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TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, July 11, 1860.

Selected Poetry.

WE HAVE BEEN.

BY J. WELLINGTON WELCH.

We have been friends together
But we are parted, now;
I know thou scorn'st me, for I mark
That scorn upon thy brow.
Thou'st scorn me rudely from thee,
And oft in pain I sigh—
We have been friends together,
We are not now—and why!

We have been friends together,
In happier moments past,
When all seemed bright and beautiful—
Alas! too bright to last.
Those days of joy and bliss have fled,
And this thought comes to me—
We have been friends together,
Perhaps no more to be.

We have been friends together,
Through many a weary year;
Together we have laughed in glee,
Together shed the tear.
Thy girls and sorrows were mine own,
Mine were the same to thee,
We were friends together,
Alas! no more to be.

We have been friends together;
But ah, one little word,
Which, all unmeaningly, I spoke,
Against me thine ire has stirred;
Heap all contempt on my name;
Aye! scorn me if you will,
'Tis sweet to know we have been friends,
I am thy true friend still.

We have been friends together,
But we are parted now;
No eye but God's can read the grief
Which rends one's broken bow.
Farewell! and, if in future years,
Thy heart becomes less cold,
Then shed one tear-drop for that friend
Who loved thee true of old.

Miscellaneous.

THE WIFE'S EXPERIMENT.

"Ma, why don't you ever dress up?" asked little Nellie Thornton, as her mother finished brushing the child's hair, and tying her clean apron. There was a momentary surprise on Mrs. Thornton's face; but she answered, carelessly, "Oh, no one cares how I look."
"Don't Pa love to see you look pretty?" persisted the child. "The mother did not reply, but involuntarily she glanced at her slovenly attire; the faded and worn calico dress and dingy apron, both bearing witness to an intimate acquaintance with the dishpan and stove—slipshod shoes, and soiled stockings—she could not help remembering how she had appeared that morning with uncombed hair, and prepared her husband's breakfast before he left home for the neighboring market town. "Sure enough!" mused she, "how I do look!" and then Memory pointed back a few years to a neatly and tastefully-dressed maiden, sometimes busy in her father's house, again mingling with her young companions, but never untidy in her appearance, always fresh and blooming; and this she knew, full well, was a picture of herself, when Charles Thornton first won her young heart. Such was the bride he had taken to his pleasant home—how had mature life fulfilled the prophecy of youth?

She was still comely in features, graceful in form, but few would call her a handsome or an accomplished woman; for, alas! all other characteristics were overshadowed by this reprehensible trait. Yet she loved to see others neat, and her house and children did not seem to belong to her, so well kept and tidy did they always look. As a housekeeper she excelled, and her husband was long in acknowledging to himself the unwelcome fact that he had married an incorrigible sloven.

When, like too many young wives, she began to grow negligent in regard to her dress, she readily excused her in his own mind, and thought "she is not well," or, "she has so much to do," and perceiving no abatement in the kind attentions, she naturally concluded he was perfectly satisfied. As her family cares increased, and she went less into company, she became still more careless of her personal appearance, and contented herself with seeing that nothing was lacking which could contribute to the comfort of her husband and children, never supposing that so trivial a matter as her own apparel could possibly affect their happiness. All this chain of circumstances, however unthought of passed before her, as the little prattler at her side repeated the query—"Don't Pa love to see you look pretty?"

"Yes, my child," she answered, and her reply was taken,—she would try an experiment, and prove whether Mr. Thornton was really indifferent on the subject or not. Giving Nellie a picture-book with which to amuse herself, she went to her own room, mentally exclaiming, "at any rate, I'll never put on this again—not even washing day." She proceeded to her clothes press and removed one dress after another, some were ragged, others faded, and out of style, and some unfit to wear,—at length she found one which had long ago been laid aside, as "too light to wear about the house." It was a nice French print, rose colored and white, and she remembered had once been a favorite with her husband. The old adage "fashions come round every seven years," seemed true in this case; for the dress was made in the then prevailing style.

