# THE BRADEORD REPORTER.

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

· VOL. XXIII.—NO. 34.

## PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AT TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., BY E. O. GOODRICH.

TOWANDA: Thursday Morning, January 22, 1863.

> Original Boetry. (Written for the Bradford Reporter.)

AUTUMN RAIN.

Rain! rain! rain! Pattering over the window pane,

Singing a dismal, sad refrain To the wind's low wail; Moaning thro' the vale. A requiem dirge for the loved and lost, For the dreary hearts, on the dark billows tost-The wild, black billows of bitter pain, That surgeth up for the noble slain.

Rain! rain! rain!

Sweeping down on the battle plain, Oh! will it wash out the purple stain Of the heart's warm blood? That flowed in a flood, O'er the terrible field where our brave men fell. ble, true men, fighting long and well For their country and homes, Oh! Autumn rain Sweep down and wash out the crimson stain.

Rain! rain! rain! Dripping down again and again, Like tear-drops wrung from a heart of pain, Are they tears from the sky? Are the clouds floating oy eping such crystal drops over the land. ing such tears for the brave, noble band battle-field, still in their glorious sleep? e the wind o'er their unmarked graves lone vigils

## Miscellaneous.

(Written for the Bradford Reporter.) The City of the Dead.

BY L'ASPIRANT.

The convent bells are ringing,
But mournfully and slow;
In the gray square turret swinging,

ons in the last of September, of the present for the dead? Then ar as we entered the gateway of that City the Dead-Greenwood Ce etery, Gowanos eights, Brooklyn. Toll-toll-toll! The d bell in the tower swung slowly to and fro, vas complete, and, who having done with parnel house of all things human-the

well as its more humble graves—the rest- s.en the mouths of her grim war-dogs. ing places of wealth and honor as well as those Turn to the northward. In the foreground the sleepers. Here-around us-lie the of Nature-the Highlands of the Hudson. ealth and aristocracy of New-York; while way in an obscure corner is the " Poor Man's

Before us is a magnificent cenataph of Italent down with the ill-fated Arctic, in 1854. who perished on board the Arctic, on the throng-" Dust to dust-ashes to ashes."

ore aristocratic brethren.

ment, every hope and joy withered, is invest- for interment. ng death with a double terror. Within the depths of that illimitable expanse of waterssqueral obsequies were short—'twas but

"A sudden plunge, the scene is o'er, The waves roll on as they rolled before."

Near by, nestled in a clump of evergreens,

and surmounted by the figure of an angel, with and just as noble as any who have ever worn bowed head and drooping wings, holding in its the gandy epaulette, or the gilded shoulderoutstretched hand an open volume, and with strap with its three glittering stars. But the the other pointing silently to heaven. The only inscription upon it is—"To My Mother"—"By Charlie—1854." How beautiful! how touching! It appeals more powerfully to the heart than all the encomiums that have ever been written in laudation of the great of earth. This is one of the most beautiful tributes to the dead in the Cemetery, although there are hundreds around it which may have cost more money, one in particular, said to have cost \$30,000, yet none equal it, both in elegance and beauty of design.

Tired at last of all this display of sculpture and of marble, we turned our steps toward the "Poor Man's Lot." Tread lightly, carefully now! around us lie the unmarked graves of thousands. Few, very few of them have aught to tell us who are the sleepers at our feet .-Some have rude head-boards, with a cross, or a hand pointing upward, carved thereon, but few have even this. Nothing but a little mound to tell us of a palsied hand and a pulseless breast beneath. Some are fresh and new, and some are covered with the grass of years. There is a group of six, apart from the rest, -two long graves with four little mounds beor chiseled marble. With reverence we re- Aye !placed it and turned away wondering to ourselves who could have cared enough for Charley and Effie-two little paupers as they doubtless were, to rear this touching, though rude and simple tablet to their memory. Probably that hand which had performed this work of In the gray square turret swinging,
With a dull sound to and fro.
Heavily to the heart they go!
Hark! the hymn is singing—
A song for the dead below,
Or the living, who shortly shall be so!
For a departing being's soul
The death hymn peals, and the hollow bells knotl.

Buron.

