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TOWANDA:

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Selected Poetry.

CATCH THE SUNSHINE.

Catch the sunshine! though it flickers
Through a dark and dismal cloud;
Though it falls so faint and feeble
On a heart with sorrow bowed:
Catch it quickly—it is passing,
Passing rapidly away;
It has only come to tell you
There is yet a brighter day.

Catch the sunshine! though 'tis only
One pale flickering beam of light;
There is joy within its glimmering,
Whispering 'tis not always night.
Don't be mooping, sighing, weeping,
Look up! look up like a man!
There's no time to grope in darkness,
Catch the sunshine when you can.

Catch the sunshine! though life's tempest
May unroll its chilling blast;
Catch the little hopeful straggler
Storms will not forever last!
Don't give up and say "forsaken!"
Don't begin to say "I'm sad!"
Look! there comes a gleam of sunshine!
Catch it! oh, it seems so glad!

Catch the sunshine! don't be grieving
Over that darksome billow there;
Life's a sea of stormy billows,
We must meet them every where.
Pass right through them! do not tarry,
Overcome the heaving tide,
There's a sparkling gleam of sunshine
Waiting on the other side.

Catch the sunshine! catch it gladly!
Meager in hope's employ,
Sent through clouds, through storm and billows,
Bringing you a cup of joy.
Oh! then don't be sighing, weeping,
Life, you know, is but a span,
There's no time to sigh and sorrow,
Catch the sunshine when you can.

Miscellaneous.

The Eleventh Commandment.

T. S. Arthur tells a good story about a loving couple in New Jersey, who belonged to the Methodist Church. A new presiding elder, Mr. N., was expected in that district; and as the ministers all stopped with brother W. and his wife, every preparation was made to give him a cordial reception. The honest couple thought that religion in part consisted in making some parade, and therefore the parlor was put in order, a nice fire was made, and the kitchen replenished with cake, chickens, and every delicacy preparatory to cooking.

While Mr. W. was out at his wood-pile, a plain-looking, coarsely-dressed, but quiet-like pedestrian came along and inquired the distance to the next town. He was told that it was three miles. Being very cold, he asked permission to enter and warm himself. Assent was given very grudgingly, and both went into the kitchen. The wife looked daggers at this untimely intrusion, for the stranger had on cow-hide boots, an old hat, and a thread bare, but neatly patched coat. At length she gave him a chair beside the Dutch oven, which was baking nice cake for the presiding elder, who was momentarily expected, as he was to preach the next day at the church a mile or two beyond.

The stranger, after warming himself, prepared to leave, but the weather became more inclement, and as his appetite was roused by the viands about the fire, he asked for some little refreshment. Mrs. W. was displeased, but on consultation with her husband, some cold bacon and bread were set on an old table, and he was then somewhat gruffly told to eat. It was growing dark, and hints were thrown out that the stranger had better depart, as it was three long miles to town. The wife grew petulant as the new preacher did not arrive, and her husband sat whistling the air "Auld Lang Syne," while he thought of the words of the hymn—"When I can Read my Title Clear," and felt as though he could order the stranger off without any further ado.

The homely meal was at last concluded—the man thanked him kindly for the hospitality he had received, and opened to door to go. But it was quite dark, and the clouds denoting a storm filled the heavens.

"You say it is three miles to D—?"

"I do," said Mr. W., "very coolly, 'I said so when you first stopped, and you ought to have pushed on, like a prudent man. You could have reached there before it was quite dark."

"But I was cold and hungry, and might have fainted by the way."

The manner of saying this touched the farmer's feelings a little.

"You have warmed and fed me for which I am thankful. Will you not bestow another act of kindness upon one in a strange place, and, if he goes out in the darkness, may lose himself and perish in the cold."

The particular form in which this request was made, and the tone in which it was uttered, put it out of the power of the farmer to say no.

"Go in there and sit down," he answered, pointing to the kitchen, "and I will see my wife and see what she says."

