

THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

VOLUME VIII.

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

NUMBER 40.

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

TOWANDA:

WEDNESDAY, MAY 10, 1847.

Broken Friendship.

Waxes o'er the links of Friendship's chain,
Suspicion's dark, corroding stain
Is breathed from lips whose hidden guile
Lies masked beneath a friendly smile;
Though formed of gold that mocks decay,
Such mellow steals its strength away,
Till, waning slow, it parts at last,
And sever hearts it once joined fast.

When all the gentler feelings lend
Their sweetest influence, to blend
Two kindred spirits into one,
As mingling streams together run,
How coolly cruel must be envy,
Who turns their love to enmity.
By secret whisper, dark surmise,
Or open and malicious lies!

And those there are, nor are they few;
Who love to poison friendships true,
Who, envying, strive to blast the joys
Which spring from love that never cloy.
Such should not die; but still live on,
When all that sweetens life is gone;
Without one cheering gleam to bless
Their path of lonely wretchedness!

But sometimes trust friends will part,
And coldness fill each altered heart,
For some unmet and light offence
That wounds the nice, equitable sense
Which mingles of finest tone possess;
Relying alive to injuries;
Some word, perhaps, a random spoken,
Of slight neglect, their love has broken!

How sad to mark the averted eye,
Once bright with kindly sympathy;
To feel affection's tie has changed;
And find some valued friend estranged!
Of all the pangs that rend the heart,
Scarce one can cause a keener smart;
But proudly seeming to complain,
It silently endures its pain.

[From the Columbian Magazine.]

The Man that Killed his Neighbors.

Founded on Fact.

BY L. MARIA CHILD.

It is curious to observe how a man's spirituality reflects itself in the people and animals around him; nay, in the very garments, trees and stones.

Reuben Black was an infestation in the neighborhood where he resided. The very sight of him produced effects similar to the Hindoo magical tone, called *Rasgar*, which is said to be a cloud, storm and earthquake. His white beard, sharp and uncombed, his hair of his boys had a bristling aspect, as if each individual hair stood on end with perpetual fear. The cows poked out their horns horizontally, as soon as he opened the barn-yard gate. The dog dropped his tail between his legs, and eyed him askance, to see what humor he was in. The cat looked wild and scraggy, and had been known to rush straight up the chimney when he moved toward her. Fanny Kemble's expressive description of the Pennsylvania stage-horses exactly suited to Reuben's poor old nag. "His hide resembled an old hair-trunk." Continual whipping and kicking had made him such a steed, that no amount of blows could quicken his pace, and no chirruping could change the dejected drooping of his head. All his natural language said, as plain as a horse could say, that he was a most unhappy being. Even the trees on Reuben's premises had a gnarled and knotted appearance. The bark wept thickly tears of gum, and the branches grew away, as if they felt the continual discord, and made sorry faces at each other behind their owner's back. His fields were red with sorrel, or run over with mullen. Every thing seemed as hard and arid as his own visage. Every day, he cursed the town and the neighborhood, because they poisoned his dogs, and shot his cats. Continual wars were involved in him in so much expense that he had neither time nor money to spend on the improvement of his farm.

Against Joe Smith, a poor laborer in the neighborhood, he had brought three suits in succession. Joe said he had returned a spade to his sword, and Reuben swore he had not. He sued Joe, and recovered damages, for which he ordered the sheriff to seize his pig. Joe, in his wrath, called him an old swindler, and a scoundrel in the neighborhood. These remarks were soon repeated to Reuben. He brought an action for libel, and recovered twenty-five dollars. Provoked at the laugh this occasioned, he watched for Joe to pass by, and set his big dog upon him, screaming furiously. "Call me an old swindler again, will you?" An evil eye was more contagious than the plague. Joe went home and scolded his wife, and boxed her ears, and kicked the cat; and no one of them knew what it was all for. A fortnight after, Reuben's big dog was found dead by poison. Whereupon he brought another action against Joe Smith, and not being able to prove his guilt of the charge of dog-murder, he took his revenge by poisoning a pet lamb, belonging to Mrs. Smith. Thus the bad game was on, with mutual wrangling and loss.

