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"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

## TOWANDA:

Saturday Morning, April 5, 1856.

### Selected Poetry.

#### A CALL TO SPRING.

Come! Oh, come! thou hast tarried long!  
Come with the glory of light and song!  
Come with the throb of a thousand shores  
Where the billow breaks and the wild wind roars;  
There's a voice of wail 'mid the ancient trees  
From and 'neath the wintery breeze.  
Gloom hath shrouded our pleasant bowers,  
Death hath blighted our vines and flowers,  
And every hour on its fleeting wing  
Deans away a prayer for thee, Oh Spring!

Come! Oh, come! we pine for thee,  
As plants the wanderer for home, at sea!  
As the captive pines in his lonely cell  
For the dashing waters and the breezy dell!  
We sigh for the influence that life renews,  
For the soft sunshine and balmy dews,  
For the genial airs and the pleasant rain,  
That waken our blossoms and streams again.

"Come, I come; I am coming back!"  
Thus answered a voice from the Sun's bright track—  
"I will clothe the heavens' fair face with smiles,  
I will call the birds from a thousand hills,  
The streams shall laugh where the violets blow,  
The trees exult and the laurels glow,  
There's not a beauty, nor bloom, nor hue,  
That the charm of my presence shall not renew."

"Not so, oh Spring! no power thou hast  
O'er much of beauty that's from us past;  
Eyes that looked love into our's are dim,  
Voices are hushed from our vesper hymn,  
Bright young faces have passed away,  
Places are vacant at full of day;  
Thou canst not hang the leaves on a thousand trees,  
Thou canst not bring the flowers, the birds and bees,  
Thou canst not loosen the streams and the silvery founts,  
And breathe a glory o'er vales and mounts;  
But thou canst not restore to our yearning arms  
The vanished past with its lovely forms."

"Yet I speak to the heart in my radiant bloom  
Of a Spring that opens beyond the tomb,  
Where the lost and loved of the earth are found,  
Where the severed wreaths are forever bound,  
Where comes no dimness o'er eyes of light  
And the cheek of beauty ne'er knows a blight,  
There's not a beauty, nor bloom, nor hue,  
That the charm of my presence shall not renew."

### Letter from the West.

#### Minnesota—The Country.

[Correspondence of the Bradford Reporter.]  
DIXON, Ill., March, 1856.  
Mr. Editor: Report sayeth that many parts of Pennsylvania are the cherished abodes of the "Fogys,"—that the spirit of progress hath dwelling place among you—that the westward-pointing beams of the rising sun kindle an enthusiasm in your breasts,—that you rise and eat, and drink, and lie down, and sleep, and believe that your own State and country are the second Paradise which others have so long been and are still looking for. I can't believe this, though it may be all true. If it be all right, still I must believe that there are somewhere among you—a few really of your readers, who like the balance of the world, are looking for, and dreaming of, a better place than the one you now inhabit. I wish to say a few words, partly by way of information, and partly by way of advice. This class of persons will be believers in the old, prophetic words, "westward the empire takes its way;" and so I shall say a few words for a part of the country generally known as "out west."

And not for the State wherein I dwell, for so many persons having inspected her throughout the length and breadth of her borders, everybody is supposed to know that Illinois is one of God's best creations.

But I will say a word for the country which seems to be a part of another world, but which we shall all soon learn is no useless portion of our own—that country which we shall continue to regard as speaking one more earnest voice for "Liberty and Union—now and forever—one and inseparable"—Minnesota.

Many Eastern people say that Illinois is a "bluff" country; that our prairies are too long and narrow; that our sun in all his daily journey sees nought but one great ocean-level unbroken by very few gushing springs or bubbling brooks of pure water, or dark, ghostly forests, or beautiful fairy-spirit dwellings. I shall not attempt to refute these assertions, but simply say that they cannot be true.

In the strip of country, say fifteen miles in length, bordering upon the Mississippi, (I speak of the southern half of the Territory) is known as "the Bluffs," and there, being many deep ravines, some geographers say, "sudden rises of the Bluff" country is very beautiful, and may be safely believed. In traveling through such scenes of rare and varied interest as any country would be proud to contain her borders. Coming to the top of the bluffs you may look down and see a valley with a stream of as pure water as ever trout sported in, meandering merrily through it as though it were loth to go out into the bluffs. And in truth it may be,

for the sun shines not in many fairer valleys. I cannot tell how many home-seekers have loved these valleys, but the villages growing up in so many of them, say that the number is not insignificant.

