

**TERMS OF PUBLICATION.**  
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**Selected Poetry.**

**THE PILLAR OF BEAUTY.**  
 Scatter the gems of the beautiful  
 By the wayside to them all,  
 That the roses may perfume the cottage gate,  
 And the violets may perfume the garden wall,  
 Cover the top and rude of earth  
 With a veil of leaves and flowers,  
 And a leafy opening bud and cup,  
 The march of Summer home.

Scatter the gems of the beautiful  
 In the holy shrine of home!  
 Let the pure, the fair, and the gracious there  
 In the lovelyest love come:  
 Leave not a trace of deformity  
 In the holy shrine of home!  
 But gather about the earth its gems  
 Of nature and of art.

Scatter the gems of the beautiful  
 In the temple of our God—  
 The God who started the uplifted sky,  
 And flowered the trumpeted sky,  
 When He built a temple for Himself,  
 And raised each arm in symphony,  
 And curved each arch in grace.

Scatter the gems of the beautiful  
 In the depths of the human soul;  
 Thy bud and blossom, and bear the fruit,  
 While the endless ages roll,  
 Place it in the shrine of charity,  
 The portals of the heart,  
 And the fair and pure about His path  
 In Paradise shall bloom.

**Miscellaneous.**

**A TRIP ACROSS THE WATER.**  
 No. XLVII.

As one who travels far, oft turns aside  
 To rest his weary feet on rugged rock,  
 Or on the softest pillow of the mountain,  
 Which seems to smile at him, then coming home  
 Describes and prays it, that the world may  
 Know how far he went for what was nothing worth,  
 I judge me not that...  
 A true to nature! Roving as I rove,  
 Where shall I find an end—or how proceed?

In the early morning, as I passed  
 along the beach at Margate, my attention  
 was attracted by a number of  
 queer-looking carts ranged along the  
 sands. On each pair of wheels stood  
 a little boy, some four or five feet  
 high, what similar to the contrivances  
 called alights for travel and encampment,  
 which I had before seen in use  
 among the Gipsies of England. The  
 purpose of these carts at the sea-side  
 was, however, sufficiently evident.  
 The boys, who were seated on a  
 charter one of them, upon the spur  
 of the occasion, for a brief marine  
 excursion. A pony was soon attached,  
 and I was conveyed in my "drawing  
 room cart" some twenty rods  
 to a suitable depth (of some four or  
 five feet) beneath the sea level,  
 whereupon a halt was called, and  
 driver and pony returned to shore:  
 while I proceeded through the  
 seaward door of my apartment,  
 to take a salt water bath;—also took  
 a cold—as the bath was very hot,  
 even to chilliness. All of which  
 being accomplished, my attire was  
 soon resumed; at the opening of the  
 landward door a signal, man and  
 horse came to the rescue, and myself  
 and cart were driven to the beach,  
 where the cart was unloaded, and I  
 was enabled to take my morning  
 walk in the open air.

**A MARVELLOUS ESCAPE.**

About ten years ago I was employed as night-watchman in a sugar-refinery in Glasgow, a town where there are probably more sugar-refineries than in any other place in Britain. That in which I was engaged was the largest in the place, and on account of its size there was a small room beside myself. His name was Blackwood; he was a widower; and his only son, a boy of about twelve, used to come and sleep in the little room where we kept watch. Blackwood had promised to take his son on a sail, and asked me to go with him if I would accompany them. I did so; and we went to Loch Lomond and spent a very pleasant day, and returned just in time to go to the sugar-house. It was hot weather at the time, and having done without my nap, I was very tired. The heat of the sugar-house was not calculated to refresh us, and we could hardly keep our eyes open. We were reading, as usual, but it was useless. Before ten o'clock, Blackwood had fallen asleep. I determined to keep awake and watch the boy for some hours or so, to rouse my companion and take a sleep myself, for I felt it would be impossible to keep watch all night. I must, however, have fallen asleep unconsciously, and have dreamed that I was in the cabin of the steamer in which I had been that day, and that it was full of smoke, and could not get out. I awoke as if I were struggling for life, and found the room full of thick vapor, and felt an intense heat, and I heard without the crackling of flames. The sugar-house was on fire. Blackwood was still asleep, and I knocked him up, and opened the door of the room, and found the sugar and molasses had just been taken in, and this was piled up on each side of the vaulted passage that led from the main door of the refinery. This mass was on fire, and the fumes of the sugar were in the air. I went to the bank and got its officers to mark and register the bills he was going to give the father to obtain the release of his child, and requested the bank officers to notify him when the bills should be returned to the bank. The father, however, had not yet received the bills, when the child was requested to meet them in order to inform him of their discovery. Immediately upon the father coming into the room the bank clerk told me that the gentleman who deposited the bills with me, had been arrested and brought before the court. The father, however, had not yet received the bills, when the child was requested to meet them in order to inform him of their discovery. Immediately upon the father coming into the room the bank clerk told me that the gentleman who deposited the bills with me, had been arrested and brought before the court.

**CLOUD-BURSTS.**

Within the last few years the breaking of water-pots—if that is a proper name for the phenomenon—like that which desolated a town in Nevada recently, has been frequently noticed. A few years ago a water-pot, or the bursting of a cloud, caused very serious damage near the bridge of the Chicago and Northwestern railway across the Rock River, three miles west of Dixon; and a similar disaster also befell the same road a few miles east of Dixon. There is an abundance of evidence in most parts of the country to show that this is no new thing, but a phenomenon which has existed since the first appearance of the human race. It is not, however, a new thing, but a phenomenon which has existed since the first appearance of the human race.

**OUR DISREGARD OF GOOD BREEDING.**

This is a grace of which I think American women are becoming very careless. They are so beautiful as a race, so accustomed to conquest, that they are getting to believe that Pop's line. "Look in her face and you find them all" applies to manners; but a beautiful woman without good manners is a flower without fragrance. She is worse; as smiling on her beauty and abusing one God's gifts. You must look at her, but you look to regret, to disapprove; instead of being chained for life to sweet looks married to graceful action, you grow to dislike and hate her. In a country where we most expect to find a frugal and dignified ignorance with wealth, of official station with awkwardness, of high social position with bad manners—combinations more rarely remarked in the older and more settled States—this is a disgraceful and most unfortunate state of affairs. We have a Governor and a Mayor who use his own sweat in regard to his knife and fork, and who send the proper person to receive the representative of a foreign power. In our cities how sickening it is to see the potentiality of some vulgar rich man who can buy the crowd in the most brutal manner than one—how it is a disgraceful and most unfortunate state of affairs. We have a Governor and a Mayor who use his own sweat in regard to his knife and fork, and who send the proper person to receive the representative of a foreign power.

**THE UNDERSIGNED ARCHITECT AND BUILDER.**

W. W. KINGSBURY, REAL ESTATE, LIFE, FIRE, & ACCIDENT INSURANCE AGENCY.

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GRADUATE MEDICAL COLLEGE.

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Continuation of the Bradford Reporter content, including various notices and advertisements.