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TOWANDA:

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ROCK ME TO SLEEP.

There is a sentiment in the following lines which will find an echo in every breast against which the storms of life have beaten. Many a man, scarred in the warfare of life, will find his eyes moisten in recalling the potency of a mother's love:

Backward, turn backward, oh, time in your flight,
Make me a child again, just for to night!
Mother come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore—
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair.
O'er my slumbers your loving watch keep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Backward, flow backward, oh, tide of the years!
I am so weary of toil and of tears—
Tid not recompense—tears all in vain—
Take them and give me my childhood again!
I have grown weary of dust and decay,
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away—
O'er my slumbers your loving watch keep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, oh mother my heart calls for you!
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded—our faces between—
Yet with strong yearning and passionate pain,
Long I sought for your presence again!
Come from the silence so long and so deep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Over my heart in the days that are flown
No love like mother-love ever has shown—
No other worship abides and endures,
Faithful, unselfish and patient like yours—
None like a mother can charm away pain,
From the sick soul and world-weary brain;
Summer's soft calm o'er my heavy lids creep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,
Fall on my shoulder again as of old—
Let it cross over my forehead to-night,
Shading my faint eyes from the light,
For with its sunny edge shadows once more,
Happily will linger the vision of yore,
Lovingly, so try, its bright billows sweep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Mother, dear mother! the years have been long
Since I last listened to your lullaby song,
Sing them, and unto my soul it shall seem
Womanhood's tears have been only a dream;
Clasped to your heart in loving embrace,
With your right lashes just sweeping my face;
Never hereafter to wake or to weep,
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Miscellaneous.

[From the Chicago Journal.]

Who Lives There? and Who Yonder?

WHOEVER has traveled over an unaccustomed region can remember a curiosity that possessed him to know the story of the dwellers here and there. And he can remember, too, that those in whom he felt the most interest, were the occupants of the best houses. The bold farm, square building, window pierced and observatory crowned, that stood up stiff and stark by the roadside, did not shape an "X" for him, though its material was hewn stone or fine marble. He cared nothing about those who went and came over its thresholds. But sometimes a cottage of a home, twinkling through the clustering vines and green trees, a bit of low brown New England "stoop" before the door, a well-swept driveway, marking the spot above the humble roof-ridge, marking the spot with an accurate accent, will linger in the memory with an exclamation point, standing sentry, long after the little picture has faded from the sight.

And if one thinks about it, he will discover that it is not the new dwellings that please him most; that of the two, the old house with its mossy roof and chinked gray walls, windowless and squirrel haunted, standing like an empty chrysalis amid the clustering cheery trees, and the latter dwelling stepped bravely out in front and very grand in points and proportions, he has the old nest best. Something human attaches to the old cabin that does not belong to the new castle; we like to fancy when will the hands strolled up its walls; when pine and cedar made a censer of the swallow-light chimney, and loaded the air with perfume; when the bit of dimity that once adorned the light and delight of the house, contained the little window so neatly; the window that, lighted by the evening fire, shone like a half-face, with snow-white hair parted evenly and flowing down each side. We like to sit in the red twilight and hear them tell what they will do in the golden by and by; talking cheerily of the better days, while the father smooths an ax handle with which he means to do battle, and the mother turns the potatoes handily out from their sizzling under the forestick, and brushes their dusty jackets with a wing. The trouble—the big bed's brood of one—has retired part way out from its daily hiding, and a little breathing bundle upon it as near heaven as children ever get without dying.

The boys are busy making a "figure four" in the corner; the clock that winds with a string ticks off the minutes of that "day of small things"; the cricket claps its glossy hands in the small service in the hearth for joy; smoked plenty hangs in ditches along the roomy jambs; the red light glitters on a rifle at rest upon its wooden hooks over the fireplace; and an old-fashioned tin lantern made to pepper the darkness with candle-light; and pewter platters and white plates careened upon a distant shelf brighten up now and then like so many eyes in astonishment; the so g of the tea-kettle swung from the top-most hook, fills the silence like a speech. Envy has not rankled, possession has not cloyed, pride has not embittered; they have been joyful since, but then as some say, joy is an uncertain guest, always on tip-toe and ready to be going. Joy was in the castle, but peace was in the hotel; peace that flowed like a river; peace, that had few words; peace that abides always.