The mand which had performed this work of love had itself become cold and powerless, and no other was found to fill its place, and save its charge from the ravages of Time. And no wonder, for every day the world sweeps by the poor little outcasts, in yonder city, with a shrine is any the happier now for being borne. smile and a sneer, unheeding the outstretched

"Rattle their bones over the stones, They're only poor orphans whom nobody owns!" With feelings of sadness we retraced our steps toward the Heights to catch a glimpse ding its sad and mournful echoes far away; of the setting sun and note the beauty of the nging out the death knell of another poor scene. What a magnificent, what a glorious panorama is spread out before us! Away to southward, standing out in bold relief, are the southward in the south th, was going down to the narrow home- highlands of Neversink and Staten Island, all will meet on an equality—the high and while farther on, stretching away to meet the Frave. Toll-toll-toll! A hearse, cover- embrace of the distant horizon, lies the grand ed with the sable trappings of death, drove old ocean, which, tinged with the rays of the slowly past, followed by a long train of mourn- setting sun, sparkles and glitters like a sea of s, whose steps kept time with the mournful liquid gold. Nearer by, guarding the narrow he brings is a tranquil, a dreamless sleep, where entrance to New York Bay, are the frowning no corroding cares break in upon its reposes. Greenwood Cemetery is probably the lar- battlements of Forts Hamilton, Richmond and 'Tis but a rest from the wearying strife of gest place of burial in the United States. It LaFayette. In the foreground, the surf is mains 360 acres, and throughout is laid out breaking upon the beach with a dull and sula most beautiful and tasty manner. It con- len roar, while the waters of the Bay are covtains fifteen miles of roadways with avenues ered with vessels carrying the flag of almost and by paths innumerable. During the past every nation that beholds the light of the sun, eason there were forty burials in this place and bearing within their massive hulks the lone in a single day, say nothing of those bu- wealth and commerce of the Islands of the ed in the various other cemeteries in the vi- East and of the West. Lying off Quarantine mity of New-York and Brooklyn; and it is are a couple of U. S. gunboats and a sloop-ofcommon occurrence to hear the bell by war, while a hundred yards beyond the French transport frigate "Finistere," recently from transport frigate "Finistere," recently from Vera Cruz, is swinging slowly with the tide, n of the kind, it has its costly monuments and from her long line of white ports can be

loverty and crime. Go with me, kind read- are Forts Columbus and Castle William with for a little while, and we will tread the in- the fertifications on Bedloe's and the adjacent cate paths of the Silent City. Pause now island. Beyond is New-York, with its brick -around us lie the sleeping multitude-mem | walls and stone, its churches and theatres; ers of the vast army of the unnumbered dead | Broadway with its ever busy, ever fashionable re they lie-the prince and the pauper- throngs, Wall street with its banks and bro ne noble and the ignoble-the worthy and kers, Five Points with its dens of filth and unworthy. One by one the ephemeral of crime, and Fifth Avenue with its brown stone th, with mute lips and folded hands, take fronts and embryo palaces. While in the disir places with the pallid slumberers. But tance, as if to complete the picture, looming ven here it seems that death could not entire up against the clear blue sky, the eye can just remove the difference in the social position discern that master piece in the picture-gallery

Tramp-tramp-tramp-with slow and measured tread, with muffled drums and arms -the graves of the poor and the hum- reversed, a military escort swept slowly past, of those who had not dollars and cents followed by that long wagon draped in black, ngh to purchase a grave alongside of their with its solitary outrider—the coach in which sooner or later we all must ride. They formed around an open grave a short distance away, an marble, hexagonial in form, and erected the mourners gathered near. The coffin, wrap the memory of one of the passengers that ped in a flag entwined with crape, was slowly lifted out and lowered into its narrow home. bears the following inscription: - "Erected | As we drew near, the last words of the speak the memory of Charles C. F. Hamilton, er fell on the ears of the bowed and weeping rable 27th of September, 1854.— Etat clods rattled heavily upon the coffin lid, awa-Here is his monument, while far away kening within the heart their dull and painsleeps, with no marble mausoleum or wil ful echoes. At length the work complete, the low, planted by a kindly hand, to mark his last sod smoothed over the silent breast, the grave. Who can tell of the terrible scenes escort marching around the grave fired a ratan hour like that which closed the drama thing volley—a farewell salute to their late of his life?—of the aspirations of a lifetime brother in arms. As its echoes died away in suddenly dashed away-of the ties sundered the distance, they filed away, leaving us again of the hopes and wishes of years doomed to to our cogitations. We learned from one of le in a single hour. When disease fastens the bystanders that this funeral was in honor Is fangs upon us, and we fade slowly, day by of a Lieutenant Colonel in one of the Newday, we come to look upon death with a calm- York regiments, who fell at the battle of Anss: but to have every tie sundered in a mo- tietam, and whose remains were brought here

