Miscellaneous.

A Practical Joke.

A gentleman of considerable talent as an orator became a member of a legislative body in one of the eastern states.—In speaking he was addicted to an odd habit of handling his spectacles, first placing them on his nose, suffering them to remain a minute or two, throwing them upon his forehead, and finally folding them up and laying them before him upon the desk. One day a very important question came up for consideration and he commenced a speech in opposition. A friend to the proposed measure who was most an incorrigible wag withal, determined to spoil the effect of the honorable member's remarks, and accordingly, before he entered the house provided himself with a dozen pair of spectacles. The member commenced his speech with his usual ability. Only a few minutes had elapsed before he was at work with his spectacles, and finally got them upon his forehead. At this juncture our wag who stood ready, laid another pair upon the desk before the speaker. These were taken up, and by gradual gradnations gained a place on his forehead by the side of the other. A third, fourth and fifth pair were disposed of in the same manner. A smile settled on the countenances of the honorable members, which gradually lengthened into a grin; and at last when the speaker had warmed into one of his most patriotic and eloquent sentences, he deposited a sixth pair with the others, and there was a long and loud peal of laughter from all quarters of the hall—presidents, clerks, members, joined in chorus. The speaker himself looked around in astonishment at this curious interruption: but, accordingly, raised his hand, he grasped the spectacles, and the whole force of the joke rushed upon his mind. He dashed the glasses upon the floor, took up his hat and left the hall. The bill passed by a triumphant majority, probably in consequence of the gentleman's very silly and useless habit.

Chapter on Tears.

Tears are sometimes a relief, and sometimes a burden, they are a relief to a woman, but a burden to a man; they relieve a woman, because her sympathy approves them; they burden a man because his pride rebukes them; a woman weeps because she feels, a man because he can't feel; a woman's tears affect a man, but a man's tears disaffect a woman; a woman weeps for others, a man for himself, a woman's tears are common property; a man's are his own, a woman believes them a profitable investment, a man considers them useless expenditures, a woman's tears are easy and natural; a man's are forced and awkward, a woman's are the warm streams of the sun-cloud, man's the cold dropping of the icicle.

General Wolfe's Presentiment.

On the night previous to the battle of Quebec, after all the orders for the assault were given, Sir James Wolfe requested a private interview with his friend; at which, saying that he had the strongest presentiment that he should be killed in the fight of the morrow, but he should die on the field of glory—Sir James unbuttoned his waistcoat, and taking from his bosom the minature of a young lady, with whose heart his own "blended," he delivered it to commander Jarvis, entreating that if the foreboding came to pass, he would himself return it to her on his arrival in England. Wolfe's presages were too completely fulfilled, and Com. Jarvis had the most painful duty of delivering the pledge to Miss Lowther.

VERY GOOD.—A distinguished clergyman, now a resident in New York, was accused while in Lowell, of violently dragging his wife from revival meeting, and compelling her to go home with him." He replied as follows:—

"1st. I have never attempted to influence my wife in her views, nor in her choice of a meeting.

"2d My wife has not attended any of the revival meeting in Lowell.

"3d I have not attended even one of those meetings for any purpose whatever.

"4th Neither my wife nor myself have have any inclination to attend these meetings.

"5th I never had a wife!"

MAN'S LOVE.—"And don't you think men can love as well as women?"

Sarah laughed outright.

"What can you mean, Sarah?" asked Margaret.

"I mean," she replied, "that when a man finds his house in disordered, and wants somebody to put it to rights, he calls this love; when he is alone, too, and things don't go pleasantly, and he wants somebody to complain to and find fault with, and lay the blame upon, he calls this love. When no one cares for him, and he gets put down in society, and wants to bind himself for life to some being who will flatter him, and admire his very faults, this too he calls love.—Man's love, indeed!"

FEMALES.—An Irishman was sent to put a letter in the Post Office directed to a lady. He brought it back. "Bad luck to them post offices, yer honor," said he, "this letter wont go,"—"Wont go!" "Not a bit. The dirthy spallpeens have got a place for letters for *male*, but sorry a one for *females*."

[From the Yankee Blade.]

It Won't do.

It is curious how many thousand things there are, which it won't do to do upon this cozy planet of ours, whereon we eat, sleep, and get our dinners. For instance,

It won't do to plunge into a law suit, relying wholly upon the justice of your cause, and not equipped before hand with a brimming purse.

