

# The Bradford Reporter.

E. O. GOODRICH, Publisher.

REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER.

\$2 per Annum, in Advance.

VOLUME XXVII.

TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., JANUARY 31, 1867.

NUMBER 35.

## Selected Poetry.

### A LEGEND OF THE NEW MOON.

Over my shoulder watching,  
I wait for the bright new moon  
To wake in the western heavens,  
Where the air seems soft as June.  
O, sweet new moon, like silver,  
Shine out in the west for me!  
O, sweet new moon of lovers,  
I am watching at eve for thee.  
In the past, one eve I wandered  
'Neath the blossoming apple trees,  
When the world was full of beauty  
And the sighing western breeze.  
Over my own left shoulder  
I saw thy crescent light;  
And I wished a wish, that changing,  
Was woven thro' my dreams all night.  
I wished that a sweet, coy maiden,  
With ringlets soft and brown,  
With cheeks like the apple blossoms,  
And neck like the whitest dawn.  
Would return the love I bore her—  
In the morn my wish was true!  
Another eve I kissed her,  
And we vowed, sweet moon, to you!  
And you grew in your full orb'd beauty  
As our love grew day by day;  
And you wended through the cold gray  
mornings,  
As our love, till you went away.  
And a hundred times your crescent  
Has dipped to the sun's rich bed,  
Since the pleasant love of my boyhood  
Was numbered among the dead.

O, while I am waiting and watching,  
Shine out in your silver light!  
For my heart beats high for a maiden—  
I would wish a wish to-night.  
I would wish, while your crescent beacons  
The land where love is born,  
A wish that would last forever,  
"And come to pass at morn."

## Miscellaneous.

### HOW I WON POLLY AND A POSTMASTERSHIP.

I was the second sub-clerk at the  
Covford Office when the postmaster,  
Mr. Dwyer, was compelled to re-  
sign rather suddenly through ill  
health. As a consequence the first  
sub-clerk, Chaundy, and I had to do  
the chief's work between us until a  
fresh appointment was made. It was  
thought in the office that Chaundy  
was likely to get the postmaster's  
office, but that of Mollington, the  
postmaster of which would probably  
be transferred to Covford. He was  
the likeliest candidate for our vacan-  
cy, though Chaundy had been recom-  
mended for it by Dwyer, who was  
a man much thought of at head  
quarters. It was supposed that Chaun-  
dy was sure to get some sort of pro-  
motion; and I think it pulled him up  
a little, for he seemed to give himself  
the airs of a superior, and certainly  
made me do the lion's share of the work.

I didn't care. I was poor and a  
sub-clerk, and I never expected to be  
anything else. Indeed, I scarcely de-  
sired to be anything else. And why?  
Because I was in love. That is a  
thing to make most men ambitious;  
but it only made me, if not contented,  
at all events submissive under pov-  
erty. I had fallen in love with the  
herress of one of the richest land-  
owners in the county; and I knew  
no possible position within my limit-  
ed sphere would or could ever qual-  
ify me to become a suitor for her  
hand. Dreams of ambition therefore  
did not trouble me. Had the office  
of postmaster-general or secretary  
been vacant, and made the prize of a  
severe competitive examination, I  
would have given the best years of  
my life for a scholar as I was, to study  
for the contest, in order to try and  
win a position that would make me  
worthy of her. Failing, I should have  
come back without a murmur to my  
high stool, with a bold face and broken  
heart.

She was a lovely girl—such a mer-  
ry, bright glimpse of sunshine! We  
first became acquainted—I may so  
term her condescending ever after to  
bore me—on one St. Valentine's day,  
when I stamped some twenty  
valentines for her. When she was  
gone I looked them over—not with-  
out a pang of jealousy, which was  
allayed when I found they were cit-  
ed to school-fellows, old gentlemen  
—her godfather, her uncles, and that  
sort of thing. A more innocent batch  
of valentines never smelled her Mas-  
ter's revenue.

