

# Raftsmen's Journal.

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## WINTER—THE POOR.

Blow o'er the plain the winds tremendous blow,  
Of sunset while the fleecy shower descends,  
The tyrant frost forbids the streams to flow,  
And all its horror rigorous winter spends.  
Now ye, who fortune's various gifts enjoy,  
Who bask in sunshine of her warmest rays;  
Ye, whom nor tempest, cold, nor want annoy,  
Whose days glide on in affluence and ease;  
Of the poor, the destitute forlorn—  
Extend your bounty to the wretch distressed;  
Pluck from the torrid breast the rank ring thorn,  
By misery pointed and by care impressed.  
Lest not your hearts, by guile misled,  
Be rendered callous to the tale of woe;  
But clothe the naked, give the hungry bread,  
Forbid the tears of wretchedness to flow.  
For, oh! the rigors of the year require  
Some fostering hand the lingering wretch to save,  
Leave for a while your mirth, your social fire,  
To rescue suffering mortals from the grave.  
For know your fortune is the gift of heav'n,  
But not by heaven for you alone designed;  
In trust for generous purposes 'twas giv'n,  
And proves a blessing to the generous mind.  
Prove yourselves worthy of the sacred trust;  
From dire oppression rescue the oppressed;  
Relieve your fellow creatures; 'tis but just,  
And you in blessing will be ever blest.

## OUR COUNTRY'S DANGERS.

In the *Lutheran Observer* we find lengthy extracts from a sermon, delivered at Hollidaysburg, on the 22d of Nov., by Rev. L. Knight, from 1 Tim. 2, 1-4. "The text, he says, implies that the early Christians were in danger of losing their religious liberty—that they were in danger of not leading a quiet, peaceable life in godliness and honesty," and inquires, "Are we in danger of losing our civil and religious liberties? &c. We may infer from the text that there is danger, because this Scripture was intended as a rule of faith and action for all Christians in future time." *Luxury* he regards as one source of danger to the civil and religious liberties of this country, being an enemy to any form of government, and has been the overthrow of those who were proof against the mighty armies of the earth. Hannibal, the great Carthaginian general, after the battle of Cannæ, in which 40,000 Romans were slain, with whose dead bodies the sons of Amilcar made a bridge, and sent three bushels of gold rings, taken from the fingers of the slain Roman knights, to Carthage, had Rome in his power; but he retired to Capua, where the Carthaginian soldiers soon forgot to conquer in the pleasures of the luxurious city, and instead of Hannibal taking the city, the city took him and his mighty army. *Luxury* was their overthrow. It afterwards proved the ruin of Rome herself, and other ancient republics. Let us not flatter ourselves that we are in no danger from this insinuating and enchanting foe. There is a false, a too fastidious or squeamish refinement finding its way into the churches, and even into the pulpits of the country, and is sapping the very foundations of christianity. St. Paul said, 2 Tim. iv, 3, 4, "The time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine, but after their own lusts shall heap to them teachers, having itching ears," &c. And as to extravagant indulgences in the pleasures of the table, and the exorbitant use of costly dress and equipage; though the crops should fail and the times grow pinching hard; though many rich become poor, and the merchants become bankrupt; though pestilence should walk in darkness and destruction waste at noon-day; and though thousands fall in the East and in the South, in the West or in the North, one half the survivors would import the most costly silks, cloths, brandies, wines and gewgaws—clothe in fine linen and fare sumptuously every day, while the other half might go in rags and starve. Licentiousness and drunkenness are ever the foul companions of luxury. More than ten millions of gallons of rum have been consumed by the inhabitants of the United States since the signing of the Declaration of Independence, costing in dollars alone more than five billions, and has sent seven millions of drunks into eternity; has caused paperism, crime, imprisonment—the cost of trials and punishment, added to that of the liquor, loss of time, &c., would amount to a sum sufficient to build 20,000 miles of canals, 50,000 miles of railroad, support all the colleges, seminaries and churches of the country, educate all the children, keep all the poor, and send the Bible and missionaries to every heathen nation on the globe. Is it a wonder that we have such enormous national and state debts? Is it not a wonder that we yet exist?

