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## TOWANDA:

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(For the Bradford Reporter.)

### Shadowings of Memory's Daguerotypes.

By A.

A year since, and I was rambling among old and beautiful haunts, that were teeming with nature's sweetest, loveliest, and wildest beauties. For in all New-England, naught can surpass, or scarcely equal the variety of natural scenery, seen in and around Northampton, Mass. Whether you wander through the luxuriant meadows of the no less old Connecticut; climb the precipitous sides of "Tom," and "Holyoke," or view the enchanting, and soul-enrapturing loveliness, far beneath their summits, crowning the blue-hills and mountains, "far away," it remains the same: loquacity sits, and reigns as queen, on every mountain, hill, and flower; in every vale, on every river, and all are loyal subjects, submitting to her power, as nature's rightful sovereign. Four of my happiest years I had passed in N., and most brightly were they interwoven in the fabric of my existence, and I had now returned, that memory might impart a new lustre, and make the impressions deeper, by renewed activity of thoughts of the past.

Wandering one bright evening by the "Licking water's" side, revisiting the mossy banks, and antique trees, each, clustering with associations of purest happiness, of "by-gone days," I came to a little knoll covered with forest trees, the evergreens, oaks and maples, with now and then a laurel; and underneath their branches, grew sweet wild flowers. And there too was "the grave of Harriet," beneath the boughs of the strong mountain oak, there upon that mound we had made a resting place, to receive her whom death had slain. Her spirit had left the place, and kindred ones might the broken casket, from which the pure soul had been transferred, and laid it in earth's bosom. Her mind was ever animated and exalted by a strong, ardent love of the beautiful in nature. And in sweet flowing verse would she express the ecstatic pleasure she received in contemplating its grandeur, sublimity and greatness. And to philosophy's deep subtle power, was a strong pillar of her mind, influencing her poetic spirit, disciplining the fancy wild, subjecting to reason's rule, thus her life reposing, purifying and exalting.

What more appropriate place then, than this, for her burial-place. Where the woodland birds love to utter their wild and joyous notes, where the morning dew, sparkling in the sun-light, drops like tears from the green leaves upon her grave, where the "music of the running water," in soothing chanting sounds is heard to cheer the lonely world. And heart, and every life's corroding care, and all the unfeeling children influences of life's sojourn into a short respite of gladsome forgetfulness.

Beautiful was the night, on which we buried her. The stars were glistening brightly, and night had but a thin veil to throw o'er earth, to make all things seem moonful. But our mourning was a calm one, for her life had left its impress on us all, and we felt as though the spirit were not fled; but only hidden from our vision. Evergreens and wild flowers were strewn upon the green sod with which we covered her, and the farewell song, was heard echoing in low sweet sounds of sorrowful sadness, then "all were hushed," and warm heartfelt tears came rushing as tributes to her memory. Again we returned through the darkly leaved woods but not as once, for one of our number was left in her grave under the "old oak," and our hearts were desolate and sad.

A happy land, were we before; but death with his all usurping power, comes with his might and prostrates whom he will, and when he will, making the heart lonely, and embittering our joyousness for a time, even till again we are wounded. Thus he came and took one of us, whose soul was the recipient of truth, expanded by its teachings and beautified into the innocency and simplicity of childhood, unsophisticated, joined with the practical wisdom of maturity. Long I leaned upon the simple fence that protects her grave from sacrilege, and thought of life, of our relations to it; our various duties, and the foolish train bubbles by which men are governed, of the training influences of our moral and intellectual nature, of their power when developed in forming characters that will ennoble man, and free him from the many corruptions that now act on his mind as an impetus in moral degradation. Such contemplations, leave the mind better and holier than before, leaving an impression not soon erased, and of purest influence.

Arousing from my reverie I wandered homeward, still thinking on life's strangeness. The twilight had changed to night's darker reign, and in the dim uncertain distance, could faintly be discerned, Holyoke's summit, with its range of broad mountains and hills gradually hidden till all was darkness, "far away," of life, but two true and emblem.