How a man like her father could  
ever have had so charming a daugh-  
ter I can't understand. Mr. Darke  
was a harsh, proud man, stern on the  
bench, and heartless at the board—  
He was severity itself with all tramps  
and beggars, and he preserved his  
game with the utmost strictness—  
There was a fierce hatred and a feud  
of long standing between him and  
the poachers, who were tolerably  
plentiful. He was not the sort of man  
I was at all disposed to ask for leave  
to pay my addresses to his daughter.  
So I bowed to fate; cherished Mary's  
image in my heart of hearts;  
and used to comfort myself in the  
intervals of business by reciting men-  
tally Shelly's lines about

"The love of the moth for the star,"  
Besides this I had but one delight—  
that of collecting foreign stamps for  
her. She happened one day to ask  
for one that was lying on the office-  
ledge; and I kept a watch for them  
ever afterward. How grateful I was  
to the mania I had once scorned and  
despised!

This humble passion of mine had  
existed nearly two years under these  
not highly favorable circumstances,  
and, what is more, instead of dim-  
inishing it was increasing. Meantime  
Chaundy and I went on as two sub-

clerks rolled into one postmaster, and  
no appointment was announced.  
Early in December there was al-  
ways a great ball at Covford, where  
at all classes met, and were oppo-  
sited to fraternize. It was the event  
of the season in the county. Mr. Darke  
was one of the patrons, and occasion-  
ally honored the ball with his pres-  
ence and that of "his lovely and ac-  
complished daughter," as the local  
journal gushingly styled her. This  
year he had not announced his in-  
tention of going, and it was generally  
supposed therefore that he would not  
be present. He had just made a fierce  
raid on the poachers, and was report-  
ed to head his watchers nightly in  
person, being determined to put down  
the gang, two of the ringleaders of  
which had just been sentenced to  
long imprisonments through his in-  
strumentality.

One afternoon about three days be-  
fore the ball, I was looking out of  
window. My desk was just at the  
junction of the office in which letters  
were received, orders issued, and  
transactions with the public gener-  
ally conducted, with the inner room  
in which the sorting was done, and the  
internal affairs of the office were ar-  
ranged. These two rooms formed  
two sides of the small court or vesti-  
bule which was open to the public,  
and the window where I sat was just  
in the angle, lighting the inner office,  
and by looking over the ground  
glass with which the window was  
fitted half-way up, I could see in  
profile all applicants at the outer of-  
fice.

The other clerks were at tea—a  
meal I did not care for; and I had,  
just as an occupation, cleared the  
box and sorted the letters, and then  
returned to my desk. As I mounted  
the stool I saw one of Mr. Darke's  
servants post a letter.

But the square was very water-logged  
and pressing in his gratitude—inquired  
what I was, where I came from, and  
how I was employed. On learning  
that I had no friends or relatives in  
the town, he insisted on my coming  
to dine with him on Christmas-day.  
"And I hope we shall be able to  
drink coffee to these rascals," he  
said, in conclusion.

I suppose he was in a particularly  
good temper this evening; for he in-  
troduced me to his daughter as a  
friend of his who had rendered him  
a most important service. He little  
suspected that she knew who I was,  
I at once went to the box and took it  
out; perhaps I half expected it was  
from Mary. It was in a wretched  
scrawl, probably the fellow's own,  
and was addressed "J. M., Post-Of-  
fice, Covford (To be called for)." I  
hurried to a window which gave a  
view of the street, and just caught  
sight of the man climbing into a cart  
which was standing outside the post-  
office a few doors off. I knew it was  
the gamekeeper's cart, in which  
game was brought into town for sale.  
As I watched I saw the keeper come  
out of the shop, mount the cart, and  
drive off. The help had evidently  
taken advantage of his absence to  
steal off and post his missive.

