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TOWANDA:

Saturday Morning, May 3, 1856.

Selected Poetry.

OUR CHILDHOOD.

BY GEORGE D. FRENCH.

It is sweet—yet sweet—to listen
To the soft wind's gentle swell,
And think we hear the music
Our childhood knew so well;
To gaze out on the even,
And the boundless fields of air,
And feel again our boyish wish
To roam like angels there!

There are many dreams of gladness
That float around the past,
And from the tomb of feeling
Old thoughts come thronging fast—
The ferns we loved so dearly,
In the happy days now gone,
The beautiful and lovely
Scenes that look upon.

These bright and lovely maidens
Who seemed so formed for bliss,
The devotion and too heavenly
For such a world as this!
Whose soft dark eyes seemed swimming
In a sea of liquid light,
And whose locks of gold were streaming
Over brows so sunny bright.

Whose smiles were like the sunshine
In the spring-time of the year—
The changeful gleams of April
They followed every year!
They have passed—like hope—away—
And their loveliness has fled—
Oh! many a heart is mourning
That they are with the dead.

Like the bright buds of summer
They have fallen from the stem—
No more it is a lovely death
To fade from earth like them!

And yet—the thought is saddening
To gaze on such as they—
And yet that all the beautiful
Are passing fast away!
But the fair ones whom we love
Open to each loving breast,
The winds of the clinging vine;
Then perch where they rest.

And can we but think of these
In the soft and gentle spring,
When the trees are waving o'er us,
And the flowers are blossoming!
For we know that winter's coming
With his cold and stormy sky—
And the glorious beauty around us
Is blossoming but to die!

Miscellaneous.

[From the New York Dispatch.]

Camp Meetings.

This Sunday morning, found one or two couples seated at the breakfast table, discussing the merits and demerits of the various ones before them: filling up the intervals with coffee, and general remarks on the inclination of the weather outside. Old "Sol" had been dodging among the clouds contentedly, waving his face for a moment, and then ducking behind some of his rapacious companions, as though he seemed determined to have a long game of hide-and-seek.

Well, Charley, what think you of the weather, fair or foul, and of a drive over to Camp Meeting? What say you?

Nothing to me of camp meetings, I have a perfect horror of them, and always avoid the vicinity.

As to the weather, from all appearances I think it will rain or not rain; that's my private opinion, publicly expressed.

Well, that's an opinion; but Charley, why do you have a horror of camp meetings? don't you know there is always a wide margin for fun? a lively and hearty-hearted this morning? Cheer up, cheer up!

Yes, yes! it's all very well to say cheer up, but to do so is quite another matter. I'm very sorry you mentioned the word camp meeting to me. Haven't I told you before, that the very name brought painful recollections to my mind?

Indeed! how is that? You, who I suppose had no recollections of that kind, but which such as had their origin in scenes of a different nature, and particularly when connected with camp meetings? But tell me about them. There must be a sad story at the bottom of this to affect you thus. Come, Charley, speak it!

Well, had me yonder chair to rest my weary limbs on, and prepare yourself for an evening's tale.

You remember I told you I once had an uncle who was noted for his eccentricities—his great-uncle of mine was a devout Methodist, and in a general way a most excellent man.

Uncle James was an old-fashioned man, who depicted the togger of the Revolutionary war—short pants, knee-buckles, and all—occasionally on all important occasions and on Sundays. The old man was well-to-do in the neighborhood, with an open hand and pocket for all charitable purposes, and especially when the time came to send Missionaries to the Foreign Islands, or to supply the destitute infants of Africa with "fine tooth combs, red-dannel socks, and good moral tracts." In physical appearance, he was a perfect Jack Falstaff, being five feet five inches high, and the same weight.

Now, as I said before, my uncle James was a devout Methodist of the old school. His sermons were louder than any other's; his voice more fervent, and his devotion to the cause of Zion generally more sincere and ardent. When he put his shoulder to the wheel of good cause always moved forward. In going up and managing camp meetings, he was perfectly at home, and had but few superstitious notions.

It was always the highest seat near the pulpit, and when Uncle James said "let

us pray," every one placed themselves in the most comfortable position possible for a long prayer. Then the old gentleman would let himself out, and in his never-tiring, never-ceasing way, go through with his prayer, touch at the strong points, giving his Satanic Majesty a thorough overhauling, pitching into sin and wickedness generally, and particularly into the wicked sinners present, with a hearty good will, giving them the full benefit of his experience, and well he knew their weak points, having been himself, in his younger days, a wild, dare-devil youth, (so at least rumor had it,) a regular brick.

