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TERMS INVARIABLY CASH.

The Bradford Reporter.

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Selected Poetry.

"BYE-AND-BYE."

Was the parting very bitter?
Was the hand-clasp very tight?
Is a storm of tears-drops falling
From a face all white and white?
Think not of it, in the future
Gather, fairer days are nigh;
Gaze not backward, but look onward
For a sunny "bye-and-bye."

Were some whispered words too cherished?
Was the touch of lips too sweet?
Are two souls once linked together
Never, never more to meet?
Never here, your poor, vain passion
Shall smothering out must die,
But its ashes shall return you
Something pure "bye-and-bye."

Was the precious love you lavished
Sought for, played with, and then slain?
Where its crushed and quivering remnants
Calmly turned you back again?
Calmly to the remnants gather,
Bring them home without sigh,
Sweet returns they yet shall bring you
In a coming "bye-and-bye."

Is your frail boat tossed and battered,
By its sails all torn and wet,
Casting over a waste of waters
Over which your sun has set?
To the shore all calm and snail,
To the smooth sand warm and dry?
Forth shall bear you shattered vessel
Safely, surely, "bye-and-bye."

Are the cyclids very weary,
Does the tired head long for rest,
Are the temples hot and throbbing,
And the hands together pressed?
Hope shall pay you on her bosom,
Cool the poor lips parched and dry,
And shall whisper, "Rest is coming,
Rest for ever, "bye-and-bye."

And when calmed and cheered and freshened
By her soul-inspiring voice,
Then look up, the heavens are brightening,
Cease your wailing and rejoice;
Cry not for days departed,
None will heat you, none reply;
But look on where light is breaking
O'er a brighter "bye-and-bye."

Miscellaneous.

A STORY OF THE BORDER.

"The rebels are coming again, and this time they will do us more harm, I'm afraid." These words were spoken by an old man, and a low, troubled eye looked out from under a bushy brow. I enjoyed looking at their brown faces and dirty uniforms the last time they were here. A motley crew they were, but there were some handsome faces among them."

"You will never learn to look at life seriously, Annie. Can my daughter trust those who have been faithless to the best government this world ever knew? I despise these traitors, and tremble when they enter our State. They will teach us yet that we should, for our own honor, have kept them out. God grant, my child, that they may spare the little we have; it is not for me to all want it."

"Trouble comes soon enough, father; I don't let us borrow it now. You look tired and anxious. Go to sleep and forget these rebels. I don't believe they are coming, and if they do they will pass our store; there is too little in it for them to waste their time upon it."

"The old man kissed his daughter, but left the room with a sad troubled face. Annie Brown leaned her head upon her hand, and seemed absorbed in thought. They must have been pleasant thoughts for a smile lit up her face and once she laughed right merrily."

"Poor dear father, I wish he was not so helpless. I'm not afraid, but rather want to see the dirty traitors again."

Annie Brown was a fragile-looking girl, small and very beautiful in appearance, with soft brown eyes, and a face whose beauty consisted in its never changing expression. She sat still for a long time, and gradually the smile changed into sadness, and a weary expression stole over her face. She was only a child. Her mother was old and infirm, her mother's time was occupied in household duties; hers in attending to the store that formed their whole support. When Annie lay down that night it was not to sleep; a vague fear came over her, and she lay thinking of her father's words. Annie had known enough of the trials of poverty to make her cling to the little they had; and she offered up an earnest prayer that God would save that to them. She had sunk into an uneasy sleep toward morning, from which she was awakened by strong voices beneath the window. Springing lightly out of bed, she gently opened the shutters, and listened to the speakers.

"I have five hundred thousand dollars, and if they can't or won't pay it, the town must be burned according to the General's orders. Let us be quick; it is an ugly job, and the sooner it is over the better."

These were the words which fell on Annie's ear. There was no mistaking them, and in the early dawn she could distinguish that the speakers all wore the uniform of officers. With a heavy heart she dressed herself, then quietly descending to the store below, she tied all the money in the drawers into a small bag, and fastened it around her neck. Then noiselessly she went about the house filling every vessel she could find with water, and carried them into the store. The work was just finished when her father entered.

