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TOWANDA:

Wednesday Morning, June 6, 1848.

RESIGNATION.

BY H. W. LOSGOWELL.

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fesside, howsoever defended,
But has one vacant chair!

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel for her children crying
Will not be comforted!

Let us be patient these severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors:
Amid these earthly damps
What seems to us but dim, funeral tapers,
May be Heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death! what seems so is transition:
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portals we call Death.

She is not dead—the child of our affection—
But gone into that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great Cloister's stillness and seclusion
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing
In these bright realms of air;
Year after year her tender thoughts pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which Nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her;
For when with fathers wild
In our embrace we again unfold her;
She will not be a child.

But a fair maiden, in her father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace,
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
Shall we behold her face.

And though at times impetuous with emotion
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart beats moaning like the ocean
That cannot be at rest;

We will be patient! and assuage the feeling
We cannot wholly stay;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing
The grief that must have way.

TRIAL AND TRIUMPH.

BY METSA N. FULLER.

The bright, cheerful parlor had but one occupant. The fire sparkled and glowed in the shining grate, and the lamp upon the centre table burnt softly and richly. To add to, and to sway, the airy form of a bright, sweet child of ten. Her head was drooped musically upon one chubby, dimpled hand; and the dark, glossy hair fell in a wild profusion of curls around her beautiful, dreamy face, and over her lovely shoulders. Every time the chair came forward in its swaying motion, the tiny pink slipper of one pretty foot went down into the heart of a crimson rose that glowed like life in the tufted carpet. The large, sweet, spiritual eyes of the child were fixed steadily upon the fire burning in the polished grate. Daring, and quivering, and changing ever, the fantastic flames rose and fell, and brightened and darkened before her gaze. By and by she became so absorbed in the shifting play of the beautiful element, that the arm chair ceased to sway to and fro; and by the dreaming expression of her eloquent young face one might read the wonderful fancies that were flitting through her brain.

"I will try and make the music sound the way the fire looks," she exclaimed at length, starting from the seat, and bounding across the apartment. The piano was open, and the youthful performer ran her small fingers over the keys, with a touch so rapid, so delicate, so spirit-like, and ethereal, that the lovely little being must have been inspired. Thinking all off, like little fairy bells, sweeping upward in grand power, melting down into wavy melody, the notes stole out from beneath those tiny fingers, embodying her radiant fancies in bewildering beauty and grace and melody.

With her feet floating off on the music, she played on, heedless that the door was softly opened to admit a listener. The intruder was a boy of fourteen, dirty and ill-favored. For a while he stood by the door, listening to the performance of his youthful mistress; but as she played on, with wilder and deeper eloquence, he crept cautiously, close to the instrument, and crouched down on the floor where he could look into the beautiful face, and watch the motion of her flying hand.

Despite of his poverty and servitude, there was something very interesting in the boy, as he sat with flashing eyes and quivering lips, intently absorbed in the music, and altogether forgetful that that splendid parlor, with its luxurious adornings and beautiful occupant was entirely beyond his station.

Like a spell, the sweet music made by the gifted young musician stole over the spirit of the servant boy; breathlessly he listened—intensely his large eyes were fixed upon her face—tears swelled into those eyes and hung on their dark lashes.

A low, mournful sob—and the little girl ceased playing, and looked wonderingly at the boy, whose emotions had at length burst forth in uncontrollable power. The beautiful face immediately grew sad with sympathy, and laying her little hand with childish tenderness upon his drooping head, she said softly:

"Why, Will! what ails you, Will? what makes you cry?"

"Then you are just like me, if music makes you cry," was the artless response. "I didn't think you minded it or cared about it. You may come into the parlor every evening when papa and ma are away, and let me play for you."

"Tear Allie, you are so kind," said the boy, wiping away the tears from his pale, thin cheek, while a gleam of happiness brightened for a moment his large melancholy eyes.

