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# The Bradford Reporter.

E. O. GOODRICH, Publisher.

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## Bradford Reporter.

### THE OCEAN.

The great body of salt water which covers  
the surface of the globe is denominated the  
Ocean. It is separated, however, into  
several divisions which are known, respec-  
tively, as the Pacific, the Atlantic, the In-  
dian, the Arctic, and the Ant-Arctic oceans.  
In a general sense the ocean is a unit, and  
these divisions are formed by the configura-  
tion of the countries and lands contiguous  
and surrounding them.

The depth of the ocean varies. As some  
portions of the surface of the land are higher  
than others,—here cast into mountains  
and elevated table lands, and there having  
depressions and valleys, so is the bottom of  
the ocean presumed to present the same  
variety of surface. Its average depth is  
estimated at one-fourth of a mile, but sound-  
ings in various places show a depth of from  
five to nine thousand feet, and if we judge  
of its lowest depth by the height of our loft-  
iest mountains, then it may even reach thirty  
thousand feet.

In the brief remarks we are about to  
make we shall speak of the ocean as a unit.  
What is common to one division is common  
to all, they all have tides, and currents, and  
saltness, and are the reservoirs of the mil-  
lions of billions of tons of fresh water  
which are continually being brought down  
from the heart of the great continents sur-  
rounding them. They are all and each,  
of them hourly and daily, receiving from  
the mouths of great rivers vast volumes of  
solid matter which having slept for centuries  
upon the loftiest peaks of the Andes,  
the Alleghanies, and the Himalayas, are  
now being buried at the bottom of the  
ocean, there to sleep through another sleep  
of countless ages until they emerge again  
on the deep.

It is known from the observations of our  
most eminent geologists, that the Gulf of  
Mexico is slowly filling up with the sedi-  
ment brought down the Mississippi river.  
Lyle's Geology, page 228, 1st vol., "Great  
sub-marine deposits are in progress, stretch-  
ing far and wide over the bottom of the sea,  
which has become extremely shallow not  
exceeding ten fathoms in depth." So also  
of the Yellow Sea off the coast of China.—  
And we have the highest authority for say-  
ing that the Ganges annually empties more  
than three hundred and fifty millions of  
cubic feet of matter as enters into the structure  
of the Egyptian pyramids, each one equalling  
the greatest now standing, into the sea.—  
There is not a stream, great or small, which  
does not lessen the bulk and weight of the  
present continent, nor which does not add  
to that future one, which, in its own time  
will emerge from the deep.

The sediment suspended in the waters of  
the Amazon is not only deposited at the  
mouth of that river, but is met with in the  
waters of the Atlantic three hundred miles  
from the coast. It is not only floors the bot-  
tom of the broad Atlantic but it is caught  
up by the currents and swept into the Ca-  
ribbean sea and even into the Gulf of Mex-  
ico, where it meets the counter current  
bearing the burden of the Mississippi, and  
thus are the two portions of our western  
continent being broken down by the action  
of running water, and transported vast dis-  
tances to form the substratum of another  
world.

The various currents of the ocean serve  
to distribute the heat of the tropics over  
the surface of the globe. The Gulf Stream  
is the most remarkable of these currents.  
It pours from the Gulf of Mexico through  
the Straits of Florida, and carries with it  
through its whole course of many thousand  
miles, a temperature of from 5 deg. to 8  
deg. above that of the surrounding water.  
At its rise, it is about seventy-five miles in  
width, and preserves a uniform velocity of  
from three to five miles an hour, removing  
from the tropics a vast column of heat  
which is carried across the Atlantic, and  
according to Scoresby even into the Polar  
sea. It is well known that places upon  
the opposite coasts of Europe and America,  
corresponding in latitude, vary remarkably  
in temperature; the European coast being  
much warmer than the American. The  
Gulf Stream as it sweeps along the Ameri-  
can coast is comparatively but as a river,  
but on its arrival on the banks of New  
foundland, it curves directly across to the  
north of Ireland expanding and widening  
in its progress, when, having completed its  
half circle it rushes down past the countries  
of Europe, a broad, wide, still expanding  
current, dispensing in every mile of its  
course the tropical heat of the gulf. Still  
south of the Straits of Gibraltar it meets  
the southern polar current, is deflected to  
the west, makes the transit of the South  
Atlantic Ocean as it did of the North At-