## TOWANDA, PA.

**AN ELOQUENT FIGURE.**—The Mecklenburg Jeffersonian says: "Like one of those wondrous speaking stones reared by the Druids, which the finger of a child might vibrate to its centre, yet the power of an army could not move from its place, our institutions is so nicely poised and balanced, that it seems to sway with every breath of opinion, and is firmly rooted in the heart and affections of a people, that the wildest storms of treason and revolution break over it in vain."

**DISCREPANCY.**—Perhaps every man may date the commencement of those desires that disturb his life, and contaminate his conscience, from some unhappy hour, when too much leisure exposed him to their dangerous; for he has lived with little observation, either on himself or others, who does not know how to be vile is to be vicious.

## Newspaper Subscribers.

The following classification of newspaper subscribers we take from the Prairie Farmer, and from our own experience we can safely say that the picture is drawn as natural as life itself. First comes the

**FRIGHTS.**—These are men who take newspapers, pay for them and read them. Observe the order in which these things are done: The pay comes first—the reading next. These men consider they get the worth of their money in the bargain. It seems as fair and just to them that the newspaper should be paid, as a barrel of sugar or a new coat. They never entertain any other opinion. When the year runs out, or a little before, they are on hand with the pay. There is no more difficulty with them in remembering this period, than Sunday or the first of January. If one of them wishes to stop his paper, he either calls or writes a letter by his postmaster, in due season, like a man. This class is dear to the heart of the editor. Their image is embalmed in his warm affections. May they live a thousand years, and see their sons' sons to the fourth generation. The second class now in mind is the

**DO WELLS.**—This class is nearly related to the other—so near, that it is hard to tell where one begins and the other ends. These men always pay in advance in the beginning and intend to do so continually. But memory fails a little, or some misapprehension intervenes and the time runs by—sometimes a little—sometimes quite a period. But their recollection though nodding occasionally, never gets so low as to sleep. It pronounces the word in due time. "The printer is not paid," and forthwith their will to do well kills itself into activity. Now comes the paying up—Means to do so before. Don't mean to let such things pass by." A publisher can live with such men. They have a warm place in his memory—only a little back of the uprights. If such a man dies in arrears his wife or son remembers that part of the benefit was theirs and estate or no estate, see that the printer's bills are not among their father's unsettled accounts. Next comes the

**EASY DOERS.**—These men believe in newspapers. They have settled it in their own minds that a newspaper is a good thing. They take them too. Sometimes at the first they pay for the first year—at any rate they meant to, pretty soon. If they have done so, they sit down with the comforting conviction that their newspaper is now settled for; and this idea having once got into their heads refuses obstinately to be dislodged but keeps its hold from year to year—a truth once—no an illusion, gray and rheumatic with years.

The editor making the elongated and elongating space in the accounts current of their dollars, begin to ask if they are dead, or gone to California. Now he begins to poke bills at them. They suddenly start up to the reality that they are in arrears; and like men as they are at the bottom they pay up. They never dispute his bills—they know books tell better stories than moss covered memories. If the publisher has faith enough or a long purse, and can live a hibernating year, he may survive men. But if he is mortal, only, woe be to him. The next class is that of the

**DOWN HILLERS.**—Here we begin to slide over to the other side. The picture suddenly gets sombre. We shall despatch the down-hillers suddenly. One of these may take a paper because his wife wants one or the children are zealous to read it—or a neighbor persuades him. When it begins to come he dismisses all thoughts about it further. If the editor sends a man directly to him at the end of two or three years, he may get some pay for his paper, but with growls and sorry looks. He never pays any debt, if he can get rid of it, and a news paper less of all. Still he hates law suits and constables and all that. A dun has the same effect on him that a bullet does on a hippopotamus—glancing from his hide, or sinking into the bladder harmless. He is always sliding down till soon merges into another class that of

**THE NIX CUM ROSA.**—No matter how the man began his subscription, he never pays for it—not he. "He don't like that sort of a paper. It don't give no news. He never did like it. He did not want it in the first place, and told the postmaster so. He sent back one more than a year ago—besides he never began to take it till a long time after it came, and he hadn't had only two or three of them at any rate, and those he hadn't read." Wipe him out. Here comes the

**SCAPE GRACE.**—It is enough to say of him that he never fails to have a newspaper—two or three of them. When he thinks they have come about long enough for the publisher to want pay, he sends back with "stop it." Or he takes up his quarters and leaves for parts unknown. He does not want to pay, and he don't mean to. Get it if you can. Enough for him.

