

# THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

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## TOWANDA:

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### Beautiful Extract.

Oh, if there is one law above the rest,  
Written in Wisdom—if there is a word  
That I would trace as with a pen of fire  
Upon the unsullied temple of a child—  
If there is anything that keeps the mind  
Open to angel visits, and represses  
The ministry of ill—'tis human love!

God has made nothing worthy of contempt,  
The smallest pebble in the well of truth  
Has its peculiar meaning and will stand  
When man's bit mortal ear first away  
The law of heaven is love, and though its name  
Has been usurped by passion and profaned  
To its unholy uses though all the time,  
Still, the eternal principle is pure;  
And these deep affections that we feel  
Omnipotent within us, can we see  
The avish measure in which life is given  
And the yearning tenderness of a child,  
For every bird that sings above its head  
And every creature, feeding on the hills,  
And every tree, flower, and verdant brook,  
We see how everything was made to love,  
And how they err in a world like this,  
Find anything to hate but human pride.

[From "The Holy Land," by Harriet Martineau.]

### Jacob's Well and the Samaritans.

Our last view of Jerusalem was very fine. We looked back from a ridge on the northern road, and saw it lying, bright and stately, on its everlasting hill; but it looked lower than from other points of view, from the Moab mountains forming its lofty background. We descended the slope before us, and lost sight of the Holy City for ever.

Again we were struck with the vivid coloring of the scenery. All this day, the hills were dressed in brilliant portions of the brightest green; and the shadows purple or lilac. All the hills show traces of having been once terraced; and they were still completely so in the neighborhood of our encampment this evening—the terraces following the strata of the stone, which all lay slanting. This gives a singular air of wildness to the most cultivated spots. Here and there were basins among the hills, the red soil dropped all over with fig and olive trees, or full of corn; and the upland tracks winding among slopes all strewn with cistus, iris, cyclamen, and anemones, and bristling with tall flowering hollocks. On we went, past deep old wells yawning in the hollows, or stone cisterns where the cattle were crowded to drink; past a few canals here and there, browsing in the dells; past groups of Arabs with their asses, carrying corn to the city; past stone villages crowning the steep hills, at six P. M., we encamped beside a beautiful old pool. We were under the shelter of a rock whose moist crevices were fringed with delicate ferns. While dinner was preparing, I went back on our road—the narrow stony road which would round the verdant promontory opposite to our rock—to find a honeysuckle which I had seen climbing and blossoming to a great height; and I brought back a charming handful of flowers.

While we were at dinner in the tent, a sound of snuffing was heard outside; and when our dragoman next entered, he was out of breath. We afterwards heard the whole story, and were amused to find how zealous our Mohammedan servants could be in the cause of Christians. Some Arabs, with their loaded mules, had come with the intention of encamping beside the pool; and, on finding the ground partly occupied, thought there was plenty of room left, they became abusive, and wondered aloud what business these cursed Christians had in their country. Our dragoman resented this, and threw the speaker down over the tent-rope. There was then a stout scuffle, and our cook coming to help, and the Arabs falling one upon another over the tent-poles in the dark, they had the worst of it, and went off vowing vengeance. We heard no more of them, however.

The next morning, we saw the Mediterranean, like a basin of deep blue water between two hills. We were not going towards it; however, but to Nablous, the ancient Sychar, where lies that Jacob's Well, at which the women of Samaria were wont to draw water.

Our road lay through a most fertile valley now called Hawarrath, where the crops were splendid for miles, and the villages were thickly planted on the hills. The ground rose in a series of table-lands, of which there was a succession of three, when we were leaving the rich Hawarrath valley. The roads in this part of the Holy Land were mere lines of stones between walls, or tracks through vine grounds and meadows, or paths running along shelves of the rocks, with a bit of rocky staircase at each end, about ascending or descending which our good horses made no difficulty.

