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TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, June 6, 1862.

Original Poetry.

(For the Bradford Reporter.)
OUR FLAG.

The watch-fires brightly are gleaming,
Along the Potomac to night;
As many brave-hearted freemen,
Are gathering there for the fight.

Are gathering from every hearthstone,
Are gathering from every cot;
Are gathering 'round the bright camp-fire,
To share a soldier's lot.

Are gathering from every hamlet,
Many brave hearts, loyal and true—
Are gathering 'round the old standard,
To fight for the "Red, White and Blue."

God bless those true-hearted soldiers,
Who have gathered round it to-night;
God bless that dear cause of freedom—
The only true cause, and the right.

And when the storm-clouds of battle,
Hover darkly, drearily o'er;
May victory follow the eagles,
Of the Stars and the Stripes, as of yore.

Our Flag—that dearly loved banner,
Around which our forefathers died;
Is freedom, for which they were slaughtered,
To us, their descendants denied?

Our Flag—Columbia's escutcheon,
Which traitors attempt to seize;
We'll keep the galaxy unbroken,
And fling thy bright folds to the breeze.

Our Flag—like that glorious banner,
Whose eagles o'er Anselwitz flew—
We'll raise a like shout for thy glory;
It was—"Vive le Red, White and Blue!"

SMITHFIELD, PA.

Selected Tale.

(From the Cincinnati Commercial.)

My Hospital Experience.

BY A LADY.

"What shall I do to pass my time away pleasantly and usefully?" was the question I put to myself after the last "good-by" had been spoken, the last kiss exchanged, and the parting words of my husband had died out of the now desolate room, leaving a lingering echo in my heart, which sounded like desolation. "It will never do to sit down idly, and brood in vain regret during his absence; and surely, if he thought I should do nothing but pine and grieve for him, it would add a heavy weight to his burden, and would rest upon him. It is enough to feel that our dear country calls for him in her affliction, and God go with him in her cause. I should blush for him if he held aloof now, nor offered himself in the full vigor and pride of his young life, as a shield against the arrows of destruction which threaten her, and which have already severed some of the brightest links which united our beloved nation. And while he has gone forth, brave in defense of right and truth, shall I sit down and cry like a miserable, selfish child, because it cannot have the toys it loves best always in its hand? No, no. That will never do! I should never claim to be a daughter of my proud, beautiful mother, America, if I could for one moment be guilty of such a selfish weakness."

So ran my thoughts as I stood beside the window, listening to the last clatter and clatter of the bell on the boat which bore him away. Slowly it put off from the wharf, and then up to God went as deep and fervent a prayer as ever a wife breathed, for guidance and safety. His last kiss was still warm upon my lips—his last words ringing in my ears—and soon, perhaps, that voice, with its loving tones, will be forever hushed, and the warm lips cold and mute, under the icy seal of death! Yet not for one moment would I have recalled him, even while I grieved at heart, and a heavy dread strove to creep into my brain, driving away its usually hopeful and pleasing fancies.

"It is right and just," I murmured, as I turned away, "and God will go with him. I know what I shall do. I shall go and take care of the poor sick boys at the hospital!"

To think, with me, is to act. In a moment my bonnet and cloak were donned, and I was on my way with light heart. Are there any mothers, or sisters who will wonder how the light-hearted, when I had just frisked of the bridge, and battle—perhaps raged, he presently held his head? I will tell the ceremony to proceed.

A few words will explain the motives of the bridegroom.

When Louis XIV came back from his great campaign in the Palatinate, he determined to unite his son, whose valor and daring in the war had greatly pleased him, to one of the wealthy wards of the crown.

He proposed the union to the young Duchess of Baviere, and found her favorably inclined.

She had just come to court, having just emerged from the convent where she had completed her education.

She had never seen the young Count often, though he had never designed to cast a glance upon her. She knew he was brave and noble, and she thought handsome. The bar sinister in his escutcheon was no objection. She accepted him.

