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Selected Poetry.

GOOD-BY OLD ARM!

A Hospital Incident. BY GEORGE COOPER.

The knife was still the surgeon bore The shattered arm away; From his bed, in painless sleep, The noble hero lay.

Miscellaneous.

A DAY ON KILLENY HILL.

Excellent father had left me in position of a tolerable capital, and a thriftness in which to invest it; he had left me to his own pursuits, and I had to go beyond them. I was prudent as an industrious man, and so it was that when I had reached my second year, I found myself the possessor of somewhat more than fifty pounds, even in this age of millions, is not to be despised.

The Bradford Reporter.

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rejected," whispered Hope: "how could the low bred booby expect a better fate? I knocked and was instantly admitted—instantly; another good omen, I thought, which was heightened by the brilliancy of Lily's eye, and the flush on her beautiful cheeks. When we had shaken hands—and never did her hand feel softer or its pressure more palpable—she arose and said in a low tone to her aunt:

"My dear aunt, Mr. Grantham must excuse me if I retire; but you have my permission to explain matters, and I am sure from the many marks of friendship which he literally and liberally showered on me, he will be the first to congratulate us."

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FUN, FACTS AND FACETIE.

Nothing so much destroys our peace of mind as to hear another express an intention to give us a piece of his.

At an agricultural dinner the following toast was given: "The good of fortune; shallo the cards as you will, spades turn in."

They are trying to find a young man in Chicago who is believed to be \$100,000. Several young ladies in other cities are looking for one just like him.

Some people are never abreast of the age. They dive into the stream of the past and don't get out again; their heads stick in the mud at the bottom.

A farmer's son, a few days since, asked his father what a man-of-war was like. "Why," said his father, who had never seen one, "it's just like our threshing machine."

Many persons have their best society in their own hearts and souls—the purest memories of earth and the sweetest hopes of heaven; their loneliness cannot be called solitude.

A gentleman has lately been placed under restraint. The first symptom he showed of mental derangement was to try to eat a plant, and insisting on his gardener watering him.

The following question is being argued in the debating societies throughout the rural districts: "Which is the most destructive to life, cholera, or railroads?" At last accounts the railroads are away ahead.

Bad men are never completely happy, although possessed of everything that this world can bestow. Good men are never completely miserable, although deprived of everything that the world can take away.

A lady asked a minister whether a person might not be fond of dress and ornament without being proud. "Madam," said the minister, "when you see a fox's tail peeping out of the hole, you may be sure the fox is within."

"Look here, ma," said a young lady who had commenced taking lessons in painting of an eminent artist. "See my painting; can you tell what it is?" "Ma, after looking at it for some time, answered, 'Well, it is either a cow or a rosbird, I am sure I can't tell which.'"

In the Limerick papers an Irish gentleman, whose lady had absconded from him, thus cautions the public against trusting her: "My wife has eloped from me without rhyme or reason, and I desire no one to trust her on my account. For I am not married to her."

One Sunday, when the minister of Ulney entered the church, he was no less surprised than indignant to find that Miss Fleming had taken possession of the pulpit. "Come down, Jamie," said his reverence. "Come you, sir," answered Jamie, "they're a stiff neck and a rebellious generation, sir, an' it'll tak' us baith to manage them."

A gentleman, walking with two ladies, stepped on a horse's hoof, that flew up and struck him in the face. "Good gracious!" said he, "which of you dropped that?"

A driver of a coach in Texas, stopping to get some water for the young ladies in the carriage, being asked what he stopped for, replied, "I am watering my flowers." A delicate compliment.

The editor of a country paper in Pennsylvania, says that he felt called upon to publish Father Lewis' sermon on the "Locality of Hell," as it was a question in which nearly all our readers were interested.

Milton was asked: "How is it that in some countries a King is allowed to take his place on the throne at four years of age but may not marry until he is eighteen?" "Because," said the poet, "it is easier to govern a kingdom than a woman."

The young lady who could read the following and "don't pity the sorrows of a poor young man, who is in love with an old girl!" "I wish I was a turkey-coop."

A setting on your knee, I'd kiss your smilin' lips, love, To all et-er-r-r-r-

"The times are so hard I can scarcely manage to keep my head above water," said a husband to his wife. "No," she replied, "the storming him for a new dress. 'No,' she replied, with some asperity, 'but your message to keep it above your head is enough.'"

An old criminal was asked what was the cause which led to his ruin, when he answered: "Leaving a printer out of two years subscription! When I did that the devil took such a grip on me that I couldn't shake him off."

