

THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

VOLUME XL.

NUMBER 15.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, AT TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., BY E. O'MEARA GOODRICH.

TOWANDA:

Saturday Morning, September 13, 1850.

THE BEAUTIFUL ISLE.

Oh! thou beautiful isle, I have loved thee well—
On the moss-grown banks I've sported,
Where the hawthorn grows, and the pale blue bell,
By zephyrs soft are courted;
There passed I many twilight hours—
And early plucked the bright wildflowers;
While merry groups with wild carouses,
Attained a wreath, for thy flowing tresses.
Oh! thou beautiful isle; I can ne'er forget
Those halcyon hours, and scenes so bright—
When I had never known as yet
Of grief; my heart was free and light—
And life was but one happy dream;
It flowed along like the parting stream,
Whose faint murmuring sound reminds
Of scenes which fond memory binds.

Fain would I visit thee, fair isle;
And sing again the songs of yore
With cherished friends, the hours beguile—
And breathe thy perfume all around me—
While pensive rays from the pale moon broke
Through the clustering boughs of the stately oak—
But frowning fate, must have its will;
Thou much-loved isle—a long farewell.
Aid me more—but there must linger
A charm in memories of the Past
Which cannot fade till Time's pale finger,
Shall pierce these words—I am the last.
More faded joys I'll not impart
Now how entwined around my heart:
But in a brighter world than this,
I'll hope for purer happiness.
E. O'MEARA, July 1850.

FAMILIAR LETTERS. NO. III.

DEAR EDITOR:—Some few days ago I paid a visit to the LeRayville Academy, and as educational matters are always of general interest, I have endeavored to give you a brief notice of that institution.

The Academy is pleasantly and healthfully located in the quiet little village of LeRayville, where there are sufficient conveniences of stores, boarding-houses, and the like, without the noise and bustle always to be found in large villages. The principal, Rev. H. J. Newell, A. M. is a gentleman of whom you have had much experience in teaching; and he appears to take great interest in the advancement of those placed under his care. I listened to the recitations of a number of classes, and do not hesitate in saying that his manner of imparting instruction is superior to that of the greater part of those who take upon themselves the duties of a teacher. It would be almost impossible, under his method of instruction for a pupil not to learn well, and to do so, ever so much. Pious teachers of a Lacedaemonian teacher who had gained celebrity in his profession, who upon being asked the secret of his success, replied,—"I make my scholars like that which I would have them to learn." The path of science is rough and rugged; but its asperities may be greatly smoothed down by the encouraging encouragement of a teacher who enters into the spirit of his profession. He who takes upon himself the duties of "teaching the tender heart," should not be mechanical and make his scholars mere memory-mongers, cramming their heads with dead baggage of facts and unutilized notions; but he should be vital and develop their intellectual life by the light and warmth of his own intelligence and resemble the inspiring master described by Barry Cornwall:

He was like the sun giving life;
Pouring into the eyes of my young brain
Knowledge from his bright fountains.
Why is it that school masters "is always as
those in our quinds with dullness and the "bitch"
The same reason, I suppose that associates the
school profession with chicanery—the medical with
humbug—the clerical with "fired nature's
secret restorer."—because many have been engaged
in the avocation who are entirely unfit for it.
We often hear parents remark that they wish to
send their children to "a useful education"—but I am
inclined to think that the greater part of them em-
ploy the word "useful" in a contracted if not a
mistaken sense,—meaning, not that which will
bring most to their happiness, but that which will
bring them the most money. Now in a truth-
ful view of the purpose of our existence, we shall
find that education is the end and not the means,
and that other advantages are only valuable as they
lead more or less to that result.
Heaven placed us here to vote and think,
Their tasks divine.
Mr. Halleck, and a great portion of the American
people hold the same idea, if this were true, we
should need nothing but a "useful education" in
its narrow sense; but it cannot be that man, en-
dowed with so many high and mysterious faculties
capable of infinite improvement and progression,
and placed in a situation so peculiarly fitted
for the development of all his powers, was created
for no higher purposes than the accumulation of
property, or the satisfying of selfish desires. The
question, then, is—what constitutes a "useful edu-
cation"—and it is one of vital importance. Many
there are, who think it an easy one to answer,
would gladly reply—"Reading, writing, arithmetic,
grammar and geography," and perhaps add a few
other branches; but such an answer would ill suit a
thinking mind.
Every person in this county really needs
a professional education, to fit him to a peculiar
trade or calling—a moral education, to teach him
his duties as a man—and a religious education,
to fit him for his higher relations as an immortal
creature destined to exist in another state after he
shall have passed from the scenes of this.