Another source of danger to the country is political corruption. This is found in all ranks of our office bearers; and if occasionally an exception is found, one who has the nobleness of soul to resist bribery and stem the desolating tide of political corruption and demagoguism, in vindication of right, truth and justice, he is soon forsaken by all the numberless and nameless parties of the country, considered eccentric, and laughed at for his pains. The time was when ministers of the gospel were expected to discourse freely from the pulpit on the political condition of the country. As an evidence of this we have only to consult the published sermons of ancient divines. This was in the days of Washington, Hamilton, Jay, &c. But alas! my countrymen, how changed the times. Now a minister of the gospel, who ought to know at least as much as another humble citizen, dare scarcely express his opinion in public or private; if he have the presumption to exercise his humble

privilege at the ballot-box, he often gives mortal offence.

A third source of danger is *Papery*. Of this we have long ago been warned by such illustrious men as Washington and Lafayette. Many Roman Catholics in this country are no doubt among our best class of citizens and little know the intentions of their leaders. Many Protestants, too, apprehend no danger from this source, at least they profess not to see it.—There are many Jesuits in this country, some wearing the garb of neutrality, and others even that of Protestantism! And, although the bold attempt to destroy our free school system, the burning of the sacred word of God, and the sudden entrance into the political arena and grasping the balance of power, did arouse American freemen from their slumbers for a little season; they seem nevertheless to be closing their eyes again in security. And unless God in mercy prevent it, they will awake before long, like Samson, shorn of their strength. Bonaparte, one of the most sagacious men and greatest generals that ever lived, was outwitted and ruined by two Jesuits in his cabinet. And then we have in this country thousands of nothingarians, or dough-faced Protestants and political Esaus, who would sell their country's liberty for a mess of postage. Daniel O'Connell, said in 1843, "You should do all in your power to carry out the intentions of his holiness, the Pope. Where you have the electoral franchise, give votes to none but those who will assist you in so holy a struggle." Brownson says in his Review, (Roman Catholic), of November, 1854, that government "is a mischievous thing where the Catholic faith does not predominate to inspire the people with reverence and to teach and accustom them to obey. The last lesson to be forgotten is obedience.—But is it the intention of the Pope to possess this country? Undoubtedly it is. And in this intention, he is aided by the Jesuits and all the Catholic prelates and priests in the country?—Undoubtedly. If they are faithful to their religion." What can be more plain? Romanists themselves tell us their intentions. The orders are from head-quarters, that Catholics in this country are to vote for such persons only who will assist them in carrying out their intentions. And the intentions are to have the power in this country. And I ask every unprejudiced mind, have Romanists not been voting, are they not now voting, and will they not continue to vote, agreeably to these orders? Yes, verily, to a man. And they will have many Protestants to help them to carry out their intentions. And then, according to Catholic authority, (The Rambler), "If it will benefit the cause of Catholicism, the Pope will tolerate them; but if expedient, he will imprison, banish, fine or hang them. One thing be assured of, he never will tolerate them for their glorious principles and civil and religious liberty." God save the country from the rule of the Romanists and their allies.

Another source of danger to the civil and religious liberties of the country is *infidelity*. We may learn what would be our condition, from the condition of that country where infidels and atheists did possess the supreme power and government, and attempt to dispose of human happiness according to their own doctrines and wishes: "The name and profession of Christianity was renounced by the legislature. Death was declared to be an eternal sleep. The existence of the Deity and the immortality of the soul were formally disavowed by the national convention, and the doctrine of the resurrection from the dead was declared to have been only preached by superstition for the torment of the living. Correspondent with these professions were the effects actually produced. Public worship was utterly abolished. The churches in France were converted into temples of reason, in which atheistical and licentious homilies were delivered; and an absurd and ludicrous imitation of the pagan mythology was exhibited under the title of the religion of reason. In the principal church of every town a tutelary goddess was installed, and the females selected to personify this new divinity were mostly prostitutes, who received the adorations of the municipal officers and multitudes of people, constrained by fear, favor or the motive of gain. All distinctions of right and wrong were confounded; tragedy followed tragedy in almost breathless succession on the theatre of France; the waters of the river were impeded in their progress by the drowned bodies of ministers of religion; children were put to death as they clung about the knees of their destroyers; the moral and social ties were all broken: women denounced their husbands, brothers, and sons as bad citizens and traitors!"

