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## TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, December 18, 1862.

### Selected Poetry.

(From the Hartford Courant.)  
"FAITH AND ITS EFFECTS."

At twilight by my open window sitting,  
Watching with curious eyes the passing crowd,  
Meeting to one—a bridal, gay and fitting;  
To one—disaster, and to one—a shroud;

I fell to musing on Life's strange reverses,  
Its daily mystery of joy and woe;  
Its cherished hopes, which breath of God disperses;  
Its pride and power by sudden stroke brought low;

I thought upon its hard-won, quick-lost treasures;  
Upon its horrors—fleeting as a breath;  
Upon its meagre, evanescent pleasures;  
Upon the end of all—unwelcome Death;

And then I thought upon my own life's sorrow,  
Its hopeless present and its troubling past;  
Pondered with dread upon the coming morrow,  
And questioned—Would life brighten toward the last?

I asked the future—had it joy or anguish?  
For my poor, weary, overburdened heart;  
Should I have rest? Or should I always languish  
On couch of pain, and so "act well my part?"

No answer had I from the dread uncertain,  
Joy, grief and pain alike were unrevealed;  
No hand of mine might lift the misty curtain;  
Eye could not pierce to that which it concealed.

Weary and weak, I bowed in supplication  
That Heaven's own strength be perfected in me;  
So should I bear with cheerful resignation  
God's holy will, whatever that should be.

I prayed for grace to do the present duty,  
Taking, for days to come, no anxious thought;  
Asked to be led in paths whose wholy beauty  
All men behold, but few have ever sought.

And soft and silent as the dew, descended  
Upon my waiting heart, the gift divine,  
Doubting and tear were for the moment ended,  
And peaceful truth and fullest joy were mine.

Then came a voice—"Discard the old wives' fable  
Of 'Special Providence and Heavenly aid!  
Trust to yourself; and of yourself be able  
'Gainst sin and want to wage a bold crusade."

"God loves his children with no partial favor;  
For you and me He takes no thought and care;  
From laws established he will never waver—  
By Nature's changeless laws we governed are."

"And Nature's law is that of compensation,  
Who sows shall reap; he shall outlive who strives;  
Victory is due to strength in man or nation;  
And whatsoever we make them are our lives."

Sand truth with rankest error subtly blended?  
What wonder if exciting Faith did quickly out?  
What wonder if Despair with Hope contended?  
What wonder if to Trust succeeded Doubt?"

Dependent, fearful, once again I drifted  
On unbelief's wild sea—until, above  
The tumult of its surging waves, was lifted  
Messiah's voice. I heard his words of love:

"Peace doubting soul! Thy father's care extendeth  
O'er all the works of his creative skill.  
His love surrounds; His potent arm defendeth;  
As in the past, so will he keep thee still."

"His watchful eye beholds with love paternal  
Each falling sparrow—these are bought and sold,  
Five for two farthings!—Are they hopes supernatural  
Less worth his care? O doubting heart be bold!"

Bold am I now. Earth has no heart of sorrow  
Which, with this trust, I cannot do and bear,  
The present ill suffices—I refrain to borrow  
Care from the future. Get thee gone, Despair!

## Miscellaneous.

### RABBI RASCHI.

Rabbi Raschi, commonly called Rabbi Raschi, lived in the 11th and 12th centuries,—(1040—1105 A. D.), and was born at Troyes, in France. His name is still mentioned with reverence next to that of Maimonides. He wrote a commentary on some of the prophets, and likewise an explanation of the Talmud, a gigantic work, without which that obscure book would be almost unintelligible. He was, besides, a great mathematician, and a very religious man.

It is said of Rabbi Raschi, that on reaching his sixtieth year, and feeling himself approaching the pale of life, he was desirous of knowing who was to be his companion in Paradise. He, of course did not entertain the least doubt that such a pious and learned man as he, who had never transgressed any ceremonial law, would be ushered into the Garden of Eden, and be seated on a golden chair at a golden table, with a wreath of pearls round his head, and would be allowed to feast eternally on the glory of God. But he wished to know who the pious man was that should be placed opposite to him at the same table, for the righteous sit two and two in Paradise. When he had fasted and prayed a long time, God deigned to reveal himself in a dream, and to tell him that his future companion was Abraham-ben-Gerson, called Zadik, at Barcelona.