I don't know why I took any fur-  
ther notice of the letter. Having as-  
certained it was his, I ought to have  
dismissed all thought of it. But some-  
how I did not. I watched anxiously  
to see who would come and claim it.  
The claimant appeared next day;  
a couple of rough-looking fellows—  
railway laborers to all appearance—  
came in, and one of them asked for  
a letter "J. M." Having obtained it,  
they drew aside into a corner and  
opened it; and the corner happened  
to be one where my window was.  
With the utmost precaution against  
making any noise to alarm them, I  
raised the sash about an inch and  
listened.

The first words I caught were, "will  
you get the ball, and he won't return  
it till late."  
"That's the time for me! That's  
the time, as he's comin' back agin',"  
remarked the listener, in a hoarse  
whisper.

"There'll be none with him but  
young miss, for there's none stopping  
here. Willis' name, I knew—'will drive  
the chestnuts. This is all I know;  
I shall post it when I'm in town with  
keeper, and sha'n't be in agin till  
next week!"

"That'll do," said the man, when  
he had finished reading; "we'll finish  
off the ball for'n' w' a dance he  
won't lose!"

"Yes, dur'n'!" said the other, and  
with that the two moved off.  
This discovery of mine settled a  
doubt that had been perplexing me.  
I had been undecided whether to go  
to the ball or not. The expense, and  
a feeling that I could not hope to do  
more than see Mary, without speak-  
ing to her, had deterred me. Now I  
felt I might go and warn her father of  
the danger; and by so doing perhaps  
be rewarded by exchanging a few  
words with her; by hearing her  
thanks; by—but I dared not dream  
of such happiness as dancing with  
her.

So I purchased a ticket; and when  
the momentous time arrived went to  
the ball with a beating heart, and a  
terrible sensation of choking in my  
throat. I took my station near the  
entrance until Mr. Darke arrived. Be-  
fore long his carriage drove up, and  
he and Mary alighted. As he turned  
to tell the coachman at what hour to  
fetch him I saw a man push forward  
through the crowd, as if to hear what  
time he named, and then disappear.  
It was the man who had claimed the  
letter addressed "J. M."

This gave fresh strength to my  
resolution—which was needed, for I  
had begun to think I was dreaming,  
or had been mistaken, or exaggerated  
the case. Such a feeling was not  
unnatural under the circumstances,  
but the sight of the poacher—for I  
had no doubt he was one, and that  
was why he wished to revenge him-

self on Mr. Darke—had the effect  
of reviving all my previous convictions.  
It was not without some nervous-  
ness that I asked Mr. Darke to step  
into one of the windows and give me  
a few minutes' conversation. He look-  
ed a little surprised, but stillly con-  
sented; and when we had found a  
retired seat in one of the bow-win-  
dows I told him about the letter, and  
my conjecture that the stably-hold  
had either entered his service to aid  
the poachers in their scheme of re-  
venge, or had been bribed by them to  
give them information. At first he  
proposed to take a couple of police-  
men in his carriage and try to cap-  
ture the ruffians; but I pointed out  
that he would alarm his daughter—  
perhaps expose her to danger, sup-  
posing the poachers had fire-arms.

"Quite right," thank you! I had  
forgotten that and more. I had  
one fancy I am in danger so will be  
frightened to death whenever I am  
away from home. What do you pro-  
pose?"

"Can you return home by any other  
route?"

"Yes, by two others, involving a  
circuit of a couple of miles or so."  
"Then go by one of those. Miss  
Darke will be too tired to observe it;  
besides, it will not be light enough."  
"But I should like to catch the  
scoundrels!"

"I can identify them both, and will  
go to the railway and make inquiries  
and look about me to-morrow. You  
can have them taken into custody;  
and probably after a day or two in  
the lock-up they will man a clean  
breast of it, and give up the names  
of the others."

