

Clearfield Republican.

J. H. LARRIMER, Editor.

VOL. VIII.—NO. 26.

CLEARFIELD, PA. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 27, 1859.

TERMS—\$1.25 per Annum.

NEW SERIES—VOL. IV.—NO. 23.

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J. H. LARRIMER.

BUSINESS CARDS.

P. W. HAYS,

DAGUERREAN, Melanostyptist, Ambrotypist, and JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.—Kersey, Elk County, Pa.

DENTAL CARD.

A. M. SMITH offers his professional services to the Ladies and Gentlemen of Clearfield and vicinity. All operations performed with neatness and despatch. Being familiar with all the late improvements, he is prepared to make Artificial Teeth in the best manner. Office in Shaw's new row.
Sept. 14th, 1858. 1y.

DR. R. V. WILSON,

HAVING removed his office to the new dwelling on Second street, will promptly answer professional calls as heretofore.

J. H. LARRIMER, I. TEST
LARRIMER & TEST, Attorneys at Law in Clearfield, Pa., will attend promptly to Collections, Land Agencies, &c., &c., in Clearfield, Centre and Elk counties. July 29.—y

JOHN TROUTMAN

STILL continues the business of Chair Making, and House, Sign and Ornamental Painting, at the shop formerly occupied by Troutman & Rowe, at the east end of Market street, a short distance west of Litz's Foundry. June 13, 1858.

THOMPSON, HARTSOCK & CO.
Iron Founders, Curwensville. An extensive assortment of Castings made to order.
Dec. 29, 1851.

L. JACKSON CRANS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, office adjoining his residence on Second Street, Clearfield, Pa.
June 1, 1854.

H. P. THOMPSON,
Physician, may be found either at his office at Scofield's hotel, Curwensville, when so professionally absent. Dec. 29, 1851

ELLIS IRWIN & SONS,
At the mouth of Lick Run, five miles from Clearfield, MERCHANTS, and extensive Manufacturers of Lumber,
July 23, 1852.

J. D. THOMPSON,
Blacksmith, Wagons, Buggies, &c., &c., Ironed on short notice, and the very best style, at his old stand in the borough of Curwensville.
Dec. 29, 1853.

D. R. M. WOODS, having changed his location from Curwensville to Clearfield, respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of the latter place and vicinity.
Residence on Second street, opposite to that of J. Crans, Esq. my 7 1856.

P. W. BARRETT,
MERCHANT, PRODUCE AND LUMBER DEALER, AND JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Luthersburg, Clearfield Co., Pa.

J. L. CUTTLE,
Attorney at Law and Land Agent, office adjoining his residence, on Market street Clearfield.
March 3, 1853.

A. B. SHAW,
RETAILER of Foreign and Domestic Merchandise, Shawsville, Clearfield county, Pa. Shawsville, August 15, 1853.

D. O. CROUCH,
PHYSICIAN—Office in Curwensville.
May

WM. P. CHAMBERS,
CARRIES on Chairmaking, Wheelwright, and House and Sign painting at Curwensville, Clearfield Co. All orders promptly attended to.
Jan. 5, 1858.

ROBERT J. WALLACE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Clearfield, Pa., Office in Shaw's Row, opposite the Journal office.
dec. 1, 1848.—tf.

PLASTERING.—The subscriber, having located himself in the borough of Clearfield, would inform the public that he is prepared to work in the above line, from plain to ornamental, in any description in a workmanlike manner. Also whitewashing and repairing done in a neat manner and on reasonable terms.
EDWIN COOPER.
Clearfield, April 17, 1857. 3y.

YOUR TEETH.
TAKE CARE OF THEM!
DR. A. M. HILLS, desires to announce to his friends and patrons, that he is now doing all of his time to operations in Dentistry. His services will find him at his residence on Friday and Saturday, unless he is always on Friday and Saturday, unless notice to the contrary be given in the town papers the week previous.
N. B. All work warranted to be satisfactory.
Clearfield, Pa. Sept. 22d, 1858.

All wanting to emigrate to a mild climate, and soil, and fine market, see advertisement of Hamilton Land.

Select Poetry.

A HUNDRED YEARS TO COME.