"Why, Annie child, what are you doing?" he asked vainly trying to conceal his great alarm.

"Preparing for the rebels, father," she

answered smilingly, for no matter what sad and anxious thoughts Annie Brown might have, her father always saw a smiling face. It was a long time before Annie could tell what she had learned, but her father's earnest questioning drew it from her; and when the old man heard the ominous words hope and strength seemed to leave him. His had been a weary life of struggling and disappointment—of little gain and many losses; and now, in the sunset of life, when he had gathered a few comforts into his little home, he was to lose all. Annie turned from her work to comfort her father. Gently she led him into the little back room, and tried to infuse some of her own brave, hopeful spirit into him, but all in vain. Old age cannot look upon things with youth's hopeful eyes. While Annie talked, suddenly red lights glared in at the windows, and the atmosphere grew thick with smoke. She left her father, and hurrying to the door she burst upon her that beggars description. The whole town was blazing. As far as the eye could see it was fire—fire everywhere. Through the dense smoke she could distinguish hundreds of figures wildly running to and fro. There were heavy sobbing-voices earnest and pleading—there were wild shrieks, and children's screams of terror, mingled with the tramp of soldiers and the crackling of the flames.

As the bewildered girl stood looking at the fearful scene, three soldiers came and ordered her to leave the house. She fixed her dark eyes upon them, and begged, for her father's sake, that there little home might be saved. They laughed at her pleading, and at the tears that were coursing down her cheeks. She saw that tears and words were vain, and as they threw in the burning torches, she sprang to her buckets of water, and with a strength and courage that seemed superhuman, she extinguished torch after torch.

The rude soldiers looked in wonder at the brave girl, and would have left her in the house she had so nobly saved, but for one more brutal than the rest. Drawing a pistol from his breast he exclaimed with an oath.

"Put out another torch, woman, and your life shall pay for your boldness."

Annie neither saw nor heeded the pistol, though it was pointed at her, and the fierce, angry face of the soldier told that he was in earnest.

Another torch was flung upon the floor; another bucket of water extinguished its red glare. There was a bright flash, a loud, quick report. The soldiers passed in their work to see the brave girl fall. But there she stood, her cheeks flushed, her eyes glaring defiance, and ready to extinguish another torch.

"Pour on the camphene, boys, and let us burn the fiend!"

The command was obeyed, and the white flame spread over the store the brave girl had tried to save.

"Leave this place, soldiers," said a voice of authority, and a tall officer entered the door.

"You deserve your home brave girl," said the officer, and he threw the water on the flames that were rapidly gaining headway.

Some one to help her, Annie's spirits rose again and together they worked, the officer only pausing to look at the bright eyes and flushed face of the brave and now beautiful girl. They worked long and steadily, and saved the little house, but the contents of the store were gone. Annie leaned languidly against the door, and gazed sadly around her. Bending over the dreary girl, the officer whispered.

"Tell me your name, noble girl; I must go now, but you shall see me again."

"My name is Annie Brown," she answered, "and who must I thank for saving my home?"

"It was a rebel, sweet girl, who you shall see again; he has saved your life and honor, too. Farewell!"

Annie could see the tall figure but a moment, for it was lost in the black smoke that now covered everything. She turned from the heated, heavy atmosphere, and found her mother and father in the little back-room, overcome with grief and terror.

"The store is gone, dear father, but our house is saved," she said, cheerfully.

Tears rolled down the old man's cheeks, as he drew the little dreary figure to his heart.

And Annie felt more than repaid for her labors, when her father proudly smiled upon her through his hair.

A week of fearful suffering followed that day of fire. Neighboring towns sent bread to the famishing, and clothes to the naked. But thousands were homeless and beggarly who had lived in luxury and taste. They lingered among the ruins, hopeless and helpless, clinging to the blackened walls, and loving them because they had once been homes.

Annie Brown's home was a refuge for many who knew not where to lay their heads; and the little she had saved was freely shared with those who had nothing.

A week of toil, privation, and suffering passed, but bravely Annie Brown had borne it. She had soothed and comforted those around her, and had felt the cravings of hunger that others might not suffer. But even Annie's courage and bravery were commencing to fail. She sat upon her little back porch vainly trying to check the tears that would come, and thinking sadly and hopelessly of the future.