Reader! to which class do you belong?

**CORN FOR FODDER.**—A correspondent of the Prairie Farmer writes: "I drilled some corn this season to make winter feed for cattle; but was very thick, and there came a storm of wind, and blew it down, and I did not cut it up. It seems to me a good way to winter cattle when shocked up in good order, and I will here state the way I have been in the habit of putting up fodder. I set up six rows together, and bind them as I go; then I let it cure a day or two; and then I add on six more rows and tie round again; and my corn generally stands up well. I fattened my pork last season on a plank floor, and I like the plan very well as there seems to be a saving of corn. There has been a general complaint in this section of the country of pork not fattening well this season; and there have been a great many hogs packed at Pekin at low rates—\$2.25 up to \$2.50."

A wag of our acquaintance sawing with a saw that was not the sharpest saw in the world, after vainly trying to saw with it, broke out at last as follows:—"Of all the saws that ever I saw saw, I never saw a saw saw like that saw saws."

## THERE'S ROOM ENOUGH FOR ALL.

What need of all this fuss and strife,  
Each spring with his brother!  
Why should we in the crowd of life,  
Keep trampling down each other?  
Is there no goal that can be won,  
Without a squeeze to gain it?  
No other way of getting on,  
But scrambling to obtain it?  
Oh, fellow-men, bear wisdom then,  
In friendly warning call:  
Your clans divide: the world is wide—  
There's room enough for all!

What if the swarthy peasant find  
No fields for honest labor,  
He need not idly stop behind,  
To thrust aside his neighbor,  
There is a land of sunny skies,  
Which gold for toil is giving;  
Where every brazen hand that tries  
Its strength can grasp a living,  
Oh, fellow-men, remember then,  
Whatever chance befall,  
The world is wide; where those abide  
There's room enough for all.

From poisoned air ye breathe in courts,  
And typhus daintiest alleles,  
Go forth and dwell where health resorts  
In fertile hills and valleys,  
Where every arm that clears a bough  
Finds plenty in attendance,  
And every furrow of the plough  
A step to independence.  
Oh hasten then, from fevered beds,  
And lodging cramped and small;  
The world is wide; in God's broad field  
There's room enough for all!

In this fair region far away,  
Will labor find employment,  
A fair day's work a fair day's pay,  
An toil will earn enjoyment,  
What need then, of this daily strife,  
Where each wars with his brother?  
Why need we through the crowd of life,  
Keep trampling down each other?  
From rags and crime that distant time  
Will free the paper's thrall;  
Take fortune's tide, the world so wide,  
Has room enough for all!

There is not room if one may own  
The land that others toil on!  
If gold be dug or grain be sown  
For droves to gorge and spoil on;  
But if to each the equal chance  
To plough and dig be granted,  
To competence may all advance  
Through honest toil rewarded,  
There's room, and more than room, we're told,  
And gold beyond the mountains;  
Then let the land, and chance for gold,  
Be free as Nature's fountains.