Joe's temper grew more and more vindictive, and the love of talking over his troubles at the neighborhood increased upon him. Poor Mrs. Smith cried and said it was all owing to Reuben Black; for a better hearted man never lived than Joe, when she first married him.

Such was the state of things when Simeon Green purchased the farm adjoining Reuben's. The estate had been much neglected, and had a few stables and mullen from the neighborhood. But Simeon was a diligent man, and he set to work with a healthy organization, and a general temperance; and a wise and kind attention had sided nature in the perfection of his property work. His provident industry

soon changed the aspect of things on the farm. River-mud, autumn-leaves, old shoes and old bones, were all put in requisition to assist in the production of use and beauty. The trees, with branches pruned, and bark scraped free from moss and insects, soon looked clean and vigorous. Fields of grain waved where weeds had rioted. Persian lilacs bowed gracefully over the simple gateway. Michigan roses covered half the house with their abundant clusters. Even the rough rock, which formed the door-step, was edged with golden moss. The sleek horse, feeding in clover, tugged his mane and neighed when his master came near; as much as to say, "The world is all the nearer for having you in it, Simeon Green!" The old cow, fondling her calf under the great walnut tree, walked up to him with a serious friendly face, asking for the slice of sugar-beet he was wont to give her. Chanticleer, strutting about, with his troop of plump hens and downy little chickens, took no trouble to keep out of his way, but flapped his glossy wings, and crowded a welcome in his very face. When Simeon turned his steps homeward, the boys threw up their caps and ran out shouting, "Father's coming!" and little Mary went toddling up to him, with a dandelion blossom to place in his button-hole. His wife was a woman of few words, but she sometimes said to her neighbors, with a quiet kind of satisfaction, "Everybody loves my husband that knows him. They can't help it."

Simeon Green's acquaintance knew that he was never engaged in a law-suit in his life; but they predicted that he would find it impossible to avoid it now. They told him his next neighbor was determined to quarrel with him, whether they would or not; that he was like John Libburne, of whom Judge Jenkins said, "If the world was emptied of every person but himself, Libburne would still quarrel with John, and John with Libburne."

"Is that his character?" said Simeon. "If he exercises it upon me I will soon kill him." In every neighborhood there are individuals who like to foment disputes, not from any definite intention of malice or mischief, but merely because it makes a little ripple of excitement in the dull stream of life, like a contest between dogs or game-cocks. Such people were not slow in repeating Simeon Green's remark about his wrangling neighbor. "Kill me! will he?" exclaimed Reuben. He said no more; but his tightly compressed mouth had such a significant expression that his dog dodged him, as he would the track of a tiger. That very night Reuben turned his horse into the highway, in hopes he would commit some depredations on neighbor Green's premises. But Joe Smith, seeing the animal at large, let down the bars of Reuben's own corn-field, and the poor beast walked in, fested as he had not done for many a year. It would have been a great satisfaction to Reuben if he could have brought a law-suit against his horse; but as it was, he was obliged to content himself with beating him. His next neighbor was to shoot Mary Green's handsome chancicleer, because he stood on the stone wall and crowed, in the ignorant joy of his heart, two inches beyond the frontier line that bounded the contiguous farms. Simeon said he was sorry for the poor bird, and sorry because his wife and children liked the pretty creature; but otherwise it was no great matter. He had been intending to build a poultry-yard, with a good high fence, that his hens might not annoy his neighbors; and now he was admonished to make haste and do it. He would buy them a snug warm house to roost in; they should have plenty of gravel and straw, and room to promenade back and forth, and oars and cackle to their heart's content; there they could enjoy themselves, and be out of harm's way.

But Reuben Black had a degree of ingenuity and perseverance which might have produced great results for mankind, had those qualities been devoted to some more noble purpose than provoking quarrels. A pear tree in his garden very improperly stretched over a friendly arm into Simeon Green's premises. Whether the sunny state of things there had a cheering effect on the tree I know not; but it happened that this overhanging bough bore more abundant fruit, and glowed with a richer hue, than the other boughs. One day, little George Green, as he went whistling along, picked up a pear that had fallen into his father's garden. The instant he touched it he felt something on the back of his neck like the sting of a wasp.