Leaving this bluff country, the next region, say sixty or seventy miles in width, is as beautiful and lovely as man need desire to live in. Farther back still are the prairies, as long and broad and floor-like as any one can wish.—Queerly indeed must that soul be made which could not love this second division of country. In it are no very high bluffs—no very deep ravines, and no very large prairies. True, prairies may be found, but they are small—just large enough for small farms or large meadows or pastures, and the country would not on this account be objectionable to the most inveterate prairie-hater.

The soil is very much like that of this State, or better than that of any part of Bradford county, except perhaps the Susquehanna bottoms. It is perhaps a trifle more sandy than your river bottoms, but generally as strong and productive.

Farming is yet in its infancy, and so it is not fully known what grains are best suited for the country. The principal crops raised last season—wheat, corn and potatoes—were very good.

The climate is very much like that of Northern Pennsylvania—a little colder in the winter perhaps, but equally as pleasant and agreeable the balance of the year. Occasionally in the "mellow autumn time," the rising sun opens the doors of Heaven and lets out such a delicious, soul-satisfying morning as comes to no other country wherein I have been. Like all supremely good things, however, these mornings are rare, and it is well that they are.

Many Eastern people coming to our State, complain of a scarcity of lumber, as if that were "the one thing needful;" but give our citizens plenty of good water and we will manage to get along very well with a small quantity of lumber. And herein is Minnesota more than abundantly blessed.

In nearly every place where you could have wished, and in all manner of cozy, out-of-the-way places where you would hardly have thought of looking, are to be found springs—not little, puny, insignificant springs, which at the first sign of a warm day commence the child's play of "hide and seek," by hiding or stealing away somewhere, or disappearing very mysteriously and leaving you to seek for and yearn for them. Not such springs as these—forever away when you most want them, but springs true and constant, from whose depths you may see the clear, sparkling water come bubbling up very merrily as though it were glad to get into this world of ours. And this same water leaves "the place of its birth" without any "sighs of regret," and starts out on its mission with a merry yet gentle song; and just there is a little creek—very small may be, but still a creek, for all that; and when you see it again, only a few miles away, you will see a gravelly-bottomed stream of the purest, best water, and it will be enlivened by the sports of trout—plump and sleek fellows, which you know, and everybody knows are capital eating. This abundance of clear, sparkling spring water is not confined to any one particular place;—there is everywhere the same plenty, at least in this second division of the country.

Combined with this abundance of water, there is a great plenty of timber. Not such very large, moss-covered, aged-looking timber as you might expect to see in a country heretofore inhabited by Indians, but still very fair sized timber and of a good quality.

The game is such as is generally found in a new country;—hundreds of the finest kind of Deer are feeding upon the little bits of prairie and in the groves;—a few wolves are to be found, but they are mostly of the small or prairie kind; occasionally a bear is seen; but in this section they are very rare. Fifty miles farther back are to be found plenty of the noble Elk; and seventy miles still farther on are the Buffaloes.

It may be well enough to mention, in passing, that the Indians are rarely ever seen within seventy or eighty miles of the river, as large bodies of land have been set off by Government for their exclusive occupancy at a distance therefrom of about one hundred and twenty miles.

In reply to the question, concerning the facilities for traveling, which will probably be asked, I will say that there are good wagon roads all through this part of the territory; teams can be hired at nearly all of the villages to drive almost anywhere within a hundred miles—for their own price, however. There is a daily line of stage running between Dubuque (Iowa) and St. Paul, the Capitol of the Territory. The Railroad between these places is certain thing, as the track is already graded part of the way; that there will be branches from this to the river, at various points, no one pretends to doubt.

In regard to schools—those training fields for the young of which we are all so justly proud, I can say that they are supported in all the larger villages and at many places "in

the country," as it is called, where the village schools are not convenient.

Nor have the higher Institutions of learning been forgotten. Already the Legislature have established the University of Minnesota, at St. Paul, I believe, and also an Institution at Rochester, the county seat of Olmstead county, which it is intended shall be of a high grade. The General Government of the United States has given to each township, of six miles square, twelve hundred and eighty acres of land which must be used exclusively to help support the common schools therein; it cannot be used for any other purpose.