It is the huts and cabins and gray old houses that have been lived in long, that have been died in often, and where children were born long ago to have "children's children rise up

and call them blessed," that have stories to tell as prove, more conclusively than the learned talk of Naturalists, that Eve was the mother of us all.

The Railroad is a great assimilator; it shakes people up together in a dice box, and trituration frees them from many of their peculiarities. But not from all. That man over there, who has built his home just in the rear of his barn-yard—about whose door, like armorial bearings, are lies couchant and hogs rampant—who was surrounded himself with a cornfield, and left his harrow turned up in the fence corner, all its teeth displayed like a hungry shark's, advertises himself from "down on the Wabash," quite as plainly as if he had borne a maker's mark on his forehead thus: "Hoosier." You will find the bones of the old "prairie schooner" he came in, "woman," babies, and all if you look, while the yellow curlicupped as to his ears and tail, that walked between the hind wheels and just beneath the manger slung up astern like a ship's boat, has had, like other dogs "his day," and sleeps there in the Indian Summer sun this minute, a tattered yellow rug.

The man living yonder, who has made a museum of his barn-yard: three wagons with nine wheels among them; ploughshares and no handles; plough handles and no share; lanky coils with no mothers; calves untimely orphaned; odds and ends of old lanning mills and threshing machines; pieces of all sorts of chains and harnesses, is a fine specimen of a shifting, shiftless, duckering "Yankee."

Over there is his brother but his better; neat, New Englandish; rows of tin pans shining in the sun, pleasant to look at than the shield of Achilles besides the milk house by the spring; old-fashioned vines trailed up over door and window—withered now, but showing the route they went when "spring came slowly up this way"—a glimpse of a cheese press scored white as the steel (?), "the beautiful maiden Priscilla" rode home from her wedding, seen through the open doors; festoons of apples; festoons of binyara adorning the chambers; necklaces of pumpkins swung "from pillar to post"; turkeys suggestive of Thanksgiving and good cheer. Whisk him over so swiftly, he does not forget to bring his days with him; Forefathers' Day and Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Years; nor seeds from the choice apple trees under the hill, that sway their leafy heads over the stone wall, laden with red, and golden, green russets, temptations for young wayfarers. Yankees en route for school.

And for his good wife, she did not forget the "sampler" the girls wrought, nor the "rising sun" bed-quilt with a piece of everybody's dress in it, nor the home-made linen, nor the home-made heart and ways, for that matter. Nor, if she be very old-fashioned, did she forget the wheels, little and big, nor the reel with a tick to it, nor the swift—we never wrote that word before; she called them "swifts," you know—not the loom her mother had, or her grandmother, out of which came the treasures of the "chest of drawers"; it was as big and as homely as a barn, but she brought it, and set it up in the place over the wood house and looked lovingly upon it.

Over yonder lives a man not quite so neat and pans taking, but a little more dandy; the whitest of white houses, the greenest of green blinds; he white-washes his fences, his trees, his pigs; he does not draw his words as if he was making clock pendulums but is brisk, short, and cheerful; not troubled with catechisms, brought the Fourth of July with him, and savers—figuratively speaking—by the State of New York. As for his wife, she has a loving memory and dearly delights to talk about "York State," and the good things she left; she has a patch of dill in the corner, and of caraway, to carry her back to the good old times when in dress of glossiest silk, well saved and a snowy handkerchief not shaken out from the smooth folds of the ironing—what a savage word "wauling" is for such a business!—and a spring of the aromatic carminative, she went forth with a song in her mouth, to church on those old Sundays when she was younger.