It won't do to tweak a man's nose, or tell him he lies, unless you are perfectly satisfied that he has not spunk enough to resent it by blowing your brains out, or, (if you have no brains) cracking your skull.

It won't do when riding in a stage coach to talk of another man whom you have not seen, as being an "all fired scoundrel," until you are absolutely sure he is not setting before you.

It won't do when snow drifts are pield up mountain high, and sleighs are eternally upsetting, as this winter, to ride out with a beautiful, lively, fascinating girl and not expect to get *smashed* with her.

It won't do for a man, when a horse kicks him, to kick back at the horse in return.

It won't do to crack jokes on old maids in the presence of unmarried ladies who have passed the age of forty.

It won't do to imagine a legislature fed at the public crib will sit but six weeks, when two-thirds of the members have not the capacity to earn a decent living at home.

It won't do for a man to bump his head against a stone post, unless he conscientiously believes that his head is the hardest.

It won't do when a musquito bites your face in the night, to beat your own cranium in pieces with your fist, under an impression that you are killing the musquito.

It won't do for a chap to imagine a girl is indifferent to him because she studiously avoided him in company.

It won't do for a young lady to presume that more than a third of the gentlemen who show her pointed attentions, have the most distant idea of marrying her.

It won't do for a man to fancy a lady is in love with him because she treats him civilly, or that she has virtually engaged herself to him, because she has always endured his company.

It won't do to be desperately enamored of a pretty face before you have seen it at the breakfast table.

It won't do to be so devoted to a tender hearted wife as to comply implicity with her request when she asks you "Now tumble over the cradle, and break your neck, my dear, won't you!"

It won't do to take hold of a hair trigger pistol during a fit of the blues.

It won't do for a politician to imagine himself elected to the Gubernatorial chair while the "back counties remain to be heard from."

It won't do to pop the question more than a dozen times after a lady has said "No."

It won't do to extol the beauty of a lady's hair before you know whether it did not belong to another lady's head.

It won't do to talk of wooden nutmegs and white oak hams when there are Connecticut Yankees about.

It won't do to go barefoot in the winter to get rid of the trouble of corns.

It won't do to take every man to do that you would like to do even if so to do would be to do a favor. It won't do.

Friends.

It is a sweet and pleasant thing for two old, and familiar friends to spend together a long hour, after the sun has gone down, and when all the world is quiet, in a warm room, with a blazing fire, and with a moderate use of the pure juice of the grape to fill the intervals of conversation. No haste is upon them, no hurry, no hateful pressure of importunate business; there they can sit as long as they choose; it matters not whether they rise the next minute, or three hours hence. They are free, in short—from the bondage of worldly affairs, and can do what they think fit with their little treasure of time. No liberty is more pleasant than the emancipations from all chains, and shackles, and bars, and bond of business; and there when Memory, sweet Memory, takes us by the hand, and leads us back into the flower-garden of other years, and points out all the blossoming things that we loved, and looking as beautiful as ever, how sweet are the sensations, how entrancing would they be, were it not for the subdued consciousness that it is all part of the dream that is passing away!

Nor is the pleasure of such intercourse lessened when there exists some difference in age between the two companions. Youth brings its eager fancy, its bright expectations, its energetic rashness, to mithridate; and age its sober reason in bright remembrances, its calm knowledge and its tried powers. The party must never extend beyond two, however; a dog, indeed you may admit—a friendly, faithful dog, the image of unbought attachment and unvarying love—but there must be no one else.

QUERY TO LOVERS.—Whether "*lambent eyes*" bear any resemblance to "sheep's eyes?"

Noonday in Ceylon.