"I wish I had a piano and could play so sweetly," he continued, gazing wistfully at the ivory keys, whose fairy-like intercourse with musical spirit was so strange, and bewildering, and entrancing to his soul—the soul of the servant boy!

The little maiden glanced down at his dirt-stained fingers, and her tiny red lip curled scornfully, as she said in surprise: "You why you scour the knives, Will?" and then laid her own white dimpled hand upon the keys.

It was her education, not her heart that spoke then—the sentiments instilled by a haughty mother, whose aristocratic eyes saw no beauty, no gentleness, no fine susceptibilities in the hearts of the lowly of the earth.

A painful color glowed through the thin cheek of the sensitive boy, and starting to his feet, he said proudly:

"I shall not always scour knives, Allie! I know what you think of me—I know you despise me—I know you are beautiful and rich and beloved; while I am a poor, lonely orphan boy whom no one cares for—but it shall not always be so. I will not stay here in this splendid house and look upon what my heart longs for, and be despised even by you, Allie. But you have been very kind to me sometimes, and I shall not forget you—never, never!"

The proud boy turned away, and hurried across the apartment without another word; but just as he passed out of the door, little Allie laid her hand upon his arm, and he paused.

"Are you really going away, Will, and in the dark, too? I did not mean to grieve you, indeed, I did not."

"I know it Allie, I know what I am and what you think of me, and I cannot stay here—not if I starve—good bye."

He took her small hand and pressed it tightly in both his—turned away—paused—hesitated—and looking pleadingly at the dark curls flooding her sunny shoulders, said earnestly:

"Just one sweet curl, Allie, too—look at when I think of you?"

"Don't let mamma, then," and taking a little gold pen-knife from her pocket, she severed a strand of hair from the rest, and placing it and the knife in his hand, said, "keep them both, Will, for Allie's sake, won't you?"

The hot-tears fell fast from the eyes of the boy, and his utterance was so choked that he could not speak his gratitude.

What a scene between these two children! That night Allie slept in a bed of down, with soft pillows and silken coverings and rosy curtains—and Will Bennet slept in the street, with a stone step for a pillow, and the bright cold sky, for a canopy.

Five years! and again Alice Landon sat dreaming before the pleasant fire in her father's parlor. Beautiful! the sweet, young girl was beautiful exceedingly. The spiritual beauty of her gifted soul illuminated with a rare fascination the outward form, which was itself grace and loveliness and eloquence embodied. A wayward, passionate, radiant creature—with the most ineffable sweetness and tenderness melting over her face like a shadow over a visible dream, and succeeding distantly by superb and matchless haughtiness—all pride, all eloquence, all irresistible eloquence! Love was her sceptre, and Pride was her crown, and a beautiful queen was she!

The sound of a step in the hall startled her from her musings, and Alice sprang to the door to meet her father as he came home to his evening fireside. He did not speak when he entered, nor return the embrace of the soft white arms that were entwined about his neck. The young girl looked up into her father's face, and bright smile which dimpled her cheek vanished at his stern aspect, and her red glorious lip curled resentfully at the coldness with which he received her caresses. But he heeded not the smile for the resentment, as he went forward to the fire, and sinking silently into his cushioned chair, pressed his hand upon his brow in painful thought.

Alice did not know what troubled her parent, but she thought that he ought not to have been so cold to her—his pet, his darling—and her young heart swelled full of bitterness, as determined to be indifferent as he, she walked like a princess across the apartment, and opening the piano, commenced a lively air, as sparkling and restless as possible. Gaily the notes sprang away at her light touch, and laughed and chased each other through their airy apartment; but the stern man spoke not nor stirred. Alice began to think that some great disappointment must have affected her usually kind papa, and sorry that she had been angry for a moment, she changed the careless air to his favorite piece—an exquisitely tender and sweet melody.

As the familiar music crept into the ear of the missing man, he brushed a hot tear from his cheek.

"Come here, Allie," said he.