And Mr. W. went into the parlor where the supper table stood, covered with a snow white cloth, displaying his wife's set of blue-sprigged china, that was only brought out on special occasions.

The tall mould candles were burning thereon, and on the hearth blazed a cheerful fire.

have the likes of him in the house now. Where could he sleep?"

"Not in the best room, even if Mr. N. should not come."

"No, indeed!"

"But really, I don't see, Jane, how we can turn him out of doors. He doesn't look like a very strong man, and it's dark and cold, and full three miles to D—."

"We can't turn him out of doors, Jane, and it's no use to think of it. He'll have to stay, somehow."

"But what can we do with him?"

"He seems like a decent man at least; and does not look as if he had anything bad about him. We might make him a bed on the floor somewhere."

"I wish he had been in Guinea before he came here!" said Mrs. W., fretfully. The disappointment, the conviction that Mr. N. would not arrive, occasioned her to fret, and the intrusion of so unwelcome a visitor as the stranger, completely unhinged her mind.

"Oh, well!" replied her husband in a soothing voice, "never mind. We must make the best of it. He came to us tired and hungry, and we warmed and fed him. He now asks shelter for the night, and we must not refuse him, nor grant his request in a complaining or a reluctant spirit. You know what the Bible says about entertaining angels unwares."

"Angels! Did you ever see an angel look like him?"

"Having never seen an angel," said the farmer, smiling, "I am unable to speak as to their appearance."

This had the effect to call an answering smile from Mrs. W. and a better feeling at her heart. It was finally agreed between them that the man, as he seemed like a decent kind of person, should be permitted to occupy the minister's room if that individual did not arrive, an event to which they both looked with little expectancy. If he did come the man would have to put up with poor accommodations.

When Mr. W. returned to the kitchen, where the stranger had seated himself before the fire, he informed him that they had decided to let him stay all night. The man expressed in a few words the grateful sense of their kindness, and then became silent and thoughtful. Soon after the farmer's wife, giving up all hope of Mr. N.'s arrival, had supper taken up, which consisted of coffee, warm short cake and broiled chickens. After all was on the table, a short conference was held as to whether it would do not to invite the stranger to take supper. It was true they had given him as much bread and bacon as he could eat, but then, as long as he was going to stay all night, it looked too inhospitable to sit down to the table and not ask him to join them. So, making virtue a necessity, he was kindly asked to come to supper—an invitation which he did not decline. Grace was said over the meal by Mr. W., and the coffee poured out, the bread helped, and the meat carved.

There was a fine little boy, six years old, at the table, who had been brightened up and dressed in his best, in order to grace the minister's reception. Charles was full of talk, and the parents felt a mutual pride in showing him off, even before their humble guest, who noticed him particularly, though he had not much to say.

"Come, Charles," said Mr. W., after the meal was over, and he sat lounging in his chair, "can't you repeat the pretty hymn mamma learned you last Sunday?"

Charles started off without further invitation and repeated very accurately two or three verses of a new camp-meeting hymn, that was then very popular.

"Now let us hear you say the commandments, Charles," spoke up the mother, well pleased at her child's performance.

And Charles repeated them all with the aid of a little prompting.

"How many commandments are there?" asked the father.

The child hesitated, and then looking up at the stranger, near whom he sat, said innocently—

"How many are there?"

The man thought for some moments, and said, as if in doubt, "Eleven, are there not?"

"Eleven!" ejaculated Mrs. W., in unfeigned surprise.

"Eleven!" said her husband, with more rebuke than astonishment in his voice. "Is it possible, sir, that you do not know how many commandments there are? How many are there, Charles? Come, tell me—you know, of course."

"Ten," replied the child.

"Right, my son," returned Mr. W., looking with a smile of approval on the child. "Right. There isn't a child of his age within ten miles who can't tell you there are ten commandments."

"Did you ever read the Bible, sir?" addressed the stranger?

