effort to retrieve the fortune of the nation. It was in this extremity that the young count stepped forward. His father had been a constitutional royalist in the last days of Louis XVI., and though the family had never emigrated, it had never, on the other hand, attached itself to the fortunes of Napoleon. So long as the great Emperor pursued his career of conquest, so long the Tankervilles held aloof from him. But now, when the question was not Napoleon, but the nation, the young count felt that the time had come when his country demanded his services. In view of the dismemberment of France, what were lands, houses, life itself? "Save the nation!" was the cry that rose to every patriotic lip. Women brought their jewels, men brought their lives. Foremost among these were Henri and his wife.
"Well," said Adele, who had one of those cold, selfish natures, that could not understand how anybody could do anything noble or heroic, "I think you and your husband mad.—But go your own ways."
"I wish you were mad in the same way.—We are mad as Leonidas was mad, as Tell was mad, as Bruce was mad, as every other hero was mad that has died for liberty. It is not now a question of the Emperor. It is a question of country. It is not whether Napoleon shall reign, but whether France shall be dismembered. It is whether the flag of the nation, that glorious tricolor which waved at Marongy and Austerlitz, shall be trailed in the dust, or shall still bring tears to the eyes of Frenchmen when they see it, in foreign lands, floating from the mast head."
We will not dwell on the parting of husband and wife. Natalie bore up heroically. Not Lady Russell, when leaving her lord on that sad morning of his execution, controlled herself more nobly than did Natalie now. But when the door had closed on Henri, when she heard the clatter of his horse's feet down the street, then she flung herself on her bed, and wept as if her heart was breaking.
It was an eventful winter. A battle was fought almost daily. Like a lion in the toils, Napoleon turned first on one and then on another of his foes, and always unexpectedly. In the brightest days of his intellect he had never been so terrible as now. Henri was foremost in all these battles. Once he saved the Emperor's life. The cross of the legion of honor soon decked his breast. He received the decoration from Napoleon's own hand, on the very day that he heard Natalie had presented him with a son. But the genius of the Emperor and the valor of his troops were of no avail. Treachery was at work at Paris, while Napoleon was absent in the Campaign. The capital was surrendered. Napoleon was forced to abdicate.
Every one knows what followed. The Bourbons came back, forgetting nothing, as was said, and forgiving nothing.
"Ah! my bleeding country," Henri would cry to his young wife. At other times it was "Oh! for one hour with the Emperor."
At last the nation could bear it no longer. Napoleon landed; the army rose in his favor; the king fled; a constitution was proclaimed. Once more the young count buckled on his sword.
"Again I say, go," was his wife's heroic parting, "and again and again. I will stay at home and pray. I think, sometimes, it is harder for women than for men. You have the excitement of the campaign. But we can only wait and wait, from one dreary day to another; we can only pray and pray through the sleepless hours of night. Do not suppose, because I say this, I would keep you back. Go, and may God crown you with victory; or if not—"

"If not," said her husband, interrupting her, "I stay on the battle field."
Alas! it was a prediction. A few days later, when the old Guard, at the end of that terrible battle of Waterloo, closed up their ranks, and to the demand to lay down their arms, replied, "The Guard dies but never surrenders." Henri de Tankerville, fighting with the bravest, and fighting longest almost of all, sank under a dozen wounds.
Did his wife regret what she had done?
"No, no," she cried, in answer to the cruel reproaches of her sister, "I would send him forth again, if I could. I would rather be the widow, a thousand times over," she added, with flashing eyes, "of a soldier who died for his country, than the petted wife of one who had failed France in her hour of need, for such would be either a coward or traitor."
Nor did she ever think otherwise. In after years, rich and titled suitors solicited her hand; but she lived faithful to the memory of her lost Henri. Her chief consolation was to take her child, as soon as he was able to understand her, and showing him the cross of the legion of honor, which his father had won in battle point after point to the portrait which hung overhead, and bid him emulate the heroism and patriotism of the departed.