Having learned thus much, Rabbi Raschi became anxious to make acquaintance on earth with his future companion, and to this end undertook a journey to Barcelona. To his imagination, the form of his Paradise friend presented itself with a thin pale face, sunken eyes, long beard, a bent figure, a man who had studied the law night and day, had fasted and prayed; for such a man only deserved the surname of Zadik, the Righteous.

Great was therefore the surprise of Rabbi Raschi when, on arriving at Barcelona, he could find no Abraham Zadik. Several persons, certainly, had been honored with this surname, but among them was no Abraham-ben-Gerson. At length, on asking if there were not in the town a man called Abraham Gerson, he was answered: "What do you mean Don Abraham the Wealthy? How can a man like you condescend even to ask for such a beaaten, who is never seen at synagogue the whole year round—say, who eats meat prepared by Christians? We all wonder why he does not at once become baptiz-

ed, and his name would thus be stricken from the book of life! Surely, Rabbi Raschi, you can have no business with him.

"A fine fellow is my companion," thought Rabbi Raschi, and he threw back a rapid glance on his own life, in order to discover any sign of omission or commission by which he might have incurred such a disgrace.

"Surely, you will not visit that man?" repeated the learned Rabbi, to whom Rabbi Raschi had addressed his question.

"Why?—I may, perhaps, bring him back to the right path."

"Do not flatter yourself with that—on him all endeavors are lost. But do as you like."

When standing before the residence of Don Abraham, Rabbi Raschi was highly astonished, for it was a real palace, splendid, replete with beauty and taste, so that it even moved the heart of the old rabbi, who could only find this fault with it—that it did not behoove a son of Israel to live in such splendor, whilst so many of his brethren were doomed to be in poverty and filth. On entering the gate, he found himself in an open court, where servants in gilt liveries were seen moving to and fro, receiving visitors, who had come in splendid carriages. The rabbi wished to return, and he only addressed a servant in the hope of being dismissed, and thus having an excuse before God; but the domestic received him with the greatest respect, and ushered him up a broad marble staircase into a richly ornamented ante-room, where he requested him to wait a few moments. When left alone, the rabbi said to himself: "There must be some mistake. This man is a bad Jew, a man of no religion at all he has obtained here on earth his golden chair and golden table—his Paradise; how can any such blessing be in store for him in the future? He is too rich to become converted into the right path of resignation and self-denial. But I will do my best; I am, perhaps, the instrument of God."

The door opened, and Don Abraham, a tall, handsome man, of about thirty, made his appearance. With a friendly greeting, he bade the rabbi welcome, and added: "Let me hope that my humble roof may be honored during a long period by the presence of such an excellent, learned and pious guest."

"Pious!" exclaimed Rabbi Raschi. "How do you dare to say pious—to talk of piety—you, a scioner of the law! I announce to you that I have come in the name of God our Lord—"

"I am sure you have," interrupted Don Abraham, smiling, "and therefore I repeat that you are most welcome; but as for your reproaches, you may as well reprove them, as I have once for all chosen my manner of life. Come, be friendly; let us become better acquainted; and, first of all, do favor me with your company to-morrow at the celebration of my nuptials—"

"Ah, you are going to be married! and, perhaps, to a heathen girl?"

"No, to a daughter of Israel, a lovely, amiable, kind hearted girl. Come to-morrow and see her."

"Is she rich?"

"No!"

"Well; if only she were led into a good Jewish house, it would be an agreeable sight in the eyes of God. Meanwhile it may be a *mitzva*\* I will come."

The conversation was interrupted by a servant announcing a poor woman.

"Let her wait a moment," said Don Abraham.

"A poor woman!" exclaimed the rabbi. "Your marriage is to take place to-morrow, and you have not yet thought of the poor; but you allowed them to come to you to remind you of your duty? For shame!"