## The Hessian Fly.

The Hessian Fly "is a small two-winged fly or midge, nearly black," and was supposed to have been brought to America by the Hessian troops during the Revolution. Volumes have been written concerning this insect, and its natural history is well understood; no discovery has been made by which it can be entirely arrested in its ravages. In the fall of the year, and again in the spring, it deposits its eggs on the blades of the wheat, which hatch in the course of a few days—when the maggots crawl to the bottom of the blades and find their nourishment in the juice of the plant. The circulation in the plant becomes thereby impeded; the blades first assume a dark green color, subsequently they turn yellow, and finally the whole plant perishes or lives out a sickly existence. The prevalence of the fly has been the means of bringing a great revolution in the culture of wheat. Before it was known it was customary to sow from one to two months earlier than can now be done with safety. By early seeding the stools acquired such strength as to enable them to till in the spring, and the consequent early harvest secured the crop from another enemy, no less formidable than the fly, namely rust. Since the introduction of the fly it has been found unwise to sow wheat sooner than about the period of the first frost. Even then, or in cases of still later sowing, there is no certain exemption from its ravages, while the change of seed time renders it unprofitable to put any land to wheat which is not in a good state of improvement. The only compensation therefore in the farmer for the injury to his crops by the fly, and the necessity he is under of sowing late, is to place his wheat land in a condition to render it productive. He must give his wheat not only nourishment enough for the fly, but enough also to stimulate its growth beyond the abstraction of its juices which is caused by the fly. In favorable seasons he may then calculate on reaching the maximum degree of productivity. But upon ordinary or poor lands, especially after corn, without the benefit of manure, the farmer is hardly ever reimbursed for his expense in seed and labor. Counting every expense, less than a crop of ten bushels to the acre will not yield a sufficient profit to justify the cultivation of wheat. And yet how many farmers there are whose crops fall greatly below that average, and who still persevere in the culture from year to year. The presence of the Hessian fly should then teach the farmer an important lesson. Indeed some persons have gone so far as to say they considered it a blessing instead of a curse, from the absolute necessity by its existence of using every means to increase the productiveness of the soil. Without fully receiving this opinion it is not yet without force, and he who adopts the plan of improvement for the purpose of obviating these difficulties which nature interposes to his success, is the only intelligent farmer—the only one who deserves success even when he does not command it.

**READING.**—A proper and judicious system of reading is of the highest importance. Two things are necessary in pursuing the mental labors of others: namely, not too read too much, and to pay great attention to the nature of what you read. Many people peruse books for the express and avowed purpose of consuming time; and this class of readers forms by far the majority of what are termed the "reading public." Others again read with the anxiety of being made wiser; and when this object is not attained, the disappointment may generally be attributed, either to the habit of reading too much, or paying insufficient attention to what falls under their notice.

## Chinese Jugglers.

Some of the performances of the Eastern jugglers seem so incredible, even to those who have had the benefit of ocular demonstration, that they may appear to those who have not had that opportunity afforded them as the tales, or long-bows, of travellers. For our own part, we must confess that we should have ranged ourselves among the ranks of unbelievers and skeptics, had we not had opportunity of judging, as eye-witnesses, of the truth of the facts which we are about to describe.

Having received marks of attention and hospitality from various friends, it was incumbent to return such civilities, and it became a subject of no little solicitude how we best might cater for their amusements. This latter, it must be confessed at the period, was a matter of no small difficulty in a new colony like Hong Kong, composed of raw materials, and untried into shape. At length after frequent consultations with our compatriots (who is a head servant or butler?) as to the practicability of inducing a celebrated juggler of Canton, to transport himself to Hong Kong, and exhibit his various acquisitions to us "red-bristled barbarians," the address compatriot announced to us, with much official importance, that the celebrated individual was in the island. Invitations, in due course, were issued, and accepted with alacrity—recreation of any kind being at that period in that legibus colony, rare—and a large assemblage, consisting of most parts of lords of creation, arrived on the evening in question.

The room in which the performance took place was denuded of every article of furniture, with the exception of chairs, which were arranged close to the walls, for the convenience of the spectators, thus leaving the floor unmatred, and clear and wide arena for the performer. At the hour named the great attraction of the evening was introduced by the compatriot. He was attired in the ordinary dress of the middle ranks of Chinese, which consisted of loose jacket and trousers, with white calico stockings and black silk shoes, embroidered with blue, and white felt soles two inches thick; he had no covering on his head, and was followed by his cooler, or servant, bearing an unpainted teak wood box of about three feet by two in size, which he placed in the room and retired. The juggler commenced operations by placing his box in the centre of the room; he then stripped off his jacket thus appearing in a state of nudity from the waist upwards, having a white cloth twisted around his loins.

