

THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

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TOWANDA:

Morning, November 5, 1853.

Selected Poetry.

From Household Words.
LISTENING ANGELS.

See against the blue heavens
Stood the mountain calm and still;
Two white angels, bending earward,
Beant upon the hill.

Listening lean'd those silent angels,
And I also longed to hear
That sweet strain of earthly music
That could charm their ear.

Heard the sound of many trumpets,
And a warlike march draw nigh;
Saw a mighty army
Passed in order by.

None clung had ceased; the echoes
Said had faded from the hill;
Saw the angels, calm and earnest,
Leant and listened still.

Then I heard a fainter clamor;
Saw and heard were clothing near,
Saw the reapers in the meadow
Singing loud and clear.

When the sunset came in glory,
And the twilight was o'er,
Saw the angels leant in silence,
Listening as before.

Then, as daylight slowly vanished,
And the evening mists grew dim,
Saw the angels leant in silence,
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in the full possession of all his faculties, and strong to the last in the ruling passion of his soul—love of country. Public history will do justice to his public life; but a further notice is wanted of him—a notice of the domestic man—the man at home, with his wife, his friends, his slaves; and this I feel some qualification for giving, from my long and varied acquaintance with him.

The first time that I saw General Jackson was at Nashville, Tennessee, in 1799—he on the bench, a judge of the then Superior Court—and I a youth of seventeen, back in the crowd. He was then a remarkable man, and had his ascendancy over all who approached him, not the effect of his high judicial station, nor of the senatorial rank which he had held and resigned, nor of military exploits, for he had not then been to war, but the effect of personal qualities—cordial and graceful manners, hospitable temper, elevation of mind, undaunted spirit, generosity and perfect integrity. In charging the jury in the impending case, he committed a slight solecism in language, which grated on my ear, and lodged on my memory, without derogating in the least from the respect which he had inspired, and without awakening the slightest suspicion that I was ever to be engaged in smoothing his diction.

The first time I spoke with him was some years after, at a (then) frontier town in Tennessee, when he was returning from a southern visit, which bro't him through the towns and camps of the Indian tribes. In pulling off his overcoat, I perceived on the white lining of the turning down sleeve, a dark speck which had life and motion. I brushed it off and put the heel of my shoe upon it, little thinking that I ever was to brush away from him game of a very different kind. He smiled; and we began a conversation, in which he very quickly revealed a leading trait of his character—that of encouraging young men in their laudable pursuits. Getting my name and parentage, and learning my intended profession, he manifested a regard for me, said he had received hospitality at my father's house in North Carolina, gave me kind invitations to visit him, and expressed a belief that I would do well at the bar—generous words, which had the effect of promoting what they promised. Soon after, he had a further opportunity to show his generous feelings. I was employed in a criminal case of great magnitude, where the oldest and ablest counsel appeared—Haywood, Grundy, Whiteside—and the trial of which General Jackson attended through concern for the fate of a friend. As junior counsel I had to precede my elders, and did my best; and, it being on the side of his feelings, he found my effort to be better than it was. He complimented me greatly, and from that time our intimacy began.

I soon after became his aid, he being a major-general in the Tennessee militia, and after that I was habitually at his house; and as an inmate had opportunities to know his domestic life, and at the period when it was least understood and most misrepresented. He had resigned his place on the bench of the Superior Court, as he had previously resigned his seat in the Senate of the United States, and lived on a superb estate of some thousand acres, twelve miles from Nashville, then hardly known by its subsequent famous name of the Hermitage—a name chosen for its perfect accord with his feelings; for he had then actually withdrawn from the stage of public life, and from a state of feeling well known to belong to great talent when finding no theatre for its active employment. He was a careful farmer, overlooking everything himself, seeing that the fields and fences were in good order, the stock well attended, and the slaves comfortably provided for. His house was the seat of hospitality, the resort of friends and acquaintances, and of all strangers visiting the State—and the more agreeable to all from the perfect conformity of Mrs. Jackson's disposition to his own. But he needed some excitement beyond that which a farming life could afford, and found it in some years in the animating sports of the turf. He loved fine horse-racers of speed and bottom—owned several—and contested the four mile heats with the best that could be bred, or bought, or brought to the state, and for large sums. That is the nearest to gaming that I ever knew him to come. Cards and the cock pit have been imputed to him, but most erroneously. I never saw him engaged in either. Duels were usual in that time, and he had his share of them, with their unpleasant concomitants; but they passed away with all their animosities, and he has often been seen zealously pressing the advancement of those against whom he had but lately been arrayed in deadly hostility. His temper was placable as well as irascible, and his reconciliations were cordial and sincere.