BY HARRIS.

Where, where will be the birds that sing,
A hundred years to come?

The flowers, that now in beauty spring,
A hundred years to come?

The rosy lip,
The lofty brow,
The hearts that beat
So gaily now!

O, where will be Love's beaming eye,
Joy's pleasant smiles and sorrow's sigh,
A hundred years to come?

Who'll press for gold the crowded street,
A hundred years to come?

Who tread the church with willing feet,
A hundred years to come?

Pale, trembling age
And fiery youth,
And childhood with
Its brow of "truth";

The rich, the poor, on land and sea,
Where will the mighty millions be,
A hundred years to come?

We all within our graves shall sleep,
A hundred years to come:
No living soul for us will weep,
A hundred years to come.

But other men
Our lands will till,
And others then
Our streets will fill,
While other birds will sing as day,
As bright the sunshine as to day,
A hundred years to come.

Farmer's High School, April 11, 1859.

Miscellaneous.

Chinese Civilization.

While the great powers of Europe and America are engaged in regulating their future intercourse with China, any information in reference to that Empire will be received with increased interest. It has been the custom of the Western world to ridicule Chinese civilization and to look upon it as undeserving of the consideration of our statesmen. Yet that civilization stood the test of thousands of years. The same polity that governed China two thousand years before the Christian era, governs her this day. Our sages who told us that, founded upon the grossest materialism, Chinese society was without any moral basis, have been sadly puzzled to explain the secret of its stability, while the various social system of Europe, which claimed the superiority of moral truth did not last. The key to the solution of this problem is furnished in a recent work on "The Chinese and their Rebellions, with Essay on Civilization, by Thomas Taylor Meadows." From what we glean from an article in the Westminster Review on this work, which is the result of years of practical observation, and philosophical inquiry into the moral that underlies Chinese society, it completely upsets all the preconceived notions of the west.

In reference to the usual charge that the Chinese are sceptical, materialistic, &c., Mr. Meadows remarks:

"I would ask my English, American and French readers what is it that the hundreds of thousands of our respective countrymen, who hurry daily through the streets of London, New York and Paris, are after? Are they, or are they not, pursuing wealth and material enjoyments with ardor, absorbed in material interests, utilitarian, industrious and gain seeking? Why have the English been called shopkeepers, the American dollar hunters, and why do these names stick? Why are there eighty thousand women in the streets and public places of London and why is there an enormous organized prostitution in Paris?" He argues that this monogamic West is not altogether free from the vices of polygamist nations, and that the vices and crimes prevalent in both the Orient and Occident are identical in kind. He asserts as the result of long and independent study, and close observation that the great mass of the Chinese are sunk in material interests and enjoyments, just as are the great mass of the English, French and Americans, and that as there exists in the West, among its gain-seeking majority a large amount of generosity, public spirit and right feeling, which may be appealed to with confidence when a great cause is impelled, and which then is capable of unsparring self-sacrifice, so there exists a similar public spirit in the Orient, and that there is in both hemispheres a minority actuated by higher feelings, aiming at higher objects. The author combats with convincing arguments and facts the assertion made by other writers of the non-existence in China of such a minority, and the latent public spirit of the majority. They portrayed a people, he says, that could have no existence, any more than a nation of centaurs; they depicted a people not human but inhuman. In assuming this position, the author maintains nothing more extraordinary than that the Chinese are a nation, composed of men and women, exhibiting the same varieties of character in degree and quality, than other collections of men and women called nations. The charge that the Chinese are sceptical, destitute of moral feeling, he refutes by pointing at the fact that every newspaper and official document of the Chinese has its moral tail-piece, invariably ending with such admonitions as "This is right," "Obey this," "The virtuous thing must be done." He proves philosophically that the whole scheme of Chinese society is a spiritual product, whose aims are ethical and means moral, whose ends are corruptible and whose means are corruptible.