Three millions of human beings are supposed to have perished in France through the influence of infidelity! O, unhappy France!—Never, perhaps, will she altogether recover from these dire effects. Should we, as a nation, adopt such sentiments, what crimes would we not perpetrate, what agonies would we not suffer? And are we in no danger? What mean those gatherings in many parts of our country for mirth and pleasure on the holy Christian Sabbath, trampling it with contempt in the dust? What mean those efforts put forth to have the Lord's day abolished, as it was in France? What mean all the numberless and nameless infidel associations in the country, from Mormonism down through Spiritualism to Free Love societies? What mean those ef-

forts occasionally put forth by our rulers to have the Bible, all ministers of the gospel, and their services excluded from the Senate chambers and Congress halls of the nation? What means that great opposition to the Bible, on which our civil and religious institutions are mainly built? O say not there is no danger; when there are thousands upon thousands, both native born and foreign, as rank infidels in this country as there ever were in France; and when thousands more of the same sort are landing on our shores annually. And if we would never have reason substituted for the Bible; if we would have no foreign potentate build upon our ruins; if we would not see our government sapped to its foundation, our constitution trampled in the dust, our glorious union divided, and our beloved country bleeding at every pore; if we would never stoop to the dogmas of the mystic Babylon, nor bow the knee in vassalage to her sainted bishop, we must faithfully obey the injunctions of the text.

## THE COLISEUM AT ROME.

From the N. Y. Observer.

The Coliseum is one of the noblest ruins of ancient times. It is a magnificent structure, even in its present dilapidated state, and is peopled with a thousand associations among which the scholar and the Christian linger with equal interest. It was called by the ancient Romans the Flavian Amphitheatre, from Flavius Vespasianus, who laid the foundation upon a portion of the space occupied by Nero in ornamenting his famous golden house or palace. It stands in a valley between the Palatine, the Esquiline and the Cælian hills. Vespasian did not live to complete it. He died after laying the foundation; but his son Titus, whose name is forever associated with the fall of the Holy City, took up the work and completed it. It is said that Titus employed in this work the Jews whom he brought as captives to Rome after the taking of Jerusalem. Tradition also says that it was designed by a Christian architect, who was subject to the despotic authority of the emperor, and who afterwards suffered martyrdom. At the dedication of the building 5,000 wild beasts were slain in the arena, and games were celebrated for nearly 100 days continuously.

The form of the Coliseum is oval, its greater axis being 620 feet and the smaller 520, making the circuit about one-third of a mile. The superficial space that it covers is nearly six acres, the greater portion of which is occupied by the massive walls and arches that supported the seats, which ran back from the arena to the height of more than 150 feet above the ground; the outer wall as it stands being 157 feet high. The arena which was devoted to the games and gladiatorial shows in early times, is about 800 feet in length, and less than 200 wide, corresponding in shape to the oval form of the building. The structure itself has suffered greatly from the ravages of hands equally profane with those which caused its erection. For a long time it served as a common quarry for Rome, several of the palaces and many more of the private dwellings having been built from the material of its walls. This work of demolition was arrested by its consecration to the memory of the Christian martyrs who had perished in the arena.—One form of idolatry is frequently substituted in Rome for another. Ancient paganism has been superseded by a system which still allows the worship of wood and of stone. A large cross now stands in the centre of the arena, bearing an inscription which promises 200 days indulgence to all who kiss it, and as many days for each kiss. I have often stood and watched the ignorant devotees of popery, stopping to purchase by such an embrace a more speedy release from the pains of purgatory, and repeating the embrace in the vain and senseless hope that kissing the wood was an effectual means of laying up for themselves a store of grace to be used in the time of need.

The student of ancient history lingers with the deepest interest around this vast building, as his imagination carries him back to the days when some eighty or a hundred thousand were assembled to witness the games in which the combatants met to try their strength in mortal strife, or to fall a prey to wild beasts. One can almost see the wrestlers or the gladiators, and hear the shouts of the myriads as some favorite is victorious. But to the Christian this amphitheatre is full of the most sacred associations, painful though they be.—Here thousands of the early disciples of Jesus suffered death, and, strange to say, contributed to the sport of their pagan persecutors.—Here were witnessed by countless crowds, among which sat emperors, scenes over which angels hovered, as they waited to conduct the spirits of the suffering saints to receive the palm of victory and the crown of martyrdom on high.

