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TOWANDA:

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Selected Poetry.

UNDER THE SUN.

There are little birds in the sycamore trees,
Toiling and singing the whole day long;
Working with gladness while daylight lasts;
Cheering their labor with merry song.
There are green fields waving in wind and rain,
Telling of labor yet to be done.
When the grain shall be ripened and gathered in—
A golden harvest—under the sun.

Under its banks, to the restless sea
Floweth the river all clear and bright;
Kissing the flowers which grow in its path;
Dancing along through the pleasant light;
Rocking the boats on its bosom broad,
As into the harbor they gladly run;
Gleaming and sparkling as to the sea
It floweth forever down, under the sun.

There are great hearts sighing for honor and fame,
Chasing a phantom, which seems to stand
Ever before them in mockery fair,
Holding a crown in its outstretched hand.
There are prisons, with windows and doors all barred
Making dark shadows that all men shun,
While the prisoners, chained in their dreary cells,
Dream of the freedom out under the sun.

Under the sun there are lovers, still
Dreaming the dream that can never grow old;
Treasuring tresses of wavy hair,
Brighter and dearer than wealth untold;
Seeing forever but one dear face—
Hearing forever no voice save one,
So dream the lovers, that same old dream,
Making a heaven down under the sun.

Little feet wearied before the time:
Little hands folded upon the breast;
Bright eyes closed ere the sad tears came,
So go the little ones unto their rest.
Old men laying their strong staff down,
Close their eyes on the race all run.
Death is an angel, that leads the way
Out of the shadow under the sun.

Grave-yards spread over hill and dale,
Graves far down in the deep blue sea.
Tell where our hopes and our joys lie hid,
Safe in the depths of eternity.
But whether the flowers bloom over their graves,
Or the waves sing over the treasures won,
Their angels look out from the heavens above,
And watch those who love them down under the sun

There are pain and labor, and sin and woe,
Like dark clouds hovering over the way,
With hope and happinss shining through all,
The sunshine making the pleasant day.
But a time will come when the cares shall cease,
When we weep no more—but with work all done,
Fold gladly our hands o'er our quiet hearts,
And rest from all murmuring under the sun.

Miscellaneous.

ONLY AN EPISODE.

From the time that John Emerson first came to the Valley Home, I noticed that a gradual change came over me. I grew more thoughtful. My life seemed to be opening to a more earnest beauty. There was a regretfulness for that which was past, a restlessness in the present, and a longing for a sweeter fulfilment of the future.

Why this was so, I could not tell. Mr Emerson was nothing to me. I did not love him; I do not know that I even admired him. There was little affinity between us.—He was calm, stern, reserved, and at times, when he provoked me by his words or actions, proud, arrogant, and presumtive.

He was too deep for me; too deep in learning, and too deep in observation. In contrast with myself, these traits and qualities were especially prominent. I was wild, giddy, thoughtless; coupled with these indolence, and a dislike to study, and the every day acquaintances of life, and you can make a fair estimate of my character.

I knew that I was beautiful; but I am happy to say that, with this consciousness there was no vanity. My beauty was of a peculiar style; fresh, piquant, consisting of combination, or at least a beauty not to be subjected to individualism.

Mr. Emerson, on the contrary, was not handsome. True, he was well formed, and graceful in his movements, but his face had nothing attractive about it. His lips bespoke too much determination for me, and there seemed to be something so patronizing about his smile, that I liked him less when he smiled His nose was large, yet corresponding with an iron mouth like his will, while his eyes were cold and stern, rarely softening. They would look into your face as though it were a page of some antiquated volume, only deepening in their color when a true or beautiful sentiment was expressed.

I often thought that I hated Emerson.—He was a sort of shadow resting on my buoyancy. The cold, positive mesmerism of his character was driving me to the wall It repelled, and it attracted me by turns, and at last I could not tell whether I loved or hated him very much. He made no advances of love toward me; he did not even seem to wish to strengthen our friendship. There was nothing about me for him to love, except my beauty. And what was beauty to John Emerson? A wreathe of smoke, a mist of vapor; he recognized no beauty beyond the beauty of the soul.