"This is just the thing," she thought, and she hastened to perform her toilette, saying to herself, "I must alter my dark gingham to blue mornings, and get it all ready before Charles comes home." Then she released her dark hair from its imprisonment in a long and graceful twist, and carefully brushing

its still glossy waves, she plaited it in the broad braids which Charles used so much to admire in the days of her girlhood.

The unwonted task brought back many reminiscences of those long vanished years, and tears glistened in her eyes as she thought of the many changes time had wrought in those she loved, but she murmured, "What hath sadness like the change in ourselves we find?" In that hour she realized how an apparently trivial fault had gained the mastery over her, and imperceptibly had placed a barrier between her and the one she loved on earth.—True, he never chided her,—never apparently noticed her altered appearance,—but she well knew he no longer urged her going into society, nor did he seem to care about receiving his friends at his own house, although he was a social man, and had once felt proud to introduce his young wife to his large circle of acquaintances.

Now, they seldom went out together, excepting to church, and even dressing for that was generally too much of an effort for Mrs. Thornton,—she would stay at home "to keep house," after preparing her little ones to accompany their father, and the neighbors soon ceased expecting her at public worship or in their social gatherings—and so, one by one, they neglected to call on her until but very few of the number continued to exchange friendly civilities with her. She had wondered at this, and felt mortified and pained heretofore; now she clearly saw it was her own fault, the veil was removed from her eyes, and the mistake of her life was revealed in its true enormity. Sincerely did she repent of her past error, calmly and seriously resolved on future and immediate amendment.

Meanwhile her hands were not idle, and at length the metamorphosis was complete.—The bright pink drapery hung gracefully about her form, imparting an unusual brilliancy to her complexion,—her best wrought collar was fastened with a costly brooch, her husband's wedding gift, which had not been the light for many a day. Glancing once more at her mirror, to be certain her toilette needed no more finishing touches, she took her sewing, and returning to the sitting room.

Little Nellie had wearied of her picture-book and was now playing with the kitten.—As Mrs. Thornton entered she clapped her hands in childish delight, exclaimed, "Oh, Ma, how pretty—pretty!" and running to her kissed her again and again, then drew her little chair close to her side, and eagerly watched her as she plied the needle, repairing the gingham dress.

Just before it was complete, Nellie's brothers came from school, and pausing at the half-opened door, Willie whispered to Charlie, "I guess we've got company, for mother's all dressed up." It was with mingled emotions of pleasure and pain that Mrs. Thornton observed her children were unusually docile and obedient, hastening to perform their accustomed duties without being even reminded of them. Children are natural and unaffected lovers of the beautiful, and their intuitive perceptions will not often suffer from comparison with the opinions of mature worldly wisdom. It was with a feeling of admiration that these children now looked upon their mother, and seemed to consider it a privilege to do something for her. It was "let me get the kindlings,"—"I will make the fire,"—"and may I fill the tea kettle?"—"instead of, as was sometimes the case, "need I do it?"—"I don't want to,"—"why can't Willie?"

Nellie was too small to render much assistance, but she often turned from her frolic with her kitten, to look at her mother, and utter some childish remark expressive of joy and love.

At last the clock struck the hour when Mr. Thornton was expected, and his wife proceeded to lay the table with unusual care, and to place thereon several choice viands of which she knew he was particularly fond.

Meanwhile let us form the acquaintance of the absent husband and father, whom we find in the neighboring town, just completing his day's traffic. He is a fine looking, middle-aged man, with an unmistakable twinkle of kindly feeling in his eye, and the lines of good-humor plainly traced about his mouth.—We know at a glance that he is cheerful and indulgent in his family, and are at once prepossessed in his favor.