A copper stock speculator in Cleveland, fell asleep in church, when he was waked up by the pastor's reading—"Surely there is a vein for the silver and a place for the gold where they find it. Jumping to his feet he shook his head at the minister, exclaiming—"I'll take five hundred shares."

A good deacon making an official visit to a dying neighbor, who was a very unpoplar man, put the usual question: "Are you willing to go, my friend?" "Oh, yes," said the dying man. "I am glad of it," said the deacon. "For all the neighbors are willing."

JOHN NEWTON says: "When I get to heaven I shall see the wonders there. The first wonder will be to see so many people there whom I did not expect to see; the second wonder will be to miss so many whom I did expect to see; and the third and greatest wonder of all will be to find myself there."

We see it recorded that a soap peddler was recently caught at sea during a violent storm, when he saved his life by taking a cake of his soap and washing himself clean. This soap, or the story, must have been made from a very strong tin.

At what time of life may a man be said to belong to the vegetable kingdom?—When long experience has made him ripe.

"Sally, what time does your folks dine?" "Soon as you goes; that's missus' orders."

GEOLOGY OF OIL CREEK—THE STRATA.

The strata of Oil Creek and vicinity consists of conglomerate, sandstones, slates and shales. Conglomerate rock is made up of pebbles mixed with more or less sand, and all cemented into a close, hard rock. These pebbles vary in size and quality, in different localities, being usually of quartz, though sometimes of sandstone; and they are found from the size of a pea to that of a goose-egg, and occasionally even, though not in this part of the State, with a diameter measuring four or five inches.

The conglomerate of this vicinity belongs to what is called the Vespertine formation, in the Pennsylvania Survey. It is found in situ, or in its original position, only upon the tops of our highest hills, but pieces of it which have been broken off, generally by their own weight, after the softer rock beneath had been decomposed and washed away, are found scattered over the hillsides, sometimes in immense masses, or blocks, which are so enduring as to defy the action of the elements, and to bear record in their ruins, of former conditions and changes which their more yielding neighbors, the underlying sandstones and shales, could not survive.

As found here, it is not coarse, the pebbles being rarely larger than hickory-nuts; and become smaller as we trace this formation westward, while the opposite will hold true if we go eastward. The accompanying Vespertine sandstones and shales also become finer in their texture, and the whole formation becomes thinner as it spreads westward—from 2,000 on the Susquehanna River, to not over 100, or 150 feet at Oil Creek.

From this thinning down of the mass, towards the west, and a corresponding change in the texture, from coarse to fine; we are led to believe that the materials from which the rocks of this formation are composed, were derived from a continent lying on the east or northeast of the Appalachian range, previous to their upheaval; and that these materials, after being brought down to the sea through the channels of rivers flowing west or southwest, were distributed to their present locations by powerful ocean currents that were subject, doubtless, to laws similar to those which govern our present great Rivers of the Sea.

For a familiar illustration, take a long mill-pond or lake, with a creek flowing into it at one extremity and out at the opposite—the creek will bring down, especially at the time of a flood, large quantities of loose stones, pebbles, sand, black mud or vegetable mould, and blue mud or clay; and it will deposit them over the bottom of the pond or lake in the order in which we have named them; that is, at the upper end of the lake, at the mouth of the creek, will be found the large stones, then the sand carried beyond the pebbles, then as the force of the current becomes less, the black mud is deposited, and finally the clayey mud which the water held longest and carried farthest; and the beds will be found to become thinner as they become finer in texture, thus corresponding to the conglomerate, sandstones, shales and shales of the New York State and Pennsylvania formations of the secondary rocks.

It will be readily inferred from the foregoing, that a sandstone is only a very fine conglomerate; also that black carbonaceous slates may be attributed to a vegetable origin; and that argillaceous shales or the soapstones of the oil diggings, and derived from clayey formations.

THE VESPERTINE SERIES OF ROCKS—so called by Professor Rogers—is immediately beneath the Vespertine, and it corresponds to the Chemung and Portage groups of the New York State Geologists. This formation consists of sandstones, shales and shales interspersed, the sandstones in their layers varying in thickness from five to fifty feet, while the shales and shales are found in immense deposits, sometimes of 500 to 1,000 feet in thickness. To this series belong the sandstones, shales and shales which appear in the bluffs of the creek throughout its whole length, also the first, second and third sandrocks of the wells, with their intervening shales and shales, as far as the drill has yet penetrated, and how much deeper it extends is unknown. It will probably be found that the fourth sandrock of Pithole corresponds to the third of Oil Creek, and that the first at Pithole is identical with one found above the bottoms, along the bluffs of our valley; although it is by no means impossible that the continuity does not exist, for there were causes operating at the time where these rocks were deposited, which produced local changes and variations of greater or less importance; for instance, a third sand is found in Church Run, while no trace of one is found on the flats around Titusville; and the third sand in the middle of Oil Creek valley, disappears at the upper end of the Foster farm, and we have not learned that any has been found in any portion of the valley above.—Titusville Herald.