"When I was a little boy I used to read it sometimes. But I am sure I thought there were eleven commandments. Are you not mistaken about there being only ten?"

Sister W., lifted her hands in unfeigned astonishment, and exclaimed, "Could any one believe it? Such ignorance of the Bible?"

Mr. W. did not reply, but rose, and going to one corner of the room where the good book lay upon the small stand, he put it on the table before him, and opened at that portion in which the commandments are recorded.

"There," he said, placing his finger upon the proof of the stranger's error. "There! look for yourself."

The man came round from his side of the table and looked over the stranger's shoulder.

"There! I ten, d'ye see?"

"Yes, it does say," replied the man, "and yet it seems to me there are eleven. I am sure I have always thought so."

"Doesn't it say ten here?" inquired Mr. W. with marked impatience in his voice.

"It does, certainly."

"Well, what more do you want? Can't you believe the Bible?"

"O, yes, I believe the Bible; and yet, it strikes me somehow, that there are more than ten commandments. Hasn't one been added somewhere else?"

Now this was too much for brother and sister W. to hear. Such ignorance of sacred matters felt to be unpardonable. A long lecture followed, in which the man was scolded, admonished, and threatened with divine indignation. At its close he modestly asked whether he might not have the Bible to read for an hour or two before retiring for the night. This request was granted with more pleasure than any of the preceding ones.

Shortly after supper the man was conducted to the little square room, accompanied by the Bible. Before leaving him alone, Mr. W. felt it to be his duty to exhort him to spiritual things, and he did so, most earnestly, for ten or fifteen minutes. But he could not see that his words made much impression, and he finally left his guest, lamenting his obduracy and ignorance.

In the morning he came down, and meeting Mr. W., asked him if he would be so kind as to lend him a razor, that he might remove his beard, which did not give his face a very attractive appearance. His request was complied with.

"We will have prayers in about ten minutes," said Mr. W. as he handed him the razor and shaving box.

The man appeared and behaved with due propriety at family worship. After breakfast he thanked the farmer and his wife for their hospitality, and parting, went on his journey.

Ten o'clock came, but Mr. N. had not arrived. So Mr. and Mrs. W. started for the meeting-house, not doubting that they would find him there. A goodly number of people were inside the meeting-house, and a goodly number outside, but the minister had not arrived.

"Where is Mr. N.—?" inquired a dozen voices, as a little crowd gathered around the farmer.

"He hasn't come yet. Something has detained him. But I still look for him—indeed, I fully expected to find him here."

The day was cold, and Mr. W., after becoming thoroughly chilled, concluded to go in and keep a good lookout for the minister from the window near which he usually sat. Others, from the same cause, followed his example, and the little meeting house was soon filled, and one after another came dropping in. The farmer, who turned towards the door each time it was opened, was a little surprised to see his guest of the previous night enter, and come slowly down the aisle, looking on either side as if searching for a vacant seat, very few of which were now left. Still advancing, he finally got within the little enclosed altar, and ascending to the pulpit, took off his old gray overcoat and sat down.

By this time Mr. W. was at his side, and had his hand upon his arm.

"You must sit here, come down and I will show you a seat," he said in an excited tone.

"Thank you," replied the man, in a composed voice. "It is very comfortable here." And the man remained unmoved.

Mr. W. feeling embarrassed, went down intending to get a higher "official" to assist him in making a forcible ejection of the man from the place he was desecrating. Immediately upon his doing so, however, the man arose, and standing up at the desk, opened the hymn book. His voice was thrilled to the finger ends of brother W., as in a distinct and impressive manner, he gave out the hymn beginning:—

"Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel a brother's care."

The congregation rose after the stranger had read the entire hymn, and had repeated the first two lines for them to sing. Brother W. usually started the tones. He tried this time, but went off on a long metre tune. Discovering his mistake at the second word, he balked and tried again, but now he stumbled on short metre. A musical brother here came to his aid, and led off with a tune that suited the measure in which the hymn was written.