There was a deep seated vein of piety in him, unaffectedly showing itself in his reverence for divine worship, respect for the ministers of the Gospel, their hospitable reception in his house, and constant encouragement of all the pious tendencies of Mrs. Jackson. And when they both afterwards became members of a church, it was the natural and regular result of their early and cherished feelings. He was gentle in his house, and alive to the tenderest emotions; and of this I can give an instance greatly in contrast with his supposed character, and worth more than a long discourse in showing what that character really was. I arrived at his house one wet, chilly evening in February, and came upon him in the twilight, sitting alone before the fire, a lamb and a child between his knees. He started a little, called a servant to remove the two innocents to another room, and explained to me how it was. The child had cried because the lamb was out in the cold, and begged him to bring it in—which he had done to please the child—his adopted son, then not two years old. The ferocious man does not do that! and though Jackson had his passions and his violence, they were for men and enemies—those who stood up against—and not for women and children, or the weak and helpless, for all whom his feelings were those of protection and support. His hospitality was active as well as cordial, embracing the worthy in every walk of life, and seeking out deserving objects to receive it, no matter how obscure. Of this

I learned a characteristic incident in relation to the son of the famous Daniel Boone. The young man had come to Nashville on his father's business, to be detained some weeks, and had his lodgings at a small tavern towards the lower part of the town. General Jackson heard of it—sought him out—found him, took him home to remain as long as his business detained him in the country, saying, "Your father's dog should not stay in a tavern where I have a house." This was heartily and I had it from the young man himself, long after, when he was a state senator of the General Assembly, of Missouri, and as such nominated me for the United States Senate at my first election, in 1820—his name was Benton Boone, and so named after my father. Abhorrence of debt, public and private, dislike of banks and love of hard money—love of justice, and love of country were ruling passions with Jackson; and of these he gave constant evidences in all the situations of his life. Of private debts he contracted none of his own, and made any sacrifices to get out of those incurred for others. Of this he gave a signal instance not long before the war of 1812—selling the improved part of his estate, with the best building of the country upon it, to pay a debt incurred in a mercantile adventure to assist a young relative, and going into log houses in the forest part to begin a new home and farm. He was living in these rude tenements when he quitted the British at New Orleans; and, probably, a view of their conqueror's domestic would have astonished the British officers as much as their defeat had done. He was attached to his friends, and to his country, and never believed any story to the discredit of either until compelled by proof. He would not believe in the first reports of the surrender of General Hull, and became appalled and sad when forced to believe it. He never gave up a friend in a doubtful case, or from policy, or calculation. He was a firm believer in the goodness of a superintending Providence, and in the eventual right judgment and justice of the people. I have seen him at the most desperate part of his fortunes, and never saw him waver in the belief that all would come right in the end. In the time of Cromwell he would have been a puritan.

The character of his mind was that of judgment, with a rapid and almost intuitive perception, followed by instant and decided action. It was that which made him a General and a President for the times in which he served. He had vigorous thoughts, but not the faculty of arranging them in a regular composition, either written or spoken; and in formal papers usually gave his manuscript to an aid, a friend, or a secretary to be written over—often to the loss of vigor. But the thoughts were his own, vigorously expressed, and without an effort, writing with a rapid pen, and never blotting or altering—but as Carlyle says of Cromwell, hitting the nail upon the head as he went. I have a great deal of his writing now, some on public affairs and covering several sheets of paper, and no erasures or interlineations anywhere. His conversation was like his writing, a vigorous flowing current, apparently without the trouble of thinking and always impressive. His conclusions were rapid and irrevocable, when he was under strong convictions, though often yielding, on minor points, to his friends. And no man yielded quicker when he was convinced, perfectly illustrating the difference between firmness and obstinacy. Of all the Presidents who have done me the honor to listen to my opinions, there was no one to whom I spoke with more confidence when I felt myself to be in the right.