lantic and finds its place of beginning in  
the Mexican Gulf. We have here a vast  
revolving column or current of heated wa-  
ter, a vast cauldron or whirlpool as it has  
been named, deriving its force of progres-  
sion from the accumulated waters of the  
gulf, and from the peculiar configuration  
and position of the West India Islands, and  
circling the broad Atlantic as a belt of heat,  
dispensing life to the nations.

But we cannot linger to notice the other  
currents which abound in the ocean, neither  
can we discuss the tides. We will however,  
say a few words upon the saltness of ocean  
water, though we know not its cause, nor  
why Providence has so designed it. It has  
been presumed that the salt held in solu-  
tion by the water of the ocean preserved it  
from putrefaction, and yet, the water at  
rest does become putrescent. Any sailor will  
tell you that. As Coleridge expresses it,  
"the very deep doth rot."

The water of the ocean holds in solution  
nearly four per cent. of its weight of salt,  
and it is estimated, that the volume of its  
whole mass is more than three millions of  
cubic miles, or a bulk equal to five times  
that of the Alps. Dr. Beck, of New York,  
says that it requires three hundred and fifty  
gallons of sea water to make a bushel of  
salt, while, of the brine of the Onondaga  
Salt Springs, it needs but from thirty to  
thirty-five gallons for the same object.

Those portions of sea water nearest the  
Tropic circles contain more salt than  
those nearer the Equator, or even the poles,  
and the Mediterranean sea contains more  
than the Atlantic. The evaporation from  
the surface is greater in the Mediterranean  
than in any other body of water of the  
same size upon the globe, consequently,  
more salt is retained in the water which re-  
mains in the bed, and if this be true, that  
sea is being slowly changed to a bed of  
salt.

There are some parts of the broad ex-  
panse of ocean which are comparatively  
free of salt, and these have even been  
known to supply ships with a fresh article  
when much needed. We can account for  
this only on the supposition that the ocean,  
just there, was shallow, and that a spring  
of fresh water was bubbling up from the  
bottom.

The ocean is undoubtedly the source of  
the salt found beneath the surface, whether  
in solid form as in the salt-nines of Poland,  
Spain, England, America, &c., or in the  
brine springs of New York, and other  
places. It was probably deposited in its  
present beds by some old ancient ocean,  
that rolled its waters were we now stand,  
and told its existence only by the rocks,  
coals, metals and minerals it precipitated  
at its bottom, and which the energy and  
enterprise of man, millions of years later,  
is converting to the good of the race.

Beside the sediment detached from con-  
tinent by the action of rivers, there is an-  
other agent which is gradually obliterating  
or filling up the ocean bed, and one still  
more effective in the work. In some seas,  
especially those situated in the tropics, a  
minute animal is constantly absorbing the  
lime of the sea water, as well as the organic  
impurities with which it abounds, and  
with it building up islands in the midst of  
the watery waste—islands, which commencing  
from minute centers enlarge by the accre-  
tive industry of these apparently insignifi-  
cant coral animals, and in long periods of  
time become great continents, clothed with  
 verdure and the home of civilization and  
refinement. Is it not too much to say, that  
already the foundations of a new one is  
laid, and its outposts defined. In the Paci-  
fic ocean there are groups of coral islands  
and reefs of coral rock of hundreds, and in  
a single instance, of a thousand miles in  
extent, the sole work of coralline zoophytes,  
and many a good ship with its freight  
of human life, encountering a barrier of  
coral rock, has been sent to the bottom and  
made no sign. We not only know that by  
such means as these the bed of the ocean is  
filling with solid matter, but that the con-  
tinent we inhabit was formed, in part, in  
the same way. In all the stratified rocks  
from the lowest to the highest, are found  
abundant traces of coral action and indus-  
try, especially in all the limestone rocks  
and chalk formations in every portion of  
the globe, whether in Pennsylvania, Ohio,  
Illinois, or in the chalk cliffs of England,  
Germany, and New Holland. Indeed, there  
is no doubt but that the mountain forma-  
tions, everywhere, which are not granitic,  
owe their origin to the two agencies men-  
tioned, to wit: the sediment of rivers de-  
posited by and the coral zoophytes working  
their unceasing work in a pre-adamite ocean.  
A thousand million years will fail to meas-  
ure the perpetuated life of this animal!