I was sitting listlessly on the verandah one evening. I had never felt so dissatisfied with myself in my life, as I did just then; and, as a consequence, I was dissatisfied with everything around me. I felt peevish and fretful—in a mood to quarrel with any one, but especially with Emerson.

He was sitting a short distanee from me, with his chair leaning back against the railing. With him this was a favorite way of sitting. He had been reading, but as the twilight deepened, he closed the book, and looked over to where I sat. A minute afterward, he drew his chair near to me, and said in his quiet way:

"What's the matter, Kate? You seem sad; nay, what is worse, *discontented!* You are in no mood to appreciate yonder beautiful sunset. Look! Let some of its gorgeousness drop into your love and—"

"I would prefer, sir, to have you *drop* the conversation," I interrupted crustily.

Emerson smiled one of those abominable patronizing smiles.

"I do not choose to drop it, *ma belle*," he said quietly.

"Thank Heaven, I have an alternative then. Good evening, sir."

I arose, and gathered up my dress to depart.

"You are not going, Kate! Don't spoil your pretty face with that look of scorn.—You must sit down and hear me out."

"*Must!* Did I hear right?"

"Yes, must. I said it very plainly."

I gazed at him with passion; and yet his calm, brown eyes seemed to draw the fire out of my own. Before I was aware of it, I was sitting down again. I could hardly account for the fact, and so bit my lips in vexation.

"That's right, Kate. I knew you would not go You anticipate a lecture, eh?"

"I do not recognize your right to lecture me. You are nothing to me. I am getting to hate you more and more every day."

"Oh, no; you don't hate me one bit, Kate. Besides, I wouldn't care if you did.—(The presumptive fellow!) Your love of your hatred is nothing to me. (Worse still!) As you anticipated a lecture, you shall not be disappointed. I have some unpleasant truths to tell you"

"Unpleasant to you, or to me?"

"Unpleasant to both of us, Kate. Do you know that you are not living up to the grandure of your estate; to the fulfilment of your destiny! Some of your most glorious powers are rusting, absolutely rusting for the want of exercise. This inactivity is warping your soul. You are growing dissatisfied with your own indolence. Why don't you shake this off? Why don't you try to be somebody to benefit yourself and the world around you? Positively, such a drone as you are should blush for shame."

"You, in turn, Mr. Emerson, should blush for your impudence. Your conduct is outrageous."

"I am not done yet, Kate. Your indolence has become the subject of remark. You loll around, employing neither your head or hands You do not even seem to be capable of any noble emotions—and above all, you are extremely selfish. Why, compared with the plow-boy now coming whistling down the lane, you sink into the most abject picture of imbecility.',

I sprang to my feet. I was very angry.

"Mr. Emerson," I said, "you can lay no claim to the title of a gentleman. To such insults I will not submit. I shall never allow a repetition of them; and I wish you hereafter, to address no remarks to me whatever. I hate you."

I swept past him—down the steps and on to the verandah. Glancing furtively back, I saw that he was leaning against one of the pillars, shading his face with his hands.

At the garden gate I met a little boy. He was the only child of a widow lady who lived a short distance up the road.

"Miss Crawford," said he, "can I have some flowers for ma!"

"Certainly, child. I will help you to gather them Is your mother sick?"

"Yes, ma'am; she is very lonesome.—Won't you come up and see her?"

"Yes, I will, Eddy. I shall go with you right away."

The little fellow caught my hand, and a joyous light shone in his eyes.

For two hours I sat by the bedside of Mrs Ormes. The bitterness had all gone out of my heart. I almost regretted having spoken to Mr. Emerson as I did. During her long illness I was a constant visitor, and when they laid her in the quiet grave, much of her patience, and her strong christian faith had passed over me as an inheritance for my watching.

I took the little orphan home with me. I became deeply interested in him, and in endeavoring to beautify his life, I beautified my own. I surrounded myself with every day actualities; I stored my mind: I schooled my temper; I labored with my hands; and the quietness in my soul was my bountiful reward.

Months passed on. Mr. Emerson noticed the change in me. He did not speak to me at all; but whenever I met him, there was a kindlier glow in his eyes. One day I came up to him, and laying my hand on his shoulder said,

"John, you may speak to me again. You may say anything you please to me."