All were asleep within the low house, and she sat wondering what she could do to keep hunger and wretchedness from those she loved so well. A weary prospect lay before her, and a prayer rose to her lips that God would teach her what to do.

The prayer was scarcely offered, when she heard a little, quick step, and looking up, she saw a tall form beside her. She could scarcely distinguish it in the darkness, but as the figure turned toward her, the light from the window fell upon him, and Annie recognized the officer who had helped her save her house.

He put his finger to his lips and whispered.

"I am alone, Annie, and have risked everything to see you again."

She did not speak, and he sat down beside her.

"Are you glad to see me, Annie," he asked.

"You have saved my life; and all that I have I owe to you; but," she added, "that is very little; and God only knows what we are to do. It would have been kind, soldier,

to have taken life too, when all else were gone. We are beggars and you have made us so."

He did not seem to notice Annie's bitter words, but drew her to him. At first, she resisted, but his strong arm was around her, and there was something in his manner that soothed the weary girl. He told her of his home—of its beauty, its wealth, and luxury; he said he had come to offer it to her. He told her of his love; that she would be to him more than all else; that he would shelter and comfort her, and she should never know sorrow, or trouble, or weariness.

Annie listened to the strange, sweet words. Her life had been, given to others. She had borne her burdens alone and un-murmuringly, but life seemed often weary and full of care. The stranger knew this, for he could read woman's heart, and he could whisper words that would soothe and win.

Hour after hour flew by, and still Annie listened to his glowing descriptions, and low, loving words. It was past midnight, and the officer's voice sank lower as he whispered.

"Annie, will you go with me, trust me, and all I have told you shall be yours."

"Where shall I go?" she asked.

"To the sunny South, and by my little, loving bride."

He drew a glittering ring from his finger and put it upon hers. He turned, that light might fall upon the diamond. It fell upon his face. It was a handsome face; but as Annie gazed, there was something there that made her tremble. She knew nothing about that world beyond her home.

She had listened and believed the honeyed words that had been whispered. But there is little affinity between purity and vice, and one look had roused Annie from her dream of love, and brought back the realities of life. She drew her hand from his, and taking the ring from her finger, said:

"I cannot go. God bless you, soldier, for what you have done; but I cannot go with you."

The calm, decided tone surprised the lover, but he did not quit his suit. Every act of persuasion was used, but in vain. The more earnest he grew, the more decided Annie became, and when he found persuasion was of no avail, he resorted to force.

Annie's brave spirit rose as the danger became more imminent. Her hand was upon the door, and in, calm measured tones she said:

"Soldier, you have been kind: for this I thank you, but I blush that I have listened so long to a traitor—that I have trusted even for an hour one who believes neither in faith or in honor. Go back to your comrades, and remember that weak woman, alone, and in the dead of night dared to say she scorned a traitor."

"You shall pay for your scorn, proud girl; if love is sweet, revenge is sweeter."

He drew a pistol from his breast, and fired. Annie saw his design, and moved quickly, but the shot passed through her arm. The noise roused the house, and they hurried to the door.

Annie was alone. The traitor and coward was gone. She was pale and faint from the loss of blood, but it proved only a flesh wound. And as she looks at it now, she tells those who come to hear how she was saved, "that a traitor may be kind, but he never can be trusted."

TOOLS.—The earliest tools were of the simplest possible character, consisting principally of modifications of the wedge; such as the knife, the shears (formed of two knives working on a joint), the chisel and the axe. These, with the primitive hammer, formed the principal stock-in-trade of the early mechanics, who were handicraftsmen in the literal sense of the word. But the work which the early craftsmen made in wood, in stone, brass and iron, contrived to execute, sufficed to show how much expertness in the handling of tools will serve to compensate for their mechanical imperfections.

