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## TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, May 31, 1860.

### Selected Poetry.

#### LIFE AND THE SIGN.

The summer tide is at the full,  
The eagles grow fresh and fair;  
And twilight brings a pensive lull  
On musing soil and scented air.  
The crisp cicada's songs are hushed,  
The mist is on the river,  
The glow of fading day has blushed  
A low the western sky forever.

The aged host of the village inn  
Looks musing on the street;  
And floating from the leafy lin,  
The lily's breath is sweet—  
And the host is humming a cheerful strain—  
A ditty of love 'till the olden time,  
Of a tender maid and a bashful swain,  
And passionate vow and love divine;  
And the cry of the bittern in sombre gloom  
Breaks from the lonely fenland cover;  
And now, beneath the straying tree,  
They meet—the loved one and the lover.

And idlers round the hostel door  
Are gathering for the night;  
And homely song and sad folk-lore  
Will linger long and light:  
But ever, from its post on high,  
The sign a lonely vigil keeps,  
And looks, with a slight smile,  
While life beneath its shadow sleeps;  
And there for many years it stood—  
In rain and sun and cold—  
Mid summer, winter, wind and flood,  
And sun and sigh—so old, so old!

It stood when Nestor, King Devoe,  
The parish pastor, bent and worn,  
First saw the light, years ago,  
In a cottage there in Pancras morn.  
It stood when good Sir Rupert came,  
Last scion of his faded line;  
Though all have changed, 'tis still the same—  
Same and sighing, old, old sign!  
The churchyard stones have numbered more—  
Aye, many more, since it was new;  
And there, beside the hostel door,  
'Twas planted, 'neath the ancient yew.

I've heard it on a winter's night,  
When waiving wind the snow  
Dashed in a dismal wild affright,  
On the cold, cold earth below;  
I've heard it in the lion blast,  
Of blustering March, so fierce and free,  
When sails are close on shivering masts,  
And storm is on the trembling sea;  
I've heard it when the autumn breeze  
Is mournful requiem sung,  
And eddying from the naked trees  
The whirling leaves were flung;  
I've heard it when the days were long,  
And earth was warm in summer's fold;  
But I'll never forget the thoughtful song  
It seems to sing—so old, so old!

For looking down, it seems, forthwith,  
From life to catch its mournful lay,  
The echo of this mighty truth—  
Life, love, and joy, shall pass away!

### Miscellaneous.

#### School Law.

County Superintendent's Certificate indispensable—Decision of Hon. Judge Taylor.

The complaint contained in the petition of a number of citizens of the Borough of Huntington, against the Board of School Directors and praying for their removal on the ground that a teacher had been employed to take charge of one of the public schools, who had received a certificate from the County Superintendent, was heard on Wednesday last, the day fixed for that purpose by the Court. After the hearing, one of the counsel of the Board requested as early a decision as possible, since he said, the opening of the schools had been deferred until the controversy had been settled. Judge Taylor, stating that the Judges had no doubt or difficulty respecting any question involved in this, proceeded to deliver the opinion of the Court, substantially as follows:

It is the duty of the County Superintendent, as the Common School system of Pennsylvania is now organized, to examine those who desire to be employed as teachers, and to give to each one found qualified, a "certificate setting forth the branches of learning he or she is capable of teaching," and the Act of Assembly expressly declares that "no teacher shall be employed in any school to teach other branches than those set forth in such certificate." No teacher can lawfully be employed at all, who has not a certificate; nor can any one be employed to teach other branches than those set forth in such certificate. Subject to this limit, however, and within it, the School Directors may exercise a discretion with which no body has any right to interfere, and for which they are only answerable to the people who elect him. But if they exceed their limit, and violate a plain and express provision of the law by employing "incompetent teachers," or in other words, teachers who have not received certificates from the County Superintendent, or to teach branches which such certificates do not show them to be qualified to teach, it becomes the duty of the State Superintendent (Act of Assembly, Sec. 38.) "to withhold any warrant for the quota of such district of the annual State appropriation;" and such neglect or refusal to employ competent teachers persisted in for a month, "such district shall forfeit absolutely its whole quota of the State appropriation for that year." This is the ground and reason of complaint against these directors and upon which their removal and the appointment of others in their places, is sought.