—That this is a highly favored country, I know, and think I have shown herein, and that to persons of small means it offers peculiar advantages, is equally certain. There is still a large quantity of Government land which can be bought for one dollar and twenty-five cents per acre; and, at the present price of Land Warrants, at about one dollar and ten cents. Many choice locations, combining the advantages of good soil, timber and water, can yet be made.

There is also a capital chance for mechanics of nearly every class. Heretofore most of the buildings have been made of logs, because sawed lumber could not be obtained; but during the past season saw-mills have been erected in various parts of the Territory; and hereafter the houses will be built like other houses—of sawed lumber, mostly. Carpenters and joiners will see what a chance there is for them.

I may here mention that there are also plenty of good stone for building purposes, and that several banks of clay suitable for brick have been found.

There are but a very few mechanics as yet in the Territory; they are very much needed. To capitalists this country presents chances rarely equalled. There are many of the finest possible "water powers"—the inhabitants generally are in moderate circumstances—and to those who step in and use their funds in a proper manner, by improving the natural resources of the country, a golden harvest is sure.

Therefore, I say, to all those who are crying "Westward, ho!"—to all those whose dreams are of the lands away toward the setting-sun, think of Minnesota!

A word in regard to the cost of getting there. Twenty dollars will pay all expenses from Towanda to Chicago. At Chicago take the Galena and Chicago Railroad to Dunleith. Fare about \$5. At Dunleith take one of the Mississippi boats to any place on the river you please. From Dunleith to Winona, 280 miles above, the fare on the Boat will be about \$5; to Wabashaw, 350 miles above Dunleith, fare will be about \$6. Winona is about 55 miles and Wabashaw about 35 or 40 miles from Rochester, before mentioned. At either of these places, teams can be hired to take you into the back country; though if you can, it is exceedingly pleasant to make the trip on foot.

Forty-five dollars will pay the expenses of a trip from Towanda to Rochester, and give a person first class passage all the way. Second class passage, part of the way, will reduce that sum a few dollars.

In conclusion, let me say, that I thus directing attention to this country, I am actuated by no selfish motives. I have no land there for sale, and own no village lots in any of the many growing, flourishing villages which are scattered about the Territory.

I made the trip in company with three friends, through the south-eastern part of the Territory, mostly on foot, purposely to see and judge for myself—and the foregoing is the result. I am so well pleased with the country, that I intend to spend the coming season up there, making it head quarters at Rochester.

Should any of your readers desire any farther information in regard to this matter, letters of inquiry may be directed to me at this place, and after the middle of April at Rochester, which I will cheerfully answer as far as I am able.

S. NOBLE.

— In England the hour of dining indicates precisely the rank. The Queen dines at eight o'clock, p. m.; the higher nobility at seven and half-past; the ordinary country gentleman at six; the professional people and richer classes of merchants and manufacturers at four or five; the shop-keepers at two or three; clerks at one; working men at twelve. As a man rises in social importance his dinner hour advances. Some men of humble origin and great luck have eaten their way from plebeian twelve all down the hours of the afternoon, and ended a glorious career by solemnly dining with royalty at eight. Splendid reward for the labor of a lifetime.

— How MANY MILES A PRINTER'S HAND TRAVELS.—Although a printer may be setting all day, yet in his own way he may be a great traveler (or, at least his hand is,) as we shall prove. A good printer will set about 8,000 ems a day, or about 24,000 letters. The distance travelled over by his hand will average about one foot per letter, going to the boxes in which they are contained, and of course returning, making two feet every letter he sets. This would make a distance, each day of 48,000 feet, or a little more than nine miles; and, in the course of the year, leaving out Sundays, the member travels about 3,000 miles.

### Down among the Coal.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

None but those who have visited the coal lands of our State can form any idea of the immensity of the mining operations. They are stupendous. They swallow up every business thought. Coal is the great staple; it is hardly paradoxical to style it the bread of life. During the last year the profits accruing to the State from the mines were upwards of nineteen millions of dollars; in coming time, when the number of capitalists is increased, and the facilities for operations become greater, who can calculate the wealth that will pour from these Golcondas of coal! Schuylkill county is the present great theater of action. I visited the place a short time since to witness the operations.