Mr. Emerson caught my hand, and as I looked up into his face, I, for the first time in my life, thought him handsome.

Did I do right? Did I sacrifice any pride?

We daily grew more and more intimate.—He seemed to be silently moulding my character. He directed my studies. He opened to my view new sources of profit and beauty. I sat within his spiritual radiance, and he was gradually becoming dearer to me than life itself. It was something grand to lean on one so stern, so just, so positive, and yet so kind withal.

"Kate, will you be my wife?"

This was said so abruptly, that I started. I felt my cheeks tingle, and I dared not look up into his face. It had come at last; and just in the blunt manner in which nobody but he could have said it. He was in every sense a practical man.

"Did you tell me, Mr. Emerson," asked I, "that my love or my hatred was nothing to you?"

I had not forgotten that. I wouldn't have been a woman if I had.

"I did, Kate. That was long ago. Your love is very much to me now."

"I am very sorry for this, John."

"Why," he asked in astonishment.

"Because I do not love you."

"You do love me, Kate, warmly, passionately."

There it was! The same positiveness, the same assurance.

"You loved me long ago, Kate—and you know it."

"It is as much as I can do to pardon such presumption."

"It is no presumption, Kate. You do love me, and will be my wife."

This was the first time he had ever spoken to me either passionately or vehemently.

"Oh, dear!" I sighed. "Such a man as you are! I have no will of my own any more."

I tossed with my foot among the fallen leaves for a few minutes, and then looking straight into his eyes, said.

"Well, John, I will be your wife."

And this is the episode.

Bulger Mourneth the Loss of his Dog,

AND PITCHETH INTO SKEESICKS AFTER THE MANNER OF MARK ANTONY.

BY POPKINS.

My Shaksperean friend Bulger has had the misfortune to lose (by poison) a favorite cur, whose sheep stealing prochivities have long been suspected in this locality, and who met his tragic end by the means referred to, administered by one "Skeesicks," a gentle shepherd "with a hook," and an eye over which the wool could not be pulled. Whether the fatal "button" was orthodox or not, I cannot say; but certain it is, it did its work effectually. Bulger very naturally taketh the part of the deceased "dorg," and in his usual highfalutin style thus discourseth to the gaping crowd:—

"Friends, Rumuns and soldier fellers! lend me your ears. I come now to *plant* poor Ponto, not to *praise* him. The evils that dorgs do they are inevitably punished for; the *good*, alas! is rewarded with naught but bones! So was it with my noble Ponto. The bummer Skeesicks hath told you that Ponto did kill sheep! If it were so, it was a ger-revious fault, and ger-reviously hath Ponto answered it.

"Here, under leave of Skeesicks, and the rest, (for Skeesicks is an honorable man, so are they *all* honorable men,) come I to speak in Ponto's favor. He was my dorg, faithful and just to me, keeping strict watch over *all my plate*. But Skeesicks says that he killed sheep; and Skeesicks is an honorable man!

"When flocks have browsed in meadows green, not far removed from my domain, I tried the cur in this respect, and sportively did urge him on to seize the throat of an errant lamb who had perchance strayed from the fold, unnoticed by the careless shepherd. But turning back with downcast look, and caudle 'pendage firmly pressed betwixt his graceful legs, he whined, and would not do my bidding. Did this in Ponto show a love for mutton? When but the rams have ba a-ed, Ponto hath affrighted run into his dark, secluded kennel! Sheep-killers should be made of sterner stuff; yet Skeesicks vows that he killed sheep; and Skeesicks is an honorable man!

"You all did see that in the market-place I thrice presented him a rare and tender chop, which he did thrice refuse. Was this *rambition*? Yet Skeesicks also says he was *rambitious*. And, sure, he is an honorable man! I speak not to disprove what Skeesicks spoke, but here I am to speak what I do know. But yesternight the melodious bark of Ponto did no doubt strike terror to the soul of many a midnight burglar. Now lies he there, and none so poor to do him reverence. Oh, fellers! if I were disposed to stir your bel lood and muscle to the striking point, I should do Skeesicks wrong and Snifter wrong, who you all do know, are honorable men.