Reuben Black's whip, followed by such a storm of angry words that the poor child rushed into the house in an agony of terror. But this experiment failed also. The boy was soothed by his mother, and told not to go near the pear tree again; and there the matter ended.

This imperturbable good nature vexed Reuben more than all the tricks and taunts he met from others. Evil efforts he could understand, and repay with compound interest; but he did not know what to make of this perpetual forbearance. It seemed to him there must be something contemptuous in it. He disliked Simeon Green more than all the rest of the town put together, because he made him feel so uncomfortably in the wrong, and did not afford him the slightest pretext for complaint. It was annoying to see everything in his neighbor's domains looking so happy, and presenting such a bright contrast to the forlornness of his own. When their wagons passed each other on the road, it seemed as if Simeon's horse tossed his head higher, and flung out his mane, as if he knew he was going by Reuben Black's old nag. He often said he supposed Green covered his house with roses and honeysuckles on purpose to shame his bare walls. But he didn't care—not he! He wasn't going to be fool enough to rot his boards with such stuff. But no one resented his disparaging remarks, or sought to provoke him in any way. The rose smiled, and the honeysuckle calmed; but none of them had the least idea they were insulting Reuben Black. Even the dog had no malice in his gaze, and bark at them night chase home his geese, and bark at them through the bars. Reuben told his master, the next day, he swore he would bring an action against him if he didn't keep that dog at home,

and Simeon answered very quietly that he would try to take better care of him. For several days a strict watch was kept, in hopes "Towler" would worry the geese again; but they paced home undisturbed, and not a solitary bow-wow furnished excuse for a law-suit.

The next neighbors not only declined quarrelling, but they occasionally made positive advances towards a friendly relation. Simeon's wife sent Mrs. Black a large basket full of very fine cherries. Pleased with the unexpected attention, she cordially replied, "Tell your mother it was very kind of her, and I am very much obliged to her." Reuben, who sat smoking in the chimney-corner, listened to this message once without any manifestation of impatience, except whiffing the smoke through his pipe a little faster and fiercer than usual. But when the boy was going out of the door, and the friendly words were again repeated, he exclaimed, "Don't make a fool of yourself, Peg; they want to give us a hint to send a basket of pears; that's the upshot of the business. You may send 'em a basket, when they are ripe; for I scorn to be under obligation, especially to your smooth-tongued folks." Poor Peggy, whose arid life had been for the moment refreshed with a little dew of kindness, admitted distrust into her bosom, and the halo that radiated round the ripe glowing cherries departed.

Not long after this advance toward good neighborhood, some laborers employed by Simeon Green, passing over a bit of marshy ground, with a heavy team, stuck fast in a bog occasioned by long continued rain. The poor oxen were entirely unable to extricate themselves, and Simeon ventured to ask assistance from a short distance. Reuben replied gruffly, "I've got enough to do to attend to my own business." The civil request that he might be allowed to use his oxen and chains for a few moments being answered in the same surly tone, Simeon silently walked off, in search of a more obliging neighbor.

The men, who were left waiting with the patient suffering oxen, scolded about Reuben's ill-nature, and said they hoped he would get stuck in the same bog himself. Their employers rejoined, "If he does, we will do our duty and help him out." "There 's such a thing as being too good-natured," said they. "If Reuben Black takes the notion that people are afraid of him, it makes him trample on them worse than ever."

"Oh, wait a while," replied Mr. Green, smiling. "I will kill him before long. Wait and see if I don't kill him!"

It chanced, soon after, that Reuben's team did stick fast in the same bog, as the workmen had wished. Simeon observed it from a neighboring field, and gave directions that the oxen and chains should be immediately conveyed to his assistance. The men laughed, shook their heads, and said it was good enough for the old horse. They, however, cheerfully proceeded to do as their employer had requested. "You are in a bad situation, neighbor," said Simeon, as he came along side of the foundered team. "But my men are coming with two yoke of oxen, and I think we shall soon manage to help you out." "You may take your oxen back again," replied Reuben; "I've got plenty of my own help." In a very friendly tone Simeon answered, "I cannot consent to do that; for evening is coming on, and you have very little time to lose. It is a bad job any time, but it will be still worse in the dark." "Light or dark, I don't ask your help," said Reuben, emphatically. "I wouldn't help you out of the bog, the other day, when you asked me." "The trouble I had in relieving my poor oxen teaches me to sympathize with others in the same situation," answered Simeon. "Don't let us waste words about it, neighbor. It is impossible for me to go home and leave you here in the bog, and night coming on."