After singing, the congregation knelt, and the minister—for no one doubted his real character—addressed the Throne of Grace with much fervor and eloquence. The reading of a chapter in the bible succeeded. Then there was a deep pause throughout the room in anticipation of the text, which the preacher prepared to announce.

Brother W. looked pale, and his hands and knees trembled. Sister W.'s face looked like crimson, and her heart was beating so loud that she wondered whether the sound was not heard by the sister who sat beside her. There was a breathless silence. The dropping of a pin might have been heard. Then the fine, emphatic tones of the preacher filled the crowded room.

"And a new commandment I give unto you, that you love one another."

Brother W. bent his head forward to listen, but now he had sunk back in his seat. This was the Eleventh Commandment.

The sermon was deep, searching, yet affectionate and impressive. The preacher uttered nothing that could in the least wound the brother and sister of whose hospitality he had partaken, and he said much that smote upon their hearts, and made them painfully conscious that they had not shown as much kindness to the stranger as he had been entitled to receive on the broad principles of humanity. But they suffered most from mortification of feeling. To think that they had treated the Presiding Elder of the District after such a fashion, was deeply humiliating; and the idea of the whole affair getting abroad, interfered sadly with their devotional feeling throughout the whole period of service.

At last the sermon was over, the ordinance administered, and the benediction pronounced. Brother W. did not know what it was best for him to do. He was never more at a loss in his life. Then Mr. N. descended from the pulpit, but he did not step forward to meet him. How could he do that? Others gathered around

and shook hands with him, but still he lingered and held back.

"Where is brother W.?" he at length heard asked. It was the voice of the minister.

"Here he is," said one or two, opening the way to where the farmer stood.

The preacher advanced, and catching his hand said—

"How do you do, brother W., I am glad to see you. And where is sister W.?"

Sister W. was brought forward and the preacher shook hands with them heartily while his face was lit up with smiles.

"I believe I am to find a home with you," he said, as if it was settled.

Before the still embarrassed brother and sister could make reply, some one asked—

"How came you to be detained so late? You were expected last night. And where is brother R.?"

"Brother R. is sick," replied Mr. N., "and I had to come alone. Five miles from this my horse gave out, and I had to come the rest of the way on foot. But I became so cold and weary that I found it necessary to ask a farmer to give me a night's lodging, which he was kind enough to do. I thought I was still three miles off, but it happened I was very much nearer my journey's end than I had supposed."

This explanation was satisfactory to all parties, and in due time the congregation dispersed and the presiding elder went home with brother and sister W. One thing is certain, however, the story never got out for some years after the worthy brother and sister had passed from their labors, and then it was related by Mr. N. himself, who was rather eccentric in his character, and, like numbers of his ministerial brethren, fond of a joke and given to relating good stories.

BOOKS AS AN ORNAMENT.—Men are not accustomed to buy books unless they want them. If, on visiting the dwelling of a man of slender means, I find the reason why he has cheap carpets, and plain furniture, to be that he may purchase books, he rises at once in my esteem. Books are not made for furniture, but there is nothing else that so beautifully furnishes a house. The plainest row of books that cloth or paper covers, is more significant of refinement than the most elaborately carved *chiffre* or sideboard.

Give me a house furnished with books rather than furniture! Both, if you can, but books at any rate! To spend several days in a friend's house, and hunger for something to read, while you are treading on costly carpets, and sitting upon luxurious chairs, and sleeping upon down, is as if one were bribing your body for the sake of cheating your mind.

Is it not pitiable to see a man growing rich and beginning to augment the comforts of home and lavishing money on ostentatious upholstery upon the table, upon everything but what the soul needs?

We know of many and many a rich man's house when it would not be safe to ask for the commonest English classics. A few garnished annuals on the table, a few pictorial monstrosities, together with the stock of religious books of his "persuasion," and that is all!