In many schools attention is only paid to the professional education, with an eye merely to the occupation which the student intends to engage in. But is this sufficient? It is true, as many suppose,
that the time is lost which is spent in studies of a
higher character than those required to make us

good farmers, good mechanics, good lawyers or good doctors? Every one who takes a correct view of it, must acknowledge that on the contrary, it is time well spent. Knowledge instead of paralitizing their powers of those who labor, will teach them how to apply them with the greatest effect—philosophy will make their hands more dextrous. Intelligence and Labor are not foes, as many seem to think, but the most cordial friends, and it would be a great blessing could they always go hand in hand.

The farmer would be better prepared for his labor, if, while he tilled the furrows he could detect the component parts of the soil, and understand their properties; and his wife in her family duties would be most assisted by a knowledge of Chemistry and Botany.
But let us take knowledge in the abstract, unconnected with utility or any dollar-and-cent consideration. Is not the pleasure of knowing what is to be known sufficient inducement for its acquisition? It is really wonderful that a power knowledge possesses in changing the character of things in our view. It will make the barren hills and rocks interesting—throw a double charm over the flowery kingdom—and in short, make the whole of nature teem with wonders which before had nothing more than common-place interest. There is a time when the laborer has to spend out of his field or shop—a time spent with his family and friends in the social circle; and a most important time spent with himself. And it is then he realizes the worth of his higher attainments, if at no other time.
Every kind of knowledge that makes us more in love with the beautiful, is "useful," whether it be moral beauty—that shown around us so profusely by the land of nature, or that created by the sculptor, painter or poet. The love of the beautiful is an enduring principle in the nature of man, and our real happiness depends materially upon its cultivation. It makes a paradise where all before was gloomy, and transforms even the raging elements into pleasant friends. He that looked upon rain, storm and cloud with dread, now regards them as ministering to his pleasure. The turbulent ocean, lashed into fury by the driving winds, and breaking against its rocky shores, is not a scene of horror, but of beauty; and the sounds which its dashing makes are not to him threatening menaces but glorious music. How much superior is the enjoyment of one

to the enjoyment of another. It is the duty of the public to uphold such schools as that at LeRayville, and men who have sufficient go-a-headiness to start them. They are the treasures of our country. It affords a good opportunity for those who do not possess the means of pursuing a regular college course of acquiring those attainments which are necessary before engaging in active life. After a thorough course of intellectual training at such an institution they can, as the poet says—
I cannot close without congratulating you and your readers on the array of correspondents that have heeded the call to lend an interest to the columns of the "Reporter," and I take to myself considerable of praise as being a kind of pioneer in the enterprise.
HENRICK, Aug 29, 1850.

FROM CALIFORNIA.

