REPORTER. BRADFORD

NE DOLLAR PER ANNUM INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

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TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, April 7, 1859.

Selected Poetry.

THE LAND OF DREAMS. BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

a mighty realm is the Land of Dreams, With steeps than hang in the twilight sky, and weltering oceans and trailing streams, That gleam where the dusky valleys lie.

not over its shady border flow Sweet rays from the world of endless morn : and the nearer mountains catch the glow and flowers in the nearer fields are born.

the souls of the happy dead repair From their bowers of light to that bordering land, and walk in the fainter glory there, With the souls of the living, hand in hand.

one calm, sweet smile in the shadowy sphere, From eyes that open on earth no more-One warning word from a voice once dear-How they rise in the memory o'er and o'er! Far off from those hills that shine with day, And fields that shine in the heavenly dales, The Land of Dreams goes stretching away

To dimmer mountains and darker vales. here lie in the chambers of guilty delight, There walk in the spectres of guilty fear ; and soft, low voices, that float through the night, And whispering sin the helpless ear.

Dear maid, in thy girlhood's opening flower, Scarce weaned from the love of childish play ! he tears on whose cheeks are but the shower That freshens the early blooms of May !

hine eyes are closed, and over thy brow Pass thoughtful shadows and joyous gleams; And I know, by the moving lips, that now Thy spirit strays in the Land of Dreams

ight hearted maiden, oh, heed thy feet! Oh, keep where that beam of Paradise falls ; and only walk where thou may'st meet The blessed ones from its shining walls.

shalt thou come from the Land of Dreams, With love and peace to this world of strife; and the light that over that border streams Shall lie on the path of thy daily life.

Miscellaneons.

THE MAGIC OF WORDS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Peter Crandall was not an ill-natured, capous of finding fault man, and yet the home

The Crandall's were poor. Mr. Crandall ork fell upon her. She was toil-worn and so magical in their effects. weary at the end of each day; and the One day Peter Crandall was sent by his nd house keeper.

Between Peter Crandall and his wife there The child went instantly. id not seem to exist much affection. They never spoke loving words, nor manifested exogs or any mutual interest. The little couresies of life were something unknown in their cheerless dwelling. Rude, boisterous, quarord into the house, the house that was unmfortable enough, without that disagreeale inmate. The mother scolded and punished anger; but saw no good results of her disways felt an unpleasant sensation afterwards mer case, as if he had been doing something wrong.

And so the years went on, and the sun- child. eams came not across the threshold into their welling. Occasionally Mr. Crandall obtained shall have them again." brief glance into some other homes, and as arb his bosom. Light and warmth were

Something was wrong in his own home; hat he had felt for a great while-and he singing to her place on the floor where her pichid not wholly blame his wife. But the exact tures lay. ocation of the wrong he could never clearly perceive. In the beginning it was different. man who considered his actions in their effect she had given to Crandall. upon others. He was, moreover, silent, undemonstrative man, rarely expressing his feelings. He gave few outward signs by which any one ould read his heart. Here lay the origin of nance. is trouble at home—the beginning of the telipse that left this world almost in total dark- morning," said the latter, handing a white linbess, when it should have been noonday. It en handkerchief to her husband. was enough for Mrs. Crandall, in the earlier years of their wedded life to know, that her received the handkerchief with as polite an acsusband loved her. Her heart asked more. knowledgement in as in words. She wanted loving words and loving looks also; ered, and its blossom faded. Having told her house when his work was completed, with a in the beginning that he loved her; having new impression of life enstamped upon his conafterwards married in proof of his declaration; sciousness. The image of that pleasant home her ears alone. At last she turned from the spoken it since."

and worked ever since for the sustaining of his home, and keeping her as far above want as it was possible for him to do-Mr. Crandall saw no reason why he should be all the time passing compliments. He couldn't do it. It wasn't in him. He would have felt ashamed of it as a weakness.

