

# THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

VOL. XXI.—NO. 25.

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

## TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, November 22, 1866.

### Selected Poetry.

#### THOUGHTS IN A WHEAT FIELD.

"The harvest is the end of the world, and the reapers are the angels."  
In the wide fields walks the Master,  
In his fair fields, ripe for harvest;  
Where the evening sun shines slant-wise  
On the rich ears heavy bending.  
Says the Master: "It is time."  
Though no leaf shows brown decadence,  
And September's nightly frost bite  
Only reddens the horizon—  
"It is full time," says the Master,  
The wise Master: "It is time."  
Lo, he looks. That look compelling,  
Brings his laborers to the harvest;  
Quick they gather, as in autumn  
Tassels bend in cloudy eddies.  
Drop into the sea-side fields:  
White wings have they, and white raiment;  
White feet shod with swift obedience.  
Each lays down his golden palm-branch,  
And upturns his sickle shining:  
"Speak, O Master, is it time?"  
O'er the fields the servants hasten  
Where the full-stored ears droop downward,  
Tumble with their weight of harvest;  
Where the empty earves wave upward.  
And the eye tires faint in rows:  
But the sickles, the sharper sickles,  
Flash new dawn at their appearing,  
Songs are heard in earth and heaven,  
For the reapers are the angels,  
And it is the harvest time.  
O, Great Master, are thy footsteps  
Even now upon the mountains?  
Art thou walking in thy wheat field?  
Art the snowy winged reapers  
Gathering in the silent air?  
Are thy signs abroad, the glowing  
Of the distant sky, blood reddened—  
And the near fields, trodden, blighted,  
Cranked by gaily tares triumphant—  
Sure, it must be harvest time.  
Who shall know the Master's coming?  
Whether it be at dawn or sunset,  
When night shall dwindle down the wheat ears,  
The eagle shall rise high in heaven,  
Sweeping his wings o'er the field?  
Only, may thy voice, O Master,  
Lead us to the reaper's chorus,  
And shall sound of sheaves soft falling—  
Cushion all into my garner.  
For it is My harvest time.

### WHERE DOES IVORY COME FROM?

Alfred enters so largely into the commerce of the day, either in the crude state in which it is wrested from the huge elephant of Hindia, or in articles of luxury which we have been at some pains to investigate the sources of its supply, the demand for it, and the purposes to which it is mostly applied.  
That ivory was at a very early period an article of traffic and adornment, we have only to refer to Sacred Writ, and to the earliest historic poets of antiquity. Solomon's ships were triumphantly laden with "gold and silver, and all apes and peacocks," and "more than the King made a great throne of ivory and overlaid it with the best gold." David in Psalm xiv sang of "ivory palaces," and the Prophet Ezekiel, speaking of the luxury of Tyre, (xxvii-6,) states that even the eunuchs had "benches of ivory." Homer tells us of the magnificence of the early and almost fabulous Greek princes, in whose mansions "The work of elephants the costly ivory."  
From Africa, perhaps, were then from Asia, the long tusks were imported, that to the most splendid monarch of Israel, and to the earlier chiefs of Hittites, their carved white adornments. May it not be a clue to the voyages of the Tarshishian ships of the present day commerce, when they sail their old channel down the Nile, and to the more a mart where "gold and silver" are to be procured? Until within a few years the Egyptian pashas made trading expeditions down the Nile a monopoly; now, Egypt, French, German and English merchants, with the remote resources of that river, not for the purpose of science, but for those of commerce.  
In the first report of sales of ivory in London, the head quarters of this trade, we find that 85,000 (eighty-five thousand) pounds of the ivory sold was "Egyptian," that is, found its way to civilization through Egypt.  
Humboldt distinctly tells us that Africa had been the source of elephants' teeth to the Greeks of Persia. The Greeks had mastered the art of composing of gold and ivory, and the great senator of Rome sat in ivory thrones. That Africa was the source whence the elements of Southern Europe drew their ivory, we learn from Pliny, the Younger, who says that the vast consumption of ivory in the articles of luxury compelled the Romans to look for it in another hemisphere, "as Africa had ceased to furnish elephants' tusks except the smallest kind."  
After the overthrow of the Roman Empire, commerce between Europe and Africa was suspended for centuries. At length the Lusitanians of Portugal, the eldest daughter—of Lusitania—of Rome, opened anew Africa to the world. In the meantime the lordly elephants had multiplied in his native forests, and the long tusks were secured by the natives, and served merely the plebeian purposes of the natives, or the defence of wooden idols—until, a quaint old Englishman who served in the early Portuguese armies, says that the Lusitanians had their idols of wood, fashioned by a negro, and at the foot thereof was a heap of elephants' teeth, containing some four tons of them. It is a well known fact that the inhabitants of Angola and Congo, when the Portuguese first occupied those coasts, were found to have preserved an immense number of elephants' teeth, and that this ivory was exported in vessels of Portugal to various parts of Europe, and this