"Well do I remember an intensely hot day in August. Old Sol was pouring down his burning rays upon the earth, and all inanimate Nature seemed crisped and parched, while every walking and creeping thing had sought some cooling retreat from the roasting heat of the sun.

"That very morning my father had proposed to his two boys a walk through the woods to a camp meeting, some two or three miles distant, and like boys of six and eight, (as we were,) we were much elated with the idea.

"In due time we arrived at the camping-ground where we found people to the number of 3,000, already assembled, anxiously awaiting the coming of the presiding elder, who soon made his appearance and ascended the pulpit, where were congregated some twenty or thirty brother ministers.

"My respected uncle, attired in his Sunday-go-to-meeting suit, minus his coat and waistcoat, was as usual seated directly under the droppings of the sanctuary. On every side from the pulpit, as a general centre, extended rows of rude seats, forming a sort of amphitheatre, which were occupied by the attentive congregation. Consequently, Uncle James was in full view of every one.

"I am thus particular in order to impress you fully with the ludicrousness of the scene that followed.

"As ill luck would have it, my father seated himself and his two boys on the seat immediately behind the one occupied by our worthy uncle and aunt. As I said before, the day was intensely hot, and my uncle had thrown off his coat and vest, the better to combat the great enemy, leaving his boots, unmentionables, and one other garment, as the only covering to his person.

"Now, these unmentionables depended for support, entirely upon the adhesive properties of a massive button behind, which constituted their whole and only sustaining power. This button was a perfect treasure in the eye of the youngsters behind him, and their curiosity was raised to the highest pitch. It was a bronze button, with a device of a hunter, with his horse and dogs. The performance had now reached the praying point, and the old gentleman, with his brothers and sisters, were soon on their knees; and he in spirit, at once placed himself outside this wicked world, forgetting alike the sorrows of the present state of existence and the mischievous boys on the bench behind him; but we were not idle; in a twinkling I whipped out my "bowlen knife" and severed the connecting link between the pants and the bronze button, quietly putting the treasure in my pocket, of course. I was too young to know that effects always followed causes. After a hearty Amen! (but G. order up another "amen" before I make the awful disclosure—there, that's right). As I said before, after a hearty amen, the old gent placed himself in an upright position, and his pants went gently down on his boots.

"There was one will shent. My old aunt, who was standing by his side, made a desperate effort to catch the receding pants, but missed the mark and caught the only remaining garment, which in her nervous anxiety, she elevated, and firmly held at his shoulders, believing that she was holding the aforesaid pants. Did I say there was one shent? Well, now, shouts followed after shout, until the welkin rang, again and again.

"Well, G., the consequence was, my father walked me through the woods, three miles in about four minutes, and gave me the most confounding thrashing I ever got from that quarter. Since that period, as I told you this morning, I have had a perfect horror of Camp Meetings."

No Gloom at Home.—Above all things there should be no gloom in the home. The shadows of dark discontent and wretched fretfulness should never cross the threshold, throwing these large, black shapes, like funeral pall over the happy rosy spirits gathered there. If you will, your home shall be a heaven and every inmate an angel there. If you will you shall sit on a throne and be the presiding household deity. O! faithful wife, what privileges—what treasures greater or purer than this?

And let the husband strive to forget his cares as he winds around the long, narrow street and beholds the soft light illumining his little parlor, spreading its precious beams on the red pave before it. He has been harassed, perplexed, persecuted. He has borne with many a cruel tone, many a cold word, and nerved himself up to all energy so desperate that his frame and spirits are weakened and depressed, and his limbs ache with weariness. His temples throb with the pain that caused by a too constant application.—He scarcely knows how to meet his wife with a pleasant smile, or sit down cheerfully to their little meal, which she has provided with so much care.

But the door is opened—the overcoat thrown hastily off. A sweet, singing voice falls upon his ear, and the tones are so soft and glad that he bosom, like a winged angel, flies right into his bosom and nestles against his heart.

A home where gloom is banished—presided over by one who has learned to rule herself and her household—Oh! he is thrice contented for all his trials. He cannot be unhappy. That sweetest, dearest, best solace is his—a cheerful home. Do you wonder that the man is strengthened anew for to-morrow's cares?

Physical Geography—The History of the Earth.