Workmen then sought rather to aid muscular strength than to supersede it, and mainly to facilitate the efforts of manual skill. Another tool became added to those mentioned above, which proved an additional source of power to the workman. We mean the saw, which was considered of so much importance that its inventor was honored with a place among the gods in the mythology of the Greeks. This invention is said to have been suggested by the arrangement of the teeth in the jaw of a serpent, used by Tolus, the nephew of Deodolus, in dividing a piece of wood. From the representation of ancient tools found in the paintings at Hieraculum, it appears that the frame-saw used by the ancients very nearly resembled that still in use; and we are informed that the tools employed in the carpenter's shops at Nazareth at this day are in most respects the same as those represented in the buried Roman city. Another very ancient tool, referred to in the Bible and in Homer, was the adze, which was used to sharpen weapons and instruments. Thus the Hebrews "had a file for the mattocks, and for the cutters, and for the forks, and for the axes, and to sharpen the planes." When to these we add the adze, plane-irons, the auger and the chisel, we sum up the tools principally relied on by the early mechanics and working in wood and iron.

How to GET RID OF RATS.—For some years I was considerably annoyed with rats. I tried various "vermin poison," traps &c., with very little success, until I thought of a mode which we adopted for destroying dogs that used to hunt our rabbit warren in the old country. So I got a quantity of broken bottles and window glass, and with a hammer and an anvil, I trituated it pretty fine (a stone would do to pound the glass on); I then sifted the coarse part out, and mixed a cupful of the fine with a cupful of flour and another of oatmeal, and scattering it with a few drops of aniseed to attract them, I placed it on boards in the cellar, etc. They ate it up so fast that one of the family observed that "instead of poisoning, it must be fattening them;" but a few days told a different story. The last mess served for them remains untouched yet, though put down last Fall, and no appearance of a rat or mouse, living or dead since. Neither have we noticed any small of blue-bottle (meat) flies, as there would have been had they died on the premises. It was a happy riddance. The mixture must be kept from children, dogs, and other silly animals, as it would kill them as well as rats.

A VIRTUE NEEDED IN AMERICA.

We Americans are the most wasteful and extravagant people in the world. We waste fearfully in food, in clothing, and in extras. We waste in every secular day of the week, and waste a double amount on Sundays. Men waste shamefully, women shockingly; boys and girls, too, are permitted to waste wildly. Wastefulness is one of our worst national vices; for if economy be a virtue, then extravagance must be a vice. The English don't waste half as much as we do; the French not a quarter; and the Germans (while in Germany) don't waste at all.

Hundreds of leading hotels here and throughout the country prepare daily from twenty to fifty different dishes for dinner, and out of these from a half to two-thirds are regularly wasted. Thus not only is food wasted, but also labor at the same time. In ordinary families unwholesome meals of half a dozen dishes are gotten up, where a plain meal would do once, but economical and wholesome. We gorge ourselves with great quantities of articles, which are neither nutritious nor delicious, but simply costly. Men buy four hats a year, where one ought to last them four years. They throw away coats and pants when they are but little the worse for wear; and instead of having their shirts mended, they purchase new ones and sling away the old. Women wear very expensive articles of dress without wearing them out; and we have heard, are inclined to spend and waste money and material without stint.

The present is a most excellent time for the whole people to begin to learn and practice the virtue of economy. If those men who are striking for higher wages because of the high price of living, would, instead of this, waste less in their homes, their clothing and their "sundries," it would be much better for themselves and for the country. If dealers would live less extravagantly, and waste less, they could sell more cheaply. If rich men would squander less on their tables, their tailors, their wine merchants, their fast horses, big houses and "fancy fixings," they would set a better example, would better enjoy life, enjoy better health, and be more able to help their country. If the fair sex would pay some attention to this matter—and we refer not merely to the wealthy classes, but to those in the common walks of life—they would be three blessed themselves and would confer blessings on the benighted sex.

Among the mercantile, mechanic, agricultural and working classes of Germany, the same garment will not only be worn for one season or one year, but for half a lifetime or more; and yet they will be no less comfortably clad than our people, who wear a hundred suits of expensive clothing during their brief existence. In Dacia, the underwear of the women will often be handed down and worn for three generations—which is a fact that might profitably be pondered by the daughters of America. They are no less economical in articles of food on the European continent. A witty Frenchman asks the question why pork is so dear in Paris, and himself answers the inquiry by saying it is because they can't raise swine in France, for the people themselves consume all the garbage. There is hardly enough truth in this to point the joke; but the fact is, that the nice and economical habits of the French, in matters of diet, prevents the vast accumulations of refuse which are seen in some other countries.