traffic formed one of the most lucrative branches of the early modern trade with Africa. About the middle of the 17th century this trade became exhausted, and the sons of Ethiopia were long instigated to imitate their ancestors in renewing the battle with the wide-eared, long-tusked *Elephas Africanus*.  
Today the amount of ivory consumed in the workshops of Europe, America and India is immense, and yet, great as it is, the continent of Africa furnishes seven eighths of all that is worked up into ornaments, toys, and crucifixes in France; heathen gods, boxes and fans in India and China; billiard balls, boxes, miniature-plates, chessmen, mathematical rules, keys for piano-fortes, organs and melodious fans, combs, folders, dominoes, and a thousand and one other things, in England, Germany, and the United States.  
Portugal was the England of the 6th century in ivory respects than one. For two centuries Portugal held, in the East and on the African coast, the power and influence now in the hands of England. Lisbon at that time was the head of the ivory market; now London is the mart where ivory dealers most do congregate. It sometimes occurs that the Salem and other American merchants engaged in the African trade ship their tusks (or *tusk* in commercial parlance) to London after they have brought them from the Zanzibar and Mozambique coast to the United States. In the world's great metropolis there occurs at regular intervals one of those sales which furnish the manufacturers with their stock of elephants' teeth.  
While we associate ivory and India together, but very little of the former comes from the latter. It is estimated that to supply ivory to the British market, for the last few years, it has required about 1,000,000 lbs. annually; of this quantity Ceylon—the great elephant park of India—furnishes only 500 or 600 pounds. The ivory which is put down in the printed reports of sales at "Bombay," in nine cases out of ten, is shipped by Mahometan merchants from the east coast of Africa to the large North Western commercial emporium of Bombay. We do not mean, however, to assert that no elephants' tusks come from Asia, for occasionally there will be small lots from Ceylon and Sumatra. There is also a large ivory trade between Zanzibar and China, via Bombay. A great deal of ivory we may state, by the way, now reaches the United States directly from Africa.  
The immense demand for elephants' teeth has of late years increased the supply from all parts of Africa. At the end of the last century the annual average importation into England was only 192,500 lbs., in 1837 it reached 364,784 lbs., or 6,080 tusks, which would require the death of at least 3,040 male elephants. It is probable that the slaughter is much greater, for the teeth of the female elephant are very small, and Durbell tells us, in his African travels, that he met with some elephant hunters who had shot twelve jagu-felows, which, however, altogether produced more than two hundred pounds of ivory.  