Just here is a house, a red house; red behind and before; red to the top of the chimney. Squatted beside it, is an out-of-door oven, shaped like a well-to-day gray cat just from a nap on an ash-ben. An act of cabalines—the only sight, by the way, that reconciles us to a figure of "a sea of heads"—flanks the cat; a pair of square-wit clumsy horses in breast harness and bear-skin hames, are standing by the door, and all proclaim the Mohawk Dutchman strayed away to the banks of the "Cedar."

But the Railway car is a diving rod to find new and fresher homes for them all, and its touch is just now the "touch of nature" that "makes the whole world kin."

A SABBATH SCHOOL INCIDENT.—At a meeting in the Exeter Hall, London, where there was a vast number of Sabbath Schoolchildren assembled, a clergyman arose on the platform and told them of two bad little boys whom he had once known, and of a good little girl whom he afterwards learned to know. This little girl had been to Sabbath School, where she had learned "to do good every day." Seeing two little boys quarrelling, she went up to them and told them how wickedly they were acting, made them desist from quarrelling, and in the end told them to attend Sunday School. These boys were Jim and Tom. "Now Children," said the gentleman, "would you like to see Jim?" All shouted out with one voice, "Yes Yes!" "Jim, get up!" said the gentleman, looking over to another part of the stage. A reverend looking missionary arose and looked smilingly upon the children.

"Now would you like to see Tom?" "Yes! Yes!" resounded through all the house.

"Well, look at me—I am Tom, and I too have been a missionary for many years. Now, would you like to see little Marry Wood?"

The response was even more loud and earnest than before. "Yes!"

Well, do you see that lady over there in the blue silk bonnet?—that is little Marry Wood, and she is my wife!

A Picture of Life.

"Charles come here." Slowly the boy approaches his mother, when the latter gives him a smart box at his ears, adding: "There, take that; and now go to work."

"Why, mother, what have I done?" "Done, you have not done anything, only set poring over that old paper for an hour."

"But, mother, the chores are done, and it is storming."

"Go under the shed, then, and saw wood."

And he went, the boy of fourteen, dwarfed alike in body and mind, the former by hard labor on the farm, the latter by hard words and "hard knocks." Poor boy! and this was the nephew that I had so longed to see, for I remembered him as a sprightly boy of three years, all life and animation; and this was the sister that I had come so far to visit, and this was my first observation day in the family circle, for sickness had hitherto confined me to my room, where all had been smiles and kind attention. My sister was some years older than myself, but being only sisters, we were much together, and had few if any secrets that we concealed from each other, and for awhile after we married, the one going to ward the rising, the other the setting sun, we had kept up a regular correspondence, but the cares of a growing family and poor health soon checked the letters and at last they ceased entirely. Once she had visited her "old home" and friends, and brought Charles her first born with her, a bright lad of three summers. Eleven years had passed when I decided to make her a visit and see how she prospered in the far west. Success had crowned her labors, and to the casual observer, nothing was wanting to make life agreeable.

Three lovely girls wandered from room to room. The oldest threw down her book, which instead of reaching the table as she had designed, fell to the floor. Instead of saying, "Pick it up my daughter," the mother gave her a quick slap on the head which sent her reeling; and picked it up herself. Quiet was scarcely restored ere another offender, for some light cause, received a box and an angry word, and thus the afternoon was spent. I was in hopes that such scenes were not common, and waited impatiently for the evening, but alas! it came all too soon, for as much as my feelings had been tried through the day, they were worse tried in the evening. The candle was placed on the stand in the centre of the room; the father, tired with his day's work in the woods, had leaned his chair against the wall and was already snoring; the mother with her youngest in her lap, rocking by the fire; I with my feet on the fender and nobody by the light. Charles hunted up his paper (which had been tucked away) and timidly drew up to a chair to the stand in hopes of finishing his story, but hark! Come boy, just move your chair back, and not make yourself quite so conspicuous. He moved back, and soon slipped out of the room and was soon forgotten by all but myself; but often in the course of the evening did I wonder where the boy was. About nine he came in, and I expected a scene, but no question was asked, and he passed on to his room. I could not refrain from asking my sister where Charles spent his evenings. "Oh," she said, "he generally goes over to the other house; they take a paper, and always read it aloud, evenings." This then was the mystery; the boy could not have the privilege of reading at home, and went to the neighbors.