The bright girl bounded to his side and sat down on a low ottoman close to him, smiling up at his face bewitchingly.

"Where is your mother, this evening, darling?" he asked in a low, sad voice, smoothing his daughter's bright tresses.

"She has gone to the Fancy Ball, papa. She was dressed for a Persian Princess—oh! she looked so proud and beautiful!"

The small, soft hand of Alice stole into her father's as she looked at him anxiously and wonderingly. He spread out those slender fingers in his palm, and putting one arm around her beautiful form he drew her closer to him, as he said:

"What would you think if I told you that those delicate fingers would have to grow hard and soiled with work, with no sharp nor piano for them to call music for?"

"I could not live without my music papa," was the earnest reply; "what makes you ask me?—what makes you sad and speak so mournful, dear papa?"

"Because, my darling, they are no longer yours, nor mine. Everything is lost—I have failed—we are beggars!"

"Beggars? papa!" repeated the young girl, drawing in her breath with a gasp and turning very pale.

"My child!" moaned the strong man in anguish folding her slight form to his bosom convulsively.

There was a silence of several moments, and then Alice raised that fearful face which lay on his shoulder, and said with touching tenderness:

"Do not grieve so terribly, papa; not for me—I shall be happy wherever you are, even if we are poor."

"To think of sorrow and privation for such as you, my Allie," murmured the father, "and your mother—is it not a dreadful thing to tell your mother? that gaily and festivity and flattery can be hers no more; that even comfort is henceforth denied us; that poverty—poverty is all!"

"She will be resigned—she will love you all the more—as I do, my own dear papa," said the sweet girl, in the effort to encourage him; but her own heart failed when she remembered the golden idol where her mother worshipped.

With clasped hands and mournful bosoms, the parent and child sat together in silence, waiting the return of the absent one. Hours passed by; and they were at length startled by the sound of the carriage as it drew up at the door. The gay good night of the lady and her escort sounded like mockery to their hearts. Mr. Landon turned pale as death, and Alice brushed away the tears from her cheek; as a light step approached the parlor, and the mother stood before them.

She was a magnificent woman, and her rich oriental attire, dark, flashing eyes, brilliant lip and queenly form, made her seem like the Princess she personated. Even more than usual admiration had been bestowed upon her that evening, and flushed with success and sparkling with triumphant pleasure, she stood before those who had awaited her.

"Why! what is this?" she asked, as her eye fell on the tear-stained face and distressed look of her daughter and husband. "Why have you waited for me? any one dead?"

Mr. Landon arose, and meeting his beautiful wife, took both her hands in his; and looked earnestly into her face.

"Arabel," he said in a low voice, "be firm, be composed, be a true and noble woman. We have lost no friend—nothing so sorrowful as that—but I have failed in business—entirely. There is nothing now that we can call ours—nothing!"

"Mr. Landon," exclaimed the haughty woman, starting back in cold surprise, "can this be possible! can you have the effrontery to tell your family you have ruined them—made them despised, dragged them from their present station by some folly of yours? Do you expect me to descend to poverty and toil—to forego the luxury in which I was reared? Verily, this is a fine reward for wedding you, when a count laid a fortune at my feet? Love, love, forsooth! would I had never seen you—never listened to your voice!"

"Arabel! Arabel!" exclaimed the agitated husband sternly, "peace! do you dare to talk thus, and before our child?"

"I dare to speak as I choose, Mr. Landon."

"You are a heartless, unprincipled woman, Arabel, or you would treat the husband of your bosom with more sympathy when you saw him depressed in spirit and ruined in fortune and all for you—you are the cause of it! I have loved you, Arabel, as man seldom loves any woman—I have toiled for you willingly, that all your wishes might be gratified; I have wasted many precious years in heaping up gold to buy you flattery and splendor, and this is my reward. You know, too, that it was necessary for you to economize some, till my fortunes were again firm; more extravagant, if possible, than ever. Now, you see the results—I cannot longer avert them—I have no wish to; it is right that you should suffer!"