Before entering the valley where old Sychar lay between the mountains Ebal and Gerizim, we came to the fine fertile parcel of ground which Jacob bought. The valley opens out into this wide basin; and near the junction of the valley and in the basin is the old well which is the supposed scene of the conversation of Jesus with the Samaritan woman. Some of our party would round the base of the hill to the well; and some (and I for one) rode by the upper path, over the shoulder of the hill, and came down on the other side. I had thus a fine view of the whole locality; and the valley where the city lies—a narrow valley, rich with fig and olive-groves, and overlooking by the rocky bases of Ebal and Gerizim, where the square black entrances of tombs dotted the strata of the rocks. From this height, Jacob's land looked a beautiful expanse. The well is a mere rough heap of stones, with a hole in the middle, nearly closed up. What there below-ground, I cannot say; but this is all that is to be seen on the surface. It is not a well likely to be in use now, for there are many springs and shallow cisterns (though no well) between this and the town, which lies about a mile and a half off. Every body knows that the Jews had no friendly dealings with the Samaritans in the time of Jesus. The quarrel had then lasted above 500 years. How

many sins had gone down upon their wrath! The Samaritans had wished to assist the Jews in rebuilding the temple of Jerusalem; but the Jews hated them as a mixed race, and would not admit that they had any right to share in the temple worship, or any other Jewish privileges. It really was a most serious objection to the Samaritans, that they were of a mixed race; not only because the Jews believed that they held the promises on the very ground of the purity of their race; but because the intermarriages of the former Samaritan Israelites with Assyrians and others disposed them to idolatry, or at least to a worship as mixed as their race. So the Samaritans were excluded from the rebuilding of the temple, above 500 years ago. And not being permitted to help, they did all they could to hinder. About 100 years after, they obtained leave from the Persian court (to which both the Jews and they were subject), to build a second temple to Jehovah; and they built it on Mount Gerizim. This was a shocking impiety in the sight of the Jews; and it was the occasion of a number of law-minded Jews, who had broken the law, by marrying heathen wives, or otherwise, and who yet wished to worship Jehovah in his temple, resorting to Sychar, to join the Samaritans, and render their race yet more mixed. This was the quarrel which the woman of Samaria referred to when she spoke of the question, whether "men ought to worship in this mountain or in Jerusalem?" and this is explained her wonder that Jesus, being a Jew, should ask water of her who was a Samaritan. There was also a quarrel about their scriptures; the Jews insisting to this day, that the Samaritans had altered two or three texts, relating to two mountains, Ebal and Gerizim, in their own sacred copy of the books of Moses; the Samaritans insisting, of course, that theirs was the true copy.

From my early youth, I had always taken a strong interest in this old quarrel, feeling sympathy with both parties, and a keen delight in the wise and soothing words of Jesus concerning it. What a truth it was for both parties to hear, that God was now to be worshipped everywhere; and that all places were henceforth to be as sacred as the Jerusalem temple, or the mountain at Sychar! And what a lesson in liberality it was to the Jews when he gave honor to the Samaritan in the parable, on account of his good works, above the sacred priest and the servant of the temple at Jerusalem. Both parties were, of course, wrong in their fierce anger; but each had much to plead on his own side. The Jews were bound to keep their race and worship pure; and held, as an essential matter of faith, that Jehovah would have but one dwelling-place; which was their view of the temple. And the Samaritans were surely right in persisting in their endeavor to worship Jehovah, in accordance with the laws of Moses, as they did not believe in strange gods; and, if the Jews could not admit them to worship in the temple at Jerusalem, they could not be blamed for building one for themselves.

Such was always my view of the matter; and such being my view, it was with indecipherable interest that I looked this day upon Mount Gerizim, and remembered that somewhere in the city we were approaching, was treasured that sacred copy of the Samaritan Pentateuch, (Books of Moses) which the possessors believe to be the true one, and to be 3,500 years old. The most learned men among the Christians do not believe it to be nearly so old as that; but they have a high opinion of its value, and would follow it sooner than any other. I believe, excepting instances where the disputed texts about Ebal and Gerizim are concerned.