As he is leaving the store, where he has made his last purchase for the day, he is accosted in a familiar manner by a tall gentleman just entering the door. He recognizes an old friend, and exclaims, "George Morton is it you?" The greeting is mutually cordial; they were friends in boyhood and early youth, but since Mr. Morton has been practicing law in a distant city, they have seldom met, and this is no place to exchange their many questions and answers. Mr. Thornton's fine span of horses and light "democrat" are standing near by, and it needs but little persuasion to induce Mr. Morton to accompany his friend to his home which he has never yet visited. The conversation is lively and spirited—they recall the feats of their school days, and the experiences of after life, and compare their present position in the world, with the golden future of which they used to dream. Mr. Morton is a bachelor, and very fastidious in his tastes—as that class of individuals are prone to be. The recollection of this flashes on Mr. Thornton's mind as they drive along towards their destination. At once his zeal in the dialogue abates, and he becomes thoughtful and silent, and does not urge his team onward, but seems willing to afford Mr. Morton an opportunity to admire the beautiful scenery on either hand—the hills and valleys clad in the fresh verdure of June, while the lofty mountain ranges look blue and dim in the distance. He cannot help wondering if they will find his wife in the same sorry predicament in which he left her that morning, and involuntarily shrinks from introducing so slatternly a personage to his refined and cultivated friend. But it is now too late to retract his polite invitation—they are entering the old "homestead"—one field more and his fertile farm, with its well kept fences, appears in view. Yonder is his neat white house, surrounded with elms and

maples. They drive through the large gateway, the man John comes from the barn to put up the horses, and Mr. Thornton hurries up the walk to the piazza, leaving his friend to follow at his leisure—he must see his wife first, and if possible hurry her out of sight before their visitor enters. He rushes into the sitting room—words cannot express his amazement—there sits the very image of his lovely bride, and a self-conscious blush mantles her cheek as she stoops to kiss her with words of joyful surprise—"Why Ellen!" He has time for no more, George Morton has followed him, and he exclaims—"Ha! Charley, as lover-like as ever—hasn't the honey-moon set yet?" and then he is duly presented to Mrs. Thornton, who, under the pleasing excitement of the occasion, appears to far better advantage than usual. Tea is soon upon the table, and the gentlemen do ample justice to the tempting repast spread before them. A happy meal it is to Charles Thornton, who gazes with admiring fondness upon his still beautiful wife.—Supper over, Mr. Morton coaxes little Nellie to sit on his lap, but she soon slides down, and climbing her father's knee, whispers confidentially, "Don't mamma look pretty?" He kisses her and answers, "Yes, my darling."

The evening passes pleasantly and swiftly away, and many a half-forgotten suite of life-pilgrimage is recalled by some way-mark which still gleams bright in the distance.—They both feel younger and better for their interview, and determine never to become so like strangers again. Mr. Morton's soliloquy, as he retires to the cosy apartment appropriated to his use is, "Well, this is a happy family! What a lucky fellow Charles is—such a handsome wife and children—and she so good a housekeeper, too! Maybe I'll settle down some day myself"—which pleasing idea that night mingled with his visions.

The next morning Mr. Thornton watched his wife's movements with some anxiety—he could not bear to have her destroy the favorable impression which he was certain she had made on his friend's mind, and yet some irresistible impulse forbade his offering any suggestion or alluding in any way to the delicate subject so long unmentioned between them.—But Mrs. Thornton needed no friendly advice—with true womanly tact she perceived the advantage she had gained, and was not at all inclined to relinquish it. The dark gingham dress, linen collar and snowy apron formed an appropriate and becoming morning attire for a housekeeper; and the table afforded the guest no occasion for altering his opinion in regard to the skill or affability of his amiable hostess. Early in the forenoon, Mr. Morton took leave of his hospitable friends, being called away by pressing affairs of business.