HOW TO TALK.

Dear reader, did it ever occur to you, (boys and girls,) that you might just as well learn to talk correctly as incorrectly? It is no more labor to use genteel language than to use awkward, uncouth and boorish phrases. Of course, children should be taught from their very cradles, by parents who should know how to speak correctly. Wherever that is the case, children grow up without need of cultivation or amendment in their manner of speaking, for "as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined." But unfortunately, few persons know how to talk, and they teach their children all manner of awkward sayings before they go to school, and which must surely be unlearned before the young man or woman can enter into genteel society. Unfortunately, even school teachers, in most places, pay no attention whatever to the manner in which their pupils converse. Nay, they even talk carelessly and more ruthlessly, "muster the King's English" themselves, for the reason that, notwithstanding they do not know how to talk or read, if their parents or teachers can aid the young people, they must take the matter in their own hands, and resolve to correct their awkward manner of speaking. They can do it if they determine upon it. They nearly all know better than they do, in this as most other things. They know that hundreds of words which they use are not correct, and would laugh at a public lecturer who would use such language. Learn to "talk like a book." That is a good way, and the habit once formed will remain with you. Every nation and every locality in nations, even down to counties and townships, have their idioms and localisms.

We have one set of cant phrases in Pennsylvania, and another in New York, a different one in Virginia, and still others in Tennessee and so on through all the States. The eastern Yankee will "guess," while in Pennsylvania we "reckon." In some of the Western and Southern States, they "calculate." All these phrases are really vulgar, and all used in the place of "suppose" or "presume," either of which is good English, wherever the English language is spoken, while the others are not. A word of Pennsylvania origin, unknown to the States North and East of it, is "ormary." It has no place in the English language, but those who use it, mean low, mean, vulgar. "I am in," or "I want out," and similar expressions are peculiar to this particular part of Pennsylvania. It is a short and very awkward way of saying, "I want to come in," or "to go out," &c. Correct speakers never use such terms.

"I haven't seen him," is another Pennsylvania idiom which is quite as awkward "I see him," yet it is quite common, even in Philadelphia, and the cultivated countries around it, and in this part of the State it is ridiculously common. Such errors need only to be pointed out, to be seen by all who know anything of the English language.

The decadence of waterfalls will cause a great falling off of hair.

"Pa, they tell us about the angry ocean What makes the ocean angry?" "Oh, it has been crossed so often."

LOCUSTS—CHOLERA.

There are several varieties of locusts that which belongs to Asia, and may be called the flying locusts, differs from the other species in the conformation of the head, the oval form of the eyes, the strength of the mandibles, and the exceptional size of the posterior claws. The male is rather smaller than the female, and of a yellow color. The insects of this family are one of the most terrible plagues not only of Egypt but of all Asia, the Archipelago, and Oriental Europe. For nearly two months, from Cairo to Damascus, the writer from whose account our description is taken, accompanied a friend on a journey during the season when the locusts are expected; and in the plains of Esdrælon and maratime Phenicia they were nearly blinded by the swarms which, attracted by the fertile valleys, regarded no obstacle to their passage, but even struck the faces of the travelers with the force of hailstones, and lay in thick masses on the road beneath the horses' hoofs.

The locusts is regarded by many of the Orientals as a fore-runner of war or pestilence, and it is recorded that they had not appeared either in Egypt or Syria for nearly fifteen years when, scarcely a month after their arrival, cholera and typhus ravaged the whole coast of the Mediterranean and the shores of the Black Sea. The rapacity of the locust is not the only evil which characterizes it; for when once the work of destruction is accomplished the insects die and cover a large extent of country with their decaying carcasses, causing pestilential maladies of the worst description.

In the course of the voyage of the travelers with a caravan their party stopped to breakfast on the slope of a mountain overlooking the plain of Esdrælon; to the left was mount Tabor and the Little Hermon, and afar off the mountains of Samaria, while facing them at the end of the plain could be seen the tiny village of Djonin, which was almost lost in the haze; although such was the clearness of the air above the plain that even distant objects could be seen with singular distinctness. Suddenly a remarkable sound was heard, which resembled the hum of a great workshop, and the rays of the sun were obscured by vast widely spreading clouds of locusts, which broke suddenly above the valley, upon which the insects dropped like snowflakes, covering the ground with their yellow bodies, which moved and undulated like foam upon water.