The present inhabitants of the city hate the Christians as heartily as the old inhabitants used to hate the Jews. The present inhabitants are Mohammedans of a most bigoted character; and they would admit neither Jew nor Christian within their gates. It is within a few years; when the government of the country (then Egyptian) compelled them to better manners. They dared not refuse admission; but they behaved with great insolence. We had to ride from end to end of the city, our tent being pitched on a green on the other side. Our horses had to go slowly as possible through the narrow street, which would not hold two abreast, and was paved with large slippery stones. As we rode along, one behind another, at this funeral pace, all the people came out to stare, and many to mock. Three times things were thrown in my face; men and women laughed and sneered, and children thrust out their tongues. I felt what a lesson this was to intolerance about matters of opinion. These people hold a faith which is very noble and beautiful. Few of us know how noble and beautiful is the Mohammedan faith. And there is no need to say what their visitors thought of the Christian faith as they held it; and yet, what a scene of hatred and misunderstanding was here! And thus it is, but too often, in the streets of other cities, where men ought to know better than to despise each other for worshipping the same God in a different manner. In the streets of other cities, men take upon themselves to pity and despise one another, with no better knowledge in reality of one another's views and feelings, than those Mohammedans had of ours, or we of theirs.

At last, we were through! and glad I was to issue from the gate at the further end. But a sad sight awaited us there. A company of lepers were under the trees, trying out to us for charity, and stretching out their maimed hands. It is a terrible sight, which we see too often in that country. It saddened us at Jerusalem, almost every day. Our tents were pitched on a weedy plot of ground, among gardens, orchards, and rippling streams, and looking up to Ebal on the one side, and Gerizim on the other. Ebal is still the steeper-looking mountain of the two; but Gerizim has lost much of its fertility. Both have tombs and votive buildings on them, which show them to have been places of pilgrimage.

After dinner, we ascended a height, past the Mohammedan cemetery, whence we had a fine view, in the last sunlight, of this most beautiful city. It was once the capital of Samaria; and it is still, and must ever be, from its situation, a very striking

place. It completely fills the valley, from side to side, and ascends a little way up the skirts of Gerizim. Its houses, with their flat white roofs, are hedged in by the groves which surround the town: vines spread from roof to roof; and from court to court; two or three palm trees spring up in the middle, and higher aloft still, a graceful minaret here and there.

Then, to my delight, we descended to seek the Samaritan synagogue. We were guided to it, and I saw nearly all the Samaritans of the place; good-looking people, the men wearing the high, helmet-like turban which we see in the portraits of Josephus, and other old Jews. They said their number was sixty in this place, and about forty more elsewhere: only a hundred in the whole world. They declared their chief priest and the rest of their sect to be at Genoa. They keep three great feasts in the year, going up Gerizim as the Jews used to go up to the Temple.

The synagogue was a small, ordinary-looking chapel, within a curtained recess of which is kept the only copy of the Pentateuch. It was shown to us, after some entreaty on our part; but I found it was impossible that I could be allowed to touch it. I felt it a great event to have seen it. It is written on a sort of vellum, in the Samaritan text, clear, small, and even. The vellum is tattered; but it is well mounted on parchment. The priest himself does not touch the M. S. without careful sanctification; and he holds it by the ends of the rollers on which it is fixed as a scroll, like the copies of the Jewish law in synagogues.

We were lighted through the archways of the streets, on our way home, and down the hill, by a single candle which burned steadily in the still air. Our employment this evening was reading aloud the history of the Jewish and Samaritan controversy, and the fourth chapter of the gospel of John. While we were thus reading in our tent, the jackal was in full cry on the slopes of Gerizim.

A TRUE PICTURE—Before marriage, the condition of women is frequently so depressed, that a marriage with any man of respectability, however unsuited to their taste, or faulty in temper, is the least of two evils. Desperate as they already are of any heart-filling affection, they gain at least some station in society, and some pursuit in the avocations of a home. In their father's house, it too often happens that, without any intentional unkindness, nothing is theirs. In childhood this is no evil. The mind of youth is so elastic, the spirits so volatile, that nothing checks happiness except present and positive harshness. There is "the tear forgot as soon as shed." They live in the present; amusement is their highest degree of happiness, and they find amusement in everything that is variety. But soon a great change takes place; the heart and the hand demand fuller and more earnest occupation. The present is no longer enough. Hope and pursuit become necessary to the full-grown creature; but a meagre education has left her nearly incapable of the latter, and dull restraint has compelled the tenacious vitality of the former to run wild among deceitful and dangerous regions. Even if disposed to self-improvement, a disposition which very slender opportunities sometimes arouse very strongly, what, under such circumstances, can women do who remain many years unmarried? The first and best portion of life, while health and faculties are in their highest vigor, perhaps till the age of five-and-thirty or more, is spent without the command of money, or of their own time, or the choice of their own mode of life, whether retired or social; unable to pass a short time from home, except by permission, and almost without the power of cultivating a friendship. Surely, there seldom has been a system more calculated to prevent the formation of judgment and experience, and to blight those years that are flying past forever.