This animal not only appropriates to its  
work the lime it finds in the surrounding  
water, but it also seizes upon all the organic  
matter which arises from animal and veget-  
able putrefaction, and in this way, the  
ocean is cleansed from all these impurities  
which in process of time would accumulate  
and poison its whole mass.

We may close this paper by noticing that  
singular appearance of the ocean which, by  
some, has been termed its phosphorescence.  
In tropical latitudes, at night, the surface  
of the water appears in a blaze. No spec-  
tacle can be more imposing or magnificent  
than this luminous display—far as the eye  
reaches a lambent flame crowns each grand  
swell of the mighty flood, and the vessel's  
path seems a long line of fire. The ship,

the sails, are lighted by the reflection, as if  
gas lights are burning below them, and  
when particularly brilliant, one may even  
see to read. A bucket of this fiery water  
is one mass of glowing light when stirred  
by the hand, and preserves its luminosity  
for several nights. By some this phenom-  
enon is ascribed to the presence of phos-  
phorus, but by others to animalculae.

The ocean is a common highway for the  
intercourse of nations. It is a theatre upon  
which the fleets of the world engage in  
commerce, it brings in contact the dwellers  
in all climes, and being a common highway  
it is the common property of the world, as  
is the air, and the earth, and its entire ap-  
propriation by one people, would constitute  
a breach of national law. Upon its bosom  
a considerable portion of our race find em-  
ployment, and from its depths another de-  
rives food. To the air it gives humidity,  
to the earth heat and springs, and to the  
rivers a home for their waters.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

HARRISBURG, December 8, 1864.  
MR. EDITOR:—On Thursday, Friday and  
Saturday of last week, I looked for the  
"BRADFORD REPORTER," but on the last two  
days I did not see it, on Saturday, when  
my mail was brought to me, I inquired with  
some impatience if the Northern mail was  
not in, when told that it was, I looked in  
vain again for the "BRADFORD REPORTER,"  
and gave it up, concluding that I had been  
forgotten. So I commenced opening my  
letters and then reading my papers. After  
a while I discovered that I was reading the  
identical paper for which I had so impa-  
tiently inquired, but so much, was it chang-  
ed in appearance, and increased in size that  
I did not recognize either the head or the  
body of so old an acquaintance.

How a new dress improves a friend, es-  
pecially if it be nicely fitted and neatly put  
on, and a new head dress, how it changes  
the looks of the face.  
I was really glad to witness such an im-  
provement in the appearance of the organ  
of the Republican Party, in Bradford. With  
such a majority as we have in the county,  
we should sustain one of the largest coun-  
ty papers in the State. The "Reporter"  
should have at least five thousand paying  
subscribers, and I see you will take no  
others, and an advertising patronage that  
will make the labor of conducting a good paper  
pay well. The Republican voters of the  
county owe it to themselves and to the  
cause of right principles, that they have a  
first class weekly paper, well sustained and  
well conducted.