to give these little outward signs of affection, those pleasant tokens of kindness so grateful to all. When his wife said, as was often the case, during the first year that succeeded their marriage, "Thank you, Peter," and smiled gratefully in return for some little act of kindnessor expressed pleasure when he came home from his work in the evening, drawing her arm around his neck and kissing him-or told him how lonesome she felt all day, and what a light his coming brought into their home, Peter Crandall felt a glow of pleasure in his heart. But it did not come within the range of his imagination-dull at best-to conceive that like words from him would be to the spirit of his wife like dew to the thirsty ground. So he never expressed pleasure at meeting, but rather affected, from a kind of false pride, a certain coldness, as though it were an action of manliness to act indifferently. No matter how many attentions his wife might show himno matter what she prepared for his return, nor with what dainty skill she cooked the evening or noonday meals, he never praised, and rarely gave even the meagre reward of expressed gratification. But if things were wrong -if the coffee was bad, or the bread sour, or the meat burnt cooking, he was sure to speak out; and not always in very chioce words.

And Mrs. Crandall too began to fail in outward signs of affections. Peter perceived their withdrawal as the gradual feeling of sunshine, when clouds gather over the flimsy veils that deeping into obscuring curtains. But the cause to him was a mystery. He felt as of old to his wife, and worked as cheerfully as in the beginning. The home feeling was as strong as ever; and, after withdrawing from the outer world, when the night shadows fell, he had not the beginning of a desire to go abroad from his sanctuary, shorn, as it was, of a chief attractions-the smiles and loving tones, and words of his changing wife.

From this inauspicious beginning went on steadily, the unhappy change. The coming of children, which on their advent, was like the falling down upon them of sunbeams, though suddenly rifted clouds increased, instead of dismissing the unpleasant aspect of things in the house of Peter Crandall. If the mother's heart had been cheerful and strong-if her husband had not shut out the light it needed to keep its green things unwithered and its flowers in bloom, this would not have been so. The cheerful spirit would have given life to the Was it his wife's fault? A visitor, who saw daily toil. But the children proved more of a while of their lives seemed changed. er in her usual mood, might if conclusions burden than comfort. There was, in their ere made from first impressions, lead to this home, so little sunshine that few green things Jane, returning to her father. inion. She inclined to fretfulness and im- flourished in their hearts, and the opening of "Yes, that's a good girl," he answered, "my recognize your own household. ence; and often scolded the children when a flower was a rare occurrence. But thorns feet are aching in these heavy boots." to wound and weeds to offend were there, and hourly they seemed to gain a ranker growth.

ras a mechanic and earned only mechanic's will be clear to every one now. There are, rages. Mrs. Crandall was the mother of five around us, thousands and thousands of such dren, the oldest of them thirteen years homes, all the chambers of which are made d; but their narrow income left nothing to dark and cheerless, for the lack of "small pare for the hire of a domestic, so all the sweet courtesies of life," so cheaply given, and

aid of her husband. He had more strength customer. The work happened to be in the or his work, and therefore he could endure family sitting room, in which were four chilreater fatigue. He had the advantage, which dren with their mother. The lady spoke to was a most important one—of freedom from him politely when he came in, and the children ervous excitement, and the mevitable exhaus- treated him respectfully. He had been at on that followed. He labored at one kind work only a little while, when his attention work, uninterrupted all day long, while she was attracted by a request from the mother to ras subject to perpetual and annoying inter- one of the children to go up stairs and bring uptions, incident to her position of mother her some articles she named. We say request; for this was the form of words she uttered .-

"Thank you, dear," said the mother. Crandall turned and looked at the child. ept on rare occasions, any pleasures at meet- Her countenance was tranquil and happy. "Jane I will take those scissors if your

Crandall looked again. It was the mother elsome the children grew up, bringing dis- who had spoken. One of the children was sitting on the floor busily engaged in cutting out pictures. But she started up instantly and brought the shears to her mother.