"Yes, perhaps best so," said Mr.  
Darke, after some minutes' reflection.  
"But how can I thank you for this?"  
I declined any special thanks, al-  
leging I was only doing my duty;  
but the square was very water-logged  
and pressing in his gratitude—inquired  
what I was, where I came from, and  
how I was employed. On learning  
that I had no friends or relatives in  
the town, he insisted on my coming  
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had no doubt he was one, and that  
was why he wished to revenge him-

When I reached the exact spot I  
dismounted, and carefully examined  
the ground. The dew was still on  
the grass, but there was not a foot-  
print to be seen on it. I went over  
every inch of the bank, and the bor-  
der of the fields below, with as much  
minuteness as a well-trained pointer;  
then I examined the bank of the canal,  
and crossing by a lock a little  
way below, went over the farther  
bank with equal care. There only  
remained the road to examine. No  
vehicle had passed over it since the  
previous night except the mail-cart,  
the tracks of whose wheels were  
freshly marked. As I followed them  
with my eye I noticed a little spot  
of ground slightly blackened, and caught  
a glimpse of bright metal. I hastened  
to the place and found a strange  
looking object, made apparently with  
two pieces of tin or zinc, which bore  
the traces of a recent explosion—  
This, then, was some clew to the  
mystery.

I walked along the road, scrutinizing  
it carefully, and about twenty  
yards farther found another of these  
"infernal machines"—not exploded—  
Farther on I came on the track of a  
child which had crossed the road  
from the canal-bridge to the fields—  
I could see that the child had stop-  
ped in one place; for the footprints  
were repeated, one over the other,  
and there were the marks of a hand  
in the dust, where little fingers had  
scrapped it in the act of picking some-  
thing up. I looked across the fields  
and saw a small lad "keeping birds."  
He was the only one astray, so I la-  
ided him and asked him if he had found  
any thing like what I held in my  
hand; and he at once produced one  
from his pocket, saying he found it in  
the road. I gave him sixpence, which  
was of more value to him—and safer  
supposing he laid it all out in sweets  
—than the explosive article which I  
took from him.

Then I mounted the cart again and  
drove on toward Grasslands, but did  
not see any thing more. In order to  
test whether the things I had found  
would sound like a pistol, I selected  
a safe and quiet bit of the road, laid  
one down, and drove over it. It ex-  
ploded with a flash and sound very  
like a pistol. Being prepared for it  
I saw where the flash came; but  
before the doing driver was hardly likely  
to observe so much as that.

As I was driving on I was surpris-  
ed by the sudden appearance of  
Mr. Darke's keeper.  
"Hold hard!" he cried, stopping  
the horse. "Was that you shooting?  
That's the second this morning. What  
have you got in the trap?"

I did not choose to explain matters  
to him; and he clearly suspected me  
of poaching, and vowed he'd take me  
to his master. To this I had no  
objection; so he jumped into the cart  
and we turned round.

To make a long story short Mr.  
Darke was roused, and came down  
to find me virtually in custody. A  
few words explained how it was. The  
keeper was sent away—not without  
praise, though, for his vigilance—  
and then I related my discovery to  
Mr. Darke. He at once recognized in  
my "infernal machines" the fog-  
signals he used on railways.

He insisted on my coming in and  
taking breakfast before I prosecuted  
the search farther, and I readily con-  
sented. Mary came down in a charm-  
ing morning-wraps and presided,  
and the danger being over—was  
told all about it.

It was determined that the mail-  
cart—which was an unusual convey-  
ance, and might attract needless at-  
tention—should be put up at Grass-  
lands, and that I should go on the  
nearest railroad to Mr. Darke's dog-  
cart.

On reaching the station I found  
from the station-master that there  
was a most unparadiseable careless-  
ness about the fog-signals; they  
were not served out to particular  
men, but kept in a box accessible to  
any one about the station. The  
plate-layers, he told me, were the  
men who used them oftenest; and I  
found that a party of them were lay-  
ing fresh rails about a mile off.

I drove to the nearest point to the  
place named, and made my way  
across country to the gang on the  
line. I recognized my two friends of  
the post-office among them; and a  
mode of procedure at once suggest-  
ed itself to me. It was not strictly  
legal, perhaps, but it answered my  
purpose. I went to the ganger, or  
foreman, and told him I wanted two  
of his men on a charge of murder—  
He did not seem inclined to assist  
me, and told me I must help myself.  
Luckily I had the pistols with me.  
I went up to the two men, told them  
I was a police-officer, and that I had  
come to take them upon a charge of  
murdering Mr. Darke. They seemed  
as smoothly as they should, is simply  
charge stoutly.