Mr. and Mrs. Thornton returned to their accustomed avocations, but it was with renewed energy, and new sense of quiet happiness, no less deeply felt because unexpressed. A day or two afterwards Mr. Thornton invited his wife to accompany him to town, saying he thought she might like to do some shopping; and she with no apparent surprise, but heartfelt pleasure, acceded to the proposal. The following Sabbath the village gossip had ample food for their hungry eyes (to be digested at the next sewing society) in the appearance of Mrs. Thornton at church clad in plain but rich costume, an entire new outfit, which they could not deny "made her look ten years younger."

This was the beginning of the reform, and it was the dawning of a brighter day for the husband and wife of our story. True, habits of such long standing are not conquered in a week or a month; and very often was Mrs. Thornton tempted to yield to their long-tolerated sway; but she fought valiantly against their influence, and in time she vanquished them. An air of taste and elegance, before unknown, now pervaded their dwelling, and year after year the links of affection which united them as a family grew brighter and purer, ever radiating the holy light of a Christian home.

But it was not until many years had passed away, and our little Nellie, now a lovely maiden, was about to resign her place as a pet in her father's household, and assume a new dignity in another's home, that her mother imparted to her the story of her own early errors, and earnestly warned her to beware of that insidious foe to domestic happiness—disregard of little things—and kissing her daughter with maternal pride and fondness she thanked her for those simple, child-like words, which had changed the whole current of her destiny—"Don't Pa like to see you look pretty?"

There is a sort of people who, through some notion of their own superiority of wisdom or authority, are so in the habit of identifying their opinions and prejudices with the decrees of Heaven, that they cannot but look upon all who call them in question as wicked—enemies of God and incendiaries in society. They do not doubt that the Almighty thinks precisely as they do; and expect that their views will be received with the deference due to an infallible relation. These people do not combat opinions, they cry out against them; they do not respond to arguments, they arraign their authors; they do not seek to convict; and look upon error not as a thing to be overcome, but to be punished in the person of its believer.

EFFECTS OF CLEANLINESS.—Somebody has said, "with what care and attention do the feathered race wash themselves, and put their plumage in order! And how perfectly neat, clean and elegant do they appear! Among the beasts of the field, we find that those which are the most cleanly, and generally the most gay and cheerful, are distinguished by a certain air of contentment; and singing birds are always remarkable for the neatness of their plumage. So great is the effect of cleanliness upon man, that it extends even to his moral character. Virtue never dwelt long with filth; nor do we believe there ever was a person scrupulously attentive to cleanliness who was a consummate villain."

The Withered Heart.

I mingle with the gay crowd; join the fashionable circles of society; engage in the merry dance; and they, (the world) think I am happy. When my laugh rings gaily through the throng, some one will say, aside, "she is happy;" she "knows not a care." Mistaken world, you are but a poor judge of the human heart, if you think that a smiling face, and a merry laugh, constitute a happy one. There was a day when I was happy; but that day's sun has long since set. There was a time when my face might have been a fair index to my heart; but that time has passed never to return. There was a time when my heart beat in warm response to another; but that is over. Hope has fled, but the torch-light of memory still burns brightly. I will not speak of the blighted loves; I will not tell of past joys—enough to know they are gone;—enough to know that my heart is slowly but surely withering away. Oh! could you but open the window of my heart, and see the parched up fountain within; could you draw aside the curtain of my brain, and behold the scorching fires which are slowly consuming my reason; could you but know how earnestly I long to die methinks you could then see better through the veil-like covering, which is but the shadow of myself; and which is spread over my inner being.

I wish even now that the grass was growing over my grave, that the winds were sighing my death requiem, and that my soul was happy in the land where there are no blighted affections.

But I must wait it; will not be long a torest in the cold embrace of death. Do not grieve that my days are numbered, only think that I am at rest. And when you have kissed my lips for the last time, and have taken your last farewell; close the little coffin-lid upon my breast, bear me to some little shady nook, and lay me beneath the sod; and when you have smoothed the clouds over me, leave the spot.

Do not put anything to mark the place where I lie; but if any one should find my grave and ask who sleeps beneath, do not tell them whose grave it is; do not tell them the sad tale of my young life; tell them nothing, save that it is the grave of one who died of a withered heart.