Nothing could exceed his kindness and affection to Mrs. Jackson, always increasing in proportion as his elevation and culminating fortunes drew cruel attacks upon her. I knew her well, and that a more exemplary woman in all the relations of life—wife, friend, neighbor, relative, mistress of slaves—never lived, and never presented a more quiet, cheerful and admirable management of her household. She had not education, but she had a heart, and a good one; and that was always leading her to do kind things in the kindest manner. She had the General's own warm heart, frank manners, and hospitable temper, and no two persons could have been better suited to each other, lived more happily together, or made a house more attractive to visitors. She had the faculty—a rare one—of retaining names and titles in a throng of visitors, addressing each one appropriately, and dispensing hospitality to all with a cordiality which enhanced its value. No bashful youth or plain old man, whose modesty set them down at the lower end of the table, could escape her cordial attention, any more than the timid gentlemen on her right and left. Young persons were her delight, and she always left her house well filled with them—clever young women and clever young men—all calling her, affectionately, "Aunt Rachel." I was young, then, and was one of that number. I owe it to early recollections, and to cherished convictions—in this last notice of the Hermitage—to bear this faithful testimony to the memory of its first and long mistress, the loved and honored wife of a great man. Her greatest beauty was the affection he bore her living, and in the sorrow with which he mourned her dead. She died at the moment of the General's first election to the Presidency, and every one that had a just petition to present, or charitable request to make, lost, in her death, the surest channel to the ear and the heart of the President. His regard for her survived, and lived in the persons of her nearest relatives. A nephew of hers was his adopted son and heir, taking his own name, and now the respectable master of the Hermitage. Another nephew, Andrew Jackson Donelson, Esq., was his private Secretary when President. The presidential mansion was presided over during his term by her niece, the most amiable Mrs. Donelson; and all his conduct bespoke affectionate and lasting remembrance of one he had held so dear.

The more ignorant a person is, the harder he is to win. Take your seat at the dinner table, and you will find that the person who gives the water the most trouble, will not be an ex-governor, but an ex-hod-carrier, or an ex-wood sawyer.

American Independence.

The late Sir John Lubbock, for many years a resident of this city, was present as a spectator in the House of Lords when the Independence of the American Colonies was formally acknowledged by George the Third. The following extract from Mr. Watson's Journal, affords a vivid picture of that interesting event.

London, Dec. 4, 1782.
The great glory of my life, my birth, my education, my independence, will be solemnly recognized by George III., in the presence of God and man. Such, at last, are the earned fruits of a sanguinary and eventful contest of eight long years, in which period one hundred thousand brave Americans have cemented on the altar of their country, with their precious blood, a prize which will bless unborn millions, and in its eventual effect produce a new era over the entire surface of this benighted world.

At an early hour, in conformity to previous arrangements, I had the honor to be conducted by the Earl of Ferrers, to the very entrance of the House of Lords.

At the small door he whispered softly in my ear: "Get as near the foot of the throne as possible—maintain your position—lean not." I did so with all the assurance of a traveled Yankee, and found myself exactly in front of the throne, elbow to elbow with the celebrated Admiral Lord Howe, who had just returned from a successful relief of Gibraltar.

The ladies of the nobility occupied the lord's seat on the woolsack, so called as an emblem of the power and wealth of old England, because it has been mainly derived from wool. The lords were standing here and there promiscuously as I entered.