It seems to us, that whatever the form of government, life in China is a much merrier affair than we have been led to

brought it into jeopardy. The author tells us that while the Christians start with man's fall and redemption, believing man born in sin, the Chinese believe that man is born perfectly good, and that from this belief the political peculiarities of China are directly derivable. "For instance, the doctrine that man is radically good, sanctions an appeal to the mass of men whose decisions must be right, as truth or goodness is their common point of agreement, while divergence proceeds from individual want of harmony with the whole. Accordingly for a thing to be publicly done is equivalent to its being right. Hence the publicity of appointments and of all social transactions in China." Public offices in China, we are informed, are conferred under a process of severe, public examination, giving an equal chance to all men, to the ablest and most worthy. No distinction is made between intellectual and moral qualification. Education is generally diffused by a system of public schools in which the same lessons were taught four thousand years ago. The system of training youth for public office has worked very successfully till lately. We have seen it stated elsewhere that the recent practice of selling high positions, which is regarded as one of the causes of the present rebellion, was the consequence of the financial embarrassment of the government, occasioned by the British opium war, and opium tariff. Chinese revolutions are never directed against the principles of government, which have been authoritatively decided on as the best, but against the rulers who are not masters but servants of the form of government, and who must be removed when they disagree or pervert it. Their commission is then considered at an end.—This doctrine explains that while so many rebellions have swept over the Empire, rebelling dynasties, the government remained unchanged. The following rules, we are assured, form a solemn part of the instruction of every educated Chinese:—

"1. That the nation must be governed by moral agency in preference to physical force."
"2. That the services of the wisest and ablest men in the nation are indispensable to its good government."
"3. That the people have a right to depose a sovereign who, either from active wickedness or vicious indolence, gives cause to oppressive and tyrannical rule."
So far from China being the unmitigated despotism which we hold it to be, even the succession of the throne is under the above rules better and more rationally regulated than in any European country. While it is usually restricted to the members of the reigning family, the crown is awarded to merit within that family, instead of seniority.

The writer contends that the centralization of the Chinese empire is not an evidence of despotism. He proves by the condition of England that freedom and self-government are not always the same thing. It was to be remembered, that the apparatus of government in China, is not one of physical force, but of intellectual superiority and moral persuasion, and that under a doctrine of the radical badness of man there must in all consistency be a government relying more upon force and less upon trust, than under the opposite doctrine.

The practical evidences which Mr. Meadows give us of the freedom of the Chinese, agree with the observations of former travellers, who failed to explain the reason of it. He says: "The Chinese can sell and hold landed property with a facility, certainty and security which is absolute perfection, compared with the nature of English dealing of the same kind. He can traverse his country through its 2000 miles of length, unquestioned by any official, and in doing so can follow whatever occupation he pleases." This and the practice of annual public examinations of candidates for office, under a free competition, contradict the opinion prevalent here and in Europe of caste ruling in China, which opinion may have arisen from the fact that children generally follow the occupations of their parents, but they are evidently not obligated to do so. Mr. Meadows further remarks that the Chinaman can quit his country and re-enter it without passport or other hindrance; that the inhabitants of the interior hardly ever see an official except once a year the tax-collector, and that they are prompt to resist every kind of tyranny; that, in fine, they enjoy a larger amount of practical freedom than European nations in the disposal of their persons and property.

Another traveller, Lieutenant FORBES, testifies to the same effect. The Chinese, he says, "enjoy a fair portion of liberty, and more happiness than falls to the lot of most nations. The empire is one family, and if the Imperial father sometimes visits severely the error of a member of it, yet is he slow to exercise his authority; and though death be the penalty that the law awards for many offences, capital punishments are extremely rare, and the bent of legislation aims at providing against the ills of humanity relieving its wants, and preventing rather than punishing crime. For this purpose, education is general, arts are encouraged, gigantic undertakings are completed for facilitating trade, agriculture is held in honor, and every possible means adopted for feeding the people, and preventing and alleviating famine, which, without some such regulations would perhaps often occur."
—If some of the above particulars do not square with European notions, amongst their fruits may be mentioned that the Chinese are the most contented, good-humored, well-fed, industrious and bappy population, that in the course of sixteen years of service in the navy, and rambles in most parts of the globe, I have met with.