I felt sick, heart-sick, and home-sick, and longed for the quiet of my own home. But a whole winter was before me, and something must be done. At last all had sought their pillow save my sister and myself; an unpleasant silence prevailed the room; I was thinking how to begin; I knew that my sister's heart was in the right place if I could reach it; she asked me what I was thinking about; I told her I was thinking of my mother; I asked her if she remembered how tenderly and lovingly she reared her family—how she sympathized with all our little imaginary wrongs and troubles—how she taught us to pray and sing, as well as read and work; how pleasantly we spent our evenings, when mother would tell us some pleasant story, or brother Charles would read the newspapers?

It was enough, already she was weeping on my bosom; no promise was asked or given, but I heard her go softly to her boy's room, and as she returned I heard her murmur, "God bless him," and I knew the good work was begun. It was some time before all the little outbreaks were dispensed with, but a look was sufficient to still the tempest, and ere spring, the time for my departure had arrived, a lover and a pleasant family could not be found. Charles accompanied me home to finish his education, and he promises still to fulfil the hope of early years.

"Why, you rascal," said Radcliffe, the great physician, to a paviour, who dunned him "do you pretend to be paid for such a piece of work? Why, you have spoiled my pavement, and then covered it over with earth to hide your bad work." "Doctor," said the paviour, "mine is not the only bad work the earth hides." "You dog, you," said Radcliffe "you are a wit. You must be poor; come in, and you shall be paid."

MANY a true heart that would have come back like a dove to the ark, after its first transgression, has been frightened beyond recall by the savage cruelty of an unforgiving spirit.

JONES' RELIEF.—One 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 got two, they fought with each other.

SHARP.—A Scotchman asked an Irishman why were half farthings coined in England. The answer was, "To give Scotchmen an opportunity to subscribe to charitable institutions."

Sensations on Taking Chloroform

A correspondent of the San Francisco Mirror gives the following vivid description of the sensations he felt while under the intoxication of chloroform, in which he had been placed for the purpose of having a silver of iron extracted from his eye:

"My last sane recollection is of the surgeon applying the handkerchief to my mouth; then the room began to magnify to gigantic proportions; a common lamp was transformed to a candelabrum, more luminous and costly than ever lighted the grandest cathedral of the world. The surgeon became a giant of prodigious proportions, holding a huge, gleaming knife, with a single blow of which he might have severed me. The sound of voices in the room seemed like the clamorings of a vast multitude during the burning of a city, and a sign board, screeching outside, conveyed the idea of a furious mob collected in the street for my execution. On entering the rooms I had noticed a large cat sitting asleep on a shelf, which turned its head lazily toward me and then resumed its slumbers; this creature became a hideous, vampire-like monster, with great fiery eyes, and with fangs and claws like what were fabled to belong to the griffin, walking round, and blowing fetid breath on me, and pressing its frightful paws on my breast. But the worst of all was a brace of gigantic men sharpening instruments for my dissection; I could hear the whirring of the stone and the shrieking of the highly tempered knives as the grinders laughed at the intended dissection. One was more jocose and heartless than the rest; he was my implacable enemy; we had quarrelled and fought about a schoolmate love. Presently I felt their keen knives at every joint; I shrieked and screamed, blasphemed and besought my tormentors, but still the instruments hissed through my quivering flesh and grated along every bone. I am satisfied that all these emotions were experienced within a moment after the first inhalation which began the process of stupefaction. So swift is the evolution of thought when sense is subdued, and when the phantom monarch of dreams leads the soul through endless avenues, swifter in its journeying than the short lived fire which falls from an overburdened cloud.

