

THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

VOL. XVIII.—NO. 1.

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

TOWANDA

Thursday Morning, June 11, 1873.

Selected Poetry.

LOOKING BACK.

Over the moor the wailing wind
Was floating like a keel,
Its mournful music on the ear
Like solemn dirges fell;
Then to the soul 'twould gently waft
A musical refrain,
That touched a chord like that of some
Almost forgotten strain.
Although the wintry wind
Was wailing round the door,
The welcome firelight bright within
Was dancing on the floor:
In silence deep an old man sat,
Before the fire alone,
He noticed not the cheerful light,
Heard not the wild winds moan.
But with a deeply mournful heart,
He wandered o'er the past,
And many olden memories
Came thronging thick and fast;
Before the altar now he stood,
A loved one by his side,
And vowed to love and cherish,
His young and happy bride.
He felt her hand within his own,
Her kiss upon his cheek,
Until he almost lost his breath
To hear his loved one speak:
He saw the lovelight of her eye,
Like that of Heaven's blue,
The love of one pure heart was his,
A heart sincere and true.
With spirit bowed the poor man,
Looked back through misty tears
To other days that long had past
Within the tomb of years:
He saw the old familiar house,
That stood beneath the hill,
And o'er the windows lowly hung
The wondrous clambered air.
He listened, and he thought he heard
The music of the stream,
Along whose banks his children led
To wander and to stray;
And then he went his hither way,
The tolls of the day were o'er,
His children met him at the door,
His wife was at the door.
The old clock struck—the chime at home,
The old man's dreamland was
He found he still must journey on
Life's weary way alone;
He felt he'd meet his "re-appeared"
With them would we our own
When he had passed away from earth
His life star had gone down.

CELESTIAL JURISPRUDENCE.

It is possible to have much more even so god a thing as civilization. The Chinaman's case in point. It not fair call him a barbarian. It is no lack, but opportunity. It is the political degradation of his country. We Yankee barbarians refuse to leave something to chance. We would have our friends' foes having suffered a chance tread—exclaim violently, irks of viciously, against this "imperfectibility" of things. It is what lawyers, with a sharp-toothed, have denominated "the glorious uncertainty of the law"—a very troublesome thing to the individual sometimes, but resting in the general good.
Now China is a country fenced (or walled) in, and of course nothing can be left to chance there. Celestial philosophers, and emperors have been treading away at the Chinese law-code the centuries, until the result is the Chia of the present day.
Chinese legislation is, as may be supposed, the most complicated, the most unreasonable, the most barbarous, and the most absurd imaginable. Its great aim is to prevent beforehand for all possible or conceivable circumstances of crime or misdemeanor. Its results are, a cumbersome, unmanageable code; undue legal interference in such family and personal affairs as are best regulated by public opinion, custom, and private conscience; and finally a barbarous severity and endless variety of punishments.
The bamboo is the favorite punishment of the Celestials. An old proverb says: "Of a surety here men be always eating or being beaten." In fact, these are the two alternatives in Celestial life. A man's rise in the world is just this—fencing the recipient of the bamboo to being its administrator. The vicarious bamboos to mandarins, these bamboos the inferior officers, these turn bamboo the common people, and even the last have flagellatory privileges for his husband bamboos his wife, and his father's son—no matter what his age.
The chapter of accidents is lamentably small among the Celestials. To be strangled, a Chinaman may break his water jar or kickle pot, or even his leg or neck, without being liable to the bamboo. But the vicarious province is personally responsible for all beyond these minor mischances; for a conglomeration of these minor mischances, if a conglomeration occurs within his jurisdiction, it is then granted that he has not exercised sufficient vigilance over the straw-thatched huts of his subjects. Do the crops fail? His old-tanned Excellency is degraded: for he has taken care, this could not of happened. Does an unusual fall of rain cause the river to overflow its banks? Off goes the golden button—and perhaps the head beneath; for was not its over appointed vicerey expressly to prevent disaster?
Moreover, the high officials who their inferiors equally responsible for the safety of the departments under their care. The magistrates inflict upon the subordinate police severe punishment than they themselves receive; and, finally, the Celestial Police-man visits upon the heads of the families under his charge the