The 9th section of the Act of Assembly provides "that if all the members of any Board of Directors shall refuse or neglect to perform their duties by levying the tax required by law, and to put or stop the schools in operation so far as the means of the district will admit, or shall neglect or refuse to perform any other duty enjoined by law, the Court of Quarter Sessions of the proper county may, upon complaint in writing by any six taxable citizens of the dis-

trict, and on due proof thereof, declare their seats vacant, and appoint others in their stead until the next annual election for directors." To employ an "incompetent teacher," or one whose competency and qualifications are not commensurate with the duties of the County Superintendent, especially if persisted in so as to hazard the district's quota of the annual appropriation, it cannot be doubted is such a neglect or refusal to perform a "duty enjoined by law," as would make it the duty of the Court to remove the directors, and supply their places by the appointment of others. But the question here is, whether these directors are before us upon the facts of this case, and their sworn answer to this complaint, in an attitude which demands such action by the Court.

The teachers referred to in the complaint, are— By a resolution of the Board of Directors, teachers for all the schools were chosen, and notified; but the schools have not yet been opened, and none of them have, as yet, been actually employed. None of the teachers had, at the time, formal certificates; but, with respect to all of them except— and— they were all known and admitted to be entitled to certificates, and either have received or will receive them from the Superintendent. The Directors had, at the time of their action, a communication from that officer reporting the result of his public examination of all the applicants for certificates; and giving assurance that all named upon it, except—, were entitled to and would receive certificates corresponding with the reported result of the examination. With respect to all the others, therefore, there was a virtual and substantial compliance with the law. As to— the Directors acted, they allege in their answer upon what was contained in the Superintendent's report; but, they distinctly disclaim any intention or purpose to violate the law, and declare that, if the communication of the Superintendent is not equivalent to a certificate, they are ready and willing to retrace their steps and obey the law. It is to be noticed, also, in their behalf, that a number of those whose children are taught in the school assigned to Mr.—, had strongly solicited his appointment. They had, too, a report of his scholarship from the Superintendent. Under these circumstances, the Directors do not occupy an attitude before the Court which calls for their removal. They only desire to know their duty, and declare their readiness to do it.— And this, the complainants here say, is all they want.

The only question of any practical importance in this case, therefore, is, the report of Mr. Owen, the Superintendent, a certificate to Mr.—? That it was not, or equivalent to one, we have no doubt whatever. The paper only purports to be the result of the examination. It proceeds to name several in one class, and styles them "first class" teachers, without more. It then classes together a number of others, grading their scholarship; with the statement that certificates will be furnished them accordingly. Then follows the report of the scholarship of Mr.— and another, with some remarks derogatory of the former, and with the intimation that a certificate will not be given him except upon a contingency stated. Was this a "certificate"? Clearly it was not. The paper itself speaks of Certificates to be given, as something different and distinct; and intimates that a certificate to Mr.— may be withheld. The certificate, moreover, is a document, the form of which is given in the pamphlet containing a digest of the Acts of Assembly, and the decisions of the State Superintendent, placed in the hands of every Board of Directors by authority, and familiar to every one. It is not easy to see how such a paper could be mistaken for a certificate.

It has been intimated that the Superintendent withheld the certificate improperly and from personal motives. That, if true, does not supply the place of a certificate. The question for Directors in this matter, is, what has he done? not what should he have done. They are not to determine the qualifications and competency of teachers. That is his duty.— Nor is he an irresponsible officer. For sufficient reasons, he too, may be removed from office. But School Directors are not constituted his judges. "To his own master," or the proper tribunal, must be answer for wilful or corrupt violations of the public duty.