"Suffer!" repeated the beautiful woman, with a full curve of her superb lip. "Do you think I have anticipated this, and I not been prepared for it? There are those who are ready to bestow upon me what I will not live without, and to still retain me in the station to which I aspire?"

"What do you mean, Arabel?" gasped the unhappy man.

"You will know within twenty-four hours," was the cool response, as the magnificent princess swept glittering from the room.

Mr. Landon sank into a chair and groaned in agony.

"Papa! papa—dear father!" whispered the soft voice of his daughter. Her warm lips were covering his pale face with kisses. Mechanically he opened his arms and his sweet young girl nestled to his heart, and sobbing upon his bosom murmured:

"She is unworthy, papa, unworthy!" with a full comprehension of the great sin of her proud mother.

A very few days from then, Alice Landon, the fragile, beautiful, gifted, and delicately reared young girl, was a penniless orphan. Her ambitious and unprincipled mother had collected her jewels and rich articles of dress, and eloped with a wealthy Parisian, a former suitor. Before her husband was aware of her perfidy, they were far away on the broad ocean, destined for the gay French metropolis. Then the fond, true, loving heart of the stricken man suddenly broke—he died.

His blessing—his dying look of love—was all he left for poor Alice, upon whom he had of late years lavished the overflowing affection of a strong nature, that sought love and sympathy from the partner of his life, but found not.

So Alice, with her pride and tenderness, her youth and inexperience, her loveliness and genius, was left suddenly alone and utterly destitute.

"I had rather die than stay here," murmured Alice Landon to herself, as she sat at midnight in her little chamber.

It was a year since, a friendless orphan, she had been taken by a hard-hearted, wealthy relative, as a teacher of music for several ill-tempered, overbearing little misses. Young as she was when she attempted the task, her rare musical abilities rendered her very competent; and had it not been that the family were so patronizing and haughty in their manner towards her, she might have been comparatively happy. She had even "scored knives" more than once; for if a failure to obtain sufficient help upon any occasion chanced to occur, Alice was unobtrusively sent into the kitchen to perform the duties of servant as well as teacher.

There was music and mirth and splendor in the parlors below her, and as the unhappy girl listened, a mild flush of fever gleamed through her cheek, and brightened into her large, dark eyes. She was thinking of the moments of suffering, the many wrongs and insults, that she had endured within a year. She was thinking how she had that evening dressed and adorned, with her own hands, the two young ladies who were to make their debut under the favorable auspices of wealth and friends. They were not so beautiful, so accomplished, so gifted as herself; but the voice of praise and flattery, and perhaps love, was melting into their hearts, while, desolate and mournful, she was left to direct servants and soothe the fretful children, and then steal away to her chamber to muse bitterly over her destiny.

As she sat in the darkness of despair, coming over wild plans of escape from her unhappy situation, one of her cousins hurried into the room in her glittering attire.

"Come, Alice, some of the guests wish to hear you sing," she said, glancing at herself in the mirror and arranging a becoming tress upon her forehead.

"Excuse me, this evening, won't you, Emma?" pleaded the young girl. "I am not very well, and have not had time to change my dress."

"Your dress is well enough," was the impatient reply, with a cold glance at the plain, dark dress of Alice. "Do not keep them waiting for you."

There was a deep color on the cheek of the proud girl, as, rising, she followed her lady cousin from the apartment. One might have deemed her a peerless queen, instead of a crushed and slighted music teacher, as she passed through the crowded rooms and took her place at the piano. It was one unfulfilling source of happiness to her—the enthusiastic love of her art; and when she sang or played she always forgot surrounding circumstances in the absorbing delight in which her whole soul melted and floated.

There was a sudden hush throughout all the apartments, when the sweet, clear, wild tones of the beautiful singer rose through the light and perfume, upon the enchanted ears of the brilliant assembly! All who could press around the instrument to catch a glimpse of the fair performer.

