

THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

NUMBER 96

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, AT TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., BY E. S. GOODRICH & SON.

TOWANDA

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 13, 1846.

There are few, whose memories will not be busy, while reading the following beautiful lines. They are evidently fresh from the heart of one, whose childhood was blessed with a kind Mother, to direct his youthful steps, and counsel and advise his maturer years. To such, oh! hark the memory of her, will mingle with the gratitude that springs up, refreshingly, from the inmost heart. A Mother's loving kindness; who can ever forget it? Her words of tenderness, dispersing our sorrows and calming our youthful breast; her prayer—the most sacred, holiest, offered to the throne of Heaven—of which we are the burthen; and even her voice of gentle reproof: are all with us, in after years.

Engraved on the heart,
In rare Paradise colors, that can never depart.
But we will let this be told in language that is better fit to express it than prose.

My Mother's Voice.

My mother's voice! how often creeps
Its cadence on my lonely hours!
Like healing balm on wings of sleep,
Or dew upon the unconscious flowers.
I might forget her melting prayer,
While pleasure's pulses madly fly;
But in the still, unbroken air,
Her gentle tones come stealing by—
And years of sin and manhood flee,
And leave me at my mother's knee.
The book of nature, and the print
Of beauty on the whispering sea,
Give still to me some time of rest,
Of what I have been taught to be.
My heart is harder, and perhaps
My manliness has drunk up tears
And there's a mildew in the lapse
Of a few miserable years—
But nature's book is even yet
With all my mother's lessons writ.
I have been out at even-tide,
Beneath a moonlight sky of spring,
When earth was garnished like a bride,
And night had on her silver wing—
When hating buds and growing grass
And waters leaping to the light,
And all that makes the pulses pass
With wilder fleetness, thronged the night—
When all was beauty, then have I,
With friends on whom my love is flung
Like myrrh on the winds of Araby,
Gazed up where evening's lamp is hung.
And when the beautiful spirit there
Flung over all its golden chain,
My mother's voice came on the air,
Like the light dropping of the rain;
And resting on some silver star
The spirit of a benediction,
I've poured the deep and fervent prayer
That our eternity might be
To rise in heaven like the stars at night,
And tread a living path of light.

WHERE SHALL BE OUR FINAL RESTING PLACE?—It is a question of no small moment with some, where their bodies shall lie, when the spirit that animates the clay has departed. And there are but few who have arrived at the closing of life's journey, without bestowing some thought upon the situation of their grave.

The sailor, as he thinks of death, associates with it the enveloping of the body in its canvas shroud, the booming of the signal gun, and the launching of the body into the waste of waters, by the morning shipmates, and his wish is to lie where the winds hold their fiercest vent, and be amid the raging of the mighty seas—his home through life. The soldier wishes for the gallant dead, and the soldier's grave—the "farewell shot," and the dead, solemn march, with reversed arms.

There should be blended with our final resting place, the thoughts of a happy end, and a quiet, peaceful rest; and associated with it are flowers, and the song of birds, and the murmur of gentle waters. They serve to soothe our spirits, to free our minds from "every cumbering care," and, as we tread among the graves of those who have been dear to us, to reconcile us to our loss.

It is pleasant to see the grave decorated by the hand of that affection which is stronger than death. There is happiness in the thought, that after we shall have passed away, there will be some kind hand to deck our grave, and a willing eye to drop the tear of remembrance. It is a tribute worth all the glory and renown of kings and conquerors.

It is has become the practice in many of the cities, to build cemeteries, upon which no pains are spared to make them beautiful as well as quiet resting places for the dead—and some of these are the most delightful spots in the country. Philadelphia has its Laurel Hill, and Boston its Mount Auburn, either of which would answer for the sleeping place of the beautiful, as described in the following lines.

Burial of the Beautiful.

Where shall the dead, and the beautiful sleep!
In the vale where the willow and cypress weep;
Where the wind of the west breathes its softest sigh,
Where the silvery stream is flowing nigh,
And the pure clear drops of the rising sprays
Gutter like gems in the bright moon's rays—
Where the sun's warm smile may never depart,
Night tears o'er the form we loved so well—
In the vale where the sparkling waters flow;
Where the fairest, earliest violets grow;
Where the sky and the earth are so softly fair,
Bury her there—bury her there!