It was a dark, foggy day—a proper English hanging day. To add to its gloomy effects, the old Saxons windows stand high up, with leaden bars to contain the diamond cut panes of glass. The walls also hang with dark tapestry, representing the defeat of the great Spanish Armada in 1588. I had the pleasure of recognizing the celebrated American painters, West and Copley, and some American ladies in the groups—all rebels at heart—intoxicated with many American royalties, some of whom were my near relatives, with long dejected faces, and sad and despair depicted in every lineament of their features. After standing for two hours in painful suspense, the approach of the king was announced by a tremendous roar of cannon. He entered the small door on the left of the throne, and immediately seated himself in the chair of State, decorated in his royal robes, in a graceful, formal and majestic posture, with his right foot resting on a stool. He was evidently agitated; and drew slowly from his pocket a scroll containing the humiliating speech. I was exactly in his front, six or eight feet distant, with my left foot braced upon the last step of the throne, to sustain my position from the pressure in my rear, and critically watched with the eye of a Lavaier, at that moment of his agitated countenance. He began—"My Lords and gentlemen," and in direct reference to our independence, said:

"I lost no time in giving the necessary orders to prohibit the future prosecution of offensive war upon the continent of North America."

"Adopting, as my inclination will always lead me to do, with decision and effect, whatever I collect to be the sense of my parliament, and my people—I have pointed all my views and measures in Europe, as in North America, to an entire and cordial reconciliation with the Colonies. Finding it indispensable to the attainment of this object, I did not hesitate to go the full length of the power vested in me, and therefore I now declare them"—(here he paused, and hesitated for a moment, and was in evident agitation—the pill he had to swallow in the next breath was repugnant to his digestive organs. In 1776, he repelled our humble petition with indignity—but in 1782 he found him self prostrate at our feet.) He recovered himself by a strong convulsive effort, and proceeded thus: "I declare them Free and Independent States. In thus admitting their separation from the crown of their kingdom, I have sacrificed every consideration of my own to the wishes and opinion of my people. I make it my humble and ardent prayer to the Almighty God, that Great Britain may not feel the evils which might result from so great a dismemberment of the empire, and that America may be free from calamities which have formerly proved in the mother country how essential monarchy is to the enjoyment of constitutional liberty. Religion, language, interest and affection may, and I hope will prove a bond of permanent union between the two countries."

It is impossible to describe the sensations of my rebellious mind, at the moment when the king hesitated to pronounce the words—Free and Independent—I and to notice with what a bad grace he had swallowed the dose; every artery was in full play and beat high in unison with my proud American feelings. It was impossible not to revert my eyes across the Atlantic and review in rapid succession the miseries and wretchedness in several stages of the war, prior to my leaving America—the widespread desolation, resulting from the obnoxiousity of this very man turning a deaf ear to our humble appeals to his justice and mercy as a God—but now prostrate in his turn. In his speech he tells us in one breath that he has sacrificed every personal consideration, in other words, not yet satisfied with innocent blood shed by his Indian allies; and in the next, hypocritically invoking high heaven to guard us against calamities, &c. The great drama is now closed, the ball was opened, at Lexington, where the British red coats were taught to dance down to Charleston, to the tune of "Yankee Doodle."

On this occasion it fell also to my lot to march from Providence, R. I., with a company of twenty-five well disciplined young men, all dressed in native, on our way to Lexington, with packs on our backs; but they fell before we could reach the scene of action.

From the House of Lords, I proceeded to St.

Copley's dwelling in Leicester square to dine, and through my ardent solicitations he mounted the American stripes on a large painting in the gallery the same day—the first which ever waved in triumph in England.

In leaving the House of Lords, I passed side by side with West and Copley—enjoying the rich political aspect of the day, and, retiring, with silent gratification, the anguish and despair of the Tories.

In the House of Commons, the ensuing day, there was not much bitter debate, but a good deal of acrimony. Commodore Johnson attacked Lord Howe's expedition to Gibraltar, because he had not gained a decisive victory over the combined fleet of forty-five sail of the line, with thirty-seven ships. Burke then rose, indulging in a vein of satire and ridicule, a severe attack on the king's speech the day previous on the subject of American Independence—saying it was a farago of nonsense and hypocrisy. Young Pitt, the newly created Chancellor of the Exchequer, then rose, and handled Burke with dignified severity, charging him with buffoonery and levity.

Having received from Allerman Wood a card of admission into the gallery of the House of Commons, as the House was rising, the Alderman (who is a member), came into the gallery and invited me to descend with him to the floor of the House.