transgressions of their wives, children, dogs, pigs, and ducks.
The penal code of China is arranged under no less than fifteen hundred and fifty-seven heads. The punishments are barbarous and indiscriminating in the extreme. For treason, not only the criminals but their families are punished. Mandarins are degraded, stripped of their riches, forced to do menial offices, or bambooned.
The manner of administering justice in China is exceedingly summary. For the accused there is scarce any protection. The ordinary tribunals have but one judge. The accused remains on his knees during the entire period of his trial. If a witness displeases the mandarin who acts as judge, he also is whipped and cuffed till his answers are more in accordance with his Honor's opinion of the case.
Thieves and rioters—as disturbers of the natural and quiet order of things—are very severely punished in China. Fines, the bastinado, blows on the face with thick pieces of leather, the cangue or portable pillory, the iron cage, in which the unfortunate prisoner is confined in a crouching position, perpetual exile, and death by strangulation or decapitation—these are the various grades of punishment inflicted.
It may be curious to glance for a moment at a few of the Chinese laws. The Celestials are great office-seekers. They must at one time have carried the matter to excess, perhaps worried to death some poor Emperor.—According to a law at present in force, it is considered treasonable to send to the Emperor any recommendation of a third person to office or honors. Death is the punishment for such offense. Also, it is a punishable offense to use in any address the name of the Emperor, or to throw stones at the Imperial residence, or to assume the Imperial name. The bamboo cleanses of these offenses. The bamboo, too, is applied to the judge who has rendered a mistaken verdict. But death is the portion of that official who has (by accident) sealed a mandarin's letter wrongly.
For fear that, after all the existing and prospective laws and sub-laws, there should still be cases which not even Chinese wisdom could foresee, the following law is enacted.
"Whoever shall observe a line of conduct which offends propriety, and which is contrary to the spirit of the laws, even without any special infractions of any of their enactments, shall be punished with forty blows, or eighty if the impropriety be very great."
Of course this includes every body; and there is, therefore, no case in which a mandarin may not consistently administer the bamboo, to the extent of at least from forty to eighty blows.
To contumacious witnesses and to suspected robbers the Chinese officials are severe. M. Huc, one day on the road to Peking, met a party of soldiers, with an officer at their head escorting a number of carts, in which were literally piled up a crowd of Chinese who were uttering horrible cries. Says he: "We were seized with horror on perceiving that the convicts were nailed by the hands to the planks of the cart. A satellite whom we interrogated replied with frightful coolness: 'We've been routing out a nest of thieves. We had not chains enough to secure all, and were thus obliged to contrive some plan to prevent their escape. So you see we nailed them by the hands.' This fellow thought it a very ingenious contrivance."
The Celestial's regulations concerning marriage are very strict. It is forbidden to marry during "the period set of mourning" the death of a father or mother. It is forbidden to marry a person bearing the same name, or one guilty of crime, or a musician, or an actor, or a widow, whose former husband has distinguished himself. The inevitable bamboo is the punishment for transgressions of these laws.—Parties safely married, who cannot agree together, may separate. Divorces are also granted for the following causes: sterility, immorality, contempt of the husband's father or mother, propensity to slander or theft, a jealous temper, or habitual ill health. A man is allowed to have but one wife by law, and the law punishes him with eighty blows of the bamboo for every additional wife he brings home. The secondary wives—of whom there are a great plenty—have no rights whatever. The children of the legitimate wife wear no mourning for them at their death. But if they should omit the mourning dress upon the demise of their own mother, the inevitable bamboo would be administered. The Chinaman takes care to use all the liberty left him by the innumerable laws. His legitimate wife have not put away except for causes specified above. His additional wives the law does not recognize, and he therefore treats them as he pleases.
Robbers are tortured. One of the modes of torture is this: The culprit is suspended by the wrists and heels to two ropes hanging from the ceiling of the court room. His body is thus thrown into the form of a bow. Beneath stand executioners, with rattan canes and stout leather straps. These are applied with might and main to the body vibrating above. Parricides are subjected to the torture of the knife. This is inflicted thus: The executioner takes out at random, a knife, from a basketful of these instruments. Each knife bears the name of some portion of the body.—This portion is cut off, and another knife drawn out. The victim sometimes lingers long under horrible tortures.
Next to the bamboo in frequency of application is the cangue, or walking pillory, of which a representation is given with this article. This is a heavy wooden frame, divided into two parts, but connected at one side with a hinge, and (when shut up) fastened on the other side by a screw or bolt. In the center of this frame is a hole—i. e., a semi-circular piece is cut out of the internal sides of each portion of the machine, so that when closed a circular aperture appears. In this aperture the neck of the culprit is enclosed, so that it forms, as it were, a huge collar; and when his hands are caught up in two small holes, one at each side of the larger one, his misery is