Friend Goodrich—Having been nearly one year in California, perhaps I can write a few lines which will be interesting to yourself and readers. I am more inclined to do so from the fact of the emigration across the plains begins to arrive in numbers far exceeding the previous year, while thousands are pouring in from the Isthmus and Cape Horn routes, until it seems that this devoted land will soon rival the most populous sections of the east. Whole sections of country which twelve months ago were inhabited by naked savages, are now teeming with emigrants from every quarter of the habitable globe. That there is an error in regard to the states and other countries in regard to California is self-evident from the fact of so many thousands who are rushing to her borders. That there are vast deposits of gold in California no one will attempt to deny; but that the facilities for obtaining wealth here are as great as has been represented is a gross and palpable error. In the first place it is generally supposed that all the alluvial deposits of California contain gold, and indeed I have lately read papers from the states which assert that the whole soil here is impregnated with gold, so that the reader might suppose that from the Gila river on the south to the Rogue river in Oregon that the entire intermediate section of country is richly stored with this precious metal. It is no wonder that while such gilded dreams of California as these appear like reality, that millions would be lured by the Siren song. It requires no prophet to foretell the misery and ruin that will befall the vast multitudes who are swarming to these shores; that the mines are too limited to afford an adequate compensation to our present and future emigration is an axiom too palpable to admit of doubt. Instead of the whole soil being impregnated with gold, it is confined to a few rivers, creeks and ravines, nor will all these afford an adequate compensation for labor. Such are the Sacramento and other large streams.

Previous to leaving for California it was generally understood that the Sacramento was one of the richest streams in this country, while the fact is that in all the vast alluvial deposits of that stream scarce a particle of gold has ever been found; while no gold is obtained on the American forks, Feather, Yuba, Trinity, Stanislaus, and all others until you follow them through the flats or bottoms until you reach the mountains; then a part only of the bars will pay for working, while in four-fifths of

the cases, the beds of the streams which have been turned from their natural channels have been found nearly worthless and abandoned, while the American forks, Yuba, Feather and Stanislaus have been wrought to such an extent that as a general thing the miners now cannot make five dollars per day. It is true some men are more fortunate, sometimes taking out as high as two hundred dollars in one day, yet instances of this kind are rare as drawing the capital prize in a lottery.

Perhaps there is no business in the world that requires a more thorough experience than gold mining. The difference is striking that when the miner of one year's experience can average eight dollars per day, the novice probably will not average one fourth of that amount; eight dollars per day looks like a large sum in the states, but consider the disadvantage the aspirant for wealth labors under when arriving in California. At least three-fourths of the emigrants may calculate on being sick from two to six weeks, paying Physicians the most extravagant prices for attendance; then if health returns in the cool weather, the rain begins to fall and mining operations are nearly suspended until the return of spring, and compelling the emigrant to spend the winter or rainy season in a tent or miserable hovel and paying for his provisions at the rate of from fifty cents to two dollars per pound, while the entire absence of all vegetables generally brings the scurvy and other diseases, which sweep off many to an untimely grave. Of all the misery to which man is subject, this life is indeed the most supreme. The lurking savage, by frequent examples, warns the emigrant that he may take up in the arms of "Old Placita." A blanket supplies the place of a feather bed, a saddle for a pillow, a stone for a chair, and a tent for a mansion; while every man is his own tailor, cook, and mechanic, and every day performing labor fitted only for the dray horse or mule, taking a back-load of tools and provisions, scaling precipices "where man never trod before." I have thus endeavored to give a true and faithful description of the mining prospects in California, and as my paper is filling I must close.
Yours Respectfully,
JAMES T. GAZLEY.
P. S. Frank Menardi, Morris J. Cranmer, and Samuel C. Mann are here and all well.

(For the Bradford Reporter.)
WRITEN FOR IDLERS AT A PUBLIC INN.

BY E. MACON.

Why stand you here all the day idle,
As though there was nothing to do?
Without either curb or a bridle,
Your animal passions pursue?
Go into the vineyard and labor,
The Lord will reward you your hire,
Such wages as peace with your neighbor,
And blessings of all you require.
Why feed you on husks, when there's plenty
Of such as men needs for his food?
And drinking those dregs which are empty
Of all that's substantial and good?
To labor is always a blessing,
Who wisely bestow upon man;
But idlers look always distressing,
And poverty follows the clan.
Go out where the prudent are toiling,
And always their counsel obey;
Be busy in some honest calling,
A blessing the Lord will repay.
My brethren, my heart it is aching,
To see you thus hampered in vice;
So hazardous your undertakings,
As all that you do hath a price.
Remember our Father in Heaven
Will justify reward all our deeds,
And glory and honor are given
Where virtuous actions precede.
But pain, tribulation and anguish,
Are justly rewarded for sin;
Why will you pursue that, and languish
The manhood your bosom within.