I met Mr. Burke, with whom I had breakfasted; who introduced me as a messenger of peace to Pitt, Conway, Fox, Sheridan, and two or three other members grouped on the floor. I never felt more elevated in my life. In describing this scene to a friend in France, in a moment of exultation I subjoined:

Figure to yourself, my dear friend, a young American traveler of twenty-four, in the full gaudy dress of a Parisian, hailed in the public papers, and standing in the British House of Commons, (where the destiny of dear America in its infancy has been so often agitated,) as a messenger of peace, surrounded by a group; the brightest constellation of political men that ever graced the annals of English history!—and what is more gratifying to my American pride, the very men, with one exception, who have recently compelled the tyrant George to yield with a bad grace to all our just demands, in my presence! Not to have been thus affected at the tremendous crisis, I should have been more or less than a man.—*Albany Register.*

Morality.—There are many persons who pride themselves on their morality, which signifies nothing more than bare freedom from vice. A man may possess morality, without a single virtue. We are not, therefore disposed to find a great deal of fault with those religiousists who profess to despise mere morality. A person is moral, if he be not in temperate, or licentious, or profane, or addicted to lying. Yet he may be all this, and still be notorious for meanness, selfishness, cruelty, malignity, cowardice, and all those vices of the heart, which are not punishable at a court of law. We despise a man, whose virtues, if they be so called, are of the negative character, *primum non nocere*, who never think of a neighbor unless they see a chance to make a little money out of him. Too timid to commit a bold fraud, their penuriousness renders them more contemptible than absolute knavery. When these vices of the heart are conspicuous in a man's character, the addition of piety renders it the more detestable, like one handsome feature in a countenance that is full of loathsome deformity.

Turn.—The temple of truth is indeed built of stones of crystal; but inasmuch as men have been concerned in tearing it, it has been consolidated by a cement composed of base materials. It is deep to be lamented that truth itself will attract but little attention, and less esteem, until it be amalgamated with some particular party, persuasion, or sect. Unmixed and unadulterated, it too often proves as unfit for currency as pure gold for circulation. Sir Walter Raleigh has observed—"That he that follows truth too closely must take care that he does not strike out his teeth." He has little to fear from truth, but he has much to fear from pretended friends of it. He, therefore, that is dead to all the frolic of the living alone, is equal to the hazardous task of writing a history of his own times worthy of being transmitted to times that are to come."

Pure Water.—Prof. Silliman says: "If you wish for a clear mind, strong muscles, and quiet nerves, and long life and power prolonged into old age, permit us to say, although I am not giving a temperance lecture, avoid all drink but water, and mild infusions of that fluid; shun tobacco and opium, and everything else that disturbs the system; rely upon nutritious food and mild diluent drinks, of which water is the basis, and you will need nothing beyond these things except rest, and due moral regulation of all your powers, to give you long, happy and useful lives, and a serene evening at the close."

I. H. S.—These letters have been in Catholic and Episcopal churches, and in the prayer books of these sects. They are abbreviations of the Latin phrase *Iesus Hominum Salvator*, which signifies, "Jesus the Savior of Men." Some may ask why the letter I is not inserted in J? Because, formerly there was no letter J in the Roman alphabet; then I was used where J now is. Many of our readers can probably remember having seen the name John, spelled Iohn.

"If you marry," said a Roman consul to his son, "let it be a woman who has judgment enough to superintend the getting of a meal, if actually late enough to dress herself, pride enough to wash before breakfast, and sense enough to hold her tongue when she has nothing to say."

The best thing to resist vice, is love.—The man who worships a virtuous woman, is as impregnable to the allurements of a wanton, as Gibraltar is to apple-dumplings.