complete. The fastening of the machine is sealed by the committing mandarin, a paper containing the record of the poor wretch's crimes is posted on the frame, and he is sent forth to wander. Or, rather, he is sent forth at the end of a chain, to be trailed by an official every morning, into some public place—there to stand, only too happy if there be a good comfortable wall to recline against till night comes, and he is led back to the jail. The horror of the punishment consists in this: that the cangue weighs from sixty to two hundred pounds; and it is sometimes never taken from the culprit's neck for six months. It is commonly worn for several weeks.
Where a number of criminals are to be executed at once they are brought to the scene of death in wicker cages, out of which they are emptied, just as a brutal fellow would throw a pig out of a similar receptacle.—When there is but one culprit, he is generally made an example of being led to the execution place on foot. A flat lath, or strip of wood, which is attached to his neck in such a manner as to project above his head, bears, in Chinese characters, a description of his crimes.
If he is to be decapitated, the victim is compelled to kneel. The executioner's assistants then seize him from behind, passing their arms beneath his, and giving him a swinging movement. This causes him to stretch out his neck. The executioner stands in front, holding his sword in both hands. Using all his strength, the sword descends upon the stretched neck. A second blow is never needed, travelers tell us. "At every three or four blows the executioner changed his sword, which seemed to grow dull. The execution of fifty-three poor wretches only lasted a few minutes."
A more cruel punishment is the collar by means of which the victim is garrotted. He is firmly attached to a cross, his feet and arms being fastened by cords, and his tail or queue serving to secure his head. A cord is then passed about the neck, and gradually tightened by means of a lever, at the back of the cross till the sufferer expires. In the extremity of his agony the blood gushes from mouth, ears, nose, and eyes.
Finally the head is cut off, placed in an open cage, and hoisted to the top of a high pole, as a warning to the public. The maulfactor's children are also brought to view the head of their sire. Near the towns, and where robbers abound, and often fifty or sixty of these heads, in all stages of decomposition, are hung up by the road side.

A RUINED CITY.