"You laid fog-signals on the road  
last night to frighten his horses, and  
they upset him into the canal and  
he's drowned," said I; "so it's mur-  
der, my lads. 'Come along!"

There seemed some inclination to  
resist the capture, so I took out the  
pistols.

"Look here," said I; "if I can't  
shoot the two I want, lads, I shall  
shoot the first two that come to hand;  
and they'll be the first that interfere.  
You'd best keep quiet, all of you;  
for there's a warrant out against you  
for poaching!"—I saw most of them  
look uncomfortable at this—"and if  
I give you a bad word it will go hard  
with you."

This had its effect, coupled with  
the appearance of the pistols; and I  
got my men off and marched them in  
front of me to the road, where I made  
them get into the dog-cart. The  
groom drove, and I sat behind with  
the pistols cocked; and in this form  
we went back to Grasslands.

I sent the porter on from the lodge,  
where I made an excuse for a minute

or so's delay; and by the time we  
reached the hall, in accordance with  
the instructions I had given him, all  
the blinds were drawn down and Mr.  
Darke kept out of sight.

The clergyman, who was a magis-  
trate, was sent for; and we exam-  
ined the prisoners, who broke down  
completely and confessed all, giving  
up their accomplices. They had in-  
tended to frighten the horses, as I had  
supposed, without thinking much  
about the probable consequences—  
except with the vague notion that  
they would not be guilty of murder,  
even if the worst happened. The  
stable-help turned out to be the son  
of one of them.

When we had terrified them suffi-  
ciently, we called to the real constable,  
who had been sent for, and they  
were given into his custody. Mr.  
Darke walking in presently, much to  
their alarm—surprise—but ultimate  
satisfaction.

I have not much more to tell. On  
my return to the office I found Chaun-  
dy had sent off a graphic report of his  
head-quarters, full of blunders, exag-  
gerations, and misstatements—being  
founded, in fact, solely on what the  
driver had said. I therefore did not  
utter a syllable about my doings, but  
quietly sent off a report of my own,  
including a document which I had  
got Mr. Darke to draw up, as magis-  
trate, to confirm my account.

The authorities placed themselves  
in communication with Mr. Darke;  
and the result was that in a week the  
appointment of a new postmaster at  
Covford was made; and the new  
postmaster was not Chaundy; it  
was I!

I went over to thank Mr. Darke for  
his part in the matter. He was out;  
so I thanked Mary. She congratulated  
me on my promotion, and said  
she supposed I should marry now. I  
said no. She inquired why. I at  
once explained, and made a confes-  
sion of my audacious love. She  
well, she gave me a good reason why  
I should marry, and furthermore told  
me whom I was to marry—Miss Mary  
Darke's wit, and no other.

Mr. Darke came in soon after, and  
I told him all. He was furious at  
first; but Mary remonstrated with  
him for his ingratitude, and pointed  
out that she should be twenty-one in  
three months, when should assert her  
right to become postmistress of Cov-  
ford. The squire relented, and we  
were married soon after Christmas-day,  
and have lived happily as the prince  
and princess of a fair-true ever since.

"That's how I won Polly—I always  
call her Polly now, because our eld-  
est girl is called Mary; and she is  
three years old, and therefore must  
be treated with respect; and it  
wouldn't do to have two Marys in the  
house. That, I repeat, is how I won  
Polly and the postmastership—which  
latter I didn't keep; for the squire  
makes a handsome allowance, and  
I am reading for the Bar. I got my  
father-in-law to use his influence for  
Chaundy, who ultimately was ap-  
pointed postmaster, with a hint not  
to be too clever in future.