(Special Correspondence of the Bradford Reporter.)
LETTER FROM DIDDLEDALE.

DIDDLEDALE, Sept 5, 1850.
Mr. Editor—I wish that I could persuade your sprightly correspondent Enns Duval to pay a visit to Diddledale, for, to use her own words—"I like her," and should feel it a great pleasure to number her among my acquaintances. I know that she would like Susan W. and Emily B. they are such sweet girls. If she doesn't come, I can never pay her for that complaint, for it would take a thousand thanks, and I am sure I cannot send such a bundle by mail! But she pretends that she doesn't know where Diddledale is. Why, it is here, of course, and the roads are so plain that she could not lose her way if she should try.
But perhaps if she should come she would feel very lonely; for mine is no "Village Home," but a cottage that reposes in a quiet vale, far from any thing like excitement and untempered by the hur of business that is always found in a village. Here, instead of the rattle of carriages and the tramp of busy feet, she would hear only the tinkling of the distant bells, the warblings of our woodland songsters, and the murmuring of the little brook that ripples away through the meadow. Here she would see nothing of fashion's gilded throng. Here are no gay halls where wit and beauty pass the midnight hour in the mazes of the dance in search of art-bloomers. She would miss the thousand things that lend an interest to village life, and would perchance regret the sacrifice which she had made. But I am happy here. I rejoice in the quietude and peace that is around me. I take pleasure in the company of birds and flowers, and feel no vain longings for the excitement of village life. There is a little flower I cherish in my bosom, that in my fondness I have called my angel; for it has power to throw a glow of beauty over any scene and make it seem a paradise—while without it the most delightful home would fall to pieces. It is contentment. The blessed fragrance which it exhales steals like a balm over the heart, healing every sorrow, and reviving all its pleasures. How it gladdens the heart to feel that we are loved—to know that some other one's existence is

brightened by our own, that there are those who rejoice when they meet us, and are sad when they part. And mother's, sister's, brother's love—how free from selfishness or passion!—It seems allied to that of angels. And it is mine! Only those who have been deprived of it can tell how precious it is—but those who enjoy it can feel that it is precious.
I often wander out when day begins to dawn upon the far-off hills, and the first rose-tinge of morning trembles around my home, and with a sister or a brother by my side cull the flowers that nestle along the path, while the dew-gems yet glisten upon them, feeling that I have been blest above many, and hymning in my heart praises to the Giver of all these blessings.