Pottsville, the principal town of the county, was at one time the scene of very extensive works; they are now worn out, and operations are proceeding further into the interior. The city is said to be completely undermined. As the veins are followed, small settlements become formed along the route; as they give out, the villages die away, and new settlements are formed at the next scene of operations.—For this reason the great coal works are found at short distances from the city; in time they will be moved further into the State, and in time, again, perhaps, (though should the world exist forever, it can hardly be,) they will die away altogether. I visited one of these settlements, called St. Clair, for the purpose of being initiated into the underground mysteries of smoke and flame, and to see the men that work in it all the time. There are nine or ten miles in extensive operation here; the entire population of the place consists of the miners and their families.

Having obtained the advice of an experienced person, as to the most safe and interesting of the works, I prepared with a friend a couple of guides, to make the descent.

I was deterred for a time by the remembrance of fearful accidents, which occur almost daily in the mines—by the thought of the terrible fire damp, which may burst from the mountain of coal at any moment; but finally curiosity prevailed over every other feeling, and my fears being somewhat lessened by the assurances of the guides, I jumped with more boldness than might be expected into the little car. There are several ways of making the descent—the method we chose was by means of the inclined plane. With all my desires and all my boasted assurance, I felt decidedly uncomfortable. The yawning chasm into which we were to pass looked gloomy enough. I paid particular attention to the iron cable (as thick as my arm) attached to the car, and felt perfectly satisfied in my own mind that it was not sufficiently strong; and my foreboding feelings were in no wise lessened by seeing the guides jump into the car, with a number of little lamps, one for each of us. This hinted fully of what was to come.

I shall never forget the awful thump that my heart gave, when our guide shouted to the engineer, "Now then!" And we began to roll slowly into the gaping abyss. The speed was increased by degrees, until we were being whirled along with the utmost velocity.—The sensation experienced on leaving the surface, and all bright things, thus to be dashed, as it were, into the very bowels of the earth, is overwhelming and cannot be described. I felt as if a tremendous weight was placed on my chest, causing my respiration to become labored and heavy; this weight became lighter, but was never entirely removed during my stay in the mine.

Down! Down! Down! I thought the old car would never stop. "Should the chain break?" I scarce dared whisper to myself.—At last, after what must have been a little time, but which, seemed to me a great while, the speed slackened, and the car stopped as we rode on to a level; here the party stepped out on the ground. I could now see clearly the path we had traveled. The slope was about four hundred yards long, and sunk at an angle of forty-five degrees—looking up from the bottom the entrance seemed a little patch of light, so far off and so small, that I felt as if I were in the middle of the earth.

Where the car had stopped was an open space, some twenty feet square. In the centre of it, opposite the opening, stood a blazing four sided grate, holding five or six bushels of coal. I was informed that this fire was kept burning to produce a greater draft in the mine. Branching off from this central position were various galleries or passages pointing in every direction. These follow the courses of various veins. Railways are laid through the entire length of each, which all connect at this mine proper. The coal is forwarded thither from the distant working grounds, and from thence to the surface. The whole of the arrangements are very beautiful. The loaded cars arrive with the utmost regularity from the various gangways, are shipped to the surface with the rapidity almost of thought, and again return, ever insatiate. We were taken into one of these passages called the "great chestnut" vein, and explored it to its utmost limits. This vein proceeded over a quarter of a mile—other veins were of a considerable length. The entire passage ways in the mine extended between four and five miles. Think of this in the heart of the earth, where every piece must be knocked away by the blow of a pick.

There seems to be a regular system of streets, that is to say, an irregular system, for they cross and re-cross each other at every imaginable curve, and angle, and through them troops of mules with loaded and empty cars, are seen passing continually. When once a mule goes into the mines he stays there for life. He had best take a long look behind him when he is put into the fatal car, for it is the last time he'll see the sun. Stables are prepared for them, (which they don't occupy much, however,) and they eat and work—sleep and work—work and die, down there among the coal. Many a man, however, does the same thing above ground.

As we were proceeding along an avenue one of the guides remarked that the walking

was remarkably good for this season of the year. This I understood to be facetious, seeing that the water had been nearly up to my ankles all the way, and endeavored to smile as in duty bound. I discovered, however, that our friend was not only perfectly serious, but very true in his remark, as it was by no means unusual for the mud and water to be knee deep in the galleries. The water oozes out of the rocks and coal—sometimes and in some places in drops, at others in perfect streams—continually. It sounds like rain always falling. The further you go down, of course, the greater the annoyance becomes; and in very deep mines, powerful pumps have to be kept in constant operation, in order to prevent the water from accumulating too rapidly.