Alice's heart was swelling with mournfulness and pride and bitterness, when she chose a theme for song; and if ever a high and glorious but agonized spirit expressed itself in music, the inspiration of an eloquent soul was breathed, in that full, sweet, but intense melody!

Men murmured or drew in their breath with a sudden sigh, as they gazed on the radiant young musician. The thick, dark hair was folded in wavy and shining masses around her exquisitely proportioned head; her brow was matchless in stately purity and pride; her eyes were magnificently large and dark and soft, with lovely lids, and long, black, passionate lashes; her bright lips were curved into the very perfection of love and eloquence and scorn; her form was grace ineffable; her hands were beautiful; her expression was inspiration.

The first, the second, the third songs were sung, and still the young musician was not allowed to depart—the brilliant debut of the Misses B—, was likely to prove the still more brilliant debut of this musical star—the charm was irresistible! The jewels were not jewels, and the belles were not belles, while that beautiful wonder in the plain attire, sat there in an atmosphere of melody!

Alice was to sing one more song, as she heard distinctly a low, earnest voice inquire—

"Who is that glorious being?"

"Only the music teacher," was the half-veiled reply of her cousin, who was already jealous of the gratification of others.

There was something in the voice of the inquirer which caused Alice to raise her dark eyes to his. His own deep, thrilling glance was on her face with a strangely intense, yet softened look, and as the careless reply of the lady met her ear, she fancied that there was pity and exultation in that gaze—Pity! Alice could not brook pity—and her soft eye flashed, and her lovely lip curled a very little.

The stranger smiled—a rich crimson shot into the clear cheek of the young girl—she was wounded by that expression, or—she did not know herself, what made her heart throb so rapidly—she attempted to execute the requested song, but the touch of her trembling fingers was false—her lip quivered—she crushed back the tears beneath those fringed lids, and hurried from the gazing throng, out upon a deserted balcony, and burst into a passion of weeping.

It was a long time before Alice grew calm, and, wearied with the events and the emotions of the evening, she fell asleep upon the balcony, with her beautiful head drooping upon the balustrade. When she awoke it was nearly morning; the music was

hushed, and the revellers departed. But in the hand that rested in her lap, lay a little folded note. Wherefore? Alice's heart beat quickly. Hurrying into the deserted parlor, she stood beneath a dimly burning chandelier, and unfolding it with trembling fingers, she read:

"There is a soft low voice in my bosom; Alice; and a bright tress slumbers on my heart. They have been there nearly seven years, Alice, ever since the night when the beautiful maiden gave them to the poor servant boy. They have been a blessing and a spell o'er my life, dearest—those gentle words and that beautiful tress that once kissed your cheek! They have inspired the humble boy with ambition—he has succeeded beyond his dreams—the power of the rich man, and the fame of the poet, are his, Alice! He has met you again; your beauty and genius have thrilled him! May he love you?—Oh, eloquent one! There is scorn and bitterness in his heart, for those who was unkind to thee—may be not take thee to his own lovely home, where tenderness and refinement may soothe the mournful spirit of the beautiful young being so created for sympathy and luxury? Think of what I have said, Alice, and tell me, when I come, if you can make me blessed by loving and trusting me."

"To-morrow there will be a throng of visitors—I will not come—two evenings from this I shall see you shall I not?"

Now, Alice knew who was the intense-eyed stranger who had thrilled her to tears, by his soft, deep glance. She pressed the little note close to her heart—she hardly dared to think how happy she was—she passed to and fro in the silent apartment, with trembling step and tearful eyes, till the lamps paled away and the stars closed their eyes, and the gray morning sunlight crept in and kissed her feet.

As she stole back to her little chamber that had seemed so dreary and desolate when she sat there at midnight in deep despair, the same beautiful sunlight lighted it up with a pleasant glow, and sparkled and quivered on the dewy spray that waved by the open window.

But the sunlight was not so glad or bright as her young heart!