Physical Geography is a new science. Its rapid development during the last thirty years has resulted chiefly from the untiring labors of the great Alexander Von Humboldt. It is intimately connected with, and indeed, strictly speaking, is a branch of geology. Giving to the latter science its true definition, geology is a description and physical history of the globe—of the entire earth, including the history of the animal and vegetable races; of the races that have once lived, but which have long since passed away, as well as of those that now have being.

But employed in a more restricted and practical sense, geology refers especially to the interior of the earth, to the description and formation of those vast beds of granite, sandstone, slate, and limestone that make up what is termed the crust of the earth; and also to the innumerable fossil remains of animals and plants which were entombed among them; while physical geography is usually understood to embrace the study of the earth's exterior, of the surface, the study of the land, the sea, the atmosphere, and of the animals and plants which they support.

"But how differs physical geography from common geography?" some of our young readers may inquire. There is quite a wide difference between the two. Common, or, as it may be more properly termed, statistical or political geography, relates chiefly to man and his works, to the arbitrary division of the earth into states and empires, and treats of the land, the sea, and the air only so far as they refer to man's interests; whereas physical geography treats only of the natural divisions of the earth; and man is there regarded only as a fellow-inhabitant of the globe, in common with other animals.

Scientific men are led to believe, from various geological and astronomical observations, that the planet on which we live was once in a melted state—that it was in fact a huge red-hot ball, eight thousand miles in diameter.—While in this melted or fused condition, it is evident that no water could exist upon its surface, for it would then instantly be converted into steam; and consequently the immense volume of the ocean must then have existed in the state of vapor dispersed through the air.

The condition and appearance of our atmosphere in those early times must have been singular indeed. It hung over and shut in the earth, like a great white shroud. But gradually and very slowly the surface became cooled and hardened, and a crust of granite or of lava was formed, its thickness constantly increasing. Finally, after the lapse of great periods of time, when the cooling had sufficiently advanced, the watery vapor floating through the air became gradually condensed into the liquid form, till at last the entire surface of the globe was covered by one continuous heated ocean, in which for a long time, probably, no dry land, nor even a rocky islet, was to be found.

As the surface became hardened, it became also cracked and broken, and covered with rugged elevations of rock, upon which the currents of the new-formed ocean acted with great power, breaking them down, and grinding and wearing them into pebbles, sand and soil; this sand and soil being deposited over the earth in great beds or strata, which finally by the action of great heat and other causes, were converted into beds of solid rock, these in their turn being broken, ground, and worn down by the sea, for the formation of other strata, the same process being repeated many times, and indeed being still continued in our day by the same old ocean.

How long the heated sea entirely covered the globe we can never know; but eventually rocky islands and small patches of dry land, one after another, emerged from the tepid waters, and new-born "firmaments" were lifted up to greet the sun. This grand event was effected by the agency of the earth's internal elevating forces, the nature and operation of which are as yet not fully understood, but which, during probably the entire history of our planet, have been and are acting with constant and tremendous power. This same power produces not only the gradual elevation of the land and mountain chains, but probably explains the existence of volcanoes and the cause of earthquakes.

One of the grandest and most interesting truths of geology is that of the great antiquity of the globe. It most completely proves that the age of the earth must not be reckoned by thousands, but by millions, and it may be billions, of years! During these immense periods of time, its condition and appearance were continually changing. What was dry land at the beginning of one period of epoch, might at the end of that epoch, or in some succeeding one, be the bottom of a deep ocean, and again, in some subsequent period, be upraised above the waters. The very locality on which the reader is now living has in all probability been many times covered by the waters of the sea. But during all these mighty changes, the amount of dry land has been slowly but certainly increasing, and becoming gradually more and more fitted for the habitation of man, the last created of all beings that have lived upon the earth. The dry land at the present time covers about one quarter of the globe.

The cooling of the earth has advanced with extreme slowness—so slowly, indeed, that at this time the thickness of the crust amounts probably to not more than thirty miles, while all below is yet in a melted state. During a long, long period there was no living thing upon the earth, but in the fullness of time, when the sea and land had become sufficiently cool to sustain animal life, the Creator placed in the world a few small shell-fish, together with a few species of polyps and sea-plants, bidding them "Be fruitful and multiply." It was the beginning of terrestrial life, and one of the grand events in the destiny of our planet.

The physical geography of the globe at that epoch bore no resemblance to the physical geography of today. There was then no great

body of land; islands only existed—these probably of no great extent, and destitute of rivers, and lakes, and mountain chains. The climate must have been intensely hot and moist; no change of seasons, no snow nor ice.