He next opened his box, and took therefrom an ordinary basin, or bowl, about eighteen inches in diameter and closed the lid of the box leaving it exposed completely to our view; he then walked round the room allowing each individual separately to inspect the basin and handle it—the whole of the time talking in the native language, which we afterwards learned was a species of incantation. We were all sufficiently satisfied that the basin was an ordinary one and perfectly empty. He then placed it on the floor, about five feet from the box, unwrapped the cloth from round his waist, which was in size about a yard and a half long by one yard wide, and which he threw over the basin, spreading it out, containing during all the time his mumbling. In about half a minute he raised the cloth from the basin exposing it to our view, when, to our astonishment, it was filled with limpid water, and a fish of four or five inches long was swimming about in it. He took up the bowl, and handed it to each spectator, as he had previously done, and we satisfied ourselves that there was no ocular deception, but that the water was indeed veritable, and the fish a living one.

After we had sufficiently satisfied ourselves by examining the contents of the basin, he replaced it in the box and took there from a green flower pot, filled with mould, which was about twelve inches in height, and eighteen in diameter. Holding this in one hand and exhibiting what appeared to be an ordinary seed in the other, he handed them round for inspection after the previous fashion; he then made a cavity in the mould and placed the seed in it, covering it carefully with the earth; he afterwards set down the flower pot where the bowl had previously rested covered it in like manner with the cloth, recommended his mutterings after which he withdrew the cloth, and we beheld a young and tender plant in the flowerpot, about two inches above the mould. This was a beautiful bright green color, with the leaves leaved about the stem, one within the other, and apparently a healthy plant, having all that freshness peculiar to one which has just burst from the earth, but of what botanical species we were not in a position to determine. This was handed round by the enchanter, and examined by all with the same feelings and expressions of surprise, but with no less care and accuracy, than the fish which preceded it.

He again placed it in its previous position, recovered it again with the cloth and recommenced his incantations, which continued for about twenty minutes, during which period we observed the cloth gradually rising in a conical form from the spot where it covered the flower pot, until it rose about a foot and a half, when the cloth was again withdrawn, and to our increased amazement we beheld the tender plant grown into a small shrub, regularly formed, clothed with verdure, and having its branches covered with buds and leaves. The replacing, re-muttering, were all severally renewed, and after the lapse of half an hour the cloth was once more removed and the amazement of the spectators was considerably augmented by discovering that the shrub was now clothed in blossoms and flowers, in appearance resembling those of the China aster.

Again the casket of wonders, the teakwood box, was called into requisition, and the lid having been opened, our wonderer took therefrom a common round earthen-ware white and blue plate, about two feet in diameter, and placed thereon about a pound of unboiled rice; this he handed around in the manner previously described and we took the plate, examining it more narrowly than of the former articles, resolved that this time there

should be no mistake. All this time it must be kept in mind, that although the necromancer could see the box, it was kept closed, at a distance from him, and he never approached it during his operations, so that it was perfectly impracticable that he could abstract any from it during the time. He now put the plate of rice in the centre of the room, and covered it with the cloth, and squatting down he varied the performance this time by putting his hands on under the cloth, scrupulously keeping his arms covered up to the elbow, and then commenced divers manipulations, vehemently and loudly muttering his incantations; this continued for the space of half an hour, our necromancer never budging from the spot, or changing the attitude which he had first adopted.

We observed sundry movements under the cloth at divers times, and in various places; it appeared to be raised from the ground, until the whole presented an appearance not unlike the uneven surface and undulations of the model of a hilly country. At the expiration of the half hour, he arose and removed the cloth walking round and carefully gulping it up by the four corners which being thus raised & covered to our view, arranged in symmetrical order, six dishes or plates similar to that which had been handled round, but of various sizes, and these were filled with sundry cooked edibles to the country, among them was a dish of boiled rice; but where the dish of unboiled rice had vanished or whence came the six dishes, of how they came amply provided as they were with ready dressed food it passed humane ken to explain.

Neither is it conceivable how he could have arranged those six dishes without moving from one spot, as those which were farthest from him, when the cloth was removed were considerably beyond the reach of his arm. The conjurer re-covered the viands with his magic cloth.