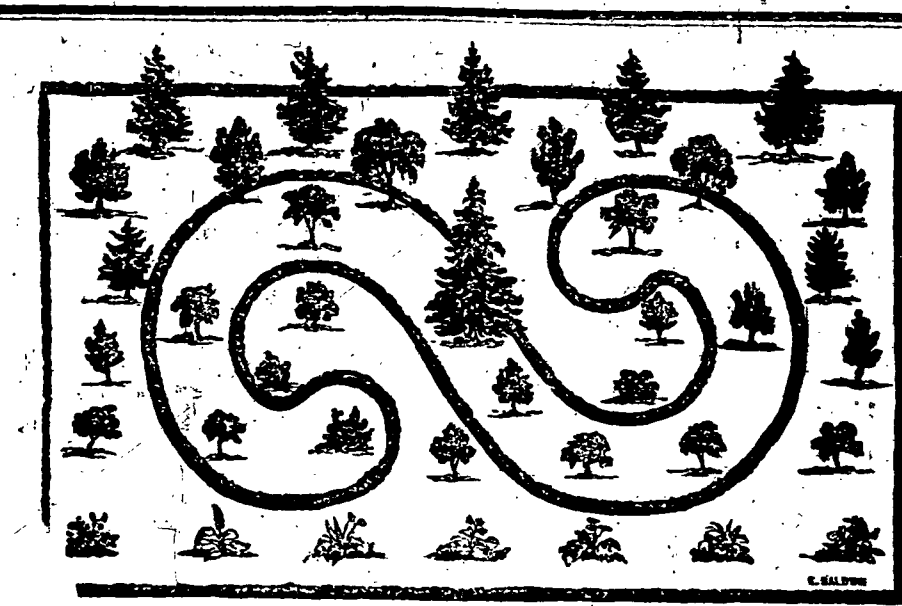
And at such times I do not forget that there are friendless, homeless beings, who never knew the tender caresses of a mother, or the wealth of a sister's love—whose hearts have been strangers to the treasures of affection, and whose bosoms have never been warmed up by the sunshine of happiness. And my heart has grown sad with such thoughts, and I have shed the tear of sympathy over their fate. The kind word, the tender look,—with what healing influence they fall upon the desolate heart, and like the gentle dew revive its drooping leaves. Then could any one ever withhold them?
"Speak gently"—oh, a word of love is a little thing.
But dropped within the heart's deep well,
The good, the joy which it may bring
Eternally shall tell.
Do not think that sorrow has never entered my home. There is no place on earth on which the tears of sadness and grief have not fallen. Have you ever watched the rainbow it at arched the sky in beauty, faded, faded, until each bright tint was gone, leaving a dark cloud instead of the glorious vision that had wreathed the heavens in beauty but a few moments before?
Thus it has been with me. I had a brother that bloomed in youthful beauty in our family circle—But the hectic flush appeared upon his cheek, a palor on his brow, and we knew that consumption had begun its fearful work.
A few months passed, and advisers said that perchance the influences of a sunny climate might restore him, but otherwise we had no hope. He went—and his beauty is hidden by the turf of a stranger's burial place. No friend was near him when his spirit departed, to catch his murmured farewell to earth—no mother's or sister's hand soothed his fevered brow—and oh, how this added to our grief.
"Was then we realized the beauty of the eastern benediction—May you die among your kindred." When the little messenger came that bore the sad tidings, my father's silver head bent with sorrow, and sobbings and tears filled our home. Little did it avail in soothing our grief that he slept in a bright summer land where orange and magnolia breathed their fragrance around. The sunshine of our native hills seems brighter than that of any other clime, and affection is sweeter than the spicy breeze of India, and it would have seemed less painful to us could he have lain down to his last sleep where we might have wept over his grave.
But the cloud passed away from which the rainbow had departed, and thus time has softened down the poignancy of our grief, till sadness has given place to serenity.
JELTER.

Mr. Editor—I feel myself much slighted by your fair correspondent "Enns Duval," for naming over your contributors, she has not so much as mentioned Tom Sprout. This is really too bad, and am half inclined to pay her for it by doing the englanting thing of picking her logic to pieces. She appears to think that there is more real enjoyment in savage than in civilized life; which I think a rather strange opinion for a young lady to avow, especially one who enjoys the refinements of a village-home. But it may be that she intended to have the benefits of a poetic license to say what in her private moments she would hardly acknowledge to be the fact; and I am perfectly willing to grant her that privilege, for young ladies have such a desire to be practical.

There is one question that I wish to ask her, and that is whether there is any fish in the Susquehanna, along where she lives, for if there is I intend to go up that way fishing one of these days. I do like to fish, are there no advantages around her for that sport?
Mr. Editor isn't there some one that you can coax to write a song to me from some "strawberry glen" or other; for "Rotund" has some pretty "Marty" to sing to him, thus monopolizing all the praises, which I don't like much. I try in for my share, and should be most obliged to some sweet "Edith" or "Enns" or even "Colly" if she should strike her lyre to the tune of Tom Sprout. By the way, Mary didn't administer that satire in exactly Homopainic doses, did she? You will say that this is a trifling letter, Mr. Editor, possessing but little "public interest," but look for a real up-and-down serio next time.
PASCORVILLE HILL, Sep. 3, 1850. TOM SPROUT.