How very few of the many thousands who go down to bloody graves, are accorded the ocean—the fabled Nereid watches his honor of a military funeral! The Captains, 15e, guarding it with a zealous care. His the Colonels, and the others of rank, may have the honor bestowed upon them, and right well do they deserve it, yet the myriads of the rank and file who sink before the tempest of death, have an unmarked grave with the only epiwhich almost hide it from the view of the taph, written in the hearts of their friends all Passers by, is a monument of pure white mar- over the country—" Buried on the field !" and ble. It is a circular pillar, fifteen feet in height, lyet, they were just as true, just as generous,

world's criterion of merit is not founded upon those noble and sterling qualities of the heart which are the true index of the man, but oftener upon wealth, rank and social position. The world has yet to learn that a heart may beat with just as true and generous impulses beneath rags or homespun as under satin or broadcloth.

What a terrible harvest has the Great Reaper been gathering in during the past year. In the camp and on the battle-field—by disease and the bullet, he has been gathering in his harvest,—been reaping with a busy, tireless hand! And we are daily proving the truth

of Shelley's words, when he says-" Death is here and death is there. Death is here and death is there,
Death is busy everywhere,
All around, within, beneath,
Above is death—and we are death.
First our pleasures die—and then
Our hopes, and then our fears—and when
These are dead, the debt is due,
Dust claims dust—and we die too."

At last the lengthening shadows admonished us, and we turned our steps cityward. As we were quitting the grounds the sound of the tolling bell again fell upon the ear, and sent its mournful echoes far out over the busy, tween; probably father, mother, and children. tumultuous city. What a contrast! Here, All but one had apparently been sleeping for around us, lie the inhabitants of the city of years, and that one was of but recent date .- the dead-where all is beautiful, where eter-While here, we stumbled over two little moss | nal silence ever reigns, save the tolling of the covered graves, with an evergreen shading the bell, which is but the welcoming peal of anspot. This was something unusual to find in other recruit to the Silent Army, while from the "Pauper's Corner," and so we passed to the city at our feet, ever and anon comes up examine them more closely. There were only the noise, the jargon of the hurrying, bustling two, nestled close together, and with a little throng. Toli-toll ! Such is the compine head-board, which had rotted off and fal- mon requiem of Man-to-day he is working len down. Picking it up we deciphered through and planning, and to morrow he lies low. And the mould and moss the inscription, "Charley as with the worker, so with the works—they & Effie—Cholera—June 30th, 1832." What must perish; and not only the works of man a simple record, and yet it speaks of a more enduring affection than could costly sculpture pass away, to vanish like a fleeting shadow.

"The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces, The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous par. The solemn temples, the great globe itself, Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve; And, like an unsubstantial pageant (aded, Leave not a wreck behind."—Shakspeare.

Toll-toll-toll! A long hearse, followed by a magnificent cortege, moved past. The to his grave, surrounded by the pomp and pa-Toll-toll ! Such were the echoes hand, the silent appeal for help. If they care geantry, the glittering paraphernalia of wealth, and greeted us on one of the brightest after so little for the living, why should they care of pride and place? if the waves of Lethe's than they do over that of the poor pauper who is kicked into his grave, and over whose death the low, the rich and the poor, the prince and has been unjustly termed a remorseless tyrant, cause. and yet, why should we fear him? The sleep earth-a rest after years of toil and hardships. When tired of these, we can fold our hands and lie down to that sleep which is hushed, deep and breathless, with the assurance that its slumbers will be unbroken-its duration eternal. Yes-

"Tis a long, 'tis a last, 'tis a beautiful rest, And the lone spirit, it wisely may crave, That sleep which is dreamless— Newport, R. I., 2d Oct., 1862.