When Alice Landon told her fair cousins that she had an engagement for the evening, they smiled disdainfully, and told her she could receive her company in the east parlor—they should have visitors in the other. But the sweet young girl was too full of pleasant dreams to heed their scorn, as she wove a few rose buds in her hair, and arranging her neat black dress, descending, to await the coming of the dark-eyed stranger.

There was a ring at the door-bell, and she heard the servant announce—"Mr. Wm. Bennet," and closed the door. The fair girl knew it was very awkward to sit there, blushing and trembling, and never looking up, but how could she? were not those eyes fixed on her with that same deep, agitating look? She felt they were.

Double less the young man could read her heart in that sweet, eloquent face; for he came close to the sofa where she sat, and smiling at her confusion, said, in a low, soft voice:

"Alice—dear Alice—I have come!"

His breath was on her forehead, and her small hand was already a prisoner in his—and raising her soft, moist eyes to his face, she smiled the welcome that her lips could not speak, eloquent though they were.

They neither of them regretted that the young lady cousin were entertaining company in the west parlor that evening.

These same cousins were very much surprised the next day, to learn that Alice had an engagement for life with the same gentleman to whom they had spoken of her as "only the music teacher;" and the indulgent aunt, like a sensible woman, when she found that her niece was really going to have a splendid home and distinguished husband, notwithstanding her natural regret at losing so competent an instructor for her fine family, concluded to give a magnificent wedding and *trousseau* to the beautiful bride.

If you love music, or beauty, or luxury, you should have been in their parlor the first evening that the groom and the bride were established in their own sweet home. The blissful and beautiful face of Alice glowed with the radiant light of spirit—and Will, handsome and noble Will, proud and earnest and tender, watched every graceful movement with those deep, soft eyes of his, and blessed her that she was so peerless and so bright. And when they sang together one little song of love, certainly no music was ever so fraught with eloquence and soul. And this was a marriage in the truest sense of the word!

The servant boy had accomplished the high purposes of his destiny!—the young music teacher fulfilled hers! Were they not blessed beyond the power of words to tell!

Taylor Whittier—"Your whiskers remind me very much of old General Taylor," said a gentleman the other day to a young top who was cultivating a very unpromising and sandy crop of hair on his face. "Why so?" eagerly asked the ambitious youngster, with a gratified tone and air. "Because they are rough and red," was the reply.

A French Officer, quarrelling with a Swiss, reproached him with his country's vice for fighting on each side for money, "while we Frenchmen," said he, "fight for honor."

"Yes sir," replied the Swiss, every one fights for what he most wants.

SELF-APPRECIATION.—An Irish laborer plunged in the river, and hauled out a gentleman who was accidentally drowning; the gentleman rewarded Pat with a sixpence.

"Well," said the dripping miser seeing Pat's doubtful pause, "ain't you satisfied? Do you think you ought to have more?"

"Och!" answered the poor fellow looking hard at the one he had rescued, "I think I'm overpaid!"

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.—Ah! what so refreshing, so soothing, so satisfying, as the placid joys of home! See the traveller—does duty call him for a season to leave his beloved circle? The image of his earthly happiness continues vivid in his remembrance; it quickens him to diligence, it makes him half the hour which sees his purpose accomplished and his face turned toward home; it commones with him as he journeys, and he hears the promise which causes him hope—"Thou shalt know also that the tabernacle shall be in peace, and thou shalt visit thy tabernacle and not sin." Oh! the joys of a divided family—the pleasures of renewed interview and conversation, after days of absence! Behold the man of science—he drops the laborious and painful research—closes his volume—smooths his rinkled brow—leaves his study, and mending himself, stoops to the capacities, yields to the wishes, and mingles with the diversions of his children. Take the man of trade—who recoils him to the toils of business? what enables him to endure the fastidiousness and impertinence of customers? what rewards him for so many hours of tedious confinement? By and by the season of intercourse will behold the desire of his eyes and the children of his love, for whom he resigns his care; and in their welfare and smiles he will find his recompense. Yonder comes the laborer—he has borne the burden and heat of the day—the descending sun has released him of his toil, hastening home to enjoy sweet repose. Half way down the lane by which stands his cottage, his children run to meet him. One he carries, one he leads. The companion of his humble life is ready to furnish him with his plain repast. See his toil wrought countenance assuming an air of cheerfulness. His hardships are forgotten—fatigue vanishes—he eats and is satisfied. He walks with uncovered head around his garden—enters again, and retires to rest; and the rest of a laboring man is sweet, whether he eats little or much. Inhabitants of this lonely dwelling, who can be indifferent to thy comfort? Peace to this house!—Rev. H. Jay.