The respondents here, will, therefore, distinctly understand that it will be unlawful and a violation of their official duty, to take into service as a teacher— or any one else, unless or until he or she shall receive a certificate from the County Superintendent. And since their attitude here is one of willingness to do their duty, and nothing more is asked of them no further action is required; and the complaint is accordingly dismissed.

By the Court.

INTERFERING WITH PROVIDENCE.—We have a curious story of a professed New Churchman, who owns a large pile of money, and is generally believed to love it most dearly. A poor neighbor was in great need of a small loan, by means of which he could save his little home from being forfeited and lost. He called on the man who owned the money and requested a little aid. The man considered the case and at length replied:—  
"Well Mr. Jones, I have the money, it is true, and could spare it, and would do so if it were not for one consideration. It seems that Providence designs that you should suffer this trial, and if I should help you out, I might interfere with the purposes of Providence in regard to you."

FREQUENCY OF RECESS.—A law of the muscular system requires that relaxation and contraction should alternate, or, in other words that rest should follow exercise. In accordance with the law, it is easier to walk than to stand; and in standing, it is easier to change from one foot to another than to stand still.— This explains why small children after sitting awhile in school become restless. Proper regard for this organic law requires that the smaller children be allowed a recess as often as at least, once an hour.

### Personal Traits of Washington.

A volume of recollections and private memoirs of Washington, by his adopted son, with a memoir of the author, by his daughter, is just out. There is much in it that will read with great interest.

#### HOW WASHINGTON RODE AFTER HIS HOUNDS.

During the interval between 1759 and 1774, the time which Washington could spare from his building and agricultural improvements was devoted to a great measure to the pleasures of the chase. He appears to have had no taste for shooting or fishing; but fox hunting was a sport in entire accordance with his athletic habits and his fondness for equestrian exercises. His kennel was situated near the family vault, in which his remains were at first deposited. It was a rude structure, but afforded comfortable quarters for the hounds. The pack was very numerous and select.— Every morning and evening Washington visited and inspected the kennels, in the same manner as he did his stables. He took pride in the discipline of his hounds. If in running one of them lost the scent another was at hand immediately to recover it, and thus when in full cry, in sporting phrase, you might cover the pack with a blanket. He kept a register of his horses and hounds, in which might be found the names, age, and marks of each, and with these companions of the chase he was as punctual in his attendance as to any other business of his life. At the commencement of the season, Mount Vernon became crowded with guests from the neighborhood, from Maryland and elsewhere. Their visits were prolonged not only for days but for weeks, and they were entertained with the exuberant hospitality of the Old Dominion. Washington was always superbly mounted, and in the genuine costume of the chase. He wore a blue coat, scarlet waistcoat, buck-skin breeches, top boots, and velvet cap. With his long thonged whip in hand he took the field at daybreak. Will Lee, his huntsman, and a brave array of friends and neighbors, followed in the train, but none rode more gallantly in the chase, or with more cheery voice awoke the echoes of the woodland, than the host of Mount Vernon.