No range of poets, no essays, no selection of historians, no travels, or biographies—no select fictions or curious legendary lore; but then, the walls have paper on which cost three dollars a roll, and the floors have carpets that cost four dollars a yard! Books are the windows through which the soul looks out. A house without books is like a room without windows. No man has a right to bring up his children without surrounding them with books, if he has the means to buy them. It is a wrong to his family.

He cheats them! Children learn to read by being in the presence of books. The love of knowledge comes with reading, and grows upon it. And the love of knowledge in a young mind, is almost a warrant against the inferior excitement of passions and vices.

Let us pity those poor rich men who live barrenly in great bookless houses! Let us congratulate the poor that in our day, books are so cheap that a man may every year add a hundred volumes to his library for what his tobacco and beer would cost him. Among the earlier ambitions to be excited in clerks, workmen, journeymen, and, indeed among all that are struggling up in life from nothing to something, is that of owing and constantly adding to a library of good books. A little library growing larger every year is an honorable part of a young man's history. It is a duty to have books. A library is not a luxury but one of the necessities of life.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

INTERESTING ART DISCOVERY IN ROME.—The interest of the artistic portion of the community in politics has this week been suspended by the discovery of a remarkably beautiful statue of Venice, in Parian marble. Possessing very high merit, is pronounced by some connoisseurs to be as fine as the Venus de Medici. Eminent sculptors, while more moderate in their praise, still speak of it as being very beautiful, as being very probably a copy of the Florentine Venus, and as being of Greek Art. It will settle a very disputed point, and lead probably to the correction of a great error in the repairs made by Bernini in the Venus de Medici. It will be remembered that Bernini has so adjusted her arms that, while bent over the bosom and lower part of the body, they do not touch it in any part. In the new statue the marks of the fingers on the right thigh and left bosom are plainly visible. The head, too, I should say, is somewhat larger than that of the Venus de Medici. The head has been broken off, as also the two arms, but the only parts missing are the left hand and wrist and the fingers of the right hand, all of which may be easily supplied, as enough exists to show the perfect pose of every limb of the body.—*Rome correspondence of the London Times, April 22.*

The paths of virtue, though seldom those of worldly greatness, are always those of pleasantness and peace.

Modern Warfare as Compared with the Means of Destruction in the Past.

We are apparently on the eve of the most tremendous armed conflict which the world has seen since the downfall of Napoleon the Great. The wars of imperial France were bloody wars, as all the world knows. No slaughtered hetacombs were ever piled so high as the great emperor piled them. The dead never lay so thick on any battle field, of which history makes mention, as they lay on Eylau and Borodino and Waterloo. What amount of destruction and misery science, in the hands of genius, could, in a given time, deal out on a given number of men was there amply demonstrated.

But it is not saying too much to say that if the European powers let their armed hordes loose upon one another this summer, ruthless destroyer as Napoleon was, he will be shown before three years are over to have been a mere tyro in the art of destruction. Since his day all the arts have advanced with rapid strides, but none with strides so rapid as this one. The weapons with which his soldiers were armed, with which the bridge of Lodi was carried, and Austerlitz and Merango were won, bear much the same relation to the rifle of the present day as the matchlock bore to the firelock.

Death did not in his time flash from serried ranks until the foemen stood two or three hundred yards apart. It now flies in the air nearly three quarters of a mile, as far as the sharpest eye can mark a human figure. His siege artillery would be to-day by no means heavy field pieces. Wellington's heaviest breaching guns at Badajos and Salamanca were twenty-four pounders. The Russians at Inkerman, and the British at Tchernaya, brought thirty-two pounders into the field with ease and effect. But the advantage which heavy guns have always had over light ones, hitherto, for the purposes of field artillery, has been rather in the length of range than in the size of the ball. A twelve-pounder rushing through a column of infantry is full of destruction and almost as demoralizing as one treble its weight; but formerly it could not be projected nearly so far. Science has, in our day, destroyed the difference between them. Recent inventions, some of them those of our own countrymen, some of them Englishmen, and some of the present Emperor of France, have furnished field pieces, which four horses can whirl at the giddiest gallop from point to point, with more than the deadly power which, forty years ago, belonged only to weapons which sixteen horses could only move with difficulty, and which were always *pieces de position*.