To produce 1,000,000 lbs. of ivory, the present annual English import, we should require (estimating each tusk at 60 lbs.) the life of 8,333 male elephants. It is said that 4,000 tuskers suffer death every year to supply the United States with combs, knife handles, billiard balls, &c., &c.  
A tusk weighing 70 lbs. and upwards is considered by dealers as first class. Carver formed a table of the most remarkable tusks of which any account has been given. The largest on record was one which was sold at Amsterdam, which weighed three hundred and fifty pounds. In the late sales at London the largest of the "Bombay and Zanzibar" was 123 lbs.; of "Angola and Lisbon" 62 lbs.; of "Cape of Good Hope and Natal" 106 lbs.; of "Cape Coast Castle Luzos" 80 lbs.; of "Gabocon" 91 lbs.; "Egyptian" 114 lbs. But it must not be inferred from this that large tusks are now rare. On the contrary, it is probable that more long and heavy tusks are now brought to market than in any previous century. A short time ago Julius Pratt & Co. set up, at their establishment in Meriden, Ct., a tusk that was one and a half feet long, 8 inches in diameter, and which weighed nearly two hundred pounds. The same firm in 1851 sent to the "World's Fair," London, the wisest, finest and largest piece of ivory ever sawed out. By wonderful machinery, invented in their own factory, they sawed out (and the process of sawing did the work of polishing at the same time) a strip of ivory 41 feet long and 19 inches wide. It took the precedence of all the specimens sent in by England, France and Germany, and received rewarded attention from the commission. It may be asked what can be done with such an immense piece of ivory? We reply that the time has come when this beautiful material can be used for purposes of veneration, and we shall soon doubtless see tables, bureaus, writing desks, and other members of the furniture family rendered as resplendent as the throne of Solomon. We believe that it is now contemplated by Steinyar & Sons to build a piano whose keys shall not be the only portion from the teeth of the African elephant, but an instrument whose whole surface shall be of burnished virgin ivory.  
The most costly to-aks, or portions of the tusks, are those which are used for billiard balls. What are termed "cut points" of just the right size for billiard balls, from 2 3/8 to 2 5/8 inches in diameter, brought the highest price (£53) per cut of any ivory offered in the London market at the late sales. Billiard ball making has of late become a very important item of manufacture in this country.  
The teeth from the West coast, with the exception of "Gabocon" are less elastic, and less capable of bleaching, than those that come from other portions of Africa. The West coast tusks are much used for knife handles. Since the French have possessed Algeria, France receives a considerable portion of ivory from Central Africa by the large caravans that travel from Timbuctoo northward.  
Ivory is also furnished by the walrus or