"Tank you, dear," was the mother's acpline. The father scolded in concert, but knowledgement of the services, as in the for-

'Will you want them long?" asked the "No, dear, only a few minutes. Then you

The child stood patiently by her mother's e pleasant visions passed, a sigh would dis- side until the scissors were out of service, and

then received them. "Thank you," she said, as she took them Even Mrs. Crandall usually in a fretting state from her mother's hand, and then danced back,

All this struck Crandall as beautiful and he sighed as the harsher image of his own home Then there was a warmth in his heart and intruded itself. While at work, the husband sunshine in the face of his wife. But it was and father came home. His presence was in his memory, marked day after day as a dial hailed with delight. Every child had somerecords the advancing shadow; how the thing to show or tell him, and he entered into brightness of her face diminished steadily until the feelings of each, praised their little achieveall was eclipsed. Ah! if he had dreamed of ments and approving wherever there seemed a the cause! But Mr. Crandall was not the chance of approbation. It was the same toman who looked inward upon his wife—not a wards his wife. She spoke of some directions

> "That was right," he answered, adding "how thoughtful you are."

A pleased smile went over his wife's counte-"You forgot your pocket handkerchief this

"So I did, Thank you, dear." And he

Many other little instances of home courteand for the lack of these its green things with-

was fixed upon his mind like a thing of beauty. He had dreamed, faintly of such homes-or read of them in books; but the reality was now before him. The husband, and father, whose presence had brightened that home, he knew in a general way as a thriving man of business, who came frequently to the establishment where he worked. His face wore, gen-And so, almost from the beginning he failed erally, a grave aspect, a little sour, he had not given him any credit for such kindness of feel-

> for what he had seen. The sweet musical way in which "thank you, dear," had been said, reciprocally, by mother and children, many times and on all occasions of services rendered no matter how small, had found an echo in his mind, where it was continually repeated, until " thank you dear," as he mused on his word, come most to his lips in vocal utterance.

ing; and was therefore the more impressed

When Crandall went home at nightfall, he was still dreaming over the picture in his mind the words, "Thank you, dear," were still echoing there in a kind of low music. He was very much subdued in feeling, almost sad; and there was an air or languor about him as he came into the room where his wife was at work getting supper ready, that she observed as something unusual.

"Jane take your father's coat and hang it up," said Mrs. Crandall to the eldest daugh-

The girl obeyed, but there was no affection in her manner, and she moved in a listless sort of a way to her father, and reached out her hand for his coat. Mr. Crandall gave her the garment saying "Thank you, dear."

The words were spontaneous, not of design; and spoke with a tender utterance. He was but repeating the tone that was still sounding in his memory.

What instant life seemed to quicken through the child's frame. She gave one glance of surprise into her father's face, and then stepped away with the coat like one pleased to render

Mr. Crandall was surprised at himself; and for an instant, half ashamed of what he had done as if it were a weakness. "Will you have a glass of water?" asked Jane, coming back to her father.

"If you please." Mr. Crandall wondered at his own reply. An almost cold, abrupt "yes" or "no," was his accustomed answer to nearly all questions. How lightly did Jane trip from the room. In a twinkling she was back with a cold glass

from her hand, said, "Thank you." To the child, all unaccustomed to such an little words were left to be a sweet reward.

of water for her father, and as he received it

The father's altered manner and way of f Peter Crandall was not happy. Very lit-le sunshine streamed across the threshold. tal force, and every muscle with strength for as by their mother; and, as if by magic, the been poured upon it. Try it with your child, and if you have in you the heart of a true

Mr. Crandall commenced drawing off his

How it was in the home of Peter Crandall boots. They were no sooner laid upon the floor, than two little fellows caught hold of says: them, each desirous of an approving word as a reward for their tired father.

"I'll put one in the closet, and John the

"What brave little men?" exclaimed Mr. Crandall really pleased at heart, and manifestame, though not to an equal extent, might be employer, to do some work in the house of a ing his pleasure in the tone of his voice. "I'm a thousand times obliged to you."

Jane returned with the slippers in a few moments, and stooping down, drew them upon her father's feet. When she rose up with cheeks glowing, and eyes dancing in a new light. Mr. Crandall thought her face looked really beautiful. -

"Thank you, dear." The words came now really from his heart.