THE FIRST PRAYER IN CONGRESS.—In Thatcher's Military Journal, under the date of December, 1777 is found a note containing the identical "first prayer in Congress," made by the Rev. Jacob Duché, a gentleman of great eloquence. Here it is—an historical curiosity:

"O, Lord, our heavenly Father, high and mighty King of kings, and Lords of Lords, who dost from thy throne behold all the dwellers of the earth, and reignest with power supreme and uncontrolled over all the kingdoms, empires and governments; look down in mercy we beseech thee, these American States, who have fled to thee from the rod of the oppressor and thrown themselves on thy gracious protection, desiring to be henceforth dependent only on thee; to thee they have appealed for the righteousness of their cause; to thee do they now look up for that countenance and support which thou alone canst give; take them, therefore, heavenly Father, under thy nurturing care; give them wisdom in council, and valor in the field; defeat the malicious designs of our adversaries; convince them of the unrighteousness of their cause; and if they still persist in their sanguinary purposes, O! let the voice of thine unerring justice, sounding in their hearts, constrain them to drop the weapons of war from their unnerved hands in the day of battle. Be thou present, O, God of wisdom, and direct the councils of this honorable assembly; enable them to settle things on the best and surest foundation that the scene of blood may be speedily closed, that order, harmony and peace may be effectually restored; and truth and justice, religion and piety, prevail and flourish among thy people. Preserve the health of their bodies and the vigor of their minds—shower down on them and the millions they here represent, such temporal blessings as thou seest expedient for them in this world, and crown them with everlasting glory in the world to come. All this we ask in the name and through the merits of Jesus Christ, the Son our Savior. Amen!"

ALMOST HOME.—This is one of the most joyous expressions in the English language. The heart of the long absent husband, father or son, not only homeward bound, but almost arrived, thrills with rapturous joy as he is on the point of receiving the embraces and greetings of the dear ones at home. So it is with the aged Christian, as, in the far advance of his pilgrimage, he feels that he approaches the boundary line, and will soon cross over the land of promise. Many of his best friends have crossed over before him, and they have long been beckoning him upward and onward. They await his arrival with the joyful welcome of holy ones. And as tokens multiply on either hand the land of Beulah is near, he feels that he is almost home. The ripe fruit of a long Christian life is about to be gathered into a heavenly garner. Few sights on earth are more pleasing than aged, faithful Christians strong in the Lord, almost home. We have some such among us revered and beloved, whose faces we love to see in the sanctuary, and whose prayers bring down blessings upon our heads. They speak of many friends, most of whom have preceded them, but the reunion will soon come.—Blessings be upon the fathers and mothers in Zion; and may their mantles fall on us.

Mr. Jones writes to a friend, and closes by saying, "I am glad to be able to say that my wife is recovering slowly."

In these degenerate days character is weighed with a "cash balance."

Educational Department.

The Pennsylvania State Teacher's Association, will meet at Greensburg, Westmoreland county, on Tuesday the 7th of August. We hope that several teachers from this part of the State will make their arrangements to attend.

Greensburg is in a pleasant section of the State, and a trip over the mountains will well pay the expense. We have assurances that all the Railroads, in this section of the State, will sell tickets for half price,—that is, those who go, are to pay for tickets when they go and the same tickets will be good for the return. So those who wish to see that part of the State will be enabled to go cheaper now than at any subsequent time. There are to be several lectures of eminence present, among the rest, Mr. YOMANS is to give his celebrated lecture on the "Philosophy of a Sunbeam." This has been received with more favor perhaps than any other scientific lecture that has ever been delivered in this country.

Will the papers in the northern and eastern portions of the State please to give notice of this meeting.