Petra, the excavated city, the long lost capital of Edom, in the scriptures and profane writings, in every language in which its name occurs, signifies a rock, and through the shadows of its early history we learn that its inhabitants lived in natural clefts or excavations made in the solid rock. Desolate as it is, we have reason to believe that it goes back to the time of Esau, the "father of Edom;" that princes and dukes, eight successive kings, and again a long line of dukes dwelt there before any king "reigned in Israel;" and we recognized it from the earliest ages as the central point to which came the caravans from the interior of Arabia, Persia, and India, laden with all the precious commodities of the East, and from which these commodities were distributed through Egypt, Palestine, and Syria, and all the countries bordering on the Mediterranean, even Tyre and Sidon, deriving their purple and dyes from Petra. Eight hundred years before Christ, Amaziah, the King of Judah, "slew Edom in the valley of Salt, ten thousand, and took Seilah (the Hebrew name of Petra) by war." Three hundred years after the last of the prophets, and nearly a century before the Christian era, the "King of Arabia" issued from his palace at Petra, at the head of fifty thousand men, horse and foot, entered Jerusalem, and, uniting with the Jews, pressed the siege of the temple, which was only raised by the advance of the Romans; and in the beginning of the second century, though its independence was lost, Petra was still the capital of a Roman province. After that time it rapidly declined; its history became more obscure. For more than a thousand years it was completely lost to the civilized world; and until its discovery by Burckhead in 1812, except to the wandering Bedouin, its very site was unknown.
And this was the city at whose door I stood. In a few words this ancient and extraordinary city is situated within a natural amphitheatre of two or three miles in circumference, encompassed on all sides by rugged mountains five or six hundred feet in height. The whole of this area is a waste of ruins—dwelling-houses, palaces, temples, and triumphal arches, all prostrate together in undistinguishable confusion. The sides of the mountains are cut smooth, in a perpendicular direction, and filled with long and continued ranges of dwelling houses, temples and tombs, excavated with vast labor out of the solid rock; and while their summits present nature in her wildest and most savage form, their bases are adorned with all the beauty of architecture and art, with columns and porticos, and pediments, and ranges of corridors, enduring as the mountains of which they are hewn, and fresh as if the work of a generation that had scarcely yet gone by.
In front of the great temple, the pride and beauty of Petra—of which more hereafter—I saw a narrow opening in the rocks exactly corresponding with my conception of the object which I was seeking. A full stream of water was gushing through it, and filling up the whole mouth of the passage. Mounted on the shoulders of one of my Bedouins, I got him to carry me through the swollen stream at the mouth of the opening, and set me down on a dry place a little above, whence I began to pick my way, occasionally taking to the shoulders of my followers, and continued to advance more than a mile. I was, beyond all peradventure, in the great entrance I was seeking. There could not be two such, and I should have gone on to the extreme end of