sea-horse, and commands a price equal to the best qualities of elephant ivory. It is, however, too hard and non-elastic for many purposes, and has the disadvantage of being too small to cut up profitably.  
It would be interesting to trace this trade to its origin in Africa, to follow it in all its ramifications; to see how many thousands of the human race make their gain from the giant of quadrupeds; but this would require the space of a volume rather than the column of a daily journal.—*Journal of Commerce*.  
MAN WORSHIP AT TRINITY.—A letter from New York, in the *Chicago Press and Tribune*, burlesques the Trinity Church (New York) affair very effectively. "Euthanasia. Arminia," a Fifth Avenue belle, is supposed to write it to her "dearest, adorable Sabrina Jane":  
"I am so glad now that pa kept his pew in Trinity. I wish you could I have been here last Sunday. I think it was the most delicious day of my life. The Prince attended service at Trinity, and you remember our pew. It was so delightfully near to the royal party. It was so much better than meeting him in a ball room, and there was just much style, you know, and more—and so exclusive, everybody in full dress. I was almost crazy with fear, least I should get disappointed by the milliner and Madame Flanche, but everything came home in time; the sweetest bouquet you ever saw, with a Prince's plume; and I enclose you a little piece of the dress, the new Renfrew robe, isn't it lovely? It made pa frown a little when the bills came home, but ma attended to all that. I had pa get me the finest prayer book he could find; crimson velvet with a heavy gold clasp. How lucky that when we girls were at school at Madame Dessaix's Young Ladies' Hypophosphon, were regularly drilled in our responses in the church service, to give the proper sweet expressions to the features. It was so lucky; and then, too, on Sunday morning, I practiced before the glass, saying them and the Lord's Prayer aloud, and was getting along well, when that tease, Alfred, who was all the time hid behind the curtains, burst out laughing, and said 'go it, sis, that high plon style of thing will take him,' just as if there was not a proper propriety even in saying the Lord's prayer. But Alfred is not religious, and does not appreciate these things.  
I never saw anything more impressive in my life. He came in with his suite a little late. Everybody rose and received him. Our dear rector had prepared a delightful little surprise in two beautiful little prayer books that lay upon the cushion, the most exquisite bindings you ever saw, presents to Albert Edward, one from Trinity Church, and the other from his clergy. That tease, Alfred, says if he had 'known that the dodger, he would have had a box of his favorite El Renfrew cigars put into the pew, presented by the son of the wardens of Trinity, as pa is, you know. But Alfred should not joke on such sacred things. How sweet and how touching to give a young man away from home a pious gift, like a prayer book! The choir all come out in their new surplices, twenty-four in all. That tease, Alfred, whispered to me, 'Considerable surplus piety in this church.' I was provoked, but I had to laugh. He is such a wretch. I wonder the surplices are not everywhere in use, they give such a religious tone. I said so to pa, but he does not like surprises, and said gruffly, 'we should come to candies soon.'  
The services were most imposing. They must have reminded the Prince of his home, and the tears came to my eyes as I thought of it. I saw him looking at me just then, and my heart beat. There was a great many clergy-men present, and several bishops, and they took turns, and all of them never appeared better. Some of the intoning was lovely, and so full of piety. Ma said religion never seemed so much like religion as on that day, and Alfred, the tease, said it reminded him a little of the Fourth of July, but Alfred isn't pious, you know. Pa says he never was prouder of Trinity, all but the surplices in the choir. But I cannot tell you all the lovely things of that Sunday. The sermon was splendid. My letter is longer than I intended, but the memory of Sunday is so delightful! I wish you could have been here. How fortunate for New York and this country that there is a Trinity where the dear Prince could be reminded of home. I forgot to say that watched him carefully in all the responses. I am certain he pronounced 'like us,' for instance, 'Take not thy Holy Spirit from us.' And grant us Thy Salvation.' I wish you could have heard him. It is better than dancing with the Prince to attend church with him."  
MAKING A BEGINNING.—Remember, in all things, if you do not begin you will never come to an end. The first weed pulled in a garden the first seed set in the ground, the first shilling put in a savings bank, and the first mile traveled on a journey are all important things; they make a beginning; and thereby a hope; a promise; a pledge; an assurance; and that you are in earnest with what you have undertaken. How many a poor, idle, erring, hesitating, outcast is now creeping and crawling his way through the world, who might have held up his head and prospered, if, instead of putting off his resolutions of industry and amendment, he had made a beginning.  
Don't think you are making a bargain when you cheat a customer; for in the long run all such operations will turn out quadruple losses. Don't lend your money at too great a share; for the borrower must succeed, or he'll not be able to pay. Don't neglect your regular business, thinking to do better at some outside enterprise; the chances are ten to one you will not succeed.  
It is easy to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after your own—but the great man is he who, in the midst of the crowd, keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.