It seems to us, that whatever the form of government, life in China is a much merrier affair than we have been led to

believe by persons who had seen nothing of it than what presents itself to the stranger on the dirty wharves of a sea-port.—The Chinese farmer is represented as living in the midst of "fruity gardens, leafy lawns, flowery conservatories, fish-ponds, poultry-yards, etc. The towns of the interior display "rich and gorgeous shops, and pine apples iced at command; eating houses at the elevation of observatories for the sake of air and the view; public gardens with jugglers, fortune-tellers, dancing and singing girls, tight ropes and dramatic laterudes; while at every corner, and in every open space are itinerant tradesmen, from the restaurateur to the dentist, and all except the lowest laborers and coolies strut about in dresses composed of silk, satin and crape."

All this contradicts flatly the long tales of Chinese misery, poverty, degradation and famine which reached us from time to time principally through the medium of British literature, and it would seem that the British, if they are bent upon converting and civilizing the world, had better begin at home. They evidently cannot teach the Chinese much, nor ameliorate their condition by reducing them to the level of the people of India. The policy to be pursued by the Western Powers in China should never become one of conquest or occupation, but should be strictly commercial.

A Tale of Horror.

About thirty years ago, Mr. Joseph St. Clair built a cabin in Arkansas, far up toward the head water of White River.—It was then all a wilderness around, and game was abundant. There was no lack of bear, catamounts, wolves and panthers. In fact, that country was, at that date, a perfect paradise for the practiced hunter.

Mr. St. Clair had no family other than a young wife and one infant. He was fond of hunting, but he cultivated a few acres in corn and vegetables. At first it was fully ten miles to his nearest neighbor's, but during the ensuing Spring, a man named Williams made a settlement, within half a mile of St. Clair, and the two families became neighbors and quite intimate. Mr. Williams was a man in humble circumstances and a large family, mostly of grown daughters, and no small children.—One day in the month of July, 1829, (the first Summer that Mr. St. Clair lived there), his wife was at home with the child, and Mr. St. Clair was out with his gun. About 10 o'clock in the morning she left her baby asleep in the cradle, and went to the field to gather beans for dinner. On her return the child was gone. She, however, felt no alarm, because she supposed that her husband had come home during her absence and had hidden somewhere about the house with the child merely for a little fun; so she busied herself in preparing dinner. In an hour or two her husband returned from the woods bearing his gun and a young deer that he killed, and on inquiry declared that he knew nothing.

They now supposed that one of Mr. Williams' daughters had come in while Mr. St. Clair was out, and finding the baby, of which she was very fond, she carried it home. This theory was to them quite satisfactory, for there was no other neighbor, and the child could not go away, unless carried. How else could it have happened? Dinner being over, Mr. St. Clair walked over to the neighbor's, to bring back his treasure of a baby that Miss Lucy said that she had not borrowed the baby—she had not seen it that day. Mr. St. Clair was hard to be convinced that no one of the family had taken the child, but all assured him that they knew nothing of it. It was now time to be alarmed.—"What has become of the poor child?" was his exclamation, and he ran back home in great agony. The mother, in like manner, was almost frantic. They could not conceive who had taken away their child.—Mr. Williams' family joined in the grief, but could afford no aid, no consolation. They could invent no theory, nor devise any plan by which the child had, or any degree of probability, disappeared. Who was to take it away? Why would any one wish to have it? They were utterly at a loss.

Finally, it was remembered that occasionally there were parties of Cherokees hunting through that country. It was now surmised that they had happened to come to the house while Mr. St. Clair was in the field and had stolen the child and carried it away. This was at once received as plausible and quite probable.

Earlier next morning Mr. St. Clair and Mr. Williams set out to seek for the Indian camp, and Mr. St. Clair was left alone at home. She was sitting in silence, weeping tears of bitter anguish, such as none but mothers ever shed, and wondering in her heart what had become of her darling baby. It was now about the hour of the day on which she, the day previous, had gone out.—Ere she was aware, a large panther, with a stealthy tread, came to the door and looked in toward the cradle. Mrs. St. Clair screamed and he ran away. The truth was now apparent, and no new light has ever been cast upon the subject. *Memphis Appeal.*

TOMATOES.—As the season for this wholesome and delicious vegetable is rapidly approaching, we give the following recipe for preparing them, from the *Scientific American*, which we are assured by one who has made the experiment, is superior to anything yet discovered for their preparation:—
"Take good ripe tomatoes, cut them in slices, and sprinkle over them finely pulverized white sugar, then sprinkle clear wine sufficient to cover them. Tomatoes are sometimes prepared in this way with diluted vinegar, but clear wine imparts to them a richer and more pleasant flavor, more nearly resembling the strawberry than anything else."