"My dear Rabbi Raschi," said Don Abraham, "you are too severe. That you may judge for yourself, I beg you will accompany me to the woman, and ask her any questions you please."

They went into the room where she was waiting, and on being questioned by the rabbi, she answered: "Alms have been given, as far as I know, to all the poor; but I do not come for alms."

Rabbi Raschi was pleased to hear that his future companion was, at least charitable; he was therefore silent, while Don Abraham asked the woman: "What is it you want? What can I do for you?"

"I want your advice," said the woman.

"Speak, and be sure you shall have friendly advice."

The woman said: "I am a poor widow, with four children, three of whom are quite young. My eldest son, a youth of eighteen, worked for us, by his honest industry, has made a comfortable though modest home; but now he is ill, dangerously ill."

"Then my good woman, you must have a physician. I will send you my own doctor."

"No, Don Abraham, a physician is of no avail; my son is ill through love, disappointed love. There is a young girl, poor and honest, like myself, whom he had hoped to marry; but now the poor girl is forced by her parents to marry another, a rich man."

"Woman, why do you tell this to me?" said Don Abraham.

"Because you are the man, Don Abraham; and now, having spoken, I leave you to God and your conscience."

"What is your son's name?" asked Don Abraham, faintly.

"Abraham-ben-Manuel."

When they were left alone, Rabbi Raschi seeing Don Abraham deadly pale, with large drops of sweat on his brow, said consolingly: "After all it is nothing. I have never, in my life, heard of a man dying for love."

"Have you not?" said Don Abraham.

"No, indeed not. You may be quite sure that young fellow is not going to die. Young folks sometimes make a great noise about their love. After some time, he will find another woman quite as handsome."

"There is no other beneath the sun!"—Don Abraham exclaimed, passionately. "—there is but one sun in the heavens. Take it away, and all is dark—the air is chilly, the

meadow has no verdure, the garden no flower! Take it away, and you take life away! Life without love is nothing! Oh, the woman was right!"

"Well, well, Don Abraham, I only wished to comfort you. It is a bounded duty of a guest to share the grief of his host. It may be disagreeable, nay, painfully to her lover; but I honestly think and say there is no danger of death. Such sorrows may be overcome; but of course, something must be done for the family, something of consequence, even."

"You are right, Rabbi Raschi; I hope I shall have something arranged by to-morrow. Do not forget to come to *mincha*."

Next day the rabbi was punctual at the palace of Don Abraham, round which an immense crowd had gathered, whilst through the gates flowed a magnificent stream of guests, who eagerly brought their congratulations to the rich owner of the palace.

The bruppa, or baldachin, under which the wedding ceremony was to be performed, was erected in the court, the marble pavement of which was strewn with flowers. The prayer having been said, the bride, preceded by a band of music and by torches, was led into the court, when the notary read the marriage contract, upon which Don Abraham said:—"There is but one little thing to be corrected; and the name of the bridegroom is not Abraham-ben-Gerson, but Abraham-ben-Manuel; I have only been the *schachan*\*. In all other respects, the stipulations are unaltered, and I leave Abraham-ben-Manuel to conduct my business, whilst I travel abroad. Hallo! let musicians and the torch-bearers accompany Abraham-ben-Manuel and his relatives into the court."

"Oh!" cried Rabbi Raschi, "thou art worthy, indeed, to be my companion in Paradise!"

At first, the Rabbi's exclamation was unheeded; but he afterwards related his dream to Don Abraham, who replied good humoredly: "I am glad to hear it; it is so pleasant to have a good neighbor; and besides," he added, with quivering lips, "I shall come single."

Since then, eight hundred years have elapsed. We may all see, in a short time, if they are seated together.

\*The afternoon prayer with which the marriage ceremony commences.

\*He who demands the bride for her parents for another.

**PEDDLER VERVES QUAKER.**—A Yankee peddler, traveling in Pennsylvania, met a Quaker going to mill with a bag of corn.

"I say mister, what do you ask for your corn?" inquired the Yankee.

"It isn't for sale, friend," replied Broad-brim.