Our habits of waste astonish all foreigners. We waste enough in this country, of food and clothing, in one year, to sustain the whole population for five. The times are hard. The currency is deranged. We know not what lies in the future. The whole country should begin to learn habits of economy. And it is a virtue, which, if it is ever to become national, should at once be begun to be practiced by individuals.

TEACH YOUR BOYS TO ASPIRE.—Much good advice is bestowed on boys and young men that never gets beyond the drums of their ears. One of the most useful ideas you can introduce in a young man's mind is that his owner is bound to make him work in the world if he chooses to try. Teach him that it depends solely upon himself whether he soars above the dead level of mediocrity or not, whether he crawls or flies. Give him, as far as possible, confidence in his own inherent capabilities. Argue that he has the same faculties by which others have risen to distinction, and that he has only to cultivate them and apply in their exercise that mighty propulsive agent, a determined will, in order to rise. Bid him shoot his arrows out at the zenith. A man with the President in his eye, although he may fall short of the mark, will be pretty sure to reach a higher position than if his ambition had been limited to the position of town constable, or a tide waiter's berth in the Custom House.

This is not a land where poverty is a serious impediment to advancement. Very few of our millionaires were born with gold spoons in their mouths, and several of the most distinguished of our statesmen earned their bread in early life by the sweat of their brows. Fortune's gifts are wrung from her in this country by beads and hearts that know no such word as fail, and Fame has no special favors for the silk-stocking class. Action, says Aristotle, is the essence of Oratory, but it is more true that energetic will is the soul of success. The best temporal advice a father can give a son is "aspire."

"Boy, let the eagle's flight ever be thine, Onward and upward and true to the line."

On the 20th ult. Mrs. Clark, of North Collins, N. Y., and her three children were seated at a table, on which was placed a lighted lamp, which the girl undertook to fill with kerosene. In attempting this, the flame communicated to the oil in the can, causing an explosion of both the can and the lamp, and instantly enveloping all four persons in a sheet of liquid fire. Efforts were made in vain to extinguish the flames. The unfortunate mother was burned to blackness from head to foot, and her features so horribly disfigured that her most intimate friends could not recognize her. She survived till Tuesday afternoon, enduring the most intense agony. The girl aged thirteen, and a boy aged six years, were not expected to survive. The fourth a lad of sixteen, was badly burned on the right side of his head, shoulder, and the whole length of his arm, but hopes are entertained of his recovery.

THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

The London Times gives an encouraging account of the progress of the new Atlantic Telegraph cable. On the 19th of January the work of shipment on board the Great Eastern was begun. The cable is transferred from the works at Greenwich to the hulk Iris, for transference to the Medway, and final storage in the tanks of the Great Eastern. The shipment will continue without intermission now until nearly the end of May, by which time it is hoped all will be coiled away snugly on board the great steamship. The total quantity of rope required to connect Valentia with Bull's Bay, Newfoundland, allowing for the "slack" which must run out to prevent too great a strain on the cable, is about two thousand three hundred nautical, or nearly two thousand seven hundred statute, miles. With this length a liberal margin is given of nearly six hundred statute miles of rope for slack caused by currents, possible rough weather, and the avoidance of anything like unusual strain on the cable in the deepest water.

Over one part of the route the depth is as great as from two thousand to two thousand five hundred fathoms, or nearly three statute miles—a depth, however, which is only considered of moment in case of rough weather in paying out, the mere strength of the cable being sufficient to bear its own weight in eleven miles of still water. In this respect, as, indeed, in all others (the Times adds), the new cable is a decided superiority over the old ill-used rope which was first laid, and which, to the amazement of all those who knew its real condition, nevertheless remained in fair working order for a few days. If such unexpected results were obtained from the old cable, which the advancement of electrical science since then shows to have been thoroughly ill-adapted for its purpose, it is not over sanguine to expect a far more favorable conclusion to the present enterprise, every step in the conduct of which has been marked with the most jealous care, not only to guard against the dangers known to exist, but against other emergencies which experience shows may arise, but which five years ago were unknown.