Mrs. Crandall looked and listened, wonderngly, while a strange glow pervaded her bosom. What could be the meaning of all this? In a quiet, pleased way, the children gathered round their father, one climbing upon his

" what have you been doing all day, Jimmy ?" asked Mr. Crandall of the child. playing," was the simple answer.

"Have you been a good boy?"

"Not all the time." answered the child. "I am sorry; Jimmy must try and be a good

boy all the time. What have you been play-Oh, everything. Horses and dogs, and

turning up Jack, as mother says," Mr. Crandall laughed out at the reply say-

You turned up Jack mostly, I suppose." "Well, I guess I did." Mr. Crandall laughed again. The spirit of good nature was transferred into every heart.

of mind, felt its genial influence. 'Jimmy's been a right good boy to-day,' said she in an approving voice. "His turn-

ing up Jack hasn't announted to much. Mrs. Crandall was moving about all this time preparing supper. Jane, who never willingly gave her mother any assistance, and who was rarely called upon because she grumbled whenever asked to do anything, now said, " Mother,

can I help you?" "Yes dear," That "dear" which had fallen so unexpectedly from her husband had been echoing in the mind of Mrs. Crandall quite as spontaneouslya s in the case of her husband. "Yes dear, you may finish setting the table

while I dish up the supper." Wondering almost as much at herself as at her husband, Mrs. Crandall after seeing Jane move with a pleasing alacrity about the table, went into the kitchen and soon all was ready. Quite enough to satisfy the appetite had Mrs. Crandall prepared; but her thoughts turned upon something else-someting that would give her the opportunity to ask him if she should

not get it for his supper. "Yes, dear." How she was longing for the words uttered in the gentle, loving way they lieve, then," retorted the other, "the truth had a little while before been spoken—but for was whipped out of you; for you have never

fire and going to the door of the room, said

"Shall I boil you a couple of fresh eggs for your supper, Peter?

"Yes, dear, if you please." How the wife's poor heart, which for years had lain almost dead in her besom, leaped with a joyous impulse? What a light flashed over her countenance; making it beautiful as of old in the face of her husband. "Yes, dear, if you please." Not even the voice of Grisi or Dina,

would her ears have found, such sweet music. At the supper table Peter Crandall praised the coffee and the fried potatoes, and said the eggs were just what he wanted. Mrs. Crandall looked happy, and was happy. With the vanishing of their father's usual silence, and their mother's sour looks and fretful tones, the children's spirits changed like the chameleon, and taking the hue of things around them, rose into new better and happier states. Contention ceased; and there was something like an emulation of kind offices among them, instead of a selfish grasping of whatever the heart desired.

Suddenly the eyes of Mr. Craudall opened. Even while he was wondering at the magical change produced by a few kind words, a full revelation of the truth came to his mind. A ew leaf in the book of life was turned.

Though turned once in the right direction -Peter Crandall pondered this new fact in his inner life history-the magic of words-and going back to the very begining, reviewing his own conduct towards his wife and family, almost day by day, up to the evening when by the power of almost a single word, the whole scene changed, and quite as suddenly as we see it, sometimes in a pantomine. He saw his error -saw how unjust he had been; and cold, and even cruel in his coldness. Very carefully did he guard himself afterwards; and very prompt was he in observing all the little social tesies towards his wife and children which are so beautiful to see and so sweet in all their in-

The green things flourished again in the heart of his wife, and the flowers bloomed there as of old. The children learned to emulate the kind words, and courteous acknowledgments for all little services, that soon became a habit magic words, he put this proposition in force, with their father and mother; and into kind and the cheers of the people proclaimed the words spoken, kind feelings soon followed .-It was the beginning of a new order of things in the home of Peter Crandall ; where, in good time, the desert bloomed as the rose.