The Northern Sea.

It is remarkable that from the earliest ages, among most races some singular feeling or association of mystery attached to the North. "Out of the North evil shall come," says the inspired writer, and it was to the North that Runic sorcerers turned to the great source of incomprehensible lore. And the mystery has not diminished in late days. The question of the Northwest passage vexed the world for years, and now that has been solved, one in every way of infinitely greater importance to science, has been raised in the inquiry, "Is there an open Polar Sea?"

"What difference does it make to anybody whether there be such a sea?" cry many. The same class of minds decry appropriations for astronomy, don't quite see through the coast surveys, and, in short, howl out at every dollar devoted to art or science. "Why was not this money given to the poor?" Yet even such know that all practical knowledge is based on science, and that science must master the great laws which pervade the whole earth. A question of polar magnetism and the center of cold may be of this utmost importance in determining practical points of electro-magnetism and manufactures. At any rate, until science has completely satisfied every question it is interested in, practical, daily bread, manufacturing and arts have no absolutely perfect foundation or future.

There is good reason to believe that North of a certain latitude, climate becomes warmer. With this theory are associated many unsolved scientific problems. It is believed that there is a vast Polar sea, and that this is the great resort of whales, the observation of many whalers confirming this. All the principal whaling grounds are just in situations which seem to be the exits or doors of such a sea, and the singular fact of whales going South from them, and the manner in which they disappear or reappear, all confirm the idea. There are also scientific observations innumerable, to say nothing of the Kane expedition, which should be deemed almost conclusive.

There is another class who say, "there has been suffering and expense—let us have no more of this Polar exploring."—Such persons are not aware that thousands of whalers annually suffer little less than they probably would in a well appointed expedition; and that picked men can easily be obtained among them for such a voyage. In short, if men who are perfectly familiar with the perils of the extreme North, are willing to encounter them, and if the whole scientific world approves of the project, (and gives glory to America for having those who dare do it,) the question simply is, whether America will raise the money requisite? That is all.

The Old Swedes' Church, Wilmington.

We wonder how many wayfarers, who are whisked past the Old Swedes' Church, on the outskirts of Wilmington, in the cars of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad—we wonder how many of them think, as we did the other day, of the doings of the Swedes at "Fort Casimir," as recorded in that most curious of all histories; the "Knickerbocker History of New York." It will be remembered that Jacobus Von Poffenburgh, Commander-in-Chief of the army of the High and Mighty New Netherlands, was signally discomfited by the said Swedes, as there set forth, after which Jacobus returned to New Amsterdam, "with a crew of hard swearers at his heels—sturdy bottled companions, whom he gorged and fattened, and who were ready to bolster him in all courts of justice—heroes of his own kidney, fierce-shouldered, broad-shouldered, Colbrand-looking swaggers, not one of whom but looked as though he could eat up an ox and pick his teeth with his horns." The same veracious chronicler also describes the wrath of Peter the Headstrong, and how he murdered the warriors of New Amsterdam for another attack upon the Swedes, and how the foray ended and Peter came home from the wars more wrathful than ever.

All this was long ago. The Swedes are all dead; the fiery Peter has gone all to dust, and the city of Wilmington, under far other than Swedish auspices, stands by the Christians. Should a live Swede rise from the grave yard of the old church, and look from the hill on which it stands, he would behold a city devoted mainly to the service of skilled labor, and his "loamy ears" would be filled with the sounds of the hammer and the engine shop. There are at least a dozen very extensive machine and engine shops, with iron shop

factories, car wheel works, and other manufacturing which give Wilmington the distinctive character of a Manufacturing City. The railroad shops alone employ many swarthy mechanics, and the only wonder is, that the city is not powerful enough to free the little State of Delaware from all traces of that slavery which is the deepest insult to the Free Labor by which it lives and which it so practically honors.