In size, in strength, in better condition, better insulation and better out covering, the new rope is nevertheless than three times as good as the old one, while in many cases, and these the most important, its superiority is four or five times greater. Though a much larger cable, its weight in water per mile is less than half that of its unfortunate predecessor.

No final arrangements have yet been made as to the rules to be followed in laying the cable, but it will, of course, be commenced from this side of the Atlantic and carried across to Newfoundland, to get the benefit of the westerly winds which generally blow in summer. Steaming against a head wind, the Great Eastern is as steady as a rock. The rate of steaming across will never exceed seven knots an hour, and at this rate the great object of the expedition ought to be accomplished in from ten to eleven days. All will, however, depend on fine weather, which, fickle enough everywhere, is trebly so in the North Atlantic, as the terrific gale encountered by the last expedition sufficiently proved. Against this misfortune, however, no care or skill on the part of the company can guard, and at present this seems the only cloud over the prospects of the new Atlantic telegraph.

CALIFORNIA ANTS.—That enemy of the hoarded sweets of the California housekeeper, the ant, is beyond counting in his annoyances this year. In the warmer districts of the state nothing eatable can be stored without attracting myriads of them, and the destruction they cause is really an important item. They have never within the memory of the oldest settlers been so numerous in the lower levels of the Sacramento and San Joaquin in 1864, and in the mines, residents inform us, they have been eating every pantry, kitchen and closet. If a piece of meat, cheese, sugar, bread, or what not, is laid down, in half an hour it will be completely covered over with these devouring little vretches, and burrowed, tunneled and perforated with marvellous expedition. The miners say they are laying up an early stock of comestibles to pass a long and heavy winter. In the vineyards and gardens, as the fruit ripens, the ants spoil what the rascally birds and squirrels leave, and figs and soft fruit are their special delight. The ripening grapes around Los Angeles are a great attraction to them, and the vineyard men run in distraction over their raids, and it is likely they will spoil the making of much good brandy, as each of their wretched little bodies contains a concentrated quantity of a peculiar acid, sour as vinegar. Here indeed is a new and strange plague, and there is not only the common little go-to-the-ant-house-lug-gard species of California, but several others, some with wings and some without. One of these, twice as big as a flea, bites like a fish-hook, while another of his fellows, of blood color, stings as he bites, raising up the babies and kittens to a terrible concert of squalls and tears in the quiet hours of the night.

FLAUN DETESTED.—Peter the Great, while in Poland, visited a statue of the Virgin, which was said often to shed tears during the mass. He saw that the fact was, apparently, just as had been described; but, while his companions seemed struck with conviction, he ruminated on the means of discovering the cause, which he well knew was not supernatural. The statue being placed high, and close to the altar, so that no one could reach it from the ground, he took up a ladder which happened to be near, and mounting it, very closely examined it from head to foot. His curiosity seemed ungratified, and the attending priests mentally congratulated themselves on their escape, as well as the conversion of the czar, which they expected would probably follow. But preserving small apertures in the eyes he uncovered the head of the Virgin, and to their great mortification exposed the whole mystery. The head was hollow and filled up to the eyes with water; this being agitated by a few small fishes placed in it, a few drops were occasionally forced through the apertures, and thus the miracle was produced. Peter took no notice of the matter further than to observe that "it was a miracle indeed;" and then left, as if nothing particular had happened.