the ravine, but my Bedouin suddenly refused me the further use of his shoulders. He had been some time objecting and begging me to return, and now positively refused to go any further, and in fact, turned about himself. I was anxious to proceed, but I did not like wading up to my knees in the water, nor did I feel very resolute to go where I might expose myself to danger, as he seemed to intimate.
While I was hesitating another of my men came running up to the ravine, and shortly after him Paul and the chief, breathless with haste, and crying in low gutters, "El Arab! el Arab!" The Arabs! the Arabs! It was enough for me. I had heard so much of el Arab that I had become nervous. It was like the cry of Delilah in the ears of the sleeping Samson: "The Philistines be upon thee." At the other end of the ravine was an encampment of the el Arouns; and the sheik, having regard to my communication about money matters, had summoned this entrance to avoid bringing me the horde of tribute gatherers for a participation in the spoils. Without any disposition to explore further, I turned towards the city; and it is now that I began to feel the powerful and indelible impression that must be produced on entering through this mountainous passage, the excavated city of Petra.
For about two miles it lies between high and precipitous ranges of rocks, from five hundred to a thousand feet in height, standing as if torn asunder by some great convulsion, and barely wide enough for two horsemen to pass abreast. A swelling stream rushes between them; the summits are wild and broken; in some places overhanging the opposite sides, casting the darkness of night upon the narrow defile, then receding and forming an opening above through which a strong ray of light is thrown down, and illuminates with the blaze of day the frightful chasm below.
Wild fig trees, oleanders, and ivy were growing out of the rocky sides of cliffs hundreds of feet above our heads; the eagle was screaming above us; all along were the open doors of tombs, forming the great Necropolis of the city; and at the extreme end was a large open space, with a powerful body of light thrown down upon it, and exhibiting, in one full view the facade of a beautiful temple hewn out of the rock, with rows of Corinthian columns and ornaments standing out fresh and clear, as if but yesterday from the hands of the sculptor. Though coming directly from the banks of the Nile, where the preservation of the temples excites the admiration and astonishment of every traveler, we were roused and excited by the extraordinary beauty and excellent condition of the temple at Petra.
Even in coming upon it as we did, at disadvantage, I remember that Paul, who was a passionate admirer of the arts, when he first obtained a glimpse of it, involuntarily cried out, and, moving on to the front with a vivacity I never saw him exhibit before or afterwards, clasped his hands and shouted in ecstasy. To the last day of our being together he was in the habit of referring to his extraordinary fit of enthusiasm when he first came upon that temple; and I can well imagine that, entering by the narrow defile, with the feelings roused by its extraordinary and romantic wildness and beauty, the first view of that superb facade must prove an effect, which could never pass away. Even now that I have returned to the pursuits and thought-engrossing incidents of a life in the busiest city in the world, often in situations as widely different as night from darkness, I see before me the facade of that temple. Neither the Coliseum at Rome, grand and interesting as it is, nor the ruins of the Acropolis at Athens, nor the Pyramids, nor the mighty temples of the Nile, are so often present to my memory.
Leaving the temple and the open area on which it fronts, and following the stream, we entered another defile much broader than the first, on each side of which were ranges of tombs with sculptured doors and columns; and on the bottom of the mountains, hewn out of the solid rocks, is a large theatre, circular in form, the pillars in front falling, and containing thirty-three rows of seats capable of containing more than three thousand persons. Above the corridor was a range of doors opening to chambers in the rock, the seats of the princes and wealthiest inhabitants of Petra, and not like a row of private boxes in a modern theatre.
The whole theatre is at this day in such a state of preservation that if the tenants of the tombs could once rise into life they might take their places on its seats and listen to the declamation of their favorite prayer. To me the stillness of a ruined city is nowhere so impressive as when sitting on the steps of its theatre, once thronged with the gay and pleasure-seeking, now given up to solitude and desolation. Day after day these seats have to be filled, and the new silent rocks had echoed to the applauding shouts of thousands, and little could an ancient Edomite imagine that a stranger from a then unknown world one day be wandering among the ruins of the proud and wonderful city, meditating upon the fate of a race that has for ages passed away.—Where are ye, inhabitants of this desolate day? who once sat on the seats of this theatre—the young, the high-born, the beautiful and the brave—who once rejoiced in your riches and power, and lived as if there was no grave? where are ye now? Even the very tombs whose open doors are stretched away in long ranges before the eyes of the wandering traveler, cannot reveal the mystery of your doom, your dry bones are gone, the robbers have invaded your graves, and your ashes have been swept away to make room for the wandering Arab of the desert.
But we need not stop at the days when a gay population crowded this theatre. In earlier periods of recorded time, long before this theatre was built, and long before the tragic name was known, a great city stood here, when Esau, having sold his birth-right for a mess of pottage, came to his garden among the mountains of Teir and Edom, growing in power and strength, became presumptuous and haughty, until, in her pride, when Israel prayed a