But the condition of the earth was all the while changing, and eventually it became unfitted for the existence of these first and simplest of created things, and they perished and passed away forever; while other races of creatures, animals, and plants, of large and more complicated structure, and higher in the scale of being, were called into existence, these in their turn to pass away and give place to other species, still farther advanced, whenever the mighty and never-ceasing changes in the physical geography of the globe made the substitution necessary. And thus it went on to the grand and glorious consummation—the creation of man, who, both in intellect and bodily structure, is comparably superior to all other earthly creatures that have yet lived. The earth had finally become fitted for his dwelling-place. It was for him, and him alone, that all these vast and long-continued preparations had been going on.

Such are the revelations in the history of our planet, as recorded by the geologist; and we know that his record is true. Of the millions and myriads of animals and plants that lived and perished before man was placed in the world, the crust of the earth in all parts of the globe is filled with innumerable remains, oftentimes are found the entire skeletons of animals that bear no resemblance to any now living.

A STORM ON THE GREAT AFRICAN DESERT.—Mr. Lowth, in his "Travels in Africa," thus describes one of the storms peculiar to that region:—"We had nearly gained the Wady Araba, when dark clouds appeared to gather in the south and west, and it was soon evident that a storm was pursuing us and would probably be upon us before long. I never saw clouds gather so rapidly for a storm as these did. The baggage camels were some little distance behind us, and as we halted for them and the tent to protect us from the coming deluge, by ill-luck the whole body of camels in a dip of the ground took a wrong turn and followed a hollow leading away from us. But the storm was coming on fast—nothing could be finer than its advance. The air about us was bright and sunny and still, and a mile distance through the clear atmosphere was approaching one enormous wall of sand; from right to left it extended with a wide front, and from earth to heaven, and behind it we heard the storm—the roll of the thunder and the roar of the wind. It was singularly fine; but the question was—which would be up with us first; the camels or the wall of sand? Men hurried off across the waving plain to check the camels in their line, and we prepared to receive the storm. We wrapped ourselves in our cloaks, put down our dromedaries—their bags around us and ourselves under their lee, and so we sat on the ground and waited.—Fortunately the wall of sand proved to be a little in advance of the rain, and this and the camels made a race of it, and ran a dead heat. We were half blinded and choked by the sand as it swept over us in a pass, but the animals struggled in the midst of it—all hands went to work to get up one small tent—the storm belted in our ears—in our blinded state we could see nothing beyond a few yards—the rain came down, but the tent spread its protecting folds—we huddled under it—and then the storm burst on us in all its fury. The ground was good holding ground, and the little tent, though it threatened perpetually and loudly to go right away and on into the Wady Araba, did not do so, but stood fast. I never knew heavier rain for twenty minutes, but it did not penetrate the canvas. The rain continued for about an hour, and then it was fine."

A few days since, a good old lady of this village, meeting a farmer in our street on a load of hay, inquired of him if it was for sale; on being answered in the affirmative, she asked him to turn his team around and drive to her husband's barn yard, some quarter of a mile distant. Her request was complied with, and after the barn yard was reached, the old lady informed the teamster that she only wanted a cent's worth of hay for a hen's nest, and that while he was throwing it off she would step into the house and get the change! The driver was ungalant enough to curse the old lady and her heas, refused to retail his hay.—Portland Transcript.

THE SAILOR'S RETORT.—A sailor was called upon to stand as a witness. "Well, sir," said the lawyer, "do you know the plaintiff and defendant?" "I don't know the drift of them words," answered the sailor. "What! not know the plaintiff and defendant?" continued the lawyer; "a pretty fellow you to come here as a witness. Can you tell me where on board the ship it was that man struck the other one?" "Aboard the binnacle," said the sailor. "Aboard the binnacle," said the lawyer; "what do you mean by that?" "A pretty fellow you," responded the sailor, "come here as a lawyer, and don't know what about the binnacle means."

BEAUTIFUL ANNOUNCEMENT OF SPRING.—The following beautiful announcement of Spring, clipped from a very old book, which cannot be too often read, is very appropriate to the season now opening upon us:—"Lo, the winter is passed; the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the turtle is heard in the land; the fig tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell." No modern writer can excel this beautiful description of the coming spring.

Vicious company is as dangerous as an infectious and contagious distemper, and therefore ought to be carefully and industriously avoided.

Not Drap More, 'Thout it's Sweetened."

[From the Montgomery Mail.]