"But a gradual revolution of mental perception succeeded; those frightful spectres began to recede; the men and knives began to diminish; the cat returned to natural proportions, and crept slowly away; the voices became less harsh and threatening, and the noise in the street was subdued to unbroken silence. I looked into a mirror of light, with nothing visible, until indistinct forms appeared on the horizon, coming toward me and defining themselves as they came. One was my mother, clad in grave clothes, but as she neared, her habiliments changed to the fabrics which glittered in the prophet's vision when he looked over the 'great congregation which no man could number.' Directly she stood by me; and recognizing every feature, I saw that each age-mark was gone; her cheek was fresh as the young girls when she first blushes at the whispered words of love, and stooping to kiss me, the apparition went out, leaving another, still more beautiful and youthful; it was the figure of my young wife, who died in the birth of her first child. She held an infant in her arms who reached down and ran his tiny fingers through my hair; but when I tried to take him in my arms, infant and mother were gone. Strange, that I felt no disappointment; I knew they were but pictures that hung in the galleries of a father's heart. Everything changed to an existence of indescribable pleasure; I laughed and danced like one mad with the exhilaration of unexpected deliverance from torture; the air came into my lungs gratefully as the up-bushing of cool water to the lips of a thirsty drinker. The aroma of celestial gardens seemed about me; I believed that I was in the territory of souls, and wondered how any one should fear to die. I could hear sounds in the street, but they seemed to prolong and swell like the sound of a great organ. Millions of symmetrical creatures passed in review along a horizon of silver and gold, and yet I was conscious that they were but the creatures of a distorted imagination.

"Presently I became conscious of retreating sense; my limbs felt unweildy and of too great proportions to be moved by the strengthening will; my eyes opened and began to discern objects retreating to natural dimensions, and I began to comprehend the conversation of persons in the room. The whole operation had not occupied half an hour, but I had lived centuries of indescribable horrors, and emotions of happiness which are incomprehensible to the sane and wakeful mind. My sight was preserved, and the fragment of steel is still in my possession, which, like the key of St. Peter, unlocked celestial splendors.

QUOTING SCRIPTURE.—A short time ago, says the Glasgow Guardian, a primitive preacher, while discoursing in a chapel in Newcastle, took occasion to mention the many trials and difficulties which often had beset his path. "But," said he, "in the midst of all my difficulties, I am led to persevere in the good work by the following passage of Scripture coming into my mind: 'Faint heart never won fair lady!'" This is about as good as the editor of the Glasgow Reformers' Gazette in complimenting Lord Chesterfield for his sensible remark that "evil communications corrupt good manners."

A GOOD REPLY.—An Irish carriage-driver made a very nappy and characteristic reply the other day. A gentleman had replied to Pat's "Want a carriage sir?" by saying, "No, I am able to walk," when Pat rejoined, "May your honor long be able but seldom willing."

To tell all your secrets is generally folly, but that folly is without guilt; to communicate those with which you are entranced is always treachery for the most part combined with folly.

Catacombs of Palermo.

In the Independent, George Allen Butler thus describes one of the strange sights at Palermo, the Sicilian city which has just come into the possession of the victorious legions of Garibaldi:

"The strangest of all the strange sights at Palermo are the catacombs of the Capuchins. We are all familiar with the character of the Roman and Neapolitan catacombs, underground excavations, remarkable for their great extent, and for their associations with the history of the early Church. The Palermo catacombs have a frightful peculiarity of their own. You descend from the little church, just outside the walls, not into deep, subterranean passages, but into a succession of vaults, well lighted, and of no greater depth than an ordinary cellar. These vaults are long and narrow corridors, on either side of which, in niches cut out of the wall, ranging in ghastly ranks are preserved the bodies of the dead, not confined out of sight, but each in the garb appropriate to it while living, or else in a long robe of winding sheet. Below these niches are wooden coffins, with windows at the sides to show the faces of the occupants. Overhead, near the ceiling, are skeletons of children sitting, or of men reclining; all perfectly preserved, some with the skins still covering the bones, others have nothing left but skull, and shoulders, and hip bones, with the arms in front, pinions crossed. Some peculiarity of the soil prevents the ordinary decomposition, and men buried nearly two hundred years ago still survive in this skeleton company. Strange to say, they are not permitted to rest in peace. On the 2d of November in every year, the *fiestas mortis*, or festival of the dead, their relatives flock to this dismal place, the well-known mummies are taken out of their glazed coffins and dressed in gala costume. They number not less than six thousand in all; and I know of nothing more fearful than for a living man to find himself, as I did, unexpectedly among this army of dry bones.