HISTORICAL EXCERPS .- "Rushes were used to strew the floors in Normandy when William the Conqueror was born, for at the very moment when the infant burst into life and touched the ground, he filled both hands with the rushes strewn upon the floor, firmly grasping what he had taken up. The prodigy was joyfully witnessed by the women gossipping on the occasion; and the midwife hailed the propitious omen, declaring that the boy would be

When Harold was in Normandy, William took him with him in his expedition to Brittainy, to make proof of his prowess, and at the same time with the deeper design of showing him his military equipment, that he might perceive how far preferable was the Norman sword to the English battle axe."

"Harold's spies, before the battle of Has tings, reported that almost all the Norman army 'had the appearance of priests,' as they had the whole face with both lips shaven. For the English leave the upper lip unshorn, suffering the hair continually to increase; which Casar affirms to have been a national custom with the ancient inhabitants of Britain.

"The English at that time wore short garments reaching to the mid knee; they had their hair cropped, their beards shaven, their arms laden with gold bracelets, their skin adorned with punctured designs. They were accustomed to ear till they became surfeited, and to drink till they were sick. Those latter qualities they imparted to their conquerors : as to the rest they adopted their manners."

"Etherbald, of Mercia, who died in 756, exempted all monasteries and churches in his kingdom from public taxes, works and impositions, except the building of forts and bridges, from which none can be released. He also gave the servants of God 'perfect liberty in the protection of the product of their woods and lands and the right of fishing.' Ergo, there were rights of the feudal character, and game laws before the conquest."

A western paper thus apologizes for a poor issue: - " The Editor is absent, the foreman has the toothache, the devil is drunk and trying to drink lager beer out of a boot-jack, the press is out of order, and we ain't well ourselves; so please excuse a poor paper this

### From the 141st Regiment, P. V.

CAMP NEAR FREDERICKSBURG, }

EDITOR REPORTER-Dear Sir: I forward to you this complimentary extract for publication, as the 141st Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers were engaged in the great struggle, and composed a part of Robinson's Brigade which supported the battery all through the hottest of the fight. I am happy to say that not a man faltered, but all stood up to the work nobly.

Yours, I. A. PARK. Capt. Commanding Co. D., 141st Reg't P. V.

HEAD QUARTERS, ARMY CORPS, CENTRE GRAND DIVISION, ARMY OF POTOMAC, CAMP NEAR FALMOUTH, Va., Dc. 20, 1862. To Lieutenant-Colonel James Dickenson, Assistant Adjutant-General, Centre Grand Division:

COLONEL.-For details and particulars as to the movements and operations of Brigade Regiments and Battalions, and the acts and duties performed by individuals, and detachments, I beg leave to refer to the reports of some individuals, some of which are very elab-

orate and circumstantial. The state of affairs when Birney's 1st Division arrived on the ground, followed soon after by Sickle's 2d Division, was anything but promising. Their opportane arrival, however. first checked, and then drove back the advancing enemy, who yelling, were in hot pursuit of the two exhausted and retiring Divisions of Mead and Gibson, saved all their arms which had been entirely abandoned by their supports. Doubleday's Division from being cut off, and taken in reverse, left of Smith's Corps, (which had not been engaged,) from being turned, and possibly, if not probably, the whole left wing of the army from disaster. But in do-ing this valuable and important service, the 1st Division lost upwerds of a thousand? as

brave men as ever pulled a trigger.
Of the conduct of this fine Division, I can not speak too highly; composed as it is, of regiments of almost every State, from the Penobscot to the Mississippi. The whole country may justly feel proud of its well earned fame. The new regiments appeared to vie with their veteran brothers in arms, in coolness, courage and efficiency.