A CAUTIOUS NOTICE.—The following is from a country paper, and is not only good sense, but of significance, comical poetry:
He who reads and comes to pay,
Shall read again another day—
But he who will not plank the cash,
Though his name is on our subscription book, we shall be compelled, however, reluctantly, to make a ~~_____~~

INTERESTING QUESTION.—To ask an unmarried lady how old she is. To ask a lawyer if he ever told a lie. To ask a doctor how many persons he has killed. To ask a minister whether he ever did anything wrong. To ask a merchant whether he ever cheated a customer. To ask an editor the name of any of his correspondents. To ask a young lady whether she would like to be a bean. To ask a subscriber whether he has paid the Printer.
We never injure our own character so much as when we attack that of others.



PLAN OF ORNAMENTAL PLANTING.

(From Moore's Royal New Yorker.)

THE OLD ROCHESTER NURSERY.

The Nurseries of Western New York rank among the best and most extensive in the country, and are very justly becoming celebrated, both at home and abroad. Many of these establishments—especially those located in or near Buffalo, Rochester, Macedon and Geneva—have acquired considerable notoriety, and are known to be well stocked with choice and extensive collections of fruit and ornamental trees, shrubs, &c. This not only shows that the business parts but is evidence of enterprise on the part of nurserymen—to say nothing of the peculiar adaptation of our soil and climate to the production of healthy and thrifty trees of almost every variety. The nurseries of Rochester and vicinity probably exceed both in number and extent, those of any other town in the State. Of each of these we propose to make brief mention, in such order as we may find leisure to visit and take note of the contents of the same. Our remarks will be confined, generally, to such statistical facts as any one might gather during a brief visit to each establishment.
At present we will speak of the "Old Rochester Nursery" of Mr. SAMUEL MOULTON, situated on North Clinton, Norton and Parker streets, one mile and a half north of Main street, and about half a mile east of the Steamboat Landing. On a recent visit to this establishment, we were, agreeably surprised, not only at its extent, but the quality and variety of its contents—indicating good management on the part of the proprietor, and the growth of the nursery business in our vicinity. The Nursery covers over forty acres, comprising a great variety of soil, from a gravelly loam to a stiff clay—an advantage in the culture of different kinds of trees and shrubs.
The above engraving represents one of the squares forming the chief front of the nursery. The front of the plot is planted with small herbaceous plants, and the rear with conifers. There are about a dozen small squares, each one being perfect in itself with centres broken by a diversity of figures—some of which, like the one above, are laid out in the modern style of easy curves, producing an artistic and agreeable effect. We think our readers may take a useful hint from the illustration, as to the manner of laying out and planting ornamental grounds fronting on the public highway.
The Ornamental Department contains perhaps a hundred thousand items. Conifers are largely grown. Ilex, Rhododendron, Ivy, and the class of broad leaved evergreens have received considerable attention, being grown from seeds. The assortment of roses, ploxers, dahlias, box edgiers, deciduous trees, &c., is highly creditable.
The Fruit Tree department is far more complete and extensive than we expected. The arrangement and cultivation of the various kinds and varieties, exhibit good taste and a correct knowledge of tree culture. Of Apple trees, there are about a hundred thousand of the justly celebrated Northern Spy, and from three to four hundred thousand of other sorts. Of the Cherry, over fifty thousand. The assortment of Pears is very superior. There are being worked on quince stocks, for pyramidal pear trees, fifty thousand, and perhaps double that number on the pear. Pear seedlings also receive a due share of attention. We observed a beautiful goose, which the foreman estimates at about a hundred, and twenty thousand plants—all having the appearance of being very vigorous and thrifty. The plum and apple seedlings were also fine. Indeed the whole tree department of the Nursery indicated excellent management, and we regret that the limited time of our visit did not admit of our taking more particular note of the same. It is well worth a visit by all interested in tree and fruit culture.
In one corner of the nursery grounds, we noticed about three quarters of an acre of the celebrated Giant Rhubarb, cultivated for selling petioles in the Rochester market. The product of this patch, standing on the ground, sold this season for over one hundred dollars, the purchaser gathering the stalk. We have not heard of so considerable a sale of pie plants in these parts heretofore. The profit must be large—and the sale of such a quantity proves the article to be in demand. We may remark, now that we have alluded to this plant, that the Giant Rhubarb produces no seeds, being a male plant. Its petioles are some three times the size of those of the common sorts, and preferable in other respects.
But we must close this somewhat disjointed notice. We advise our readers to visit this establishment, and see for themselves the variety and quality of its trees, shrubs and plants.
Mr. Denniston, now of this place, is an agent for this celebrated Nursery, and has received from our citizens many orders which have been filled to their satisfaction. All orders warranted to give satisfaction.