The team was soon drawn out and Simeon and his men went away, without waiting for thanks. When Reuben went home that night, he was unusually silent and thoughtful. After smoking a while, in deep contemplation, he gently knocked the ashes from his pipe, and said with a sigh, "Peg, Simeon Green has killed me!" "What do you mean?" said his wife, dropping her knitting, with a look of surprise. "You know when he first came into the neighborhood, he said he'd kill me," replied Reuben; "and he has done it. The other day he asked me to help draw his team out of the bog, and I told him I had enough to do to attend to my own business. To day my team stuck fast in the same bog, and he came with two yoke of oxen to draw it out. I felt sort of ashamed to have him lend a hand, so I told him I didn't want any of his help; but he answered, just as pleasant as if nothing contrary had ever happened, that night was coming on, and he was not willing to leave me there in the mud." "It was very good of him," replied Peggy. "He is a pleasant-spoken man, and always has a pretty word to say to the boys. His wife seems to be a nice neighborly body, too." Reuben made no answer; but after meditating a while, he remarked, "Peg, you know that big ripe melon down at the bottom of the garden? You may as well carry it over there, in the morning." His wife said she would, without asking him to explain where "over there" was.

But when the morning came Reuben walked back and forth about the bog, and with that sort of aimless activity, often manifested by hens, and fashionable idlers, who feel restless, and don't know what to run after. At length, the cause of his uncertain movements explained, by his saying, in the form of a question, "I guess I may as well carry the melon myself, and thank him for his oxen!" In my flurry down there in the marsh, I didn't think to say I was obliged to him."

He marched off toward the garden, and his wife stood at the door, with one hand on her hip, and the other shading the sun from her eyes, to see if he really would carry the melon into Simeon Green's house. It was the most remarkable incident that had happened since her marriage. She could hardly believe her own eyes. He walked quick, as if afraid he should not be able to carry the usual impulse

into action if he stopped to reconsider the question. When he found himself in Mr. Green's house, he felt extremely awkward, and hastened to say, "Mrs. Green, here is a melon my wife sent you, and we reckon it's a ripe one." Without manifesting any surprise at such unexpected courtesy, the friendly matron thanked him, and invited him to sit down. But he stood playing with the latch of the door, and without raising his eyes said, "May be Mr. Green ain't in, this morning?"

"He is at the pump, and will be in directly," she replied; and before her words were spoken, the honest man walked in, with a face as fresh and bright as a June morning. He stepped right to Reuben, shook his hand cordially, and said "I am glad to see you, neighbor. Take a chair."

"Thank you, I can't stop," replied Reuben. He pushed his hat on one side, rubbed his head, looked out of the window, and then said suddenly, as if by a desperate effort, "The fact is, Mr. Green, I didn't behave right about the oxen."

"Never mind, never mind," replied Mr. Green. "Perhaps I shall get into the bog again some of these rainy days. If I do, I shall know whom to call upon." "Why you see," said Reuben, still very much confused, and avoiding Simeon. "You know the good book says so. I have learned by experience, that if we speak kind words, we hear kind words. If we try to make others happy, it fills them with a wish to make us happy. Perhaps you and I can bring the neighborhood round, in time. Who knows? Let us try, Mr. Black, let us try. But come and look at my orchard. I want to show you a tree which I have grafted with very choice apples. If you like, I will procure you some scions from the same stock."

They went into the orchard together, and friendly chat soon put Reuben at his ease. When he returned home, he made no remarks about his visit; for he could not, as yet, summon sufficient greatness of soul to tell his wife that he had confessed himself in the wrong. A gun stood behind the kitchen door, in readiness to shoot Mr. Green's dog for having barked at his horse. He now fired the contents into the air, and put the gun away in the barn. From that day, henceforth, he never sought for any pretext to quarrel with either the dog or his master. A short time after, Joe Smith, to his utter astonishment, saw him pat Towler on the head, and heard him say, "Good fellow!"