It is astonishing how firmly certain words and phrases become incorporated in our vernacular, by the chance telling of an anecdote, or anything of that sort. A very common metaphorical expression is contained in the words, "getting the hang." It is of universal application and convenience, and became popular from the day of its "first appearance" in the New Orleans Picayune, ten years ago, as the nub of a story of a western gambler in a steamboat who refused to refund certain monies fraudulently obtained, although made fast to a piston rod of the machinery, and compelled, every second, alternately, to plunge and jump backwards, to prevent, in the one case, his head from being jerked off, and in the other, his brains from being dashed out by the regular powerful stroke.

"Let me alone; I'm just getting the hang of the machinery," he exclaimed, when it was demanded, "Won't you pay back, now?" And so in law, politics, religion and morals, science and art, the American people have been getting the hang ever since.

"Not a drop more, 'thout it's sweetened," is a household phrase in a part of Georgia and Alabama. A man declines, with it, to renew a game of cards at which he has been unsuccessful; a rustic expresses, by the elegant periphrasis, his determination to drop the acquaintance of some cruel beauty; the little politician vows, in these terms, to abstain, in future, from some particular course which has proven unprofitable; and so on, through a thousand phases and cases of common-place life, it answers its purposes of a playful, but decided negation or declension for the party using it. In fact, it is a rather liberal rendering of the Shakespearean "No more of that Hal, and thou lovest me," though mostly by those who never read Shakespeare.

We believe that our friend, Col. L. Haralson, formerly of Georgia, is entitled to the credit of the story out of which grew the expression.—He tells it about thus:—

Twenty years ago, it was the custom in north western Georgia, as indeed it was throughout the southwest, for dry goods dealers to keep a barrel of "sperrets" in the back room, and to "treat liberal customers to a glass whenever desired."

Fillets and Dewberry were such dealers in one of the small towns indicated; and they had for a customer a clever, frolicking old fellow, named Joe Denny, who drank whiskey in preference to water, always, and whose wife was "flesh of his flesh" in that particular.—The old couple would come to town, trade quite freely, and quite as freely imbibe the spirits in the back room of the dealers we have named.

On one occasion both the old man and old woman continued their potatoes inordinately; and as Fillets observed that his goods went better the drunker the old woman became, he pressed her to drink.

At last she refused unless he "would sweeten it with a little store sugar." The amiable shop-keeper indulged her, and when the old people started home in the evening late, the old man could scarcely mount his horse, and the good wife had actually to be lifted and placed on the pillow behind him. Happily, she leaned one way, and her husband the other, so that the gravitating point was between them; and as she clung to him instinctively, they passed out of the village safely.

Before reaching their home, however, they had to cross a small creek, and when their horse stepped in to drink, the old lady having reached unconsciousness, released her hold, and quietly lapsed in the stream below. Occupied with his thoughts, the old man did not perceive his loss, but jogged slowly homeward. Arrived there, the children inquired anxiously for "mum," but the old man could only say that she had been on the "critter," and the "critter" hadn't kicked up any time, so he couldn't say where she mout be! and threw himself stupid on a bed.

Girls and boys flew along the road the old man had come, yelling many a "ma-wee!" but of course no money responded.

When they arrived at the creek, the oldest girl shouted "yonder she is, sitting down in the creek!" And there she was, seated comfortably in the water, which came nearly up to her mouth. As she swayed back and forth, now yielding to the impetuosity of the stream, and now resisting it with some success, the muddy fluid would occasionally wet her lips, and each time it did so, she would faintly exclaim with a grim effort to smile:—

"Not a drop more, Mr. Fillets, 'thout it's sweetened." And it is to this romantic little incident in the life of the venerable Mrs. Joe Denny, that we are indebted for one of our most popular colloquial phrases.

"In our County Court," writes an Eastern friend, "one of our smart young lawyers was well come up with the other day. A witness, in a case of assault, was asked by the junior counsel, 'How far was you, sir, from the parties when the alleged assault took place?'"

"Four feet five inches and a half," was the answer promptly given.

"Ah!" fiercely demanded the lawyer, "how came you to be so very exact as all this?"

"Because," said the witness, very coolly, "I expected that some confounded ass would likely as not ask me, and so I wreat and measured it."

It is to the virtues and errors of our conversation and ordinary deportment we owe both our enemies and our friends, our good or bad character abroad, our domestic peace and troubles, and in a high degree the improvement and deprivation of our minds.

If any one can convince me that I am wrong in any point of sentiment or practice, I will alter it with all my heart, for it is truth I seek, and that can hurt nobody, it is only persisting in error or ignorance that can hurt us.