Not the least interesting feature of this underground city was the miners at work. The lights are so feeble that we come continually and unexpectedly upon little squads of workers. The lamps, indeed, shine sometimes so dimly that you can scarcely distinguish the burrowing moving mass from the other black stuff around it. Sometimes, however, larger lamps are hung up around, and you are enabled to inspect more closely their operations. There is, however, not a great deal to witness in the mechanical execution. Knocking the coal from the rocks with his pick, and piling it in the cars which are to convey it to the sun, constitute the miner's employment. To come across a body of these men thus engaged, you would think indeed that it was a very Hades, and that the miners were fiends incarnate. The peculiar smut from the coal gives a most demoralizing expression to the countenance, and the effect of the light and shadow on a group is startling in the extreme.

I walked on musingly. Pick! pick!—pick! and the fall of the coal, varied by the calling of the mule boy to his animals and the rolling off of the car.

Their occupation is suggestive, too, thought I, burrowing in the fire stuff forever.

The guide who accompanied me seemed quite an intelligent person, and I learned a number of interesting facts from his conversation. He spoke of the operations of the arrangement of signals; of the manner and regulations of the miners, and of many other things. After telling me of the dull routine of a miner's life, I threw up my hands—

"What are these men whose souls cannot point them to something better than this?"

"Sir," said my friend, "you are mistaken. The miner is as happy in his occupation, and as proud of it, as you are of yours. These things must be done; you should rather thank God that there are men to be found ready and willing to do them."

Harshly rebuked by this, "it did not answer my doubt," I said, "I did not see how any one could choose such a life."

"That," said the guide, "is a mystery—very probably because their fathers and grandfathers were miners before them, and they have never seen or heard of anything better. It is, however, certain that they are contented and in their way happy. I know many an old miner, those who have been in eminent peril of their lives scores of times, who would rather now work down these mines—in the midst of the fire-damp—than labor on the surface for treble a miner's wages. It is a thing we cannot explain, but it is so."

My guide went on in his garrulous, though interesting strain. He spoke of the terrible fire-damp—the most deadly enemy of the operator. Scarcely a day passes but some are burned with it, often fatally. It is harmless of itself, but on contact with fire explodes with a terrible force—burning every one within its reach. It occurs most generally in mines where there is want of ventilation, but no mine is entirely free from it—any blow from a pick may let a flood of the poisonous vapor out upon the operator. The fact of the damp being fired in any part of the mine becomes immediately known to those in the other galleries by a peculiar sensation in the head. It feels as if powerfully compressed on either side about the temples, together with a smarting and tingling in the eyes. When the miner becomes aware of this (and he knows but too well what it portends) the best thing he can do is to drop like a dead man and grovel in the mud and water—drop instantly and thrust his head, feet and hands into the mire as far as strength will serve. Should he accomplish this in time the gas may pass over him without harm; but should he neglect the warning or even be too tardy to take advantage of it, he must suffer most horribly. Instances have been known where men, though half buried in the mud, have had the flesh burned from their backs as the destroyer passed over them. After a labored recital of the terrors, the guide turned to me coolly and asked me if I should like to see some of the fire damp?

"See some of it!" I almost shrieked.

"Yes," said he, "with the Davy's safety lamp, I can show it to you with perfect impunity."

I thanked him hurriedly, but declined the offer.

Numerous other perils assail the operator every day. The fire damp is not the only deadly agent from which he suffers. There is another vapor sometimes exhaled, called the black damp, which suffocates the victim.—There is no escape from this—death is inevitable. Many a man, too, has met his end by the falling of huge masses of coal, and the crushing in of embankments. The guide related several instances of this kind within his memory, and said that men had been known to disappear suddenly, and that nothing had been heard of them for a long time afterward, when their remains were found by their fellow workmen in digging after coal.

We had now gone over the entire grounds, and were returned to the place of embarkment. The beat that my heart gave in going down, was nothing to the throb I felt in every vein, on beholding again the sun. I felt as if a heavy weight was taken from my breast suddenly, and had left me as light as a fairy. Still I shall never regret my visit to the coal mine.