"But if you have tears, prepare to shed them now. You all do know this muzzle. I remember the first time e'er Ponto had it on. 'Twas on a summer's evening, at his kennel door. That day he overcome, and in less than forty minutes annihilated four score of rampant rats. Look! 'twixt this wire did Skeesicks pass the subtle poison through! See what a dent the envious shepherd made! At that short and well-cropped ear the beloved Snifter kicked. And as he drew his horse hide boot away, mark how the blood of Ponto followed it, as rushing out of doors to be resolved if Snifter so unkindly kicked or no: for Snifter, as you know, was Ponto's angel, having many a time and oft on him bestowed a fresh and "rosy tinted" pluck that surreptitiously he'd taken from a sleeping butcher's shamble.

"Judge, then, O ye gods! how dearly Ponto loved him! This was the most unkindest blow of all. For as the noble Ponto saw him kick, then burst his poisoned liver, and, in his muzzle muffling up his nose, great Ponto fell! Oh, what a fall was there, old boys! My grief's too great for utterance! Boo-hoo-hoo! Bear with me for a while, I prithee! And now, Ponto, farewell! a long farewell! Yet ere I go I'll pluck from out thine elongated narrative a single hair, as a melancholy souvenir of thy departed greatness! Come, come, my friends! let's suddenly away from this sad scene, and in yon inviting hostelrie we'll e'en indulge in stoups of mellow wine, to deaden the sharp edge of this poignant woe."—(*Exeunt omnes, smiling.*)

☞ There are two ways of living so as to be missed. A man may be a scatterer of fire brands, arrows and death. He will be missed when he is taken away. On the other hand he may be so active in his works of benevolence, he may cause the hearts of so many to rejoice, he may be the support and stay of so many, that when he dies, he is missed—his loss is sorely felt. Would we be missed if we were suddenly removed from the earth? What hearts would be made sad—what good cause would suffer.

☞ Kindness is stowed away in the heart like rose leaves in a drawer, to sweeten every object around them.

A SAVAGE COMBAT.

A FIGHT BETWEEN A CALIFORNIA BULL AND A GRIZZLY BEAR.

A fine young bull had descended to the bed of the creek in search of a water hole. While pushing his way through the bushes he was suddenly attacked by a grizzly bear. The struggle was terrific. I could see the tops of the bushes sway violently to and fro, and hear the heavy crash of driftwood as the two animals writhed in the fierce embrace. A cloud of dust rose from the spot. It was not distant over a hundred yards from the tree in which I had taken refuge. Scarcely two minutes elapsed before the bull broke through the bushes. His head was covered with blood, and great flakes of flesh hung from his fore shoulders. But instead of showing any signs of defeat, he seemed literally to glow with defiant rage. Instinct had prompted him to seek an open space. A more splendid specimen of an animal I never saw—lithe and wiry, yet wonderfully massive about the shoulders, combining the rarest qualities of strength and symmetry. For a moment, he stood glaring at the bushes, nostrils distended, and his whole form fixed and rigid. But scarcely had I time to glance at him when a huge bear, the largest and most formidable I ever saw in a wild state, broke through the opening.

A trial of brute force that baffles description now ensued. Badly as I had been treated by the cattle, my sympathies were in favor of the bull, which seemed to me to be much the nobler animal of the two. He did not wait to meet the charge, but, lowering his head, boldly rushed upon his savage adversary. The grizzly was active and wary. No sooner had he got within reach of the bull's horns, than he seized them in his powerful grasp, keeping his head to the ground by strength and the weight of his body, while he bit at the nose with his teeth, and raked strips of flesh from his shoulders with his paws. The animals must have been of nearly equal weight. On the one side there was the advantage of superior agility and two weapons—the teeth and claws; but on the other, greater power of endurance and more inflexible courage.—The position thus assumed was maintained for some time—the bull struggling desperately to free his head, while the blood streamed from his nostrils—the bear straining every muscle to draw him to the ground. No advantage seemed to be gained on either side. The result of the battle evidently depended on the merest accident.