Words appear as little things in themselves, but have great power. The magic of kind words is wonderful! Try then, ye silent Peter These little facts stored up from of Crandalls, who have fretful wives and contenacknowledgement for any services, those two tious children. Try the effect of a little wholesome praise to your tired, unhappy, overworked companion, and see if it doesn't brighten her pale face, as if a flood of sunbeams had and if you have in you the heart of a true "Shall I bring you up your slippers?" asked man, you will be so pleased with the effect that you will keep on trying until you will scarcely

Paris correspondent of the Literary Gazette in the rising generation. It is impossible for Tombs.

place has been the Rothschild marriage. The magnificence was beyond all description, and t would appear that splendors, vieing with those recounted in the Arabian Nights, were lavished upon an entertainment to which no body was admitted. I mean the dinner given after the nuptial ceremony, and at which some sixty or seventy Rothschilds alone were present. As no one but the family was present at this faucton—as the Speniards entitle their bullohts and other amusements-of course the eminine public curiosity has been immeasuraoly excited by it, and every young male Rothschild has been cross-examined by the fair ladies of Paris ever since in order that they may are ive at an approximate knowledge of the "fes-It seems that all the plate tive scene." of all; the houses of Rothschilds nearly was forthcoming for this bamquet; at least the London chief sent his dinner-service over to his cousin of Paris, and the entire changes of the more than threescore guests were made in silver and silver-gilt ; plates, dishes, everything was of the precious metals, as at the royal tables, only at dessert was perceived the priceless service of old Sevres belonging to the Paris paterfamilias, and whereof each plate represents somewhere about a king's ranom. As to the viands on the table, they came from every country and every clime there were swallow's nests from China, ster lets (a fish of excessive high price in Russia of the size of salmon, and of fat, orange colored flesh) from Russia, reed birds and canvassback ducks from America, bustards from Spain, pheasants from Bohemia, entrees of peacocks' brains, fillets of buffalo-hump, and -one of my lady informants declares-salmis of Brazilian parrots! Every salt or fresh water has yielded up its fish; every moor, marsh, and forest its fowl; every hot bed, heated by fire or the sun, its fruit; and every grape that ever bung anywhere its wine. As to the flowers with which the table and the dining-room were ornamented, it is affirmed that there were 1,500 pounds worth. (I mean £1.500 English!) All the windows were covered with trellis work, over which were framed the choicest creeping plants of the tropics, shedding their luscious perfumes all round. If the repast was worthy of an emperor of a century ago, the tribe of Rothschild seems to have been worthy of it, and to have done it due honor. In the first place it is francs' worth of jewels, and in the way of doing honor to the banquet, those who partook of it sat at table from half-past six to midnight !"

Two men, in dispute, reflected upon each other's veracity. One of them said that he was never whipped by his father but once, and that was for telling the truth. "I be

The Value of a Bit of Knowledge.

In the course of our miscellaneous reading, we came across the following good story, which illustrates the value of a bit of practical information, when applied at the right time :-

In the Plazza before St. Peter's at Rome

stands the most beautiful obelisk in the world.

It was brought from the circus of Nero where it had lain buried for many ages. It was one entire piece of Egyptian marble, 72 feet high, 12 feet square at the base, and 8 feet square at the top, and is computed to weigh above 479 tons, and it is supposed to be 3000 years Much engineering skill was required to remove and erect this piece of art; and the celebrated architect, Dominico Fontane, was selected and engaged by Pope Sextus V. to carry out the operation. A pedestal, 30 feet high, was built for its reception, and the obelisk brought to its base. Many were the ingenious contrivances prepared for the raising of it to its last resting place, all of which excited the deepest interest among the people. At length everything was in readiness, and a and the Pope, afraid that the clamor of the people might distract the attention of the architect, issued an edict containing regulations to be kept, and imposing the severest penalites on any-one who should, during the lifting of the gigantic stone, utter a single word. A midst suppressed excitement of feelings and breathess silence, the splendid monument was gradually raised to within a few inches of the top of the pedestal, when its upward motion ceased : it hung suspended, and could not be got further; the tackle was too slack, and there seemed to be no other way than to undo the great work already accomplished. The annoved architect, in his perplexity, hardly knew how to act, while the silent people were anxiously watching every motion of his features to discover how the problem would be solved. In the crowd was an old British sailor, he saw the difficulty and how to overcome it, and with stentorian lungs he shouted "Wet the ropes!" The vigilant police pounced on the culprit and odged him in prison; the architect caught the success of the great undertaking. Next day the British criminal was solemnly arraigned before his Holiness; his crime was undeniably proved, and the Pope in solemn language pronounced his sentence to be-that he should receive a