"It is a prouder inheritance to you, darling," she would say, kissing him passionately, "than if he had left you a throne. Think how your heart will glow, in years to come, when you see men pointing to you, and saying, 'His father, too, was one of the grand army.'"
The Charge of Murat at Eylau.
It is at Eylau that Murat always appears in his most terrible aspect. This battle fought in mid winter, in 1807, was the most important and bloody one that had then occurred. France and Russia had never before opposed such strength to each other, and a complete victory on either side would have settled the fate of Europe. Bonaparte remained in possession of the field, and that was all; no victory was ever so like a defeat. The field of Eylau was covered with snow, and the little ponds that lay scattered over it were frozen sufficiently hard to bear the artillery. Seventy-one thousand men on one side and eighty-one thousand on the other, arose from the frozen field on which they had slept the night of February, without tent or covering, to battle for a continent. Angereau, on the left, was utterly routed in the morning. Advancing through a snow storm so thick he could not see the enemy, the Russian cannon mowed down his ranks, with their destructive fire, while the Cossack cavalry, who were ordered to charge, came thundering on, almost hitting the French infantry with their long lances before they were visible through the storm.
Hemmed in and overthrown, the whole division, composed of 16,000 men with the exception of 1,500, were captured or slain.
Just then the snow storm clearing up, revealed to Napoleon the peril to which he was brought, and he immediately ordered a grand charge by the Imperial Guard and the whole cavalry. Nothing was farther from Bonaparte's wishes or expectations than the bringing of his reserve into the engagement at this early stage of the battle, but there was no other resource left him. Murat sustained his high reputation on this occasion, and proved himself for the hundredth time, worthy of the great confidence Napoleon placed in him.
Nothing could be more imposing than the battle field at this moment. Bonaparte and the empire trembled in the balance, while Murat prepared to lead down his cavalry to save them. Seventy squadrons, making in all 14,000 well mounted men, began to move over the slope, with the Old Guard marching sternly on behind.
Bonaparte, it is said, was more agitated at this crisis than when, a moment before, he was so near being captured by the Russians.
But as he saw those seventy squadrons come down on a plunging trot pressing hard after the white plume of Murat, that streamed through the snow storm far in front, a smile passed over his countenance.
The earth groaned and trembled as they passed, and the sabres, above the dark and angry mass below, looked like the foam of a sea wave as it crests on the deep. The rattlings of their armor, and the muffled thunder of their tread, drowned all the roar of battle, as with the firm set array, and swift, steady motion they bore down with terrible front on the foe. The snook of that immense host was like a falling mountain, and the front line of the Russian army went down like frost work before it. Then commenced a protracted fight of hand to hand, and sword to sword, as in the cavalry action at Eckmuhl. The clashing of steel was like the ringing of countless hammers, and horses and riders were bleeded in wild confusion together; the Russian reserves were ordered up, and on these Murat fell with his fierce horsemen, crushing and trampling them by thousands. But the obstinate Russians disdained to fly, and rallied again, so that it was no longer cavalry charging on infantry, but squadrons of horses galloping through broken hosts that, gathering into knots, still disputed with unparalleled bravery, the red and rent field.
It was during this strange fight that Murat was seen to perform one of those desperate deeds for which he was so renowned. Excited to the highest pitch of passion, by the obstacles that opposed him, he seemed endowed with tenfold strength, and looked more like a superhuman being treading down helpless mortals, than an ordinary man. Amid the roar of artillery and the rattle of musketry, and falling of sabre strokes like lightning about him, that lofty white plume never once went down, while ever and anon it was seen glaring through the smoke of battle, and the star of hope to Napoleon, and showing that his "right arm" was still uplifted and striking for victory.