Unless a high wind prevails, and the locusts are driven toward the sea, there is no remedy but to submit to the stripping of every green leaf from the trees, and the utter disappearance of every blade of grass from the earth, which they leave as bare as though it had been scorched with fire. In the valleys the chase of the locusts is effected in a very primitive manner; viz., by the people—men, women, and children—arming themselves with long branches, and wooden drums or boxes, on which they beat, while they sing a sort of monotonous chant of a religious character, at the same time spreading themselves over the plain in order to alarm the invaders. It is a singular spectacle to witness this ceremony from a neighboring height, where the grotesque and the costumes of the people, and their wild songs, are strangely interesting.

MR. BEECHER ON WORK.

Henry Ward Beecher, in a recent speech, delivered the following just and spirited sentiment: "If the people of the South do not work, they cannot eat. I do not think it well for a man to have any work for him. If it is ever brought to pass that the young mothers of this day shall be as those of the days gone by, who did not consider it inconsistent with a cultured lady's position to work her full share in the household, working mornings till after the noonday meal, then changing her garments and resorting to social enjoyment and recreation, it will be more creditable to us. Instead, therefore, of sympathizing with those at the South who complain that their slaves have some leisure for every man's work, I am rejoiced to see that after all the suffering that has been undergone, there is coming to be a healthier state of things—a better condition in society. The first thing that Southern society wants is work, and respect for work. If you want to make a man respect work, make him work. And when he has wrought, and eaten the bread that he never tastes so sweet as when he wipes the sweat from his brow, conscious that he is dependent upon nobody, he respects work and workmen. Now, it is upon this wonderful power of work for the black man and for the white man in the South that I build my hopes for the future.

THE RIGHT VIEW.—There are a number of people in this, as well as every other community, to whom we commend the following remarks of the New York Tribune: "Nothing is more common than to hear people talking of what they pay newspapers for advertising, as if so much given to charity. Newspapers, by enhancing the value of property in their neighborhood, and giving the localities in which they are published a reputation abroad, benefit all such, particularly if they are merchants or real estate owners, thrice the amount yearly the meagre sum they pay for their support. Besides, every public-spirited citizen feels a laudable pride in having a paper which should be in his hands, even though he should pick it up in New York or Washington.

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FUNNY.—To see a young lady with both hands in soft dough, and a mosquito on the end of her nose.

The young gentleman who "flew into a passion" had his wings clipped.

BATTLES OF THE SWORDFISH AND THE WHALE.

Among the extraordinary spectacles sometimes witnessed by those who "go down to the sea in ships," none are more impressive than a combat for a supremacy between the monsters of the deep. The battles of the swordfish and the whale are described as Homeric in grandeur. The swordfish go in shoals like whales, and the attacks are often regular sea-fights. When the two troops meet, as soon as the swordfish have betrayed their presence by a few bounds in the air, the whales draw together and close their ranks. The swordfish always endeavors to take the whale in flank, either because its cruel instinct has revealed to it the defect in the cuirass—for there exists near the brachial fins of the whale a spot where wounds are mortal—or because the flank presents a wider surface to its blows. The swordfish recoils to secure a greater impetus. If the movement escapes the keen eye of his adversary, the whale is lost, receives the blow of the enemy, and dies almost instantly. But if the whale perceives the swordfish at the instant of the rush, by a spontaneous bound it springs clear of the water its entire length, and falls on its flank with a crash that resounds many leagues, and whitens the sea with boiling foam. The gigantic animal has only its tail for defence. It tries to strike its enemy, and finish him with a single blow. But if the active swordfish avoids the fatal tail, the battle becomes more terrible. The aggressor springs from the water in its turn, falls upon the whale, and attempts, not to pierce, but to saw it with the teeth that garnish its weapon. The sea is stained with blood; the fury of the whale is boundless. The swordfish harasses him, strikes on every side, kills him, and flies to other victories. Often the swordfish has not time to avoid the fall of the whale, and contents itself with presenting its sharp saw to the flank of the gigantic animal which is about to crush it. It dies then like Macabaus, smothered beneath the weight of the elephant of the ocean. Finally, the whale gives a few last bounds into the air, dragging its assassin in its flight, and perishes as it kills the monster of which it was the victim. The heroic combats of the swordfish with the whales would assuredly furnish matter for a strange poem, in which the grand world contents itself with the sea of blood, loaded with monsters bodies devoid of life, and slain upon each other, would be a picture worthy of inspiring a rival of the singer of the Batrachomyomachia. If the divine Homer did not hesitate to celebrate the wars of mice and frogs, why should not one of the sons of Apollo accord the recital of the exploits of the swordfish, and the formidable resistance of the giant of the waters?

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