"But I'm greatly in need of corn just now, as my mare is nearly starved, and nobody round here 'pears willing to trade. I thought you Quaker fellers was chock full of the milk of human kindness. Now, as I've been robbed back here a piece of all my cash, I don't know what on airth I'm goin' to do when the mare's gin out."

"Well, friend," said the shrewd Quaker, "if there has anything that I can turn to the same account as my corn, I will trade with thee at dollar a bushel, but not otherwise."

"And pray, what are you going to do with it?"

"Grind it, to be sure!" said Broadbrim, chuckling at the thought that that was a prospect for the peddler.

"Wall, I'll dew it on them terms, and you may empty your corn into my feed box at once," said the Yankee.

"And pray, friend, what am I to have in exchange for the two bushels of corn that I can turn to the same account?"

"Oh, you can take your choice; I've got jack-knives at twenty-five cents a piece, razors at the same price, axes at a dollar, and various other notions. You'll find that they can all be ground to great advantage. In short, you can grind 'em as often as you please, and it won't hurt 'em."

The Quaker was so tickled at the Yankee's wit that he let him have the corn without further parley, and took his pay in trade.

"How do you do, Mrs. Towe? Have you heard that story about Mrs. Ludy?"

"Why, no, really Mrs. Gad? What is it? Do tell."

"Oh, I promised not to tell for all the world—no I must never tell out; I'm afraid it will get out."

"Why, I'll never tell out as long as I live, just as true as the world. What is it? Come tell."

"Now, you won't say anything about it, will you?"

"No, I'll never open my mouth about it—never. Hope to die this minute."

"Well, if you'll believe it, Mrs. Fandy told me last night, that Mrs. Trow told her that her sister's husband was told by a person that dreamed it, that Mrs. Trouble's oldest daughter told Mrs. Nichols that her grandmother heard by a letter she got from her sister's second husband's oldest brother's step-daughter, that it was reported by the captain of a clambout just arrived from the Feejee Islands, that the mermaids about that section wear circuliues made out of shark-skins"

**FRUIT AS MEDICINE.**—Ripe fruit is the medicine of nature; nothing can be more wholesome for man or child, though green fruit is, of course, rank poi-son. Strawberries are favorites with all classes and constitute a popular luxury. Who can tell the number of disordered livers and digestive apparatuses generally restored by that fruit? After them, we do homage especially to peaches, and apples, and grapes. We once knew a person who, believing himself in a decline, determined to eat from four to six ripe apples a day, and note the result; in three months he was well. We know of another who was in general ill health that commenced the habit of drinking a glass of plain cider every morning, and never had a day's illness in twenty five years thereafter. Such remedies are simple enough.

### Letter from Suffolk, Va.

SUFFOLK, Va., Nov. 29, 1862.

DEAR SIR:—Your letter was very gladly received, and to show my gratitude, I will answer immediately. The REPORTER containing the Muster Rolls of the 141st Regiment, P. V., also arrived, and it was with great interest that I looked over the names. Many of them are persons of my acquaintance, and several were pupils of mine at my school in West Franklin years ago. Years ago! How strange to cast a glance at the quiet past and compare the years gone by with the exciting present.

Boys of a little while ago—quiet, inoffensive boys—insignificant as they thought themselves, are now enrolled with the nation's hosts, writing their part on the great exclamatory page of American History.

What a volume is being written! And who will arise with so wonderful powers as to be able to paint the untold agony of the millions bereaved?

No! Let it not be written; let History record deeds of valor, causes lost or won, the numbers of killed, wounded and missing, and let some dashing novelist or writer of romance with imagination vivid as the lightning, regale his readers with stories of lost loves and broken hearts, but let no man dare—even if it were possible—to enter the sacred portals of the broken household, with a view to publish abroad the keen and poignant grief of those whose best loved have been sacrificed to the Moloch of Slavery.

Truly, we have fallen upon troublous times, but we have nothing to complain of, for when we remember our National follies and prejudices and sins which we have not only tolerated, but winked at, even if we come not out till the "utmost farthing" is paid, we are constrained to say—it is a just sentence.