THIS LIFE AND THE NEXT.—If this life we grow up to our full stature; and then we decrease till we decrease, we decline and die. In another, we come at first to "perfect stature," and so continue forever. We are here subject to sorrows and sins; the first grievous to us as we are men, the other as we are good men; so, we shall one day be freed, be perfect. It is a sweet meditation that fell from a reverend divine, that many vegetable and brute creatures do exceed men in length of days, and in happiness of their kind, as not wanting the things they desire. The oak, the raven, the stork, the stag, fill up many years; in regard of whom man dies in the minority of childhood. This made the philosophers call nature a step-dame to man, to the rest a true mother. For she gives him least time that could make best use of his time, and least pleasure that could best apprehend it, and take comfort in it. But here divinity teacheth and revealeth a large recompense from our God. Other creatures live long, and then perish to nothing; man dies soon here, and afterward he may live forever. The shortness is recompensed with eternity. Dost thou blame nature, O philosopher, for cutting thee so short that thou canst not get knowledge? Open thine eyes—perfect knowledge is not to be had here, though the days were double to Methuselah's. Above it is. Bless God, then, rather for thy life's shortness, for the sooner thou diest, the sooner thou shalt come to thy desired knowledge. The best here is short of the least there. Let no man blame God for making him too soon happy. Say rather with the Psalmist, "My soul is adistress for God; O when shall I come to appear in the glorious presence of the Lord?" Who would not forsake a prison for a palace, a tabernacle for a city, a sea of dangers for a firm land of bliss, the life of men for the life of angels?—Thomas Adams.

COQUETRY AMONG GIRLS.—I suppose that coquetry, in its legitimate form, is among woman's charms, and that there is a legitimate sphere for its employment, for, except in rare nature, it is a natural thing with your sex. Nature has ordained that man shall prize most that which shall cost an effort, and while it has designed that you shall at some time give your heart and hand to a worthy man, it has also provided a way for making the prize he seeks an apparently difficult one to win. It is a simple and beautiful provision for enhancing your value in his eyes, so as to make a difficult thing of that which you know to be unspeakably easy. If you hold yourself cheaply, and meet all advances with open willingness and gladness, the natural result will be that your lover will tire of you. To become a flirt is to metamorphose into a disgusting passion that which by a natural constitution is a harmless and useful instinct. This instinct of coquetry, which makes a woman a thing to be won, and which I suppose all women are conscious of possessing in some degree, is not a thing to be cultivated or developed at all.

It should be left to itself, unstimulated and unperturbed; and if, in the formative stage of your womanhood, by imitating them, or seeking to make impressions for the sake of securing attentions which are repaid by insult and negligence, you do violence to your nature, you make yourself a woman whom your own sex despise, and whom all sensible men who do not mean to cheat you with insincerities as mean as yours, are afraid of. They will not love you, and they will not trust you.—Dr. Holland.

OF CHRIST.—Christ made himself like to us, that he might make us like to himself. Christ must needs have died, how else could sin be expiated, the law satisfied, the devil conquered, and man be saved? They that deny themselves for Christ, shall enjoy themselves in Christ. Men would rather hear of Christ crucified for them, than be crucified for Christ. If Christ denied innocent nature of love to us, shall not we deny corrupt nature out of love to him. Christ by his death appeared to be the Son of man, by his resurrection he appeared to be the Son of God. Testament, the Spirit is the great promise of the New.

Christ's strength is the Christian's strength. If we would stand, Christ must be our foundation; if we would be safe, Christ must be our sanctuary. In regard of natural life, we live in God; in regard of spiritual life, Christ lives in us.

He that thinks he hath no need of Christ hath too high thoughts of himself; he that thinks Christ cannot help him, hath too low thoughts of Christ.

Presumption abuses Christ, despair refuses Him.

"Will you help me out of this mud hole?" said a traveling druggist, who had just been compelled to stop his team in a mud-hole, because they couldn't pull it out.

"No, I can't," said the Yankee, who was heavily loaded, and fearful he would be late for the cars.

"I would take it as a great favor, besides paying you," said the druggist.

"What are you loaded with?" asked the Yankee.

"Drugs and medicines," said he.

"I guess I'll try and get you out, then, for I am loaded with tombstones."

They were seen travelling together after that.

WHAT IS CONSCIENCE?—When a little boy, my father sent me from the field home. A spotted tortoise in shallow water caught my attention, and I lifted my stick to strike when a voice within me said:—"It is wrong." I stood with uplifted stick, in wonder at the new emotion, till the tortoise vanished from my sight.

I hastened home, and asked my mother what it was that told me it was wrong.

Taking me in her arms, she said, "Some men call it conscience, but I prefer to call it the voice of God in the soul of man.—But if you turn a deaf ear, or disobey, then it will fade out little by little, and leave you in the dark without a guide."