ARISTOCRACY.—There are men—we blush to call them men—who turn up their noses at the mechanic and humble laborer. Being liberally educated as it is called—they look down with a sort of contempt on those, who in some cases have contributed to their support. "You need not despise a spinning wheel," said an old lady to her pompous son, one day "for many a night have I worked at it to get money to send you to school." There are women, too, who will not touch a needle with their delicate hands, who laugh at the poor and industrious, who learn trades, or work in factories, for a living. "La! how unfitted they are," she says, with a scornful smile, as she lounges on the sofa, reading the last pink novel. We once knew a lady—shall we call her a lady?—of this complexion. She was loudly laboring a poor, hard-working girl, calling her low and unfitted—

"Why," said she, "her father was nothing but a low mechanic." "Yes," remarked a woman present, "her father was a mechanic. I knew him well, for he lived in the same neighborhood with your mother, when she went out a washing."

There, reader, if you had been present, you would have seen a strange confusion of face, and heard a vain attempt to utter something too prickly to come out. It stuck in her throat. When we hear men or women speak lightly of the industries part of the community, we feel just like tracing back their genealogy. We have done so in several instances, and you would be surprised at what we learned. The most aristocratic man of our acquaintance is the grandson of a fiddler; the proudest woman, the daughter of a wash woman. It betrays a lack of good sense to condemn or look with contempt on any virtuous person, however poor he or she may be. The wise and good respect and love goodness wherever it is found.

KNOWLEDGE.—One of the most agreeable consequences of knowledge is the respect and importance which it communicates to old age.

Men rise in character often as they increase in years; they are venerable from what they have acquired, and pleasing from what they can impart. If they outlive their faculties, the mere frame itself is respected for what it once contained; but with uneducated woman, when youth is gone, all is gone. No human creature gives his admiration for nothing; either the eye must be charmed, or the understanding satisfied. A woman must talk wisely or look well. Every human being must put up with the oldest civility, who has neither the charms of youth, nor the wisdom of age.

MAXIMS FOR YOUNG MEN.—Staring at a lady under a bonnet is considered very much beneath a gentleman. Never sit next to a baby in an omnibus, much less between two babies. If you light a cigar at a lamp post take care it has not been newly painted. Certain young men, when they are invited out to a ball, only go in time for supper. These are what may be called super-numeraries of society. A walking stick has legs, but an umbrella has wings. By the bye, if you are you will take care not to buy a silk umbrella, for it flies the quicker. The most certain method of borrowing \$5 is to ask for \$10.

AN EQUIVOCAL PRAYER.—Two old Highland croonies in the north of Scotland were sitting, about dusk one evening, before the fire, talking about their deceased husbands, their virtues and deserts.

"Ah, well," said one rising to light a farthing candle, "My Jemmy, my good man, always loved a bright light in this world. I hope he's in the world of light now!"

"And my Sawney, answered the other throwing a faggot on the fire, "he, poor man, always loved a hot fire in this world, God grant he may be in the world of hot fire now!"

PRIDE.—Pride emanates from a weak mind; you never see a man of strong intellect, proud and haughty. Just look about you. Who are the most given to this folly? Not the intelligent and talented, but the weak-minded and silly.