Unfortunately, Louis, was something of a republican, would not accept her.

"My son," said the King, "I have resolved you shall marry."

She worthy sire and most excellent father, and the Count, "I have resolved to do nothing."

He was not in the habit of being overruled.

use for you yet, and in a few days you'll be p and ready to shoulder your musket again— "Don't you think so?"

His eyes sparkled in their deep sockets, and a momentary flush rose to his pale cheek. "Oh, if I could only think so! But the time drags so slowly, and here I lie useless, helpless, keeping those who could fight away to take care of me."

"O, well, you needed a little rest any way," I said cheerfully. "Now I want to do something to cure you. Do you want your face bathed?"

"Yes, if it is not too much trouble," he said eagerly.

"Not a bit. Now be easy, and I'll soon have you feeling nicely."

I got a basin of water, combs, brushes, sponge and soap, and came back to him. His large dark eyes rested with child-like pleasure on my face, as I cheerfully bathed his face and hands. He had grown so feeble that he could scarcely connect a sentence without pausing, and lay panting on his pillow from the slightest exertion. After bathing his face I took the comb and straightened out the curled masses of long black hair that grew thickly over his brow. I soon found that fitness had made him childish, though I at first started at his childish bluntness.

"You're mighty purty," he said suddenly, for a moment I did not know what to say, but then, I thought, "I'm used to it, poor fellow," and only said in reply, "What's your name?" he was asked.

"S—", "I replied.

"You ain't married, are you?"

"Yes, and my husband's gone to fight as you did at Fort Donelson."

"Oh, dear," he said fretfully, "I'm so sorry. What did you get married for? Never mind I'll put a spider in his dumping when I get well."

With the last words, a mischievous light broke over his face, and his black eyes twinkled. I laughed merrily at him, and he seemed to enjoy it hugely. Poor fellow, little enough amusements he had. If he could amuse himself at my expense, I would have no objections.

My next patient was an orphan boy, sixteen years of age. Frank B— belonged to Birge's sharpshooters, and a brave heart never beat in the bosom of a mortal that which which thrived in his.

While bathing his face, I asked him what induced him to leave his home and friends in Nebraska, to come away and peril his life at such an early age. His replies worthy to be written by that of the noble Nathan Hale, who regretted having but "one life to offer to his country." He said: "I joined the army because I was young and strong. I have but one life, and that would be worth nothing to me if not offered to my country."

"Noble boy! How may more like him have fallen willing sacrifice!"

The next day I carried a basket of apples, oranges, pies, tea, &c., to the hospital. As I went in, several of the men lifted their heads and nodded pleasantly.

"I'm glad you've come back," said one, and another thought "I looked so homelike to see a woman amongst them."

My "admirer" with the black eyes clasped my hand when I offered an orange, and kissed it gratefully.

"If I live," he said, "I'll always pray God to bless you. If I die, I'll watch over you from Heaven."

"Poor fellow! I wonder, if from that heaven to which his spirit has flown, he is watching over me tonight as I pen these lines?"

Frankie's blue eyes greeted me with a glad smile before I was near enough to speak to him. When I went over and asked how he felt, he answered me cheerfully saying he hoped to be able soon to return to his regiment.

I bathed his face, gave him a cup of hot tea, with some toast, and left him feeling sweetly.

Those who have never visited the hospitals, cannot conceive of the wretched condition in which the men are brought here. That day twenty-eight were brought in from Fort Donelson and Savannah, and such objects I never saw. Their faces and hands were stiff with coal dust, and burning with fever. Their hair long and matted, beard long and full of dirt.

It was a serious task to attempt rendering them comfortable, but I did not shrink from it. On the contrary, I felt glad at my inability to serve more than one at a time. Oh how I longed for the power to give some of my own sex, who in that town passed the days of their youth in idleness, to action, if only for an hour, to assist in bringing these poor sufferers to a comfortable condition.