The noblest of the martyrs of the Coliseum was Ignatius, bishop of Antioch. While the Emperor Trajan was visiting this city, he heard of the faith and zeal of this minister of Christ, and offered him a large reward if he would sacrifice to the Roman gods. He replied, "should you offer me all the treasures of your empire, I would not cease to adore the only true and living God." Ignatius was summoned to Rome after having been threatened without avail. On his way he was met everywhere by Christian friends whom he encouraged to persevere, and who in turn strengthened his heart

in its purpose not to shrink from any suffering for the sake of Christ. He besought the Christians of Rome not to intercede for his life, expressing his perfect willingness to meet the wild beasts and to become their food, that he might show his love to Jesus. When brought into the amphitheatre he thus addressed the assembled multitude who were eager to witness his death: "Men and Romans, know that I am not brought here for any crime, but for the glory of the God I worship;" and the words had scarcely fallen from his lips before the lions were let loose upon him, and soon tore him to pieces. After the sports of the day were over his friends entered the arena and gathered up the few bones that were left, and buried them. Many thousands of the followers of Christ perished in the Coliseum in a similar manner.

The last of its martyrs was the monk Telemachus. For three centuries gladiatorial combats continued to be the favorite amusement of the Roman people. Constantine prohibited without suppressing them. Honorius did the same. One day, as the populace were assembled to witness the deadly strife, Telemachus rushed into the arena and separated the combatants. The spectators, unwilling to be disappointed, in their thirst for blood took the life of this good man. But this was the last of such scenes, and the end of gladiatorial shows within its walls.

## THE FARMERS' HIGH SCHOOL.

The following extract from the "Memorial of the Committee of the Board of Trustees," will give the reader a clear understanding of the objects, &c., of the Farmers' High School of Pennsylvania:—

The objects of the Farmers' High School of Pennsylvania are so important, and seem to commend themselves so directly to public favor, that the trustees come to the Legislature with perfect confidence that the people's representatives will afford the aid required to place the institution in actual operation. Other and younger States have made appropriations to similar objects. Why should Pennsylvania, with her vast agricultural resources, developed and undeveloped, remain inactive?

This institution proposes by uniting the acquisition of knowledge with daily toil, to impart interest to the one, and add dignity to the other. It proposes to remedy an evil which exists at every literary institution in the Commonwealth. That evil is the low repute in which manual labor is held by the student. We have had, it is true, farms connected with some of our colleges, upon which those of the students who chose might lessen the expenses of acquiring their education by manual labor. Those who wrought upon the farm were, by those who did not labor, esteemed poor; and like the poor man's children, educated at public expense under the act of April 4, 1809, they became a distinct class, cut off from the society of those who, by the very distinction thus created, were led to believe their parents rich. It is thus that manual labor is degrading in the eyes of the youth of our colleges to such an extent that, in nine instances out of ten, they are graduated with an utter distaste and abhorrence for the pursuits and occupations of their fathers, whether in the field or the shop. The association of manual labor with slavery, which is but an extension of this same prejudice, rests like an incubus upon the sunny lands and fertile fields of the South.—There thousands of families endure poverty and want rather than degrade themselves by manual labor. Our present common school laws placing the children of the poor and the rich upon one common platform, it is esteemed honorable in all to acquire knowledge at the public expense.

The Farmers' High School proposes to require such amount of manual labor as shall be found beneficial and proper, of every student, as one of the conditions of his admission to, and of his continuance in the institution. The ambition of students, thus placed upon a perfect equality, with no standard but advancement in learning, and skill in labor, to elevate or degrade them, will soon bring into active exercise energies of mind and of body, which, but for this incentive to industry, might have lain dormant.

The profits arising from the labor of the students are to go into the treasury of the institution, to lessen the expenses of their education. It has been estimated that after the institution shall have been put in operation, with suitable buildings, four hundred acres of such land as that which has been secured and freed from debt, the necessary expenses of the student, including boarding, washing and tuition, will not exceed seventy-five dollars per annum.

It is not proposed to teach the dead languages. If deemed by any essential to a good education, they should be acquired prior to the age at which pupils can be admitted into the institution.

With this exception it is proposed to afford the student, in a four years' course, as complete and thorough an education as can be acquired at our best literary institutions—an education which, though not less scientific, shall be rendered more practical by the daily operations and illustrations in the field and the shop.