Many persons who are poor let their children grow up to fourteen or sixteen years of age, or till they can support them no longer, before they put them to labor. Such children, not having any idea of what work is, and having acquired habits of idleness, go forth to impose upon their employers with laziness. There is a repulsiveness in all work set before them, and to get it done, no matter how, is their only aim. They are ambitious at play, but dull at work. The consequence is they do not stick to one thing but a short time; they rove about the world, get into mischief, and finally find their way to the state prison or almshouse.

Lazy Boys.

A lazy boy makes a lazy man, just as sure as a crooked twig makes a crooked tree. Who ever saw a boy grow up in idleness, that did not make a shiftless vagabond when he became a man, unless he had a fortune to keep up appearances? The great mass of thieves, paupers and criminals that fill our penitentiaries and almshouses, have come up to what they are being brought up in idleness. Those who constitute the business part of the community, those who make our great and useful men, were trained up in their boy-hood to be industrious.

When a boy is old enough to begin to play in the street, then he is old enough to be taught how to work. Of course, we would not deprive children of healthful, playful exercises, or the time they should spend in study, but teach them to work, little by little, as a child is taught at school. In this way he will acquire habits of industry which will not forsake him when he grows up.

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With the habit of idleness, vice may generally, if not invariably, be found. When the mind and hands are not occupied in some useful employment, an evil genius finds them enough to do. They are found in the streets till late in the evening, learning vulgar and profane habits from their elders in vice. They may be seen hanging around groceries, bar-rooms and stores, where crowds congregate, but they are seldom if ever found engaged in study.

A lazy boy, is not only a bad boy, but a disgrace to his parents, for it is through their neglect he becomes thus. No parents, however poor, in these times of cheap books and newspapers, need let their children grow up in idleness. If they cannot be kept at manual labor, let their minds be kept at work, make them industrious scholars, and they will be industrious in any business they may undertake in after life.

We know of many boys—young men—old enough to do business for themselves, who cannot read, and much less, write their own names. They too, are lazy, for ignorance and laziness are twin brothers. We always feel sorry for such young men—their habits are for life—the twig bent in childhood has grown a distorted tree, and there is no remedy for it. They must pass through life as they have lived—in laziness and ignorance. Think of it young reader, and take heed that your habits and character be not formed like theirs.

ABOUT LUCK.—Henry Ward Beecher, in a recent lecture, says:—

"I may here, as well as anywhere, impart the secret of what is called good luck and bad luck. There are men who supposing Providence to have an implacable spite against them, bemoan in poverty to a wretched old age the misfortune of their lives. Luck forever ran against them and for others.

One with a good profession, lost his fish in the river, where he idled away his time fishing when he should have been in the office.—Another, with a good trade, perpetually burnt up his luck by his hot temper, which provoked all his employees to leave him. Another, with a lucrative business, lost his luck by amazing diligence at everything but his business. Another, who steadily followed his trade, as steadily followed the bottle. Another, who was honest and constant at his work, erred by perpetual misjudgments; he lacked discretion.—Hundreds lose their luck by endorsing, by sanguine speculations; by trusting fraudulent men—and by dishonest gains. A man never has good luck who has a bad wife. I never knew an early rising, hard working man, careful of his earnings, and strictly honest, who complained of bad luck. A good character, good habits and iron industry, are impregnable to the assaults of all the ill luck that fools ever dreamed of. But when I see a tatterdemalton creeping out of a grocery late in the forenoon, with his hands stuck into his pockets, the rim of his hat turned up, and the crown knocked in, I know he has had bad luck—for the worst of all luck is to be a sluggard, a knave or a tippler."

There is a chap out west so mean that he boils two bone buttons in a pint of water. This cruel lasts him exactly one month. He has used the buttons so long that he has boiled all the holes out of them. He keeps warm in the winter time by standing under his next door neighbor's gas-lamp.

A gentleman rode up to a public house in the country, and asked, "Who is the master of this house?" "I am, sir," replied the landlord, "my wife has been dead about three weeks."

The deepest waters are the most silent; empty vessels make the greatest sound and tinkling symbols the worst music. They who think least, commonly speak most.

The husband of a beautiful wife, upon returning home one day, was met by one of his offspring, all smiles, clapping his hands and saying, "Pa, Mr. B.—has been here—'he's such a nice man—he kissed us all round, and mother too!"

The man who lately received a "lock of hair" is on the look out for a key to it.