On Friday the 2d inst, Lieut. Irvine, of  
this city, was shot while attempting to ar-  
rest deserters in Columbia County. He was  
an estimable young man, in the prime of  
life, with the prospect of a course of use-  
fulness and happiness before him, with a  
young wife and infant daughter dependent  
upon him. His death is the legitimate re-  
sults of the treachery of some of the promi-  
nent men in that section of the State. The  
same results are being produced in Fulton  
county, by the same kind of treachery. On  
Monday the 6th, another soldier was sacri-  
ficed to the careless use of firearms. In  
the barracks the men had received new ri-  
fles, and one thoughtlessly exploded a cap  
upon his gun, which proved to be loaded.  
The piece was discharged and the contents  
passed through the bunk of a fellow soldier  
who was sitting upon it writing a letter to  
his wife and took effect in the bowels of  
the poor man. He lingered a few hours  
and died in the most excruciating pain.—  
How many brave men have thus been kil-  
led, just by carelessness. They have, many  
of them, marched undaunted up to the can-  
non's mouth have stormed and taken fortifi-  
cations, made and repelled fierce charges,  
defended and taken death-dealing batteries,  
and have dared death in every form that it  
can be presented upon the little field, where  
it is considered glory to die, and have come  
forth from all unharned, perhaps to go  
home to be welcomed by loving families  
and grateful fellow citizens, and then to be  
shot in ones own hand bed, by mere care-  
lessness is hard, to die thus, is to die a use-  
less death. When will men learn to be  
careful?

The Presidential electors met in the Sen-  
ate chamber on the 7th, at 12 o'clock, noon.  
The college was presided over by Hon.  
Morton McMichael, who was called to the  
chair on the motion of Hon. John P. Penny,  
of Alleghany. The president upon taking  
his seat, delivered a finely written address  
to his fellow members. He made no use-  
less apologies, made no excuses, proffered  
no thanks, did not say that he was unex-  
pectedly called upon to preside, and he  
craved their indulgence. His address was  
written, and evidently was prepared with  
great care, and struck me, as I heard it  
read, as being one of the finest productions  
I ever listened to.

The electoral college for 1864, was, for  
it now ceases to be, a dignified body, most  
of the members were in the meridian of  
life, although there were two or three quite  
grey, and several whose locks were thickly  
set with grey hairs, and two whose heads  
were as white as the driven snow. It was  
to me a solemn sight. Those men were  
here to perform a most responsible act in  
the name of the voters of this Common-  
wealth. The whole transaction was some-  
what formal, but dignified and impressive.  
The act was done, Abraham Lincoln of  
course received the whole twenty-six votes

for President, and Andrew Johnson for Vice-  
President of the United States, for the next  
four years. The electoral college for 1864  
was prorogued, or ceased to exist, and the  
members met at the house of Hon. Simon  
Cameron to regale themselves upon the  
good things which had been there prepared  
for them, after which they separated to  
meet no more on this side the river of  
death.

WASHINGTON, Saturday, Dec. 3, 1864.  
Members of Congress are arriving by  
every train, and by Monday, 5th inst., noon,  
the time for the commencing of the second  
session of the 38th Congress, nearly every  
member will be found in his place. There  
is an expressed determination among mem-  
bers to proceed at once, and with an earnest  
determination, to the work necessary  
to be done at this session.

It is understood that several of the chair-  
men of the respective committees have  
been in consultation with Heads of Depart-  
ments in respect to the more important  
measures to be passed this session. The  
revenue and appropriation bills will be re-  
ported early from the Committee of Ways  
and Means, and the Military Committee  
will be prepared to report early, a bill  
to provide for raising the requisite number  
of troops for the closing up the war, by  
crushing out all armed force in the rebel-  
lous states. The policy which seems most  
in favor for replenishing the army with men,  
is to give two or three months for volun-  
teering, and offering a Government bounty  
of two or three hundred dollars, after that  
time bounties to cease, and quotas not being  
filled drafting will be resorted to some time  
in March.

Every thing concurs, so far as the infor-  
mation we get from the army, and of the  
condition of affairs in the revolted States  
goes, to lead us to the conclusion that the  
force of the rebellion is nearly spent.—  
Thomas is taking care of Hood, and has  
just defeated him at Franklin; and Sher-  
man is dashing through Georgia, and will  
probably, within ten days, strike the Atlan-  
tic sea coast at Savannah, three hundred  
miles away from Atlanta, destroying on his  
march, all the railway communications,  
with scarcely any opposition, other than a  
few squads of raw militia, showing almost  
conclusively that the rebels are powerless  
to dispute his passage. By this bold and  
masterly enterprise of Gen. Sherman, "the  
confederacy" will be as effectively divided  
by the line of the Savannah river, for mili-  
tary purposes, as it is by the Mississippi.—  
It must also have the effect to ultimately  
compel the rebel army soon to evacuate  
Richmond and Petersburg, and in fact the  
whole state of Virginia.