As the Educational column was started, and is to be sustained, for the benefit of teachers, it shall be our object to make it both interesting and useful to them, or rather, we hope they will furnish us matter so that we can present to them, from week to week, a readable column. We shall occasionally publish problems in intellectual and written arithmetic, and perhaps in Algebra, for solution. We will, too, now and then, give difficult English sentences, for analysis and parsing.—Perhaps we may also publish each week a short list of common words, which are frequently mispronounced, with the correct orthography, according to Webster and Worcester. Not that we pretend to be correct or critical orthographers, but in order that we, as well as our readers, may be improved in this respect. We hope teachers and others may keep us well supplied with material for this department.—If they have not Webster's or Worcester's unabridged Dictionaries at hand, never mind, we will look out the words. We shall not publish mathematical questions that are presented just for the purpose of puzzling our readers or ourselves, when there is no valuable principle involved. We do not pretend to be able to solve every problem that can be found or made, and we have no time to do it, if we could, but our object is to present useful instructive matter to the teachers, rather than to puzzle them with questions of no real importance.

Graded Schools.

We copy the following from the Ill. State School Superintendent's Report for 1859:

In all the departments of human industry, whether physical, intellectual or moral, a systematic division of labor, invariably yields the most beneficial results.

It has come to be conceded by all experienced educationists throughout the country, who have had an opportunity of forming a correct judgment on the subject, that in a mixed or unclassified school, like the common schools of the country, the pupils do not, on an average, perform over one-half the study, or acquire half the learning which they are capable of accomplishing and acquiring in properly graded schools. In corroboration of this fact, I need but appeal to the experience of any one who has spent his school days in a district school, and who has since had an opportunity of witnessing the advancement now made by pupils in the graded schools of the country. More is accomplished in one year by the pupil of a properly classified and graded school than is done as a general rule by the attendant at the district or mixed school in three; and with less labor on the part of both teacher and pupil.

Once classified in a graded school, the pupil has a double incentive to keep up with, or outstrip his classmates—the hope of being promoted to a higher class in case he excels, and the fear of being degraded by being assigned to a lower one, provided he does not maintain his standing. The most backward pupil is thus urged on by a double stimulus to equal the foremost, while the performance of the latter is made the standard of excellence for the whole class. The teachers, too, are aroused to greater zeal and fidelity in the discharge of their duties, since their skill and faithfulness will be made apparent in the qualifications of the candidates whom they send to the higher departments of the school; and the length of time occupied in preparing them for promotion.

A comparison of the merits of the graded schools now in successful operation in most of the leading cities of the State, with those which formerly existed in those cities, under the mixed or private school system, will furnish an overflowing argument in favor of the former.

The graded school is not only an immense economizer in the time required to educate the child to any given extent, but it is also a great saver of money. Three teachers, in a school properly graded, can furnish more instruction to three hundred pupils in any given time, than six teachers can to the same number in mixed schools. The former would require one house, and the latter six. The saving in expense of teachers and school houses, by adopting the graded system then, may be safely stated at one hundred per cent.

The advantages of the graded system over the independent district system, may be briefly stated as follows, viz:

1. Decrease in the number and expense of both school houses and teachers.
2. The introduction of a more systematic, extended and thorough course of study; as well as a more uniform series of text books.
3. Increased facilities for procuring a leading teacher of experience and ability, to take the general charge of the school, arrange classes, conduct the general exercises, to exercise a su-

pervisory control over the less experienced teachers of the school, and to manage cases of discipline.

4. Greater facilities for dividing the school into suitable departments, and forming larger classes, enabling the teacher to devote more time to each class, to amplify and illustrate more fully any subject under discussion than he could do if the classes were smaller and there were more to be heard.

5. Greater facility for classifying the school in respect to the age and attainments of the scholars, and for adapting the discipline of the school to the wants and capacities of all.

6. The greater opportunity afforded to teachers for that special preparation before each lesson, resulting from the less number of subjects which he is required to teach, which is indispensable to the highest success in the school-room.