Tobacco.—Tobacco plays a more important part in this country as to the habits of the people. However used—whether smoked, chewed, or used as snuff—its action on the system is but little different. It is essentially a narcotic; and as such, it is detrimental to the power and healthiness of the nervous system—as such, it stimulates at the expense of subsequent depression and eventual loss of tone—as such, it interferes with the functions of assimilation and expenditure—and as such, it is injurious to the health of the system. Tobacco exerts more marked and injurious effects when chewed, less of these when smoked, and is least deleterious when used in the form of snuff. This is only, however, a question of degree; and in the temperate climate, the use of tobacco in any way can only be justified when, from poverty of diet, and consequent vital depression, the effects of a habitually-used narcotic may not be undesirable.

In benevolent natures, the impulse to pity is so sudden, that, like instruments of music which obey the touch, the objects which are fitted to excite such impressions, work so instantaneous an effect that would think the will was scarce concerned, and that the mind was altogether passive in the sympathy which her own goodness has excited. The truth is, the soul is, generally, in such cases so busily taken up, and wholly engrossed by the object of pity, that she does not attend to her own operations, or take leisure to examine the principles upon which she acts.

Quartern.—Fellow sojourners—This is a glorious day, the first day of January, Eighteen hundred and Forty-seven—I mean eight. The cloud clapped hills of Chimborazo have now become the homes of the American eagle. [Applause.] From the stricken field of Pail Alto and Rosacocha to the dread heights of Sarag Gaway and Cow Teruras—from the Halls of the Montezumas, ours has been one onward march. [Great applause.] Folks talk of peace, when there is no peace. Live or die, survive or perish—three cheers for "old Zachariah!"

To think rightly, is of knowledge; to speak fitly, is of nature.

### Life of a Death.

Come to the grave's quiet chamber,  
Passionate heart!  
At the dread sound of thy dooming,  
Why dost thou start?  
Oh, didst thou sorrow and anguish,  
Willing to go:  
Wearily weeping—lamenting—  
Heavy with woe:  
Now is the time of thy calling,  
Why dost thou shrink?  
Why dost thou turn with such loathing  
From the grave's brink?  
Soft to the depth of its shadow,  
(See thou dost mark:  
Peaceful the bed now preparing  
In the chill dark:  
Here the wild sea of life's tumult  
Ceaseth to roar:  
Here the vain fever of love  
Vexeth no more!  
Here, shall no sound of reproaches;  
Bitterly said:  
Filling the heart with hot aching,  
Trouble the dead!  
Here are no partings—no leaving  
Friends dearly joined:  
Here is no sobbing and moaning  
Broken on the wind:  
Here shall no hope, fondly cherished,  
Crumble away:  
Calm in its white shroud, and painless,  
Lies the still clay;  
Though all the schemes it was planning  
On the high earth,  
Wrecked, ere the hour of fulfillment,  
Died in their birth!  
Come! with what thought dost thou linger!  
Hast thou not tried  
All the world's promising pleasures?  
Which dost thou abide?  
Which of them blest thy attainment?  
Water on sand!  
Wild flowers, whose stalks have been broken  
By a child's hand!  
Which of them failed thee not always  
When most desired:  
Mocking with unsought fruition,  
When the heart tried?  
Hath a friend of thy bosom,  
Broken his faith?  
Were not the loved of the kindred  
Laid in the dust?  
Did not thy foes and oppressors  
Rise and grow proud?  
While the heads sank of thy kind ones,  
Humble and bowed?  
Why dost thou then mournfully linger  
In a bad world?  
Bark, which the storm blast hath beaten,  
Get thy sail furled!  
Come thou shalt know the deep quiet  
Yearned for in vain,  
When thou wert maddened with striving,  
Weary of pain,  
Come—thou shalt meet all thy dear ones,  
Lost-long ago.  
In the old days, when their dying  
Wrong thee with woe!  
Earth—for thy burial, lo! one—  
Opens her breast:  
Deeply thy bed hath been hollowed,  
Come to thy rest!