In Jeremiah there is a complete description of the slaveholder. I will make a short quotation from the 5th chapter, commencing at verse 25, adding a word or two as I go on, to make the application clear:

"Your iniquities have turned away these things, and your sins have witholden good things from you.

"For among my people are found wicked men; (slaveholders, kidnappers, etc.)—they lay wait, as he that setteth snares; they set a trap, they catch men. (Slaves, runaways, contrabands, free black men, and some not so black, are caught in these snares.)

"As a cage is full of birds, so are their houses full of deceit; (deceit that covers the worst system of concubinage in the world, where a man makes merchandise of his own children)—therefore they are become great and waxen rich.

"They are waxen fat, they shine;—(in silks and satins purchased with the price of blood)—yea, they overpass the deeds of the wicked: they judge not the cause, the cause of the fatherless,—(but sell children from their mothers, wives from their husbands, and parents from their children)—yet they prosper, and the right of the needy do they not judge.

"Shall I not visit for these things? saith the Lord; shall not my soul be avenged on such a nation as this?

"A wonderful and horrible thing is committed in the land:

"(American Slavery, the vilest that ever saw the sun.)—Woeley.

"The prophets prophesy falsely, and the priests bear rule by their means;—(yes, ministers!) declare that Slavery is a divine institution, and on the strength of this false prophecy, Southern aristocrats boldly assert their right to rule)—and my people love to have it so; (mark that, every Northern dough face, every Southern sympathizer, every ex-posed for Slavery, every compromise man in all the world who is nominally a Christian, and therefore my people is among those who love to have it so, and the terrible, the awful, and as yet unanswered question follows)—and what will ye do in the end thereof?"

Without contending that Secretary Seward is without his weaknesses, which is too much to say of any great man. I cannot agree that our disasters are attributable to his follies, for the consequences following men's weaknesses, depend altogether upon the responsibilities of their position.

A private in the ranks of an army may be a fool, and no one the worse for it, for, in the language of a certain defunct Captain, "A private is supposed to know nothing but orders;" but an officer is at least supposed to know how to command, and a single mistake on his part might work disaster to many.

So, as effect follows cause, and as the effect is in proportion to the cause, I can fix upon no one as directly responsible for our disasters and snail-like movements as the President himself. Still I would support the President. Because he has made a great mistake; we should not desert him; for that would make a bad matter worse.

President Lincoln is undoubtedly a great man, but has betrayed one great weakness; and that very weakness is esteemed by many to be his great virtue.

That weakness is his wonderful conservatism. This grand idea led him to select from all parties to fill places in his cabinet. Instead of having a preference for the Republican party which elected him, he very kindly appoints men of known hostility, from the Breckinridge and Douglas ranks, to fill responsible positions and act as his political advisers, under the mistaken notion that this course would unite the country. Is it to be wondered at, then, that with such a mixed cabinet, he puts generals into the field of the same calibre?

The President's policy seemed to be to please everybody.

His advisers undoubtedly disagreed, and so to satisfy all, he will be very conservative, appoint a few good and loyal men, a few about half and half, and some who "didn't know what the war was about."

The men most earnest in the struggle, were checked, lest the rebellion should be crushed too soon, and the favor of some of the half and half men lost. When the quarrel about General Fremont arose, the demands of the

party that placed him in the Presidential chair, were set aside to satisfy the opposition. This course followed up, has divided the Republican Party. Thus the President's grand struggle to unite all parties and please everybody has failed, and he has pleased nobody. His conservative kindness led him to keep generals at the head of our armies whose motive power was political jealousy, and whose highest ambition seemed to be to defeat each other.

We hope Burnside will succeed, but if he fails, let him be removed before he causes as much loss of life and treasure as did McClellan. We are for the man that can and will win.

And when the successful man is found, we are for the policy that will let him go forward, and the Cabinet that then begins to quarrel about him, should be hung.

We believe in the Scriptural policy, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Radical, isn't it? but that is what we want in these trying times.

We believe in Burnside, but are not so confident of his success as are some. He has too many difficulties to encounter.