Simeon Green was far too magnanimous to repeat to any one that his quarrelsome neighbor had confessed himself, to blame. He merely smiled as he said to his wife, "I thought we should kill him, after a while."

Joe Smith did not believe in such doctrine. When he heard of the adventures in the marsh, he said, "Simeon Green's fool. When he first came here he talked very big about killing folks, if they didn't mind their Pa and King. But he don't appear to have as much spirit as a worm; for a worm will turn when its trod upon."

Poor Joe had grown more intemperate and more quarrelsome, till at last nobody would employ him. About a year after the memorable incident of the water melon, some one stole several valuable hides from Mr. Green. He did not mention the circumstances to any one but his wife; and they both had reason for suspecting that Joe was the thief. The next week, the following anonymous advertisement appeared in the news paper of the county:

"Whoever stole a lot of hides on Friday night, the 5th of the present month, is hereby informed that the owner has since wished to be his friend. If poverty tempted him to false steps, the owner will keep the whole transaction a secret, and will gladly put him in the way of obtaining money by means more likely to bring him peace of mind."

This singular advertisement of course excited a good deal of remark. There was much debate whether or not the thief would avail himself of the friendly offer. Some said he would be a greenhorn if he did, for it was manifestly a trap to catch him. But he who committed the dishonest deed alone knew whence the benevolent offer came; and he knew that Simeon Green was not a man to set traps for his fellow creatures.

A few nights afterwards a timid knock was heard at Simeon's door, just as the family were retiring to rest. When the door was opened Joe Smith was seen on the steps, with a load of hides on his shoulders. Without raising his eyes, he said in a low humble tone, "I have brought these back, Mr. Green. Where shall I put them?" "Wait a moment till I can light a lantern, and I will go to the barn with you," he replied. "Then you will come in, and tell me how it happened. We will see what can be done for you."

Mrs. Green knew that Joe often went hungry, and had become accustomed to the stimulus of rum. She therefore hastened to make hot coffee, and brought from the closet, some cold meat and a pie.

When they returned from the barn she said, "I thought you might feel the better for a little warm supper, neighbor Smith." Joe turned his back towards her, and did not speak. He leaned his head against the wall, and said, "I was the first time I ever stole anything; and I have felt very bad about it. I don't know how it is. I didn't think once I should ever come to be what I am. Since I began to go down-hill, everybody gives me a kick. You are the first man that has offered me a helping hand. My wife is feeble and my children starving. You have sent them many a meal, God bless you! and yet I stole the hides from you, meaning to sell them the first good chance I could get. But I tell you the truth, Mr. Green, it is the first time I ever deserved the name of a thief."

"Let it be the last, my friend," said Simeon, pressing his hand kindly. "The secret shall remain between ourselves, you are young and can make up for lost time. Come, now, give me a promise that you will not drink one drop

of intoxicating liquor for a year, and I will employ you to-morrow, at good wages. Mary will go to see your family early in the morning, and perhaps we may find some employment for them also. But eat a bit now, and drink some hot coffee. It will keep you from wanting to drink anything stronger to-night. You will find it hard to abstain, at first, Joseph; but keep up a brave heart, for the sake of your wife and children, and it will soon become easy. When you feel the need of coffee, tell my Mary, and she will always give it to you."

Joe tried to eat and drink, but the food seemed to choke him. He was nervous and excited. After an ineffectual attempt to compose himself, he laid his head on the table and wept like a child.

After a while, Simeon persuaded him to bathe his head in cold water, and he ate and drank with a good appetite. When he went away, the kindhearted host said, "Try to do well Joseph, and you will always find a friend in me."

The poor fellow pleased his hand, and replied "I understand now how it is you kill bad neighbors."

He entered into Mr. Green's service the next day, and remained in it many years, an honest and faithful man.