One great and leading object of the institution is to lessen, by manual labor, the expenses so as to bring the acquisition of a scientific ed-

ucation within the reach of the farming community. How many farmers can afford, out of the net profits of the farms, to give their sons a collegiate education at an expense of not less than three hundred dollars a year? How few could not afford it at an expense of seventy-five dollars? At this rate, each son could receive an education, returning at the expiration of the course to supply upon his father's farm the place of the younger brother, whose turn had come to enjoy the advantages of the institution. How soon would the son, thus restored to the farm he had left but a few years before, work an entire change upon the yard—the garden—the orchard—the field? How much would be done during hours which in former years had been spent in idleness, to ornament and beautify?

As an experimental farm, this institution will greatly benefit the agricultural community.

Experiments in the introduction of new seeds, grains, roots, modes of culture, farming implements, &c., are generally too troublesome and expensive to be often tried or fully tested by the individual farmer. At this school, however, which will be in correspondence with agricultural institutions in every part of the civilized world, experiments can be made with great facility and certainty, and at a comparative trifling cost, and the results be made known to all the citizens of the Commonwealth without charge.

The cautious farmer will await the result of experiments and tests constantly going on at the institution, and introduce upon his farm only such seeds, grains, plants and roots, and such modes of cultivation as experience has shown to be adapted to his soil and climate, and such machines and implements of husbandry as have stood the test of actual trial.

Situate, as the institution will be, in the geographical centre of the State, within about twenty miles of Spruce Creek Station on the Pennsylvania Railroad, and within eight or ten miles of the Lock Haven and Tyrone Railroad, which will probably be completed by the time students can be admitted, it will be readily accessible to all the citizens of the State.

The Farmers' High School of Pennsylvania is emphatically a State institution. The Governor and Secretary of the Commonwealth, and the President of the Penn'a State Agricultural Society, are ex-officio members of the Board of Trustees. Three of the nine remaining members of the board are to be elected annually by the Executive Committee of the Penn'a State Agricultural Society, and three representatives from each county agricultural society in the Commonwealth. The advantages of the institution will therefore, be secured equally to the citizens of every county in the State.

NOTES ON THE MISSISSIPPI.—The story is familiar of the man who took passage in a flatboat from Pittsburgh bound for New Orleans. He passed many dreary, listless days on his way down the Ohio and Mississippi, and seemed to be desponding for want of excitement. Superficially, he was quiet and inoffensive; practically, he was perfectly good natured and kindly disposed. In course of time, the craft upon which he was a passenger put into Napoleon, in the State of Arkansas, "for groceries." At the moment there was a general fight extending all along the "front of the town," which at that time consisted of a single house. The unhappy passenger, after fidgeting about, and jerking his feet up and down, as if he were walking on hot bricks, turned to a used up spectator and observed:

"Stranger, is this a free fight?"  
The reply was prompt and to the point:  
"It is, and if you wish to go in, don't stand on ceremony."

The wayfarer did "go in" and in less time than we can relate the circumstance he was literally chewed up. Groping his way down to the flat, his hair gone, his eyes closed, his lips swollen, and his face generally "mapped out," he sat himself down on a chicken coop and soliloquized thus:

"So this is Na-po-le-on, is it?—upon my word it's a lively place, and the only one at which I have had any fun since I left home."

THINGS TWO HUNDRED YEARS HENCE.—[Scene—Parlor in the house of an elderly gent in New York. Old gent. telegraphs to the kitchen, and waiter ascends in balloon.]

Old Gent.—John, fly over to South America, and tell Mr. Johnson that I will be happy to have him up with me. Never mind your coat; now go.

John leaves, and at the end of five minutes returns.

John.—Mr. Johnson says he will come; he has got to go to the North Pole, for a moment, and then he will be here.

Old Gent.—Very well, John. Now start the machine for setting the table, and telegraph to my wife's room, and tell her that Mr. Johnson is coming; then brush up my balloon, for I have an engagement in London at 12 o'clock. John flies off to execute his orders, and the old gentleman runs over to the West Indies for a moment, to get a fresh orange.

THERE is a man in Winchester, Mass., who has lived on corn bread so long that his hair has turned silk, like that which grows on the grain and his toes are so full of corns that he expects to see them covered with husks next year.