Where shall the dead and the beautiful sleep!
Where wild-flowers bloom in the valley deep;
Where the sweet robes of sleeping may softly rest
In purity, over the sleeper's breast;
Where is heard the voice of the silent dove,
Beneath her absent, transient love;
Where no column proud in the sun may glow,
To mock the heart that is resting below;
Where pure hearts are sleeping, forever blest;
Where wandering Peri love to rest;
Where the sky and the earth are so softly fair,
Bury her there—bury her there!

Texas.—An interesting description of the appearance, resources and capabilities of that part of the U. States late taken under our protection—Texas—may be found in another column. It is taken from the Washington Union—to which paper it was furnished by a gentleman who has resided for some time past in that country.

Practical Husbandry.

Improvement of worn-out and naturally poor Lands, old fields, &c., in the Middle States

I intimated in a late paper in the Cultivator, (vol. 1, p. 344,) that I would shortly give the readers of that excellent work an answer to the question how the improvement of the kinds of lands mentioned in the heading of this article, could be accomplished in the cheapest way. I now proceed to the fulfillment of my promise. Land is poor or rich from various causes. It may be poor naturally, from being deprived of the accumulation of decomposed organized matter, by the washings of rain, the overflowing of streams, &c., and by its own gravelly and porous nature, admitting the upward filtering of spring water, as is the case in low gravelly bottoms. It may also be poor from the too large a portion of iron in its composition. But the most universal cause of poverty of soil is exhaustion, from the over-cropping, taking away always and returning nothing, as was so general the practice in old times, and is too much the practice now in all the middle states. In a former paper, I have expressed the opinion that a man may purchase and improve a piece of this poor or worn-out land cheaper than will be the cost of removal to and purchase of a piece of land in the West, especially when the sacrifices incident to such removal are taken into the account. I most sincerely believe in the truth of this proposition. But let us proceed to the subject—the sowing, not the why, the land should be improved.

The first object to be attended to in the improvement of land, is the grubbing up and clearing off every tree and shrub that is not wanted. Let this be done at the beginning.—Allow no clumps or clusters of bushes or briars, or single ones either, to remain in the field.—The next thing is ditching and draining off all sunken and boggy places, if such exist. Very often the simple plough furrow will answer, but sometimes a deep ditch must be dug. If it be deep enough, a blind ditch should always be preferred, so that you may cultivate the land over the ditch, and also save your land the inconvenience of open ditches. Having grubbed and ditched, and then drained the land, the next object is to ascertain the quality of the soil, all parts of it. You may find that the low places you have drained are composed of hard clay. Some of the upper or higher places may be too sandy. You will, in such case, employ your carts in carrying clay to the sandy parts, and return with sand to the clayey parts, and be very liberal in your exchanges.—You may spread the clay at once, or allow it to remain a winter in cart loads or heaps, and spread it in the spring. The sand may be spread, of course, at once. All this is merely getting the land ready. A carpenter builds his shop, and "gets out" his stuff, before he thinks of "going to work" at his trade. So does every other artisan or mechanic. Why should a farmer not, also, before he goes to work to make money and a living first get his shop in order? Having properly grubbed, drained and mixed the soil, the next thing to be done is to ascertain the quality of the whole. It is most probably wise to make it complete. Take a handful here and there from the whole field—say twenty handfuls in all; mix them well together, then take a handful from the whole mixture, put it upon a shovel, and heat it red hot, then take it from the fire and let it cool, when cold, pulverize into a fine powder, and pour upon it good cider vinegar. Diluted muriatic acid is best, but vinegar, if good, will do. If it foams considerably, you want no lime in the soil, if it do not foam, you must then apply lime. Nearly all the land in the middle States wants lime, and is benefited by its application. If it wants no lime, then go to work as follows: Plough in the fall with the deepest working plough you can afford.—In the spring, sow corn broadcast; and as soon as it is as high as you can well turn under with a good plough and two or three horse team, turn it under well, and immediately sow corn again broadcast. As soon as that is high enough to turn under, turn that also with a deep working plough. Generally you may turn under three crops in the same season.—In the fall, plough deep while turning the last crop of corn under, harrow and seed with wheat. However poor your land may have been, you may be sure of a good crop of wheat the ensuing harvest. In sowing the corn, about three to four bushels should be sown to the acre, each crop.