These little facts stored up from observation can never do the owner any harm, and may some day be of great utility; and this story nly proves the value of remembering small things as well as great ones, for noting that is dollars in his pocket. u-eful is too insignificant for man to know,

delphia Sun says truly that indiscriminate the cell. drinking among our young men eventually any man to drink even pure liquors six or seven times a day without suffering severely ces," blithely sang the magistrate as he saw in constitution. And when he transmits an Willie brought in. impaired constitution to his son, who in turn imparts it still further by the same course, it requires little foresight to see that we are preparing a population for our cities that will not, in physical frame be much better than the as he declined his ration of rice and molasses. wretched Aztecs. This love of drink and barrooms is every day increasing. Every day sees our youth becoming more and more the victims of this habit, for we really think it is more a habit than a passion. It is no love of joviality that tempts them, except in a few cases. It is soner, who had longed for a razor or a rope. not the hot exuberance of the vouth. It is not the evanesenct impulses of the gay young fellow who is sowing his wild oats. It is, as has been said, a cold, deliberate habit. atmosphere of recklessness surrounds the drinking groups, except on occasions; and no peals of merriment atone for the act by proving that it is at least unusual. A grim and melancholy air pervades each countenance .-The drinks are poured out, the glasses are touched with a loathsome air of custom and each man swallows his portion with the same impassive countenance he would wear if he were drinking a glass of plain water. All the concomitants that partially redeem or excuse drinking, as far as it can be redeemed or ex-

cused, are wanting in this sad and formal cer-Noises in the Sick Room .- It is extraorroom, mistake certain noises for quiet. When such people have to walk across the room they do so with a balancing sort of movement that makes every plank crack uneasily. Their very dress rattles in a way that would make the fortune of a rattle-snake. If anything has to be said, it is spoken in a loud whirring whiper that conceals the words but makes the most irritating of noises. Now the silence of a sick room must not be labored, it must be natural Shoes that do not creak must be worn, and in walking the foot must be put down carefully of course, but with a firm step, that comes gent ly, yet steadily, on the floor. This will not nake the creaking sound caused by the toepointed, gingerly mode of movement so much adopted by those whose experience of sick rooms is small. The dress must be made of some noiseless material, wool or cotten; sill must be avoided, for it squeaks with every affirmed that the ladies present wore upon their movement. In speaking, the pitch of the voice persons between twenty and thirty millions of must be slightly raised, and the words, instead of being hissed, as in whispering, should be clipped short, and cut distinctly. By this means the person spoken to will hear what is said, while the least possible sound accompames the word .- Barwell's Cure of the Sick.

> Fanny Fern says she once had a narov escape from being a minister's wife, and tells how she would have acted in such a case. Her have made her husband a dissenting minister. suit his temper to his circumstances.

Scene in a Norwich Church .- An Aquac Sexton .- A private letter from a friend in Norwich contains the following amusing anec-

"I must tell you a good joke, with which all Norwich is ringing. Sunday before last the Baptists were to have a grand celebration; quite a number of persons were about to be baptized, not in the river, but in a large pool sunk in the floor of the church under the puloit, which is on wheels and capable of being rolled away. It was an extraordinary occasion, and the house was crowded with Episcopalians, Congregationalists and Methodists, as well as with the Baptists themselves. The opening services were gone through with, the alpit was rolled away, and the minister, with me of the candidates, approached the pool and commenced descending the steps. Suddenly they paused, then held a harried consultation. made a retreat, and it was announced that the ceremony would be postponed till evening. The rest of the services were gone through with by an audience more diverted than edified, for, before the services were ended, the day appointed for the great event. A great whole congregation had learned that the pool multitude assembled to witness to ceremony; was half full of dirty soap suds, and various were the surmises as to how they got there. In the course of the day it leaked out that the Sexton had taken a bath there Saturday night, and forgotten to let off the water! Imagine the jokes at the expense of the Baptists."