As if by mutual consent, each gradually ceased struggling to regain his breath, and as much as five minutes must have elapsed while they were locked in this motionless but terrible embrace. Suddenly the bull, by one desperate effort, wrenched his head from the grasp of his adversary, and retreated a few steps.—The bear stood up to receive him. I now watched with breathless interest, for it was evident that each animal had staked his life upon the conflict. The cattle upon the surrounding plain had crowded in, and stood moaning and bellowing around the combatants, but, as if withheld by terror, none seemed to interfere. Rendered furious by his wounds, the bull now gathered up all his energies, and charged with such impetuous force and ferocity that the bear, despite the most terrific blows with his paws, rolled over in the dust, vainly struggling to defend himself. The lunges and thrusts of the former were perfectly furious. At length by a sudden and well directed blow of the head, he got one of his horns under the bear's belly, and gave it a rip that brought out a clotted mass of entrails. It was apparent that the battle must soon end. Both were grievously wounded, and neither could hold out much longer. The ground was torn up and covered with blood for some distance around, and the panting of the struggling animals became each moment heavier and quicker. Maimed and gory, they fought with the certainty of death—the bear rolling over and over, vainly trying to avoid the fatal horns of his adversary—the bull ripping, thrusting and tearing with irresistible ferocity.

At last, as if determined to end the conflict, the bull drew back, lowering his head, and made one tremendous charge; but blinded by the blood that trickled down his forehead, he missed his mark and rolled headlong on the ground. In an instant the bear whirled and was upon him, thoroughly invigorated by the prospect of speedy victory; he tore the flesh in huge masses from the ribs of his prostrate foe.

The two rolled over and over in the terrible death struggle; nothing was now to be seen save a heaving, gory mass, dimly perceptible through the dust. A few minutes would have terminated the bloody strife so far as my favorite was concerned, when to my astonishment I saw the bear relax his efforts, roll over from the body of his prostrate foe, and drag himself a few yards from the spot. His entrails burst entirely through the wound in his belly. The next moment the bull was up, erect, and fierce as ever. Shaking the blood from his eyes, he looked around, and seeing the reeking mass before him, lowered his head for the final and most desperate struggle that ensued, both animals seeming animated by supernatural strength.

The grizzly struck out wildly, but with such destructive energy that the bull, upon drawing his head, presented a horrible and ghastly spectacle; his tongue a mangled mass of shreds, hanging from his mouth, his eyes torn completely from their sockets, and his face stripped to the bone. On the other hand, the bear was ripped completely open, and writhing in his last agonies. Here it was that indomitable courage prevailed; for, blinded and maimed as he was, the bull, after a momentary pause to regain his wind, dashed wildly at his adversary again, determined to be victorious even in death. A terrific roar escaped from the dying grizzly. With a last frantic effort he sought to make his escape, scrambling over and over in the dust; but his strength was gone. A few more thrusts from the savage victor, and he lay stretched upon the sand, his muscles quivering convulsively, his huge body a resistless mass. A clutching motion of his claws, a groan, a gurgle in the throat, and he was dead.

The bull now raised his bloody crest, uttered a deep bellowing sound, shook his horns triumphantly, and slowly walked off—not, however, without turning every few steps to renew the battle if necessary. But his last battle was fought. As his blood streamed from his wounds, a death chill came over him He stood for some time, unyielding to the last, bracing himself, his legs apart, his head gradually drooping; then dropped on his knees and expired.

General Burnside, the New Commander of the Army of the Potomac.

The long-expected and often rumored change has at last been made. General Burnside commands the Army of the Potomac, the Grand Army of the war of 1861, and Gen. McClellan is ordered to report at Trenton—some say Trenton, New Jersey, for the purpose of consulting with Lieutenant-General Scott. Major General Ambrose Everitt Burnside, of the United States volunteer service, is in the very prime of life, having been born at Liberty, a small town in Union county, Indiana, on the 23d of May, 1824. After being well grounded in the usual rudiments of a liberal education, he was nominated to the West Point Military Academy, and his name was enrolled as a cadet in 1842. He graduated in 1847, eighteenth in a class of thirty-eight members, and was immediately attached to the Second Artillery with the brevet rank of Second Lieutenant. It is a fact worthy of note that none of the graduates of 1847 were appointed either to the Engineers, Corps of Topographical Engineers, or the Ordnance Department. Usually the first ten or twelve graduates are assigned to these corps, but in 1847 twenty-three were appointed to artillery and the rest to infantry regiments. The requirements of the service consequent upon the war with Mexico, then raging, were no doubt the cause of this