When all act nobly and well it is difficult to distinguish. I must, however, be permitted to compliment Brig.-General Birney, on the handsome manner in which he handled his Division, and his Brigade Commanders, fabled stream roll more calmly over his breast Gens. Berry, Robinson and Ward, in the way they fought their Brigades; also Captain Randolph and his officers for the style in the world gives a sigh of relief that he is out which they used their guns, all the while unof the way? if his sleep will be sweeter be-neath a gorgeous mausoleum, than that of the ciency of thorough arill and discipline.

the failure of our efforts to conquer a brave and powerful foe, and all we ask or desire is the pauper, the proud and the humble. Death to be led to renewed effort in a just and hely

I am, Colonel, Very respectfully, GEORGE STONEMAN. Brigadier-General, Commanding Corps.

(For the Bradford Reporter.)

MR. EDITOR :- Permit me to call the attention of the public to the law respecting "guide boards" at the corners where roads cross .-Any person who has traveled much in this and the adjoining counties, must have noticed the lack of these useful index boards, the hands When all sorrow has passed from the brow and the of which direct him which way to go. He has also many times, doubtless, been at considerable trouble to find his way when he has come to four corners, or where roads fork, being frequently some distance from any house. In such cases very great inconvenience is frequently experienced, persons sometimes having to go back or forward hundreds of rods or run the risk of going miles out of their way. The law is so plain on this point, that I do not see why it is not enforced. The act of June 13th, 1836, as found in the pamphlet laws for that year on page 564, section 61, reads thus :-"The supervisors aforesaid shall cause posts

roads within their respective townships. (where trees are not convenient) with boards firmly fixed thereon, and index hands pointing to the direction of such roads, on which boards shall be inscribed in large and legible characters, the name of the town, village, or place to which such roads may lead, and the distance thereto computed in miles.

"If any supervisor shall, after ten days' personal notice, neglect or refuse to put or keep up in complete repair index boards as aforesaid, such supervisor shall, for every such offence, forfeit and pay a sum not exceeding ten dollars."

Subsequent to 1836, a special act relative to roads was passed, which act embraced Bradford county. Material changes were made. but that part quoted above was not repealed, or changed, only in this respect. In the counties embraced by the subsequent act, three persons were to be elected who were to be styled "road commissioners," and the office of supervisor was done away with. Thus the road commissioners are now as much under obligation to keep up these "index boards," as were the supervisors.

I have traveled on almost every road in the county, and I doubt whether I have seen twenty-five "index boards," lettered and "kept in complete repair," as the law directs, in the whole county. Why this is so I am at a loss to determine. For persons traveling in their own township, or its immediate vicinity, their absence is no great inconvenience, but to strangers it is otherwise, as I have frequently found to my great perplexity.

The law appears to give any person the right to notify the supervisors, or commissioners in this county, that these "index boards are not kept up, and if one half of the fine goes to the complainant as it does in many cases, some money might be made, or the law would

### Perils in the Air.

The last balloon ascension undertaken fcr scientific purposes was that of Mr. Glaisher, which took place in England in September. With utter disregard of safety or comfort, this gentleman has ventured upon scientific experiments at higher altitudes than any timid person would care to be, and although his last expedition nearly proved fatal to him, he has returned safely with a remarkable chapter on ærial experience to narrate. The London Athenaum justly remarks that in his hands the balloon is restored to its old rank of philosophical agent. Gay-Lussac has shown the men of science how to use the balloon for scientific purposes; but Mr. Glaisher, by his successful ascents, is adding largely to our knowledge of the higher regions of the atmosphere.

The September ascension was made in Mr. Coxwell's great balloon, and the highest point reached was five and three-quarter miles. Mr. Glaisher's interesting narrative of this voyage thus describes the effects of the atmosphere at

different altitudes:

"When we attained the height of two miles, at 1h. 21m., the temperature had fallen to the freezing point; we were three miles high at 1h. 28m., with a temperature of 18 deg.; at 1h. 39m., we had reached four miles, and the temperature was 8 deg., in ten minutes more we had reached the fifth mile, and the temperature of the air had passed below zero, and there read minus 2 deg., and at this point no dew was observed on Regnault's hydrometer when cooled down to minus 30 deg. Up to this time I had taken the observations with comfort. I had experienced no difficulty in breatt i g, whilst Mr. Coxwell, in consequence of the necessary exertion he had to make, had breathed with difficulty for some