After the close of the Revolution, the hunting establishment, which had gone down during the last war, was renewed by the arrival of a pack of French hounds, sent by Lafayette.— These dogs were of great strength and fierce courage. They would have been able to encounter the wolf or bear, or even to grapple with the lion on his native sands, as well as to pull down the stag in the American forest.— It was necessary to keep them in close confinement, as from their ferocious disposition, they would not hesitate to devour a stranger who might pass their kennel after nightfall, should the gates be unclosed. The huntsman always presided at their meals, and it was only by the vigorous use of the lash that any degree of law and order could be preserved among these savage animals. If the weather permitted, there was a hunt three times a week. Breakfast was served on those mornings by candle light. Washington, as usual, took nothing but an Indian-cake and a bowl of milk. Before sunrise the whole cavalcade would often have left the house and unkenneled the fox.— Washington was one of the most accomplished cavaliers. He rode with ease, elegance, and power; he took no account of any vicious propensities of his horse. The only quality which he demanded of a horse was that he should go along, and ridiculed the idea that he could be unseated, provided that the animal kept on his legs. Indeed, with his sinewy frame and iron muscles, he had such a tenacious grip with his knees that a horse might as easily throw off his saddle as such a rider. His famous animal for the chase was a horse called Blueskin, of a dark iron gray color approaching to blue. This was a fine, but fiery steed, of great endurance in a long run. The hunt-man Will, better known in Revolution lore as Billy, rode a horse called Chinking, a wonderful leaper and very much like its rider, low, but sturdy, and of great bone and muscle. The only duty of Will was to keep with the hounds. Gallantly did he perform his task. Mounted on Chinking, throwing himself almost full length on the animal, with a French horn at his back, and his spur in flank, this bold rider would rush at full speed, through brake or tangled wood, in a style at which modern huntsmen would stand aghast. There were roads cut through the woods in various directions, by which timid hunters, and even ladies, could enjoy the exhilarating cry, without risk of life or limb, but Washington rode gaily up to his dogs, nor spared his impetuous steed, as the distended nostril of Blueskin would show. He was always in at the death, and yielded to no man the honor of the brush. After the chase, the party would return to the mansion house, where, at the well spread board and with the flowing glass, the incidents of the field were discussed, while Washington, never deviating from his orderly habits for the sake of convivial pleasures, would, after a few glasses of Madeira, retire supperless to bed at nine o'clock.

MANLINESS.—The purpose of life is to form a many character, to get the best development of body and spirit—of mind, conscience, heart and soul. This is the end; all else is the means. Accordingly, that is not the most successful life in which a man gets the most pleasure, the most money or ease, the most power or place, honor or fame; but that in which a man gets the most manhood, performs the greatest amount of human duty, enjoys the greatest amount of human right, and acquires the greatest amount of many character. It is no importance whether he win this by wearing a hat upon his shoulders or a crown upon his head. It is the character, and not the crown, I value. The crown perishes with the head that wore it; but the character lives with immortal man who achieved it.

You must rise earlier, and sit up later, and work harder than you employes, or your business will suffer from their neglect as well as from your own.

### Gossip about Duelling.

It is believed that the fate which overtook the parties in the first duel ever fought in New England has been the cause of much of the odium with which duelling is regarded in that section of our country. These parties were two serving-men, who falling into a dispute, agreed to settle their differences after the manner of "gentlemen," by swords and daggers. They fought in 1621, the year after the landing of the pilgrims, and both were severely, though not dangerously, wounded. There was no statute in relation to the offence, so the elders got together to consider the method of punishment. It was decided they should be tied together neck and heels with stout thongs, and be compelled to endure each other's companionship for twenty-four hours, without food or drink. The sentence was carried into execution; and the ridicule which was thrown upon the practice of duelling by this event has descended to our own day.

Within a year or two after the Cilley and Graves duel in Washington, by which Cilley was murdered, Mr. Graves, even then stricken with horror by the never-failing remembrance of his crime, was on his way from Kentucky, through the interior of this State, to one of the northern counties. The coach stopped for the night at Pekin, Tazewell county, at a hotel then kept by Sam Knott, afterward a brave lieutenant in the 4th Illinois regiment of Mexican volunteers. It was announced soon after Mr. Graves' arrival who he was. Knott said nothing then, but when Mr. Graves asked for a bed (he had not taken supper), addressed him thus: "No, sir, you cannot sleep in my house. You are not worth enough to buy a lodging under my roof. Go, there is blood on your hands!" The ex-Congressman went, and with his cloak wrapped around him, passed the night in the coach in the stable yard. Poor Knott died on shipboard, between Vera Cruz and New Orleans, after having gone through all the dangers of the campaign. As a man of true courage and magnanimity, he had an aversion to the duel which he could not conceal.