PROFANE.—Why will men take the  
name of God in vain? What possi-  
ble advantage is to be gained by it?  
And yet this wanton, vulgar sin of  
profanity is evidently on the increase.  
Oaths fall upon the ears in the cars  
and at the corners of streets. The  
North American Review says well:  
"There is among us not a few who  
feel that a simple assertion or plain  
statement of obvious facts will pass  
for nothing, unless they swear to it  
by all the names of the Deity and  
blister their lips with every var-  
iety of hot and sulphurous oaths—  
I observe such persons very  
closely, we shall generally find that  
the fierceness of their profanity is in  
inverse ratio to the alliance of their  
ideas. We venture to affirm that the  
profane men within the circle of  
your knowledge, are all afflicted with  
a chronic weakness of the intellect.  
The utterance of an oath, though it  
may prevent a vacuum in speech, is  
no indication of sense. It requires  
no genius to swear. The reckless  
taking of sacred names in vain is as  
little characteristic of true independ-  
ence of thought as it is of high moral  
culture. In this breathing and  
beautiful world, filled, as it were,  
with the presence of the Deity and  
fragrant with its incense from a thou-  
sand altars of praise, it would be no  
servility should we catch the spirit  
of reverence worshippers, and illus-  
trate in ourselves the sentiment that  
the "Christian is the highest style of  
man."

A CROSS WOMAN.—The idea of a  
woman getting cross and ugly when  
things go the family do not run quite  
as smoothly as they should, is simply  
ridiculous. She makes herself an  
object of loathing and contempt  
whenever she is guilty of such non-  
sense. The Almighty has created  
her for a purpose entirely different to  
this insane and foolish indulgence in  
angry passions. He has made her  
beautiful and attractive in person,  
endowed her with sensibilities and  
refinements of mind and manner  
which, when properly cultivated, lead to  
the elevation of the higher and holier  
feelings of our nature. Think of a  
being thus constituted getting cross  
on every trifling occasion. How she  
insults her Creator, and prostitutes  
those excellent qualities which the  
stern sex do not possess, and which  
can only be reserved by heaven for  
her alone. Think of this, fair woman  
whenever the devil tempts you thus  
to sin. You may forfeit all within  
your grasp; worldly happiness, per-  
sonal esteem, domestic felicity, that  
peace of mind which arises from a  
conscientiousness of duty well and faith-  
fully performed, and what is more  
than all, you may forfeit the favor of  
your God.

## OREMATION IN SIAM.

The practice of burning the bodies  
of the dead is retained in Siam in full  
force to the present day, among all  
the principal families. The cere-  
mony is magnificent enough, but fear-  
fully expensive, and its continuance  
is an intolerable burden, but no one  
dares to drop it because it is "the  
old custom." The Bangkok Recorder  
of September 20th, contains descrip-  
tions of the burning on that day of  
two Siamese nobles, one brother of the  
Prime Minister of the kingdom who  
died a few weeks later. During all  
the intervening time, the bodies had  
lain in state in their respective  
homes. The whole period had been  
occupied in costly preparations for  
the ceremony. On a platform about  
eight feet from the ground had been  
erected a pyramid sixteen feet high,  
surmounted by a splendid and highly  
ornamented gilt. Over this was an  
immense and lofty white canopy,  
open at the four sides. The whole  
was profusely decorated with flowers  
and fancy articles.

On the day of the funeral the pyra-  
mid was chiefly removed, and a pile  
of firewood built in its place, on which  
the bodies were placed. The account  
proceeds:

"Within its enclosure on two sides  
of the dome were seated priests, prin-  
ces, noblemen, &c. On another side  
were the female mourners and friends,  
together with nearly all the Euro-  
pean ladies residing within the city—  
On the fourth side where His Majesty  
was to approach the dome, were the  
European gentlemen comprising mar-  
iners, merchants, consuls, clergymen,  
&c. Without the enclosure on all  
sides were vast multitudes of both  
sexes and of all classes.