7. The enthusiasm created in the minds of the schools, not only during the recitation, but also during the hours of study, by the thought that they must soon appear in the presence of so large a class, and measure themselves, intellectually, with them.

8. The incentives to greater diligence on the part of the pupils from the influence exerted upon them by the prospect of promotion.

9. The economy of both time and labor on the part of both teachers and pupils. No one who has witnessed the practical workings of both systems will deny, that in a well graded school, a teacher can instruct sixty or seventy-five pupils more easily and more efficiently than twenty five or thirty in a mixed school.

HARD WORK.—All classes of men complain of "hard work." The carpenter thinks that it is "too bad" that he is obliged to work so hard for a living, while his neighbor the physician can ride in his carriage to attend patients or leisurely deal out medicines in his office.

The physician thinks it hard work to be in readiness to obey calls at all hours of the day and night; to travel in cold and heat, through mud and storms, and not even be allowed one hour in the twenty-four which he can positively call his own. He envies his friend the carpenter, who, when the day's work is done, can return to his family and rest in peace.

The blacksmith feels that a hard lot in life has fallen to him, as he strikes the anvil through the long day, while on the opposite side of the street, his neighbor, the lawyer, seems to be called to the performance of no harder work than writing at his table or the reading of his law books. But the lawyer as his glance falls upon the blacksmith, thinks of the years spent in study to fit him for the profession, of other years of strenuous mental exertion and constant application to gain a reputation, of the still incessant toil necessary to attain it—of his frequent unavoidable contacts with most hardened villains, of the revolting relations of crime he is compelled to hear, of the hundreds of suffering, innocent victims, who plead with him to succor them from powerful oppressors, but whom he cannot aid. With a sigh he turns away from the whistling, singing, jolly-faced and brawny-armed blacksmith, and feels it harder to work to hammer and weld the iron and blow the bellows of the law in such a manner as shall always keep the fires of his reputation burning before the world.

So it is in the various branches of trade and in all professions. Each is apt to think his neighbor's business light work compared to the duties incumbent upon him to perform. But it is not so. The merchant and the mechanic the clergyman and the farmer, have all work to do, either mental or physical, of equal importance to the general body politic, and requiring equal exertions. This grumbling about hard work is of no benefit to us, but decidedly foolish and wicked.

We are made to work. God constituted us with bones, sinews, strength, and in every way, by mental and physical endowment, adapted us for the performance of labor. Labor is called worship; and whether in the mental or physical sphere of action, he who labors the most perseveringly, the most unarmingly, the most efficiently for the good of himself and welfare of his fellow-men, must be accounted the most faithful and acceptable worshipper.

WHY PERSONS ARE BORN DUMB.—"Doctor," said an old lady, the other day, to her family physician, "kin you tell me how it is that some folks are born dumb?"

"Why, hem; why certainly, madame; it is owing to the fact that they come into the world without the power of speech."

"La, no," said the old lady, "now just see what it is to have a physical education. I've asked my old man mor'n a hundred times that are some thing, and all I could ever get out of him was, 'kase they is.' Well, I'm glad I asked you, for I never could a' died satisfied without knowin' it."

WILL P. TEST FLUID LAMPS EXPLODE?—A peddler of patent fluid lamps called at the house of Mrs. Peet, in Brooklyn, recently, to sell his lamp. His lamp, he said, couldn't explode; and to convince the family, he gave it a violent shaking, when the lamp exploded, injuring, one person, a child, fatally, and five others more or less severely.

A boy was asked, one day, what made him so dirty, and his reply was: "I am made, so they tell me, of the dust of the earth, and I reckon it's working out."

At a printers' festival, recently, the following toast was offered:—"Women—Second only to the Press in the dissemination of news."

The rhyming of silly boys and girls, and the whistling of the wind through a hollow tree, are equally signal instances of "music caused by emptiness."

A Lawyer engaged in a case, tormented a witness so much with questions, that the poor fellow at last cried for water. "There," said the Judge, "I thought you would pump him dry."