HINTS TO YOUNG MEN.—Be economical.—No matter if your parents are worth millions, it is not the less proper that you should understand the value of money, and the honest, honorable means of acquiring it. What multitudes of young men, particularly in our cities, make shipwreck of reputation and health, and eventually of property, by neglect of this maxim! They are aware that their fathers obtained their wealth by the habits of industry, but they are ashamed of the name. They forget that wealth in this country passes rapidly from one to another, and that he who is rich to-day may be poor to-morrow; or that he who relies on wealth amassed by his father may end his days in a pauper house. It is for the young man to say whether by industry and economy he will secure competence and respectability, or by idleness become a worthless beggar and sponging outcast.

Be just. In the course of life a man frequently finds his interest or his opinion crossed by those from whom he had a right to expect better things, and the young men are apt to feel such matters very sensibly. Look at their conduct carefully, and be just to motives that prompt. You may find that, were you placed in their position, the course you now condemn would be the proper one for you, and the one you would be under obligations to pursue. A little cool consideration would avoid much censoriousness.

The Good Wife.—How much of this world's happiness and prosperity is contained in the compass of these two short words! Her influence is immense. The power of a wife, for good or evil, is altogether irrefragable. Home must be the seat of happiness, or it must be forever unknown. A good wife is to a man wisdom and courage, and strength and hope, and endurance. A bad one is confusion, weakness, discomfiture and despair. No condition is hopeless, when the wife possesses firmness, decision, energy, and economy. There is no outward prosperity which can counterfit indulgence, folly and extravagance at home. No spirit can long resist bad domestic influence. Man is strong, but his heart is not adamant. He delights in enterprise and action, but to sustain him he needs a tranquil mind and a whole heart. He expends his whole moral force in the conflicts of the world. His feelings are lacerated to the utmost point of endurance by perpetual collision, irritations and disappointment. To recover his equanimity and composure, home must be to him a place of repose, of peace, of cheerfulness; of comfort, and his soul renews its strength, and again goes forth with fresh vigor to encounter the labors and troubles of the world. But if at home he finds no rest, and there is met with bad temper, sultriness, or gloom, or is assailed by discontent, complaint and reproaches, the heart breaks, the spirits are crushed, hope vanishes, and the man sinks into total despair.

The Soul.—How can it enter into the thoughts of man, that the soul, which is capable of receiving new improvement to all eternity, shall fall away into nothing, almost as soon as it is created. Are such abilities made for no purpose? A brute arrives at a point of perfection which he can never pass. In a few years he has all the endowments of which he is capable; and were he to live ten thousand more, would he be the same thing he is at present. Were a human soul thus to stand still in her accomplishments, were her faculties to be incapable of further enlargements, I could imagine it might fall away insensibly, and drop into a state of annihilation. But can we believe a thinking being that is in a perpetual progress of improvements, and travelling on from perfection to perfection, after having just looked abroad into the works of the Creator and made a few discoveries of his infinite goodness, wisdom and power, must perish in her first setting out, and in the way of her journey?

BOANOWING.—"Mother wants to know if you won't please to lend her your preserving kettle—cause as how she wants to preserve."

"We would with pleasure, boy; but the truth is, the last time we loaned it to your mother she preserved it so effectually that we have never seen it since."

"Well, you needn't be so easy about your old kettle. Guess it was full of holes when we borrowed it, and mother wouldn't a troubled you again, only we need your bringing home a new one!"

A HINT.—An editor once said to a bore, who had sat about two hours in his office— "I wish you would do as my fire is doing."

"How is that?" said the other.

"Why, sir, it is going out," replied the editor.

GENUINE YANKEE.—"Hallo, my good friend can you inform me how far it is to the next house?"

Jonathan started up—leaned on his hoe handle—rested one foot on the gambrel of his sinister leg—and replied:

"Hallo yourself! how dy'e do? wal I guess I can. 'Tain't near so far as it used to be afor they cut the weeds away—then it was reckoned four miles, but now the sun shrivels up the road, and don't make mor'a tew. The first house you come to though is a barn, and the next is a hay-stack; Hoskin's is on beyond. You'll be sure to meet his gals long before you get there; t'arnal rompin critters; they plague our folks mor'n a little. His sheep gets into our orchard. Dads see the dog arter the sheep and me arter the gals—and the way he makes the wool, and I the petticoats fly, is a sight to snakes."