After some time, we observed the cloth gradually raising again in the centre, until it assumed a form somewhat conical, the apex of which was removed about two feet or upwards from the floor; during the whole of this rising or ascending progress, the manipulator remained without removing from the spot where he had originally squatted; but he now assumed the erect posture and again for the last time, he raised the cloth when whither upon wonders! there were the six dishes, which we had seen arranged flat and symmetrical on the floor now piled one upon another, in regular order, commencing with the largest at the bottom, each dish, in ascending order, being of diminished size, until the smallest crowned the top, the remaining in the dishes, thus forming a pyramid of alternate layers of earthen ware and viands.

The emperor of the conjurers now took his leave with a "chin-chin" meaning, in good honest English, farewell, his cooler removing the teak-wood box, and some of our own domestics carrying on the flowering shrub, in all its pristine beauty, and the pyramid of viands, of the latter of which we have no doubt they partook in company with our friend the emperor, and washed them down with sundry cups of their favorite "sam-soo."

**ROOTS FOR STOCK.**—Not only the farmer, who unites with his other vocations that of stock raising, but the mechanic who keeps but a single cow, should endeavor to supply himself with a sufficient quantity of roots for winter use. There are several varieties of roots cultivated for this purpose—all of which are, no doubt, possessed of considerable value; yet some are superior to others on account of their greater hardness, greater yield, or superior richness in the elements of animal food. The carrot, the beet, the parsnip and several species of the turnip, are cultivated for this purpose, and generally with good success. Indeed, it matters but little whether we raise one or other, provided we only succeed in raising enough; this is the main object to be attended to. If we are so circumstanced as to render a crop of English turnips more easy to accomplish than either of the aforementioned ones, and can secure a liberal and constant supply of the roots to our animals during the winter, we ought to be content and thankful; for notwithstanding the amount of nutritive in this root is small, compared with that contained in the rutabaga, yet this deficiency may be easily counterbalanced by giving an increased quantity. In this way the English turnip is made to equal in value other roots, while it is produced at far less expense. When we have the requisite means, we should plant beets, carrots, potatoes, &c., all of which will afford an agreeable, salutary, and palatable diet for neat stock, and are much cheaper than hay or grain in carrying them through the winter.

**COAL TAR.**—Recent experiments have demonstrated the fact that Coal Tar may be used successfully as a substitute for paint. A correspondent of the Agriculturist says:

"I think it would be well to call the attention of farmers to the use of Coal Tar as paint. The tar produced in the coal gas works, is extensively used in England for painting fences, out-buildings, &c., and is being rapidly introduced into this country, also. It never alters by exposure to the weather, and one or two good coats will last many years. It is the cheapest and best black paint that can be used. Out-buildings are painted with it; our apparatus, also, and even the iron pipe we place in the ground is coated with it. I think if its advantages were fully known, it would be generally used throughout the United States. The government coat the bricks used in building the fort at Throg's Neck, in this tar, which renders them impervious to water, and posts painted with it are protected from rot when in the ground, as effectually as though they had been charred."

This tar is very cheap—can be had in all our cities—and is undoubtedly one of the best articles that can be had for protecting iron from rust, or wood from decay.

**THE UNCOVERED TYRANTS.**—It is well for the men that the women do not know what tyrants they might be by being gentle. They might have the world at their feet.

## What O'clock is It.

When I was a young lad, my father one day called me to him that he might teach me how to tell what o'clock it was. He told me the use of the minute finger and the hour hand, and described to me the figures on the dial plate until I was perfect in my part.

No sooner was I quite master of this additional knowledge, than I set off scampering to join my companions at a game of marbles; but my father called me back again; "Stop, Humphrey," said he, "I have something more to tell you."

Back again I went, wondering what else I had got to learn, for I thought I knew all about the clock, quite as well as my father did.

"Humphrey," said he, "I have taught you to know the time of day, I must now teach you how to find out the time of your life."

All this was strange to me, so I waited rather impatiently to hear how my father would explain it, for I wanted sadly to go to my marbles.