If by the trial above described, you find your land requires lime, then, before the first ploughing, apply twenty bushels of slaked lime to the acre, broadcast, then plough as before directed, sow the corn and proceed as before, taking care to sow twenty bushels of lime before turning under each crop of corn; sow the lime on the corn as it stands, and turn corn and lime all in together. In this way a first rate soil may be made out of the poorest old field in Maryland or any where else; and it will be observed that the only cost is in the liming and value of the seed corn, except the labor.—Those who cannot afford to expend so much labor and money the first season, can extend the time over several seasons, applying say twenty or thirty bushels of lime to the acre, and turning under but one crop of corn each year.

The above may be considered a brief summary of the whole argument; and it seems to me, scarcely requires elucidation. Some may however require explanations, and I therefore proceed to give them.

A clay soil requires only sand to make it a good one, so far as constitution is concerned; and sandy soil requires clay only to make it good. These two elements of a good soil generally exist on all farms; and wherever they do exist in separate places, they should be combined and mixed, that the whole may be

made fertile. If your land be too clayey, and you have no sand on your farm, probably some neighbor would be glad to exchange some of his sand for some of your clay, doing half the hauling, and thus both farms will be benefited at half the labor each. Rely upon it, there is more to be obtained in the improvement of land by a judicious admixture of soils, than is generally supposed. Manuring cannot supply its place, however large the quantity applied; and when once made, the effect is permanent, the benefit perpetual, the improvement lasts forever.

Low wet places are not only unproductive, but they are unhealthy, unseemly and absolute loss of all the land so situated. If your farm consists of one hundred acres, and twenty acres of it is of this low and wet kind, you have but eighty acres of land. Therefore drain, by ditching this low land, make it productive, by adding sand, &c., where necessary, and you will in effect have added twenty acres to your farm. Dig the trench as in the usual way, excavating an open ditch, of the proper depth and capacity to carry off the water; then lay in the bottom of the ditch stones, loosely packed, so that water will freely pass between them, about a foot deep; then lay upon these loose stones larger and flat ones, to keep the earth from filling the interstices; and then return the earth thrown out, leveling the whole surface. Some, instead of stone, lay in the bottom of the ditch branches and limbs of trees and shrubs, and cover these with earth; but such blind ditches are obviously subject to obstruction from the decay of the wood, and thence from the caving in of the superincumbent earth.—Others, in Europe especially, use an arching of tiles in the ditch instead of stones or brushwood, but this is too expensive for this country, as yet. Where stones can be had, a good blind ditch may be made permanently effective by their use. Next to stone, brushwood is to be preferred.

It surely cannot be necessary to say a word in illustration of the grubbing up of all useless growths of bushes, trees, &c. Never allow your fences to be sheltered by bushes or trees of any kind. They rot the timber, and you lose all the land they occupy. "Head lands," as they are called, are just so much deducted from your measure of acres. Clear out all such. If you have no other clean place in your field, let the headlands and fence-corners be clean.

In ascertaining the precise quality of the soil, you accomplish precisely what every other artisan does when he ascertains his ability to do a certain job. You find out what the materials you are to work upon are capable of producing. If in that examination, you find your materials deficient in any one necessary ingredient—lime, for instance—you, as other artisans would necessarily and instinctively do, apply lime. If you find it deficient in vegetable fibre, &c., you apply that substance; and if you find it deficient in clay or sand, as either of these preponderate, you apply the one or the other, as the result of the examination shall indicate.

Having prepared the soil for the reception of manure, the cheapest and most efficient method and material for supplying nutritious principles to the soil is the next matter for consideration. I believe that corn sown broadcast, as above directed, is the cheapest, most efficient and speediest fertilizer. Some, and very many, suppose that the old plan of clover laying is the best and cheapest. I differ with them. You can only turn under a crop of clover once in two years; you can by an effort, turn under three crops of corn in one year; and I believe that each crop of corn will carry as much nutritious matter into the soil as each crop of clover can do.