An instructive Sketch.

BY MRS. SPOONER.

It is the duty of mothers to sustain the reverse of fortune. Frequent and sudden as they have been in our own country, it is important that young females should possess some employment, by which they might obtain a livelihood in case they should be reduced to the necessity of supporting themselves. When females are suddenly reduced from affluence to poverty, how pitiiful, contemptible, it is to see the mother desponding or helpless, and permitting her daughters to embarrass those whom it is their duty to assist and cheer.

"I have lost my whole fortune," said a merchant as he returned one evening to his home; "we can no longer keep our carriage. We must leave this large house. The children can no longer go to expensive schools. Yesterday I was a rich man; today, there is nothing I can call my own."
"Dear husband," said the wife, "we are still rich in each other and our children Money may pass away, but God has given us a better treasure in these active hands and loving hearts."
"Dear father," said the children, "do not look so sober. We will help you to get a living."
"What can you do, poor things?" said he.
"You shall see," answered several voices. "It is a pity if we have been to school for nothing. How can the father of eight children be poor? We shall work and make you rich again."
"I shall help," said the young girl, hardly four years old. "I shall not have any new things bought, and I shall sell my great doll."
The heart of the husband and father, which had sunk within his bosom like a stone, was lifted up. The sweet enthusiasm of the scene cheered him, and his nightly prayer was like a song of praise.

They left their stately house. The servants were dismissed. Pictures and plate, rich carpets and furniture were sold, and she who had been the mistress of the mansion shed no tears.
"Pay every debt," said she; "let no one suffer through us; and we may be happy."
He rented a neat cottage, and a small piece of ground, a few miles from the city. With the aid of his sons, he cultivated vegetables for the market. He viewed with delight and astonishment the economy of his wife, nurtured as she had been in wealth, and the efficiency which his daughters soon acquired under his training.

The eldest instructed the household, and also assisted the young children—besides, they executed various works, which they had learned as accomplishments, but which they found could be disposed of to advantage. They embroidered, with taste, some of the ornamental parts of female apparel, which were readily sold to a merchant in the city. They cultivated flowers, sent bouquets to market in the cart that conveyed the vegetables; they plaited straw, they painted maps, they executed plain needlework. Every one was at her post, busy and cheerful. The little cottage was like a beehive.

"I never enjoyed such health before," said the father.
"And I was never so happy before," said the mother.
"We never knew how many things we could do, when we lived in the grand house," said the children, "and we love each other a great deal better here. You call us your little bees."
"Yes," replied the father, "and you make just such honey as the heart loves to feed on."
Economy as well as industry was strictly observed; nothing was wasted. Nothing unnecessary was purchased. The eldest daughter became assistant teacher in a distinguished seminary, and the second took her place as mistress in the family. The dwelling, which had always been kept neat, they were soon able to beautify. Its construction was improved, and the vines and flowering trees were replanted around it. The merchant was happier under his woodland covered porch in a summer's evening than he had been in his showy dressing room.

"We are now thriving and prosperous," said he, "shall we return to the city?"
"Oh no!" was the unanimous reply.
"Let us remain," said the wife, "where we have found health and contentment."
"Father," said the youngest, "all we children hope you are not going to be rich again; for then," she added, "we little ones were what up in the nursery and not so much of you or mother." Now we all live together, and siter, who loves us, and we learn to be industrious and useful. We were none of us happy when we were rich, and did not work. So, father, please not be rich any more."
The mind that is open for conviction and determined to pursue Truth wherever she may guide, will derive lessons, even from its own mistakes, which may prove salutary to itself and to the world.