THE WANTS OF THE AGES.—It is a man's destiny still to be longing for something, and the gratification of one set of wishes but prepares the unsatisfied soul for the conception of another. The child of a year old wants little but food and sleep; and no sooner is he supplied with a sufficient allowance of either of those very excellent things, than he begins whimpering, and yells it may be, for the other. At three, the young urchin becomes enamored of sugar plums, apple pie, and confectionary. At six, his imagination runs to kites, marbles, and tops, and abundance of play time. At ten, the boy wants to leave school, and have nothing to do but go bird-nesting and blackberry hunting. At fifteen, he wants a beard and mustaches, a watch, and a pair of Wellington boots. At twenty, he wishes to cut a figure and ride horses; sometimes his thirst for display breaks out in dandyism, and sometimes in poetry; he wants sadly to be in love, and takes it for granted that all the ladies are dying for him. The young man of twenty-five wants a wife; and at thirty he longs to be single again. From thirty to forty he wants to be rich, and thinks more of making money than spending it. About this time, also he dabbles in politics and wants office. At fifty he wants excellent dinners and wine, and considers a nap in the afternoon indispensable. The respectable old gentleman of sixty wants to retire from business with a snug independence of three or four hundred thousands, to marry his daughters, and set up his sons, and live in the country; and then for the rest of his life he wants to be young again.

DICKENS' PICTURE OF WOMAN.—The true woman, for whose ambition a husband's love and her children's adoration are sufficient, who applies her military institute to the discipline of her household, and whose legislative exercises themselves in making laws for her nurse; whose intellect has field enough for her in communion with her husband, and whose heart asks no other honors than his love and admiration; a woman who does not think it a weakness to attend to her toilet, and who does not disdain to be beautiful; who believes in the virtue of glossy hair and well fitting gowns, and who eschews rents and raveled edges, slipshod shoes and audacious make-ups; a woman who speaks low and does not speak much; who is patient and gentle, and intellectual and industrious; who loves more than she reasons, and yet does not love blindly; who never scolds and never argues, but adjusts with a smile; such a woman is the wife we have all dreamed of once in our lives, and is the mother we still worship in the backward distance of the past.

At Pekin, China, there is a phalanstery called the "House of Hen Feathers," where the poor are lodged for one fifth of a farthing per night. It is simply a vast hall, thickly strewn with feathers. Men, women, and children all lie down together in the beauty of communism; an immense covering is then let down over the party, with holes through which the sleepers put their heads, so as not to be suffocated. At daylight the phalanstorian canopy is hoisted up, after a signal on the tam tam to invite holders to draw back their heads or swing.

A CONTRIVANCE FOR REMEDYING SMOKY CHIMNEYS.—The following method for remedying smoky chimneys is recommended in the London Critic: A revolving fan is placed vertically in the opening of a small, compact, moving cowl, fixed on the chimney-top. The gentlest current of air sets this fan in motion, creating an upward draught in the chimney, preventing the return of smoke, gaseous vapors, &c., into the apartment, and also the falling of soot and rain.

CLASSIFICATION OF THE ALPHABET.—Which are the most industrious letters?—The Bees. Which are the most extensive letters?—The Seas. Which are the most fond of comfort?—The Ease. Which are the most egotistical letters?—The I's. Which are the longest letters?—The Ells. Which are the noisier letters?—The Oh's. Which are the eatable letters?—The Peas. Which are the greatest laborers?—The Teas. Which are the sensible letters?—The Wise.

There was a fellow in the State of New York asked a young lady out to ride; the lady agreed; he drove around to the house at the appointed time; she made her appearance dressed in the prevailing fashion; having got herself and hoops into the cutter, the young man saw there was no chance for him, whereupon he mounted the horse's back and drove off in triumph.

"Vat you makes dare?" inquired a Dutchman of his daughter, who was being kissed by her sweetheart, very clamorously:—"Oh, not much, only courting, dat's all!" "Oh! dat's all, eh? I thought you was vighting!"

John Randolph once said to man who refused to fight a duel on the plea that he belonged to the church, though no one suspected him of being a Christian: "I revere a true and consistent Christianity; but I do not like a man who turns Christian merely to hide himself under a communion table."

"You look as though you were beside yourself," as the wag said to a fop who happened to be standing beside a donkey.

A colored clergyman in Philadelphia recently gave notice as follows, from the pulpit: "There will be four days meeting every opening this week, except Wednesday afternoon."

Reform those things in yourself that you blame in others.

Which tree bears gold and silver fruit? Industry.