The good time to move was wasted by his predecessor, but an opportunity may offer to strike a deadly blow, and no doubt Burnside is looking anxiously for just such an opportunity.

At this place nothing of interest has transpired.

Yours truly,  
H. S. PARKHURST,  
Co. 39th Illinois.

### WHY CHILDREN SHOULD NOT BE ABSENT FROM SCHOOL.

Some one has thus "summed up" the unfavorable results of unnecessary absence:

1. If a boy learns to feel that he may leave his duties as a scholar for trivial causes; for causes equally trivial he will forsake his business when a man.
2. The time of the teacher and the whole school is wasted, while this absence is being recorded.
3. The teacher's time is wasted, in reading and recording the delinquent's excuse, when he returns to the school.
4. He interrupts the exercise of the teacher, or some other part of the school, in finding the places at which his various lessons commence.
5. He has lost the lesson recited yesterday, and does not understand the portion of to-day's which depends upon that of yesterday; and such dependence usually exists.
6. The teacher's time and patience are taxed in repeating to him the instructions of yesterday; which, however, for want of study, he does not clearly appreciate.
7. The rest of the class are deprived of the instruction of their teacher, while he is teaching the delinquent.
8. The progress of the rest of the class is checked, and their ambition curbed in waiting for the tardy delinquent.
9. The pride of the class is wounded, and their interests in their studies abated, by the conduct of the absentee.
10. The reputations of both teacher and scholar suffer, upon days of public examination, by failures, which are chargeable to the absence, and not to the instruction.
11. The means generously provided for the education of the delinquent are wrongly wasted.
12. He sets pernicious example for the rest of the school, and usually does some actual mischief while absent.

**HOW HE GOT HIS WIFE.**—John W. was, or is a genius. He made quite a pile in the Mexican war, and invested it in a canal boat running on the Ohio Canal. John was a bachelor, but in course of time was smitten by the little god. An old farmer, who lived in the "head" path, near Masillon, had two rosy-cheeked daughters, but all attempts to gain an introduction by their admirers, were foiled by the old man. But John was not discouraged. A large chunk of beef brought off the mastiff, and John proceeded to deliberately appropriate the various articles hanging on the clothes' line. Chemisettes and stockings, breeches, skirts, and things were crowded in ignominious confusion into the capacious bag carried by John on this occasion. They were brought aboard the boat and placed in the "bow cabin," to pave the way for an introduction on the return trip.

A week after the boat passed the farmhouse on its way north, and John jumped ashore, and went to the house. He represented that one of his drivers had stolen the clothing, and that he had discharged him, and desired to restore the articles. The young ladies were delighted, as the sack contained all their "Sunday fixings." The old man said: "I always thought that all the bootmen would steal; and I am delighted to find one honest one. You must call again captain."

The captain did call again, and soon after married the "youngest."

On the wedding night, he told his wife the *raison* he had used to gain an introduction, and the old man gave orders that no more clothing should be left "out of night."

**WHISKY AND NEWSPAPERS.**—A glass of whisky is manufactured from perhaps a dozen grains of corn, the value of which is too small to be estimated. A pint of this mixture sells for one shilling, and if of a good brand, is considered well worth the money. It is drunk in a minute or two—it fires the brain, sharpens the appetite, deranges and weakens the physical system. On the same sideboard upon which this pernicious beverage is served lies a newspaper. It is covered with half a million of types—it brings intelligence from the four quarters of the globe. The newspaper costs less than the glass of grog—the juice of a few grains of corn; but it is no less strange than true that there is a large portion of the community who think corn juice cheap and the newspaper dear.

What is the most wonderful of acrobatic feats? For a man to revolve in his mind.

### A Ghost Story.

At a town in the west of England twenty-four persons were accustomed to assemble once a week, to drink, smoke tobacco and talk politics. As at the academy of Rubens, at Antwerp, each member had his peculiar chair, and the president's was more elevated than the rest. As one of the members had been in a dying state for some time, his chair, whilst he was absent, remained vacant.