Now, in this system of improvement, you have only to purchase the lime, if that be necessary; you can raise the seed corn on some part of the farm. All the rest of the improvement is derived from labor.

Never undertake the improvement of more land than you are certain you can manage. If you expend your funds upon too large a surface, you will be likely to lose the whole advantage of them. Calculate how much land you can work well, and confine yourself to that, and no more. And in all your operations in agriculture, take care not to undertake too much. Suppose you can only work ten acres well in one year; if you undertake twenty acres, some of it will have injustice done it, and the result is obvious.

Deep ploughing is one of the most efficient agents in the improvement of soils, as it is in the continuation of good soils. Never omit it. It may pay you scantily for a year or two; but it will ultimately repay you a hundred fold.—Without it there cannot be any continued successful farming, no matter what the original soil may have been. Discard all shallow-working ploughs from your farm, except the mere seed and cultivator ploughs.

Some lands will be benefited by 50 bushels of lime to the acre, and by it be rendered sufficiently calcareous; others may require 100 bushels; all this is to be found out only by proper experiments, as above indicated. If the solution of the soil foams freely in the vinegar or muriatic acid, it wants no lime; if but partially, it wants probably fifty bushels to the acre; if not at all, it may require a hundred bushels. If it be a red clayey soil, it wants more lime than if it be white, or blue, or yellow. If you have no lime, and wood ashes are at hand, you may accomplish all the objects you aim at by their application. As ashes are mostly composed of different kinds of lime, besides their more soluble potash, from fifty to one hundred bushels of ashes to the acre, applied in the same manner as directed for lime, will have the same effect as lime, besides giving you advantage of the potash, first year.

Where neither lime nor ashes are to be obtained, plaster of Paris, as it is called, may be applied to most lands with advantage. The action of plaster continues to be a subject of dispute. My opinion is, that it simply serves the purpose of fixing the ammonia floating in the atmosphere, and that evolved from decaying animal matters; and thus securing it to

the uses of the soil. No matter what its mode of action, is however, it certainly is a very efficient agent in soils generally, and in the absence of other still more effective agents, it should always be used, or at least tried.

BACHELORSHIP UNNATURAL.—Men may say what they will, but we know there never can be a paradise without some daughter of Eve within it; and home is only a place to eat and drink and sit and sleep in, without the hallowing charms of a woman's presence. Men may say what they please about the jovial freedom of their Liberty halls, but many a discontented, peevish, snarling feeling is experienced; many a vacuum of heart and thought, many a comfortless rainy day, many a long winter evening, when the ticking of the clock is the only sound, and that does but echo like the knell of departed moments that might have been joyous if spent in cheerful companionship. And then for the lonely old bachelor to come into his dwelling wet and weary, without a creature to welcome him with either a word or smile, or a single gleam of pleasure to brighten the place; nobody to consult his tastes and his comfort, nobody to prattle to him, to tell him the gossip of the neighborhood, and to link his sympathies and his interests with surrounding people; nobody to double his joys and halve his sorrows; nobody to nurse him if he is sick, to console him if he be sorrowful; and then, as time creeps on and age overtakes him, to hear no joyful prattle near him, no dimpled smiling girls, no stalwart hopeful boys, in whose youth and enjoyment he might be young and happy again; and at last to leave none behind to lament him—heigho! Nature will not suffer her laws to be violated with impunity, and nature never designed that men should be old bachelors.

A SECRET.—How do you do, Mrs. Tome, have you heard the story about Mrs. Lady? "Why, no, really, Mrs. Gad, what is it—do tell!" "O, I promised not to tell for all the world! No, I must never tell on't. I'm afraid it will get out." "Why, I'll never tell on't as long as I live, just as true as I live, just as true as the world; what is it, come, tell." "Now you won't say anything about it, will you?" "No I'll never open my head about it—never. Hope to die this minute." "Well, if you'll believe me, Mrs. Funday told me last night, that Mrs. Trott told her that her sister's husband was told by a person who dreamed it, that Mrs. Nichols that her grandmother heard by a letter that she got from her sister's second husband's brother's step-daughter that it was reported by the captain of a clam boat just arrived from the Feejee Islands that the mermaids about that section wore shakskin bustles stuffed with pickled eels' toes!"