passage through her country, Edom said unto Israel, "thou shalt not pass by me, lest I come out against thee with the sword."
Amid all the terrible denunciations against the land of Idumea, "her cities and the inhabitants thereof," this proud city among the rocks, doubtless for its extraordinary sins, was always marked as a subject of extraordinary vengeance. "I have sworn by myself," saith the Lord, "that Bozrah (the strong or fortified city) shall become a desolation, a reproach, and a waste, and all the cities thereof shall be a perpetual waste. Lo, I will make thee small among the heathen and despised among men. Thy terriblest hath deceived thee, and the pride of thy heart, oh thou that dwellest in the clefts of the rocks, that holdest the height of the hill, though thou shouldst make thy nest as high as the eagle, I will bring thee down from thence, saith the Lord. They shall call the nobles thereof to the kingdom, but none shall be there, and all her princes shall be nothing, and thorns shall come up in her palaces, nettles and brambles in the fortress thereof, and it shall be a habitation for dragons and a court for owls."
I would that the skeptic could stand, as I did, among the ruins of this city among the rocks, and there open the sacred book and read the words of the inspired penman, written when this desolate place was one of the greatest cities in the world. I see the scowling arrested, his cheek pale, his lip quivering, and his heart quaking with fear as the ruined city cries out to him in a voice loud and powerful as that of the risen from the dead. Though he would not believe Moses and the prophets he believes the hand writing of God himself in the desolation and eternal ruin around him.—*Steens' Travels.*
READING ONE'S OWN OBITUARY.—The tenure of the Major Generalship of Massachusetts, that of a good many offices in that ancient Commonwealth, is for life or during good behavior. The Boston Transcript says that one of the former lived so long that a wicked wag, at his reported death, gave, as a sentiment at a public dinner: "The memory of our late Major General—may he be eternally rewarded in heaven for his everlasting service on earth." Judge of the surprise of the author of this toast, on learning, the next day, that the report was false, and the veteran officer still lived.
This reminds us of an occurrence that took place in the same State years ago. In the days of old Mycall the publisher of the Newburyport Herald, (a journal still alive and flourishing) the sheriff of old Essex, Philip Bagley, had been asked several times to pay his arrears of subscription. At last he told Mycall that he would certainly "hand over" the next morning as sure as he lived. "If you don't get your money to-morrow, you may be sure I am dead," said he.
The morrow came and passed, but no money, Judge of the sheriff's feelings when on the morning of the day after, he opened the Herald, and saw announced the lamented decease of Philip Bagley, Esq., High Sheriff of the county of Essex, with an obituary notice attached, giving the disense credit for a good many excellent traits of character, but adding that he had one fault very much to be deplored—he was not punctual in paying the printer.
Bagley, without waiting for his breakfast, started for the Herald office. On the way it struck him as singular that none of the many friends and acquaintances he met seemed to be surprised to see him. They must have read their morning paper. Was it possible they cared so little about him as to have forgotten already that he was no more? Full of perturbation, he entered the printing office to find that he was dead, in propria persona.
"Why Sheriff!" exclaimed the factious editor, "I thought you were defunct."
"Defunct!" exclaimed the sheriff. "What put that idea into my head?"
"Why yourself!" said Mycall. "Did you not tell me—"
"Oh! ah! I see," stammered out the sheriff. "Well! there's your money! And now contradict the report in the next paper, if you please."
"That's not necessary, friend Bagley," said the old joker; "it was only printed in your copy."
The good sheriff lived many years after this "sell," and to the day of his real death always took good care to pay the printer!—*N. O. Pionene.*
ESTABLISHING AN HEIR.—HON. P.—K, late Probate Judge of a neighboring county, was invited upon one warm afternoon by a bus-matron with a child in her arms, whose business was, as she said, "of Probate nature." Mr. K, being a polite man, intimated his readiness to learn her wishes. "Now," said she, hushing her baby, and squaring herself for a regular talk, "you see, Judge, my husband was a forehand man, and left a good farm well stocked, and just because I am a lone woman in the world, his relations are going to throw out all but my third. Now, Lawyer—told me, some time ago, that if there was an heir, he would take it all and I should be his guardian."
"How long since your husband died?" asked the Judge. "About thirteen months," was the reply. "And how old is the child?"
"Four weeks, was the answer. "I am afraid this case is beyond my jurisdiction," said the Judge, "you had better go back to Squire—"
"But," said the woman, "if your Probate Court can't establish an heir, what is it good for?"
"Boy with ragged trowsers, and rimless chip hat, runs into Dr. Fuller's drug store with a dipper in his hand: 'Doctor, mother sent me down to the shottacny pop quicker'n blazes, cos bub's sick as the dickens with the pippicoch, and she wants a thimbleful of polygolic in this tippie, cos we hadn't bot a gottle and kint pur's got the bine witters in it. Got any?'"