It is a little singular that Illinois, settled at first by men from the States where the code recognized, should have escaped with the few duels that have been fought on her soil. The case related in Governor Ford's history of the State, in which the survivor in a fatal meeting was tried by a jury and hung, may have done much to give an early and salutary direction to public opinion in this matter. Across the river, in Missouri, the duel has never been unpopular. Her politicians, editors, lawyers, doctors, etc., were only a few years ago particularly fond of appeals to the code as the arbiter of their quarrels. All our older readers will recollect the fight between Biddle and Pettis—both gentlemen of distinction, and both of unquestionable courage. They fought with pistols at a distance of only five feet.— When in position, their weapons overlapped. Both as cool and collected as a clergyman in the pulpit, fired at the word. Both were killed. Cases of lesser note, in an early day, were by no means unrequited; but the practice never crossed the river into Illinois. General Shields, when living at Belleville, used to show that he had the blood of Donnybrook in his veins; and at one time it was thought that he was determined upon a set-to with Senator (then Judge) Trumbull; but his vaporing came to naught, and the two gentlemen now maintain friendly personal relations.—Chicago Tribune.

NOT WORTH THE TROUBLE.—"Oh, it's not worth the trouble to dress; I see only my husband." Then, madam, if your husband is not better worth pleasing than a host of "company," it is a pity you are married. Not worth the trouble to look better to him than to his merest acquaintances? Not worth the trouble to surround yourself with every grace and fascination that you are capable of? Then if you are a neglected wife by-and-by, never complain, for it is your own fault: it was "not worth the trouble" to have a happy home.

"Oh, it's not worth the trouble," says the nervous mother, snatching the implements of work from her awkward child; "not worth the trouble to teach her; I can do it better myself." Can you? Then how, if this is your method, will the child ever learn to become useful? If her timid services are not worth the trouble of encouraging, how can you blame her if in after years she prefers to sit in the parlor, and leaves the work to you? The instructor, who has not one title of the interest you should have in the child, thinks it well worth the trouble to impart to her a dozen different accomplishments; alas that the mother should be more indifferent than a stranger!

HOW TO ENJOY TOOTHACHE.—To enjoy this delectable pain to its fullest extent, you should have it in all its glory for about a week. Let the pain permeate and insinuate into every portion of the body, racing, jumping and springing around generally like rats in a corn crib; let it ache until you can't tell whether the pain is in your mouth, on the top of your head, or in your cravat, but rather think it is around there; let it ache until you feel like it would be a great relief to hold up your head by the ears and shake out every molar, incisor, grinder, and acher in it; let it ache until you are doubtful whether you stand in the position that nature assigned you, or with your heels in the air; let it ache until you seriously believe that every bone, nerve and muscle of your body is full of teeth, and that every tooth is aching on its own hook, and then, when you have enough pain to fit out an hospital—when you feel like kicking yourself down stairs—when you are exceedingly anxious to fall down somewhere and break your neck—then, we repeat you will begin to realize the toothache.

We cannot advise any one to enlist in the army of the United States. Even if the soldier is well treated, the life he leads in time of peace, is one of idleness, and one that unfits him for other and better occupations.

### A PARAGRAPH MATRIMONIAL.—Choosing a wife is a perilous piece of business.

Do you suppose there is nothing of it but evening visits, bouquets and popping the question? My dear, simple young man, you ought not to be trusted by yourself alone! Take care that you don't get the gilt China article, that looks exceedingly pretty on the mantle-piece until the gilt and ornament are all rubbed off, and then is fit only for the dust pile! A wife should be selected on the same principle as a calico gown. Bright colors and gay patterns are not always the best economy. Get something that will wash and wear. Nothing like the suns and showers of matrimony to bleach the most sensible place. Bear in mind, sir, that the article once bargained for, you can't exchange it if it don't suit. If you buy a watch and it don't run as you expected, you can send it to a jeweler to be repaired; in the case of a wife, once paired you can't re-pair. She may run in the wrong direction—very well, sir; all that is left for you is to run after her, and an interesting chase you will probably find it! If you get a good wife you will be the happiest fellow alive; if you get a bad one, you may as well sell yourself for two and sixpence at once! Just as well to consider all these things before hand, young man.