But we need not go from the greatest Manufacturing City in America to talk about labor, so we turn to the *Old Swedes' Church*, which dates back to A. D. 1698, and which still stands, unimpaired by time. It now belongs to the Episcopalians, and is now called "Trinity Church." The original building of the old Swedes' Church, Southwark, Philadelphia, was erected twenty-one years before, in 1677, four years before the arrival of William Penn—but the Philadelphia Church was rebuilt in 1700, so that the Wilmington Church is two years older. In shape both Churches resemble each other very much. The Wilmington Church is built of dark stone which age has only darkened still more, and the walls are at least two feet six inches in thickness. The roof has a very steep slant and the projections at the ends of the edifice make it look very queer. The interior contains a very deep gallery and the walls are white-washed. Unpainted benches supply the place of pews, and the only coloring about the edifice is the red of the plain pulpit cushion. Our guide to the place was a pretty little girl, with bright black eyes and a shawl pinned over her dark hair. She might have stood for a picture of "Little Nell," as she vainly endeavored to turn the old fashioned lock, which we finally opened, giving, by her direction, "two turns, if you please, sir." It being Monday, the church was yet warm from the fire which is lit in the old-fashioned stove to warm the Sunday School children, (classes being regularly held, as our little cicerone told us,) still the church looked chill. After our little friend had given the date of the erection of the edifice and explained that regular Episcopal services were held there until two months ago, when the new Church up the Brandywine was finished, she conducted us to the oldest tombstone in the church yard.

Here was matter for antiquarian jubilation. We sat down on the frozen ground, as eagerly as Mr. Pickwick would have done before the "Bill Stumps—His Mark" relic, and without much difficulty deciphered the following inscription, all being legitimate except the date of the death, which being close to the ground had suffered more from time than the rest. It was a simple head-stone, made much thicker than is the present custom. On one side was:

Rom. 6. 7. 8.—"For he that is dead is freed from sin. Now if we be dead with Christ, we believe that we shall also live with Him."

On the other side of the stone was the name:

WILLIAM VANDEVERE,
BORN, 1656.
DIED, 17—

All European traces in America seem of yesterday beside the antiquities of the old world, but certainly it was something to see the grave of a man born in 1656. Born when there were not thirty thousand whites, when now over thirty-one, two or three empires, (how many States are there?) cover the continent!

We pass around the church-yard and in going out saw a sunken grave, with the clay frozen in its freshness. Here was a contrast! This latter grave was that of a man, who was said to have poisoned himself in prison a month or two ago. Where, relatively in the spheres were the souls of those two men, with nearly two hundred years between their deaths, and not two hundred feet between the resting place of their bodies! A grave-yard is a queer place for contrasts—though said contrasts by no means appear on the stomb-tombs.—*Evening Bulletin.*

THE DYING NEVER WEEP.—It is a striking fact—the dying never weep. The circle of sobbing, agonizing hearts around produces not one tear. Is it that he is insensible and stiff already in the chill dissolution? That cannot be; for he asks for his father's hand, as if to gain strength in the mortal struggle, and laments the breast of mother, brother, or sister with still conscious affection; and just before expiring, at eve, after a long day's converse with the Angel of Summons, he says to his oldest brother:—the last audible good night of earth—"Kiss me, kiss me!" It must be because the dying have reached a point too deep for our earthly crying and weeping. They are face to face with higher and holier beings, with the father in heaven, and his angel throng, led on by the Son himself; and what are griefs of a morning, tears of a dying far well—but it that they are shed by the dearest on earth—in that vision bright of immortal life and everlasting reunion!

A YOUNG MAN at Niagara having been crossed in love, walked out to the precipice, gave one lingering look at the gulf beneath him, and then went home. His body was found the next morning in bed. A very sensible young man, we think.

"Sammy, my son, do you know that you have broken the Sabbath?"
"Yes, daddy, and mother's big iron pot too, in five or six pieces," said his little sister.

"Well, Allick, how's your brother Ike getting on these times?"
"Oh, first rate. Got a start in the world—married a widow with nine children."

Lucy Stone says "there is cotton in the ears of men, and hops in the bosom of women." Lucy has put the cotton in the wrong place this time.