At 1h. 51m. the barometer read 11.05 inches, but which requires a subtractive correction low as 11 inches, open the valve at once; of 0.25 inch, as found by comparison with Lord Wrottesley's standard barometor just before starting, both by his lordship and myself, which would reduce it to 10.8 inches, or at the height of about 5 1-4 miles, I read the dry bulb as minus 5 deg; in endeavoring to read the wet bulb I could not see the column of mercury. I rubbed my eyes, took a leus, and also failed. I then tried to read the other instruments, and found I could not do so, nor could I see the hands of the watch. I asked Mr. Coxwell to help me, and he said he must go into the ring, and he would when he came down. I endeavored to reach some brandy, which was lying on the table at about a foot from my hand, and found myself unable to do

My sight became more dim ; I looked at the barometor, and saw it between 10 and 11 inches, and tried to record it, but I was unable to write. I then saw it at 10 inches, still decreasing fast, and just noted it in my book; its true reading, therefore, wast at this time about 9 3-4 inches, implying a height of about 5 3-4 miles, as a change of an inch in the read the beauty of a thing completed; and as men place on a change of height of about 2,500 feet. I felt that I was losing all power, and endeavored to arouse myself by struggling and shaking. I attempted to look at the barometer again, and my head fell on one side; I struggled and put it right, and it fell on the other, and finally fell backward.

My arm, which had been resting on the table, fell down by by side. I saw Mr. Coxwell dimly, in the ring. It became more misty, and finally dark, and I sank unconsciously as in sleep; this must have been about 2h. 54m .-I then heard Mr. Coxwell say, " What is the temperature? Take an observation; now try. But I could neither see, move nor speak. then heard him speak more emphaticall, "take an observation, now, do try." I shortly after opened my eyes, saw the instrument and Mr Coxwell very dimly, and soon saw very clear ly, and said to Mr. Coxwell, "I have been in sensible;" and he replied, " You have, and I

I recovered quick, and Mr. Coxwell said 'I have lost the use of my hands; give me some brandy to bathe them." His hands were nearly black. I saw the temperature was still below zero, and the barometer reading 11 inchto be erected at the intersection of all public es, but increasing quickly. I resumed my observations at 2h. 7m, recording the barometer reading 11.53 inches, and the temperature minus 2 deg. I then found that the water in the wet bulb thermometer, which I had, by frequent disturbances, kept from freezing, was one solid mass of ice. Mr. Coxwell then told me that while in the ring he felt it piercingly cold, that hoar frost was all around the neck of the balloon, and on attempting to leave the ring he found his hands frozen, and he got down how he could; that he found me motionless, with a quiet and placid expression of the countenance. He spoke to me without eliciting a reply, and found I was insensible.

He then said he felt insensibility was coming over himself; that he became anxious to open the valve; that his hands failed him and that he seized the line between his teeth, and pulled the valve open till the balloon took a turn downward. This act is quite characteristic of Mr. Coxwell. I have never yet seen him without a ready means of meeting every difficulty as it has arisen, with a cool self possession that has always left my mind perfectly easy, and given to me a perfect confidence in his judgment in the management of so large a bal-

Mr. Glaisher is convinced that the balloon (containing only himself and the ærnonaut Coxwell) finally reached an altitude of over six miles, but of this he is not positive, as his ability to read the instrument ceased at the height of five and three quarter miles. On this point he says:

On asking Mr. Coxwell whether we had noticed the temperature, he said he had not, as the faces of the instruments were all toward me, but that he had noticed that the centre of the ancroid barometer, its blue hand, and a rope attached to the car, were in the same straight line. If so, the reading must have been between seven and eight inches. A reads minus 12 deg.; but unfortunately I family of children.

did not read it till I was out of the car, and I cannot say that its index was not disturbed. The account of the descent is equally interesting. Mr. Glaisher says :