"The Bible," said he, "describes the age of man to be three score and ten, or four score years. Now life is very uncertain, and you may not live a single day longer; but if we divide the four score years of an old man's life into twelve parts, like the dial of a clock, it will allow almost seven years for every figure. When an boy is seven years old then it is one o'clock of his life, and this is the case with you; when you arrive at fourteen years it will be two o'clock with you; and when at twenty one years, it will be three o'clock, should it please God thus to spare your life. In this manner you may always know the time of your life, and looking at the clock may, perhaps, remind you of it. My great-grandfather, according to his calculation, died at twelve o'clock; my grandfather at eleven, and my father at ten. At what hour you and I shall die Humphrey, is only known to Him to whom all things are known."

Never since then have I heard the inquiry, "what o'clock is it?" nor do I think that I have even looked at the face of the clock, without being reminded of the words of my father.

I know not my friends, what o'clock it is with you, but I knew very well what time it is with myself, and that if I intend to do anything in this world, which hitherto I have neglected, it is high time to set about it. The words of my father have given a solemnity to the dial plate of a clock, which it never would perhaps have possessed in my estimation, if these had not been spoken.

Look about you, my friends, I earnestly entreat you, and now then ask yourselves what o'clock it is with you.

**REVENGE.**—"Father, forgive them," Go, proud infidel, search the ponderous tomes of heathen learning, explore the works of Comte, examine the precepts of Seneca and the writings of Socrates—collect all the excellencies of ancient and modern moralists, and point to a sentence equal to this simple prayer of our Saviour.

Revered—crowned with thorns, and led away to die! no annihilating curse breaks from his torturing heart. Sweet and placid as the aspirations of a mother for her nursing, ascends the prayer for mercy on his enemies, "Father, forgive them." Oh, it was worthy of its origin, and stamps with the brightest seal of truth that his mission was from heaven.

Acquaintances, have you quarrelled? Friends have you differed? If he who was pure and perfect forgave his bitter enemies do you well to cherish your anger? Brothers, to you the precept is imperative! You shall forgive, not seven times, but seventy times seven. Revenge is as incompatible with happiness as it is hostile to reason and religion. Let him whose heart is black with malice and studious of revenge, walk through the fields while clad in verdure and adorned with flowers; to his eye there is no beauty, the flowers to him exude no fragrance. Dark as his soul, nature is robed in deepest sable. The smiles of beauty light not up his bosom with joy—but the tories of hell rage in his breast, and render him as miserable as he could wish the object of his hate. But let him lay his hand on his heart and say, "revenge, I cast thee from me; Father, forgive me, as I forgive my enemies," and nature will assume a new and delightful character. Then, indeed are the meadows verdant and the flowers fragrant, then is the music of the grove delightful to the ear, and the smile of virtuous beauty lovely to the soul.

**HEAD WORK.**—Head work is the hardest work in the world. The artisan feels this at any time he has to spend a whole day in calculation. All men of learning testify to the same truth, and meagre frames and sallow complexions tell a plainer tale than their words. Sir Edward Coke, the great English lawyer, speaks thus concerning his great work: "While we were in hand with these four parts of the Institute, we often having occasion to go into the country, did in some sort enjoy the state of the honest ploughman and other mechanics. For, one when he was at work, would merrily sing, and yet their work proceeded and succeeded; but he that takes upon himself to write, doth captivate all the faculties and powers both of his mind and body, and must be only attentive to that which he collecteth without any expression of joy or cheerfulness while he is at work. Will not these words breathe a degree of consolation to many who heedlessly consider that all toil is confined to the working classes?"

**CLEANLINESS.**—There is a kind of anxious cleanliness which is always the characteristic of a sinner; it is the superfluous scrupulousness of guilt, dreading discovery and shunning suspicion. It is the violence of an effort against habit, which being impelled by external motives, cannot stop at the middle point.

**ECONOMY.**—"What are ye after Barney?"  
"Writing a letter squire."  
"And where would ye be after sendin' it to?"  
"It's not my intention to send it all. Isn't a copper as good in pocket as in the post office?"