I have not many items of news to give  
you at this time, but after Congress gets  
fairly at work, will endeavor to give you  
such information of their doings, as will be  
of most importance to your readers.

Yours, truly, Com.

### Selected Poetry.

#### THE FOOTSTEPS OF DECAY.

[The following is a translation from an ancient  
Spanish Poem, which, says the Edinburgh Review,  
is surpassed by nothing with which we are acquaint-  
ed in the Spanish language, except the "Ode of  
Louis de Leon."]

Oh! let the soul its slumbers break—  
Arouse its senses and awake,  
To see how soon  
Life, in its glories glides away,  
And the stern footsteps of decay  
Come stealing on.

And while we view the rolling tide,  
Down which our flowing minutes glide  
Away so fast,  
Let us the present hour employ,  
And deem each future dream a joy  
Already past.

Let no vain hope deceive the mind—  
No happier let us hope to find  
To-morrow than to-day.  
Our golden dreams of yore were bright,  
Like the present shall delight—  
Like them decay.

Our lives like hastening streams must be,  
That into one engulfing sea  
Are doomed to fall—  
The sea of death whose waves roll on  
O'er king or kingdom, crown and throne,  
And swallow all.

Alike the river's torrid tide,  
Alike the lumbrous rivulets glide  
To that wave;  
Death levels poverty and pride,  
And rich and poor sleep side by side  
Within the grave.

Our birth is but a starting place;  
Life is the running of the race,  
And death the goal;  
There all our glittering toys are brought—  
The path alone, of all unsought,  
Is found of all.

See then how poor and little worth  
Are all these glittering toys of earth  
That lure us here!  
Dreams of a sleep that death must break,  
Alas! before it bids us wake,  
We disappear.

Long ere the damp of earth can blight  
The cheeks pure glow of red and white  
Has passed away,  
Youth smiled and all was heavenly fair—  
Age came and laid his finger there,  
And where are they?

Where is the strength that spurred decay,  
The step that roved so light and gay,  
The heart's blithe tone?  
The strength is gone, the step is slow,  
And joy grows wearisome and woe!  
When age comes on.

MEX of quick fancy more easily reconcile  
themselves to the loved one when she is  
absent than when she is present.

### Miscellaneous.

#### A NIGHT IN THE PHILIPPINES.

Next evening we had another bent at  
story-telling; and after I had related one  
or two of my adventures in South Africa,  
Capt. Manson proposed to give us a chapter  
of his experience, which proposition, of  
course, we were glad enough to accept. He  
told us as follows:

"On the third voyage which I made in  
command of the ship Winthrop, I took in  
part of cargo of tea at Canton, and then  
slipped down to the Philippine Islands to  
fill up in the harbor of Manila; but the  
articles we wanted were not delivered as  
I desired. There was much delay occa-  
sioned by some trouble with the Chinese  
porters; so that we were two weeks in ac-  
complishing what might have been done in  
four days. One day while we were thus  
delayed, I went on shore with my rifle, and  
took a horse for a turn in the country. I  
went alone, but not for choice. My officers  
had an engagement with the officers of an  
English ship, which they did not like to  
break; and I did not urge them to do so.  
Still it was not unpleasant to ride alone, for  
sometimes I love to be by myself, where I  
can think and commune as I please.