He raged like an unloosed lion amid the foe; and his eyes, always terrible in battle, burned with increased lustre, while his clear

and steady voice, heard above the turmoil of strife, was worth more than a thousand trumpets of cheer on his followers. At length seeing a knot of Russian soldiers that for a long time had kept a deouring fire on his men, he wheeled his horse and drove in full gallop upon their leveled muskets. A few of his guards, that never allowed that white plume to leave their sight, charged after him. Without waiting to count his foes, he seized his bride in his teeth, and with his pistol in one hand, and his drawn sword in the other, burst in headlong fury upon them, and scattered them as if a hurricane had swept by. Murat was a thunderbolt on that day, and the deeds that were wrought by him will furnish themes for the poet and the painter.
FASHIONABLE DISEASE.—The day when it was considered interesting and lady-like to be always ailing is gone by. Good health, fortunately, is the fashion. A rosy cheek is no longer considered "vulgar," and a fair, shapely allowance of flesh on the bones is considered the "style." Perhaps the great secret that good looks cannot exist without good health, may have had something to do with the care now taken to obtain it, whether this be so or not, future generations are the gainers, all the same. A languid eye and a waxy, bloodless complexion may go begging now for admiration. The "elegant stoop" in the shoulders, formerly considered so aristocratic, has also miraculously disappeared. Women walk more and ride less; they have rainy day suits of apparel, too, which superfluity never was known to exist aforesaid, sunshine being the only atmosphere in which the human butterfly was supposed to float. In short the "fragile women of America" will soon exist only in the acid journal of some English traveler, who will of course, stick to the bygone facts as still present reality, with a dogged pertinacity that is known only to that amiable nation.—*Fanny Fern.*
THIS SHALL BE NO PAIN THERE.—This promise is one of the golden cluster that grow on that vine planted for the healing of the nations, the Bible! How blessed a promise of the life that is to come is this one, those only can know who have walked long and frequently under the shadows of weariness and suffering.
"No pain there," to struggle with and endure; no burdens laid upon the eager spirit, which the weak frame cannot sustain; no work under which heart and strength fail, and which is at last laid mournfully aside; no longer hours of fever and restlessness; no overtaken brain and nerves in the homestead of those whom God shall number as his jewels!
So, be comforted ye that mourn! Green and shining rise the banks beyond the dark valley, and sweet healing is in the winds that wander off from the meadows, freighted with blossoms fairer than the roses and the lilies of earth.
Take through your pilgrimage this promise—let it be a new incentive, and strength, and comfort to you.—"There shall be no pain there!"
A MODERN DICTIONARY.—Wedded bliss—A term used by Milton.
Water—A clear fluid once used as a drink.
Rural felicity—Potatoes and turnips.
Tongue—A little horse that is continually running away.
Dentist—A person who finds work for his own teeth by taking out those of other people.
My dear—An expression used by a man and his wife at the commencement of a quarrel.
Policeman—A man employed by the corporation to sleep in the open air.
Bargain—A ludicrous transaction, in which each party thinks he cheated the other.
Doctor—A man who kills you to day to save you from dying to-morrow.
Author—A dealer in words, who often gets paid in his own coin.
Editor—A poor wretch who empties his brain in order to fill his stomach.
Wealth—The most respectable quality of man.
Law Proceedings—Unbrushed cobwebs in the dark ages.
Modesty—A beautiful flower that grows only in secret places.
INTERESTING FACTS.—One half of those that are born, die before they attain the age of 17 years.
Among 3125 who die, it appears by the registers that there is only one person 100 years of age.
More old men are found in elevated situations, than in valleys and plains.
Out of every 1000 men twenty die annually.
The number of inhabitants of a city or country is renewed every 30 years.
The men able to bear arms forms a sixth of the inhabitants of a country.
The number of old men who die in cold weather is, to the number of those who die in warm weather, 7 to 4.
The two most precious things were enclosed in hoops, are girls and kegs of powder—danger of blowing up from both—keep the sparks away.
Most books in these days are like some kinds of trees—a great many leaves and no fruit.
The busybody labors without thanks, talks without credit, lives without love, and dies without tears.
It is no more possible to bring men's minds to think alike, than to make their faces look alike.
We are apt to be partial to our own observations—probably for the observer's sake.
Be calm while your adversary frets and rages, and you can warm yourself at his fire.