From morning till noon, I toiled faithfully, from my heart and thanks for the kind and gentle care. I went home and, feeling tired, wanted to lie down, but I had promised to bring some of the boys in the afternoon, and I had to do so.

While she did rest a few times, what the Duke and ever, perhaps she could not.

One night, about eleven, they could not rise, the Duke, plainly at a cloak, roamed through the again, Antoine, as was his wont, in the tent.

As he turned the corner of one of the row lanes that intersected that quarter at a period, a piercing shriek burst upon his ear, mingled with suffocating cries for assistance.

The Duke's sword was out in an instant— He was brave to rashness. Without a moment's thought he plunged into the lane.

He beheld a female struggling in the grasp of a man.

The man fled precipitately at his approach, and the girl sank into his arms, convulsively exclaimed:—

"Save me, oh, save me!"

The Duke sheathed his sword and endeavored to calm her fears.

"Why, Frankie, what is the matter?" I asked bending over him.

"Oh, you have come! I did wish for you so much. Oh, I shall die, and I wanted somebody by me seemed to care for me a little. You do like me, don't you, dear Mrs. S—? You've been so kind to me. Oh! this pain! I can't stand it long!"

His hands grasped mine nervously, and every fibre of his frame quivered with pain. I saw that the dews of death were standing thickly already, on the broad, beautiful forehead over which the fair hair clustered so prettily, and my eyes filled with tears of sorrow deeper than words can express. I stooped to kiss him, and a glad cry escaped the poor blue lips of the dying boy.

"Oh, kiss me again, won't you? That is like my sister. Do kiss me once more; I feel better. Oh, I wouldn't mind to die if my sisters were here to tell me they loved me. You do love me a little, don't you?"

"Yes, a great deal, Frankie, as much as if I were your sister. Don't you think so? I'm sure you're a good boy, and I am sorry to see you suffer so."

He drew me down toward him, and pressing his face close to my arms. I could endure no more. The poor boy's mute appeal for tenderness and sympathy in his dying hour, far from home, breathing out his young life amid strangers, unmoved me I drew that young bright head to my bosom, and my tears fell fast upon its sunny curls.

Did the gentle sister he loved, have one thought of the scene that was transpiring on that night, while perchance they sat and talked of him, their only and pretty brother, in their far-off home in Nebraska?

"You will stay with me to night, won't you?" he pleaded again. "Oh, you won't leave me to die alone!"

"No, Frankie, I'll stay with you."

He was comforted, and became more quiet as I clasped his hands and tried to soothe him. Gradually a purple hue overspread his face—Now his lips became whiter, and the large clear eyes grew restless. When he could no longer speak, those eyes plead for some token of endearment, and each time that I pressed a kiss upon his forehead, a look of deep and earnest gratitude softened the suffering expressions of his face.

About nine o'clock he breathed his last, and now every time I look down at my hand and see the little ring of mine he wore before he died, I seem to see the parting look of his great dark eyes ere they fixed in death. How sad the task to brush back the damp locks from the cold brow, and compress the blue limbs in their last repose! That night I wept and prayed for the sisters as I had never wept and prayed for myself, for he was all they had.

A few days after this, another of my patients, one who was fast recovering, I thought had a relapse, and was again confined to his berth. There had been a storm that dashed in the windows, and he got wet.

On Friday, he asked me to write some letters, to his brothers, sisters, and his betrothed. I did so, while he dictated. He appeared to be well educated, and had a rich vein of mirth and sentiment prevailing in his nature. This I soon discovered in his dictations, and was much interested. He showed me the miniatures of his friends, and talked of some returning home. Bade me say to his sister, that he was coming soon. If he didn't get a furlough, he would make one, &c.