It has been well and justly remarked, by an elegant writer, that the district of Matura possesses many picturesque beauties. Sometimes venerable and majestic trees formed a shade over our heads; sometimes we travelled amidst flowering shrubs—sometimes through cultivated meadows and fields of smiling corn. Nature breathes around an eternal spring; flower blossoms and fruits adorn the woods at all seasons. A vast wilderness of noble plants rises in ten thousand beautiful landscapes, displaying a majesty and richness of scenery, and rising emotions of delight and admiration which cannot easily be described. This, certainly, is a very vivid fascinating description of a country, and, in this instance, it a correct one. But, how often have I felt afterwards, in passing through or residing in the forests of Ceylon, how awfully impressive is the stillness of noon! Every animal seeks the deepest shade. The fish conceal themselves at the bottom of rivers or lakes, except where the overhanging foliage screenes them from the rays of a too fervid sun. Not a bird is on the wing, and all nature seems, as it were, to be at rest, were it not that the almost appalling silence is broken, only to be made the more impressive, by the continued low buzz or humming of thousands of insects. How powerfully have I felt in the thickly wooded neighborhood of Matura, all this combination of the great and little of so much that is wonderful in nature! But as soon as the evening begins to be somewhat cool, the world seems again to start into new life. Every creature is in motion and in search of its prey, or of the food it requires of some kind or other, which the Almighty has so bountifully provided for them all. The wild fowl, of various kinds, fly in large flocks towards their haunts; the pea and jungle fowl call their respective broods around them for the night; even the jackall begins to howl for its prey. Numbers of flowers, which had closed their leaves before the scorching beams of the sun, now gently unfold them, to remain open to receive the dew which usually falls so abundantly. Here, also, the pretty moon flower, among the rest, the leaves, of which have been shut all day, opens completely as if to behold the sun's grandeur as he takes his leave of us in surprising brilliancy!

It is generally believed that birds within the tropics, though they have much more splendid plumage than those we find in Europe, cannot sing. This is not the case here; for several of them have the sweetest notes that I ever listened to, and one, in particular, sings so delightfully, as to have acquired the name of the Ceylon nightengale, from its notes being heard for some time after sunset. But, even when the moon does not afford what may be here truly called her silvery light, we do not always remain in that profound darkness I have before spoken of; for no one, who has not beheld it, can form an idea of the effect produced at night by thousands and tens of thousands of fireflies and other insects which emit phosphoric light! I have taken one of them and put it inside the glass of my watch and have been able to see the hour distinctly by its flickering light.—[Campbell's Excursions in Ceylon.

THE FLOWERS AND THE SOUL.—Noble flowers have nectaries, honey-containers, in which the noblest juices of the plant are preserved. But in order to come at these, one must sometimes—if one has not the genius of a bee, or of Mummel, but has merely unskilful human fingers—one must sometimes wound the flower. The human soul has also its nectaries, which we must often handle as we do the flowers.

CIRCLE OF HUMANITY.—Fenelon was accustomed to say:—"I love my family better than myself; my country better than my family; and mankind better than my country; for I am more a Frenchman than a Fenelon; and more a man than a Frenchman."

A MILKMAN'S OPINION OF A GOOD EDITOR.—Just as good as a *dairy*. We suppose he will *skim* over matters and things, and give us the *cream* of all that is important. No body knows better what *a curd* (occurred) in the political world. No two *wheys* about that.

A GOOD TOAST.—the following toast was given at a temperance dinner:

"Revolutionary Army and Cold Water Army. The one drove the *red coats* from the land—the other the *red noses*."

HOW TO CHOOSE A WIFE.—Lay a broomstick in her way—if she steps over it, don't take her—if she takes it up and puts it carefully away, brush end up, take her if you can get her.

TRUE.—Boys that have been properly reared, are men in point of usefulness at sixteen, whilst those that have been brought up in idle habits, are nuisances at twenty-one.

A BACHELOR.—"The life of a rich old bachelor," said the first speaker also with a sigh, "is a splendid breakfast, a tolerably flat dinner, and a most miserable supper!"

POLITENESS.—Politeness costs nothing—except you have a lame back, and then it is not very convenient to make a bow.

Fortunate Accidents.