Moreover, facilities have been created since Waterloo was fought, for bringing together masses of men thus armed, and dashing them against one another, such as the great Napoleon in his wildest dreams never thought of.—We all know how the rapidity of his movements dazzled and astounded our fathers. We know how he strode over Europe like a magician, taking armies up, as it seemed in those days, in the hollow of his hand, and flinging them in the twinkling of an eye on every point where his giant plans needed them. We know how distance seemed to shrivel up at the blast of his trumpet. We know how the pupils of Turanne and Montecuculi recoiled in dismay before legions which struck like a thunderbolt after having advanced like the wind. But great as was the perfection to which he carried the art of rapid concentration, it becomes the crawling of a turtle compared with the power with which railways have armed the generals of our day.

When Napoleon started on his expeditions, armies were of necessity divided into columns, which, in order to secure the bare means of subsistence and of transport, were compelled either to follow each other at tolerably long intervals, or else march on the same point by different circuitous routes. And they did march—literally *marched*, trudged every inch of the way on foot, and the eagle flapped his wings over them in approbation if they achieved fifty miles in twenty-four hours. The maddest impatience of the maddest conqueror had in those times to adapt itself to the capabilities of human legs and human stomachs.

It took, even in the hands of Napoleon, a long while to concentrate two hundred thousand men at a point three hundred miles distant; and when they were there it required stupendous energy and stupendous resources to feed them. All the grand heroes had to take pork and flour into their grandest calculation; and pork and flour, alas! have to be carried about to be of any use.

The other day we were told, in contrast with this, that the present Emperor was able to send twenty-five thousand men in a day from Paris to Lyons—a distance of three hundred miles. It would have taken his uncle a week of *forced* marches to accomplish the same object. Austria is sending troops into Italy at the same rate. Moreover, the same power which renders this rapid concentration of troops so easy, renders their subsistence, while concentrated, just as easy. The railroad dumps the soldiers now-a-days down on the battle-field, and the next day dumps down a month's provisions in their rear. The telegraph, we need hardly say, plays as wonderful a part in this change as the railroad. One of Napoleon's generals would have required four or five days to ask for a reinforcement, which he now asks for in as many minutes. It reaches him in as many hours as it would then have taken days.

The destructiveness of the changes which these new instruments are likely to introduce into warfare, has not so far, attracted so much attention as it ought, because within the last 30 years we have had no wars in the part of the world in which science could render the soldier efficient; and what science has done in that interval to make war more sanguinary, will only appear when two countries like Italy and Germany, which are blessed, or cursed, with all the "modern improvements," having armed the combatants with the means of destroying life all around him within a radius of a thousand yards, it hurls him—*as it were*—at the rate of a human misery revealed by even a few minutes reflection on such a theme as this, which no one who has ever seen war in its

most harmless aspect, can contemplate without a shudder.

Wonders of the Mississippi.

The difference of level between high and low water mark at Cairo is fifty feet. The width and depth of the river from Cairo and Memphis to New Orleans is not materially increased yet immense additions are made to the quantity of water in the channel by large streams from both the eastern and western sides of the Mississippi. The question naturally arises, what becomes of this vast added volume of water? It certainly never reaches New Orleans and as certainly does not evaporate; and of course, it is not confined to the channel of the river, for it would rise far above the entire region south of us.