Saturday found me almost blind from inflammation of the eyes, and I did not get to the hospital again until Monday morning. Sad faces greeted me. Matron, physicians and nurses, wore serious faces, and the Steward quietly placed letters, miniatures and a description roll in my hands. I looked toward Fredy's place—it was vacant.

Oh, that was sad task that I had then to perform! To sit down, three days after writing those pleasant hopeful letters, and tell them that the heart which dictated them was still forever! I wrote to the lady he would have made his wife, and returned her letters. I had rather have performed any other task on earth. The poor old father and mother, whose bent forms were fast tottering to the grave—the bright, sweet faced sister—the loving brother! To all these I must convey tidings that would sting the hardest conscience. Yet, such is the fortune of war!

These are but a few of the many instances of the kind which might be given to the public. Every day, for three or four weeks, I witnessed such scenes, performed such tasks as those I have named.

Since that, however, fortune has called me to scenes of a more startling nature. I have seen where the conflict raged, the forms of the dead, dying, and amongst those who yet lived, suffering as the heart could not conceive without the eye having witnessed it. Forms mangled, crushed—to live and suffer for a few days, and then to die in the most horrible agony.

Oh, God! when will it cease? When will the hand of the father fall listless, as he attempts to cleave his son to the earth, and brothers cease to regard each other as foes?—Will peace ever be restored? Shall we ever again be united? Alas! will we ever love each other again, or give room in our hearts for other than revengeful, bitter feelings?

It is computed that in a life of forty years, a man makes upward of five hundred millions of respirations, drawing through his lungs one hundred and seventy tons weight of air, and discharging nearly twenty tons of carbonic acid; and a quantity of water to the amount of one hundred and thirty tons.

—an honorable mention—

The Duke was in despair and at his wits' end. He had a stormy scene with the King, and he threatened to send him to the Bastille if he did not return to the Duchess.

So he came to Bergeronette, on the fourteenth day, to make a final effort to obtain her. They were alone together in the garden.

"Here me, Bergeronette," he cried, when he had exhausted every argument and found her still firm, "I swear to you were I free,

The Marvelous Tower.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

The morning sun shone brightly upon the cliff built towers of Toledo, when King Roderick issued out of the gate of the city, at the head of a numerous train of courtiers and cavaliers, and crossed the bridge that crosses the deep and rocky bed of the Tagus. The shining cavalcade wound up the road that leads among the mountains, and soon came in sight of the necromantic tower.

King Roderick and his courtiers arrived, wondering and amazed, at the foot of the rock. Here was a narrow arched way cut through the living stone, the entrance to the tower. It was closed by a massive iron gate, covered with rusty locks of divers workmanship, and in the fashion of different centuries, which had been affixed by the predecessors of Don Roderick. On either side of the portal stood the two ancient guardians of the tower, laden with the keys appertaining to the locks.

The King alighted, and approaching the portals, ordered the guardians to unlock the gate. The hoary headed men drew back with terror. "Alas!" cried they, "what is it your majesty requires of us? Would you have the mischief of this tower unbound, and let loose to shake the earth of its foundations?"

The venerable archbishop Urbino likewise implored him not to disturb a mystery which had been held sacred from generation, within the memory of man; and which even Caesar himself, when sovereign of Spain, had not ventured to evade. The youthful cavaliers, however, were eager to pursue the adventure, and encouraged him in his rash curiosity.

"Come what may," exclaimed Don Roderick, "I am resolved to penetrate the mystery of this tower." Saying, he again commanded the guardians to unlock the portal. The ancient men obeyed with fear and trembling, but their hands shook with age, and when they applied the key, the locks were so rusted by time, or of such strange workmanship, that they resisted their feeble efforts; whereupon the young cavaliers pressed forward and lent their aid. Still the locks were so numerous and difficult, that with all their eagerness and strength, a great part of the day was exhausted before the whole of them could be mastered.