In September, 1847, Lieut. Burnside was promoted to a full second lieutenancy in Company C, Third Artillery, since rendered famous as "Bragg's Battery," Bragg himself being then captain of it. With this battery, Lieut. Burnside marched, in Gen. Patterson's Division, to the City of Mexico, and remained there until the close of the Mexican war. After this he served with his command in New Mexico, where he was distinguished in encounters with the Apache Indians, being complimented in general orders. On the 12th of December, 1851, he was promoted to a first lieutenancy, in the room of an officer who was cashiered. When the present Lieut.-Colonel James D. Graham, of the Corps of Topographical Engineers, was appointed United States Astronomer in the joint commission to settle the frontier lines of the United States and Mexico, Lieut. Burnside was chosen to fill the office of Quartermaster, and in this capacity he conveyed dispatches from Col. Graham to President Fillmore, traveling twelve hundred miles across the plains in seventeen days, with an escort of only three men. After serving a short time at Fort Adams, Newport Harbor, Lieut. Burnside resigned in 1853.

After his resignation, he turned his attention to the manufacture of a breach loading rifle of his own invention, known as the "Burnside Rifle," a project which resulted in considerable pecuniary loss, owing, it is said, to the double-dealing of the traitorous Secretary of War Floyd, who, after having promised Burnside that his rifle should be used by the Government, gave the contract to another inventor, with whom he shared the spoils.—General Burnside then sold his establishment to his brother-in law, who has supplied quite a number of the Burnside rifles to the present administration. Subsequently to this, he was, with General McClellan, whom he has just superseded, connected with the Illinois Central Railroad, holding the position of President of the Land Office Department. While residing at Bristol, Rhode Island, he married Miss Bishop, an estimable lady of Providence, and removed with her to Chicago, upon being appointed to the Illinois Central.

He was also elected Major General of the Rhode Island Militia during his sojourn at Bristol. Shortly after removing to Chicago he was elected Treasurer of the Central Railroad, and thereupon removed to this city, from which he was summoned on the outbreak of the Revolution, by Governor Sprague, to assume the Colonelcy of the First Rhode Island Volunteers, which it may be mentioned, *en passant*, was armed with the "Burnside Rifles." This regiment, as is well known, did good service in the first battle of Bull Run, its Colonel acting as Brigadier General of the Second Brigade, the Second Division. After this he was appointed Brigadier-General of Volunteers, his commission being dated 6th August, 1861. Of the celebrated "Burnside Expedition" to North Carolina, nothing need be said. Its results are well known, and were even seen here, in the hundreds of Rebel prisoners kept in captivity on Governor's Island for many months, until sent to Columbus, Ohio, to be exchanged. At the battle of Antietam, in September last, General Burnside's *corps d'armee* performed a highly important part. It took the main road to Sharpsburg, on the left, and encountered the most determined opposition in successfully executing its part of the general plan of the battle.

General Burnside had to cross the bridge over the Antietam Creek, and dislodge the enemy, who were in strong force and position on the opposite side. Twice his army made an attempt to cross, and twice was it repulsed, with heavy loss, but the third attack, led by the General, in person, was successful, and the position was won, though at a great sacrifice of life. This was one of the most important acts in the great Antietam tragedy. In October last General Burnside was assigned to the general charge of the defences of Harper's Ferry, just recovered from the Rebels, after having been surrendered by Colonel Miles. The Second and Twelfth Army Corps were at the same time placed under his command. On October 26, when the Army of the Potomac began to move after its long inaction, General Burnside, with his Second Army Corps, crossed the Potomac in light marching order immediately after Pleasanton's cavalry, and is now in the advance, but its brave leader is called to other and more momentous duties. General Burnside is a man of very fine personal appearance, a rigid disciplinarian and a thorough gentleman His present rank is that of Major-General of Volunteers. He is the ninth on the list, and by virtue of his commission alone, which is dated March 16, 1862, ranks all Volunteer Major-Generals, except Generals Banks, Dix, Butler, David Hunter, Edwin D. Morgan, Hitchcock, Grant and McDowell.—*Phil. Inquirer.*