A thrifty husband cradles his wheat or cradles his corn, while the thrifty wife cradles the babies.

CONVULSION OF NATURE.—"Some three weeks since," says the correspondent of a Quebec paper, writing under date of the 9th instant, "a peaceable family, residing at Bon Desir in the county of Tadoussac, were roused from their slumber in the middle of the night by a horrible noise and quaking of the earth around their dwelling. Rushing out into the darkness, but not knowing where to turn for safety from a danger which threatened to engulf them every minute, their fears increased a thousand fold, they decided to await the return of day before departing from the spot. Their fears were not without foundation, as the ground around them shook and groaned in the most dreadful manner. Morning at length came, and with it an alarming spectacle for the eyes of all the inhabitants of the locality to behold.

"An immense moral hill had slid down, a house, a barn, and a number of other buildings had been removed to a distance of about two acres below their original sites, and the beach close by was strewn with immense boulders, and raised to a height of from twenty to thirty feet above its usual level, while the ground all around, for the space of twelve or fifteen acres, was cut up with deep crevices. The slide covered an extent of over twelve acres in depth by four or five in breadth. The unfortunate proprietor of the land covered by the slide is in the deepest despair at the catastrophe. Almost all his crops, hay, potatoes, and grain, are destroyed, and the better half of his farm useless for the future. There is, very fortunately, no loss of life to be recorded."

RAPIDITY OF THOUGHT IN DREAMING.—A very remarkable circumstance, and an important point in analogy, is to be found in the extreme rapidity with which the mental operations are performed, or rather with which the material changes on which ideas depend are excited in the hemispherical ganglia. It would appear as if a whole series of acts, that would really occupy a long space of time, pass ideally through the mind in an instant. We have in dreams no true perception of the lapse of time—a strange property of mind, for if such be also its property when entered into the eternal disembodied state, time will appear to us eternity. The relations of space, as well as of time, are also annihilated, so that while almost an eternity is compressed into a moment, infinite space is traversed more swiftly than by real thought. There are numerous illustrations of this principle on record. A gentleman dreamed that he had enlisted as a soldier, joined his regiment, deserted, was arrested, carried back, tried, condemned to be shot, and at last led out for execution. After the usual preparation a gun was fired; he awoke with the report, and found that a noise in the next room had, at the same moment, produced the dream and awakened him.

A friend of Dr. Abercrombie dreamed that he crossed the Atlantic and spent a fortnight in America. In embarking on his return, he fell into the sea, and awaking in his fright he found that he had not been asleep ten minutes.

DISCOURAGING CHILDREN.—It is somewhere related that a poor soldier, having had his skull fractured, was told by the doctor that his brains were visible. "Do write and tell father of it," said he, "for he always said I had no brains." How many fathers and mothers tell their children this, and how often does such a remark contribute not a little to prevent any development of the brain? A grown person tells a child he is brainless, foolish, or a blockhead, or that he is deficient in some mental or moral faculty, and in nine cases out of ten a statement is believed; the thought that it may be partially so acts like an incubus to repress the confidence and energies of that child.

We know a boy who, at the age of ten years, had become depressed with fainting and reproof, not duly mingled with encouraging words. The world appeared dark around him, he had been so often told of his faults and deficiencies. A single word of praise and appreciation, carelessly dropped in his hearing, changing his whole course of thought. We have often heard him say, "That word saved me." The moment he thought he could do well, he resolved that he would; and he has done well. Parents, these are important considerations.

ABSTRACTED GENT.—"Old Bumblebee" was the cognomen of Mr. T., of Newburyport. He gained the title from the fact of his catching a humble bee, one day, as he was shingling his barn, and in attempting to destroy the insect with his hatchet, cut off the ends of his thumb and fore-finger, letting the insect go unharmed. Other mishaps happened to the old coddler, on the same barn. In one of his abstractions, he slung over his spare hatchet; and cutting a small aperture in the building to let a little daylight in, this man actually set in a wooden pane, as being economical and not likely to be broken! Uncle T., in one of his obvious freaks, nailed his