"On the present occasion, I took a road  
that led to the castles, towards the rice  
lands, and as the scenery was attractive, I  
cantered on until I was far away from the  
city and its surroundings. I had ridden, I  
should judge, fifteen miles, without seeing  
anything worth shooting, and was begin-  
ning to think that I should carry back the  
same bullet in my rifle which I had put in  
before I had left the ship, when I heard a  
flapping close by me upon my right, and  
upon looking in that direction I saw an  
enormous heron fly up from a rice bed and  
steer away to the southward. I had heard  
of these birds—I had heard that they had  
been captured measuring over six feet in  
height—and if I had doubted the statement  
before, I did not doubt it after I saw that  
fellow rise. I wanted him very much, and  
I was determined to have him if the thing  
were within the bounds of possibility. I  
might, had I been prepared, have taken him  
on the wing, but before I could get my rifle  
into position he was too far away. I watched  
him, and saw him settle down behind some  
trees, about half a mile off, and after a lit-  
tle hunting I found a path leading that way,  
which seemed firm enough to give safe  
passage to my horse. You will understand  
that the district of these rice-fields is low  
and marshy.

"The path I had taken led through a  
thicket of small palms, and at length I came  
out upon the shore of a broad lake or lu-  
agoon, which looked like some of the dismal  
swamps of Florida. I saw my monster  
heron upon an island, some two hundred  
yards distant, and I determined to fire at  
him, whether I got him or not. For this  
purpose I dismounted and latched my horse  
to a tree, and then sought a place where I  
could find a rest for my rifle. While I was  
thus engaged I discovered a small boat  
made fast among some tall reeds, not more  
than ten rods off; and as this gave me op-  
portunity to reach the island, I made up my  
mind to be more particular in my aim. I  
found a good rest, and in a very few mo-  
ments the bird tumbled over with a  
bullet through the breast. I then hastened  
to the boat, which I found to be a sort of  
a raft-like gondola, almost as broad as it  
was long, furnished with a good paddle, and  
only fastened by a manilla rope. It cost me  
some little effort to get the thing into the  
water, but I succeeded after a while, and  
was soon on my way to the island, which I  
reached without further difficulty. I drove  
the boat up on the surface of the soft mud,  
and leaped ashore, sinking in to the knees  
where I had expected to find firm footing.  
But I did not mind this. I scrambled on,  
and was soon upon a better foundation. I  
found my bird dead; and when I beheld  
his proportions, and thought what a valu-  
able addition his stuffed skin would make  
to my museum, I forgot the labor and the  
mud. I was stooping to turn my prize over,  
when I fancied that I heard something  
moving behind me, and upon looking around  
I saw my boat swinging away from the  
shore. As quickly as possible I leaped to-  
wards the water's edge, but before I could  
reach the boat I was up to my middle in  
the soft mud. I stretched forth my hands,  
and made one desperate effort to seize the  
departing craft, but I failed to touch it, and  
sank deeper into the mud, and there I stood,  
almost up to my arm-pits in the slough, and  
saw my boat float lazily off, hopelessly be-  
yond my reach.

"A happy thought dawned upon me. I  
would get up out of the mud, and I found  
myself and swim for my boat. I could har-  
dly reach it to strike clear water, but I  
can't always do as we would; and often-  
times man's most promising plans are  
knocked in the head by circumstances be-  
yond his control. I had just perfected the  
swimming plan in my mind, and was strug-  
gling to free myself from the mud, when  
something appeared to me that caused me  
to hasten my movements in a most extra-  
ordinary manner. This accelerating pres-  
ence was nothing more nor less than an en-  
ormous crocodile. The ugly monster lay  
with his head towards me, cying me shamefully,  
and evidently calculating how large a morsel  
I would make. And he it was probably  
that had disturbed the boat. The instinct  
of self-preservation gave me strength, and  
while I struggled up and back I splashed  
with my hands, and yelled with my lungs,  
making all the noise and commotion I could.  
The fellow did not attack me, and I finally  
succeeded in reaching firm ground, where I  
sat down to rest, for the effort of extracting  
myself from that sticky trap had used up  
the last atom of my strength.