When the club met on the usual night, inquiries were naturally made after their associate. As he lived in the adjoining house, a particular friend went to inquire after him, and returned with the melancholy intelligence that he could not survive the night. This threw a gloom on the company, and all efforts to turn the conversation from the sad subject before them were ineffectual. About midnight the door opened, and the form, in white, of the dying or the dead man, walked into the room and took his seat in his accustomed chair. There he remained in silence, and in silence was he gazed at. The apparition continued a sufficient time in the chair to assure all who were present of the reality of the vision. At length he arose and stalked towards the door, which he opened as if living; went out and shut the door after him. After a pause, some one, at last, had the resolution to say, "If only one of us had seen this, he would not have been believed; but it is impossible so many of us can have been deceived." The company, by degrees, recovered their speech, and the whole conversation, as may be imagined, was upon the dreadful object which had engaged their attention. They broke up and went home. In the morning inquiry was made after their sick friend. It was answered by an account of his death, which happened nearly about the time of his appearance in the club-room. There could be little doubt before; but now nothing could be more certain than the reality of the apparition which had been simultaneously seen by so many persons. It is unnecessary to say that such a story spread over the country, and found credit even from infidels; for, in this case, all reasoning became superfluous, when opposed to a plain fact, attested by three-and-twenty witnesses. To assert the doctrine of the *flexa* laws of nature was ridiculous, when there were so many people of credit to prove that they might be *unflexa*. Years rolled on, and the story was almost forgotten.

One of the club was an apothecary. In the course of his practice he was called to an old woman whose business it was to attend to sick persons. She told him that she could leave the world with a quiet conscience, but for one thing which lay upon her mind. "Do you not remember Mr. —, whose ghost has been so much talked of? I was his nurse.—On the night of his death I left his room for something I wanted. I am sure I had not been absent long; but at my return I found the bed *without my patient*! He was delirious, and I feared had thrown himself out of the window. I was so frightened that I had no power to stir; but, after some time, to my great astonishment, he entered the room, shivering, and his teeth chattering, laid himself down on the bed and died! Considering my negligence as the cause of his death, I kept this a secret, for fear of what might be done to me. Though I could have contradicted all the story of the ghost, I dared not do it. I knew, by what had happened, that it was *he himself* who had been in the club room (perhaps recollecting it was the night of the meeting); but I hope God and the poor gentleman's friends will forgive me, and I shall die contented."

They have some brave orators out West. This fact there is no disputing, if we admit that they are correctly reported, as the following specimen of lofty and burning eloquence will testify: "Americans!—This is a great country—wide, vast, and in the Southwest unlimited. Our public is yet destined to renounce all South America; to occupy the Russian Possessions, and again to recover the possession of those British Provinces which the prowess of the Old Thirteen Colonies won from the French on the plains of Abraham, all rightfully ours to re-occupy. Ours is a great and growing country. Faneuil Hall was its cradle, but whar—whar will be found timber enough for its coffin? Scoop all the water out of the Atlantic Ocean, and its bed will not afford a grave sufficient for its corpse. And yet America has scarcely grown out of the gristle of boyhood. Europe—what is Europe? She is nowhere, nothing, not a circumference, a cipher, an absolute idea. We have faster steamboats, swifter locomotives, better fire engines, longer rivers, broader lakes, higher mountains, louder thunder, forked lightning, prettier women, braver men, and more money than England dare have!"

Mrs. Partington says: "It is a confederate shame for the Cabinet people at Washington to allow our men of war on the Potomac to hug the Mary Land Shore so much."

Adam was fond of his joke, and when he saw his sons and daughters marry one another, he dryly remarked to Ere, that if there had been no apple there would have been no pairing.

The Providence Press says the proposition to amend the internal tax law so as to include babies under the head of "manufacturers" does not seem to meet with favor. The proposer is a bachelor.

A gentleman, in an inland town, tendered a dollar bill to pay a charge of sixty cents, and was gravely offered forty squash seeds to represent the balance due him.

Folly has often the same results as wisdom; but wisdom would not engage in her school-room so expensive an assistant as calamity.