ANTI-BAD LUCK SOCIETY .- From the earliest times to the present, superstition has been an ever present quality of the human mind, and persons who were themselves superstitious have loudly decried it in others. This was their idea of reform. Even in this enlight-encd age, the old household beliefs are held by many with great pertinacity, and no argument will convince them of their fallacy. The only way to do this is to prove the position that the belief is nonsense, by a bold defiance. Some brave Frenchmen are trying to do this. A society has been formed at Bordeaux to put down the superstition of evil omens As everybody knows, it is "bad luck" to begin anything on a Friday, or to sit down at a table with thirteen, or to balance your chair on one leg, or to spill salt between yourself and friend. The new society propose to have regular dinners on Friday, to have thirteen guests, to turn chairs on one leg, and spill salt around before commencing. In the whole year, during which ill-luck has been thus defied, no single fatality has occurred to any member.

Ber" Meet me by moonlight alone," warbled Willie, the garroter, to the old gent who had a gold watch and chain and five hundred

"Come, O come with me," continued the and there is no knowledge that has net its officer, who dragged the thief off to the station "Welcome, welcome home," softly mur-

DRINKING AMONG YOUNG MEN .- The Phila- mured the turnkey, as he locked Willie up in "Behold, how brightly breaks the morning,"

makes its mark upon the population of our gently whispered the policeman, as early the THE ROTHSCHILD BRIDAL DINNER.—The cities. We can see it already betraying itself next morning he marched Willie off to the "Hail to the chief who in triumph advan-

" My boyhood's home," wailed the prisoner,

as he found himself domiciled in a cell on the third tier of the Tombs. "Thou art too sweet for me," he vocalized,

"Go where glory awaits thee," sang the Judge in a deep bass, as he sentenced Master Willie to six months on the Island. "I would not live always-I ask not to

stay," was rendered most piteously by the pri-

Considerate. - An amusing scene occurred at the Police Court in Albany, the other day. An Irishman was brought up for petty larceny and strennlously denied the charge. He was confronted by one Michael Fagin, who appeared as a witness, when turning to Squire Parsons, he asked :

" Is Mister Fagin to be a witness fornenst

"It seems so," replied the Judge. "Well, thin, yer honer, I plade gilty, not because I'm guilty, for I'm as innocent as yer honer's suckin' babe, but jist for the sake of saving Misther Fagin's sowl.

HIBERNESQUE .- A lady sent her servant for her new velvet mantilla which was at her dress-

"John," said she, "if it rains take a coach. dinary how many persons, unused to the sick I would rather pay the hack bire than have my mantilla get wet" When the man handed her the mantilla it

was ruined, the paper which covered it being saturated with water. "Why John," she said, "I told you to take

a cab if it rained." "So I did, mum; but sure you would'ut have your footman ridin' inside, so I got on the box with the driver."

'Ir's quite too bad of you, Darby, to say that your wife is worse than the devil.' 'Au' please your Reverence, I prove it by the Houly Scriptur,-I can, be the powers .-Did'nt your Reverence, yesterday, in your sarmon, tell us that if we resist the devil he'll flee from us? Now, if I resist my wife, she flies at me.

WE have generally observed that a man bitten by a dog, to matter whether the animal is mad or not, is apt to get mad himself.

A good action is never thrown away. This is the reason, probably, why we find so very few of them 'lying around loose.'

Nothing is more odious than the face that smiles abroad, but flashes fury amid the caresses of a tender wife and children.

Me He is a happy man whose circumstances mad pranks, says Prentice, would evidently sait his temper; but he is happier who can