EXERCISE.—Throughout all nature, want of motion indicates weakness, corruption, inanition and death. Trenck, in his damp prison leaped about like a lion in his fetters of seventy pounds weight, in order to preserve his health; and an illustrious physician observes: "I know not which is the most necessary to the support of the human frame; food or motion. Were the exercise of the body attended to in a corresponding degree with that of the mind, men of great learning would be more healthy and vigorous—of more general talents—of more ample practical knowledge; more happy in their domestic lives—more enterprising and attached to their duties as men. In fine, it may with propriety be said that the highest refinement of the mind, without improvement of the body, can never present any thing more than half a human being."

BE CAREFUL.—Few things are more pernicious than to sit and meditate on the aggravation of our afflictions, to study over the evils, and dwell long on the dark side. It creates a morbid sensibility, which finds its food in this very course of conduct, and the mind may prey upon itself until it eats out its own vitality. So when we speak of our afflictions, to make them as bad as we can, to dwell on the dark things, and turn away from all the circumstances of mercy which accompany them, is wicked. It feeds the old and creates new troubles. We should rather look at things as they are. We may deeply feel our afflictions. It were wrong not to do so. But they are always attended with great mercies, and to overlook these is equally wrong.

A YANKEE LORD.—Lord Lyndhurst, the present Lord High Chancellor of England, is a native born Yankee. His father was a portrait painter in Boston, but not succeeding very well in business, he went to England, and took his son with him. Observing a taste in him for reading and study, he sent his boy to college. He graduated with honors, studied law, succeeded in his profession, and became so distinguished that his services were called into requisition by the government; and he soon worked his way up to the post of Lord High Chancellor—as high an honor as can be conferred upon a subject. His father's name was Copley; and he is remembered by many of the old residents of Boston.

DEPTH OF ROOTS.—In light subsoils, the roots of trees have been found at a depth of 10 or 12 feet—roots of the Canada thistle have been traced 6 or 7 feet below the surface.—Wheat in a rich, mellow soil, will strike roots 3 feet downwards, and much further horizontally. The roots of oats have been discovered 18 inches from the stem, and the long, thread-like roots of grass, still further. The fine roots of the onion, being white, and easily traced in black soil, have in trenched soil been followed two feet deep. The importance of a mellow soil, for these fine roots to penetrate, is obvious.

TYPE-SETTING.—The Hamilton, Ohio Intelligencer says, that James Meahaffey, the foreman in that office, recently set eighteen thousand three hundred and four ems in one day—commencing a little before 5 o'clock, A. M., and quitting a few minutes after six, P. M. The Intelligencer challenges any printer in the Union to "try a hand with him."

The Truant Husband.

"The painful vigil may I never know
That anxious watches o'er a wandering heart."
Max. Trompe.

It was midnight, and she sat leaning her pale cheek on her hand, counting the dull ticking of the French clock, that stood on the marble chimney piece, and ever and anon lifting her weary eye to its dial to mark the lapse of another hour. 'Twas past midnight, and yet he returned not! She arose, and taking up her lamp, whose pale rays alone illuminated the solitary chamber, proceeded with a noiseless step to a small inner apartment. The curtains of his little bed were drawn aside, and the young mother gazed on her sleeping child! What a vivid contrast did that glowing cheek and smiling brow present, as he lay in rosy slumber, to the faded yet beautiful face that hung over him in tears! "Will he resemble his father?" was the thought that passed for a moment through her devoted heart, and a sigh was the only answer!

'Tis his well known knock—and the steps of the drowsy porter echoed through the lofty hall, as with a murmur on his lip, he drew the massive bolts and admitted his thoughtless master. "Four o'clock, Willis, is it not?" and he sprang up the staircase—another moment he is in her chamber—in her arms!