The presence of the king was now exhausted, and he advanced to apply his hand; scarcely, however, did he touch the iron gate, when they swung slowly open, uttering as it were, a dismal groan, as it turned reluctantly upon its hinges. A cold, damp wind issued forth accompanied by a tempestuous sound. The heards of the ancient guardians quaked within them, and their knees smote together; but several of the youthful cavaliers rushed in, eager to gratify their curiosity, or to signalize themselves in their redoubtable enterprise. They had scarcely advanced a few paces, however, when they recoiled, overcome by the baleful air, or by some fearful vision. Upon this, the king ordered that fires should be kindled to dispel the darkness, and to correct the noxious and long imprisoned air; he then led the way into the interior; but though stout of heart, he advanced with awe and hesitation.

After proceeding a short distance, he entered a hall, or antechamber, on the opposite side of which was a door; and before it, on a pedestal, stood a gigantic figure, of the color of bronze, and of a terrible aspect. It held a huge mace, which it whirled incessantly, giving such cruel and resounding blows upon the earth as to prevent all further entrance.

The king paused at the sight of this appalling figure; for whether it was living, or a statue of magic artifice, he could not tell. On its breast was a scroll, whereon was inscribed in large letters, "I do my duty." After a little while Roderick plucked up heart, and addressed it with great solemnity: "Whatever thou be," said he, "know that I came not to violate this sanctuary, but to inquire into the mysteries it contains; I conjure thee, therefore, to let me pass in safety."

Upon this the figure paused with uplifted mace, and the king and his train passed unmolested through the door.

They now entered a vast chamber, of a rare and sumptuous architecture, difficult to be described. The walls were encrusted with the most precious gems, so joined together as to form one smooth and perfect surface. The lofty dome appeared to be self-supported, and was studded with gems, lustrous as the stars of the firmament. There were no windows, or other openings to admit the day, yet a radiant light was spread throughout the place, which seemed to shine from the walls, and to render every object distinctly visible.

In the centre of the hall stood a table of alabaster, of the rarest workmanship, on which was inscribed in Greek characters, that Hercules, Alcides, the Theban Greek, had founded this tower, in the year of the world three thousand and six. Upon the table stood a golden casket, richly set round with precious stones, and closed with a lock of mother of pearl; and on the lid were inscribed the following words: "In this casket is contained the mystery of the tower. The hand of none but a king can open it; but let him beware! for marvelous events will be revealed to him which are to take place before his death."

King Roderick boldly seized upon the casket. The venerable archbishop laid his hand upon his arm, and made a last remonstrance. "Forbear, my son!" said he, "desist while there is yet time. Look not into the mysterious decrees of Providence. God has hidden them in mercy from our sight, and it is injurious to read the veil by which they are concealed."

"I have to dread from a knowledge of these things," replied Roderick, with an air of chisumption, "if good be destined to befall me, I will not shrink; if evil, I will not flinch." So saying, he dealt a blow against the wall, his mace striking but a moment. The terrible light flashed upon his face, and he was blinded for a moment. "Oh! what have I treated for?" There never, never was a God,

their saddle backs, and they carried banners with divers devices. Above them were inscribed in Greek characters, "Rash monarch! behold the men who are to hurl thee from thy throne, and subdue thy kingdom!"

At the sight of these things the king was troubled in spirit, and dismay fell upon his attendants. While they were yet regarding the paintings, it seemed as if the figures began to move, and a faint sound of warlike tumult arose from the cloth, with the clash of symbol and the shout of trumpet, the neigh of the steed and the bray of army; but all was heard indistinctly, as if afar off, or in a reverie or dream. The more they gazed, the plainer became the motion, and the louder the noise, and more distinct; and the linen cloth rolled forth and amplified, and spread out, as it were a mighty banner, and filled the hall, and mingled with the air, until its texture was no longer visible, or appeared a transparent cloud; and the shadowy figures became all in motion, and the din and uproar became fiercer and fiercer; and whether the whole were an animated picture or vision of an array as imbedded spirits, conjured up by supernatural power, no one present could tell. They beheld before them a great field of battle, where Christians and Moslems were engaged in deadly conflict. They heard the rush and tramp of steeds, the blast of trump and clarion, the clash of cymbals, and the stormy din of a thousand drums. There was the clash of swords and maces, and the hurrying of darts and lances. The Christians quailed before the foe; the infidels pressed upon them, and put them to utter rout; the standard of the cross was cast down, the banner of Spain was trodden under foot, the air resounded with shouts of triumph, with yells of fury, and with the groans of dying men.