On descending, when the temperature rose to 17 deg., it was remarked as warm, and at 24 deg., it was noted as very warm. The temperature then gradually increased to 59 1. 2 deg., on reaching the earth. It was remarked that the sand was quite warm to the handand steam issued from it when it was discharged. Six pigeons were taken up. One was thrown out at the height of three miles. It extended its wings, and dropped as a piece of paper. A second, at four miles, flew vigorously round, apparently taking a great dip each time. A third was thrown out still higher, and fell downward. A fourth was thrown out at four miles when we were descending.—
It flew in a circle, and shortly after alighted on the top of the balloon. The two remaining pigeons were brought down to the ground; one was found to be dead, and the other (a carrier) had attached to its neck a note. It would not, however, leave, and when jerked off the finger returned to the band. After a quarter of an hour it began to peck a piece of ibbon encircling its neck, and I then jerked it off my finger, and it flew round two or three times with vigor, and finally toward Wolverhampton. Not one, however, had returned there when I left, on the afternoon of the

It would seem from this ascent that five miles from the earth is very nearly the limit of human existence. It is possible, as the effect of each high ascent upon myself has been different, that on another occasion I might be able to go higher; and it is possible that some persons may be able to exist with less air and bear a greater degree of cold; but still I think that prudence would say to all, whenever the barometer reading falls as the increased information to be obtained is not commensurate with the increased risk.

During the ascent, Mr. Glaisher attempted to take a photograph of the scene below, which he described as being very beautiful, but the immense velocity of the balloon during the ascent rendered this impossible.

LIFE'S AUTUMN .- Like the leaf, life has its fading. We speak and think of it with sad. ness, just as we think of the autumn season. But there should be no sadness at the fading of a life that has done well its work. If we rejoice at the event of a new life, if we welcome the coming of a new pilgrim to the uncertainties of this world's way, why should there be so much gloom when all these uncertainties are passed, and life at its waning wears the glory of a completed task. Beautiful as is childhood in its freshness and innocence, its beauty is that of untried life. It is the beauty of premise, of spring, of the bud. A holier and rarer beauty is the beauty which the waning life of faith and duty wears. It is coming together to congratulate each other when some great work has been achieved, and see in its concluding nothing but gladness, so ought we to feel when setting sun flings back its beams upon a life that has answered well life's purpose. When the bud drops blighted, and the mildew blasts the early grain, and there goes all hope of the harvest, -one may well be sad : but when the ripened year sinks amid its garniture of antumn flowers and leaves, why should we regret or murmur?-And so a life that is ready and waiting for the well done" of God, whose latest virtues and charities are its noblest, should be driven back to God in uncomplaining reverence, we rejoice earth is capable of so much goodness, and is permitted such virtue.

LONGEVITY .- There is nothing in the system of nature, which, in our present state of knowledge, appears unintelligible as the scale of longevity. It must be admitted, indeed, that our knowledge upon the subject is very imperfect; for all that is known of domesticated animals. and the accidental facts that have been preserved concerning others, tend to the strange result that longevity hears no relation either to strength, size, complexion of organization, or intellectual power. True it is that birds, which seem to rank higher than beasts in the scale of being, are also much longer lived .-Thirty is a great age for a horse; dogs usually live only from fourteen to twenty; but it is known that the goose and hawk exceed a century. But fish, evidently a lower rank in creation than either, are longer lived than birds; it has been said of some species, and of certain snakes also, that they grow as long as they live, and, as far as we know, live till some accident puts an end to their indefinite term of life. And the toad! It cannot indeed be said that the toad lives forever ; but many of these animals which were cased up at the general deluge, are likely to live till they are released by an accident in the course of cen-

A SACRED MEMORIAL .- Among the articles sturned from the battle-field with the dead body of a young soldier from one of the Connecticut regiments, was a Bible which had been given him by a praying mother. On examining the Bible, a single leaf was turned down, which pointed to the following verse: There is joy, in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."

"Dad, I want to ask you a question?" "Well, my son." "Why is neighbor Smith's liquor shop like a Confederate note.?" "I can't tell, my son." "Because you can't pass it," said the boy. "Go strait to bed, you rascal, or I'll make a smash of you."

The substance of a verdict of a recent coroner's jury on a man who had died from the effect of intemperance, was, " Death by hanging-round a rum shop."

To preserve Apples from rotting, put delicate self-registering imnimum thermometer them in a dry cellar, of easy access to a large