Office Holders and Office Seekers.  
The incoming of a New Administration on the Fourth of March next, will produce a change in the employment of several thousands of persons. Those who are now holding offices, and receiving salaries, as appointees of President Buchanan and his sub-functories, will be removed, and others will take their places under the Administration of President Lincoln. The number of persons who thus change occupations, will be double that of all the appointees; for where one gets out, another comes in, and for every office two persons must change their mode of life.  
This considerable change in the business of so large a number of individuals will have a considerable effect on the country. Of the retiring appointees many doubtless left lucrative employments and good professions for the sorer and perhaps more easily earned support of a Government office. Many talented young men who had just commenced, or who were about undertaking the practice of professions, trades and business occupations, have given up their prospects in this direction for the temporarily superior advantages of a lucrative and unlaborious appointment. Most of these are now unemployed, from four years' time spent in an entirely different occupation, for taking up successfully their intended profession or business.  
With many, the golden opportunity that would have secured them a high position, or perhaps wealth, by steady perseverance and honest industry, has been lost in the pursuit of temporary ease and a certain fair income for four years. The condition of numbers of those who are now thrown out of employment must be melancholy. They have enjoyed a competency for slight services during the past Presidential term, but their bright, youthful prospects are in many cases now blighted.  
A good and sure salary has, in many instances, induced habits of life that have unfitted the out-going Federal appointee to struggle with the difficulties of life in the circumstances which fell to his lot. Some may have saved of their income sufficient for their maintenance until they can get employment, and others may have enough with which to commence business; but this must be the case with comparatively few. Providence is not usual with those who are living on Government bounties, and the National Capital induces habits of living that require all the salary of a Federal office holder. A majority of the dismissed appointees will leave their positions with quite as small pecuniary means as they entered them. The habits of extravagance and high living, induced in many cases, will be a serious barrier to the success of a large number of the retiring office holders.  
If those who contemplate seeking offices under the new Administration will but seriously regard the case of many of their predecessors, we presume they will not be so anxious for Government positions. We suspect, however, that such considerations will have little weight with the expectant office hunters.—Four years seems to them a long while, and to be sure of a good salary for that length of time is the extent of their provident calculations. But let them reflect that this period will soon pass, and then consider the case of those now retiring, but who, four years ago, were animated by the same motives as themselves.  
The office seekers are in general to be more pitied than the retiring office holders. The former are animated by the most lively hopes, and many of them feel certain of the accomplishment of their desires, yet probably not more than one fifth can succeed. Four fifths, then, are doomed to bitter disappointment.—Far more melancholy is their case than that of the outgoing appointee, who has the satisfaction of having enjoyed his tenor of office and his salary, and whose expiring term was a known certainty, and, therefore, not a disappointment. Many depend upon pretended friends, whom they have assisted in getting office, to aid their plans. In many cases the reliance will prove vain, for deceit and duplicity are often characteristic of politicians.—Heart-burnings and misanthropic reflections will result. How many at this time  
"Will find too late that men betray."  
To correct many of the evils resulting from Government appointments, Congress should pass a law greatly decreasing the salaries of the Federal under officers. If the salary was not greater—and it should be a little less than usual for such services in private business relations—there would be fewer and less ardent seekers for such posts, yet there would be no difficulty in finding enough to fill them. The certainty of a Government appointment for four years and its regular salary, would be a sufficient inducement. Such a law should be passed at the very next session of Congress, and take effect on the incoming of the new Administration. Those who can accept of offices will not be disappointed by having their salaries decreased during their term, and even one who seeks an appointment will know precisely what compensation to expect.  
PERMANENCE OF LOVE AND HATRED.—The heart can never forget the object of its affection. The brow may wear a frown, and the eye may turn coldly on the loved object, but could the vision pierce through the cements of the heart, it would behold a different scene; in lieu of coldness, a red hot furnace would be raging in its center. And it is thus with its hatred; it cannot forget; you may separate from it the despised—years may roll on ere it beholds its form—but at the first glance of recognition, the wrong, the insult, the scorn, the cruelty of vanished years, will rush like a flood of lava through its channels, and it will stand on the same ground it occupied years before.  
DOUBLE OR QUITS.—"I'll flog you for an hour, you little villain."  
"Father," instantly replied the incorrigible young scamp, as he balanced a penny on his finger, "I will toss you to make it two hours or nothing."