WOMAN'S LAUGH.—A woman has no natural grace more bewitching than a sweet laugh. It is like the sound of flutes on the water.—It leaps from her heart in a clear, sparkling rill, and the heart that hears it feels as if bathed in the cool, exhilarating spring. Have you ever pursued an unseen fugitive through trees, led on by her fairy laugh, now there, now lost, now found? We have. And we are pursuing that wandering voice to this day. Sometimes it comes to us in the midst of care, or sorrow, or in some business; and then we turn away and listen, and hear it ringing through the room like a silver bell, with power to sweep away the ill spirits of the mind. How much we owe to that sweet laugh! It turns the prose of our life into poetry, it flings showers of sunshine over the darksome wood in which we are traveling, it touches with light even our sleep, which is no more the image of death, but is consumed with dreams that are shadows of immortality.
THE FINNISH WOMAN ON "KISSING."—Speaking of the Finns, in his last letter to the Tribune, Bayard Taylor says that "while both sexes freely mingle in a state of nature, while the woman unhesitatingly scrub, rub and dry their husbands, brothers or male friends, while the salutation for both sexes is an embrace with the right arm, a kiss is considered grossly immodest and improper. A Finnish lady expressed her astonishment and horror, at hearing that it was a very common thing in England for husband and wife to kiss each other. "If my husband should attempt such a thing," said she, "I would beat him about the ears so that he should feel it for a week."
PERMANENT VALUE OF KNOWLEDGE.—One of the most agreeable consequences of knowledge is the respect and which it communicates to old age. Men rise in character as often as they increase in years; they are venerated from what have acquired, and pleasing for what they can impart. If they outlive their faculties, the mere frame itself is respected for what it once contained; but woman (such is her unfortunate style of education,) hazards everything on one cast of the die; when youth is gone, all is gone. No human creature gives his admiration for nothing; either the eye must be charmed or the understanding gratified. A woman must talk wisely or look well. Every human being must put up with the coldest civility, who has neither the charms of youth, nor the wisdom of age.
A SICK MAN, SLIGHTLY CONValescing, recently imagined himself to be engaged in conversation with a pious friend, congratulating him upon his recovery, and asking him who his physician was, he replied; "Dr.—brought me through." "No, no," said his friend, "God brought you out of your illness, not the doctor." "Well," he replied, "maybe he did; but I am certain that the doctor will charge me for it."
Be content as long as your mouth is full and body covered; remember the poor; kiss the pretty girls; don't rob your neighbor's hen roost; never pick an editor's pocket; entertain an idea that he is going to treat; kick dull care to the deuce; black your own boots; sew on your own buttons; and be sure and take a paper and pay for it. Good practical advice.
THE SOUND OF SUNSET.—On the arrival of an emigrant ship, some years ago, when the *North Carolina* laid off the Battery an Irishman hearing the gun fired at sunset inquired of one of the sailors what that was?
"What's that?"
"Why, that's sunset! was the contemptuous reply."
"Sunset?" exclaimed Paddy, with distended eyes; "sunset! Oh Moses, and does the sun go down in this country with such a clap as that.—*Porter's Spirit.*"
A young lady returning late from the opera, as it was raining, ordered the coachman to drive close to the side walk, but was still unable to step across the gutter; "I can lift you over it," said coachy. "Oh no," said the miss, "I am too heavy." "Lor miss," replied John, "I am used to lifting barrels of sugar." "We wonder if it was John Deau perpetrated the above."
HIGH PRICE OF SLAVES.—Slave property is now very high, and rapidly increasing in value. This is an evidence that the supply is wholly inadequate to the demand. At the present rate of increase, slave labor will soon be far the most expensive that can be obtained. A slave paper says that "at a recent sale of slaves in Fayette, Mo., a boy twenty four years of age brought \$1,550, and a woman, with three children, \$2,350."
A GREAT FAVORITE.—"Your husband seems to be a very great favorite among the ladies," said Mrs. Jones to Mrs. Butterwood, the other day. "Yes," said Mrs. B., "but for the life of me, I don't see where they find anything to like—I never could."
A donkey with salt was crossing a brook. The water diluted the salt, and lightened the burden. He communicated his discovery to a brother donkey, laden with wool. The latter tried the same experiment, and found his load double its weight.
An Irishman observing a dandy taking his usual promenade in Broadway, stepped up to him and inquired: "How much rent do you ask for those houses?" "What do you ask that for?" "Faith and I thought the whole street belonged to ye."
Go it strong when you advertise—business is like architecture—its best supporters are in columns.