If a well is sunk anywhere in the Arkansas bottom, water is found as soon as the water-level of the Mississippi is reached. When the Mississippi goes down, the water sinks accordingly in the well. The owner of a saw mill, some twenty miles from the Mississippi, in Arkansas, dug a well to supply the boilers of his engine, during the late flood. When the waters receded, his well went down till his hose would no longer reach the water, and finally, his well was dry. He dug a ditch to an adjacent lake to let water into his well; the lake was drained, and the well was dry again, having literally drank ten acres of water in less than a week. The inference is, that the whole valley of the Mississippi, from its banks to the highlands on either side, rests on a porous substratum which absorbs the redundant waters, and thus prevents that degree of accumulation which would long since have swept New Orleans into the Gulf but for this provision of nature, to which alone her safety is attributable.

In fact, if the alluvial bottoms of the Mississippi were like the shores of the Ohio, the vast plain from Cairo to New Orleans would to-day be part and parcel of the Gulf of Mexico, and this whole valley a vast fresh water arm of the sea. Were the geological character of the valley different, the construction of levees, confining the water of the Mississippi to its channel, would cause the rise in the river to become so great at the South that there not sufficient levees could be built. The current would be stronger and accumulation of water greater as the levees are extended North of us.

Such results were reasonably enough anticipated; but the water, instead of breaking the levees, permeates the porous soil, and the overflow is really beneath the surface of the swamps. Such, it seems to us, are the wise provisions of nature for the safety and ultimate reclamation of the rich country South of us. We believe that the levee system will be successful, and that the object of its adoption will be attained. The porosity of the material used in making them has caused most if not all of crevasses. Men may deem it a superhuman task to wall in the Mississippi from Cairo to New Orleans, but our levees are the work of pigmies when contrasted with the dykes of Holland. The floodtide of the Mississippi is but a ripple on the surface of a glassy pool, compared with the ocean billows that dash against the artificial shores of Holland. The country to be reclaimed by our levees—all of which will not for fifty years cost the people as much as those of the Dutch when originally built—would make one hundred such kingdoms as that over which Bonaparte once wielded the sceptre.—*Memphis Avalanche.*

A beggar accosted a member of Parliament, and telling a piteous tale, said, "If your honor does not assist me I shall be compelled to an act which nothing but desperation could tempt me to do." The honorable gentleman gave him a shilling and walked on, but an idea struck him; so he called the beggar, and asked him what he had meditated doing. "Can't you guess," said the beggar. "I should have been compelled to hunt for work which nothing but desperation could have tempted me to do."

LOLA MONTEZ, in her book, "The Art of Beauty," lays down the following rule among her "hints to gentleman on the art of Fascination." You ought to know there are four things which always more or less interests a lady—a parrot, a peacock, a monkey, and a man; and the nearer you can come in uniting all these about equally in your character, the more will you be loved. This is a cheap and excellent recipe for making a dandy, a creature which is always an object of admiration to the ladies.

HOW THE POODLE GOT WET.—Enter Bridget, with the mistress's favorite poodle, wringing wet. "How is this, Bridget? How came Fido to get so very wet?" "An' faith, mam, an' it was little Tommy that had the little baste lashed to the end of a pole, and was washing the windies wid him."

Looking out of his window one summer evening, Luther saw on a tree at hand a little bird making brief and easy dispositions for a night's rest. "Look," said he, "how that little fellow preaches faith to us all. He takes hold of his twig, tucks his head under his wing, and goes to sleep, leaving God to think for him."

A newspaper thus describes the effects of a hurricane.—"It shattered mountains, tore up oaks by the roots, dismantled churches, laid villages waste, and overturned—a haystack!"

It is rumored that the ladies are going to raise the moustache. We believe that they can do it without difficulty, for every handsome woman can, whenever she pleases, have a "moustache" to her lip.

A quack doctor in one of his bills, said he could bring living witnesses to prove the efficacy of his nostrums, "which is more," says he, "than others in my line can do."

It was computed that there are eight hundred millions of gold and jewels at the bottom of the sea on route between England and India.

"I'm getting fat," as the loafer said when he was stealing "lard."