FAULTS POMPEY COULDN'T REMEMBER.—A good clergyman wishing to be rid of his horse, and to try for a better one, directed his old negro man to sell his beast for what he would fetch, or to exchange him for another, adding at the same time an anxious caution not to deceive the purchaser, and even enumerating the faults of the animal, least one should be overlooked.  
"Remember, Pompey, he has four faults," "Oh, yes, massa."  
Pompey, jogging along the road, and counting over the list to himself, as the old lady did over her luggage 'big box, little box, band box, bundle,' was overtaken by a man on horseback, who entered into conversation, and among other topics, made some inquiries about the horse.  
Pompey told his story, said his master had charged him to tell the horse's faults to the purchaser without reservation.  
"What are they?" said the stranger, who had a mind to swap.  
"Here is four, massa," said Pompey, and I don't remember 'em all very well just now, but—  
"Tell me those you do remember," said the other.  
"One is dat de horse is white and de white hairs get on massa's coat, and dat don't look well for a clergyman."  
"And the next?"  
"When he comes to a brook he will put his nose down and blow in de water, and massa don't like dat."  
"What next?"  
"Don't anhow remember de orders," said Pompey, peering into the clouds with one eye reflectively.  
The stranger concluded to strike a bargain and exchange his own horse, which had not quite so gentle an air as the parson's, for this unexceptionable animal. It was not long before the clerical steed stumbled and threw his rider into a ditch. Picking himself up as well as he could, he examined his new purchase a little more closely, and discovered that the horse entirely blind.  
Finding Pompey again without much difficulty, his wrath burst forth in a torrent of reproaches.  
"You black rascal, what does this mean?—This horse is broken kneed, and as blind as a mole."  
"Oh, yes, massa," said Pompey, blandly, "dem's de order two faults dat I couldnt remember."  
A TRUENT FOR YOUNG MEN.—More may be learned by devoting a few moments daily to reading, than is commonly supposed. Five pages may be read in fifteen minutes, at which rate one may peruse twenty-six volumes of two thousand pages each in a year. You say you have none to guide you. The best scholars and men of science will tell you by far the most valuable part of their education is that which they have given themselves. Volumes have been filled with the biography of self-taught men. Think of Franklin, the printer; Linne, the shoemaker; of John Hunter, the cabinetmaker; of Herschel, the musician; of Donald, the weaver; of Turner, the painter; of Darwin, the blacksmith. Love learning, and you will be learned. Where there is a will there will be a way. Begin at once, take time for the forelock, and remember that it is only the first step that costs, and having begun, resolve to learn something every day.—Strike the blow and avoid the weakness of those who spend half of life in thinking what they shall do next. Always have a volume near you which you may catch up at such odd minutes as are your own. It is incredible, until trial has been made, how much real knowledge may be acquired in these broken fragments of time, which are like the dust of gold and diamonds.  
SLANDER.—You, you pass it along, whether you believe it or not. You don't believe one-sided whispers against the character of another, but you will use your influence to bear up the false report, and pass it on the current. Strange creatures are mankind. How many benevolent deeds have been chilled by the shrug of a shoulder. How many individuals have been shunned by a gentle, mysterious hint, how many chaste lions have been wrung with grief at a single nod. How many graves been dug by false report. Yet you will keep it above the water by a wag of your tongue, when you might sink it forever. Lasp not a word that may injure the character of another. Be determined to listen to no slander, that, as far as you are concerned, it may die. But tell it once and it may go as on the wing of the wind, increasing with each breath, till it is circulated through the State, and has brought to the grave one who might have been a blessing to the world.  
A MISCHIEVOUS PARROT.—One day a party of ladies paid a visit aboard, and several had been hoisted on deck by the usual means of a "whip" on the main-yard. The chair had descended for another "whip," but scarcely had its fair freight been lifted out of the boat alongside, when the unlucky parrot piped, "Let go!" The being instantly obeyed, the unfortunate lady, instead of being comfortably seated on the deck, as had been those who preceded her, was soused over head in the sea.—*Autobiography of a Seaman*.  
One John W. Jones, who had been sent to prison for marrying two wives, excused himself by saying that when he had one, she fought him, but when he had two they fought each other.  
Let the youth who stands at the bar with a glass of liquor in his hand, consider which he had better throw away—the liquor or himself.  
Swinging is said by the doctors to be a good exercise for the health, but many a poor wretch has come to his death by it.