ADVICE TO WIVES—A wife must learn how to form her husband's happiness; in what direction the secret of his comfort lies; she must not cherish his weakness by working upon them; she must not run counter to his prejudices. Her motto must be, never to irritate. She must study never to draw largely upon the small stock of patience in his nature, nor to increase his obstinacy by trying to drive him; never, if possible, to have access. I doubt much if a real quarrel, even if made up, does not loosen the bond between man and wife, and sometimes, unless the affection of both be very sincere, lastingly. If irritation should occur, a woman must expect to hear from most men a strength and vehemence of language far more than the occasion requires. Mild as well as stern men are prone to this exaggeration of language; let not a woman be tempted ever to say anything sarcastic or violent in retaliation. The bitterest repentance must needs follow such an indulgence, if she do. Men frequently forget what they have themselves said, but seldom what is uttered by their wives. They were grateful, too, for forbearance in such cases; for, whilst asserting most loudly that they are right, they are often conscious that they are wrong. Give a little time, as the greatest boon you can bestow, to the irritated feelings of your husband.

CORN.—The Corn crop of the U. States for 1847 is estimated at 600,000,000 bushels; in 1845 it was 417,899,000 bushels. The yearly exports from 1701 to 1819, several times arose above a million bushels, sometimes over two millions, but from 1819 to 1845, they did not in any one year amount to a million. In 1846, the exports 1,828,086 bushels corn, and 298,788 bbls. corn meal. In 1847, the exports have risen to the enormous quantity 17,272,816 bushels corn, and 945,040 bbls. meal.

RICHES AND POVERTY.—The palace of the English Duke of Newcastle, cost the enormous sum of \$300,000; the chimney pieces alone cost \$72,000. How many poor wretches have starved in their frightful destitution, that this one man may live in luxury and magnificence! He has an estate of twenty miles in length, while thousands do not own land enough to furnish them with a grave.

DRIVE FOR LOVE.—A gallant old Scotch officer was narrating the unfortunate history of an early friend who had been killed by a fickle beauty in favor of the Duke of A—, and he concluded his story thus, in a tone of much emotion: "Poor fellow! he never got over it. No sir! it was the death of him." And then, after a pause of much pathos, he added with a faltering voice: "He did not live above fifteen years after it."

A POINT OF ORDER.—In the New York Legislature, a member passed in the midst of a very windy speech to take a drink of water. Another member, named Bloss, rose to a point of order. Every body stared, wondering what the point of order was.

"What is it?" said the speaker.

"I think sir," continued Bloss, "it is out of order for a wind-mill to go by water."

### Michigan Financiering.

A TALE OF THE "TIMES THAT TRIED MEN'S FORTS."

Mississippi has been famed for her banking. The story of her financial greatness, in the manufacture of paper promises, has been the theme of story and of song. Her financiering is not unknown, and never will be, as long as the Brandon and other banks give a living illustration of the truth of Sam Patch's remarks, that "some things can be done as well as others." With the swiftness of the enchanter's wand, paper has turned into bank notes, and every one knows that a little generous confidence makes bank notes money. Mississippi banking has been said and sung—recited and re-ecited, until it has become an old and thrice told tale.

While thus the Southern financiers—"ardent as a Mississippi sun" could make them—"have had their poets and letter-writers and newspaper paragraphists to sound their praises, Michigan, her great financial rival, has not had one. Had her banks continued a little longer, she could have beat Mississippi "all hollow," but there came a frost, which nipped her rising greatness.

The time of which we speak was about the close of the speculative which commenced in 1836. Every body had grown rich, and every body wanted to grow richer. Men calculated their fortunes by millions and half millions. The State Legislature had enacted a general banking law, wisely and safely guarded, as all new banks are, and banks innumerable had gone into operation, and their notes, "thick as leaves in Valambrosa," were in the pockets of bank officers, their favorites and dependents.