No reproaches met the truant husband, none—save those she could not spare him in her heavy eye, and faded cheek—yet those spoke to his heart.

"Julia, I have been a wandering husband."
"But you are come now, Charles, and all is well."

And all was well, for, from that hour Charles Danvers became an altered man. Had his wife met him with frowns and sullen tears, he had become a hardened libertine; but her affectionate caresses, the joy that danced in her eye, the hectic flush that lit up her pallid cheek at his approach, were arguments he could not withstand. Married in early life, while he felt all the ardor, but not the esteem of love; possessed of a splendid fortune, and having hitherto had the entire command of his own pleasures, Danvers fell into that common error of newly married men—the dread of being controlled. In vain did his parents, who beheld with sorrow the reproaches and misery he was heaping up for himself in after life, remonstrate. Charles Danvers turned a deaf ear to advice, and pursued, with companions every way unworthy of his society, the path of folly, if not absolute guilt. The tavern, the club-room, the race-course, too often left his wife a solitary mourner, or a midnight watcher.

Thus the first three years of their wedded life had passed—to him in fevered and restless pleasure, to her in blighted hope of unnumbered regret. But this night, crowned the patient forbearance of the neglected Julia with its just reward; and give the death blow to the folly in the bosom of Danvers. Returning with disgust from the losses of the hazard table, her meekness and long-suffering touched him to the soul; the film fell from his eyes, and vice, in her own hideous deformity stood unmasked before him.

Ten years have passed since that solitary midnight, when the young matron bent in tears over her sleeping boy. Behold her now! still in the pride of womanhood, surrounded by their cherub faces, who are listening ere they go to rest to her sweet voice, as it pours forth to the accompaniment of her harp an evening song of joy and melody; while a manly form is bending over the music page to hide the tear of happiness and triumph that springs from a swelling bosom, as he contemplates the interesting group. Youthful matrons! ye who watch over a wandering, perhaps an erring heart—when a reproach trembles on your lips towards a truant husband, imitate Julia Danvers, and remember though hymen has chains, like the sword of Harmodius, they may be covered with flowers; that unkindness and irritability do but harden, if not wholly estrange the heart—manner (as water dropping on the flinty rock, will in time wear it into softness) seldom fails to reclaim to happiness and virtue the Truant Husband.

MARKET SCENE.—The following scene is the best we have come upon for a season. A would be fashionable lady, dressed up in all colors of the rainbow, goes to market followed by a negro boy with a basket. Espying upon a Jerseyman's stall a goose, but not taking particular notice of it, she goes up to the farmer and asks—

"What's the price of those turkey?"
"Madam those turkey is a goose."
"Well what's the price of it?"
"Seventy-five cents, madam."
"Oh, that's too much; I'll give you seven levies," (87½ cents.)
"Well, you may take it for that—it's the last I've got, and I won't haggle about the price."

GREAT YIELD.—The Chester Republican says that Jonathan Larkin, of Lower Chichester, in that county, has left with us two bunches of wheat, each the product of a single grain. One of these bunches contains forty-seven and the other forty-two stalks, all of which are well headed and filled with plump grain. We threshed an average head and found it contained thirty-six grains.—The wheat is of the Mediterranean kind, which is fast superseding all others with our farmers.

DON'T GRUMBLE.—He is a fool that grumbles at every little mischance. Put the best foot forward in an old and good maxim. Don't run about and tell acquaintances that you have been unfortunate. People don't like to have unfortunate men for acquaintances. Add to a vigorous determination, a cheerful spirit; if reveres come, bear them like a philosopher and get rid of them as soon as you can. Poverty is like a panther—look at it steadily in the face and it will turn from you.

A RECONNOISSANCE OF THE LAKES, with reference to the defence of the Lake country, and the establishment of suitable Naval stations, is being made by Commodore Morris and Col. Totten.

A Beautiful Meteor.