"The hour of five o'clock had now  
arrived, which was the time appoint-  
ed for the ignition of the funeral pile.  
Presently the royal heralds announc-  
ed the approach of the king by their  
trumpets and conch-shells. All eyes  
were consequently turned to the  
quarter at which his majesty was to  
enter and ascend the dome. The king,  
the King; from the brass band, intro-  
duced him very quietly into the pres-  
ence of the dead, where he seated  
himself with a large number of child-  
ren, before ten or a dozen Buddhist  
priests, arranged in a line, sitting on  
a carpet. These went through cer-  
tain rehearsals and incantations for  
the dead, bearingly audible, but not to  
be understood, while His Majesty  
poured sacred water from a little tra-  
p into a basin, it being a symbol of  
blessings craved for the departed  
spirits, as well as for all the remain-  
ing friends.

"The screen which had hidden the  
dismantling and humiliation of the  
bodies on the wood was now drawn  
aside. His Majesty then snatched an  
instrument peculiar to the Siamese,  
which ignited a little powder, and  
this a tube, while the King, having  
ascended the steps, applied to the fu-  
neral pile. Immediately the nearest  
mourners stepped up and placed each  
his wax candle and sandal sticks un-  
der the wood; and then the princes  
and lords in rapid succession did the  
same, until all order of rank was lost  
in the desire to manifest the same re-  
spect for the dead before the flames  
should become too hot to admit of ap-  
proach. The fire increased with un-  
usual rapidity.

"There was no outburst of grief,  
but manifestly silent, solemn weep-  
ing among some of the mourners. We  
could not but weep with them when  
we considered that they were so very  
young without one ray of the glorious  
hopes which the gospel affords to  
them who believe in Him who is the  
resurrection and the life."

HEARING a physician remark that  
a small blow would break the nose, a rustic  
exclaimed: "Well, I dunno about that—  
I've blowed my nose a great number of  
times, and I've never broke it yet."

"Why is it easy to break into an old  
man's house? Because his gilt is broken  
and his locks are grey."

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a small blow would break the nose, a rustic  
exclaimed: "Well, I dunno about that—  
I've blowed my nose a great number of  
times, and I've never broke it yet."

"WONDERFUL things are done now-  
adays," said Mr. Timmins. "The doctor  
has given me a new way of looking at  
his cheek." "Ah," said his lady, "many's  
the time I have known a pair taken from  
mine, and no very painful operation either."

BRIGHTON YOUNG has been making  
inspecting tours round his dominions.  
He was "inspected" by a royal commis-  
sioner, who propounded Arrianus Ward's  
question direct: "How's your mother-in-  
law?"

It is said the reason the stars did  
not shine was because the police were on  
the watch for them.

When Madame Rachel saw her  
stout sister Sarah dressed for the part of a  
shepherdess, her comment was: "Sarah,  
dear, you look like a shepherdess who has  
just got down on her knees."

An Irish peer says, "never be criti-  
cal upon the ladies." "Why may I not?"  
a gentleman ever will attempt to look at  
the fans of a pretty woman is to shut his  
eyes."

TENO said that an avaricious man  
was like a lantern, soot, which such in  
all the rain and dews with greediness  
and thirst—but yields no fruitful herbs or  
plants to the inhabitants.

make the motion of the delicate needle  
too violent—to use a vulgar  
phrase, it would be perpetually "wab-  
bling about." The small current used  
has no such effect.

RICARD'S PATENT FOR TANNING LEATH-  
ER IN ONE DAY.—The GERHARD PAPERS  
give the following which is described  
as a simple and cheap method. The  
inventor guarantees to tan any kind  
of leather in one day, the work to be  
perfect, the leather to be as tough  
and strong as any that is prepared  
otherwise. The materials used are  
oil of turpentine, mixed with extract  
of tannin, and the mechanical opera-  
tion is by imparting motion to the  
skins, which are put into falling vats.  
After washing, depilating, and re-  
moving the upper skin from the hides  
instead of consigning them to the  
miserable pit, they are put into fall-  
ing vats. These contain a decoction  
of alum in case the leather is to re-  
main white, or if it is to be colored  
the decoction is that of catechu, sum-  
mac, and other astringent