Educational Department.  
"Who Educates your Children?"  
In the year 1800, Bonaparte met the accomplished Madame De Stael, at Copet. She having requested a private audience, spoke to the first Consul of the powerful means afforded by his situation to provide for the happiness of France, and made an eloquent display of her own plans for the accomplishment of that object, which she was desirous to have that giant among great men adopt in his management of public affairs. He heard her patiently, until she had finished her speech, when he coolly asked, "Who educates your Children, Madame?"  
What must have been the effect of that very significant question upon the mind of that great woman! She had, in the opinion of the discerning First Consul, neglected the most important of all duties—the education of her children, to waste the energies of her gifted mind upon a fruitless effort to ameliorate the condition of France. Her objects were laudable, but the sacrifice was too great, and therefore she found the most severe rebuke in the question, "Who educates your children?"  
We have no disposition to censure the course taken by that most accomplished lady, whose writings will ever live to adorn the literature of France. We wish merely to put the same question to every mother in the land, and request her serious consideration of its import. It was on that Madame De Stael, the most learned and accomplished woman of her day, could not answer; she had neglected this first and most binding of obligations, and consequently felt more deeply the sting of self-reproach which Bonaparte's question created.—She neglected the education of her children that she might elevate her own position, and shine among the most eminent of French authors. But how is it with mothers in our country? Is it not often the case that the most trivial things upon which the human mind can rest, will interfere with the sublimest of all the duties imposed upon the mother—duties which affect her own happiness and that of her children—duties which, if well performed, will bring the richest reward to society, and confer justifiable blessings upon children and parents.  
How often we are told when asking mothers to visit the school, that they have no time, by those who will waste hours in decorating their person to spend an evening at a party? How much time is worse than wasted at home, which should be devoted to the education of their children by those mothers who never inquire about the condition of the school, the character of the Teacher, or the appliances by which their sons and daughters are to be qualified for an honorable and useful career in life? To them we submit the question, "who educates your children?"  
The same mother who can deny the child a necessary school book, or suitable reading at home and who can refuse to take a well conducted paper for the improvement of her family will spend many times their cost for ribbons and gewgaws to meet the arbitrary and foolish demands of fashionable life, and plead the necessity of "keeping up appearances" for her gross perversion of the means God has given her to enrich the minds of those she loves.—To such an one we say, when you stand before the glass arranging your useless ornaments, ponder well the question "who educates your children?" Cease to deny the proper means of improvement to your family—that you may consume their cost in doing homage to the shrine of fashion. There are thousands who pay the teacher most grudgingly and ask almost a gratuitous service at his hands, and yet lavish money most freely to gratify senseless vanity. They act as if the body was of more value than the soul, and as if a pleasure party was worth more to society than a school.  
That mother who can find more enjoyment in a dress-displaying, gossip-making assembling than in the well-conducted school to which her children are sent for instruction, will feel, unless the God of this world destroyed her sense of maternal obligations, to slight rebuke in the answer she gives to the question "who educates your children?"  
Would you give a satisfactory answer to this question, go to the school and there learn what are the privileges it affords your children—become acquainted with the Teacher—sustain him by a generous and grateful sympathy in discharging those duties you have delegated to him, and aid him by liberally providing for the educational wants of your children, and by faithfully devoting your time to their mental and moral improvement when out of school. Act upon common sense principles in this matter and manifest as much interest in the adorning of the mind as you do for their bodily comfort and you will be able to render an answer to the question "WHO EDUCATES YOUR CHILDREN?" that will satisfy your conscience, and meet the requirement of your obligations to your children and to society.  
CRUELTY TO CHILDREN.—There are few continuous acts of wickedness that one could not sooner pardon than the wanton infliction of misery on children; none that rests so heavy on the conscience. To make the period of childhood miserable is a sin which the poor victim, however amiable, cannot forgive. In the very nature of things it is impossible; its effects are enduring. Offences in after life may be expiated—may be overcome by benefits—may be effaced by remorse and atonement, but cruelty to children!—no, it is not in human nature to forgive it; those who are capable of the atrocity, are almost always the most dastardly cowards, and when brought into contact in after life with the victims of their cruelty, endeavor to propitiate forgiveness by the basest surliness.  
A BEAUTIFUL IMAGE.—A deaf and dumb person being asked to give his idea of forgiveness took a pencil and wrote—"It is the sweetness which flowers yield when trampled upon."