NEEDLE-WORK.—There is something extremely pleasant and touching—at least, of very sweet, soft and winning effect—in this peculiarity of needle-work, distinguishing men from women. Our own sex is incapable of any such by-law aside from the main business of life, but women—be they of what earthly rank they may, however gifted with intellect or genius, or endowed with awful beauty—have always some little handiwork to fill up the tiny gap of every vacant moment. A needle is familiar to the fingers of them all.— A queen, no doubt, applies it on occasions; the woman poet can use it as adroitly as her pen; the woman's eye that has discovered a new star, turns from its glory to send the polished little instrument gleaming along the hem of her kerchief, or to darn a casual fray in her dress. And they have the advantage of us in this respect. The slender thread of silk or cotton keeps them united with the small, familiar, gentle interests of life, the continually operating influences of which do so much more for the health of the character, and carry off what would otherwise be a dangerous accumulation of morbid sensibility. A vast deal of human sympathy runs along this electric line, stretching from the throne to the wicker chair of the humblest seamstress, and keeping high and low in a species of communion with their kindred beings. Methinks it is a token of healthy and gentle characteristics, when women of accomplishments and high thoughts love to sew, especially as they are never more at home with their own hearts than when so occupied.—Hawthorne.

SILENCE IN NATURE.—It is a remarkable and instructive fact, that many of the most important operations of nature are carried on in unbroken silence. There is no creaking of heavy axles or groning of cumbersome machinery as the solid earth wheels on its way, and every planet and system performs its revolutions. The great trees bring forth their boughs and shadow the earth beneath them—the plants cover themselves with buds, and the buds burst into flowers; but the whole transaction is unheard. The change from snow and winter winds to the blossoms and fruits and sunshine of summer is seen in its slow development, but there is scarcely a sound to tell the mighty transformation. The solemn chant of the ocean, as it raises its unchanged and unceasing voice, the roar of the hurricane, and the soft notes of the breeze, the rushing of the mountain river, and the thunder of the black-browed storm, all this is the music of nature—a great and swelling anthem of praise, breaking in on the universal calm. There is a lesson for us here, the mightiest worker in the Universe is the most unobtrusive.

HOLD ON.—Hold on to your tongue when you are just ready to swear, lie, or speak harshly, or use an improper word.

Hold on to your hand when you are about ready to strike, scratch, steal, or do any improper act.

Hold on to your foot when you are on the point of kicking, running away from study, or pursuing the path of error, shame or crime.

Hold on to your temper when you are angry, excited, or imposed upon, or others are angry about you.

Hold on to your heart when evil associations seek your company, and invite you to join in their games, mirth and revelry.

Hold on to your good name at all times, for it is more valuable to you than gold, high places or fashionable attire.

Hold on to the truth, for it will serve well; and do good throughout eternity.

Hold on to your virtue—it is above all price to you in all times and places.

Hold on to your good character, for it is and ever will be, your best wealth.

### MANAGING WINDOWS FOR AIR.—There is always a draught through key-holes and window crevices, because as the external air is colder than the air in the room we occupy, it rushes through the window crevices to supply the deficiency caused by the escape of warm air up the chimney.

If you open the lower sash of a window, there is more draft than if you open the upper sash. The reason of this is because if the lower sash be open, cold air will rush into the room and cause a great draft inward; but if the upper sash be open the heated air of the room will rush out, and of course there will be less draft inward. A room is best ventilated by opening the upper sash, because the hot ventilated air, which always ascends towards the ceiling, can escape more easily. The wind dries damp linen, because dry wind, like a sponge, imbibes the particles of a vapor from the surface of the linen as fast as they are formed. The hottest place in a church or chapel is the gallery, because the heated air of the building ascends, and all the cold air which can enter through the doors and windows keeps to the floor till it has become heated.