"I see you are inclined to be facetious, young man. Pray tell me how it happens that one of your legs is shorter than the other?"

"I never 'low's any body to meddle with my grass tanglers, mister, but seeing it's you I'll tell you. I was born so at my 'nicular request, so that when I hold the plough, I can go with one foot in the furrer and 't'other on land, and not lop over; besides it's convenient when I mow round a side hill."

"Very good indeed—how do your potatoes come on this year?"

"They don't come on at all; I digs 'em out—and there's a tarantion snarl of 'em in each hill."

"But they are small, I perceive."

"Yes, I know it. You see we planted some whoppin' blue noses over in that ere patch there, and they flourished so all-firedly that these stopped growing jist'out of spite, because they knowed they couldn't keep up."

"You appear to be pretty smart, and I should think you could afford a better hat than the one you wear."

"The looks ain't nothing, it's all in the behavior. This ere hat was my Sunday-go-to-meetin' hat; it's chock full of pety now. I've got a better one to hum, but I don't dig 'aters in it no how."

"You have been in these parts sometime, I should guess."

"I should guess so tew. I was born'd and got my brof'n up in that ere house; but my native place is Pordunk."

"Then you say it is about three miles and a half to the next house?"

"Yes sir, 'twas a spell ago, and I don't believe it's grow'd much shorter since. Good bye to ye. That's a darn slick mare of yours."

SMOKING.—The editor of the Albanian, in an article on cigar-smoking, sets out with the design of "blowing up" the "abominable, filthy practice," but closes his remarks by giving it a puff after this fashion:

But, after all, we do not believe that people will stop smoking. We are afraid that we ourselves will continue to contribute our quota of this enormous tax, for we own our own weakness is to love a good cigar. It seems to us to quiet and soften the asperities of life—to nullify every thing like harshness of feeling, and to us it teaches a great moral lesson. It is not an unfit type of human life, beautifully illustrating the immortality of the soul. The fire that consumes it is the wear and tear of life—the ashes that drop to earth, is the dust into which man must eventually be resolved, and the smoke which ascends in its fantastic forms, and mingles with the pure air above, is the soul, in its flight to another and better world.

EDUCATION.—The following brief but beautiful passage occurs in a late article in Frazer's Magazine:

Education does not commence with the alphabet. It begins with a mother's love—with a father's nod of approbation, or a sigh of reproach—with a sister's gentle pressure of the hand, or a brother's noble act of forbearance—with handfuls of flowers in green and daisy meadows—with birds' nests admired, but not touched—with creeping ants, and almost imperceptible emmetts—with humming bees and glass bee-hives—with pleasant walks in shady lanes—and with thoughts directed, in a sweet and kindly tone and words, to nature, to beauty, to acts of benevolence, to deeds of virtue, and to the sense of all good, to God himself.

RETORT COURTEOUS.—A young lady, who was formerly a member of a church of the old school, had left it and joined another. On Sunday morning as she was on her way to meeting, she met her old minister, who bowed to her very coldly, and said—"Good morning, daughter of the devil." "Good morning, father," she replied.

A GALLANT IRISHMAN.—An Irishman, remarkable for his devotion to the fair sex, once remarked, "never be critical on the ladies." "Take it for granted that they are all handsome and good. A true gentleman will never look on the faults of a pretty woman, without shutting his eyes."

AUGUSTUS, hearing that a Roman knight, who had lived extravagantly, had died overwhelmed in debt, and that his goods were to be sold at auction, gave orders to purchase the property. "I should like," he said, to have the bedstead on which he could sleep who owed so much."

TO CURE CORNS.—Scrape the corn so as to nearly cause it to bleed—apply a salve, composed of Colomel and Lard—renew the application three or four times a week—keep the feet clean; and wear loose shoes. A positive cure will be effected. No says one who has tried it.

POWER will intoxicate the best hearts as wine the strongest heads. No man is wise enough, nor good enough, to be trusted with unlimited power; for whatever qualifications he may have evinced to entitle him to the possession of so dangerous a privilege, yet, when possessed, others can no longer answer for him, because he can no longer answer for himself.