Amidst the flying squadrons, King Roderick beheld a crowned warrior, whose back was turned towards him, but whose armour and device were his own, and who was mounted on a white steed that resembled his own war-horse Orelia. In the confusion of the fight, the warrior was dismounted, and was no longer to be seen, and Orelia galloped wildly through the field without a rider.

Roderick stayed to see no more, but rushed from the fatal hall, followed by his terrified attendants. The fled through the outer chamber, where the gigantic figure with the whirling mace had disappeared from his pedestal, and on issuing into the open air, they found the two ancient guardians of the tower lying dead at the portal, as though they had been crushed by some mighty blow. All nature, which had been clear and serene, is now in wild uproar. The heavens were darkened by heavy clouds; loud bursts of thunder rent the air, and the earth was deluged with rain and rattling hail.

The king ordered that the iron portal should be closed; but the door was immovable, and the cavaliers were dismayed by the tremendous turmoil and the mingled shouts and groans that continued to prevail within. The king and his train hastened back to Toledo, pursued and pelted by the tempest. The mountains shook and echoed with thunder, trees were uprooted and blown down, the Tagus raged and roared above its banks. It seemed to the affrighted courtiers as if the phantom legions of the tower had issued forth and mingled with the storm; for amid the claps of thunder, and the howling of the wind, they fancied they heard the sound of drums and trumpets, the shouts of armies, and the rush of steeds. Thus, beaten by tempest, and overwhelmed with horror, the king and his courtiers arrived at Toledo, clattering across the bridge of the Tagus, and entering the gate in headlong confusion, as though they had been pursued by an enemy.

In the morning the heavens were again serene, and all nature was restored to tranquillity. The king, therefore, issued forth with his cavaliers, and took the road to the tower, followed by a great multitude, for he was anxious more to close the iron door, and shut up these evils that threatened to overwhelm the land. But to his coming in sight of the tower, a new wonder met their eyes. An eagle appeared high in the air, seeming to descend from heaven. He bore in his beak a burning brand, and lighting on the summit of the tower, fanned the fire with his wings. In a little while the edifice burst forth in a blaze, as though it had been built of resin, and the flame mounted into the air with a brilliancy more dazzling than the sun; nor did they cease until every stone was consumed, and the whole was reduced to a heap of ashes. Then there came a vast flight of birds, small of size and sable of hue, darkening the sky like a cloud; and they descended and wheeled in circles round the ashes, causing so great a wind with their wings that the whole was borne up into the air and scattered throughout all Spain; and wherever a particle of those ashes fell, it was a stain of blood. It is, furthermore, recorded by ancient men and writers of former days, that all those on whom this dust fell were afterwards slain in battle, when the country was conquered by Arabs, and that the destruction of this necromantic tower was sign and token of the approaching perdition of Spain.