Evelyn was walking one day in a field near Says Court; he stopped for a moment to look in at the window of a poor solitary thatched house, and beheld a young man carving a cartoon of Tintoret, of which he had bought a copy at Venice. Evelyn requested permission to enter, and soon recommend the youthful artist to the patronage of Charles II. Such was the commencement of the fame of Gibbons.—But for that walk, and that listening to Evelyn, he might still have pursued his solitary toil unfriended and unknown—it was a slight circumstance, a mere shadow upon the stream, but it was full of promises for his future fortunes. Tickell owed all his political properity to a little poem suggested by the opera of Rosamond. The late William Gifford was rescued from the penury and hardships of a coasting trader by the report and the sympathy of a fish-woman, who saw him playing ragged and neglected upon the beach of Brixham. And what is particularly deserving of notice is, that the very circumstances which seem to portend our injury or our ruin, often promote, to an extraordinary extent, our prosperity and happiness. This apparent contradiction may be exemplified from the life of the present amiable and learned Professor Lee, whose early struggles to acquire knowledge, amid the poverty and depression of daily labor, must be well known to many of our readers. He was by trade a carpenter, and had no means of extending his knowledge of languages except by exchanging the grammar of one for that of another.—But no difficulties or privations could chill the fire of his enthusiasm; his only time of study was after the conclusion of his work in the evening; still he persevered. At length he married; and the expenses of his new manner of life not only obliged him to undertake severe toil, but seemed to call for the abandonment of literary pursuits, his evenings as well as his morning hours were to be devoted to the hammer and the saw. At this critical juncture, the chest of tools upon which he depended for his subsistence, was consumed by fire, and destitution and ruin stared him in the face. His calamity proved his greatest blessing; his loss became known, attracted attention to his character, and friends were not long wanting to assist the patient and struggling scholar. But for the burning of the chest of tools, the Cambridge Professor of Hebrew might, at this instant, have been mending a window-frame at Bristol instead of occupying a stall in its cathedral.—[*Frazers Magazine.*

Rain in Egypt.

It has been asserted that there is no rain in Egypt, and both ancient and modern travellers, from Heredotus and Diodorus down to "poor Mr. Silk Buckingham," have recorded the assertion. It is well to have the facts in all cases, and with regard to this question, let us listen to the statements of Mr. Gliddon, who, in his lectures has frequently put us right upon many misconceptions regarding that interesting country.

Mr. Gliddon states that in Lower Egypt and the Delta, it rains a good deal in the winter; and this rain increases in the exact ratio of your descent towards the Mediterranean. "I have," he says, "known it to rain at Alexandria twenty days successsively, and almost incessantly; whilst from the 15th of October to the 1st of April, the rains are frequent, and winter proverbially wet. So it is at Atfe—the juncture of the canal and Nile. Here is the focus of rain in winter, and it is the most sloppy, muddy and dizzly spot in those latitudes.

In Middle Egypt it rains every winter, but merely sharp showers. The average at Cairo is three rainy days a year, perhaps twelve hours of rain in the whole year.

In Upper Egypt it rains in some parts every winter, but otherwise is rare. Yet he observes, "I can say with Herodotus that "in our time," it rained in Egypt, for we had rain at Dendera, Esne, and rain at 1st cataract—sharp, but passing showers. The world seldom will apply to rain from Cairo to Dongola—but no rain, is all nonsense. Of course, the farmer in Egypt is quite independent of rain; it never enters into his calculation, for the Nile saturates the ground for two months by filteration; and the agriculturalists supply the rest by irrigation, water dippers, and other methods."

SEVERE.—During a late procession in New York a Yankee was mounted on a pony, which stubbornly refused to go.—He whipped him, at which the crowd huzzaed loudly.

"Don't," said he, "don't good folks, don't make such a noise; the critter will think he's got among a lot of donkeys, and a fellow feeling will induce him to stay in spite of all that I can do.

INQUESTS.—"Can you tell me what a jury of Inquest is?" "Yes, sir, a jury of inquest am a body of men what sits down on a dead man, to find out whether he ar dead for sartin, or only playing possum."

A POOR MAN.—The philosopher Frazer, says that though a man without money is poor, a man with NOTHING BUT MONEY, is still poorer.

BRADFORD PORTE

BY E. S. GOODRICH AND SO

TERMS:

Two dollars and fifty cents per annum, inclusive of postage. Fifty cents deducted if paid within the year; and for *cash* actually in advance, ONE DOLLAR will be deducted.

Subscribers at liberty to discontinue at any time by paying arrearages.

Advertisements, not exceeding a square, inserted for fifty cents; every subsequent insertion twenty-five cents. A liberal discount to yearly advertisers.

Twelve lines or less make a square.

Job Printing, of every description neatly and expeditiously executed, on new and fashionable type.

☞ Letters on business pretaining to the office, must come free of postage, to ensure attention.

AGENTS.

The following gentlemen are authorized to receive subscriptions for the Bradford Porte and to receipt for payments therefor:

C. H. HERRICK, Esq., ... Athens
J. R. COOLBAUGH, ... Smithfield
Col. W. E. BARTON, ...
E. ASPENWALL, ...
J. E. GOODRICH, ... Ch
B. COOLBAUGH, ... Burlington
ADDISON M'KEAN, ... Standing Stone
P. C. WARD, ...
D. JOHNSON, ...
A. M. COE, ...