Hope is a beautiful meteor; like the rainbow, it is not only lovely because of its seven rich and radiant stripes—it is the memorial of a covenant entered into between man and his Maker, telling us we were born for immortality, destined, unless we sequester our greatness, to the highest honor and noblest happiness. Hope proves man deathless; it is the struggle of the soul breaking loose from what is perishable, and attesting her eternity; and when the eye of the mind is turned upon Christ delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification, the unsubstantial and deceitful character is taken away from hope. Hope is one of the prime pieces of that armor of proof in which the believer is arrayed; for Paul tells us to take for an helmet the hope of salvation. It is not good that a man hope for wealth, since "riches profit not in the day of wrath;" and it is not good that we hope for human honors, since the mean and mighty go down to the same burial. But it is good that he hopes for salvation. The meteor then gathers like a golden halo around his head; and as he presses forward in the battle, no weapon of the evil one can pierce through that helmet. It is good, then, that he hope; it is good, also, that he quietly wait.—There is much promised in Scripture to the waiting upon God. Men wish an immediate answer to prayer, and think themselves forgotten unless the reply be instantaneous. It is a great mistake. The delay is often part and a great part of the answer. It exercises faith, and hope, and patience; and what better thing can be done for us than strengthening those whose growth shall be proportioned to the splendors of immortality; it is good then, that ye wait. They that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary, and they shall walk and not faint.—Rev. H. McNeill.

Worth makes the Man.

Worth makes the man! not wealth! not real dress! not parade. You will find more real manliness, more sound sense, more loveliness of character, in the humble walks of life, than was ever dreamed of in the circles of fashion, or pride of wealth—or Chesterfield rules of politeness. When a man of sense—no matter how humble his origin, or lowly his occupation, may appear in the eyes of the vain and foppish—is treated with contempt, he will not soon forget it; but will put forth all the energies of his mind to rise above those who look down with scorn upon him. By shunning the mechanic, we exert an influence derogatory to honest labor and make it unattractive for young men to learn trades, or labor for support. Did our young women realize that for all their parents' possessings, and that for all they are indebted to the mechanic it would be their desire to elevate him and encourage his visits to their society, while they would treat with scorn the lazy, the sponger, and the well dressed pauper. On looking back, a very few years our most fastidious ladies can trace their genealogy from some humble mechanics who perished, in their day were sneered at by the proud and foolish, while their grandmothers gladly received them to their bosoms.—Jos. C. Neal.

A MISS WANTING A CAPACITY.—A common councilman's lady paying her daughter a visit at school, and inquiring what progress she had made in her education, the governess answered:

"Pretty good, madam; Miss is very attentive; if she wants any thing it is a capacity, but for that deficiency you know we must not blame her."

"No, madam," replied the mother, "but I blame you for not having mentioned it before, for her father, thank fortune, can afford his daughter a capacity; and I beg she may have one immediately, cost what it may."

SINGLENESS OF PURPOSE.—The Lowell (Mass.) Courier tells a good story of a member of the Middlesex bar, who was attending Court at the time of the burning of the hotel at Concord. It is said that he rushed up into the room, and seized a valise which he supposed was his own, but, after having carried it half way across the common, discovered that it belonged to another man; he immediately rushed back, returned the valise to its place, and bore off his own in triumph! One of his friends remarked that this was one of the most remarkable instances of singleness of purpose that he had ever met with.

WHAT PEOPLE CAN DO WITHOUT.—Mankind might do without physicians, if they would observe the laws of health; without soldiers, if they would observe the laws of christianity; without lawyers, if they would keep their tempers; and perhaps without preachers, if each one would take care of his conscience; but there is no way of living without farmers, or—editors.

THE FASTEST YET.—We heard last evening of a steambot, built by a Yankee of course, which run so fast that when she burst her boilers, a short time since, the passengers were all preserved by her running from under before they could be injured by the scalding steam. That is the quickest on record, decidedly.

GO AHEAD.—There's nothing like it, you will never fail so long as you have your arms full and your mind busy. Look on the bright side—keep up your spirits and as true as you live you will work your way to wealth and honor.

A TEACHER had been explaining to his class the points of compass, and all were drawn up front to the north. "Now, what is before you, John?" "The North, Sir." "And what is behind you, Tommy?" "My coat tail, Sir," trying to get a glimpse of the same.

A cheerful expression of features, frequently conceals the deepest anguish.