Among those appointed to watch these institutions was Alpheus Felch, the late Governor, and one of the present United States Senators from Michigan. When the general banking law was enacted he stood almost solitary and alone in opposition to it, and after it went into operation he viewed them with suspicion. As one of the four Bank Commissioners, he had one quarter of the banks to attend to, and was bound to examine them in person. He marched one day into one of the banks in Detroit, and demanded to see their specie. The bank officers, who had expected his coming, were all smiles and affability, and cracked their jokes, and smoked their regalias, and drank their champagne, with an air that but few, except bankers, can assume.

The Commissioner found the entire specie capital of the bank in gold, and among the coins were some pieces of old date, and these, from antiquity, excited considerable attention. At bank No. 1, all things were found right—the coin was there, and the books showed that the issues of notes was but three dollars to one.

At bank No. 2, as at No. 1, the specie capital was also in gold, and strange as it may appear, the amount lacked but a few dollars of being the same; and what was stranger still, a number of gold pieces, of similar antiquity, were there found. The Commissioner, anxious to see if the curious coincidence would hold out quietly took a memorandum of the number of pieces, and of their date. At bank No. 3, the gold pieces were there, and so were else, and number and dates corresponded. The Commissioner drew down his spectacles—chuckled a little to think how the bankers had outwitted themselves, in attempting to outwit him; but he kept his own counsel and went on his way. At the other banks, making in all some twenty or thirty, the same quantity of gold—the same number ancient coins, with dates corresponding with the memorandum, were found, and of course the Commissioner had to pass on. Inquiries were always made as to the next bank to be examined, and Mr. Commissioner Felch, proverbial for politeness, could not refuse to answer.

The Commissioner was about closing his inspection of a bank in a remote county, and there remained but one more to visit. It was late at night, and he was anxious to get home, but the last bank being distant, and the roads bad, he concluded to wait till morning. The cashier thought this much the best plan, and volunteered to take him over in his buggy. In the morning about the time the buggy was brought out, the Commissioner stepped into the bank and told the cashier, then behind the counter, that he would like to have a peep at "that gold" again. The cashier colored red, and the teller and the directors present looked blue, while the president of the bank looked as though he expected Sunday to come more than one way. They tried to laugh it off as a good joke. The "principles" and the "regalias" were again produced and a new champagne bottle was uncorked. The Commissioner said that he had smoked their proceedings, and he would not smoke anything else; and as for champagne, he didn't use the article, and if he did, he felt too much real pain at the exhibition of rascality he had witnessed to make him want any other kind.

The bankers grew indignant—outragedly so. Did Mr. Felch come there to insult them? They would not put up with such base insinuations—that they wouldn't—and the president blomed his cheeks and looked fierce—the cashier cocked his hat on one side, and looked fiercer than the president; the directors and the teller, and dependents, looked like little dogs when two big ones are going to have a fight, ten times fiercer than the combatants.

The Commissioner was resolute. He had seen bankers mad before, and he knew that they were a kind of dog that never injured a body, unless a body got into their clutches. He had a strange fancy to see that gold again, and look at it he would, or else he would stop the machine from grinding out more promises. The gold had gone off the previous night and was then in another bank, and it could not be shown; and despite the threats of the president and cashier, and the big looks of the lesser fry of bankers, the concern was then closed, and the assents paid, as usual, nothing on the dollar.

The speed with which the warning touch of God

erick's henchman traversed clan Alpine, was scarce a circumstance to the speed of the Bank Commissioner, as he traversed the mad back again in search of the lost gold. He went to all the banks he had previously examined, but like the flea that the Irishman thought he had got, when his hand was upon it, it wasn't there. The vaults of the banks were filled with promises, and "nothing else." The gold was then, in the last bank, waiting to be counted, for the twentieth or thirtieth time, by the Bank Commissioner, while that functionary was hunting for it in the vaults of banks that never owned a penny of it.