"When I had gained breath enough to en-  
able me to stand without an effort, I got up  
and looked about me. My position was  
surely not an enviable one. The island of  
which I was at that moment lord and mas-  
ter, was not more than five or six rods long,  
by about four broad, and was covered with  
reeds. There was a clump of low water  
bushes upon one side, but there was no such  
thing as a tree upon it. There I was, in pos-  
session of the dead heron, and I felt that I  
had most emphatically caught a Tartar.—  
The boat was drifting away before a gentle  
breeze, towards that part of the main shore  
from which I had come, and for me to swim  
it was out of the question. The crocodile  
had disappeared, but I knew that he  
would very quickly find me if I ventured

into the water. I stood there, contemplat-  
ing the scene, until the boat had drifted  
upon the distant shore, and then I sat down  
again. My only hope of escape was that  
some one might come to the lake in search  
of me. But what if no one came? But  
what if those who sought me did not find  
this sunken hole? The thought was a very  
unpleasant one. I was thus engaged when  
I noticed that my horse was uneasy. Some-  
thing had frightened him. At length he  
gave a heavy pull and freed himself from his  
fastening, and in a few seconds more I had  
seen the last of him.

"I had sat there half an hour, or more;  
and the sun was sinking so low that the  
shadows fell entirely across the lake, when  
I observed a commotion in the water be-  
fore me, and presently two large crocodiles  
made their appearance, looking very hun-  
gry, and betrayed an evident desire to eat  
me up. I seized my rifle and fired at the  
nearest one, upon which they quickly dis-  
appeared. The sun went down, and the  
last gleam of daylight faded away. I sat  
beside my dead heron, but dared not go to  
sleep. When I felt the drowsy spirit com-  
ing upon me, I started up and paced to and  
fro across the narrow island. But this  
could not be kept up. Towards midnight  
as I sat beside my bird, my head sank up-  
on its soft, feathery breast, and I was  
asleep before I knew it. I do not think I  
slept long, however. Something oppressed  
me, and I awoke with a suffocating sen-  
sation, to find my nostrils inhaling a strong  
sickening odor. The moon had risen, and  
by its light I saw an enormous crocodile  
with its horrible jaws not six feet from me.  
To cock a pistol and fatten a ball against  
his armor was but the work of a moment, and  
as I leaped to my feet with my rifle in  
my hand, the fellow turned and scrambled  
for the water.

"I slept more that night, and no more  
crocodiles visited me. When daylight came  
again I began to consider anew the chances  
of my being found by my friends. If they  
inquired for me at Manila they would cer-  
tainly learn which road I had taken from  
the city; and if they followed that road as  
far as I had come, they might discover, by  
the tracks of my horse, where I had turned  
off. Another thing, too, I considered  
favorable; they would go to the hostlerie  
where I had hired the horse, and they would  
find that the animal had come home with-  
out me. This would certainly lead them  
quickly to search for me. My first impulse,  
upon finding the daylight upon me, was to  
fire some signal guns; but upon reflection  
I concluded that I had better wait until  
my people could have time to come out  
from the city, for I had not powder enough  
to load many times.

"I waited until the sun had been up two  
hours, and then I discharged my rifle. I  
was hungry and faint, and the dampness of  
the night had helped to waste my strength.  
By and by I fired again, putting in as much  
powder as I thought would burn with profit.  
I had fired thus, at intervals of about  
ten minutes, until I had but one charge  
left, and I was beginning to calculate anew  
upon my chances, and to think of what  
would be the result if I was not found, when  
a most welcome sight broke upon my vision.  
I saw some of my men coming down  
toward the lake. I fired my last charge,  
and as they thus gained a knowledge of my  
whereabouts, they hastened on, and were  
soon at the water's edge. I made them  
understand where the boat was; and  
when they had found it, and I knew that I  
was safe, I sank down, and was fairly  
asleep when they reached me.

"My friends had followed me just as I  
had anticipated. They had found my horse  
at the hostlerie, and having learned the di-  
rection I had taken, they set forth. They  
might not, however, have discovered the  
place where I had turned off from the road,  
had they not heard the report of my rifle.  
I got back to my ship with a whole skin,  
where a small quantity of brandy and a  
very generous quantity of nourishing food  
soon restored me to myself. A skillful tax-  
iderman whom I found on the shore, pre-  
pared the skin of my heron for me, and it  
now holds a place in my cabinet, by the  
side of the Java Rock Snake."