A CHEERFUL HEART.—I once heard a young lady say to an individual: "Your countenance seems to like the rising sun, for it always gladdens me with a cheerful look." A merry or cheerful countenance is one of the things which Jeremy Taylor said his enemies and persecutors could not take away from him. There is no person who spends their lives in this world as they would spend their lives if they were in a dungeon. Everything is gloomy and forbidding. They go mourning and complaining from day to day that they have so little, and are constantly anxious lest what they have should escape out of their hands. They always look upon the dark side, and can never enjoy the good. Religion makes the heart cheerful, and when its large and benevolent principles are exercised, man will be happy in spite of himself. The industrious bee does not stop to complain that there are so many poisonous flowers and thorny branches on its road, but buzzes on, selecting honey where he can find it, and passing quickly by the places where it is not. There is enough in this world to complain about and find fault with if men have the disposition. We often travel on a hard and uneven road; but with a cheerful spirit, and a heart to praise God for his mercies, we may walk therein with comfort, and come to the end of our journey with peace.

DIGNITY OF AN INDIAN CHIEF.—We doubt if the annals of ancient history furnish a reply surpassing in eloquence and grandeur the following from an untutored savage:—
As Tecumseh proudly approached, Gen. Harrison rose to receive the Chief, and pointing to a bench prepared for the purpose, said—
"Your white father requests you to be seated." Tecumseh cast upon the American General a look of unmitigated scorn and indignation.
"You, my father!" said he, "No, the sun," pointing to that luminary in the heavens, "is my father! The earth," pointing to the ground, "is my mother! And," throwing himself on the ground, "I will rest nowhere but on her bosom!"

That temptation which at first is but a little cloud, as big as a man's hand, may quickly over-spread the whole heaven. Our engaging sin is the moth of a stone down hill—"It strengthens itself by going," and the longer it runs, the more violently. Beware of the smallest beginnings of temptations. No wise man will neglect or slight the smallest sparks of fire, especially if he sees it among barrels of gunpowder. You carry gunpowder about you; O, take heed of sparks.

FINDING A WIFE'S TONGUE.—Mr. H. affronted his wife, who to punish him, resolved to act dumb when he was present, and so well did she maintain her resolution that a week past away and not a word did she utter in his presence. She performed her household duties as usual, but not a word did she speak. He tried to coax her out of her whim, but in vain. At last he tried the following plan to overcome her resolution, by working on her curiosity—the most unovercome of female propensities. Retaining one evening from his employment, his lady as there, as usual, mute. The closet was examined, the bed room, drawers, boxes, shelves; everything that could be possibly thought of was overhauled.

His wife was struck with astonishment at his unaccountable behavior, and so he proceeds in his search. She becomes very nervously anxious to find out what he was in search of. What could it be? She looked in his face, if possible, to glean from his expression the object of his search; but no go, he was sober as a judge. He lifted the edge of the carpet, looked under the table cover, and finally approached her chair, looked over it, and even going so far as to brush her dress partially aside, as if what he sought might be hidden there. She could stand it no longer. She burst out—
"Bob, what are you looking for?"
He smiled and answered—
"Your tongue, and I've found it!"

A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.—A naval officer being at sea in a dreadful storm, his lady was sitting in the cabin near him, and filled with alarm for the safety of the vessel, was so surprised at his composure and serenity, that she cried out—
"My dear, are you not afraid? how is it possible you can be so calm in such a dreadful storm?"
He rose from his chair, rushed to the deck, drew his sword and pointing it to the breast of his wife, exclaimed—
"Are you not afraid?"
She instantly answered "No."
"Why," said the officer, "Because," rejoined the lady, "I know this sword is in the hands of my husband, and he loves me too well to hurt me."
"Then," said he, "remember I know in whom I believe, and He who holds the wind in His fist and the water in the hollow of His hands is my Father."

"Will you open the services?" inquired a deacon of a brother, who was an oysterman by trade.
"No, thank you," said he, half waking from a dose, "I've left my oyster knife at home."

"Is there much water in the cistern, Biddy?" inquired a gentleman of his Irish girl, as she came up from the cellar. "It's full at the bottom, sir, but there's none at the top," said Biddy.

It is proposed to have graveyards along the lines of our railways, at intervals of one mile.—This would afford more rapid burial of those who may be massacred. The age is progressive.

The man who fell back on his own resources was mortally wounded.

It is said that cars on railways are all to be hung in black in future—like other heaves.