THRILLING DISCOVERY.—The following wonderful story is told by the London correspondent of the Dublin Evening Mail:—

This is the age of discoveries, and one of such a startling nature has just been made in an English county that it seems out of place in the region of sober fact, and to belong purely to the atmosphere of the three-volume novel. Here are the circumstances:—the names for the moment I am not at liberty to indicate. The Earl of— married not long ago, and brought his bride home to one of the old family mansions which members of the English aristocracy regard with an affection amounting to veneration. The lady, however, being more continental in her taste, after a short residence in the apartment appropriated to her use, expressed a wish to have a boudoir in the vicinity of her bedroom. The noble Earl would gladly have complied with the request, but upon examination, it was found that rooms, as sometimes happens in antique buildings, were so awkwardly distributed that by no conceivable plan of rearrangement could the desired boudoir be fitted in. Thereupon it became necessary to invoke professional assistance, and an eminent architect was summoned from London. He examined the house narrowly, and said there seemed to be nothing for it but to build, though at the same time he could not resist the impression that there must be another undiscovered room somewhere in that wing of the mansion. The noble Earl laughed at the idea; the oldest servants and retainers of the family were questioned, and declared that they never had heard even a rumor of its existence. The ordinary methods of tapping, &c., were resorted to, but without effect. Still, the architect retained his conviction, and declared himself ready to stake his professional reputation on the result. The Earl at last consented to let the walls be bored, and when the opening had been made, not only was the room found, but a sight presented itself which almost defies attempts at description. The apartment was fitted up in the richest and most luxurious style of 150 years ago. A quantity of lady's apparel lay about the room, jewels were scattered on the dressing table, and, but for the faded aspect which everything wore, the chamber might have been tenanted half an hour previously. On approaching the bed the most curious sight of all was seen, and this is which affords the only clue to the mystery. The couch held the skeleton of a female, and on the floor, underneath the bed, half in and half out, lay another skeleton, that of a man, presenting evident traces of violence, and proving that, before he expired in that position, he must have received some dreadful injury. The secret connected with this tale of blood has been well kept, for not merely had the tradition of the scene faded away, but even the existence of the room forgotten. The survivors probably walked up the apartment at the time, and its contents remained hermetically sealed up till the present day, when, according to the calculations, after the lapse of a century and a half, daylight has accidentally penetrated into this chamber of horrors, which to the surprise of all concerned, has been discovered in one of the noblest mansions in the county of—

Men's Noses.—These handles to men's faces may be divided into four classes, thus:—Grecian, denoting amiability of disposition, equanimity of temper, imagination, patience in labor, and resignation in tribulation. Roman, impetuousness, courage, presence of mind, nobleness of heart. Cat or Tiger, cunning, deceit, revenge, obstinacy, and selfishness. Pug, imbecility of mind and indecision of character. Of these classes there are innumerable grades; the Grecian descends to the pug, the Roman to aquiline, but the cat or tiger is sui generis. The Grecian nose is most conspicuous in quiet scenes of life—in the study. The Roman, in spirit-stirring scenes of life—in war. Men of science often, of imagination generally, have the Grecian nose. Daring soldiers always have the Roman. Every one knows what a pug is, for it provokes our smile. Yet do not sneer at a man because he has a pug nose; you cannot tell what may "turn up" yourself!

CONVULSIVE PERSPARATION.—A young medical student, who had been screwed very hard at his examination for admission to the faculty, on a very warm day, was nearly overcome by the numerous questions put to him, when the following query was added:—

"What course would you adopt to produce copious perspiration?"

After a long breath, he observed, wiping his forehead, "I would have the patient examined before a medical society."

Unsuccessful authors, turned critics, are reputed the guardians of literature for the same reason that St. Nepomuk is the patron-saint of bridges—because he himself lost his life by a fall from one.

"There, now," cried a little girl while rummaging a drawer in a bureau, "there, now, grandpa has gone to Heaven without his spectacles."

The side which is beautiful is often the side which is true; if the eyes of Love are bandaged, I perceive a triple bandage over the eyes of Hate.

How foolish for a man better wife than he's brains, for the sake of pleasing just the right age for the bottom of his mouth. A may!—that Arrabella square!

Let your daughter's age, Mrs. Smith! If some folk would mind their own business, as I do, I'd thank them.

There's a woman at the bottom of every mischief, said Joe. "Yes," replied Charley; "when I used to get into mischief, my mother was at the bottom of me."