"The most horrible feature of the whole exhibition is, that nearly every face wears in its fossil decay and ruin a dreadful ludicrous and comic gaze down upon you, have a sort of a grim vitality of their own, and through the entire array it seems as if there was a dumb intelligence—a mute correspondence and sympathy—in the sinister and almost wicked way in which they return the curious stare of the intruders. Yet you cannot help staring in spite of all this, and the eye wanders from one group to another, with a strange and morbid fascination.

"Some are large-limbed, thick-skulled, complacent in their successful preservation; others, with worn and weary looks, as if tired of such stiff, calcareous companionship; others, who seemed to have twisted and wriggled their joints loose, and must stand perpetually still, or fall to pieces; others, with their ruined heads hung down, as if in contemplation of their ended earthly life; and others, indifferent and idle, some indignant, like the ghosts that Dante saw in hell, with scowls and grim sarcasms—all silent, sepulchral, almost infernal.

"One such sight is sufficient for a life-time. As I write, I recall those spectral forms with a thrill of horror—the monks and priests in scarlet and black, the children in full holiday garb, and the women, most hideous of all, in capes and shawls, and satins."

An Interesting Sketch.

Apprentices are invited to read a little way-side story, which is but one of the thousands like it that margin the highway of life all along to its close:

On Friday last, we dropped in at a station-house, to see what items might be gathered from the criminal docket of the tell-tale slate of the attentive Chief, and having taken all that was of interest to us, about passing out, we met in the doorway one of the most loathsome human beings it has ever been our lot to encounter. We stepped aside, quite willing to give the rag-muffled man—for he had been a man once—the largest privilege in passing, and was astonished indeed when catching a glance at us he advanced, presented his hand, and called us by name. We took his trembling hand, though at first we could discover nothing in his haggard features that at all reminded us of any former acquaintance; but when he mentioned his name, and the name of the paper on which we learned the beginning of the "art preservative of all arts," the veritable "Bill Phillips," an old fellow apprentice, stood before us. We had toiled side by side in a newspaper office (the *Lycoming Gazette*) bearing the name of the county in which it was located, in the northern part of Pennsylvania, and we had known him then as an uncommonly bright boy, a natural wit, a pet among his fellows, and withal the quickest and most correct compositor in the office. Leaving the office and business on account of ill health before we had completed our profession, we heard little of Bill, except that, for some trivial cause, he had run away from his employer, (who was likewise his benefactor) and but once heard of him as leading a rather dissipated life in the city of Philadelphia. We sat down on one of the station-house benches, and he recounted his adventures from the unlucky day on which he threw his "wardrobe" over his shoulder and turned his back upon his employer, down to the time of our accidental meeting in the station-house door, where he had come to procure lodging for the night. It was the old story, and here he was, after twenty years of wandering, a poor, miserable, friendless, dissipated creature, whom to deprive of his glass was to remove the prop which now served to sustain life. We took the poor fellow to better quarters, and, turning homeward, began thoughtfully to contrast the career of the fellow apprentice we had just left, with that of others, who, in the same office, served out their full apprenticeship, and afterward's filled some of the highest positions in their native State. There was Ellis Lewis, until lately, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, who not only

served his time there, but afterwards owned and edited the *Gazette*, leaving it only to fill still higher and more respectable positions. Then there was another, a round faced, smart boy, with nothing like the mother wit that Bill Phillips possessed, but he was steady in his habits, served faithfully, and to-day William F. Packer, the Governor of Pennsylvania, recurs to that as the period when he was, by honestly and steadily serving out his time, laying the foundation for that success which has since so abundantly crowned his efforts. Look at it, boys! There are but two methods of accomplishing the journey of life among the close growing years that intervene between the beginning and the end—the one leads you through a career of honor and usefulness, the other terminates where poor Bill Phillips will soon lay his weary bones—in Potter's Field. —*Newark Mercury*.