Special attention should be given to the ventilation of sleeping rooms; for pure air and an abundance of it are, if possible, more necessary when we are asleep than when we are awake. Sleeping rooms should be large, high, and airy, more especially in warm latitudes, and in situations where the windows have to be kept closed at night on account of malaria.

"I DID AS THE REST DID."—This tame yielding spirit—this doing "as the rest did"—has ruined thousands.

A young man is invited by vicious companions to visit the theatre, or gambling room, or other haunts of licentiousness. He becomes dissipated, spends his time, loses his credit, squanders his property, at last sinks into an untimely grave. What ruined him? Simply "doing what the rest did."

A father has a family of sons. He is wealthy. Other children in the same situation of life do so and so; are indulged in this thing and that. He indulges his own in the same way. They grow up idlers, triflers, and fops. The father wonders why his children do not succeed better. He has spent so much money on their education—has given great advantages; but alas! they are only a source of vexation and trouble. Poor man, he is just paying the penalty of "doing as the rest did."

This poor mother strives hard to bring up her daughters genteelly. They learn what others do, to paint, to sing, to dance, and several useful matters. In time they marry, their husbands are unable to support their extravagance, and they are soon reduced to poverty and wretchedness. The good woman is astonished. "Truly," says she, "I did as the rest did."

The sinner, following the example of others puts off repentance, and neglects to prepare for death. He passes along through life, till, unawares, death strikes the fatal blow. He has no time left now to prepare. And he goes down to destruction, because he was so foolish as to "do as the rest did."

THE END.—Generation after generation from the unknown beginning, so stormful, busy, I have seen thundering down, down; and all that silent—nothing but some feeble re-echo, with grew even feebler, struggling up; and oblivion has swallowed them all. Thousands more the unknown ending will follow; and thou hangest here as a drop, still sun-gilt on the giddy edge, one moment while the darkness has not yet engulfed thee. O, brother! is that of small interest? and for thee? Awake poor troubled sleeper; shake off thy torpid, night-mare dream; look, see, behold it!—the flame image; splendors high, terrors deep as Hell; this a man's life!—Carlyle.

RATHER IDLE.—A popular preacher tells a good story as a bit at those kind of Christians who are too indolent to pursue the duties required of them by their faith. He says that one pious gentleman composed a very fervent prayer to the Almighty, wrote it legibly, and affixed the manuscript to his bed-post. Then on cold nights, he merely pointed to the "document," and with the words, "Oh, Lord! those are my sentiments!" blew out the light and nestled amid the blankets.

THE BIBLE.—Out of the Bible have come all pure moralities. From it have sprung all sweet charities. It has been the motive power of regeneration and reformation to millions of men. It has comforted the humble, consoled mourning, sustained the suffering, and given trust and triumph to the dying. The wise old man has fallen asleep with it folded in his breast the simple cottager has used it for his dying pillow; and even the innocent child has breathed his last happy sigh with fingers between its promise-laden leaves.

A passenger on a steamer had a roll of canvass with him; in a lurch of the boat it rolled overboard. He pitched in after it; on seeing which, a bystander remarked, "As that fellow is in for a duck, he is bound to have the canvass back!"

A writer, who aims at satire in one of our magazines, intimates that Apollo has given him his bow and arrow. Some other power should give him what he seems more worthy of—the string.

Were you really a plucky fellow you would not make a prodigious show of sorrow at "not having knocked the puppy down" for throwing a cigar in your face.

The man of genius is not the master of the power that is in him; it is by the ardent, irresistible need of expressing what he feels, as he is a man of genius. This mysterious power Socrates called his demon; Voltaire called it the devil in the body.