A DEAF AUNT AND A DEAF WIFE.  
I had an aunt coming to visit me for the first time since my marriage, and I don't know what evil genius prompted the wickedness which I perpetrated towards my wife and my ancient relative.

"My dear," said I to my wife, on the day before my aunt's arrival, "you know Aunt Mary is coming to-morrow;—well, I forgot to mention a rather annoying circumstance with regard to her. She's very deaf; and altho' she can hear my voice, to which she is accustomed in its ordinary tones, yet you will be obliged to speak extremely loud in order to be heard. It will be rather inconvenient, but I know you will do anything in your power to make her stay agreeable."

Mrs. S. announced her determination to make herself heard, if possible. I then went to John T., who loves a joke about as well as any person I know of, and told him to beat the house at six P. M. on the following evening, and felt comparatively happy.

I went to the railroad depot with a carriage next night, and when I was on my way home with my aunt, I said:

"Dear aunt, there is one rather annoying infirmity that Anna (his wife) has, which I forgot to mention. She's very deaf, and altho' she can hear my voice, to which she is accustomed, in its ordinary tones, yet you will be obliged to speak extremely loud in order to be heard. I am very sorry for it."

Aunt Mary, in the goodness of her heart, protested that she rather liked speaking loud, and to do so would afford her great pleasure.

The carriage drove up; on the steps was my wife, in the window was John T., with a face as utterly solemn as if he had buried all his relatives that afternoon.

I handed out my aunt; she ascended the steps. "I am delighted to see you," shrieked my wife, and the policeman on the opposite side-walk started, and my aunt nearly fell down the steps.

"Kiss me, my dear," howled my aunt, and the hall lamp clattered and the window shook as with the fever and ague. I looked at the window. John had disappeared. Human nature could stand it no longer, I poked my head into the carriage, and went into strong convulsions.

When I entered the parlor, my wife was helping Aunt Mary to take off her hat and cape; and there sat John with his sober face.

Suddenly, "Did you have a pleasant journey?" went off my wife like a pistol, and John nearly jumped to his feet.

"Rather dusty," was the response, in a war-whoop, and so the conversation continued.

The neighbors for blocks around must of heard it. When I was in the third story of the building I heard every word.

In the course of the evening my aunt took occasion to say to me—

"How loud your wife speaks. Don't it hurt her?"

I told her all deaf persons talked loudly, and that my wife, being used to it, was not affected by the exertion, and that Aunt Mary was getting along very nicely with her.

Presently my wife said, softly—

"Alf, how very loudly our aunt talks."

"Yes," said I, "all deaf persons do."

"You're getting along with her fluely; she hears every word you say."

And I rather think she did.

Elated at their success in being understood, they went at it hammer and tongs till everything on the mantel-piece clattered again, and I was seriously afraid of a crowd collecting in front of the house. But the end was near.

My aunt being of an investigating turn of mind, was desirous of finding out whether the exertion of talking so loud was not injurious to my wife. So—

"Doesn't talking so loud strain your lungs? said she, in an unearthly whoop, for her voice was not quite as musical as it was when she was young.

"It is an exertion," shrieked my wife.

"Then why do you do it?" was the answering scream.

"Because—because—you can't hear if I don't," squealed my wife.

"What?" said my aunt, fairly rivaling a railroad whistle this time.

I began to think it time to evacuate the premises, and looking round and seeing John gone, I stepped into the back parlor and there he lay, flat on his back, with his feet at right angles to his body, rolling from side to side, with his face poked into his ribs and a most agonizing expression of countenance, but not uttering a sound. I immediately and involuntarily assumed a similar attitude, and I think that, from the relative position of our feet and heads, and our attempts to restrain our laughter, apoplexy must inevitably have ensued, if a horrible groan, which John gave vent in his endeavor to suppress his risibility, had not betrayed our hiding place.

In rushed my wife and aunt, who, by this time comprehended the joke, and such a scolding as I then got I never had before, and I hope never to get again.

I know not what the end might have been if John, in his endeavors to appear respectful and sympathetic, had not given way to such a upset, and we screamed out in concert.

I know it was very wrong, and all that, to tell such falsehoods, but I think Mrs. Opie herself would have laughed if she had seen Aunt Mary's expression when she was informed that her hearing was defective.