Readers, (if of the masculine gender,) you have often, when boys, amused yourselves by setting up bricks on one end, some inches apart, and then knocking down the first, which falls against the second, and upsets its gravity, and in like manner, it keeps over a third, &c. In just the same manner, you might have seen the Michigan banks topple and fall while the Commissioner was in pursuit of that gold. Every one he entered, blew up in short order, and in the course of two or three days, every bank in that bank district was numbered among the things that "used to was." The gold, however, was found at last. In the first bank examined, there it was, safe and sound. Word was conveyed to the last bank, of the trick played off by the Bank Commissioner; and an express sent off with the gold, which arrived at the Bank in Detroit some fifteen minutes before the Commissioner, and that bank saved its life a few days longer.

Fierce and bitter were the threats let off against Mr. Bank Commissioner Felch, for paying bankers so scurvy and ungentlemanly a trick, and there is no doubt but that the bankers would have redeemed their promises, had not the object of their wrath been soon after transferred to the Supreme bench of the State, where he aided in pronouncing the whole law an infringement. While yet on the bench, he was nominated for governor, and before his time was out, was elected by an overwhelming majority to the U. States Senate.

It was the race after that gold, and the decision of the Supreme Court against the law, which gave the finishing touch to Michigan banking, and preventing her financiers from placing the whole tribe of Mississippi bankers in the shade. She entered the race for immortal fame in banking, and lost it by accident.

THE FIRST WEDDING.—Major Noah, of the N. Y. Sunday Messenger, says a great many very good things. His last in this way is the following pleasing and philosophical discourse on the first wedding. He says:—We like short courtships; and in his, Adam acted like a sensible man—he fell asleep a bachelor, and awoke to find himself a married man. He must have popped the question almost immediately after meeting Miss Eve, and she without flirtation or shyness gave him a kiss and herself. Of that first kiss in the world, we have had, however, our own thoughts, and sometimes, in a poetical mood wished we were the man that did it. But the deed was done—the chance was Adam's, and he improved it. We like the notion of getting married in a garden. Adam's was private: No envious beaux were there: no frolicking old maids: no chattering aunts and grumbling grandmothers. The birds of heaven were the minstrels, and the glad sky flung its light upon the scene. One thing about the first wedding brings to us queer things in spite of its scriptural truth. Adam and his wife were rather young to marry; some two or three days older according to the sagest elders; without a house, a pot or kettle; nothing but love and Eden.

THE YOUNG WOMEN.—If young women waste time in trivial amusements, in the prime season for improvement, which is between the ages of sixteen and twenty, they will thereafter regret bitterly the loss, when they come to feel themselves inferior in knowledge to almost every one they converse with, and above all, if they should ever be mothers, when they felt their inability to direct and assist the pursuits of their children they will find ignorance a severe mortification, and a real evil.

USELESS FANCIES.—Having searched into all kinds of science we discover the folly of neglecting those things which concern human life, and involving ourselves in difficulties about questions that are but mere notions; we should confine ourselves to nature and reason. Fancies beyond the reach of understanding, and which have made the objects of all the disputes, errors, and superstition that have prevailed in the world—such national mysteries cannot be made subservient to the right uses of humanity.

FRAGMENT.—I lay it down as a fact, that if men knew what they say one of another, there would not be four friends in the world. This appears by the quarrels which are sometimes caused by indiscrete reports.

MRS. PARTINGTON AGAIN.—If there is anything under the canister of the heavens that I hold in utter exorcism, said Mrs. Partington, "it is a slanderer, going about like a vile box-constructor, circulating his calomel about honest folks."

THE MORE ELEVATED A SENTIMENT BECOMES, the more it partakes of union and fullness; it fears less incoherence; it removes from perishable matter by its own essence, and approaches God, the principle of all stability.

CONJUGAL AFFECTION.—"Are you not afraid that your wife will get married again, when you die?" "I hope she may, as there will then be one man in the world who will know how to pity me."

DIFFICULTIES ONLY FORMIDABLE AS UNATTEMPTED.—Before any thing is done, we think it impossible; but when it is done, we stare, and wonder that it was not accomplished before.

RICHES IS A WEAK WEAPON, when levelled at a mind. But common men are cowards, and dread an empty laugh.

The wise man knows that he knows nothing; the fool thinks that he knows all.