The Age of our Earth.—Among the astounding discoveries of modern science is that of the immense periods that have passed in the gradual formation of the earth. So vast were the cycles of the time preceding even the appearance of man on the surface of our globe, that our own period seems as yesterday when compared with the epochs that have gone before it. Had we only the evidence of the deposits of rocks heaped above each other in regular strata by the slow accumulation of materials, they alone would convince us of the long and slow maturing of God's work on earth—but when we add to these the successive populations of whose life this world has been the theatre, and whose remains are hidden in the rocks into which the mud of sand or soil for whatever kind on which they lived and hardened in the course of time—or the enormous chains of mountains whose upheaval divided these periods of quiet accumulation by great accumulations—or the changes of a different nature in the configuration of our globe, as the sinking of lands beneath the ocean, or the gradual rising of continents and islands above; or the slow growth of the coral reefs, those wonderful sea walks, raised by the little ocean architects whose own bodies furnish both the building stones and cement that binds them together, and who have worked so busily during the long centuries, that there are extensive countries, mountains, chains, islands, and long lines of coast, consisting solely of their remains—or the countless forests that have grown up, flourished, died and decayed to fill the storehouses of coal that feed the fires of the human race—if we consider all these records of the past, the intellect fails to grasp a chronology of which our experience furnishes no data, and time that lies behind us seems as much an eternity to our conception as the future that stretches before us.—*Agassiz.*

Short Answer.—One of the enroling Marshals, the other day, received a strong hint from a down town female. Stopping at the lady's home he found her before the door endeavoring to effect with a vegetable huckster a twenty per cent. abatement in the price of a peck of potatoes.

"Have you any men here, ma'am?"
The reply was gruff and cute—"No."
"Have you no husband, madame?"
"No."
"Nor brothers?"
"No."
"Perhaps you have a son, ma'am?"
"Well, what of it?"
"I should like to know where he is."
"Well, he isn't here."
"So I see ma'am. Prav where is he?"
"In the Union army, *where you ought to be.*"
The Marshal hastened round the corner.—He didn't further interrogate the lady.

☞ We heard from a Sunday-school teacher lately an illustration of one kind of Christian forgiveness Improving upon the day's lesson, the teacher asked a boy whether, in view of what he had been studying and repeating, he could forgive those who wronged him. "Could you," said the teacher, "forgive a boy, for example, who had insulted or struck you?" "Yes, sir," replied the lad, very slowly, "I guess—I--could;" but he added, in a much more rapid manner, "I could if he was bigger than I am!"

☞ An honest Dutchman, training up his son in the way he should go, frequently exercised him in Bible lessons. On one occasion he asked him:

"Who vos dat vot vould not shleep mit Botipher's vife?"
"Poseph."
"Dats a good boy. Vell, vot vas de reason he would not shleep mit her?"
"Don't know; spose he vosnt very shleepy."

☞ An old woman next door to us sets the whole neighborhood sneezing by shaking her handkerchief out of the window. Is she not the one alluded to by Shakspeare, when he says "Snuffs the morning air?"

☞ An advertising chandler at Liverpool modestly says, that "without intending any disparagement to the sun, he may confidently assert that his octagonal spermaceti are the best lights ever invented."

☞ An afflicted husband was returning from the funeral of his wife, when a friend asked how he was. "Well," he said, pathetically, "I think I feel the better for that little walk."

☞ Now, my child, I hope you will be good so that I shall not have to whip you again." "If you must whip any one, you'd better whip one of your size."

☞ Last winter, it is said, a cow floated down the Mississippi on a piece of ice, and became so cold that she has milked nothing but ice creams ever since.

☞ "When things get to the worst they generally take a *turn* for the better." This proverb applies more particularly to a lady's silk dress—when she cannot get a new one.