THE VALUE OF A WIFE.—Quite an amusing episode took place at the house of a prominent clergyman of Cape Ann, Mass., a few days since. A couple presented themselves as candidates for matrimony, but the gentleman had neglected to procure the customary certificate, being possessed of the idea that the minister could fill out one. After some delay, the necessary document was procured from the town clerk, and the banns were consummated. The happy bride, in orange wreaths and blushes, turned to adjust her bonnet, while the newly made husband drew forth his wallet to liquidate the clergyman's fee.

"What's to pay?" quoth the bridegroom. "We leave those matters to the discretion of the parties," replied the clergyman. "But what do you usually get?" "That depends upon the circumstances of the parties married," answered the clergyman.

"Well, there," said the happy bridegroom, in a tone of satisfaction, depositing a one dollar bill on the table.

"How much did you give him, John?" asked the bride, turning from the glass.

"A dollar." "One dollar! Well, if I had thought it wasn't worth more than a dollar to get married I wouldn't have come here. Let me see your wallet," she continued.

The new husband very obediently passed all his treasure over to his better half, when she proceeded to draw a bill of much larger denomination, and laid it with the other on the table.

"There," she continued, "if it isn't worth that to get married, it isn't worth anything," and passed back the wallet and proceeded to finish her toilet.

But John was not disposed to sanction such wholesale extravagance on the part of his new spouse, and no sooner had she turned to the glass than he hastily snatched the bill and placed it in his wallet again.

The newly married pair took leave of the clergyman—the one gratified that she had repressed her husband's niggardiness, and the other chucking that that he had not been forced into prodigality.

IMPRESSIVE PREDICATION.—[Rev. Dr. Spring, of New York, lately preached his fiftieth anniversary sermon, and closed his discourse as follows:]

The half century is gone; gone like some star that has been twinkling in the curtain of the night; gone like the dying cadence of distant minstrelsy, as it vanishes into the air; gone like the word just spoken, for good or for evil, never to be recalled; gone like the clouds which disappear after they have exhausted their treasures upon the earth; gone like the leaves of autumn, that are scattered to the winds as they wither; gone like the phantom which, in pursuit, had a semblance of reality, but which, in the retrospect, is melted away—gone, as yesterday has gone. Why do I say here, gone? Nothing is gone whose influence remains. The man, the woman, the Sabbath, the prayers, the weeks, the months, the years that some of us have beheld vanish, one by one, in the mysterious past, live still in God's universe. Past! What is past? What is the momentous present—this now this accepted time? What is the never-ending future? They are but parts that make up the grand unit of eternity—eternity that was, and is, and ever will be. All time is a unit, where the angel at Heaven's high court records as well the responsibilities of preachers, and where the great Witness and Judge will render to every man according to his works."

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.—If four dogs, with sixteen legs, can catch twenty-nine rabbits, with eighty-seven legs, in forty-four minutes, how many legs must the same rabbits have to get away from eight dogs, with thirty-two legs, in seventeen minutes and a half? We have seen sums in the books nearly as sensible as this.

"BILLY, my boy," said a short sighted and rather intemperate father to his son, a bright little fellow of about five summers, "did you take my glasses?" "No, pa, but ma says she guesses as you took 'em 'fore you come home."

"Henry, you ought to be ashamed, to throw away bread like that. You may want it some day." "Well, mother, would I stand any better chance of getting it then, should I eat it up now?"

An afflicted husband was returning from the funeral of his wife, when a friend asked him how he felt. "Well," said he, pathetically, "I think I feel the better for that little walk."

The reason why whales frequent the arctic seas is, probably, because they supply the "Northern lights" with oil.

If exercise promotes health, those who collect old bills for editors, should be among the longest lived people on earth.

A very rare combination—dollars and sense.