THE SCHOOL HORSE.—Teachers and par-  
ents should make it a duty to see that the  
circumstances under which children study  
are such as shall leave a happy impression  
upon their minds. Young scholars will  
gradually and unconsciously become like  
what they most look upon.—Little children  
are wonderfully susceptible for good or  
evil.

Shabby school houses induce slovenly  
habits. Unwashed floors indicate cowardi-  
ness. Dirty benches not only warp the  
body, but, by reflex influ-  
ence, the mind as well. Why are children  
so often discouraged and even disgusted at  
school? Because the school house seems a  
prison, and the furniture as instruments of  
torment.

No matter how old or unfashionable your  
school house—keep it clean. Hide its  
sombre walls with pictures, embower its  
weather beaten exterior, with flower vines,  
and decorate its yard with shrubbery.—  
Then the birds will come singing welcomes  
to your children. Then the young immor-  
tal that enter its door will be won by love  
and beauty. They will be enlivened as if  
by sweet magic, and their minds will be  
awakened to learning and virtuous instruc-  
tion, with links of gold brightening and  
strengthening forever and ever.—Easton  
Sentinel.

SOLITUDE.—More and greater sins are  
committed when men are alone than when  
they keep themselves in fellowship. When  
Eve in Paradise walked alone, then came  
the evil and deceived her. Whoever is  
amongst men and in honest company, is  
ashamed to sin, or, at least, he has no  
place or opportunity to do so. When to  
wars, he fell into adultery and murder;  
and I have myself found that I have never  
sinned more than when I was alone.—Sol-  
itariness inviteth to melancholy, and a per-  
son alone has often some heavy and con-  
structive thoughts, but he strange thoughts,  
and constrains everything in the worst sense.—  
Melancholy is an instrument of the devil,  
by which he accomplished his wicked pur-  
poses. The deeper a person is plunged into  
to that state, the more power the devil hath  
over him. To live in an open, public state  
is the safest. Openly, and amongst other  
persons, a man must live civilly and hon-  
estly, must appear to fear God, and do his  
duty towards men.—Luther.

### TIM STOOPS.

I never undertook but once, said Tim, to  
set at naught the authority of my wife.—  
You know her way—cool, quiet but deter-  
mined as ever grew. Just after we were  
married, and all was nice and cosy, she got  
me into the habit of doing all the churning.  
She finished breakfast rather before me one  
morning, and slipping away from the table,  
she filled the churn with cream, and set it  
down where I couldn't help seeing what  
was wanted. So I took hold readily enough  
and churned until the butter came. She  
didn't thank me, but looked so nice and  
sweet about it that I felt well paid.

Well when the next churning day came  
along, she did the same thing, and I follow-  
ed suit, and fetched the butter. Again and  
again it was done just so, and I was regu-  
larly set for it every time. Not a word  
said, you know, of course. Well, by and  
by this began to be rather irksome; I wan-  
dered her just to ask me, but she never did,  
and I wouldn't say anything about it to  
save my life. So on one week. At last I  
made a resolve that I would not churn  
another time until she asked me. Churning  
day came, and when my breakfast—she  
always got nice breakfasts—when that was  
swallowed, there stood the churn. I got  
up, and standing for a few minutes just to  
give her a chance, I put on my hat and  
walked out of doors. I stopped in the yard  
to give her time to call me, but never a  
word said she, and so with a palpitating  
heart I moved on. I went down town, and  
my foot was as restless as Noah's dove. I  
felt as if I had done a wrong. I didn't  
feel exactly how—but there was an indescrib-  
able sensation of guilt resting on me  
all the forenoon.

It seemed as if dinner time would never  
come, and as for going home one minute  
before dinner, I would as soon have cut my  
ears off. So I went fretting and moping  
around town till dinner-time came. Home  
I went feeling very much as a criminal  
must when the jury is out having in their  
hands his destiny—life or death. I couldn't  
make up my mind exactly how she would  
meet me, but some kind of storm I expected.  
Will you believe it—she even greeted me  
with a smile—never had a better dinner for  
me than on that day; but there stood